

JAN.-MAR., 1920.

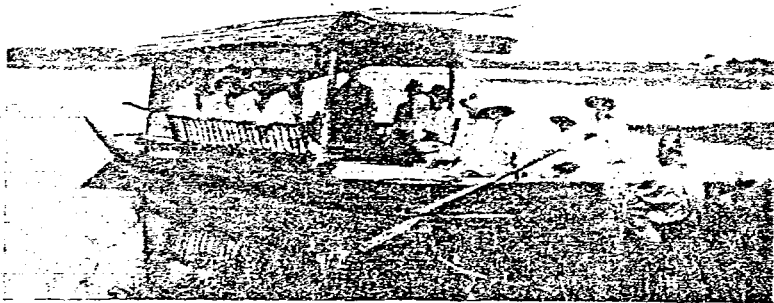
VOL. XIII. No. 1.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



ON THE YUNNAN-FU LAKE.

(Acknowledgments and thanks to the Editor of "Flames" for use of this photo.)

Some of our P.M.U. Missionaries at Yunnan-fu, in the hot weather, seeking a breeze on their lake.

"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.

120th ISSUE.



ONE PENNY.

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ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

Jan.-Mar., 1920.

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."

Winter Days in Belgium.

A MISSION VISIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

November 5th, 1919. Having been invited by my friend, Rev. Horace Stirling Townsend Gahan (S. Rue Defacqz, Brussels), the British Chaplain who ministered to Edith Cavell, to hold a Mission in his Church (Christ Church, Rue Crespel, near Porte Louise), I set out on November 5th, at 9:30 p.m., on my journey thither from Sunderland.

It was not a pleasant time of the year for a journey to the Continent, for one is no longer young. I felt, however, that it was a call from my Master, and that He would undertake for me.

Thursday, November 6th. After travelling through the night to King's Cross, I arrived eventually at Victoria in time to catch the boat train at 8:45 a.m. to Dover, and went aboard. Our turbine steamer, the "Jan Breden," made a swift but rolling passage of about 4½ hours to Ostend; but it was cold on deck and very dreadful below, so many were very ill. After passing Dunkerque we kept near the Flanders Coast, and sighted Nieuport and Westende. How I thanked God for bringing us safely over the North Sea, where mines are still working havoc at times!

As we approached Ostend we saw sunken war vessels (British) and the "Vindictive," all pierced by shell fire. At last I landed on Belgian soil, and my passport with its *visa* being in order, I was at liberty to go where I would. Noting damaged buildings which had suffered from shell-fire, I made my way to the telegraph office and sent word home of my safe arrival. This "wire" took three days to get to Sunderland!

Most of my fellow passengers from the steamer went by boat train to Brussels, but I had other plans. I was due at the Capital on Saturday, but I intended to find the grave of a friend near Ypres, the ruined city, at a point eastward along the Menin Road to Hooge.

The great strong dogs pulling small carts in the Netherlands are an interesting sight to me, and I always wonder why it is forbidden in our country. The dogs seem to enjoy themselves so often when helping their master.

In a second class carriage with a babel of Flemish and French, our train trundled along towards Thorout, past many war scenes.

A Belgian officer in khaki was very, very angry with me when I told him that I was going to give messages in Brussels on "The Larger Life of Christ."

"Monsieur," he cried, "my master is Renan; who is yours?" Raising my hat reverently, I replied, "My Master is Jesus Christ Himself, Whom I adore, Whom I endeavour to serve."

"Do you mean to say that you believe what those liars wrote about Him; I mean His four friends, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?"

"What they wrote were memories of a Divine Master, not inventions. They were men who were ready to die for the truth they confessed," I replied. "His followers gained nothing in this world, but many were cruelly martyred, and willingly gave up their lives rather than deny Him." I then reverently kissed my Bible to show how I loved it. He was so excited and so bitter that I felt sorry for him. However, we parted in quite a friendly way when he alighted at Thorout.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

My Belgian State Railway *Indicateur* (Time Table) and my watch at last warned me that we had arrived at Ypres. So I alighted from the train near to a ruined roadside station. A man in khaki climbed up into the compartment I left. "Where are you going, friend?" I said. "Oh, I am on leave, and am off to a place called Southwick, near Sunderland. They call me John Smith." He was with a company working at Poperinghe, and was pleased to know who I was.

A man with a lantern was talking French. I asked him if he was seeking me, and as he was, he took up my belongings and off we went in the moonlight, though the clouds dimmed it.

We left the station behind, and made our way toward the ruins of the great Cloth Hall. *Halles aux Draps* is the correct name, literally "Drapery Market." *Diaper* linen was so called because it came from Ypres (D'Ypres). Ruins, massive ruins, everywhere. No gas, no water pipes. Temporary wooden buildings with lamps. Gramophone music within one. Then we soon were on the main road leading toward the Grande Place. Looming up in the moonlight were enormous ruined towers and great damaged buildings.

Every step of the way had witnessed terrific horrors and tragedy, and under yonder Clothiers' Hall still lay many of our brave men who were there when the crypt fell in. We passed through the city now, and shadowy forms hurried along, speaking in guttural Flemish tones. Past the Menin Porte and through the Ramparts, with the waters of the broad moat gleaming below.

There were no vehicles to be had, and it seemed to be a very long way across the city and out along the Menin Road.

Here, outside the Ramparts, a dozen or more bright looking wooden structures have sprung up. One of these wood and iron erections is called "Hotel Splendid," another "Pavilion de l'Yser," another "Flandria," fourth "Ypriana"! They are quite reasonable. There was no room at the "Splendid," and I went to the "Pavilion de l'Yser." It is a humble wooden erection, and you can hear every sound in the next room or the room below. I opened the window of my simple bedroom and

(Winter Days in Belgium—continued.)

looked out on shell craters and ruined houses on the Menin Road. It is all one great battlefield.

Friday, November 7th. As soon as daylight came I was out in the mud of Flanders, making a preliminary survey along the Menin Road, and examining the first cemetery, partly civil, partly military, with a great central Crucifix. One family vault had been burst to pieces by shell fire. Many of our men's graves had been decorated by Belgian people.

The too well-known Casualty Receiving Station stood by the roadside here, and one can still see some of its buildings. What tragic stories could be told of sights and sounds it has witnessed.

* * *

A little later I set off to walk on to Hooge. The clouds hung low, the rain drizzled, the muddy road was churned up by motor lorries which still pass over it, some British, some Belgian. Shell holes on either side, and, not infrequently, live shells lying near.

"Can I give you a lift, sir?" cried a cheery padre, near "Hell-Fire Corner." It was Major Gibbons, S.C.F., D.A.C.G. in that area. So I got in his motor and we sped along at a better speed, and up the slope towards Hooge Village. I asked to be put down at the Crater Cemetery, and, thanking him, I made my way toward the remains of the Zouave Wood. To my left was Observation Hill, and beyond was Polygon Wood with the Australian Monument. I was seeking a dear friend's grave, 200 yards South of the Menin Road, and 250 yards South-West from the ruins of the Hooge Chateau, and at the edge of the Zouave Wood.

Since May 24th, 1915, this region has been churned up again and again by huge shells. The re-interment parties which have been at work this last year have reverently re-interred all the bodies they could find in this area. They were brought to the Military Cemetery here, commencing up at the Menin Road and sloping down to within thirty yards of the East end of the wood. A great number of our men lie there, but I did not find my friend's name. Then there seemed to be signs of a grave near the North-East corner of the wood which had escaped disturbance. What I took to be part of the rough cross which Sergeant-Major Collier, of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, had placed there when he buried Sergt. G. W. Ramshaw, of the 7th D.L.I. The position roughly corresponded to the measurements.

A BURIAL SERVICE.

I read part of our beautiful Burial Service there, thinking of him, remembering also others not far from me, over whom possibly no service had been read. I also sang some verses of the hymn (401 A. & M.):—

Now the labourer's task is o'er;

Now the battle day is past;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

I could not see anyone near at the time, only a scarred battlefield with the remains of a trench not far away, a weather-damaged tunic, a broken rifle, a gas-helmet, an iron helmet, a piece of a skull, etc., and a shell-riven tank, which had sunk somewhat in the marshy ground. There

were coloured bramble leaves and seeding grasses growing near, and I gathered some of these to carry home to his mother.

Then appeared a friend in khaki* who had been working with the Graves Commission. I had asked him to meet me. He went into the question carefully, and agreed with me as to the site. He took up an injured rifle with bayonet and drove it in at the head of the grave to mark the spot. He hoped later to get a party of men to dig at this place, and if they found the body, to re-inter it in the Hooge Crater Cemetery, which is so near. There would be some difficulties, he said, as the men had been sent home. I do not hear yet that this examination has been made, but all that locality, I trust, will be sacred in the years to come, even if he remains where he was first buried.

About 100 yards away, in the heart of the Zouave Wood, lies the Bishop of Winchester's son. The Bishop wished the body to lie in its first resting place, and read the Burial Service over it.

The graves in the Hooge Crater Cemetery are very neat and orderly. The bodies have been collected from this neighbourhood where so many hundreds made the Supreme Sacrifice.

* * *

The once perfectly lovely Chateau de la Hooge (known in early war days as "The White Chateau") stood in a park, with lake and lovely flower garden. To-day it is a miserable rubbish heap, surrounded by morass and shell craters—just some cellar windows with iron bars looking on to a courtyard. In German possession machine-guns rat-tat-tatted through those windows.

"Where is the Baron to-day?" I asked a peasant living in one of the wooden huts on the roadside.

"Ab, monsieur! he is with his family having dejeuner in that third wooden house." (They live, for the time, in a large wooden house, with a circular tent in front of it.)

We all read in the first books on the war how, in 1914, that the Chateau de la Hooge was the British Headquarters for a time, and that the Baron acted as host, and could scarcely be persuaded to leave.

I rapped with knuckles on a door opening from the road. It was painted white and blue. It was opened by a young officer in Belgian khaki. Here was an interesting scene! His excellency Baron Gaston de Vinck was seated at a humble table in the kitchen with his wife the Baroness, and his young son and daughter. All was clean and sweet, and they seemed to be thoroughly enjoying their meal as an elderly woman waited on them. Caked as I was with mud, they insisted on my going in for a little while.

BRAVE BELGIAN NOBILITY.

The Baroness de Vinck and her daughter talked very cheerfully with me in good English whilst the Baron continued his lunch. Mademoiselle insisted on running along to their chalet for some photos of their chateau in its former beauty. She brought some post card pictures of the beautiful Hooge Chateau and grounds before the war, and of the Menin Road, then a lovely avenue, with poplars overshadowing it.

"At one time," said the Baroness, "the Ger-

* Mr. L. E. Brooks, Graves Inquiry Bureau (care of the Town Mayor, Ypres, Belgium). The Church Army Headquarters, Marble Arch, London, W., are arranging for relatives to visit graves in Belgium and France. About £6 each is the cost; but help is granted to special cases.

man's were at one side of the lake in the grounds, and your British soldiers on the other side." The Baroness said "I have just come in from Zillebecke where I have been giving to our peasants clothes sent us from U.S.A."

"It is really very delightful to see you dear people making the best of things and looking so happy, though you have suffered such a loss," I ventured to say before leaving.

"Our children, of course, had to go into Ypres. They became wonderfully accustomed to heavy gun-fire. When they stayed, later, at Versailles, and German aeroplanes bombed that place, they couldn't be persuaded to leave their comfortable beds and go into the shelters. It was nothing, they said, to what they had gone through at Ypres."

That night I climbed up into another Belgian train, which had neither lights nor heat, and after one change eventually arrived at Bruges. The sweet *Carillons* which rang out forty years ago when I was here before, were still harmoniously playing their melodies in the tall Belfry of Bruges, ere I went to sleep in the "Hotel des Fiancés." Food here was expensive and limited, more so than at Ypres.

THE MISSION AT BRUSSELS.

Saturday, November 9th.—I left Bruges at 8:25 and arrived at Brussels about 11, and taxied to Rue Defacqz. This is a pleasant part of the city, near to the broad Avenue Louise, with its service of constant trams. I was welcomed by my friend and his devoted wife, also by Marguerite, the Flemish maid, who had been faithful all through the war time to her master and mistress.

When German soldiers came to search for copper and wool Marguerite had mollified them by giving them coffee and bread, and the search was much less strict in consequence.

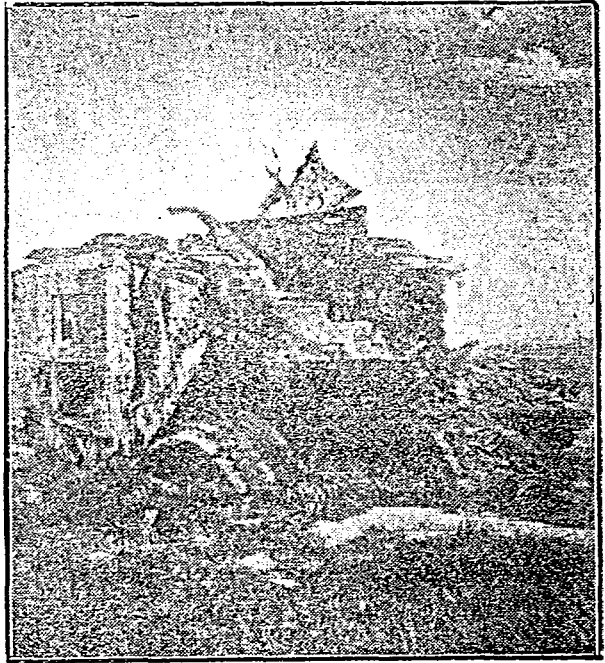
That Saturday afternoon a number of members of the congregation responded to an invitation to meet the Missioner at the Chaplaincy. I was glad to shake hands with a dear young fellow, an English youth, who is in a stockbroker's office in Brussels. He is one of the younger people who were converted during the War. An English-speaking Polish lady and her sister in the choir knows the first President of Poland, Paderewski. He stays at their father's house when in Brussels. Miss Florence Jay was there, whom I had met at Havre. Mr. Waldeck, the energetic American churchwarden, had not been able to be present.

The Chaplain and Mrs. Gahan are both musical, and play the organ very sweetly in church when needed, if Capt. Hardy, O.B.E., the excellent volunteer organist, is not able to be present. At family prayers the Chaplain read from the French Bible, so that Marguerite, the Flemish servant, could follow. Mr. Gahan is a consecrated Christian minister, who is going on with God and pressing after more blessing. The house is about half-a-mile from the Church. Both are near to the great "Louisa-jaan," or *Avenue Louise*.

THE MISSION WEEK.

On the Sundays there were three addresses, on the week-days two (11 a.m. and 8 p.m.). On the Saturday, "Scenes from the Holy Land," to illustrate our Lord's life—a lantern lecture—was much appreciated. At first the weather was favourable, but later came heavy snow, and then rain and thaw. Sir Francis Villers, the British Ambassador, was at one service, and English-speaking members of titled families at others. It was well that I had been warned by my friend not to expect large gatherings, as the English colony is quite limited, and many live a long distance from the Church. But it was good to look into the earnest faces and to receive grateful thanks from many.

The Church stands on a little eminence looking



NEAR YPRES.

A "Tank" near the Zouave Wood at Hooge. It was "bogged" in the marshy land and badly shelled. The "caterpillar" traction-bands have broken and hang in front. The Writer brought a small piece away as a memento.

down (from behind the Carmelite Church) on the Avenue Louise. It is of red brick, and very reverent and church-like within. The organ-blower is a French-speaking ex-Belgian soldier, and Henry, the verger, only speaks French.

The choir of ladies and men sings very sweetly, sometimes unaccompanied. The services were reverent, and the singing congregational. We often sang a hymn on our knees at the close of the address, such as Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's—

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

(Continued on page 10.)

"CONFIDENCE."

JANUARY-MARCH, 1920.

Editor—

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

Assistants—

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

Terms:—This paper is supported by Subscription-Gifts. Address the Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland. (All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretaries. The Editor has very many other duties.)

Bradford Easter Convention.

Bro. Smith Wigglesworth will (D.V.) convene this gathering as before. He is expecting much blessing and a great awakening of Missionary interest. The place of meeting will be the Presbyterian Church, Infirmary Street (ten minutes from the stations). The list of speakers will be sent out later.

The Whitsuntide Convention.

This will be (D.V.) convened by Mr. Cecil Polhill, and held in the Kingsway Hall, near Hoiborn. It will last from the Monday to the Friday (May 24th to 28th). Speakers: Mr. Cecil Polhill, Rev. A. A. Boddy, Pastor Stephen Jeffreys (the Welsh Revivalist), Mr. E. Moser, Mr. T. H. Mundell, Pastor Saxby, Bro. Smith Wigglesworth, Mrs. Crisp, Mrs. Walshaw, and others.

The Life that Wins.*

An Address (revised) by CHARLES GALLAUDET TRUMBULL before the National Convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, 1911.

There is only one life that wins; and that is the life of Jesus Christ. Every man may have that life; every man may live that life.

I do not mean that every man may be Christlike; I mean something very much better than that. I do not mean that a man may always have Christ's help; I

mean something better than that. I do not mean that a man may have power from Christ; I mean something very much better than power. And I do not mean that a man shall be merely saved from his sins and kept from sinning; I mean something better than even that victory.

To explain what I do mean, I must simply tell you a very personal and recent experience of my own. I think I am correct when I say that I have known more than most men know about failure, about betrayals and dishonourings of Christ, about disobedience to heavenly visions, about conscious fallings short of that which I saw other men attaining, and which I knew Christ was expecting of me. Not a great while ago I should have had to stop just there, and only say I hoped that some day I would be led out of all that into something better. If you had asked me how, I would have had to say I did not know. But, thanks be to His long-suffering patience and infinite love and mercy, I do *not* have to stop there, but I can go on to speak of something more than a miserable story of personal failure and disappointment.

The conscious needs of my life, before there came the new experience of Christ of which I would tell you, were definite enough. Three stand out.

1. There are great fluctuations in my spiritual life, in my conscious closeness of fellowship with God. Sometimes I would be on the heights spiritually; sometimes I would be in the depths. A strong, arousing convention; a stirring, searching address from some consecrated, victorious Christian leader of men; a searching, Spirit-filled book, or the obligation to do a difficult piece of Christian service myself, with the preparation in prayer that it involved, would lift me up; and I would stay up—for a while—and God would seem very close and my spiritual life deep. But it wouldn't last. Sometimes by some single failure before temptation, sometimes by a gradual downhill process, my best experiences would be lost, and I would find myself back on the lower levels. And a lower level is a perilous place for a Christian to be, as the Devil showed me over and over again.

It seemed to me that it ought to be possible for me to live habitually on a high plane of close fellowship with God, as I saw certain other men doing, and as I was not doing. These men were exceptional, to be sure; they were in the

* Can be obtained in tract form from the Sunday School Times Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A. 2 cents each; 20 cents a dozen; 1 dollar 50 cents per hundred, post paid.

minority among the Christians whom I knew. But I wanted to be in that minority. Why shouldn't we all be, and turn it into a majority?

2. Another conscious lack of my life was in the matter of failure before besetting sins. I was not fighting a winning fight in certain lines. Yet if Christ was not equal to a winning fight, what were my Christian beliefs and professions good for? I did not look for perfection. But I did believe that I could be enabled to win in certain directions habitually, yes, always, instead of uncertainly and interruptedly, the victories interspersed with crushing and humiliating defeats. Yet I had not prayed, oh, so earnestly, for deliverance; and the habitual deliverance had not come.

3. A third conscious lack was in the matter of dynamic, convincing spiritual power that would work miracle changes in other men's lives. I was doing a lot of Christian work—had been at it ever since I was a boy of fifteen. I was going through the motions—oh, yes. So can anybody. I was even doing personal work—the hardest kind of all; talking with people, one by one, about giving themselves to my Saviour! *But I wasn't seeing results.* Once in a great while I would see a little in the way of result, of course; but not much. I didn't see lives made over by Christ, revolutionised, turned into firebrands for Christ themselves, because of my work; and it seemed to me I ought to. Other men did, why not I? I comforted myself with the old assurance (so much used by the Devil) that it wasn't for me to see results; that I could safely leave that to the Lord if I did my part. But this didn't satisfy me, and I was sometimes heartsick over the spiritual barrenness of my Christian service.

About a year before, I had begun, in various ways, to get intimations that certain men to whom I looked up as conspicuously blessed in their Christian service seemed to have a conception or consciousness of Christ that I did not have—that was beyond, bigger, deeper than any thought of Christ I had ever had. I rebelled at the suggestion when it first came to me. How *could* any one have a better idea of Christ than I?—(I am just laying bare to you the blind, self-satisfied workings of my sin-stunted mind and heart.) Did I not believe in Christ and worship

Him as the Son of God and one with God? Had I not accepted Him as my personal Saviour more than twenty years before? Did I not believe that in Him alone was eternal life, and was I not trying to live in His service, giving my whole life to Him? Did I not ask His help and guidance constantly, and believe that in Him was my only hope? Was I not championing the very cause of the highest possible conception of Christ, by conducting in the columns of "The Sunday Times" a symposium on the Deity of Christ, in which the leading Bible scholars of the world were testifying to their personal belief in Christ as God? All this I was doing: how could a higher or better conception of Christ than mine be possible? I knew that I needed to *serve* Him far better than I had ever done; but that I needed a new conception of Him I would not admit.

And yet it kept coming at me, from directions that I could not ignore. I heard from a preacher of power a sermon on Ephesians iv., 12, 13: "Unto the building up of the body of Christ; till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"; and as I followed it I was amazed, bewildered. I couldn't follow him. He was beyond my depth. He was talking about Christ, unfolding Christ, in a way that I admitted was utterly unknown to me. Whether he was right or wrong I wasn't quite ready to say that night; but if he *was* right, then I was wrong.

Later I read another sermon by this same man on "Paul's Conception of the Lord Jesus Christ." As I read it, I was conscious of the same uneasy realisation that he and Paul were talking about a Christ whom I simply did not know. Could they be right? If they were right, how could I get their knowledge?

One day I came to know another minister whose work among men had been greatly blessed. I learned from him that what he counted his greatest spiritual asset was his habitual consciousness of the actual presence of Jesus. Nothing bore him up so, he said, as the realisation that Jesus was *always* with him in actual presence; and that this was so, independent of his own feelings, independent of his deserts, and independent of his own notions as to how Jesus would manifest His presence. Moreover, he said that

(The Life that Wins—continued.)

Christ was the home of his thoughts. Whenever his mind was free from other matters, it would turn to Christ; and he would talk aloud to Christ when he was alone—on the street, anywhere—as easily and naturally as to a human friend. So real to him was Jesus' actual presence.

Some months later I was in Edinburgh, attending the World Missionary Conference, and I saw that one whose writings had helped me greatly was to speak to men Sunday afternoon on "The Resources of the Christian Life." I went eagerly to hear him. I expected him to give us a series of definite things that we could do to strengthen our Christian life; and I knew I needed them. But his opening words showed me my mistake, while they made my heart leap with a new joy. What he said was something like this:

"The resources of the Christian life, my friends, are just—Jesus Christ."

That was all. But that was enough. I hadn't grasped it yet; but it was what all these men had been trying to tell me about. Later, as I talked with the speaker about my personal needs and difficulties, he said, earnestly and simply, "Oh, Mr. Trumbull, if we would only step out upon Christ in a more daring faith, He could do so much more for us."

Before leaving Great Britain I was confronted once more with the thought that was beyond me, a Christ whom I did not yet know, in a sermon that a friend of mine preached in his London church on a Sunday evening in June. His text was Philippians i., 21, "To me to live is Christ." It was the same theme—the unfolding of "the life that is Christ," Christ as the whole life and the only life. I did not understand all that he said, and I knew vaguely that I did not have as my own what he was telling us about. But I wanted to read the sermon again, and I brought the manuscript away with me when I left him.

It was about the middle of August that a crisis came with me. I was attending a young people's missionary conference, and was faced by a week of daily work there for which I knew I was miserably, hopelessly unfit and incompetent. For the few weeks previous had been one of my periods of spiritual let-down, not uplift, with all the loss and failure and defeat that such a time is sure to record. The first evening that I was there a mis-

sionary bishop spoke to us on the Water of Life. He told us that it was Christ's wish and purpose that every follower of His should be a wellspring of living, gushing water of life *all the time* to others, not intermittently, not interruptedly, but with continuous and irresistible flow. We have Christ's own word for it, he said, as he quoted, "He that believeth on Me, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." He told how some have a little of the water of life, bringing it up in small bucketfuls and at intervals, like the irrigating water-wheel of India, with a good deal of creaking and grinding; while from the lives of others it flows all the time in a life-bringing, abundant stream that nothing can stop. And he described a little old native woman in the East whose marvellous ministry in witnessing for Christ put to shame those of us who listened. Yet she had known Christ for only a year.

The next morning, Sunday, alone in my room, I prayed it out with God, as I asked Him to show me the way out. If there was a conception of Christ that I did not have, and that I needed because it was the secret of some of these other lives I had seen or heard of, a conception better than any I had yet had, and beyond me, I asked God to give it to me. I had with me the sermon I had heard, "*To me to live is Christ*," and I rose from my knees and studied it. Then I prayed again. And God, in His long-suffering patience, forgiveness, and love, gave me what I asked for. He gave me a new Christ—wholly new in the conception and consciousness of Christ that now became mine.

Wherein was the change? It is hard to put it into words, and yet it is, oh, so new, and real, and wonderful, and miracle-working in both my own life and the lives of others.

To begin with, I realised for the first time that my many references throughout the New Testament to Christ in you, and you in Christ, Christ our life, and abiding in Christ, are literal, actual, blessed fact, and not figures of speech. How the 15th chapter of John thrilled with new life as I read it now! And the 3rd of Ephesians, 14 to 21. And Galatians ii., 20. And Philippians i., 21.

What I mean is this: I had always known that Christ was my Saviour; but I had looked upon Him as an external

Saviour, one who did a saving work for me from the outside, as it were; one who was ready to come close alongside and stay by me, helping me in all that I needed, giving me power and strength and salvation. But now I knew something better than that. At last I realised that Jesus Christ was actually and literally within me; and even more than that: that He had constituted Himself my very being (save only my power to resist Him), my body, mind, soul, and spirit. Was not this better than having Him as a helper, or even than having Him as an eternal Saviour: to have Him, Jesus Christ, God the Son, as my own very life? It meant that I need never again ask Him to help me, as though He were one and I another; but rather simply to do His work, His will, in me, and with me and through me. My body was His, my mind His, my will His, my spirit His; and not merely His, but literally a part of Him; all He asked me to say was, "I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." Jesus Christ had constituted Himself my life—not as a figure of speech, remember, but as a literal, actual fact, as literal as the fact that a certain tree has been made into this desk on which my hand rests. For "your bodies are members of Christ"; and "ye are the body of Christ."

Do you wonder that Paul could say with tingling joy and exultation, "To me to live is Christ"? He did not say, as I had mistakenly been supposing I must say, "To me to live is to be Christlike," nor, "To me to live is to have Christ's help," nor, "To me to live is to serve Christ." No; he plunged through and beyond all that in the bold, glorious, mysterious claim, "To me to live is Christ." I had never understood that verse before. Now, thanks to His gift of Himself, I am beginning to enter into a glimpse of its wonderful meaning.

And that is how I know for myself that there is a life that wins: that it is the life of Jesus Christ: and that it may be our life for the asking, if we let Him—in absolute, unconditional surrender of ourselves to Him, our wills to His will, making Him the Master of our lives as well as our Saviour—enter in, occupy us, overwhelm us with Himself, yea, fill us with Himself—unto all the fulness of God."

What has the result been? Did this experience give me only a new intellectual conception of Christ, more interesting and satisfying than before? If it were only that, I should have little to tell you to-day. No; it meant a revolutionised, fundamentally changed life, within and without. If any man be *in Christ*, you know, there is a new creation.

Do not think that I am suggesting any mistaken, unbalanced theory that, when a man receives Christ as the fulness of his life, he cannot sin again. The "life that is Christ" still leaves us our free will; with that free will we can resist Christ; and my life, since the new experience of which I speak, has recorded sins of such resistance. But I have learned that the restoration after failure can be supernaturally blessed and complete. I have learned that, as I trust Christ in surrender, there need be no fighting against sin, but complete freedom from the power and even the desire of sin. I have learned that this freedom, this more than conquering, is sustained in unbroken continuance as I simply recognise that Christ is my cleansing, reigning life.

The three great lacks or needs of which I spoke at the opening have been miraculously met.

1. There has been a fellowship with God utterly different from and infinitely better than anything I had ever known in all my life before.

2. There has been an utterly new kind of victory, victory-by-freedom, over certain besetting sins—the old ones that used to throttle and wreck me—when I have trusted Christ for this freedom.

3. And, lastly, the spiritual results in service have given me such a sharing of the joy of Heaven as I never knew was possible on earth. Six of my most intimate friends, most of them mature Christians, soon had their lives completely revolutionised by Christ, laying hold on Him in this new way and receiving Him unto all the fulness of God. Two of these were a mother and a son, the son a young business man twenty-five years old. Another was a general manager of one of the large business houses in Philadelphia. Though consecrated and active as a Christian for years, he began letting Christ work out through him in a new way into the lives of his many associates, and of his salesmen all over the

(The Life that Wins—continued.)

country. A white-haired man of over seventy found a peace in life and a joy in prayer that he had long ago given up as impossible for him. Life fairly teems with the miracle-evidences of what Christ is willing and able to do for other lives through any one who just turns over the keys to His complete indwelling.

Jesus Christ does not want to be our helper; He wants to be our life. He does not want us to work for Him; He wants us to let Him do His work through us, using us as we use a pencil to write with,—better still, using us as one of the fingers on His hand.

When our life is not only Christ's, but Christ, our life will be winning life; for He cannot fail. And a winning life is a fruit-bearing life, a serving life. It is after all only a small part of life, and a wholly negative part, to overcome; we must also bear fruit in service if Christ is our life. And we shall—because Christ is our life. "He cannot deny himself"; He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." An utterly new kind of service will be ours now, as we let Christ serve others through us, using us. And this fruit-bearing and service, habitual and constant, must all be by faith in Him; our works are the result of His Life in us; not the condition, or the secret, or the cause of that Life.

The conditions of thus receiving Christ as the fulness of the life are simply two—after, of course, our personal acceptance of Christ as our Saviour from the guilt and consequences of our sin.

1. Surrender absolutely and unconditionally to Christ as Master of all that we are and all that we have, telling God that we are now ready to have His whole will done in our entire life, at every point, no matter what it costs.

2. Believe, then, that God has at once, now, accepted the responsibility of setting us wholly free from the law of sin (Rom. viii., 2)—not *will* do this, but *has* done it. Upon this second step, the quiet act of faith, all now depends. Faith must be willing to believe God in entire absence of any feeling or evidence. For God's word is safer, better and surer than any evidence of His word. We are to say, in blind, cold faith if need be, "I know that Jesus is meeting *all* my needs *now* (even my need of faith), because His grace is sufficient for *me*."

And remember that Christ Himself is better than any of His blessings; better than the power, or the victory, or the service, that He grants. Christ creates spiritual power; but Christ is better than that power. He is God's best; He is God; and we may have this best: we may have Christ, yielding to Him in such completeness and abandonment of self that it is no longer we that live, but Christ liveth in us. Will you thus take Him?

(Winter Days in Belgium—continued from page 5.)

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever
And for all. Amen.

For a definite decision a card was supplied which could be signed at the foot by the earnest ones seeking after full salvation. It was as follows:—

My Act of Faith.

1. I believe that, as Christ lived and died for me, I am most precious to Him.
2. Therefore I trust Him to save me fully both now and through Eternity.
3. Grant me therefore, Gracious Lord, the gift of Thy Holy Spirit to enable me to know and to do Thy Will always.

Signed.....

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father. Jesus Christ the Righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins."—1 John ii., 1-2.

I was interested in a young English soldier who came time after time. He said he was expecting to return soon to England. There was a Somersetshire married friend who was glad to hear me refer to Somerset. She is married to a Belgian here, and her three children came with her. The Roman Catholic law here is that in mixed marriages *all* the children must be brought up Roman Catholics. There were two ladies from "Wiltcher's Hotel," in the Louise Avenue, and Mrs. Esselbach brought a friend over from Antwerp for two days. Some girls from a convent came on the Sundays. They were English, and here for education. There was always a nice gathering all through the week.

One day I saw a familiar encouraging face—a real Pentecostal sister (in a sister's bonnet). This was an English sister from Antwerp. When Mrs. Esselbach was Miss Whiting she was a Church Army worker in England. Later she came in touch with two English ladies who had a Sailors' Home in Antwerp. Eventually she took charge, and with Mr. Esselbach, her German husband, has since carried on the good work. One day I went over to Antwerp (*via* Malines, where Cardinal Mercier lives). Sister Esselbach met me, and I looked on Rubens' huge paintings in the Cathedral, "The Crucifixion," and "The Descent from the Cross." How fresh they are after nearly 300 years! Wonderful masterpieces! The International Sailors' Rest is about to be

removed to 16, Rue Dubois, very near to the Shipping Office. The personal Christian influence of Mrs. Esselbach is beautiful. (She has been baptised in the Holy Ghost, and has the sign given in Acts ii., x., and xix.) During the German occupation she had permission to travel to Brussels to the meetings held by Miss Doyle at Chausée de Fleurgat on Thursdays, and helped much by her stirring addresses.

One day she dropped a copy of "Confidence" in my friend the British Chaplain's letter box in Brussels, to his wonder and joy. Thenceforward they often had fellowship in prayer. This was a comfort in those years of trial.

Count Lalaing died whilst I was holding the Mission. He was a supporter of Christ Church. The young Count and the Viscomtesse, his tall sister, were most attentive attendants at a number of our services. They requested me to hold a service in the home beside the Count's remains. They wished their Roman Catholic relations to note how Protestant clergymen could reverently conduct such solemn services. The coffin was embowered in palms and plants and wreaths sent by loving friends. Count Lalaing had been for thirteen years the Minister at the Belgian Legation in London. I read the 23rd Psalm, a prayer for the Burial Service, the Nunc Dimittis, and the Lord's Prayer. The Hymn 401 was then read, and it touched the hearts of his dear ones, who thanked me afterwards also in a grateful letter. In the English Church the Burial Service was read, and the choir sang sweetly. The King of the Belgians sent his representatives in uniform, and other great personages (many Roman Catholic) were present.

Before leaving Brussels I sought out the place where dear Edith Cavell was shot. I travelled along the Grande Ceinture to the Tir National, outside the city, where the country commences. I passed thousands of guns of all kinds, and other war material standing in the open near a great barracks.

THE TIR NATIONAL.

The Flemish man who opened the door and conducted me to the place of execution had a very short account written in English. There was the stake in the snow, which lay thick when I was there, and here her chair had been placed. When the soldier tied the handkerchief over her eyes he noticed that they were moist. Monsieur Banq, a Belgian architect, was shot at the same time, both for aiding Allied soldiers to escape. Piarrre Paul de Seur, the German Chaplain, has written a very detailed account, which the editor of the "Record" (London) was glad to print. It appeared in the issue of November 20th, 1919. Edith Cavell was shot at five paces. Death was instantaneous in both cases. The German Chaplain records that he returned home very sad indeed about it all. He it was who sent for my friend, Mr. Gahan, to administer the Holy Communion to her at her request, when they repeated together "Abide with me."

An appreciative hearer sent me (with a grateful message of thanks) a beautiful medallion in bronze, fairly large, of King Albert in the early days of the war. "*En Souvenir de l'energique Defenseur de Notre Territoire.*" *Albert, Roi des Belges.* (His fête day was held on my birthday, November 15th, which took place at Brussels.)

THE KING'S ADVENT.

The King's return to his Capital was something of a type of the Return of the Great King which we expect, in several respects, for instance:—

1. Often it seemed perfectly impossible that ever he should reign again over his own people. (So people say Christ's Coming seems utterly impossible.)
2. Nearly all his country was in the hands of a mighty enemy, who crushed its liberty and held it by force. (The World lieth in the power of the Evil One.)
3. The King, on a white horse, rode into his Capital, and entered his palace, amid the joyful cries of love from his people. The impossible had occurred. Not might but justice had prevailed, and the mighty oppressor had slunk away from the country he had violated. IT HAD HAPPENED!!!

Mr. Gahan told me that as he leaned out of a window on the line of the procession, he could hear the wild cheering coming nearer and nearer. Then the King became visible on his white horse, at the head of the companies of Allied troops. Emotion was so overwhelming that cheers ceased for a moment—there was a catch in their throats.

Some of his subjects flung themselves headlong toward their King, and grasped his hands with fervour and kissed them, as he passed on to his palace triumphant. (What love will be shown to our Christ when He comes to His own again!)

A letter came to me before leaving Brussels: "Although unknown to you, will you allow me to thank you sincerely for the good your Mission has done me, and for all the help given. So many things were made clearer and easier. Also for the beautiful and interesting pictures of the Holy Land. It has been most kind of you to come here at such a disagreeable season, and to take all that trouble, but I am sure we all reaped benefit by your visit, and am most grateful to you and also to Mr. Gahan for giving us this opportunity."

I thank the dear readers of "Confidence" for their prayers for myself and the dear ones at Brussels. Please continue to pray for them and for the Lord's servant in their midst, and his dear wife and her special work.

My beloved Diocesan, the Lord Bishop of Durham, had written an all too kind letter of commendation of the Writer as Mission preacher, which was printed on our list of Services. He went on to say:—

"I humbly and confidently beseech Him to be with you at Brussels, in the light and strength of His presence, and to give acceptance and power to your message.

LIFE IN BRUSSELS.

"If I know anything of the conditions of English life in a foreign capital, I know that our compatriots at Brussels must often feel difficulties of a very trying kind in the way of that true life, which aims always and everywhere to be loyal to our Lord's will, to maintain His ideals for itself, and by so doing to make the straight path clearer, brighter, happier, surer for others.

"To earnest souls thus placed, it is a beautiful thing to discover that the Christ who gives command is also the Christ Who, by His taking His Throne in the yielded heart and will, brings into

(Winter Days in Belgium—continued.)

us the power to find "perfect freedom" in spiritual obedience to Him

"The Gospel secret is not a thing, but a Person. It is not it, but He. And this, I know, will be the golden burden of your mission message."

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A LOVING MESSAGE FROM CHARLOTTENBURG.

The Mulheim Conference last August was attended by 3,000 persons. Most moving scenes occurred, and all determined to go on into a deeper life in God. A dear brother writes: "For now a couple of years our Pentecostal Meetings have been wonderfully blessed in a quite new way. Years ago I was blessed by reading your booklet, 'DIVINE NECROSIS.'

But now God has shown me in a supernatural way that the true realising of being dead with Christ does not come until God has brought us by special new deeper light to see our old man, our self-life as He sees it." There had been great heart-searching in the assemblies. The writer of the letter says, "I feel pressed to greet you in the old brotherly love, proving that the spirit of hatred does in no wise touch the holy bond of Christian love."

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

BRO. SMITH WIGGLESWORTH (70, Victor Road, Bradford) is proceeding to Switzerland. He holds meetings for ten days (from January 31st) at Berne. His address will be—care of Anton B. Reuss, Chalet Ramholz, Goldiwil ob. Thun, Switzerland. Then more meetings at Thun.

PASTOR PAUL lost his two sons during the War, and his dear wife died last year. He now lives with his married daughter and her two children. We deeply sympathise with our dear friend in the losses he has sustained. Many of us are thankful for his faithful teaching in past days.

MR. J. M. HICKSON (130, Sutherland Avenue, London, W. 9) brings out a paper called "The Healer," 6d. each issue. In recent numbers (November and December) is some account of his Mission of Healing in U.S.A., which is still proceeding. Under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church he is visiting the Southern and Western States. Churches are packed all day long. He is laying on hands or praying for the sick in hundreds and thousands. Mr. A. W. Frodsham, in a letter to the Editor of "Confidence," writes of his own wonderful experiences in one of these churches filled with black, white, and yellow people, all reverently praying for and many receiving healing in the name of Jesus.

"ELIM EVANGEL." A quarterly paper for re-

porting the work and keeping sister assemblies in close touch. Edited by Mr. E. W. Hare, B.A., Highbury Gardens, 3, University Avenue, Belfast. One Shilling per annum (in advance).

A CONVENTION AT SWANWICK, April 24th to 29th. Inclusive charges per head and other information from the convener, J. Douglas, Esq., 57, Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex. Speakers expected: Pastor Saxby, Mr. C. T. Potma, Pastor Boulton, Mrs. Crisp, Mrs. Waishaw, Pastor A. Carter, and others.

MEETINGS AT GRIMSBY. Pastor E. B. Pinch, 28, Rainton Avenue (rear of Shalom Holiness Mission, 243, Durton Road), wishes us to say that he holds meetings on Sunday at 11 and 6:30; also Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7:30 p.m.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON, President of the Missionary and Christian Alliance, of U.S.A., has passed to his great reward (October 29th). Many received spiritual blessing through the funeral services. The Editor of "Confidence" had a great love for this Master in Israel, who visited him at Sunderland. He in turn was a visitor at Nyack. He was a great and a good man. May his dear ones be upheld at this time.

"SAVE THE CHILDREN" FUND. Millions of children in the famine areas of Central and Eastern Europe and Asia are suffering terribly from lack of milk and nourishment. The Archbishop of Canterbury is a patron, together with other leading personages, of the above-named Fund. Will readers send donations to the Treasurer, 7, St. James' Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 8, as soon as possible?

Our British Government adds £1 to every £1 given to the Fund. At All Saints', Sunderland, our offerings on the last Sunday in the year were devoted to this Fund. Every gift will help to save the life of a child. Our Lord loves the children.

BRO. A. S. GRUNDY (22 Station Street, Maesteg, So. Wales) reports, as secretary, that their Fourth Annual Convention was held from December 25th to 28th, 1919, in Bethania Street Pentecostal Mission Hall. Pastor J. Tetchner (Horden, co. Durham) and Bro. W. Attwood (Cross Keys, Mon.) were the speakers. After successful meetings a week of humiliation and prayer followed.

MRS. CRISP, the Lady Principal of the P.M.U. Women's Training Home at 7 Eton Road, Haverstock Hill (near Chalk Farm Tube Station), has recently visited Belfast, and was much encouraged by the good work going on there under the leadership of Pastor George Jeffreys. In connection with Elim there are about nineteen young men living a life of faith and ministry, and living together. The meetings were some of the best she has ever taken part in.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I MUST bring." (John x., 16.)

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain and Ireland dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President; Mr. T. H. Mundell,

30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. Ernest Wm. Moser, Hebron, St. David's Road, Southsea, is Hon. Treasurer and Missionary Box Secretary, the Rev. A. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Mr. W. Glassby, "Ladyfield," Renhold, Bedford; Mr. John Leech, K.C., 11, Herbert St., Dublin; Mr. H. Small, 47, Belvedere Rd., Upper Norwood, London, S.E.; Mr. Smith Wigglesworth, 70, Victor Rd., Bradford; Mr. Ed. J. G. Titterington, M.A.; Mr. J. Hollis, 7, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.; and Mrs. Crisp, 7, Eaton Road, London, N.W.

MISSIONARIES. INDIA.—United Provinces: Mr. J. H. Boyce. Miss G. Elkington (on furlough), Miss B. Jones (on furlough), Bombay Pres. CHINA.—Province of Yunnan: Rev. Allan and Mrs. Swift, Mrs. A. Williams, Mrs. Trevitt, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Miss Cook, Miss E. Biggs, Miss J. Biggs, Miss Waldon, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Klaver, Mr. and Mrs. Lewer, Miss Scharten, Miss E. Knell, Miss M. Hodgetts, *Miss Agar (Associate)*. CENTRAL EAST AFRICA.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richardson.

THE TRAINING HOME.—The Women's Missionary Training Home is at 7, Eaton Road, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, London, N.W. Mrs. Crisp, Principal and Superintendent.

THE MEN'S TRAINING HOME, 12, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W. Mr. J. Hollis, Principal; Mrs. Hollis, Superintendent. Application for admission as students, etc., to be made to the Hon. Sec., Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon.

Continued prayer is asked for the Home Base, viz. :—(1) P.M.U. Council Meetings, (2) P.M.U. Missionary Meetings, (3) Box Holders and Donors, (4) the Reports from the Field, (5) Students—the Sisters, (6) Those helping in their Training. Then let us also constantly uphold our Missionaries on the Field, at work, or learning their new language. Wednesday in each week has been suggested as a special day of prayer for P.M.U. Let us also pray that enough money may always be given to supply our Missionaries' necessities. This is important, as this is a faith work. The Council only pass on that which is entrusted to it. Let us ALL pray the prayer of faith.

Our Missionaries for East Central Africa (Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richardson, from Bedford) are, we trust, now well on their way to Dar-es-Salaam. They are travelling with Mrs. Wittick, who is returning to her Mission Station in the interior. The latter has been staying at the P.M.U. Home, 7, Eton Road, London, N. They should reach Dar-es-Salaam by the middle or end of January.

Sister Wittick is by birth a Canadian and by marriage belongs to U.S.A. (She was sister to the late Mrs. Boyce, P.M.U., of Goshanganj.) Before the war she, with her husband and another missionary, possessed a Missionary Station. Mr. Wittick and their friend both died, and

Mrs. Wittick found her way back to her people in the West. Her journey in wartime was almost a miracle of faith and persistency.

She now returns to her station with our friends, who will (D.V.) eventually open up special P.M.U. work. Let us remember them in prayer.

Newton Hall and Sion College were crowded on Friday, January 9th, at the afternoon and evening meetings, when Mr. Polhill received a great and sincere welcome home, and all listened eagerly to his story. The meetings were full of power. All are thankful to welcome home again the beloved President and Director of our P.M.U. He has travelled right round the world, and looks all the better for his Missionary journey.

MR. POLHILL'S JOURNEY.

Further Reports.

Hong Kong,

Sept. 9th, 1919.

A few lines to you from Hong Kong, which I reached yesterday, the 8th, after a good journey from Yunnan-fu, having left that place on the 2nd September. I am now on my way to meet my daughter, and hope to spend a month with her and with my brother (Rev. Arthur Polhill).

The work in the Yunnan Province is full of promise. The Chinese now will listen, and come to hear. It is so different to what it was. Surely it seems as if the Lord was gathering in, in the last days, "sinners from every clime." They regularly come into our Chapel on evangelistic service nights, and it is not an unusual thing for some to decide. Moreover, they are beginning to invite in their friends, and this is the way we may hope the work will grow.

I think Mr. Swift is wise in getting the Chinese evangelists and others to do as much of the work as they can be entrusted to do. The one difficulty we need to pray through is the habit some have

of prolixity and too great length of discourse. One of our evangelists, Mr. Yao, of Lotze, has not this difficulty to contend with. He goes straight as an arrow to the point, and is a fiery preacher, though blind. His little boy leads him about. Through his agency thirteen have recently been baptised at *Lotzi-hsien*, and there are seven more enquirers. Some of our Christians have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and perhaps two of the evangelists. Mr. Yao declares he received some years ago. Please pray for our evangelists and Christians in this respect. As far as conversions go, at the present time there is much cause for thanksgiving.

The Chinese Christians seem to be working well together. Please pray for the Yunnan Church, and that it may be a fiery church, and its influence felt far beyond its own walls. Yunnan is distinctly *progressive* in many ways. Ask that the Christian influence may be aggressive, prevailing, and intensive.

Hankow, Sept. 22nd, 1919.

I reached *Hankow* this afternoon, and was met on the steamer by Mr. Lewis Jones, of C.I.M., an old friend, and am now comfortably settled in

(P.M.U.—China—Mr. Polhill's Journey—continued.)

C.I.M. Home. It is indeed a home, such a comfort to missionary travellers; the quiet restful feeling, to one who has so often lodged in hotels of late. The street in which the humble C.I.M. Home is situated is now the most coveted business street of this great city. They would much like to build an enormous place here, no doubt. The whole compound originally cost 3,000 taels. Latey a tiny corner of it was sold for 17,000. It will give you an idea of the extent of growth in this city.

Hankow is nearly the centre of China. The Pekin-Canton railway cuts it, and you can travel by rail now hence to Chang-sha, the capital of Hunan, southwards. Also the Yangtze, connecting Sychuan and Shanghai, passes Hankow.

The river journey from Shanghai took me four days. I believe one young man gave his heart to the Lord on the journey, or next door to it. He drank in the Word. He was a Christian up till twelve years of age, then entered the U.S. Navy, and thenceforward backslid. His name is Park. He came up here to business. Mr. Boddy, the more I travel about the more convinced am I that the motto for us in these days is "*Evangelise, EVANGELISE, EVANGELISE!*" Let us missionaries give up everything else we possibly can drop, and *refuse* to take up everything we may, that we may *give ourselves* to "bringing in the sheaves." The Lord make us *great soul winners*. Things do so easily hang on to us, which are *weights* to evangelising. The good, it is true, may be *enemy of the best*. This would make a wonderful place for *evangelising*.

Mr. Lewis Jones has secured me a berth on a steamer leaving to-morrow for *Ichang*, three days. One-and-a-half days further, also by steamer, and *Wauh sien* is reached, the other side of the famous gorges. It is lovely now to be able to run through in a steamer instead of ten to twelve days by houseboat. At *Wauh sien* I am much looking forward to meeting my dear daughter, Kathleen, and spending a nice little time together, and also my brother and sister-in-law.

CHINA.

LIKIANG.

Letter from Mrs. Klaver (née WATERS).

DEAR MR. BODDY,

It is a long time since I sent you some news from Likiang, so I think a few lines giving you some idea of our recent work will be of interest to the friends at home. We are now a very small party, as Miss Scharten left us a week ago for the Homeland. In the near future you will all have an opportunity of hearing from her an account of her labours in this field, which I am sure you will all enjoy.

Although our numbers have decreased during the last twelve months, the work has increased, and at present we are face to face with the great need of more workers. The surrounding district of Likiang is thickly populated, and it would be one person's work to spread the Gospel in these places. At present Mr. Klaver can only pay short visits to these people now and again, as the church at Likiang and work close at hand also needs concentrated attention; but we are praying for the time when a worker will be able to give his

whole time to itinerating; and trust that God will lead someone to our needy field here.

A few weeks ago Mr. Klaver and Miss Scharten had the privilege of baptising four enquirers (two men and two women) at Ho Ch'in, one of our out-stations a day's journey from here. We praise God for these new members of our church, and know you will join us in prayer that they may stand true.

In a week or so Mr. Klaver hopes (D.V.) to go to a place four days' journey from here, Ch'ao Ho Chin, where there are quite a few interested in the Gospel. This place has been worked by native evangelists for quite a while, so we are hoping some will be ready for baptism before long.

A few days ago we had a very interesting meeting with some travelling Tibetans from Lhasa. They were staying at the old Mission Home, which is now used as a Tibetan inn, so we took the opportunity and took the magic lantern over and showed some pictures of the Old and New Testament, the Tibetan evangelist preaching to them in their own language from the pictures. They were, of course, very interested in the pictures, but we hope the Word has also taken root in some hearts. Among the collection of pictures there are some views, etc., of the homeland, such as the Bank of England, Forth Bridge, a railway train, and an Atlantic liner, so you can imagine the delight of the natives when they see these wonders of the foreign land.

Christmas is approaching and we are looking forward to having a profitable time with all the Christians. We have a *hwei* lasting for three days, and it has always been a time of blessing. In the mornings and afternoons there are meetings for prayer and Bible study, and in the evenings for evangelistic meetings, having a lighted Christmas tree, which is a great attraction. Last Christmas was my first year here, and on account of the influenza epidemic very few were here; but Mr. Kok has had thousands each previous year, so we are looking forward to a good time this year.

I think this is all my news for the present, so I will close, sending Christian greetings to all friends in the homeland.

With kind regards,
Yours truly in Christ Jesus,
ROSE KLAVER.

Likiang-fu,
Yunnan Prov.,
China, S.W.
Oct. 24th, 1919.

Letter from Mrs. Trevitt.

It is so long since I wrote you that I feel to-day I must send you a few lines and tell you a little of what the Lord is doing here in Yunnan-fu. We find there is always much to praise the Lord for, despite the obstacles and drawbacks we have to meet with. The work here is growing steadily, and we can truly say, "God giveth the increase." Hallelujah!

The women's work here in the capital is quite encouraging. At present there are a few real bright enquirers, and we hope that soon they will be ready for baptism, and be received into the Church.

Thursday is our Women's Meeting day, and on Wednesdays we, with the Bible-woman, go visiting from house to house in the East Gate district. We

have bills printed giving notice when the meetings are held, and we put one inside a tract, entitled "The Only Way of Pardon," or some other just as good, explaining the way of salvation. We knock at each door and invite the people (mostly women) to the Chapel, and if they ask us to go in and tell them more we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity. Sometimes we are offered a stool or chair to sit outside the doorway, and in this way even the passers-by have the chance of hearing the Gospel too. Surely we do have the chance of sowing beside all waters.

In this way we have splendid opportunities of entering many homes. I cannot say many respond to the invitation to come to the Chapel, but a few have come, and we pray that God will bless the seed sown, and perhaps after many days there will be an upspringing in those who have heard, even if they do not come to the Chapel.

The work in the prison also is very precious. At present there are between thirty and forty women in prison, and most of that number come to the service every Sunday morning. Last Sunday Miss Ada Buckwaiter went along with me, and one of our women members. Our woman helper came from a different part of the city, and was a little late, so that we had barely got half through with the meeting when the man brought in their rice for breakfast. Most of the women left to eat their food, but six or seven waited.

I said "I fear your rice will be cold," and suggested closing earlier, but they said "Never mind that; we would rather hear the Gospel, and more of Jesus." One of these women, who, we feel, has taken a definite stand for the Lord while there (she has still three-and-a-half years to serve in prison), said, "Breakfast or not breakfast, I will wait till the finish." The Lord blessed us and gave us a real good time with these few.

The other week we had a call to a village twenty li away. We have a woman named Nang there, who was released from prison about three years ago. I think her husband was ill, and she wanted prayer for him. The evangelist went along with me. We had a fine meeting at the home, and several of the villagers gathered and stood outside the window. It was a real joy to hear this woman witness for our precious Lord among her own village people. She certainly was not ashamed to own her Lord. She told them clearly how the Lord had saved her, and how He gives her grace to live day by day. Praise God! We have heard since that her husband is much better.

Yesterday we visited the village just outside the North Gate. In one home was a young woman who has been interested for a time. She was ill for about three months, and yesterday she was very weak. She had corn to grind for their evening meal, so we asked her to let us help turn the grindstone. Praise the Lord! there are more ways than preaching for reaching these hearts. So we had a "go" at the corn grinding, and then I said a few words to the women about the Word, which says: "Two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken and the other shall be left."

During the last few weeks my heart has been seeking and longing for a greater vision of God, and also a greater vision of the people as Jesus saw them, as sheep without a shepherd.

The children's work is increasing with leaps and bounds, and in a week or two we hope to have a proper Sunday School organised, divided

up into-classes, and have the International Lesson system. Mr. Swift hopes to take a few men from his Bible Class, and a few from the Women's Class to help to teach in the Sunday School.

My sister joins me in sending greetings to all the readers of "Confidence." Thanking you all for your continued prayers, and for all the help given to our support. May the God of Hope fill you all with all joy and peace in believing.

Yours in our Living, Loving Lord,
MAGGIE B. TREVITT.

Yunnan-fu,
Yunnan Prov.,
S.W. China.

List of Contributions received during
Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1919.

		OCTOBER.		£	s.	d.
Receipt No.	3029	2	0	0
"	3030	1	8	0
"	3031.	for native worker in	China	3	0	0
Hornsey Assembly,	Boxes	1	14	6
Receipt No.	3034	0	10	0
"	3035.	Box	...	2	0	0
"	3036	1	11	6
"	3037.	Box	...	4	0	0
"	"	for native worker in	China	1	10	0
Heanor Pentecostal Church,	Boxes	3	6	0
Receipt No.	3039.	Box	...	0	16	0
George St. Pentecostal Assembly,	Derby	6	12	6
Receipt No.	3041	3	0	0
Lower Cwmwrch Pentecostal Assembly,	Boxes	2	0	0
Horden Pentecostal Assembly	39	0	0
Paisley Pentecostal Assembly, towards	the support of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, and the Misses Biggs	8	10	0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	17	3	11
Receipt No.	3047.	contributions to Women's Training Home	...	3	10	0
"	3048.	Box	...	0	10	0
"	"	for native worker in	China	0	5	0
"	3049.	for work in	China	15	0	0
"	3050	0	10	0
"	3051.	Box	...	1	10	0
"	3052.	Box	...	1	10	0
"	3053	1	0	0
"	3054	3	0	0
"	"	for native worker in	China	3	0	0
Holiness Hall, Sydenham Rd., Croydon	3	10	0
Receipt No.	3056.	for native worker for	Mr. Boyce in India	8	1	6
Havant Meeting.	Box	2	16	6
"Brooklands,"	Box	0	10	0
Anonymous	1	0	0
Receipt No.	3061.	Box	...	1	10	9
Brookshaw Street Mission, Bury, towards	the support of Mr. D. Leigh	13	0	0
NOVEMBER.						
Elim Pentecostal Alliance, Belfast	11	7	0
Dulwich Assembly	2	0	0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	21	10	9
Receipt No.	3068.	for Women's Training Home	...	4	0	0
Elim Gospel Hall, Lytham	3	0	0
Receipt No.	3070.	Box	...	0	2	6

(P.M.U.—List of Contributions—continued.)

Receipt No. 3071	0 5 0
" 3072, for native worker in China	0 5 0
Portland Street Mission, Mansfield Woodhouse	5 10 0
Receipt No. 3075	5 0 0
Southsea Assembly, for native worker in China	1 0 0
Receipt No. 3077, Box	2 0 7
" 3078	10 0 0
"Hackney," to support a native worker each for Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Leigh, and Miss Cook	66 0 0
Blackwood Assembly	10 0 0
Anonymous	0 10 0
Anonymous	0 2 6
Anonymous	2 0 0
Sandown Pentecostal Assembly	1 1 0
Receipt No. 3087, towards the support of Mr. Leigh	1 0 0
Receipt No. 3088, Box	2 2 6
" 3089, Box	1 10 1
All Saints' Women's Bible Class, Sunder- land	6 0 0
Receipt No. 3091, for S.C.O.M. Fund	2 0 0
" 3092	30 0 0
DECEMBER.	
Receipt No. 3094	1 17 0
" 3095	0 10 0
Emmaus Missionary Bureau, Halifax, for Mrs. Boyd's native Bible Woman	13 5 0
Receipt No. 3099	0 1 1
Dafen Row Pentecostal Assembly, Llanel- ly, towards the support of Mr. J. H. Boyce	4 5 0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	19 8 3
Receipt No. 3102, contributions towards Women's Training Home	4 0 0
" 3105, for a native worker for Mr. and Mrs. Boyd	10 0 0
Receipt No. 3106, towards the support of Mr. Boyce	0 13 0
Receipt No. 3108	0 10 0
Tonypandy Assembly, towards the sup- port of Students from South Wales in Training Homes	6 0 0
Receipt No. 3111, for my substitute in India	15 0 0
" " for a native evangelist in India	2 10 0
Bedford Gospel Mission, towards the support of Mr. and Mrs. Richard- son	10 0 0
Redhill and Reigate Pentecostal Assem- bly, for their native worker in China	5 0 0
Receipt No. 3114, for a native worker in China	1 10 0
" 3115, for native worker in China	0 10 0
" 3116, Box	2 0 0
" 3117, Box	0 12 0
" 3118, towards the support of a native worker for Mr. Boyce in India	2 10 0
Emsworth Assembly	7 12 6
" " Sunday School	1 10 0
" " Box	1 0 0
Sunderland Boxes	14 19 8
Church of God, Ferndale, towards the support of Mr. and Mrs. Richard- son	3 1 0

Receipt No. 3124, towards the support of native evangelist for Mr. Swift	2 0 0
Anonymous	0 10 0
Carlisle Assembly	5 0 0
Coatbridge Mission	4 10 0
Anonymous	0 2 6
Anonymous	0 10 0
Dunblane Assembly	1 10 0
Receipt No. 3134	1 0 0
Anonymous, towards support of Men's Training Home	5 0 0
Emmaus Missionary Bureau, Halifax, for Mr. Klaver's native evangelist	12 0 0
Receipt No. 3139	25 0 0
" 3140	0 4 0
Blackwood Assembly	5 0 0
Receipt No. 3142, towards the support of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams	1 5 0
	£338 9 1

SPECIAL GIFTS.

Kenfig Hill Mission, Box, for the outfit of Mr. D. Wilkins	5 0 0
Receipt No. 3045, for the outfit of Miss R. Woods	3 0 0
"Stirling," towards the furlough of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams	10 0 0
Receipt No. 3062, for the outfit of Miss Noad	13 10 0
Leith Mission, for the outfit of Miss M. Anderson	13 0 0
Receipt No. 3073, towards the furlough of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams	0 5 0
Island Place Mission, Llanelly, for the outfit of Miss M. Morgan	1 0 6
Maesteg Assembly, Boxes, for the outfits Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, and the Misses Eaton, Rees, and Knell	11 17 7
Duddeston Hall Assembly, Birmingham— For the outfit of Miss Hodgetts	3 10 0
For the outfit of Miss Redbourne	1 10 0
Emmaus Missionary Bureau, Halifax, for the passage of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson	15 0 0
Receipt No. 3103, for the passage of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson	1 0 0
Receipt No. 3104, for the passage of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson	1 0 0
Duddeston Hall Assembly, Birmingham— For the outfit of Miss Hodgetts	3 14 0
For the outfit of Miss Redbourne	1 10 0
Tonypandy Assembly— For the outfit of Miss Eaton	4 10 0
For the outfit of Miss Rees	4 10 0
Southsea Assembly, for the outfit of Miss Noad	8 10 0
Receipt No. 3133, for the outfits of the Misses Eaton and Rees	1 0 0
Leith Mission, for the outfit of Miss M. Anderson	16 0 0
Receipt No. 3143, towards the furlough of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams	4 0 0
	£123 7 1

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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Southsea.

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