

No. 132.

JANUARY-MARCH, 1923.

# "CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

PITTINGTON VICARAGE, DURHAM, ENGLAND.



PITTINGTON HALLGARTH CHURCH.  
(The Rev. A. A. Boddy is probably the 46th Vicar.)

## "Confidence" Subscription-Gifts for last Three Months.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
164 Waunlywd (R.)..... 5 0	183 Plymouth Pent. Ass. (W.)..... 2 6	200 Bury (H.) ..... 10 0
165 Los Angeles (E.)..... 8 11	184 Upper Norwood (E.)..... 2 6	201 Worcester (C.) ..... 1 9
166 Cheltenham (H.) ... 1 6	185 Plumstead (I.) ..... 5 0	202 Walkley, Sheffield (W.) ..... 2 0
167 Hawick (S.) ..... 2 0	186 Putney (B.)..... 10 0	203 Langsett ..... 2 0
168 Shankill (H.) ..... 10 0	187 Hampstead (B.) ... 3 0	204 Grimsby (D.)..... 1 0
169 Southport (D.) ..... 1 0 0	188 Bishop Auckland (T) 2 6	205 Caspiana, La (M.) 5 0
170 York (T.) ..... 10 0	189 Armagh (A.) ..... 5 0	206 Argoed, Mon. (S.)... 2 6
171 Derby (M.) ..... 1 6	190 Penzance (H.) ..... 3 0	207 Bourne (S.) ..... 3 0
172 Stavanger (Norway) 3 0	191 Halifax (W.) ..... 2 10 0	208 Bracknell (C.) ..... 6 0
173 Krugersdorp (P.) ... 10 0	192 Ardwell Bay (G.) ... 5 0	209 Sandgate (H.) ..... 1 6
174 Wrekenton (A.) ..... 2 0 0	193 Wallasey (C.) ..... 1 6	210 Coleshill (A.) ..... 2 0
175 Dryslwyn (D.) ..... 5 0	194 Pasadena (N.) ... 5 0	211 Southsea (P.) ..... 2 6
176 Langside, Glasgow (B.) ..... 10 0	195 Los Angeles (J.) ... 1 1 9	212 Huddersfield (S.) ... 2 6
177 Sion Coll., London (M.) ..... 1 11 0	196 Meldrake, York (P.) 1 0 0	213 Alta, Canada (H.) 2 10 0
178 Keswick (G.) ..... 2 6	197 Whittington Moor (G.) ..... 3 0	214 Sydney, N.S.W. (K.) 5 0
179 Lee Assembly (P.)... 5 0	198 London, sent from China (P.) ..... 20 0 0	215 Parkes, N.S.W. (S.) 10 0
180 Bedford (K.) ..... 5 0	199 Morriston, S. Wales (L.) ..... 8 6	
181 Cocanada, India ... 1 0 0		£42 10 5
182 Bramley, Leeds (C.) 5 0		

### Printing and Expenses Account.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Subscriptions as above ... .. 42 10 5	"Confidence," 132nd Issue ... .. 27 10 0
Discount ... .. 6 9	Postages (estimated) and despatching 6 15 0
Adverse Balance ... .. 16 4 1	Blocks ... .. 1 7 1
	Adverse Balance from 131st Issue ... 23 9 2
£59 1 3	£59 1 3

## PERSONAL JOTTINGS.

This may be the very last issue of "Confidence." The reason will be seen in the balance sheet above with its adverse balance. Yet, as long as handsome subscription-gifts come in, the Editor will (D.V.) continue to send out "Confidence" from time to time. It is published on faith lines. No money can be returned, even though the sender asks for a year's copies, for the money is all used as it is received. This explains the term, "Subscription-Gifts."

If a handsome sum of £20 had not come at this time, the present issue could not have appeared. Friends are asked to pray about the continuance of "Confidence." "Flames" supplies news from all our P.M.U. Missionaries, and it is forwarded free every month to any address sent to MR. W. GLASSBY, RENHOLD, BEDFORD.

At the present there are Pentecostal papers published by Pastor Saxby, and by Eilm workers at Belfast, and by American friends. It may be that the time is approaching when "Confidence" shall have completed the special work which it was raised up to fulfil.

Mrs. Bainbridge, of Stockport, would be glad if we let the readers of "Confidence" know that she has recently published "Talks to Candidates," 1/9, post free. Also a new edition of "Soul and Body," with an added section of 22 pages, entitled "Messages of Hope" (also 1/9 post free).

Miss Marie F. Neill desires us to make known the address of her new Home of Rest and Healing, viz.:—Beth Eilm, The Glen, Cliff Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea. She would be glad to hear from those likely to visit her.

Brother Smith Wigglesworth arrived back

again at 70 Victor Road, Bradford, Yorks., in December. He has travelled right round the world, and brought the spirit of revival both in Australia, in New Zealand, and in U.S.A. He is so loyal to his Master that he is mightily used in the healing of the sick and the salvation of souls.

A friend in U.S.A. presses for news as to the Editor's family, and as to his son, who was shot down in the air near the Boulton Wood during the war. After being 27 times under anaesthetics he has wonderfully recovered, and is in business in the City of London. His is a marvellous case: (1) Shot in the head while flying; (2) Crashing against a tree, and (3) Smashing one leg completely as the heavy engines fell on it and breaking up the other; (4) Carried off the battlefield in a "Tank"; (5) Suffering from shock; (6) Lockjaw, Septisemia, or Blood-poisoning. In answer to the faithful prayers of many, he is able to get about with an artificial limb and suck. He has been spared to live a useful life, and is happy in having a truly devoted wife.

The daughter who was accepted for China by the C.M.S. as a Nurse Missionary, is engaged to the Rev. Reginald Taylor, at present Curate at St. James', Holloway. They hope to be married before long, and to proceed to China together next year. The date of the wedding is not settled, but it might be in July at Pitlington Church. She is taking temporary duty as Sister at Sherburn Hospital, about three miles from Pitlington.

Miss J. V. Boddy, B.A., is now helping her father in Parish work among the young people, etc. Mrs. Boddy, who is improving in health and full of faith, returns from "Belsito, Milford-on-Sea, Hants," at the end of February (D.V.). Miss Newton, her friend, is with her, and is likely to make Pitlington Vicarage her home when they return together.

"Confidence" is issued on faith lines. It is published when a sufficient amount has been received in Subscription-Gifts to meet (or nearly meet) the expenses.

# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 132.

PITTINGTON, DURHAM.

Jan.-Mar., 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."

## "QUEST."

I looked at Beauty, and I loved it, sought it.

The radiance of the sunset glow,  
The purity of fallen snow,  
The beauty of an opening flower,  
The mystery of one starlit hour.

I looked at Beauty, and I loved it, sought it,  
I looked at nature and the One who taught it  
Submission to the perfect laws divine,  
And thirstily this seeking soul of mine  
Saw fading joys in all around but Thine.

I heard Earth's music, and I loved it, sought it.

The pathos of a minor key,  
The charm of rippling melody,  
The laughter of a little child,  
The anthem of the ocean wild;

I heard this music, and its charm enthralled me,  
Until the throb of funeral march distressed, appalled  
Insatiate turned I to the Song Divine [me.  
Where melody and harmony, like nectared wine,  
Flow ceaselessly from out the Eternal Home of Thine.

I sought for human love, and seeking, found it.

The balm of filial tenderness,  
The sweetness of a child's caress,  
The precious finding of a friend,  
The rapturous bliss which Love can lend;

I found this loveiness, yet shadows deep  
Fall on earth's joy, and human hearts must weep,  
When separation or that long last kiss  
Is given. . . . Sighing we turn lest we should miss  
Thy love, O Christ, and Thy love's endless bliss.

Ruth Salwey.

## FROM SUNDERLAND TO PITTINGTON.

The Recent Removal of Rev. A. A. Boddy,  
Editor of "Confidence."

"How may we address our letters now, when we write to you?" is an enquiry which is sure to be made. The answer is that this is the briefest address:—

Rev. A. A. Boddy,  
Pittington Vicarage,  
by Durham.

Telegrams thus:—"Vicar, Littletown, Durham." (Littletown is one of the villages in Pittington Parish, and about one mile and a quarter from the Church and Vicarage.)

### TO GET TO PITTINGTON.

1. The nearest railway station is PITTINGTON, about a mile and a quarter from the Vicarage. It is on the Durham-Elvet branch. About ten miles from Sunderland (change at Murton). About five from Durham Elvet.

2. SHERBURN COLLIERY STATION is about 1½ miles (on the line from Ferryhill to Leamside). Buses also run from Durham Market Place to Sherburn.

3. DURHAM STATION (North Road), on the main line, is about six miles from Pittington. A taxi costs 12/6 and should be ordered beforehand from the Motor Co., North Road, Durham.

4. If able to walk a few miles, take the motor bus from Waterloo Place, Sunderland, near the South End of Central Station. It runs to Durham through Houghton. Alight a little beyond Rainton (at the turning to Pittington). A walk of about two miles brings you to Pittington Station, and then on to the Vicarage.

5. LEAMSIDE STATION is about 2½ miles. It is a useful station in coming from the South, as the trains to Sunderland from Durham stop there. But there are no conveyances.

### PITTINGTON PARISH.

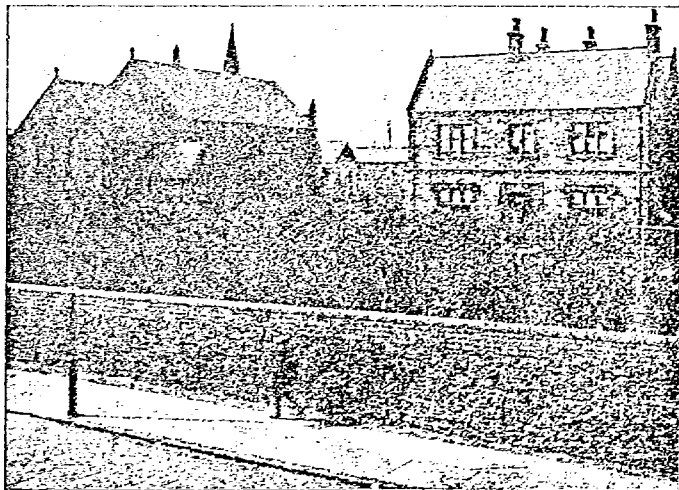
Pittington is a country parish about four miles in width. It contains farmhouses and some villages occupied largely by miners and their families. These hamlets are Pittington (Low and High), Littletown and Elemore Vale. The popu-

(From Sunderland to Pittington—continued.)

lation is nearly 2,000. The Church is nearly in the centre of the parish. The Vicarage and other houses round the Church form a small group called "Pittington Hallgarth," and the Vicarage is known also as "Prior's Hallgarth." (Formerly the Prior of Durham Cathedral had his Hall in Garth or Garden near the Church.)

The departure of the Writer (Rev. A. A. Boddy) from Sunderland has been sudden. It was represented to him that it was the wish of those who had the appointment to the vacant Vicarage of Pittington that he should accept it. "We should all feel happy in entrusting the spiritual interests of Pittington to your care."

For two or three days he was undecided. He loved dearly his people at All Saints', Monkwearmouth. But the position of the Vicarage, where he had lived for 38 years, close to a great ironworks with its smoke and vibrations, had undermined his dear wife's health and probably



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH AND VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND.

impaired his own. The winters were very trying for them both so near the North Sea. A home in the country, with more healthy conditions, might be God's way of extending the days of their usefulness for Him.

He summoned the members of All Saints' Parish Council to the Vicarage and laid it before them. They were sad but felt that they must not hinder that which might be for the good of their Leader and his wife. So it soon became widely known that their Vicar was about to leave, that his 38 years' ministry was to end in a very few days. The Writer went through such sorrowful scenes as he hopes never to experience again in this world.

He had preached at All Saints' more than 3,000 times.

He had joined in marriage 835 couples.

He had prepared for Confirmation 600 or more.

He had baptized (besides adults) 2,770 children.

He had prayed beside innumerable beds of sickness, and often tried to bring consolation to the house of mourning.

Thus he was knit to his people and their families with very strong cords of love.

The following Sunday evening, at the close of the service, he asked those who could remain; and for one hour he reminded them of the past.

He began by describing his introduction to Monkwearmouth and Sunderland thirty-eight years ago.

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

Bishop Lightfoot, one Sunday evening in November, 1884, was standing with his back to the fire in the quiet drawing-room of Auckland Castle. Supper was ended. Compline had been sung and said in the beautiful chapel, and the "Sons of the House" were gathered around the good Bishop they each loved—gathered for a short spell of harmless talk, often ending mirthfully.

The writer, then a Curate at St. Peter's, Auckland, was there also, and his Bishop, with rather a merry look, was keenly gazing through his eye-glass as he said, "Wherever is Boddy? Is he so small that I cannot see him?" The young clergyman (then four years in Holy Orders) was firmly pushed forward by the other young men, and he heard the words addressed to him. "Just come downstairs to my study, I want to have a little talk with you."

So down those back stairs and along the passage behind the sturdy, saintly Bishop, the young clergyman's heart was beating a little more quickly in the expectation that something important was going to happen to him.

Dr. Lightfoot, on arriving in his sanctum, began to look around for some rolled-up maps. He found that of Sunderland and unrolled it. He laid it on the study table. There was silence. "Ah!" he said at last, "here is the place. It is a parish in Monkwearmouth. I am thinking of putting you in charge there. Perhaps you would like to go with your brother, the chaplain at Wynyard, and have a look round first." Then he told me some things that were sad indeed.

FIRST VISIT TO SUNDERLAND.

One wet November afternoon (1884) with my rev. brother I arrived in Sunderland. It was a strange town to me. I had only seen it when on a canoe voyage along the coast about ten years before. We found our way to 16 Fulwell Road and obtained the keys of the church at the house of the verger. Good old Mr. Spours was my first clerk. He loved to play the bass fiddle, and was very kind to children. I went up Southwick Road, where most of All Saints' Parish lay in those days,

I viewed the prospects o'er.

Back at Auckland, of course, I accepted. The Bishop said: "I'm putting you in the front of the battle." There was a special service held in that

beautiful Auckland Castle Chapel on the eve of my leaving for All Saints'. Bishop Lightfoot gave me his blessing as I knelt there before him. The service was in the evening in order that members of St. Peter's congregation, where I had been curate, might by their presence and prayers, hearten me in my new work.

Canon C. G. Hopkinson, then at Monkwearmouth Vicarage, insisted upon my staying with him, and he was a true friend indeed. At his house, opposite Monkwearmouth Station, I spent my first Christmas and New Year. In the dark, early in the New Year, I woke hearing the voices of hundreds of men and women, joyfully marching in quick step and singing with "Salvation" earnestness—

"Anywhere with Jesus I will gladly go."

It was a message which I never can forget.

Most of those who formed my congregation at the beginning of 1885 have passed home and their remains lie in the Mere Knolls Cemetery. But many of their children, and their children's children, are in Monkwearmouth to-day.

The present population of All Saints' is about 9,000, but the area has been reduced by one-half. The congregation has, through the passing of so many years, changed a number of times.

Of recent years, when looking from the pulpit upon the crowd of bright faces at a Sunday evening service, I can see very few, sometimes scarcely any, who were with me at the beginning of my time here.

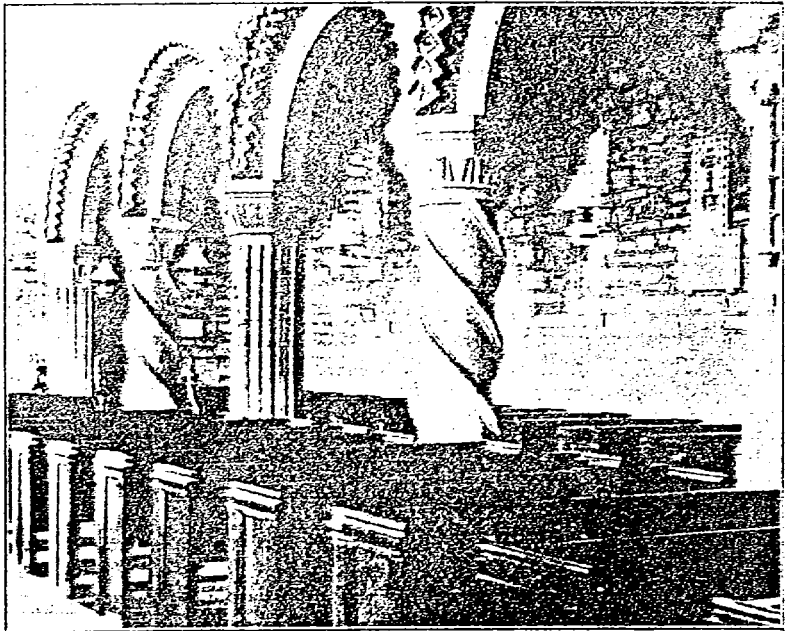
Good workers have been among many blessings granted to me. Superintendents of Sunday Schools and the many willing teachers, churchwardens, and a very live Church Council, which existed before the recent Act came into force.

Fulwell Village was for many years in my parish. Sometimes in summertime I gathered the young and old on the Green near Mrs. Forest's. "Bring your chairs out with you," I said. Then I showed them magic-lantern pictures, the sheet being set up on a frame on the Green and the lantern inside a cottage window. Old Mr. Allison and Mr. Edwin Hutchinson and others used to enjoy the Bible talks and to ask quaint questions. Fulwell has grown since then, and those elders have passed away.

ENDURING THE SMOKE PALL.

My hobbies in those days were travel, book-writing and lecturing. I was enabled the better to endure cheerfully the smoke pall and the steam hammer, and the rattle of machinery night and day, by getting far away for a few weeks, in some years, to distant lands.

I was able to visit a number of mission stations in North-West America, in North Africa and Syria, and thankfully spoke and wrote of the noble work and lives of these devoted servants of our Lord. In 1885 I was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and am one of its senior Fellows to-day. The books I wrote tell of the countries studied and visited. "To Kairwan the Holy: Scenes in Mohammedan Africa," "With Russian Pilgrims at the White Sea Monastery," "By Ocean, Prairie, and Peak," "Journeys to British Columbia, etc.," "Christ in His Holy Land," "Days in Galilee," etc.



CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, PITTLINGTON, DURHAM.  
(For more than 900 years Christ has been worshipped here.)

Mr. Ellis, then Registrar of the County Court, who lived at South Cliff, Roker, after reading my book on "Kairwan" said: "I wonder, Mr. Boddy, how you can settle down again in your vicarage under the smoke after journeying among the Arabs in beautiful Tripoli." I have already supplied the answer. My journeyings made me determined to love my house all the more.

In those years I was much pressed by my clerical friends to give lantern lectures, and gave more than 100 of such lectures, going sometimes long distances, but not more often than once a week at the most. With the then Vicar-of-Alwinton, beyond Rothbury (the late Rev. A. Wardroper), I journeyed a winter evening into the heart of the Cheviots to speak to the shepherds (who brought their collie dogs, too).

(From Sunderland to Pittington—continued.)

What a wild drive we had that dark night, through the fords of the Coquet and often on the edge of the mountain road with the stream rushing far below. How eagerly they listened to my story of adventures in the Land of the Redskins.

But ere long I limited my lecturing journeys, and soon refused all invitations, keeping strictly to my own work in the parish.

The Chapel at Fulwell belonging to the United Methodist Free Church was lent to me when All Saints' was being cleaned and renovated. We held full church services in it with All Saints' surpliced choir. Issuing forth in solemn procession we sang our hymns through Fulwell Village and had a fruitful mission time. My brother-in-law, the Rev. J. M. Pollock, was Missioner-in-Chief, and there are those to-day in Fulwell and elsewhere who are thankful for the new life which came to them when the Church visited the Chapel at Fulwell.

A VARIED CAREER.

My career has been somewhat varied both before and after Ordination. I had been admitted in 1876 by the Master of the Rolls (Jessel) as a solicitor of the Supreme Court. My name is still on the Rolls, but I am described as a "retired solicitor." I suppose that very few solicitors in Sanderland signed their names on the Roll before I signed in 1876. My legal training has been a help, and my seven years in the law brought me face to face with the seamy side of life and made me perhaps most sympathetic with the tempted.

I was offered a partnership, but I refused as at that time I passed through a spiritual crisis which altered my career.

MY MARRIAGE.

In the autumn of 1890 a general mission was held in Sunderland, and in All Saints' we had Canon Grant from Kent as our missioner, several others assisting. There were several lady workers also, and to one of these I was married a little more than a year later. She brought great happiness into my home and into the parish, and she is loved to-day as much as ever. Her Bible Class, held for a quarter of a century, has brought untold blessing to many homes. But her health has, no doubt, suffered from her surroundings, and this trying climate near the coast.

A time was approaching when it was felt that we must prepare for dismemberment. The parish had grown greatly in population and must be divided. I approached the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and asked them to give me a site for a church and other buildings at Roker. This they did, giving also £500 to begin a building fund. This was the beginning of St. Andrew's, Roker, now such a successful daughter of All Saints'.

Twenty-one curates have worked with me whilst at All Saints'. A good proportion of them are incumbents to-day. None more interesting or cheery than the Rev. Gilbert Monks, who passed to his long home soon after settling in a beautiful vicarage in the Lake District.

THE COAL FAMINE OF 1892.

Some present will remember the coal famine of 1892, when I appealed for help to support in part the sufferers connected with the adjoining iron works. I formed a Committee among the men, and we fed and helped their families for many

months. When it was all safely over, and the men back at work, a remarkable gathering was held at Mr. Lister's café on the Lower Promenade at Roker. Mr. Lister himself made a memorable and rousing speech that morning after breakfast, and the men then presented me with a silver communion set, and gave Mrs. Boddy a beautiful urn. They are both very highly prized to-day in remembrance of those stirring times.

Though I hope I am very loyal to my own beloved historic Church of England, I have endeavoured to show brotherly sympathy with other sincere bodies of Christians in my parish and in the town.

All the Nonconformist ministers have changed over and over again since my arrival in 1884. I must be, in point of continual residence, a long way the senior of all ministers or all clergy in Sunderland. Certainly, I bear the longest record in continuance in one charge.

Ald. Wm. Walker, of West Mount, Sunderland, the able leader of the wonderful Sunshine Service, was an old scholar of mine in 1882 at St. Helen's Church Schools, at Low Fell, Gateshead. I heard him say recently, humorously if rather irreverently, "Why, man, Mr. Boddy is almost a 'daddy' to the Nonconformists on the North-side."

In the closing months of the Great War my ministerial brethren of the Free Churches most willingly accepted my lead when we held a united prayer meeting each Sunday night in turn in All Saints' Church and many chapels on the North-side. I owe many spiritual blessings to my fellowship with earnest Nonconformists at different periods in my life.

One has been welcomed into many a sacred family circle at a time when some precious soul was passing into the presence of God, perhaps holding the Vicar's hand as the last prayer was offered for peace and rest in the paradise of God. It has been a great privilege to go with those dear ones to the edge of the River, and to be rewarded by a grateful look as they tried to say good-bye (for a while only).

THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

What a "host has crossed the flood" since 1884. It is good to have kind friends in the other world. Though I trust in a higher power, yet they may be able somehow to help one.

Certainly, at least a dozen times, I have almost miraculously been saved from death or disaster and have thought of angelic intervention.

If one could place for a moment in their old seats in the Church those who have worshipped here with me and are now in the other world, what a remarkable congregation I should see. It will be a wonderful reunion some day, by the mercy of God and the all-sufficient merits of Christ.

More than 50 years ago my dear father, then Rector of St. Thomas's, Cheetham, had a very similar experience to that which I am now passing through. The Rev. James Alfred Boddy was a Cambridge graduate. Some 30 years before he had been appointed Rector of this large Manchester parish. But he was 60 and the strenuous life among the poor was beginning to tell upon him.

I remember so well the thrill of excitement when the front door bell of our rectory rang, and our maiden was confronted by the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, standing on the steps. He had come to offer to my father a country living in the county of Durham and which was in his gift.

At Elwick Hall, on the Stockton Road, my dear father and mother spent a happy ten years! I joined him eventually as his curate in 1880, and was with him when he died. My experience has been similar, though my service here has been eight years longer.

Just as unexpectedly came a registered letter the other day enclosing the deed of presentation, and a kind letter offering me the living of Pittington, with its pleasant vicarage.

I consulted the members of All Saints' Church Council. I went over to Pittington. Later I accepted the offer.

THE FUTURE OF ALL SAINTS'.

There are earnest church workers at Pittington Hallgarth. They love their venerable Church of St. Lawrence, and their hearts are true in their devotion to God. I find the same kind of Christian men and women who have made my stay at Monkwearmouth so pleasant that I often forgot the

Flames and smoke of the forge,

The thudding shake of the steam hammer, and

The rattle and grinding of the rolling mills, only a few yards from me day and night.

The love and gratitude of my people, the assurance that I had been a helper to many, has more than compensated for the grime and vibrations of the smoke-smitten vicarage.

I am so thankful for my dear wife's sake. She will be able to sit in her garden in the fresh air and welcome her friends from All Saints', for we shall only be ten miles away.

Then putting down his paper, the speaker made an earnest evangelical appeal to his hearers, quoting the text, 1 Peter ii, 7: "Unto you that believe He is precious." "He is the best of masters," our Saviour.

"As to the future. You who are inclined to be a little depressed to-night just take a very bright view. A younger man can carry on the work where I lay it down. Let us expect that in answer to trustful, joyful prayer the best possible appointment will be made. Then let all hold together in a spirit of unity and keep the good name that All Saints' Church has won, ever growing brighter and more worthy of our great Leader."

FAREWELL SERVICES.

On Sunday, December 17th, he held his farewell services. At 6 p.m. he preached from Hebrews xiii, 7, 8: "Remember them that have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

An almost endless stream of communicants filed up to the Holy Table. First, all the white-robed choirmen, whom their Vicar looked upon as his special helpers and friends. Then a host of officials and members, and especially the fine group of the young men he loved. Also many of his fellow citizens, church folk and nonconformists, of both sexes who were there to express their good will and sympathy. The Church was packed, and it was felt wise to arrange for a second service for those unable to be at the first. This time he took as his text 1 Peter ii, 7: "Unto you which BELIEVE, He is precious." The choir that night sang as they never sang before. They rendered touchingly the "Hallelujah Chorus" as an act of adoring thanksgiving for the mercies of

God during the 38 years then ending. Then came the last shake of the hand, and tears fell freely.

\* \* \*

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

It was a joy to receive such a host of kind letters, and often from unexpected quarters (and especially from fellow clergy). One dear brother, a working builder, wrote this beautiful letter;—

It is with a heart full of love and gratitude to God that I now sit down to write these lines to you. What a privilege it has been to me to be one of the many to sit and hear the blessed God-given message that God by His blessed Holy Spirit has given through you, His servant, during these wonderful years of your ministry in our sweet little Church. Oh, how wonderful God has worked through you! To me it has been blessed. Your ministry has been a ministry in the Holy Ghost. God has indeed blessed your labours. Can I ever forget what you and yours have been to me and mine? It is burnt into me so that I cannot forget. To Him be all the praise and glory, for did not God use you and your dear wife to bring the light of the glorious Gospel to shine in my heart. I will always look upon you and Mrs. Boddy as my spiritual father and mother in God, begotten by you in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, through the Holy Spirit.

When the light of God's truth came to me and I saw myself as a guilty sinner completely undone, I accepted Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, and the blessed Holy Ghost showed me what a wonderful Saviour Jesus was. I took Him and He cleansed me and took away my sin, "bore it right away," remembering it against me no more.

IT WAS JUST WONDERFUL

how God blessed my soul and refreshed me as from time to time you were used by Him to give me light and understanding through His Word. Your wonderful messages on Identification with Christ were blessed to me, and as I saw the truth I embraced it and took my place in union with Him in death and resurrection, and then I began to see something of the meaning of Calvary and the wonder-working Blood of Jesus. How my hungry heart longed to know more about Jesus! and as I sought to know Him more God's Holy Spirit revealed Him to me opening up the eyes of my heart and giving me to know Him in a fuller measure. In those days there were hungry hearts, and He created the hunger and He satisfied, and we began to wait upon God, you and your dear wife, myself and others, and

GOD MET WITH US

and blessed us as we waited. And as we waited upon God, how He worked and worked until He got us where He wanted us, right low down at the feet of Jesus, and then He poured out the Holy Ghost upon us, baptising in the Holy Ghost and Fire. Glory to Jesus! And then the Fire spread and spread, until hundreds began to seek the blessed Baptism in the Holy Ghost. Here and there were little bands of God's people waiting upon Him, and He poured out His Spirit upon them. I thank God that He began at our little Church, and honoured the word that you, His servants, preached.

(Continued on page 70.)

# "CONFIDENCE."

JANUARY-MARCH, 1923.

Editor—

Alex. A. Boddy, Vicar of Pittington,  
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.*

## The Epaphras Spirit.

Col. iv., 12.

By MISS E. SISSON, New London, Connecticut,  
U.S.A.

"Epaphras, who is one of you, a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always labouring [margin, striving] fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the Will of God." Epaphras, shut away from witness-bearing and the ministry of the Word, in a cruel Roman dungeon, by the malice of his enemies! Epaphras, promoted by the Hand of God from active Christian service to the ministry of intercession! The Master had need of him, away from the fields ripe already to harvest, to a life devoted to knee-work.

He Who called him fitted him for his labour. "Always" praying. It takes Holy Spirit undergirding for that. "Always labouring" (*i.e.*, striving, working—Greek, agonising) "in prayer." It takes Holy Spirit energising for that. Always labouring fervently (root-thought—fire). It takes Holy Spirit enkindling for that. So here is the picture: Epaphras praying in the Spirit; Epaphras working *in a flame in prayer*. Have you learned to pray? Do you wish to learn to pray? Then, here is the complete comfort: "Epaphras, who is one of you"; just a common Christian chosen out of the common run of the "feeble folk" of the Church of Colosse. But he was willing to be a servant—*i.e.*, a slave of Christ. Are you? The Master's Will is life to the slave if he be the slave of love, which every Christian slave is (Ex. xxi., 5, 6). Let us imagine something of the processes of his development in the prayer life. The Master's Voice:

"Epaphras, street preaching among a wild mob in the streets of Colosse?"

"Yes, Lord!"

"Epaphras, a tailor's shop in a dingy back street in Colosse?"

"Yes, Lord!"

"Epaphras, minimise your work and your wage, and live more meagrely, that you may have more time for the pen, and for souls through it."

"Yes, Lord!"

"Epaphras, leave the bosom of thy family, and let Me send thee as a pack-pedlar up and down the land plying thy trade, and buying up opportunities to display Gospel goods to souls in need. Epaphras, let Me hide thee in a slimy, noisome dungeon in Rome, where thy life will be in jeopardy hourly, that there I may give thee wholly a prayer life."

"Yes, Lord! yes, Lord! yes, Lord!"

Just a slave. But the Holy Ghost can fill this slave-obedience; for it is written: "The Holy Ghost, . . . Whom God hath given to them that obey Him" (Acts v. 32).

Christ's slave in a Roman dungeon, "praying in a flame"! Striving—what against? "Principalities, powers, demons in the heavenlies." Striving—in whose behalf? The saints of God in the heavenlies. For with Spirit-anointed eyes Epaphras sees their possibilities and their perils. Their possibilities: to "stand perfect and complete in all the Will of God." Their perils: of becoming dwarfed during that mighty wrestling against them, not of flesh and blood, but of "principalities, powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, demons in the heavenlies"—in a word, all the machinery of Hell in the upper and nether worlds massed against the upward-going of saints.

In Colosse, Laodicea, Hierapolis, and, doubtless, through all the Churches of the then known world, they felt the mighty answer of God to this prayer-labour "in a flame." Like his compatriot and fellow-prisoner Paul, the fatherhood in him could say, "My little children, for whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Birth-throes, once and again, for fellow-Christians at different stages of their ongoing life. Do you know them? Do you wish to know them? Do you long thus to minister to the development of His Kingdom and the maturing of His Church?



Is not this the need of the hour? The great Fatherhood of God, brooding in the Epaphras spirit, over all the work which He is so marvellously doing in the earth. "Whom shall He teach knowledge? and whom shall He make to understand doctrine?" Mere babes—"them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts." "For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people" (Isaiah xxviii., 9, 11), or, as Paul has it, "With other tongues and other lips will I speak unto this people" (1 Cor. xiv., 21). If God is to invest mere spiritual babes with the gift of tongues—and tongues is what Paul here quotes Isaiah as speaking of—have not we a mighty work to pray, Epaphras-like, for these babes upon whom the tongue comes? For them prayer, not indifference; prayer, not criticism.

It is recorded in connection with the mighty revivals in which God used Finney, that there was a plain farmer to whom God gave a gift of prayer. He never had much testimony, save that of his life, and never preached or served in any public capacity, but he had wondrous burdens of prayer. When he learned there were forthcoming meetings for Finney in the city, he would leave his farm and all his various interests, and, going to that city, engage a room in some hotel, and with the simple injunction for them to bring daily a jug of water and a loaf of bread, and leave it outside his door, and upon no account to disturb him, here he would give himself to prayer for God's interests and precious souls. In the night, and by day, low murmurs and groans would be heard proceeding from the room, and often those who slept near him would go to the proprietor, saying, "What is the matter with that sick man next door?" Oh, would that many more of God's people now were as sick for sin and for sinners! But, according to instruction, since he was not yet violent, they left "the crazed man" alone. When he had fulfilled his mission and pleased God (Heb. xi., 6), he went his joyful way in assured faith. Often all his work was thus accomplished before Finney arrived in town; but when the great revivalist heard the description of this strange-acting man, who had come and gone, with rejoicing he said:

"Ah! my praying farmer has been here and got the victory. Now we shall have a great work." It never failed.

That work of Finney,—*i.e.*, God through him—changed the whole face of New England and the middle United States, and changed the theology of the times. The old theology of election and predestination waged a bitter and satanic warfare against that revival movement; but all in vain. Infidel lawyers and doctors, and misguided divines, were alike mown down by the score, through the power of God in that mighty Gospel warrior, while God and the plain farmer smiled—the One, that He had found a man after His own heart, through whom He could pray and believe; the other, to have found a God so mighty to answer his confiding cries.

Salvation is a mighty chain. The mother of the Salvation Army, Catherine Booth, told a friend who asked the origin of the Salvation Army, "It was reading Finney's 'Lectures on Revivals.' It stirred my soul to its depths, and pushed me forward." But back of Finney and his lectures, as well as back of the Salvation Army, with its hundreds of thousands of saved souls, lies, as an initial link in the chain, the plain farmer—his name even now unknown on earth—and his prayers. In everything great and good of God in the earth, comes prayer as its initial power.

Are we ready to consecrate our consecration, and trust God to sanctify our sanctification, that we may go deeper and live a prayer-life? There is an isolation of prayer, a muteness of prayer, a blessed dumbness of prayer. Are we ready for them? An isolation; for, if God is to have us to pray His prayers through us, we must let Him have our time—that which has been spent in society, even in blessed Christian fellowships, must now be His to command as He will. Yes, Jesus spent nights alone, days alone, in prayer, and so will you. A muteness in the presence of men, when God gives no commission to speak. The brilliant one ceases to be brilliant; the chatty one ceases to chatter; life is gathered up into a stillness before God, waiting on Him. Is this irksome to your social nature? Hence the necessity of consecrating your consecration, and calling on God to sanctify your sanctification. A blessed dumbness before God—ceasing to chatter in His Presence. Having been taught we can do nothing apart from Him, we hang our helplessness upon Him, and confidently, trustfully wait His praying

(The Epaphras Spirit—continued.)

through us. We have ceased to be as kitchen furniture which, the minute it sees the cook enter the kitchen, tongs, shovel, stove-cover, oven, pots, kettles and pans, in an unceasing clamour, cry, "Use me! use me!" But like a normal piece of kitchen furniture, which rests confidently in the presence of the cook, believing that he will use it in his own time and purpose.

Forgive a crude illustration, but so our hearts have to be taught by Him to rest in the presence of the "Master-Workman," the Great Praying One, till He condescends to breathe prayer through us, and we let the praying breath come and go as He will. Then do we pray His prayer, not ours. Then does He begin to bring us into His isolation, His sorrow, His sense of sin and need, in the world and in the Church, His fellowship in the affairs of the Father, and the programme of salvation. Then He begins to blend us with Himself in His joy and deepening faith, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith," till by leaps and bounds intercessory faith comes to that great word, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith"; and the intercessory "saints"—some of them—"take the kingdom" (Dan. vii., 18). The great Name of Jesus gives it to them, and their faith takes and gives it to Him.

Three miles, perhaps, from the coast of Florida, U.S.A., up the St. John's River, lies the city of Jacksonville. The craft that reach her piers must watch their times by her tides, for there is the daily ebb-tide and full tide. Only tiny boats of little draught may skim their way through the shallows of ebb-tide. Oh; what tiny faith-craft launch out when the river of God is not full of water! Larger craft must wait for full tide, but occasionally—what a sight!—it is flood-tide on the St. John's River. Everything that moves upon the face of the waters is joyously bounding along together, banners streaming, full sails set, little craft and big, great draught and no draught, fearlessly plunging on. No care for sunken rock or moaning bar. Obstacles gone. It is not ebb-tide, nor full-tide, but flood-tide on the St. John's. The flood-tide of salvation is coming over this earth, when, in these last days, God will pour out of His Spirit upon all flesh (Acts ii., 17). Yea, pour floods upon the dry ground (Isa. xlv., 3).

One caught away in the Spirit in an ecstasy saw an army coming from a great centre of light, and bringing the light with it wherever it moved. It was marshalled against darkness as dense as the light from which it came was supernal. Insignificant in size compared with the force upon which it was massed, however it turned, and wherever it moved, it was to conquer. "Invincible" seemed written all over its little host. As the enraptured man looked again he saw the army was *advancing on its knees*.

Brethren beloved, let us move up, close in for this last exceeding glory of God, which will prepare the way for the reigning of our King! The river-bed over which flows this flood-tide of salvation, is the blood-saturated intercession of some of the saints. Yours? yours? yours?\*

(From Sunderland to Pittington—  
continued from page 67.)

Dear Vicar, I could go on and on telling of the wonderful things that He has done here in this Church. How He brought the very cream of His children from all over, some

THOUSANDS OF MILES, to meet with us in prayer and supplication and praise, and they went away strengthened. It is really wonderful, and it is all true, every word. I want to thank Him for you and your work here, and though you are about to take your departure, yet He remains the same, and I do pray God will spare you and Mrs. Boddy many years to tell out the blessed truth as it is in Jesus. You have the truth, and I pray God will enable you to give it out to many hungry souls. May He abundantly bless you and use you to His glory.

Dear Vicar, I write this as one who is in full sympathy with you and yours, and I pray God will give you a

DOUBLE PORTION OF HIS SPIRIT to enable you to glorify Jesus, and an inflow of resurrection life and power to equip you for the work that lies before you.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you always, is the dearest wish of my heart to you.

Yours,  
GEORGE H. BIRNEY.

"Looking for that blessed hope."

\* The day came when the smoke-smitten Vicarage was left—the house to which I brought my dear wife and where my dear children were born and brought up, and where many had received great blessing. Furniture vans carried off the household possessions, and the "pussy" was not left behind. The front door was finally locked, and

\* Reprinted as a Booklet (1d.) by Samuel E. Roberts, 5a, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

the key given to our worthy Churchwarden in Gladstone Street.

"Darkie," the very frisky cat, took amazingly well to its new home. He watches the birds in the numerous trees around the large lawn. It was falsely prophesied that he would run the ten miles or so back to Monkwearmouth and be found in Fulwell Lane quite discoloured. Instead of that he is getting stout and enjoying the country air and food.

A VERY ANCIENT SITE.

Pittington is said to be much older than Durham. Dr. Barmby, a very learned Vicar, believed that it was an ancient colony-town of Pitts (Picts?) possibly. The great hill behind is called the "Dune"; "Petting-dune" was once its name. He says St. Aidan in the 7th century preached here, and a Saxon Church was probably built—older than the present one—on the same site. A very old sun-dial on the south wall is probably of Saxon or Danish origin.

Bishop Hugh Pudsey, who did so much in the 11th century for Durham Cathedral (building the "Galilee" Chapel), probably set his chief mason, one "Christian," to put in the western four arches (on the north side) with their spirally-decorated pillars. Christian's tombstone is in the Church.

The Durham "Advertiser's" reporter gives us the following:—

PITTINGTON'S NEW VICAR.

INDUCTION BY BISHOP QUIRK.

The induction of the Rev. A. A. Boddy, late Vicar of All Saints', Monkwearmouth, to the living of Pittington Halgarth took place on Friday last. There was a good congregation, including a large number of the Vicar's late parishioners from Sunderland. The service was both simple and impressive. The Archdeacon of Durham and Bishop of Jarrow (Dr. Quirk) conducted the ceremony, and among the robed clergy present were Canon Gouldsmith, of Bishopwearmouth; Canon Haworth, of South Hetton; Rev. T. H. Perkins, rector of Shadforth; Rev. W. L. M. Law, vicar of Hetton Lyons; Rev. C. Parkinson, vicar of Sierburn; Rev. C. S. Wallis, St. John's College; Rev. F. Smith, rector of Hetton; Rev. E. H. Maish, vicar of Belmont; and the rural dean, Rev. D. S. Bouflower. The Archdeacon's registrar, Mr. R. Burrell, was also in attendance. After the Bishop's mandate had been read by Mr. Burrell, the Archdeacon proceeded to induct the new incumbent in the prescribed form, including the vicar's

UNLOCKING THE CHURCH DOOR AND TOLLING THE BELL.

The 122nd Psalm was chanted. The first lesson was read by Canon Gouldsmith, the Rural Dean reading the second lesson. Appropriate hymns, "Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high" and "O Thou, who makest souls to shine," were sung. The Archdeacon preached from the text, St. Matthew, 10th chapter, 7th and following verses, "And as ye go, preach, saying, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The preacher opened by describing the legal and spiritual aspect of the induction ceremony, and continuing, said he regarded it as a hopeful and encouraging sign to see such a large congregation gathered

on that beautiful December afternoon. He took it he was right in presuming that they were not all Pittington people in the congregation. A goodly number had undertaken the journey from Sunderland and from the old parish where the new incumbent worked for so many arduous years. St. Francis of Arsisi said to one of his disciples one day, "Let us go into the town and preach." They went out and walked up and down for almost the whole of the day, and St. Francis never uttered a word. The young disciple asked, "When are you going to preach?" The answer was, "I have been preaching all the time!" Dr. Quirk then pointed the moral of the incident, saying it was not a good sermon from the pulpit which influenced, but rather the good life which the pastor lives. Knowing, as he did, something of the work that

THEIR NEW INCUMBENT

had done in Sunderland, his lordship said that the new vicar would so go about amongst them in that parish of Pittington, by the grace of God. He would not only preach in the pulpit, but day in day out, week in and week out he would be a true and affectionate pastor, following the words of the text, "He will go amongst you preaching the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Continuing, Dr. Quirk said, "I have put him before you, now I will put you before him. 'The labourer is worthy of his food.'" They would take care that their new incumbent wanted nothing in body, mind or estate. He appealed to his hearers to extend to the new vicar the sympathy of their prayers, and concluded by quoting the final words of the chapter in which the text was found, "Whosoever shall give a drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

The Benediction, pronounced by the Archdeacon, brought the service to a close.

THREE CHAR-A-BANCS.

No less than 73 of the Editor's former parishioners (including both his churchwardens) came over in three char-a-bancs that Friday afternoon from Sunderland. Hospitality was offered to all visitors in the Vicarage, and Pittington Church workers assisted Miss Boddy and the Vicarage staff of two. Many were impressed by the solemn service. When the new Vicar blythely rang 27 times, someone was heard to say, "My, isn't he brave?" There are three very ancient bells. A list of vicars since 1047 A.D. shows that the newest Vicar is the 46th in charge of this Church, said to be the Mother Church of Durham.

COUNTRY V. TOWN.

The new Vicar of Pittington, in his study in the tree-girt Vicarage, as he listens late at night to the souging of a gale through the branches, misses the deep diapason of Messrs. Samuel Tyzack & Co.'s powerful steam hammer, but he does not long for the pall of smoke, or the fumes which he breathed for 38 years. He only wishes that many others of his former parishioners could be transported into the country also. But smoke means work for the many, and grime with manual work is generally accepted as a matter of course. The town dweller has many compensations. Free libraries, paved streets, tram cars, parks, museum, amusements and educational lectures and good concerts, and many churches and chapels to choose from, and the wonderful

(From Sunderland to Pittington—continued.)

Sunshine Service. So no wonder many cling to dear Sunderland for these and other reasons.

PITTINGTON PARISHIONERS.

The good congregations in the ancient and beautiful Church of St. Lawrence have been most encouraging. There is here one of the best choirs the Vicar has ever heard in the country. Men and boys, assisted by maidens and their mothers. The sweet and intelligent and spiritual chanting of our psalms has been a real help to me. The children are getting to know one, and smiling little folk cry out, "Good afternoon, Mr. Boddy," and remark to one another, "That's our new Vicar." I sit in miners' cottages and in farm houses and get a warm welcome from my new parishioners. My daily prayer is: "Make me a blessing to someone to-day, Lord."

SUNDERLAND BLESSINGS.

The memories of Sunderland will be an inspiration always in the days to come. It was beside the Holy Table in All Saints' that I received a wonderful blessing in 1892 (September 20th) which placed me in a new relation to God and man. In All Saints' Parish Hall were held seven of the most wonderful conventions I was ever present at. Blessings received there have travelled to many places far and near. The very word "Sunderland" to me and to many is very, very precious because of the way God met us and blessed us in spite of mistakes, from which, however, we have learned.

\* \* \*

A FINAL SCENE.

(From the "Sunderland Echo.")

As a tangible mark of their respect and regard the congregation of All Saints' Church, Monkwearmouth, in the Parish Hall, Fulwell Road, presented their former Vicar, the Rev. A. A. Boddy, now Vicar of Pittington, with an illuminated address and a cheque. The reverend gentleman had ministered in the parish for the long period of 38 years—from Advent, 1884, to Advent, 1922.

The large congregation was presided over by the Rev. Canon Gouldsmith, and the Rev. J. O. Aglionby paid a tribute to the Rev. A. A. Boddy, who, he said, sent the speaker, when he came to Sunderland, the first letter of welcome—a thing he had always treasured. (Applause.) Speaking of Mr. Boddy's excellent qualities, which he had used to good purpose among his parishioners, he said that there could not have been a better Vicar. The speaker himself had been a parishioner of Mr. Boddy, but he was sorry to say that he had not been to his church very often. (Laughter.)

He knew of Mr. Boddy's influence; so much so that he would say that his name was a household word in Monkwearmouth, and during his 38 years' ministry he must have helped a great many people. A great deal was expected of a Vicar, and Mr. Boddy had come up to expectations. The highest gift that a Vicar could have was spiritual power, a quality which Mr. Boddy possessed. (Applause.)

SORROW AND THANKFULNESS.

The Chairman said that night there would be in the hearts of the members of the congregation a

deep pang of regret, and he knew the feeling of sorrow would be very real and would be splendidly softened with thankfulness for all that God had shown and done through His servant in these past years. There would be further thankfulness that God had allowed Mr. Boddy's later days to be eased so that he might spend those days under easier—he would not say happier—circumstances. (Applause.) He was sure that no one who knew how Mr. and Mrs. Boddy and Miss Boddy had laboured in so hard and difficult a parish would say that they did not deserve surroundings without steam hammers and belching smoke. They deserved a parish with a smaller population, and which would not have the same incessant noise which a parish like All Saints must inevitably have. Their feelings that night would be mingled. They had their regret, but they also had their happiness, both for what had been done and because those they respected had a parish of easier service elsewhere. The congregation was showing in a practical way something of what they felt. (Applause.)

The Rev. R. Wilson made the presentation. The illuminated address was a particularly fine piece of work, on either side of which was a photo of the Rev. A. A. Boddy—one when a young man (1884) and the other of recent date (1922).

The address, Mr. Wilson said, had simplicity as its outstanding feature. Mr. Boddy had been the best Vicar one could have wished for. The gifts were not given to sever ties but to strengthen the invisible bonds which become stronger because their late Vicar would not be with them. (Applause.)

MR. BODDY'S RESPONSE.

An enthusiastic reception was accorded the Rev. A. A. Boddy when he rose to thank the congregation for the kindness and consideration shown. Speaking of the charms of Pittington, Mr. Boddy said that that place might yet become a health resort for Sunderland people. (Applause.) Until he went there he did not know that Pittington was such an attractive place. It was a very much more important place than he had imagined—it was delightful, and the air was wonderful.

Mr. Boddy spoke of how high in his estimation Sunderland was. He loved it, and when he passed through the streets that night in his taxicab memories were brought to him. He could not bear to pass his old home—the Vicarage—so desolate he thought it would appear for the time being. The Hall also reminded him of wonderful blessings which God had brought to so many in the Conventions, etc.

The speaker told his hearers to "carry on." God had been gracious, and he knew He would continue to be so, if they would look to Him. In conclusion, he thanked them very heartily for their support and kindness during his ministry. (Applause.)

The Chairman told the audience that his maid, when Mr. Boddy used to visit his home, was in the habit of announcing him as "Canon Boddy." (Laughter.) He would not ask his former congregation to call Mr. Boddy a Canon, but instead, "Father," because he had left behind very many spiritual children.

Miss Jane V. Boddy, in expressing her thanks on behalf of her mother, who had received a handsome gold wristlet watch from the Women's

Bible Class, said she would never forget the people of All Saints' Parish. She had been brought up amongst them all, and knew everybody, and she was indeed very sorry to leave the Parish she loved so well.

When Mr. and Miss Boddy were leaving, the choir boys and others were waiting at the door, and gave three cheers for their former Vicar, whom they sincerely loved.

## A STRANGE MISTAKE.

From America came a letter of condolence from one who looks upon Mrs. Boddy as a dear friend. "Sad tidings have been brought to us by one who has recently come from England that you have lost your dear wife. It is, however, just possible that it was not Mrs. Boddy but *you* who died. In the latter case this letter will be useless."

I was glad to be able to write back and to say that by God's great mercy we were neither of us deceased, but very much alive and looking forward to years of work for the Master.

The following letter then came back as an answer from the friend at New York:—

"Your letter brought great joy to my heart. Now, it seems a matter to smile over, but when I wrote it was a serious thing. One

can only wonder how Mrs. ——— could have made so grave a mistake and been so positive about it. However, 'all's well that ends well.' And you have my hearty congratulations upon dear Mrs. Boddy's existence and promise of long life still to come.

"Also let me congratulate you upon your appointment to the living of the historic twelfth-century Church of Pittington. Surely it must be inspiring to worship in the midst of Norman architecture. (*Yes, if already spiritual.—A.A.B.*)

"Still there are cherished, blessed memories of meetings in the Vicarage and Vestry of All Saints' that cannot be reproduced. God was marvelously gracious there. May He continue the same mercies to you in your new charge.

"The Atlantic is far from the Pacific, but before closing I must write this incident. One day when walking on the sands of a New Jersey coast, I was introduced to a lady. We walked and talked. She said, 'I am suffering from a malady, but am trusting God to heal me. Oh! if I could only meet a Mr. Boddy from England, whom I once met in California. He put his hands on my head and prayed. His prayer is still with me, and God met me marvellously then.' I told her about your life and work in England. She got bodily deliverance from her malady later. Do not forget that your work in California and elsewhere is still remembered, and there are grateful results."

# THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

(FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.)

*President:* Mr. Cecil Pothill.

*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 (acting as Vice-President during Mr. Pothill's absence in China). *Hon. Treas.:* Mr. E. W. Moser. *Hon. Sec.:* Mr. T. H. Mundell.

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

**AFRICA.**—*Beigan Congo:* Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson, Miss M. Noad, Miss M. A. Anderson. To sail shortly—Mr. F. Adams and Mr. G. Vaie.

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

The way has now been opened for Mr. Frank Adams and Mr. Garfield Vale (who completed their training in the Men's Missionary Home at Hampstead some time ago) to join Mr. Richardson and his party at Kalembe Lembe, and (p.v.) they will sail for Dar-es-Salaam about the end of February.

\* \* \*

We are glad to know that Mrs. Trevitt, after her much-needed furlough and rest in England, reached Yunnan-fu safely on the 2nd November last. Her valuable experience and help will be much appreciated both in the P.M.U. Home and

office work, as well as the outdoor work. From a letter received she is working specially among the prisoners in a women's prison, where the old, old story is being eagerly listened to.

\* \* \*

Miss Ethel Cook, now on furlough from China, has completed a very acceptable and profitable visit to several of our Pentecostal assemblies, and where she was most warmly received. Miss Cook is much improved in health and is most desirous of resuming her work at Yunnan-fu so soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming.

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—continued.)

God has graciously blessed the labours of Mr. Polhill at various missions he has been taking in China both to young and to all classes, proving indeed that Jesus is the same to-day as of old, and that His precious words are "Spirit" and "Life." Mr. Polhill expects to reach Yunnan-fu and to meet our missionaries there this month.

\* \* \*

Mr. A. W. Richardson, in a recent letter from Kalembe Lembe, says: "We have a special time set apart each Wednesday afternoon for the work of the P.M.U. and for each member of the Council." Surely this is an example and an incentive to all of us in the homeland. He also states that two sons of chiefs who live on the Mission ground have recently accepted Christ, and also twenty others of the natives, and last Christmas Day he intended holding a Baptismal Service for the prepared converts.

\* \* \*

*Our Treasurer for some time past has not been able to remit more than two-thirds of the usual allowances to our missionaries.*

*Will our friends join in prayer that our loving, faithful God may soon provide the deficiency through His faithful people.*

\* \* \*

The meeting held in Newton Hall, London, on the afternoon of the last Friday in each month is devoted to prayer and praise for and on behalf of our missionaries and native helpers, and for any special needs which may be brought before God's waiting people.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Jameson write most hopefully from Brazil giving details of a splendid open door among eleven groups of Indians located within a radius of thirty miles, all speaking the same language. The situation is on high table land, so is comparatively healthy. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that

He will send forth labourers into His harvest." Matt. ix., 38.

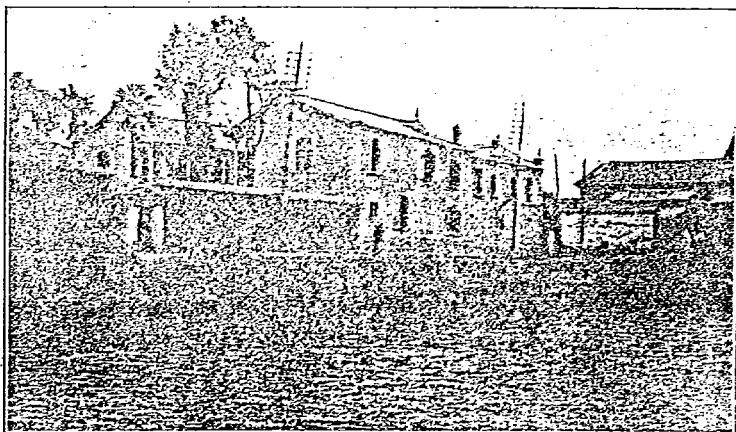
\* \* \*

Miss Marion Manton (who completed her training in the Women's Home at Hampstead some time ago) is waiting to proceed to Yunnan-fu, but a further sum of thirty pounds is needed to provide her outgoing expenses.

## CHINA.

### Miss Jane Williams' Experiences.

It is four months since Miss Ives and I arrived in China. We are busy studying the language at present, but we have ample opportunities of seeing the work and of gaining an insight into the lives of the Chinese people. We have visited



P.M.U. MISSION HOUSE AT YUNNAN-FU.

some Chinese homes, and every week we visit the prison. We newcomers have written out several hymns in Romanised Chinese, so we can help in the singing.

Miss Hodgetts and another lady and I were at the prison yesterday afternoon, and after the service we asked to be allowed to see some of the wards or cells. The girls and women did not like to show them to us because they were too dirty. It is sad to see some of the inmates; they are not only dirty, and in many cases suffering from terrible diseases, but they are really doubly bound, by the law and by Satan. Our hearts really ache for the tiny children we see there in such a sordid surrounding. Some women have been released; we pray earnestly that what they have heard of the Word of Life may bring forth fruit in their lives. Two young women have professed to have accepted salvation. They seemed to drink in the words as Miss Hodgetts spoke to them from

A BIBLE PICTURE.

Will you please pray that these may be kept sincere, and that they may go on to know the Lord?

It has also been our privilege to nurse the sick here. We feel, although we know our Lord still heals the sick and have experienced His wonderful divine healing power in our own bodies, that by helping some of these poor, ignorant and superstitious people by caring for them in ministering to their need in sickness, we get an effectual, open door for the Gospel.

We nursed one of our first Christians for several weeks just recently. The night before she passed away she told us she was not afraid to die, and she was so grateful to us for all we were doing for her. We attended her funeral the following day, and I was really impressed by the quiet way some of the Christians with the foreigners marched through the streets. It is usually the custom here to put the dying person outside to die, and to fire off crackers, and hire mourners to wail, and have a noisy drumming and clanging of cymbals for a few days. As we were going along we heard soldiers and others pass remarks such as, "The burial of a follower of Jesus,"

"ONE OF THE CHRISTIANS,"

"A believer is being buried," etc. The burial of a Christian is a witness in itself to these people.

We have seen very much idol and ancestral worship carried on during the last week. I saw one day from my bedroom a sight that made me shudder. A woman came along with a little boy of about ten or eleven years of age. She got together some dry straw and rubbish, and after setting fire to it she made the child pass backwards and forwards through the fire for about fifteen minutes. All the time she was chanting some weird prayers. Out here one sees very many of the things forbidden in the Word of God practised openly. It is surprising to see

RICH AND EDUCATED MEN

taking part, with all sincerity, in worshipping idols, and burning incense and paper money to them.

We, as foreign workers here in the Capital and at the outstations, are feeling the need for a real revival these days. We feel we do so need to have the vision and compassion of Jesus (Matt. ix., 36).

Please continue to pray for us, that we may soon learn the language, and so be able to take an active part in giving out the Word of Truth.

We are very glad we are labourers together with Him, and are very grateful to you and to all the readers of "Confidence" for your continued prayers and financial support.

P.M.U., Yunnan Fu,  
Yunnan,  
China.

are that they shall be able to fully understand and grip the language, so that they shall be a help in the work. We were pleased to have the addition of two more workers from India, although sorry that they had to abandon work in India for various causes. Some will be interested to know that these two sisters are accompanying old workers at the outstations, K'ai-Hua and Kuang-hsi respectively, also that Mr. Capper and myself are stationed here.

We are pleased to say that since the conference we have all been able to reach our various stations in safety, notwithstanding the danger of brigands. We praise God for keeping and protecting us, also for meeting some of our expenses and needs



A CHINESE IDOL. (From "Flames.")

### An Earnest Appeal for Funds for the Work in China by Bro. D. F. Williams.

You will notice that I am now at Mengtzi. This was formerly Mr. Leigh's station, but owing to various alterations it was necessary for Mr. Leigh to take charge of the Capital work, also to act as superintendent for the field. We earnestly solicit prayer on our behalf, that we may have understanding regarding the customs, habits and language of the people among whom we work.

It has been our pleasure and joy to receive three new workers on the field, and our prayers

to travel, thus removing some of the difficulties which confronted us. We still need much more to meet or cope with the demands of the work. We trust that friends in the Homeland will not lose interest, for these poor people need the Gospel. We need also to keep the native workers, who are a great help to us in spreading the Gospel. Funds are needed to do this. In order to cover and to work the districts allotted to us we need much help in this way. If we could only present to you the need as we see it, I am sure you would not withhold from giving and praying. There are many tribes-people around to be reached—this necessitates travelling—but what can we do with nothing to meet it? Must these poor people perish because we cannot reach them?

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—China—continued.)

In order to keep in touch with these places after opening them we need to place native workers and evangelists there, so as to feed the people with the Word, and we ourselves to visit them occasionally; but if our means are limited, so also will our privileges be. If we are to extend our borders and supply the need of these poor people, we need a helping hand.

Travelling in China is by no means a pleasure, as there are many inconveniences and difficulties, also problems; but it is being made a pleasure to us, in that we are spreading the good news, the seed which is the Word of God.

If you would like to take part in this pleasure of spreading the good news, it is as you so please to do, by praying and giving towards the need. Friends, before these people can believe, they must hear, and before they can hear, someone must be sent. "How beautiful are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things." Friends, shall we withhold our hands from doing that which is good, from ministering unto them who are in need? Shall we not conjointly give unto these people the riches of His grace?

I am sure if we count our blessings and behold the grace that has been bestowed upon us, we will willingly respond to the cry. Let not these opportunities pass by unheeded, for the blessing awaits you and is yours. Lay hold of it, and see to it that you do not miss it. Friends, I am only expressing the voice and cry of the people but vaguely to what it is in reality.

At the conference we had good reports of the work at the various outstations. What a pity if the work is hindered through lack of funds and workers! I am pleased to say that during our stay at Mengtzi we have had many answers to prayer for the sick, also the meetings have been well attended. Some are interested, others go away giving no heed. The people here are a little anti-foreign too. Through prayer these barriers can be broken down. On our journey down we stayed at Amicheo, where we saw numbers of different tribes-people, who had come to market with their goods and produce. It is a pity that at present we are unable to station any missionaries there through lack of funds and workers.

Most of our stations are centres from which to extend out, each station commanding a district in itself, so we really need more than one worker to cope with the need at each station. One station is a complete work in itself, and there are six or seven such stations to keep going. Friends, these things have been mentioned that you may know the extent of the work. As one saw these various tribes, great was the desire and longing to take the Gospel to them, but we are hindered—the hand open for possession, but unable to possess it. It is a very difficult thing for us to pass them by like this and to let such opportunities go.

Things are a little unsettled in the Province as yet, there being war between this Province and Kuei-cheo, or Kuang-hsi. At such times brigandry is much more prevalent than at other times. But this we know: the Lord is our Keeper.

Mengtzi,  
Fuh-In-T'ang,  
Yunnan, China,

List of Contributions received during  
October, November & December, 1922.

Receipt			Receipt		
No.	£	s. d.	No.	£	s. d.
4192 ...	9	1 2	4239 ...	2	5 0
4193 ...	1	0 0	4240 ...	2	0 0
4194 ...	5	0 0	4241 ...	1	10 0
4195 ...	5	0 0	4242 ...	4	3 2
4196 ...	6	0 0	4243 ...	10	0 0
4197 ...	5	0 0	4245 ...	35	0 0
4198 ...	5	0 0	4246 ...	2	0 0
4199 ...	4	2 6	4247 ...	4	0 0
4200 ...	4	4 9	4248 ...	100	0 0
4201 ...	3	0 0	4249 ...	10	0 0
4202 ...	100	0 0	4250 ...	1	0 0
4203 ...	1	10 0			
4204 ...	1	15 0			
4205 ...	5	0 0			
4206 ...	7	0 0			
4207 ...	2	0 0			
4208 ...	4	8 2			
4209 ...	1	14 0			
4210 ...	20	0 0			
4211 ...	7	6 0			
4212 ...	10	6 0			
4213 ...	4	1 9			
4214 ...	4	9 9			
4215 ...	13	10 0			
4217 ...	1	0 0			
4218 ...	5	0 0			
4219 ...	5	0 0			
4220 ...	3	19 4			
4221 ...	10	0 0			
4222 ...	2	0 0			
4223 ...	1	0 0			
4225 ...	5	0 0			
4226 ...	26	0 0			
4228 ...	1	0 0			
4229 ...	2	0 0			
4230 ...	10	0 0			
4231 ...	5	19 9			
4232 ...	13	12 5			
4234 ...	10	0 0			
4235 ...	5	10 0			
4236 ...	10	0 0			
4237 ...	5	0 0			
4238 ...	4	0 0			

Per Miss Vipan—		
No.	£	s. d.
269 ...	7	5 3
270 ...	13	12 6
271 ...	1	0 0
272 ...	8	0 0
273 ...	4	0 0
274 ...	10	0 0
275 ...	10	0 0
276 ...	6	0 0
277 ...	12	0 0
278 ...	10	0 0
280 ...	3	6 0
281 ...	2	0 0
282 ...	1	0 0
283 ...	1	2 0
284 ...	5	0 0
285 ...	1	0 0
286 ...	1	10 0
287 ...	3	0 0
288 ...	2	0 0
289 ...	3	12 0
290 ...	2	12 0
291 ...	10	0 0
292 ...	3	0 0
293 ...	10	0 0
294 ...	8	6 0
295 ...	1	0 0
296 ...	10	0 0
<u>£523 12 0</u>		

Receipt			SPECIAL GIFTS.		
No.	£	s. d.	No.	£	s. d.
4216 For Miss Manton's passage ...	3	0 0			
4218 For Mr. E. O. Ellis' outfit ...	3	10 0			
4224 For Miss E. M. Cook's passage ...	12	12 0			
4227 " " " ...	10	0 0			
4233 " " " ...	30	0 0			
4244 " " " ...	11	13 6			
Per Miss Vipan—					
279 For Mr. Adams' outfit ...	3	0 0			
<u>£73 15 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.)  
"Hebron," St. David's Rd.,  
Southsea.

Printed by R. W. Williams, Sunderland.  
Published by Rev. A. A. Boddy, Pittington Vicarage,  
Durham.