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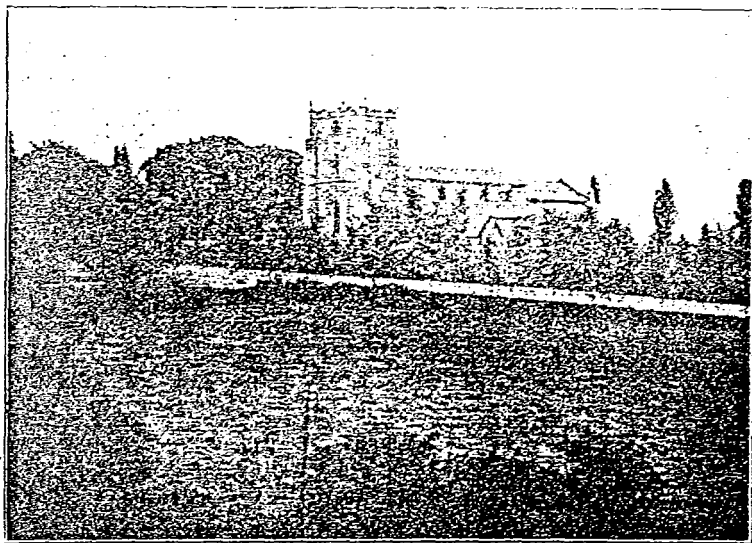
JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1923.

# "CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

**ALEX. A. BODDY,**

PITTINGTON VICARAGE, DURHAM, ENGLAND.



*Photo by*

*Allan Burt.*

**HALLGARTH IN SUMMER TIME.**  
(The Parish Church of Pittington, Durham.)

The foreground represents a hay-field. The Tower is more than 900 years old. Most of the Church is much older.

"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.

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## THE TENTH GIVERS.

MARY SNOW.

It was one Sunday afternoon late in October. Abner an' I had been to meetin', an' had listened to a powerful sermon. The minister had two texts. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." "Honour the Lord with thy substance, an' with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." I always made it a pint to remember the texts.

Abner is deacon of Altonville's church. I'm his wife—Mary Snow my name is. Now, Abner an' I had denied our two selfs considerable to give our children good schoolin', an' when Mary graduated last June, Abner sez to me, "After we git the mortgage paid off we'll take life a little easier; won't we, mother?" Abner was a carpenter most of the time; but we had considerable of a farm, 'nough to raise all our garden stuff an' apples an' corn an' pertaters. We keep a cow an' horse, an' I had fifty hens.

I remember jest as plain as day where we set that Sunday afternoon. 'Twas a little coolish, an' Abner had built a fire in the settin' room fireplace. I set by the front window a lookin' over the Sunday School lesson for next Sunday. An' Abner had set still there in front of that fireplace for upwards of twenty-five minutes. That sermon was the cause of it, I knew. I'd been on the pint of speakin' 'bout that sermon sev'ral times while I set there, but I kept still a hopin' the seed was takin' root in Abner's heart. After a seed is sowed, ye can't help it in any by putterin' with it.

Now I'd been lookin' forward all my married life, thirty odd year, to the time when we could give somethin' to the heathen. I tell ye why. When I was a little girl, a missionary lady from India was a calin' on my mother, and she said, "You must send this little girl to India sometime." Then my mother put her hand on my head an' said, "I wish she was ready to go now." An' my little heart seemed to fill right up full of love for he heathen, an' if I had had the world, I would

have given it to that missionary lady to take back to India with her. I never shall forget the feelin' I felt that day. An' I loved the heathen from that day to this.

Abner never said a word agin' my givin' to our church, an' he always give twenty-five dollars a year for the minister's pay, an' sometimes too when we hadn't a whole white tablecloth in the house. But, as I said, I see that Abner was thinkin' 'bout that sermon. I wish ye could have heard that sermon. The minister made it jest as plain as day we should give a tenth of all our income to the Lord. Sez he, "The nine-tenths will go further if we give the one-tenth. It is one of God's laws, and we shall grow more spiritual if we give it. I know of a lot of folks as have tried it, an' I never knew a person that didn't get along better by giving that tenth." Sez he, "There are thousands a tryin' it to-day, an' they all like it. The tithin' is the Lord's. We owe it to Him; an' if we give to the church, the poor, an' the heathen we pay the Lord that way." Sez he again, "Ef ye are in debt, ye'll pay the debt easier ef ye pay the tenth fust. Men have told me so, an' I believe it 'cause I've tried it."

An' he did speak so beautiful 'bout how much better we should feel; we should love one another better, love the church an' heathen better ef we was a givin' them something. His words sunk very deep into my heart, very, but I didn't know how Abner took 'em. Pretty soon Abner laid down his paper, an' he said, "Mother, I don't see jest how it can be done!"

Now, jest as soon as he said mother in that tender kind of a way, I knew it would be done. But I kept back my gladness an' s'prise, an' sez I, "What can't be done, father?"

"Why, how can we give a tenth of all we got to the Lord an' pay off that mortgage? No, it can't be done."

Sez I, "The minister didn't say we must give a tenth of the old place, the cow an' the hens, but kinder 'vised to try the plan, an' lay by a tenth of all we earn, for the Lord's work."

(Continued on page 96.)

# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 134.

PITTINGTON, DURHAM.

July-Sept., 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."

## "JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR."

*St. Luke xxiv., 15 and 16.*

I lay upon a bed of pain,  
Tortured and racked and worn,  
And as the fevered hours fled on  
My soul grew more forlorn;  
"How can I bear this racking pain?"  
My heart cried out in fear.  
Then, softly through the gathering gloom,  
Jesus Himself drew near.

I sought of Friendship's soothing balm,  
Amidst the hills and plains:  
She came, and held my thirsty soul  
Captive beneath her chains;  
And then she left me desolate,  
Bereft of every cheer,  
But softly on the barren hills  
Jesus Himself drew near.

I left Him, rebel-like to climb  
The giddy heights of Fame,  
Nothing I found but vain applause.  
Then Night and shadows came;  
And still unsatisfied, mine eyes  
Sneaked many a bitter tear.  
But patiently—how patiently—  
Jesus Himself drew near.

And Wealth passed by—a glittering King  
Resplendent in his Crown,  
He tempted me with place and power,  
Would I his kingship own?  
But, musing on the Lowly One  
Who chose the Manger drear,  
I paused—for footsteps passed my way,  
Jesus Himself drew near.

I gathered flowers in my hands,  
I steeped my soul in Art,  
I offered incense at the shrine  
Of Love, until the smart  
Of shattered confidence and trust  
Changed all my hopes to fear.  
Then smiling, sure of victory now,  
Jesus Himself drew near.

"My child, you thought to find apart  
From Me Life's joy and balm,  
Yet all these things apart from Me  
Must bring but loss and harm;  
With Me forever by thy side,  
'All things' are good and dear."  
"Lord, I believe! forever more  
Jesus *Thyself* draw near!"

*1 Cor. iii., 21-23.*

RUTH SALWEY.\*

## Church of England Healing Mission in Australia.

### SCENES AT MELBOURNE.

("Argus," Sat., 10/3/23.)

Yesterday St. Paul's Cathedral was the scene of a remarkable and pathetic demonstration of faith by hundreds of sick and crippled people. The Cathedral was crowded with the maimed, the halt, the blind. Three hours later it was claimed that at least half a dozen cures had taken place. One of these was Mrs. Paton, of Oxford Street, Oakleigh, who walked briskly out of the Cathedral with a walking stick under her arm, and was greeted by a circle of delighted friends. She told the Church authorities that she had been unable to walk without the aid of a stick for six years, and that she was able to make the journey into the Cathedral only with the assistance of a friend, who helped

her to enter a motor car. The second case was an old man, Mr. T. Harbour, of Inkerman Street, St. Kilda. He said he had been deaf two and a half years, and that his hearing had been restored in the Cathedral. He was able to hear quite well.

The third was a young lady who had been crippled with spinal neuritis for five years. She was able to discard her stick and walk from the Cathedral.

### A Picture of Suffering at Melbourne Exhibition Building.

("Herald," 15/3/23.)

Memories of pageants, of concerts, of great community displays, came to mind this morning by force of contrast at the sight of the huge audience of over 2000 gathered at the Exhibition Building this morning for the final healing service of Mr. Hickson.

(Church of England Healing Mission In Australia—  
continued.)

There was spread out before the eyes the awful wreckage of a city, a heritage and product of the worst side of our civilisation. It was a sight to strike the heart with pity.

The sick lay or sat in long, parallel rows, wide enough to give free passage to Mr. Hickson in his ministrations. In a side room, fitted up as a chapel, earnest intercessors prayed in a deathlike stillness. Mr. Hickson appeared on the platform with several clergy in surplices, Archbishop Lees and Dean Hart among them. On the table the pastoral staff of the Archbishop was laid.

Before the actual service began it was announced by the Rev. Roscoe Wilson that on Tuesday next, at 10 a.m., there would be a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which testimony of cures would be given.

Mr. Hickson spoke much more shortly than usual, owing to the tremendous task before him. He emphasised the importance of healing as an adjunct to the Church, while warning the people that it was only a means to an end. It was the conclusion of the special services, he said, but only the beginning of the real work. A Church was not real unless it was a healing Church.

THE WATCHWORD.

"Hold firm; go forward; complete what you have begun," was the watchword he gave. After prayer by the Archbishop, and the singing of a hymn, the task of touching and praying over nearly 2000 patients was begun. A few seconds only could be spared to each as down the long lines of pain the missionary hurried, followed by the Archbishop and other priests to give the customary blessing.

PAINFUL INCIDENTS.  
IMBECILES FRIGHTENED.

There were painful incidents. An imbecile girl, terror-stricken, hid behind the woman who had brought her, and fought madly away. The girl ran, but, undaunted, the missionary followed and ministered to her. These imbecile cases show almost invariably the same manifestations of terror and abhorrence at Mr. Hickson's approach. Not much imagination is necessary to bring the thought that here indeed dwells an evil thing, that cringes and fights at the approach of its enemy—Good.

One man had no card, but had himself wheeled to the building in the hope that he would not be rejected. Nor was he. His delight was a tribute to his faith.

As the urgent cases came to an end, the long lines of sitting cases were attacked. Here a touching sight was presented. A black mass of people that numbered every denomination, including the gay red of the Salvation Army bonnet and collar, was hushed in reverent prayer. Not one looked up with curiosity as the missionary approached. Several fell to their knees, praying as he passed. All heads were bowed. Only upright, every few yards, were the black-cassocked figures of priests, and the white purity of the nursing sisters, like beacons. The priests prayed in low tone, each for his own section, and oblivious of his neighbourly man.

IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

These little continuous circles of intercessors were wonderfully impressive. It was evident that in his work the missionary was helped by the concentrated petitions of those hundreds of believers.

Hundreds of people clustered round the doors, peering in on the off-chance of seeing a miracle.

Chorus of Thanksgiving.

Testimony to Healing.

ARCHBISHOP GIVES SIMPLE MESSAGE.

("Herald," 20/3/23.)

"Let us be frank. We have seen something we scarcely expected to see. But it is true. I am thankful for the lack of extravagance and hysteria in the testimonies that have been given. There has been no touching up of the portrait. You have heard a plain, unvarnished tale that doubles the weight of the witness."

Dr. Lees, the Archbishop, used these words at the opening of his address at the service of Thanksgiving of the sick, held this morning at the Cathedral, Melbourne.

There was an enormous press of worshippers. Lady Forster occupying the Vice-regal pew. To emphasise the scope of the mission there were present, in full canonicals, over 50 of the metropolitan and country clergy, who added to the solemn impressiveness of the scene in the dim Cathedral. A few invalid chairs held patients whose lack of instantaneous cure was no bar to their coming to return thanks for something they had gained from the Mission. One tiny child lay in her long perambulator in the chancel, greeted smilingly by the Archbishop and other clergy.

SPIRIT OF THE SERVICE.

The choir marched through the west door to the strains of the 122nd Psalm, but, apart from an anthem in which some beautiful words, written in the 16th century, were sung with exquisite effect, the choir took no further part, the hymns being sung by the immense congregation. The anthem so exactly echoed the spirit of the service, and is so beautiful in itself, that the words which have so stood the test of time must be quoted.

"God be in my head; and in my understanding.

God be in mine eyes; and in my looking.

God be in my mouth; and in my speaking.

God be in my heart; and in my thinking.

God be in mine end; and at my departing."

The Archbishop read the words of the 126th Psalm, which was a fitting text from which to preach his Thanksgiving sermon.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing.

". . . The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

"Say what you will," said the Archbishop, "these things you have heard to-day are data, scientific data, which cannot be got over. Different accounts of their origin can be given, but we should not quarrel over that so long as

all the channels lead ultimately to God. We are not here to gain kudos for the Church, nor to pack empty pews, but to pick up a broken thread, to glorify God." With sudden resonance the preacher quoted, "The Lord hath done great things for us, and we are glad." "If the Lord hath healed you," he appealed, "say so. We lose what we don't bear witness to. We have been criticised, but no great thing is ever done without criticism. The work of God will withstand opposition. You can never sow without tears, but 'they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' We should hold on for that day, our prayer continually, 'Lord, help our unbelief.'"

The service concluded with the singing of the "Te Deum" by the whole congregation, after which the clergy filed out.

From the pulpit the Rev. Roscoe Wilson read extracts from a few of the many hundreds of letters received from sufferers.

A Methodist, in her letter, asked God to bless the Church of England, and the work it is performing. "To me," she wrote, "the work seemed incredible. My side had been crushed in an accident, and despite all the kindness and attention of my doctors, they could not help me beyond a certain point. At the Cathedral service I walked toward the altar, suffering agonies of anxiety as to how God would answer me.

"At the touch of Mr. Hickson's strong fingers upon my head I experienced instantaneous relief. I have since lived in dread that the internal pressure of pain would return, but it has not done so. I feel like the slaves of America must have felt when they were freed from bondage."

CHEMIST VERIFIES CURE.

A chemist wrote expressing his astonishment at the curing by faith of one of his customers, a girl, who suffered from severe goitre. Her pain and throat troubles had since departed, and to him, he said, the remarkable cure was proof positive of the power and wonder of the missioner's healing touch.

For 25 years another man had been crippled through sciatica, and had been nearly blind. The last five years had been spent on crutches or in a bath chair.

After attending Mr. Hickson's service he went home and found he could walk unaided across the room. Also, his sight is returning.

Six persons all testified to improvement in hearing.

A clergyman's letter stated that for 28 years he had been deaf in one ear. In 1921 he paid three visits to a Melbourne specialist, but was told that the internal tube of the ear had collapsed, and that, in all probability, he would be deaf for life. After his visit to the first mission service he distinctly heard the ticking of a watch with the ear. Since then his ear had largely recovered its functions.

SPINAL NEURITIS.

Julia H. testified to having been cured of deep-seated spinal neuritis and continued physical pain. After attending the mission she found that the pain had departed, and that she could discard the use of sticks for walking.

For the first time in seven years, Johanna R. claimed, she was now free from distressing

pain, and was entirely cured of serious spinal trouble.

Another testimony was written by a woman, aged 24, who travelled many miles to attend the second mission service. From birth she had suffered from hip trouble, which had also made one of her legs shorter than the other. She had always had to wear a special surgical boot to enable her to walk, but after attending the Exhibition service, she stated, her hip trouble had ceased, she had discarded that surgical boot, and could walk with hardly any sign of a limp.

Other letters testified to cures from paralysis, facial distortion due to strokes, catarrh, tuberculosis, rheumatism, and other complaints. A still greater number of letters, however, gave testimony not of physical, but of spiritual healing. Still praying and hoping for physical restoration, the writers gave blessings to God for their changed outlook on life, their freedom from anxiety and nervous exhaustion, and, again, freedom from vice and temptation.

Dean Hart, in a short address, stated that as a result of the mission there was rejoicing now in many homes where previously joy had been dulled by pain and deformity.

"The wonder of each case," he said, "was self-multiplied, and was carrying on the work of faith and prayer. Although many testimonies had been received, the Church had not sought them. Had this been done an enormous number could have been obtained from the clergy themselves. It was necessary, he said, for all to remember that the promise of God was that in answer to united prayer and faith the sick would be healed.

The Evening Service.

(Melbourne "Age," 21/3/23.

In the evening a similar service was held. The Cathedral was again crowded. Further testimonies were read from subjects as to the efficacy of the mission. Cases of all descriptions were claimed to have been cured. In one case a man of 23 years stated that he had suffered from spinal trouble almost since birth, but since the laying on of hands he had felt better in every way. In his address Archbishop Lees said the Church was not seeking to bolster up the mission; they were not afraid to open all bolts and let in the light; they had no axe to grind, nor were they making money from it. This was not an exhibition of physical and spiritual conjuring tricks. It was the Lord's branding mark on His flock. The clergy had been called raving lunatics, and their work described as "damnable." The secret of the opposition and criticism was that people were startled and frightened out of their wits because they saw, after years of oblivion on their part, that Christ was really alive at the present day. The Church to-day was but lighting a candle. The work would be carried on.

Archdeacon Hindie said the Church did not depend on Mr. Hickson for healing. The prayers of faith would heal the sick. It was possible for the Church, as a Church, to undertake a healing mission. The cases were not, as it had been alleged, all nerve cases, although

(Continued on page 95.)

# "CONFIDENCE."

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 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.*

## WHY SIN MUST BE GOT RID OF.

There are three definitions of sin in the New Testament:—1, Sin is the transgression of the law (1 John iii., 4); 2, Whatsoever is not of faith is sin (Rom. xiv., 23); 3, To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is sin (James iv., 17). St. Paul in Romans vii., 20, 21, confirms the truth of these definitions. He finds that with his mind he wishes and does serve the law of God (verse 25), but there is something within him that prevents him doing it, and that is *sin*, and the law of sin is death. "The soul that sinneth, it must die," and our Lord told his disciples the same truth in other words. He said, "From within proceed evil thoughts and evil things, and defile the man" (Mark vii., 21-23).

Bible definitions are very clear and sharp. There is a clear dividing line. Life—death. Light—darkness. Love—hate. The truth—the lie. There may be degrees of either, but no mixture. The Old Testament types clearly show this. "Seed after its own kind" was God's law in creation. No mixture of cotton and wool; no harnessing together an ox and an ass for work. Everything approaching God or used in His service must be *pure*. In the New Testament it is called "double-mindedness" (James i., 8); "spiritual adultery" (James iv., 4). In short, good and evil cannot exist together. The works of the flesh and the fruit of the Spirit are diametrically opposed. Where there is conflict, there cannot be perfect peace. Galatians v., 21 is very plain to all who will believe it.

It is extraordinary that man uses his

commonsense in the natural world and plants or sows exactly what he wishes to reap—good seed brings good results—but that commonsense seems to be set entirely aside in spiritual matters. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." God has given one supreme test of our condition. *Love* is the great test. No gifts or any other thing can take its place or is a safe guide. 1 Corinthians xiii. embodies the truth of this. 1 John iii. 14 tells us how we can *know* that we have passed from death unto life, and how many are longing for that assurance. Here it is—"We love the brethren." Do we? "All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Gal. v., 14). "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" (1 John iv. 20). "God is love; he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in Him" (1 John iv., 16).

So the first step to be taken in order to be filled with the Holy Ghost is to "repent," or change our mind about this question of sin.

A very brief examination of our own heart and mind will soon discover to us whether we are in accord or harmony with God's Word on this subject. Thank God there is a way of escape, but only one way. "I thank God through Jesus Christ." He is the Way. "God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned (judged) sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii., 3).

Sin received its death blow on Calvary, for "our old man was crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. vi., 6). This "change of mind" involves our complete willingness to forgive others, for it is only on condition that we do this that God forgives us. Read St. Matthew xviii., from verse 21, on the subject of forgiveness. Forgive—For-give—is not only to forgive in the common acceptance of the word, but it is to give for, good for evil, blessing for cursing—a life given for others, a life of happy service—a servant, no longer of sin, but of the Christ within us Who works both the willing and the doing of His good pleasure in a heart that is free to serve and love.

A poor little woman was once asked what it was that made her whole face and being radiant with love and light. Her outward circumstances and home life were very hard. She replied that having one day felt utterly weary and depressed, she prayed the Lord to show her how to overcome and be a help to those around. To her surprise she received the answer, "Have a single eye." She realised by the Spirit's revelation that this meant she must see nothing but God in herself and around her. She found that as she did this everything became changed, every trial was blessed and became a source of strength and increased knowledge of God's love and power and continual thought of her. How much we are learning in these days from the discovery of the infinite possibilities of electricity and the unseen realms of nature! Men are discovering what has always been there. A few and ever-increasing number are giving time, money, and life to increase this knowledge and invent instruments that can utilise this power.

There are, thank God, an ever-increasing number of men and women who are discovering through faith and patience the infinite resources and power of God, the "power of an endless life," an endless life of power—the endless power of life. The Lord only wants the instruments or vessels meet for His use. Those who will "listen in" and then broadcast the wonderful news of harmony and joy and peace, and so fill us and transform us that we shall be so radiated with light and glory that the mortal will be swallowed up in life, and we shall overcome even the last great enemy, and be translated, or share in the first resurrection. It is here and now the work has to be done in the minds and hearts and bodies of those who will "reckon themselves dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He has dealt with sin and disease and Satan's power. Let us leave these things behind and "press on to the high calling of God," and apprehend that for which we have been apprehended.

"I thank Thee I am not mine own,  
But have to live in Thee alone;  
Each passing day, each passing hour,  
To live in Thy great power.  
Whatever to-day, to-morrow brings,  
'Tis all Thine Hand, Thine orderings.

J. WILLIAMS.

This position alone will bring unity—"One body, one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God who is over all, in all, and through all." Uniformity will be seen when Jesus comes, "for we shall be like Him."

Some of our readers may say, what of the gifts? We reply, the great God of Love will not fail to give us gifts.

M. B.

The Editor of "Confidence" journeyed from Pittington Vicarage to Sunderland recently to be present at the "Admission" of his successor, Rev. Harry Saxton, as the new Vicar of All Saints', Monkwearmouth. Mr. Saxton, we believe, will be greatly blessed. He is a man of God, a lover of souls, and one who believes heartily in prayer.

The Bishop at the service spoke kindly of the work of Rev. A. A. Boddy, now terminated, as "a faithful and loving ministry extending over a whole generation." The writer felt it very touching to return to the scene of so much blessing, and to find so many affectionate friends eager to shake hands again. It was a privilege to join in such a beautiful and earnest service. Everyone took part; the whole congregation worshipped. He had, in the past, always emphasised the blessings of real, congregational worship, led in that Church by one of the best and most faithful of choirs.

(Church of England Healing Mission in Australia—  
continued from page 93.)

there were none more intractable to science than nerve cases. Others had said it was suggestion. If they knew anything they would not say that. If a patient had anything in his conscious mind that affected the health of his body, it became naturally part of his unconscious mind. It was out of all control. Those who said it was suggestion saw only the surface of the matter. Suggestion did not apply. The Dean cited a case in which a lunatic was cured, and another in which a baby had been saved. Whatever was done was the work of God. It was being revealed that God heals in response to prayers. Only the beginning and end of the process were known. "We pray; He heals." The work had been willingly taken up by other denominations, and it would be a big step towards spiritual reunion. All the Christian Church of Melbourne was behind the movement.

(The Tenth Givers—continued from page 90.)

"But we've got to pay off that mortgage this year," sez he, "an' my overcoat is dreadful worn; an' mother, I'd laid out to get ye a new dress 'bout Christmas time."

When he spoke 'bout the dress I jest got up an' went over an' stood behind his chair an' smoothed his hair. I wanted to kiss him, but we'd been so busy a lookin' after our children all our lives that we'd kinder got out of the notion of kissin', 'cept when we was goin' off somewhere. I had to wipe my glasses two or three times while standin' there, I felt such tender feelin's for Abner.

As I say, I stood there a smoothin' Abner's hair an' a prayin' when this idea came to me, an' sez I, "Father, let's try that tenth plan this year. We'll have two boxes. In one of 'em we will put a tenth of all our earnings; in t'other, we will put all we can save from our livin' to pay off the mortgage. An' we won't open the boxes till a year from now, an' see then 'bout givin' the tenth. I'll fix up your overcoat, sponge it an' line it new, an' I'll colour my dress agin' an' we'll git along this winter. Father, I should like to try that tenth plan dreadful well."

Abner didn't say nuthin' for as much as two minutes; then he riz up, turned around, an' took me right into his long, lovin' arms an' kissed me. Then we both cried a little out of love an' sympathy an' thankfulness 'cause Abner an' I thought so much of each other. When ye begin to give, ye begin to love.

Then Abner sez, "Mary, ye've been a good wife to me, an' as good a mother to the children as ever lived, an' I'll let ye have your way this year seein' we ain't agoin' to open the boxes for a year; an' ef we ain't got 'nough for the mortgage we'll take some of the tenth money."

Now, I jest wish I could tell ye the way we prospered that first tenth year. It did beat all. An' we was so happy together. Abner an' I, seemed as ef we'd jest got married. An' I lay it all to that Tenth Box. We sold fifty dollars\* worth of apples an' pertaters that Fall. An' Abner had work most all the year. Seemed as ef everybody wanted some little carpenterin' done that winter. An' such a prosperin' summer as we did have that year; that cow of ourn, seemed as ef she give twice as much milk as before, an' the hens never laid any better. (I had egg an' butter money.) I used to talk to the cow and hens 'bout our two boxes, an' seemed as ef they tried to do their level best.

That summer a lady from New York hired one of my rooms, an' give me a dollar a week an' fifty cents for the washin' an' I saved all that. Them boxes seemed very near to us, very. Abner an' I used to heft 'em every little while; sometimes one was heaviest, sometimes t'other. But almost afore we knew it October had come again. We was glad to have it 'cause Abner an' I both had got considerable anxious 'bout them boxes. We was agitated when we set down to open them. We took the tenth box fust an' begun to count, an' we counted an' counted, an' jest think of it, we had sixty-three dollars in that box! An' we paid just the same to the minister, 'cause Abner said it was a necessary expense. (He'd always give that without the Tenth Box an' he always should.) Then we opened the mortgage box an' found in that seventy-three dollars and our mortgage wasn't but seventy-five.

Then Abner sez, "We shan't have to take much

out of the tenth box, shall we, mother?"

I looked at him kinder s'prised, an' I sez, "Abner, jest think of all our marcies this past year—the apples, the milk, an' how them hens have laid."

Then we both set still for about three minutes. I knew the Lord was a talkin' to Abner, an sometimes a wife sez more ef she don't say anything. I wan't goin' to say anything more anyway. But pretty soon Abner took five dollars out of the mortgage box an' put in the tenth box, an' sez, "S'pose you'd even up this way, wouldn't ye, mother?"

"Yes," sez I; "we've had good measure, and our barns are filled with plenty this year." And then I patted his hand, I was so glad. "We'll let the rest of the mortgage go till next year," sez I.

The next evening we took the money over to the minister's house an' told him what we'd done, an' asked him what we better do with the money. We did have such a comfortin' an' upliftin' talk with that man and his wife. We liked them fust rate, and they seemed to like Abner an' I. He seemed surprised 'cause we'd minded his sermon, and real pleased too, I thought, by the way he looked. He advised us 'bout the money and we went home. Wa-ai, the next Sunday we had another powerful sermon on giving. The text was, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Then he told what Abner an' I had done, but didn't call no names. Abner liked the sermon fust rate, I could tell by the way he set in the pew. After the minister got through his sermon, sez he, "Ain't there ten persons here this morning that'll try this tenth plan one year?"

We all waited a minute, and widow Cummins riz up. She did plain sewing for a living, and went out a doin' housework a few weeks every year. We all knew she hadn't anything but what she earned, and had hard work some months to pay her rent.

Then the squire riz up—he was the richest man in the church, so folks said—and they kept on rising till there was fifteen of them. 'Course Abner an' I riz up too. Then the minister sez, "Next year 'bout this time we will meet and open our boxes and count our money."

Now, I can't begin to tell ye of the prosperity of Altonville's church that year. It was truly amazing. We never found it so easy to get the minister's salary as we did that year. Abner an' I kept a givin' an' a savin', an' the more we had to give the more we had to save. Why! we put upwards of one hundred dollars in the bank that year, and to our church and otherwise one hundred and twenty-six dollars.

We Tenth Givers seemed to love each other jest like brothers an' sisters. There wasn't nothin' we wouldn't do for each other. That was a pretty short year with all of us, 'cause we was servin' the Lord with gladness. It didn't seem more'n six months when we met to open them boxes.

Wa-ai, 'bout the money. When we come to count it all together we'd got eight hundred dollars for missions. We were all dreadful took back, 'cause that was two hundred dollars more'n we ever paid our minister. We found it pretty hard to git his six hundred dollars some years. Then Deacon Haskel (he was one of the Tenth

\* A dollar in British money is generally about 4/.



Givers) riz up, an' sez he—"I move we pay our minister eight hundred dollars next year."

I wish you could have heard them "Amens." There wasn't no need to vote the way them Amens sounded. An' the minister was so took back with surprise an' gladness, he shed' tears right there in that meetin'. Then we sung—

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."

An' there wán't a dry eye in that room, as I could see. We closed that meetin' with the blesseddest prayer meetin' we had for years.

That was five years ago. Now we pay our minister a thousand dollars a year, an' give pretty near as much as that every year to missions. An' we built a parsonage, an' are sending two young men to school so they can be missionaries. An' a good many have joined the Tenth Givers. Tain't long after they jine the Tenth Givers before they show their love for the church. When ye begin to give, ye begin to love. Ye can't give to the Lord 'thout loving Him. It's jest as natural as for a mother to love her children. An' if ye love the Lord ye'll want to give Him the very best ye've got.

Abner an' I have larnt and read a lot about missions the past five years, an' we mean to keep on honourin' the Lord with our substance. We know we shall love Him all the more ef we do. An' we know too, it's true, as Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," 'cause Abner an' I have tried it.

(This story of "Tilth" is worth keeping and reading again. Also good to lend to someone else.)

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

At Pittington Parish Church ("Hallgarth") the helpful, bright services continue to be well attended, especially on the Sunday evenings. People from a little distance like the walk. A "Visitors' Book" is near the door for those who come to see the wonderful old Church. Visitors from U.S.A., Canada, East Africa, Lancashire, etc., have signed it recently. The Editor's daughter, Mary Vazeille, is to be married (D.V.) on August 15th to Rev. W. R. O. Taylor, B.A., in this ancient and beautiful Church.

Bro. Wm. Bernard, formerly of Liverpool, writes hopefully from Groote Weg 29, Temangoang, Java (Dutch E. Indies): "I am very happy in my work here, and have not had a day's illness since I arrived. My wife (Mrs. Polman's sister) is also very happy in her old sphere of service, and is greatly appreciated. My four dear little daughters are also well and happy. May you have as much blessing at Pittington as you had at All Saints', Monkwearmouth."

Pastor A. H. Carter (12 South-Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W. 3) has issued now a report of the "Pentecost" Bible Training Home for Men. Subscribers and all interested are asked to send a stamped addressed envelope.

The next issue of "Confidence" must depend upon the love-gifts of our readers. (Note financial statement on page 90.)

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# THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

(FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.)

President: Mr. Cecil Polhill.

Members of Council: Rev. A. A. Boddý, Mrs. Crisp, Mr. W. Glassby, Pastor Blackman, Mr. J. H. Duncan, Mr. E. J. G. Titterington, M.A., Rev. Dr. Middieton. Hon. Treas.: Mr. E. W. Moser. Hon. Sec.: Mr. T. H. Mundell (30 Avondale Road, Croydon).

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

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

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

## Notes from our Hon. Sec.

The P.M.U. is sending out (D.V.) on the 9th August, by the Union Castle S.S. "Norman," to the Belgian Congo to join our Missionaries at Kalembe Lembe, another of our Training Home students, Mr. Edward O. Ellis, from Wales. He gave a stirring farewell message at Sion College last Friday evening from Acts ii. Will our friends please add our brother's name to their prayer list.

Our dear brother, Mr. Richardson, Kalembe Lembe, is suffering from a recent attack of blackwater fever, which has left him in a very weak condition, and he, with Mrs. Richardson and child, may have to return to England soon for a furlough. This attack followed a journey of about 200 miles which he, Mrs. Richardson, and our Brothers Adams and Vale, had taken, extending over nearly a month, visiting and preaching the Gospel. This dreaded fever is apparently somewhat prevalent in the Congo. In a descriptive



RIVER SALWEEN, NEAR TIBET.

(Pentecostal Missionary Union--continued.)

letter received from Mr. Garfield Vale he states that whilst nursing Brother Richardson in a bamboo camp last Whit Sunday night, three days' journey from the Mission Station, and with no one near to help except God, they heard the roaring of a lion quite near. Do please pray specially for Mr. Richardson's speedy recovery, and that the Lord will preserve him and all the other workers at Kalembe Lembe.

\* \* \*

Sion College (London) Meetings will be discontinued from July 27th and (D.V.) resumed on Friday, September 14th.

\* \* \*

"Flames" is issued free every month, and will be posted to any address. Write to Mr. Glassby, Renhold, Bedford. It always contains letters from P.M.U. Missionaries and articles by the Editor, Mr. Cecil Polhill.

### NEWS FROM BRO. CAPPER.

#### Strange Escape from Brigands.

Dear Mr. Boddy and Readers of "Confidence,"

Some time has elapsed since I last wrote a letter for "Confidence," during which time I have been reposted to the Capital. The opportunities for learning the language are far better up here, as the teacher is more experienced, and I trust, under his tuition and by God's help, to make rapid strides in the same. There is no mistake about the language being difficult, but we can all rest on the promise, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The daily routine in the Capital (especially for one who is studying most of the time) is very

much the same. We continue to see evidences of His saving grace week by week, and our hearts are greatly encouraged to see the good attendance at the meetings.

Just recently Mr. Leigh and I made a short trip

#### TO FUMIN AND LOTSI.

We left the Capital on April 26th, and after a heavy day of riding and walking for about eleven hours, with rain most of the way, including three very heavy hail storms, we arrived at Fumin. We had only a small escort for about 10 li (three miles) of the distance, which was roughly 80 li. On reaching the half-way house we met some soldiers, who were surprised when they saw that we had no escort, and said "Tan-tsi-ta" more as "Dan-dsir-dah," which meant that we were "very brave." He had not the eyes to see

#### OUR HEAVENLY ESCORT.

If his eyes had been opened I am positive that he would have been more surprised still. "Those that be for us are more than those that be against us." Hallelujah!

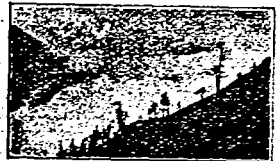
The next day we proceeded on to Lotsi. The weather was better, and again we travelled on without soldiers. The scenery along this road was very beautiful, although it was very heavy going. Mr. Leigh believes it to be one of the worst roads in Yunnan. We had been climbing most of the morning, but after a little rest about noon, we started to climb up a very steep mountain, which took us over two hours to reach the top. It was very high, and one could see for miles in the distance. About nine or ten ranges could be seen in one direction alone. Everything seems so pretty at this time of the year, as most flowers, trees, and bushes are in bloom.

#### Almost every village and hamlet spoke of THE PRESENCE OF BRIGANDS

in the country. Some places were almost deserted. Houses here and there have been burnt to the ground, and every village of any size has built, or is building a watch-tower for self-protection. Everybody seems to move in fear, wondering what the next moment will bring forth, but we travelled with hearts at peace. We know what it is to have that deep settled peace in the soul, and we are confident that none can separate us from the love of Christ.

We arrived at Lotsi after a journey of thirteen hours, and although it had only just turned seven o'clock, the

GATES OF THE CITY WERE ALREADY SHUT, because of the fear of brigands, and after a half-hour's wait outside we were admitted. We stayed there over the Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday afternoon I had the privilege of baptising three of the members (women) in a pond outside the city. The onlookers were very reverent. There were others (about fourteen) who were desirous of being baptised, most of whom live long distances out in the country. As the



ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET.

letter wesent reached the evangelist late, they could not be notified in time, so we are sorry that they will have to wait till some later date. We have a blind evangelist at this station. He appears to be

**EARNEST IN THE WORK,**

but the people of the city despise him because of his infirmity. The chapel also in this place is rather on the small side, so we would covet your earnest prayers that God will raise us up another man who would be more suitable for this position, and that a better place for meetings might be secured.

On Monday, the 30th, we returned to Fumin. We were given a good escort of soldiers for this journey. The weather was very hot, but the horses moved better after their two days' rest, so we managed to get back in two hours less than what it took us to come.

On Tuesday, 1st May, I had the joy again of

**BAPTISING THREE MEN AND FOUR WOMEN**

in the river near the bridge. Some hundreds of people witnessed the scene. These Christians truly had the opportunity of witnessing to the world, for I feel sure that they would not go through the waters of baptism unless they were truly sincere in their new-found joy, and faith in Jesus.

A little earlier in the day we baptised a young man who is a cripple in his home. He had been waiting for baptism for about nine or ten years, and at last his opportunity has come. Although both of his legs are withered he is extremely happy in the love of Jesus, and reads the Word and sings most of his time. Please pray for him also, for Jesus is able to deliver him.

A special service was held for the Christians only in the evening, and one's heart was filled with praise to God to see the results of the work at this station. The Chapel (which is not small) was very well filled, and one could see that the majority of them still possessed their first love.

**DEACONS AND DEACONESSES**

were selected at this service. Later we were kept busy for quite a time attending to the sick. I noticed that most of them were suffering with their eyes.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of May, we left for the Capital, quite a number of the friends seeing us off from one of the gates. About thirty soldiers left the city about half an hour before we were ready. We learnt afterwards that they were our escort, but we did not see them again. After travelling for about two hours three men and a lad, dressed in civilian dress and having no arms, came up to Mr. Leigh and told him that

**THEY WERE OUR ESCORT.**

They possessed a paper to this effect. We found out later that they were also supplied by the Hsien Chiang (magistrate) at Fumin, but I cannot see what use they would have been to us against a band of brigands.

During the day we had a little rain, and there had been plenty during the previous night. This made the roads very slippery, and our baggage horse could not keep up with us. The sky was very dull, and there happened to be a large caravan on the road, so partly for safety, and also because we wanted to get back as soon as possible, we kept up with them. Our baggage horse was almost half an hour behind us at the half-way place, reaching there just as we were leaving. The man in charge did not stop there,

but followed on behind us. As we were crossing over a mountain about 30 li (ten miles) from the Capital, we

**NOTICED HIM DOWN IN THE VALLEY**

below with a few other travellers, about twenty minutes behind us. This is the last we have seen of him or our goods. We heard afterwards that a band of brigands between seventy and eighty in number came down to the road about a mile or so further on, and captured ten horses, men, and goods, including ours. We have both lost quite a lot of our kit, such as camp beds, bedding, clothing, and small kit, etc. Still we are able to praise the Lord, for we ourselves only

**MISSED BEING CAPTURED**

by those few minutes that separated us. So instead of being somewhere in the wilds of Yunnan this evening, we are among our dear ones in the Capital. He gives us grace sufficient to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods (Heb. x., 34). Hallelujah!

Our Heavenly Father knows all about it and will, we are sure, send us a fresh supply, for "He



TRIBAL FOLK.

abideth faithful." Among the articles taken are two Chinese New Testaments. Please pray that if any of these men read them, God will cause

**THE WORDS OF LIFE**

to enter into their hard hearts and bear forth much fruit in later years.

The horse used for our baggage belonged to a poor man in this city, who lent it to his neighbour for our trip. When he heard the news he wept bitterly. We told him that our God would undertake for him, and that we would remember him in prayer.

On the morrow two men were trying

**TO SELL THIS HORSE**

at a market some little distance outside the East Gate for the small price of fifteen dollars (they usually sell at thirty to fifty). The police were suspicious, and spoke to these men about our robbery, and whilst they were in the midst of talking, who should come along but the father of the man who had lost the horse. The two

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—China—continued.)

men tried to run away, but were prevented, and are

NOW IN PRISON.

This is only one small example of the way our God answers prayer.

Before closing I would like to mention that one notices the need for WORKERS, both foreign and Chinese. The need is VERY GREAT in every quarter of our field in YUNNAN. Please unite with us, and pray that the Lord of the harvest will send REAPERS into His harvest.

With Christian love to you all, and fervent thanks for your interest and prayer,

I am,  
Yours in Him, Whom we love,  
RALPH CAPPER.

P.M.U. Station, Yunnan-fu,  
Yunnan, S.W. China,  
9th May, 1923.

List of Contributions received during April, May, and June, 1923.

Receipt			Receipt		
No.	£	s. d.	No.	£	s. d.
4337	1	10 0	4388	2	10 0
4338	5	0 0	4389	10	0 0
4339	5	10 0	4390	1	16 1
4340	1	0 0	4391	20	2 6
4341	10	0 0	4392	2	5 0
4342	2	6 6	4393	1	0 0
4343	3	1 7	4394	2	2 0
4344	5	0 0	4397	17	16 9
4345	1	0 0	4399	5	10 0
4346	2	5 0	4401	5	0 0
4347	7	0 0	4402	5	16 1
4348	15	0 0	4403	15	1 1
4350	4	3 3	4404	10	0 0
4351	10	0 0	4405	3	0 0
4353	4	0 0	4406	5	10 6
4354	4	0 0	4407	10	0 0
4355	3	0 0	4408	5	0 0
4356	5	12 11	4409	2	7 5
4357	8	3 0	4410	2	0 0
4358	20	0 0	4411	5	0 0
4359	13	0 0	4412	1	10 0
4360	2	10 0	4413	4	3 3
4361	10	0 0	4414	2	10 0
4362	15	0 0	4415	1	0 0
4363	10	0 0	4416	5	0 0
4364	1	1 0			
4365	100	0 0			
4366	4	10 0			
4367	10	0 0			
4368	10	9 3			
4369	5	0 0			
4370	10	0 0			
4371	5	0 0			
4372	1	0 0			
4373	10	0 0			
4374	1	0 0			
4375	1	0 0			
4376	4	0 0			
4377	10	0 0			
4378	4	17 9			
4379	2	0 0			
4380	2	0 0			
4381	32	10 0			
4382	4	0 0			
4383	9	0 0			
4384	17	3 4			
4385	15	0 0			
4386	42	0 0			
4387	3	0 0			

Per Miss Vipan—

Receipt		
No.	£	s. d.
329	1	3 9
330	1	10 0
331	2	5 0
332	30	0 0
333	5	14 0
334	1	0 0
335	4	3 4
336	2	3 3
337	1	2 9
338	1	0 0
339	3	9 1
340	10	0 0
341	10	0 0
342	5	6 6
343	20	0 0
344	15	7 7
345	9	5 5
346	7	13 8

£579 19 1

SPECIAL GIFTS.

Receipt		
No.	£	s. d.
4349	10	0 0
4352	24	10 0
4380	5	0 0
4395	22	0 0
4396	10	0 0
4398	9	0 0
4400	5	0 0

£76 19 0

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.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Receipts and Payments Account for the year ending December 31st, 1922.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand (Jan. 1st)—							
On Current Account	98	11	11				
On Deposit Account	248	19	9				
Subscriptions and Donations	2656	0	3	347	11	8	
Collectors at Meetings, etc.	773	3	3				
Collecting Boxes	448	10	6				
Interest on Deposit Account				3904	14	0	
Sale of Furniture from W.T.H.				5	19	6	
				163	8	6	
				£4421	13	8	
PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Allowances to Missionaries and Native Workers		2299	9	5			
Cost of Remittances		33	9	6			
Mission Outfits and Passages		491	3	0			
Mission Furloughs		185	0	0			
Mission House Rents		164	13	6			
Buildings Abroad		100	0	0			
Men's Training Home—							
Maintenance, etc.	452	3	11				
Furnishing	5	17	11				
Less Contributions for Board	458	1	10				
	45	1	6				
Women's Training Home—							
Maintenance, etc.	29	18	7				
Less Contributions for Board	26	3	8				
				415	0	4	
				270	14	11	
Total Missionary Expenses				3900	10	8	
Printing, Postage and Incidentals				51	17	2	
Rent of Training Home, since paid by Tenant				18	15	0	
Balance at Bank (Dec. 31st)—							
On Deposit Account	369	10	5				
On Current Account	81	0	5				
				450	10	10	
				£4421	13	8	

NOTE.—£155 was due to be remitted to Missionaries early in January, and the balance on Deposit at Bank was held in reserve for the outfits and passages of outgoing Missionaries, for which purpose it had been contributed.

ERNEST WM. MOSER, Hon. Treasurer.

I have audited the above Account, and certify that it is in accordance with the Books and Vouchers.

HERBERT A. COX, F.C.A.

(Woodman, Cox & Co., Chartered Accountants).

March 29th, 1923.

28, Basinghall Street, E.C. 2.

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Durham.