

OCTOBER, 1912.

VOL. V. No. 10.

# “CONFIDENCE”

A Pentecostal Paper for  
Great Britain and other Lands.



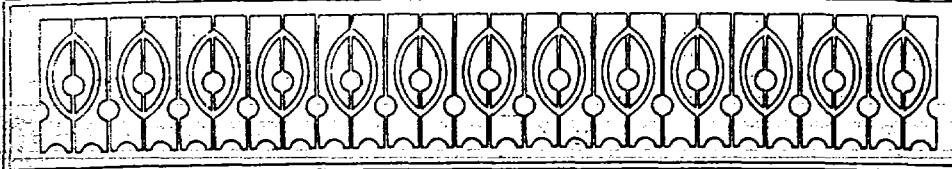
THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA.

Some 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean Sea, with no outlet.  
The Jordan runs into it, and evaporation only  
reduces its level.

“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.

“The Lord shall be thy CONFIDENCE, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.”—Prov. iii., 26.

55th ISSUE.



**ONE PENNY.** (By Post, 1½d.; Annual Subscription, 1/6.)

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*Gifts.* The Editor is grateful to the friends who have helped on the good work hitherto. He will be thankful if all gifts will be continued until "Confidence" is established as a self-supporting paper. Any balance will be used for free copies and free Pentecostal literature. The friends who have sent one Dollar or more a year will be supporting good work if they will continue to help in this way.

Gifts or Subscriptions will be entered as "Subscription-Gifts," and the Paper sent, post free, for twelve months unless any unforeseen circumstance prevents the issue. We shall not be able to return any part of these sums.

## Confidence "Subscription-Gifts" to September 30th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
696 Vryheid (D.) .....	0	5	0	720 Toronto (M.) .....	0	4	2	747 Glogau (S.) .....	0	3	0
697 Spital Tongues (W.) .....	0	1	0	721 Cairney Hill (W.) .....	0	2	6	748 Pasadena (B.) .....	0	4	1
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703 Jersey (R.) .....	0	2	0	727 Derby (M.) .....	0	1	0	754 Hampstead (C.) .....	0	2	0
704 Ipswich (E.) .....	0	1	5	728 Hull (S.) .....	0	1	1	755 Sreatham (W.) .....	0	1	6
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707 Harrrogate (L.) .....	0	1	6	731 Leeds (H.) .....	0	3	0	758 Sheffield (H.) .....	0	5	0
708 Glasgow (W.) .....	0	2	0	732 Brighton, Australia (W.) .....	0	10	0	759 Los Angeles (M.) .....	1	0	6
709 Leicester (W.) .....	0	1	0	733 Teralta, U.S.A. (V.) .....	0	2	1	760 Stamps .....	0	0	7
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									£20	0	7

## Printing and Expenses Account.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Balance from last month .....	2	1	9	"Confidence" (September) .....	18	11	0
Subscriptions as above .....	20	0	7	Postage .....	4	15	0
Discounts .....	0	10	9	Blocks .....	1	10	0
Balance due Treasurer .....	2	2	11				
	£24	16	0		£24	16	0

# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 10. Vol. v.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

October, 1912.

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

The first number of "Confidence" was issued in 1908 by the present Editor. It was welcomed by very many. He has gladly continued, therefore, to edit and issue it each month since. It was the outcome of a Spiritual Revival which commenced at All Saints', Sunderland, September, 1907. Visitors journeyed from all parts of Great Britain and from the Continent to receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. In most cases they returned joyfully, to become centres of blessing. A yearly Conference has been held each Whitsuntide. Visitors from home and foreign lands gather in large numbers, and return to spread the blessing further. "Confidence" was the first British Pentecostal Paper which told of this Outpouring with the Sign of Tongues. This Paper travels to nearly every country on the Globe. "Confidence" advocates an unlimited Salvation for Spirit, Soul, and Body; the Honouring of the Precious Blood; Identification with Christ in Death and Resurrection, etc.; Regeneration, Sanctification; the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; the Soon-Coming of the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv., 14); Divine Healing and Health (Acts iv., 13). The issue of "Confidence" has been greatly blessed, and the Editor is thankful to the many friends around the world (see list) whose prayers and help have been used of God to encourage him month by month. His desire, and that of his helpers, is that ever in this Paper "He (Christ Jesus) may have the pre-eminence." "Brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified"—2 Thess. iii., 1.

ADDRESS:—HON. SECS., ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND.

## Christ in His Holy Land.

### The Pool at Bethesda.

(St. John v., 1-18.)

Jesus is God; let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill,  
All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfil;  
Worth while a thousand years of woe  
To speak one little word,  
If by that "I believe" we own  
The Godhead of our Lord.

"Are you going to Bethesda?"

"Yes, if you can go with me."

"Should we visit it on the way to the Mount of Olives?"

"That would suit me, but I should like to ride, for the heat is terrible to-day."

"I'll have your donkey ready about four."

So my friend and I left Olivet House together, and were soon ambling along the dusty white road which leads into Jerusalem from the European extra-mural suburb.

In through the Eastern crowds at the Jaffa Gate, along David Street, with its bazaars, down Christian Street and then by the narrow "Way of Sorrows" (via Dolorosa), until we approached the Sheep Gate, which leads out through the Eastern

walls to the Kedron Vale.

The sun was by this time getting low (it sets about five o'clock in November), and it cast a rich orange glow over Olivet. Looking out through the stone frame of the sunlit gateway, I saw a flock of Eastern sheep and black, long-eared goats coming up into the city for the night. The shepherd was lovingly carrying two little kids (perhaps but an hour old) in his bosom, their little black heads, in stupid amazement, peering out from his loose garment.

We turned aside from the Sheep Gate to visit the pool with five porches—Bethesda.

It was formerly thought that a large dry reservoir (Birket Israel) on the north side of the Temple area was Bethesda, but a more recent discovery in the grounds of the Church of St. Anne has brought to light what is almost certainly the true site. It is hard by the old Sheep Market. There are five porches. Even after six months of absolutely rainless weather we found water there.

In the terrible sieges of Jerusalem the porches were overturned. The Crusaders built the pillars and arches up again on the old bases. They believed this to be the very spot, and they depicted in fresco

carrying his palliasse—his light bed—as easily as anyone else would do it. One who was a stranger to him had bidden him get up and carry home his bed, and he found he could do it.

What amazement filled those people round the pool, and all others whom he met!

It was Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath\*—and he was carrying a burden, contrary to law. (Jer. xvii., 22.) But the same God who made the sabbath could override its ordinances in the Person of His Divine Son.

Now the old man of Bethesda, having deposited his mattress, soon makes his way up to the white marble Temple to pour out his thanksgivings to Jehovah.

As yet he does not know who the Good Physician is who has so magically restored him, but he goes up to the Temple first to thank God. In that Temple, which for so many years he had been a stranger to, he sees and recognises his Benefactor.

"Who is yonder Rabbi? He is the man that healed me."

"Dost thou not know Jesus of Nazareth?" they would reply.

Jesus approaches him, and, kindly greeting him, enjoined him henceforth to live a pure and godly life to God's glory. "*Sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee,*" He said.

His bodily weakness may have been caused by sin. He had suffered for thirty-eight years. But a worse fate would be to be lost for ever!

Jerusalem would ring with the doings of the new Prophet.

The Hierarchs, no doubt, had had emissaries in Galilee who had watched and reported all the doings of this popular young Prophet, but now He is in their very midst rousing the enthusiasm of the people and defying priestly authority in breaking the sabbath by healing the sick

thereon, and in permitting the restored invalid to carry home his counterpane.

The man who had been seen carrying his light mattress along the Jerusalem streets confessed that he did it by the orders of this Prophet of Galilee.

It would seem that they summon hastily a Council, and bring Him before it. He stands in the Courts of His Father's House, and faces them all. But what supernatural grandeur is there in His utterances! The Carpenter of Nazareth



POOL OF BETHESDA.

claims equality with His Father Jehovah, and that, therefore, He has perfect right to suspend Sabbath laws. His Father is always working, or we should perish. If God's preserving work was suspended on one day each week all would come to destruction. "*My Father worketh hitherto, and I also work.*" Here was Christ's first open collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. He plainly

DISCLOSED HIS DEITY,

and because of this the Jews sought to kill Him.

\* From the form of the original Greek we learn that it may have been a special day of rest other than the weekly Sabbath.

(Christ in His Holy Land—continued.)

They understood His meaning better than some who profess to be His followers to-day.

Was it at all wonderful that He should raise this man after thirty-eight years of the voice of the Son of God: and they that bear shall live. For as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself."

His end was not yet. They dare not touch Him.

\* \* \*

So the Lord soon sets off to journey back to His own Galilee, where he could be among those who loved Him and believed on Him.

In Galilee all was bright as yet; but in Jerusalem there was continual opposition—whichever one day should culminate in His murder. Again it was true—

*"He came to His own and His own received Him not."*

## TOWARDS MEXICO AND IN IT.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS,

Just a few words more about my stay in New Orleans. On the Sunday evening I attended the coloured church. It was in the suburbs of New Orleans, in Valiance Street, in a district largely populated by negroes. In this district there are two coloured churches, one the African Church, the other the Methodist-Episcopal Church. That which I was visiting belonged to the latter. The name of the minister is Brother Chin. The church that hot night was very full; most of the black women wore fashionable white costumes and large hats. The men wore dark coats and often white waistcoats, in fact clothes just like the white man. Fans were freely used by the sisters, as the heat was tremendous.

The service was somewhat late in beginning, perhaps nearly half-past eight in the evening. Many of the coloured men were in domestic service in the houses of white people, and they could not get away from their duties sooner. It was a special service for men, and more especially for men belonging to a certain club called the "Alpha and Omega." The men sat in the centre of the Church, and coloured sisters acted as ushers. Brother Chin, the minister, from his rostrum directed the seating of the visitors, and continually assured them triumphantly that they were "going to have a very good time." The main part of the service

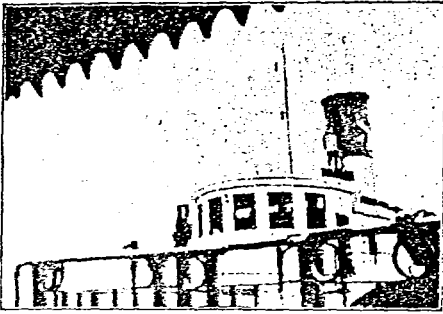
was the sermon. Brother Chin was very powerful in his elocution, which was of the demonstrative, energetic type. He had a supply of folded clean white handkerchiefs within reach, and when, owing to his exertions, one was used up, he reached out for the next and opened it with a triumphant wave. Perhaps I shouldn't notice such things, but it seems to be in my make-up to do so, and to be intensely amused (though I trust in a kindly way).

Brother Chin was distinctly humorous, and when he made a point against the men, then perhaps one of the coloured sisters in the side aisles would cry, "Amen, Brother Chin." But then he would turn on them and tell the wives very plainly their duty to their husbands, how they should welcome them home from their work, how they should love quite definitely the men whom they had married. "Oh, you women," he knowingly cried, "Yer didn't holler Amen then, I noticed." His weak point was his open boastfulness, and his seeming to desire to stir up unkindly feelings towards the white people, whose money the coloured people gladly received.\* He said gleefully at one point: "Oh, our church is just looking up. It is a fine thing when the clerk at the St. Charles Hotel recommends Brother Chin as a chief coloured preacher, and our white brother sitting before you comes to hear him." (It was a coloured youth on the Elevator whom I asked to tell me of this Church.)

Brother Chin's text was "Stand fast in the Faith; quit you like men." He gave some very pungent advice to his coloured brethren. He told them to respect their women, *however black* they were, and exhorted them to keep free from all sin. He advised them to seek a high standard of character, that they had it in them to raise their condition; they were to watch themselves under all circumstances, and not to fall into sin, to watch their lips that they spoke no wrong words, to watch their eyes—they all had looked upon things they wished they had never seen, to watch their ears and not to listen to words that defile.

They were to stand fast in the faith. He held up the one Friend who was the true friend under all circumstances. "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," he cried. "No, not one." vociferated a responsive negress. He asked them how they could do without Him when they went across the stream of death. At this point he became very vehement in his gesticulations, and he shouted until one expected he would become hoarse. He spoke of stepping down to the cold river of death, and coming, in his excitement, to the head of his rostrum, he reached one foot down, just like one who wants

\* The coloured question is increasingly acute. All persons with a drop of Negro blood must sit in the rear half of the street car (or in an inferior special railway car). I saw a Sister of Mercy in her uniform—but negroid—get into the car, and she had to sit back like others. There are a large number of coloured newspapers now, such as "The Enterprise" (Omaha), "The Topeka Plaindealer," and monthly magazines such as "The Crisis," published by the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, at 26 Vesey Street, New York City. Better education is going to cause something to happen before long. Lynching and shooting the negro is a blot, however licentious some negroes may be. At El Paso Railway Depot, at a drinking fountain, one side was for coloured people, and the other for whites, though both must bring their own cups.



CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI.

Photographed Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 20th, from the Observation Car. The train is on a pontoon; the steamer is lashed alongside, and is taking it over.

to see how cold the water is, and shudders when he feels it. One coloured sister at this point gave an awful scream as if she was going off into convulsions, and the whole congregation seemed thrilled.

"Now yo brothers who have enjoyed the sermon, will yo just stand up." All the men stood up. "Now will all those of yo that are Christians stand up." Nearly all stood. Very few remained seated. "Now will not those who have not got salvation come right up to the seekers' place—come along and kneel right here." Not one moved. They sang then, under Brother Chin's leadership, the old time plantation hymn, first loud, then in a whisper:

"The Gospel Train am moving on,  
Get on, get on;  
There's room on board for old and young,  
Get on, get on."

Then a sudden change came over the proceedings. Brother Chin gave out notices of an excursion to the Lake the next day, and exhorted all to buy tickets. He referred also very persuasively to other money-making efforts. It was all done in a semi-humorous fashion.

A collection was taken from the sisters in the side aisles. Why were the brothers not included? I made enquiries, and found that they had their turn very specially later on.

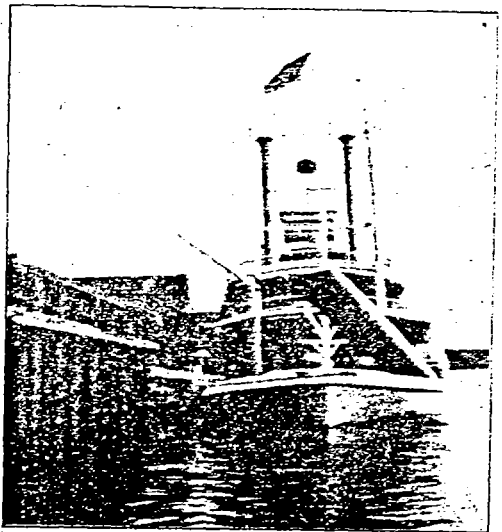
The proceedings, I understand, closed by the handing round of long-promised ice cream by the coloured sisters to the coloured brothers. I stayed until ten o'clock, and left before the ice cream was introduced. Brother Chin ran after me, and said, "Oh, you must stay to be introduced to the audience," but I explained that I had already stayed far too long. It did not seem possible further to preach Christ, even if I was permitted.

It was one of the strangest Sunday evenings I ever spent. How the dear people of this church and many other churches need true Pentecostal teaching, and complete separation from worldly methods. Wherever I went it was money, money, much more than Christ, with the honourable exception of the P.E. Church I mentioned in my last letter. There it was Christ only, and no reference to money-making.

The next day the Rev. A. R. Edrooke, Rector of Grace Church (residing at 1444 Henry Clay Avenue, New Orleans) called for me, and took me to lunch with him. He seems to be a most popular clergyman, a friend for everyone. He is the Honorary Chaplain to Missions to Seamen, and looks after the young sailors and engineers who come into this port of New Orleans. After lunch we adjourned to my room in the St. Charles', and had prayer together. He was much interested to hear about our Annual Whitsuntide Convention at Sunderland, and when I showed him a copy of "Confidence," he wished at once to become a subscriber and reader. That evening I went by electric tram to the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, about five miles from the centre of the city. The water was very blue, stretching away for twenty miles, but the heat was simply terrific. Even the inhabitants quailed under it. I took some pictures, and was glad to get them. As I returned in the car, people were all sitting out on their verandahs, and seemed to be panting for air.

Tuesday, August 20th. This morning I left New Orleans at 12:30, to cross the State of Louisiana, and the huge State of Texas, on the first stage of the great journey westward. We experienced a very interesting crossing of the broad swelling Mississippi river. The train was taken over in two sections, each with a locomotive. It was passed on to a great barge or pontoon, which bore two sets of lines. A powerful steam tug was lashed to the side of the barge, and carried the whole thing across the broad stream of this, one of the greatest rivers in the world. Then the barge was pushed into a dock, so that the railway lines met again. The locomotives then hauled us off the pontoon, and we set off on our journey across the swamps of Louisiana.

This State is essentially a coloured people's State. We passed for miles through rice fields



MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOAT.

Unloading at "Levee," at New Orleans. (Photo taken by the Writer.)

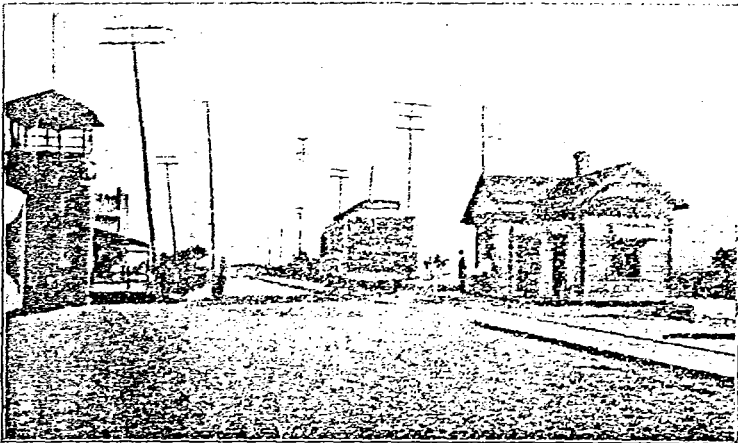
(Towards Mexico and in It—continued.)

and over the inundated land, and where the sugar cane and Indian corn are grown. The heat was a good deal over 90 in the shade. The black labourers in the fields must have felt it severely. Now and again we saw a white overseer riding on his horse, holding a huge umbrella, and directing the coloured workers.

Wednesday, August 21st. We arrived at Fort Worth this morning. It is an important city, the centre of a cattie-raising district. The heat was still overwhelming as one walked in the streets, and did some necessary shopping. I had interesting talks with shopmen, and left Roker Tracts with them, for which they were grateful. We left again for El Paso, and soon we were passing out of the zone of the coloured people. We were journeying through a region where Mexican labour is employed. As the day passed on I had some interesting talks with fellow-travellers from Abilene, and gave them

very borders of Mexico. There had been some excitement the day before across the River Rio Grande, where the city Ciudad Juarez stands. The Red Flag Mexican rebels had evacuated the town, and yesterday the Mexican Federal troops, under General Joaquin Tellez, had taken possession of the city. For many months it had been unsafe to go across the Rio Grande from El Paso, but to-day the electric tramcars were running again across the river, so I went over, and was searched to see if I had a revolver or dagger secreted about my person. Just as we approached the bridge the car was stopped, and two fine-looking U.S. soldiers, without any ceremony, boarded the car and made us all stand up. They ran their hands up and down my limbs to see if I was carrying any deadly weapon, but as I was a man of peace their search was in vain, and they let me go unharmed.

This Mexican town is very Spanish in its appearance. The chief church, about 400 years old, is riddled with gunpowder of recent conflicts and almost destroyed. Poor Mexico seems almost under a cloud. It is a vast land with a very weak government, and needs to be opened much more freely to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. I took photographs of the guards who are placed at either end of the bridge. There was a great contrast between the U.S.A. soldiers and the Mexican soldiers on duty at the other side.



BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE INTO MEXICO.  
(Crossed by the Writer, Aug. 22nd, 1912.)

also copies of Roker Tracts. That night we were in the desert district of Western Texas. A tremendous storm of thunder and lightning was going on; terrifically vivid flashes lit up the sky again and again.

Thursday, Aug. 22nd. In the early morning we were passing through desert scenery, somewhat like the Sinaiatic Desert, near the Red Sea. Everywhere sage bushes grew, dotted over this desert land. There was a background of distant scarped mountains. Brave hearts would they have indeed who crossed this desert country before the railway came. Perils from thirst, perils from red men, who would feel that the travellers were coming to steal their land from them. Now the scenes become more Mexican. Adobe houses, flat roofs. Mexican horsemen with conical hats. At Fort Anton khaki-clad U.S. soldiers were at drill in the open, with the mountains in the background. This is about forty miles from the Mexican frontier.

We arrived in due time at El Paso on the

where in the hot weather they find the breezes. There is a pretty little park in the centre of the chief square. I noticed also a Y.W.C.A. building. I was not there long enough to have a conversation with the Christian workers, but I believe there are a number of churches. The heat that day was such that one hesitated before crossing a street or an open square. I left El Paso in the evening for Albuquerque, and had an interesting talk with a clever young man in the car who holds a good position in one of the railways there. He told me how he had to work every Sunday; had been the leader of a Bible Class in earlier days; the good lessons he had learned in Sunday School had not been entirely forgotten. He was thankful for kind advice, and promised to read one of the Roker Tracts which I gave to him.

Friday, August 23rd. At six this morning we arrived in Albuquerque, in New Mexico. I found at the railway station an unusually fine establishment built on the Spanish Mission lines. Indians of the Pueblo type (Moki, Zuni,

Navajo, Apache, and Puna) selling their carpets and pottery to the passengers who arrived by train. Albuquerque is several thousand feet above sea level. The air is very good here, and many consumptive people come here to live in the hope of being restored to health. I lingered to take a picture of a quaint patriarchal Mexican, with his long white beard and conical straw hat, riding a swiftly ambling donkey which was kept up to the mark by a pair of spurs on his long boots. He reminded me of Don Quixote. I noticed some handsome places of worship about the station—a Methodist Episcopal and Baptist Church. The pastor of the latter seemed a keen man. He told me that he had preached to Indians the Sunday night before by interpretation, about 13 miles along the line. They had offered him the use of their Roman Catholic church, the priest only coming occasionally, and his Indian interpreter had been a great help to him, as he had entered fully into the spirit of the address.

This morning a Chicago man spoke to me on the station platform, and said that he had listened the night before in the cars to my talk to the young man from Memphis who had to work on Sundays. He told me, "I said to myself, 'I'm glad that old gentleman takes such an interest in that young man.'" He promised to read "Faith in His Blood."

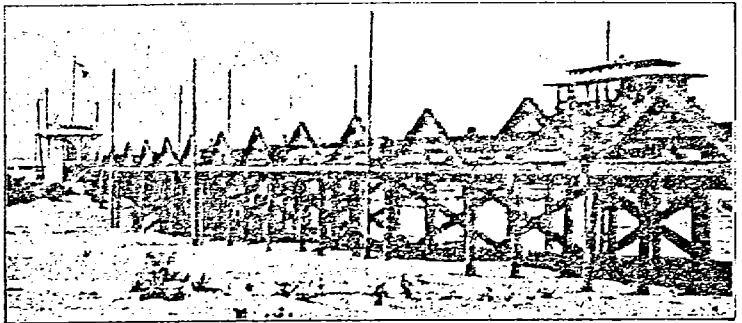
About noon I left again to cross the State of Arizona. I now joined a through train running from Chicago to Los Angeles, containing a number of Pullman cars, a dining car, and even a barber's shop. It was the most palatial train I had so far seen. It was a wonderful ride that afternoon through Arizona, past the enormous Red Bluffs which ran out like gigantic piers on to the plains; past villages of the Pueblo Indians (Pueblo means "house" Indians who build primitive dwellings with flat roofs). I sat out in the "Observation-car" for some hours. The lines seem to run out from underneath one like endless ribbons of iron. Great mountains which we passed quickly diminished to small hills, and bridges over the rivers fled away from us. In some places numbers of Mexican workers were laying new lines, and stepped back to their work as we swept past.

I had a talk with a fine-looking military man, who was returning from the Eastern States to his official work among the Pueblo Indians in the Government Schools near Phoenix. They have about 600 Indian scholars in this large school of almost a score of tribes in Arizona, New Mexico, etc.

He finds these Indians intelligent and able to take their position as loyal American citizens when they have passed through the school.

They all, of course, salute the flag of the "Stars and Stripes" every morning. He invited me to Phoenix to inspect the work. He said there was room and opportunity for more Gospel teaching. On Sundays the Indians of different denominations attend the teachings of their own religions. He had been pleading with his friends in the Eastern States to organize more missionary work among these Indians. They needed a true religion which went deep and did not practically leave them to continue their own superstitions.

When night came on, the coloured porter transformed the day car into a sleeper, and I got into my bunk behind the curtains, and must confess that I thought of Sunderland, and, after prayer, dropped off to sleep. The train went on and on, and then stopped. Our car was dropped off at a station called Williams, and I slept until early morning, and then the train started again on the up grade, for sixty-four miles to a place called the Grand Canyon.



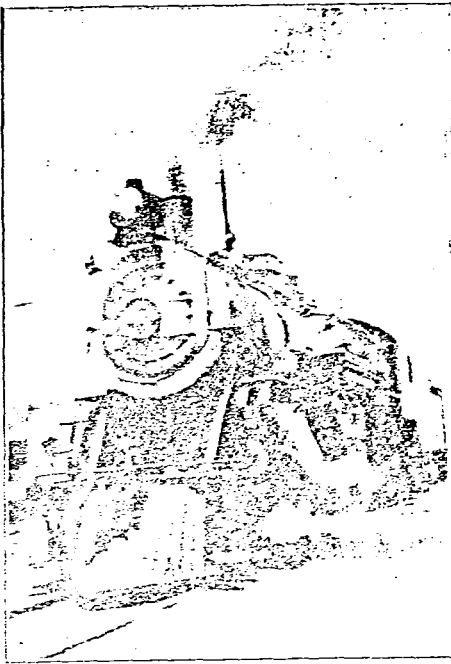
THE WAY INTO MEXICO (FROM EL PASO).  
The River-bed almost dry in the hot weather.

### THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

Saturday, August 24th. After travelling more than 6,000 miles I arrived at half-past seven at Grand Canyon (7,000 feet above sea level) and put up at the El Tovar Hotel. I received a very welcome budget of letters from the homeland, and felt some emotion as I saw the handwriting of my dear ones again. These were the first letters which had found me since leaving England. When I had read them I walked out to the verandah to the edge of the Canyon, the precipice actually only a few feet from the hotel itself. It seemed as if one had stepped into one of the modern panoramas with its marvellous stage effects. The wonderful scene seemed almost unreal and theatrical. All was still and lonesome down below.

I looked across thirteen miles over this mighty mountain-dotted chasm, and down into the awful depths where the Colorado River runs. Strange red rock stratified pyramids rise thousands of feet in all directions, each of them a magnificent mountain in itself. There was no sunshine when I first saw the Canyon,





THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT TOOK ME OVER THE DESERTS OF ARIZONA.  
Photographed at Albuquerque, Friday morning, Aug. 23rd.

(The Grand Canyon of Arizona—continued.)

but in the afternoon the sun came out, then the colours were amazing, dark red predominating, and shadows from the pyramid mountains crept across the serrated highly-coloured scene. Far away Bright Angel Canyon lay in the shade. Then I wandered away by myself. Before one was a quarter of a mile away from the El Tovar Hotel it seemed as if one was alone in creation, facing this stupendous scene. One felt so insignificant amongst these mountains below one, they are so tremendous.

In a book here where travellers write their impressions of the Grand Canyon, some interesting notes are found. Some are just very American.

One writes: "The following *lines* by my pen describe the unrivalled grandeur of the Canyon as adequately as any which I have read:—

— — — ! — — — — — — — — — —  
— — — ; — — — — — — — — — !!"

Another: "Canyon, thou art grand indeed, but grander still thou art, O man, when understanding thine own littleness!"

Another: "It is just New Jerusalem in the rough. One's imagination sees it finished, and the angels ascending and descending."

Another: "When God gives such marvels for the Human Age, what must be the beauty of the World Eternal."

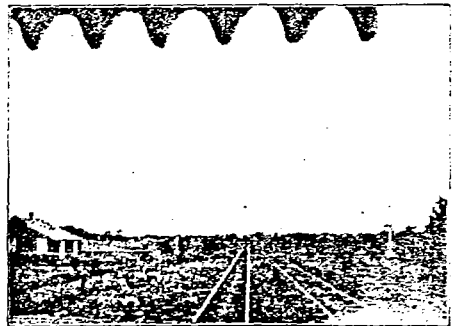
One writes: "The Canyon makes me think of these stanzas:—

'The City's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision,  
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opens the Gates Elysian.  
'But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
The fiery sunset lingers,  
The Golden Gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by silent fingers.  
'And as they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inmost glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
And half reveal the story.'

Sunday, August 25th. From my Scripture Almanack (Roll Text, John F. Shaw & Co., 3, Pilgrim Street, London) I often get help on this journey. I hang it up in my bedroom when I have one. To-day the text is "He that watereth shall be watered." Prov. xi., 25. I felt encouraged to offer to hold services, and a printed notice was put up: "The Rev. A. A. Boddy, of All Saints', Sunderland, England, will conduct services at 11 and 8'30 in the main room." I was glad that I had brought a few copies of "Songs of Victory" in my luggage. There was no equipment here for such a service.\* Protestant services depend upon the very occasional presence of any minister who is here for the Sunday who feels led to offer his services.

There is room for Christian work at the Grand Canyon. There is now quite a considerable community gathered around the neighbourhood of the railroad stations and hotels. I asked a bright little American girl (who was as quick as many an English girl of ten) if she knew about the Lord Jesus. "No," she said. I never heard of Him." Did she know about God, who made her and all things? No, she did not know what I meant. She did not say any prayers, did not seem to know what prayers were. Her father said he expected there would be a Sunday School some day in this place, as it was growing, but Sundays and week-days seem very much the same. The visitors who come here from great distances are mostly here only for a very short stay. They rush off down the trail, or away on one of the many drives along

\* Will not some American friend send a supply of Hymn Books and Bibles for the El Tovar and the other house, and get the "Gideons" to send Bibles for all the bedrooms



VIEW FROM OBSERVATION CAR.

The last car is open at the end, and is protected by an awning. The rails seem to fly out beneath one as the train speeds along.

the rim of the chasms, on Sundays as on other days. As a rule the guides here, and waitresses, clerks and members of staff work on Sundays as on week-days, and might cry, "No man careth for my soul."

A sad-looking man on one of my walks told me of the great need in this district for a resident minister. Men are shooting one another down within a few miles. There comes a quarrel about stock, and straightway they take their guns. Four had been shot dead within a few months. They need someone to come and live here, and go in and out and talk good to them. They had not had a Protestant service for a very long time.

So we had services both morning and night. At night we held it on the broad verandah, just close to the edge of the Canyon, down into which the full moon was shining brightly. A

too had risen early to see the desert-like scene in all its loneliness. He told me of other great deserts in this land. He spoke of the terrific heat there in summer. He himself had travelled when it was 135 degrees Farenheit. He said the railroad section men, after 8 in the morning, could not touch any stone or iron without gloves. He had known them at mid-day broil eggs by simply laying them on the railway line, which was heated by the powerful sun. As we stood there in the presence of that wonderful scene, he recited some remarkable lines written by one who had had to live under such conditions in the lonesome desert. Then, with a "God bless you," he went his way to the railway station to start on his long journey. He had his own special car, and the night before, when he came to thank me for the address he had listened to, he offered to take me with him, but it was not possible for me to accept the invit-



VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA. U.S.A.

The nearest of these strange mountains is miles away.

good number came, and others listened in the darkness, standing near. At the close of the service a number came forward to shake hands and to thank one for the message delivered, which was, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Eternity will show what happened that Sunday night at El Tovar.

Monday, August 26th. I rose before half-past four, and a good while before sunrise I walked to Grandeur Point, praising the Lord for all His goodness. It was a wonderful sight to look down on the great mountains far below, to see them lit up and coloured by the sun as it rose upon them. I met a Mr. C. W. French, of the Pacific Steel Co., San Diego, California, a man of position and influence, who is also an active member of the Methodist Church. He

later I joined a party who visited the Colorado River, deep down in the chasm. I shall never forget it. It is wonderful to go down that almost vertical, dizzy, zig-zag trail, and the clever mules bore us safely along the edge of many dangerous precipices which made one dizzy to look down. In fact, one turned one's head, and let the mule be responsible for the moment. As we came up out of the depths late in the afternoon, a thunder-storm drenched us. The lightning was very vivid, and yet, above the rain, we saw the rainbow of hope, with brilliant colours, stretched over this wonderful Canyon.

And now, after this beautiful time, I set off on a 45 hours' journey to Los Angeles, not knowing what may befall me there.

# "CONFIDENCE."

OCTOBER, 1912.

Editor—

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Sunderland.

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The Hon. Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage,  
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## Sanctification and the Anointing of the Holy Spirit.

By Carrie Judd Montgomery, author of  
"Triumphs of Faith."

We have a beautiful picture of Sanctification and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in Leviticus xiv., in the cleansing of a healed leper. We all know that leprosy is a type of sin. This leprosy was already supposed to be "healed" before the following directions for "cleansing" were to be carried out. This previous healing of the leper seems to answer in type to the new birth, when we are brought from darkness into light and all things are made new; when the tendencies of our soul rise upward instead of going downward; when we are so changed by the power of God that we no longer love sin, but we long to be fully like Him. The Priest was to "look" at the leper, and if the plague of leprosy was pronounced "HEALED," then the following directions for his "CLEANSING" were to be carried out. In our human judgment we would be apt to think that after the plague of leprosy was "healed," that was sufficient—the man could now come into the camp and mingle freely with the Israelites—but not so; the awful separation that the uncleanness of leprosy had caused (which the leprosy of sin causes) must now be bridged over, and provision is made in the most minute particular for his complete "cleansing." "Healed," but not "cleansed"—how true this is of many souls who have

been born again; but here we see that all separation between the soul and God, caused by sin, must be bridged over by a further recognition of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. We will not take the time here to enter into all of these minute directions, but call the attention of the reader to the main principles of the teaching here set forth in the Word of God. First there was the blood of sprinkling (verse 7); the blood here obtained was from a bird that was killed over running water; a type of the cleansing blood of our blessed Redeemer (sin carried away in type by the running brook), and we have a further wonderful type in the release of the living bird which had been dipped in the blood of the slain bird; the soul released to fly on wings into the very Heavens by faith in Him. Note that it says, "And he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy, seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field." Other directions follow, as to the washing of his clothes, the shaving off of his hair, and the washing of himself in water; after which he is allowed to come into the camp, but even then he is to tarry outside of the tent seven days, and at the end of this time go through the process of washing, etc., once more. How all this speaks to us of the great heart searching, the perfect consecration, the complete separation from the least compromise with sin; even the slightest taint of defilement which might remain, so to speak, in hair or eyebrows, being cut or shaved off by the sharp razor of God's Word. After all of this comes the taking of the lambs for trespass-offering the sin-offering and the burnt-offering (all of these offerings showing different aspects of Christ's full atonement for sin), fine flour for the meat-offering, etc. We will not linger over these in detail, as our aim in this article is to briefly bring out the main thoughts of this remarkable chapter. We trust that the reader will study it for himself carefully and prayerfully by the aid of the Spirit.

Notice next that the priest was commanded to take some of the blood of the trespass-offering and "put it upon the tip of the right ear of him that is to be cleansed, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." How blessed is this touch of the blood from our great High Priest, Jesus, upon our ear, for cleansed hearing; upon our hand,

for cleansed service, and upon our foot, for a cleansed walk. It is the priest himself who applies this, and as we come to our Lord Jesus for this ministry, how faithful He is! Not only cleansed and restored to communion with Himself and His little ones, through His precious blood, but also having that separating blood so applied that we shall listen only to Him, work only for Him, and walk only in His light. How this reminds us of those blessed words in 1 John i., 7, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." But another high and blessed privilege awaits the cleansed leper, for the priest is to take some of the log of oil (brought with the offerings) and having sprinkled of that oil seven times before the Lord, he now proceeds to dip his right finger into the oil which has been poured into the palm of his left hand, and to anoint the ear, hand and foot—in each case **PUTTING THE OIL DIRECTLY OVER THE BLOOD.** Blessed type of our cleansing and anointing; cleansed by the blood and anointed by the Spirit of our God, so that we have cleansed and anointed hearing, cleansed and anointed service, a cleansed and anointed walk before and with God. It is a sad thought, in view of our glorious privilege in Christ, that it is possible for our faith to stop at some point along the way before all has been wrought out IN us, that Christ has wrought out FOR us. Many receive the touch of the blood, that do not receive the anointing upon the blood, and many who have received the anointing do not realize that there is anything further for them. At one time Jesus said to His disciples, "Now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you" (John xv., 3). After His resurrection, "He breathed on them and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost" (John xx., 22). What did He mean by this? He could never say idle or meaningless words; without doubt they then received a measure of the Holy Spirit which would answer to this anointing of oil upon the blood. We can see from this type in Leviticus, as well as from their experience afterwards on the day of Pentecost, that there was much more of the oil to follow. After this first breath of the Spirit from the resurrected Christ, the attitude of the disciples was full of victory, as evidenced by Luke xxiv., 52, 53, where we read that they (after Christ's ascension) "worshipped Him and returned

to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." This touch of the oil brings a certain amount of joy, praise and victory, but there is much more for them. How sad it would be for the cleansed leper to be content with that finger-dip of the oil, when "the remnant of the oil" was waiting in the priest's hand to be poured out upon him. We read in Leviticus xiv., 18 that this "remnant of the oil," which was already poured out into the palm of the priest's hand, was to be poured upon the head of the cleansed leper. Exalted privilege—marvellous blessing—to receive not only a touch of the oil, not only a breath of the Holy Spirit from the risen Christ; but also to receive from Him "*the rest of the oil*" (Leviticus xiv., 29) not merely applied to us by His dear finger, but poured, actually **POURED**, upon our head (Leviticus xiv., 18). And though we have, indeed, been but poor lepers sunk in the degradation of sin, yet it is even the cleansed leper whom He calls to this glorious blessing of cleansing, anointing and baptism of the Holy Spirit. "The rest of the oil" is for each one; it is in His dear crucified hand, waiting for that moment when you, dear reader, will come in an attitude of child-like faith and receptivity and let Him pour it upon you to your full joy and satisfaction, and to His glory.

In another article on this subject next month we shall hope, by God's blessing, to be able to say something which will help dear longing souls to understand the simplicity of the way of faith, through which they may receive the "rest of the oil," or in other words, "The promise of the Father."

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### "GOD BEARING WITNESS."

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was continued unto us by them that heard Him, God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will."—Hebrews ii., 3, 4.

"God bearing them witness"! To what was God bearing witness? We have the answer here—to "so great a salvation." This great salvation was "at first spoken of by the Lord," and God bore witness with signs and wonders, for we read in Acts x., 38: "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost

“God Bearing Witness”—continued.)

and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; *for God was with Him.*” Jesus also said: “It is also written in your law, that the testimony (witness) of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of Myself, and the Father that sent Me beareth witness of Me” (John viii., 17, 18. In 1 John v., 6-8, we read: “It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth. For there are three that bear *record* in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood, and these three agree in one.”

So we see that “signs and wonders” are God bearing witness to the salvation planned by God the Father, carried out by God the Son, and applied by God the Holy Ghost. This is the record in heaven—life, eternal life, the life of God, in Christ, through the Spirit. The witness on earth to this is wonderful, the Blood signifying the atonement for sin, the Water death and resurrection with our Lord, and the Holy Spirit sealing it by coming upon us and manifesting His gifts according to His will.

This has always been God’s order. In the beginning, when God created this earth, God the Father spake the Word, the Word became material, and the Holy Spirit quickened it—so that God always *confirmed* His Word by the signs or wonders that followed, shewing thereby the *truth* of the Word (Mark xvi., 19-20). “After the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. They (the disciples) went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and *confirming the Word* with signs following.” Satan can also give signs and wonders, but it is not to confirm God’s Word, nor “*in the Name of Jesus.*” His signs and wonders are entirely in the psychic part of man, and can never bring a soul in touch with Jesus or the Father.

Up to a certain point the magicians of Egypt could imitate or counterfeit the miracles of Moses, but a point came where they failed, and that was the point of life, they could not give *life*, even to an insect. The counterfeits never stopped Moses and Aaron from going on with

God, and God “bore witness,” and made known *His* power.

Why should we, in these latter days, be afraid of going on with God, expecting, nay more, not being satisfied unless He *does* bear witness by confirming His word, as of old. He is doing it wherever there is faith in the Name of Jesus, and the endowment of power by the Holy Ghost. We need no miracles or sign, like the Jews, to convince us that Jesus is the Christ, but, because He is the Christ, and hath obtained so great a salvation, we believe and expect our God still to bear witness to His own beloved Son.

The great love that quickens our faith and hope is the love of God that is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost—love to our God, that *He* may be known, that the demon-possessed, disease-stricken, sin-burdened, weary ones may *know* Him who is life eternal and love to these sad and weary ones; that will stir us up to self-sacrifice and self-denial in order that we may help them, and “go about doing good” till Jesus our King comes. Amen.

M. B.

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## Days of Heaven upon Earth.

*Addresses by Pastor Paul, Whitsuntide, 1912.*

### 3.—Victory over our Enemies.

“Days of Heaven upon Earth.” What does it mean? I think it means to be a partner of our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It was a wonderful truth that we heard from our dear brother that we may use the wonderful name of Jesus and know it is for us. The theme for this evening is a wonderful one—“The Victory over our Enemies.” What are we created for? We read in Genesis i., 26: “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion.” Our blood is royal—that is the creation. The Lord has a wonderful destination for men: that they may have dominion. How many there are who are bound by sin, bound by lust, and oppressed by the devil. We dishonour our Lord Jesus Christ if we are bound by sin—overcome by lust. I should like to remind you that it is the will of our Creator that man should have dominion. Glory to God! When the Apostle Paul was preaching to those heathen men he said, “We are His offspring, we are of the Divine offspring.”

I read often in 2 Cor., 5-17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

What are the old things? When I was a boy I loved Christ, but I did not know at the time that Christ had given me power to overcome the devil, power to overcome sin, power to overcome Satan.

I was sitting at my table, and I had to do my School work, but I was very angry in my mind that it was not so well done as I wished. What did I do? I took the ink-pot and I spilled it all over my copy. I destroyed my whole work of perhaps two or three hours. What did I do then? I was like a lion, and a lion will have blood, so I began to pull my hair, and thus I was a slave. How my heart would have rejoiced if I had understood then what it meant to have dominion over sin. It is the longing of every man to have dominion.

Dear friends, God says you SHALL have dominion. He spoke those wonderful words on the Cross—"It is finished." He put His feet upon the serpent's head, and the head of the serpent *was* destroyed. Our brother spoke to us about the wonderful name of Jesus; now in the name of Jesus we can put our feet victoriously on the head of the old serpent—on the head of the old man. "Old things are passed away." Praise God! I cannot understand how men may read the Bible and not see how we may be victorious in all things. I cannot understand how many preach this and yet have not experienced this wonderful truth. What did Jesus bring us when He was raised from the dead? He brought new life. I am so glad that you have in your English version so clearly, Romans vi., 1: "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death." And what is it to be baptized into His death? It is to be dead. That is the teaching of the Apostle Paul. "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into leath, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Days of Heaven upon Earth. Do you

see how you can be victorious—how you can overcome sin and temptation? Many young men and women come to me and tell me about their temptations, and how many times they are overcome. They say, "What shall I do?" We must understand that on the Cross of Calvary our dear Lord Jesus Christ took away all our sins, all our lusts. We can have victory all the time in the name of our dear Lord Jesus. One day a young man came to me and said, "Yes, I am such a slave to my lusts that I can pray at one moment to my Lord, 'Oh, deliver me, Oh, Lord keep me!' I may have tears in my eyes and be longing for freedom, and perhaps some minutes later the devil attacks me, and I am bound—I am a slave." I said to that young man, "Dear friend, you have prayed—that is all right; but one thing you have not done, and that is, you have not seen the deliverance Christ has bought for you, and now, I pray you, look at the Cross," but the young man did not look at the Cross, he looked at me as though I was not right in my mind. I told him he should go before the Lord, and then he should put his foot in the name of the Lord Jesus upon his lust, and he should believe that the Lord Jesus has delivered him. We prayed, and next day he came and said, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ is my Keeper. I am free!"

Days of Heaven upon Earth—and we may have these days of Heaven upon Earth if we are victorious in everything. A young lady—an earnest seeker after the Pentecostal Baptism—said she longed for this blessing, but as she looked at this one and that one she said, "If they say they have the Baptism it can not be real when I find they are not freed from sin." I said to her, "You are right, because if the Holy Ghost comes in and takes possession then there is a beautiful freedom—a wonderful newness of life."

I am so glad that our brother spoke about the labourers in the vineyard, and he spoke about the penny, and he said the love of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for us. I will serve Him because I love Him. The Lord agreed with the labourers. Did He agree with you, or do you agree with Him? We will have dominion if we are under His dominion. We will have power if we are under His dominion. We will have victory because *He* has gained the victory. Does Jesus reign fully in you? Are you one with Him? To-day

(Days of Heaven upon Earth—continued.)

we heard that wonderful word in 1 Cor. vi., 17—"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."

Closing, I would pray that you may take this wonderful union with Christ. Walk in newness of life. God bless everyone in our meetings, and may we all abide in this glorious truth.

## AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Aug. 30th, 1912.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS,

From the Grand Canyon of Arizona I travelled a long journey into California, through the great Mojave Desert, where for hours our train crept up long, sweeping zigzags over the sand, the sun shining first on one side, then on the other. It seemed an endless, lonesome expanse, and no man could walk through its length alone and live—sage bushes, yucca trees, distant desolate mountains, and clear blue sky above. Then through the lofty Bernardino Mountain Range, and down towards the Pacific coast. So I had come from the North Sea to the Pacific Ocean. I last saw our dear North Sea just before leaving home on August 1st. To-day, for the first time, I looked upon the open Pacific Ocean rolling in, and I cooled my hands and face in its waters. So by the great goodness of God I have again crossed this great West Continent, and this time by a strange southern circling route. I saw and felt this Pacific Ocean at a point of about twenty miles beyond Los Angeles (at Long Beach), to which I travelled by electric train, as soon as I had taken a room at the hotel.

This great town of Los Angeles is beautiful and bustling, is a city of probably 300,000 inhabitants, and has many fine churches. I stayed in Sixth Street, the corner of Hope



BROTHER W. J. SEYMOUR AND HIS WIFE, SISTER JENNIE MOOR SEYMOUR, Of the Azusa Street Mission, Los Angeles, California.

Street, and was up on the fourth floor. An almost ceaseless roar of trams and automobiles rose from the street; the sound of horses' feet was so rare it almost made one go to the window to look out.

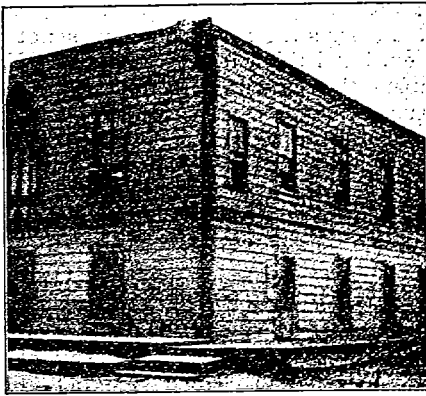
I set out to find Azusa Street Mission as soon as possible. Readers of "Confidence" will remember that it was here that the "Tongues" as a Sign of the Pentecostal Baptism came so much before the public. Probably there has never been a time in the history of the Church when there has not been someone who has had the experience of Acts ii., 4, "They were filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."

About the year 1906 some earnest young people had spoken thus in Texas, and then about Good Friday, 1906, or the day before, Jennie Moor, a bright coloured Christian, and some others who were seeking God in His fulness, found themselves speaking in an unknown tongue, and found also that an interpretation was given them. This was in a Cottage Meeting. But the Azusa Street Mission became the scene of great blessing, though sometimes, in the absence of leaders, there was some confusion and counterfeit as elsewhere. The Cottage Meetings became too crowded, and Brother Seymour (Coloured Evangelist), who had been invited to come from Texas, took this wooden mission building, which had been held, I think, by the African Methodist Church. So the Pentecostal revival had more room for the crowds that now came together. The news passed to certain religious circles right round the world that God was visiting His people again, as in the Apostolic days. Many religious people of all kinds came together, a difficult crowd for a coloured preacher to control. Many received great blessing in these prayer meetings, and travelled to distant parts to carry the flame. Again there was often great blessing, and there were



AZUSA STREET.

At Los Angeles. The Wooden Mission Room is in a short lane or street off San Pedro Street.



A HOLY PLACE.

Hundreds received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in this old wooden building.

also sad mistakes. But God was in it, and is in it to-day.

So I sought out first the scene of these strange events, the Azusa Street Mission (off San Pedro Street). No one seemed to have heard of it, either on the cars, or in the hotel, or in the streets in that quarter, but I persevered and persevered. My heart gave a little leap when I saw a shabby street sign, and it just said—

AZUSA STREET.

Well, I looked down this wide, short lane—a sort of cul-de-sac ending I think near the Railroad Depôt for freight. I got my kodak out and took a picture of a square sort of a wooden building, with a notice sticking out from the wall, with the two words:—

JESUS SAVES.

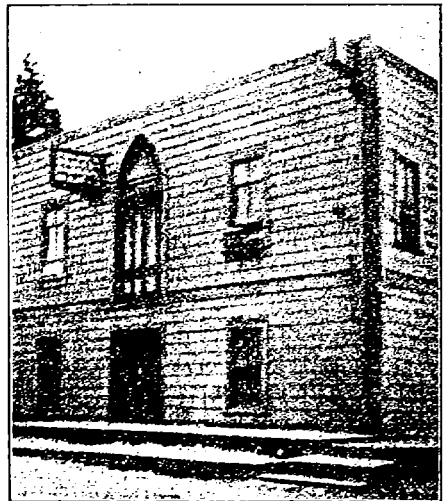
There was a side door covered with mosquito wire netting, and a rough black-board with a list of Services written in white chalk upon it. It was a dark, wooden building. Upstairs there was a second row of windows, which opened out of class rooms and living rooms. I walked up and down the lane a little, and noted the houses and workshops; negroes seemed to live in this vicinity. I knocked at the door of the Mission, but got no reply; I went round to the back and knocked again; I tried to awaken the neighbours if they were sleeping, but no one replied. At last a window opened upstairs in the Mission Room, and a coloured sister put out her face, and I asked if Brother Seymour was at home. She invited me to go up, and I found it was Mrs. Seymour, who had been Miss Jennie Moor, the first sister in Los Angeles to speak in "tongues." She introduced me to Mr. Seymour's aged mother, a very dark negress from Louisiana, also to a coloured brother named Warren, who, with his wife, lived at the Mission.

We went into one of the larger class-rooms,

and I heard again the whole story of the outpouring of the Spirit. I found it hard to realize that I was actually in Los Angeles, and actually at the Azusa Street Mission talking with one of those who went through that wonderful time. Brother Seymour was absent in the Eastern States, but his wife told me much that was interesting.

She had a vivid recollection of her Sanctification; it had been a very real spiritual experience to her. She was in those days a single woman, who went out to act as cook, and, I believe, was much appreciated by her white employers. On Good Friday, 1906, her mistress had a dinner party, and Jennie had carried all through to everyone's satisfaction, but only a few hours before she had received her Baptism with Tongues, and when her mistress was speaking to her, she suddenly broke out in joyful praise in this new heavenly language. The mistress was "scared," and, with the master and the guest (a lawyer), they were all concerned. The gentleman friend came to her very kindly and, on behalf of the mistress, pressed her to take a week's rest; she protested that she was not tired, and, for a time, was slow to understand why this rest was pressed upon her. Then it flashed upon her that they were afraid she was losing her reason, so she willingly retired. On the Easter Day she, with others, was in a well-known Methodist Church, when again she came under the power, and so spoke that the Minister felt that he must request her to retire.

Those who were sure that God was working then associated themselves together, and the outpouring continued at the Azusa Street Mission. Thence it spread and was carried all over the world, including Europe and Great Britain, where at Sunderland, in the North, the outpouring began afresh under different conditions, and some hundred received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, the Sign of the Heavenly Tongue. The blessing has undoubtedly ap-



WHERE THE FIRE FELL  
In Los Angeles, Easter, 1906.



(At Los Angeles, California—continued.)

peared in different form, according to the different character of the instruments God has used. The Holy Spirit had His various channels from the beginning. In the great joy of this apparently new blessing the recipients, being human, made mistakes which they wrongly thought were the workings of the divine power, and it was sometimes self, or the soulish, or the psychic nature working.

To come back to Azusa Street. It was good to look into the bright dark face of this intelligent negro sister, and to hear of the blessings and, alas, also of the counterfeits connected with the Outpouring, which commenced from 1906. So we descended at length into the large lower room, now with a boarded floor and nicely furnished (out of debt by the kindness of a visitor whom they will not soon forget). We knelt, three of us, in prayer near the altar, in that place where so many have received blessing. Two coloured friends and a white brother from distant Sunderland praying together in Azusa Street Mission! So I left them, and promised, if possible, to come back and address the congregation there a week later.

[By the time that this number of “Confidence” is in the hands of its readers the Editor hopes to be on the Atlantic, or back again in Sunderland. His journey commencing on August 1st, took him to New York, Washington, D.C., Columbia, Atlanta (Georgia), New Orleans, El Paso, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Southern California (Los Angeles and Pasadena), San Francisco, Oakland, over the Rockies to Colorado (Salida, Denver, Loveland), Chicago, then North to Winnipeg (two days). Then Southward to Indiana (Plainfield and Indianapolis). Then homewards towards New York. He had arranged to sail on October 17th, on the “Adriatic” (White Star Line), to arrive about 26th October. He has visited many Pentecostal centres, and had blessed fellowship with some of God’s true children. The record of his journey will, of necessity, cover some months as it continues to appear in the columns of “Confidence.”]

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## Isaiah Twelve.

### Prediger Humburg, of Mulheim Rhur.

Let us look at the 12th Chapter of Isaiah. If we read this chapter attentively we shall see that the Prophet emphasizes twice that something should be said. First of all, in the first verse it says, “And in that day thou shalt say,” and in the fourth it says, “And in that day shall ye say.” I want to lay stress upon this two-fold testimony. The first testimony emphasizes the fact that one has received something, and the second testimony says that we have something to give out to others. This whole passage treats of the full salvation that is given to us in Jesus Christ, and illuminated to us by the Holy Ghost. We heard this morning that, if we want to give out something to other people, we must be ever-flowing vessels, and that is the message we get in John vii., 37. We know that Jesus at the present time is the special subject whom

the Holy Ghost glorifies. In the 39th verse it says the Holy Ghost was not yet given, but I think it means that the Holy Ghost—the Spirit who would glorify Jesus—was not yet there in that capacity, because Jesus was not yet glorified. But now Jesus is glorified, and now the Holy Ghost can bring that glorified Jesus into our hearts, and that is really what the Baptism of the Holy Ghost consists of.

Whoever possesses Jesus in His full salvation possesses the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. He has the fruit of the Spirit, and he has that special gift of the Spirit which has been a sign to him for the revelation of the indwelling Christ in him, and we must know all about this. We must know what Jesus has brought to us, and we must know what gift of the Spirit He has given to us, in order that we may give out to others. As I said before, we must first receive Jesus in His entirety before we can give out to others, and I will first speak about what He gives to us.

Isaiah xii., 1—“And in that day thou shalt say, ‘O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.’” I would like to ask where we get this first gift? We can now thank God that though He has been angry He is now our Comfort. When we look at Calvary we must be able to say—“Thou wast angry with me, but now Thou comfortedst me,” because He has borne all our sins in His own body on the tree. I don’t know how many there are here who really know that all their sins were done away at Calvary. When we know that, every bit of fear is taken out of our hearts, and every bit of anxiety, that God might require something different from us, for at Calvary God gave us the proof that He really loves us.

Now we go on to the second point. In the second verse it says, “Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.” Where did we get this gift? That we got on Easter Day when Jesus rose again. Now we can say, “The Lord is my strength, and my song, and my salvation.” That was what Mary could say. She said, “Rabboni,” which is to say, “Master.” Oh, what lies in this word? “Thou art my strength, and my song, and my salvation.”

The third truth:—“Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.” Who can do that? He who has experienced Pentecost. Do you know what Pentecost really is? He who can draw water and give it round to others to drink. You think people are a little bit thankful if they can get nice fresh water to drink, but don't you think there are many people in the world who are longing to drink this fresh water of life? I think there are many, but there are so few people who can draw the water. They say it is so difficult to testify for Jesus; it is difficult to give out tracts in the railway carriage, so difficult to speak in the open air, and to testify in the meetings. People often tremble just like an aspen leaf when they have to say something for Jesus. When Pentecostal people have such a great deal of time to read the newspaper, and so little time to read the Bible, it seems as though their speaking in tongues had not helped them very much. We ought to see what a wonderful blessing lies in reading the Word of God, but before I come to the giving out, I would like to turn again to John vii., 37. There Jesus shows us how we can take that in, in order to learn properly how to give it out. Jesus said, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” Is that difficult? That is something a little child can do. If anyone is thirsty, it is not at all a difficult matter to come to the spring and drink. Do you know what is the most difficult thing the Lord finds to do with us? To make us thirsty—really thirsty, thirsty right to the very depths of our being. There is such a tremendous longing to drink, as if our very life depended upon it. May you become an utterly thirsty soul to-night. How does thirst arise? Our body is supposed to consist of sixty per cent of water; the rest, of course, is solid. When, through breathing and other things, the water is given off, then there is a want of water to the whole body, and then thirst arises. Thirst can be produced in two ways—in healthy bodies, and in unhealthy bodies. When a sick man is in a fever, then he gets very thirsty! We all know something about that, and we know that when as sinners the sin came, we became very great sinners; we felt a great thirst after Him; we felt there was something in us which did not belong to us—there was a fever raging inside.

Oh, how good it was when we could drink and drink of the love of our Saviour, and Jesus is seeking for just such people; who, because of their sins, are thirsting after him. But I think Jesus is also seeking other people. He is seeking people who go with a healthy body and are yet thirsty; and those are the people who always do the will of God. They are always thirsting for new commissions to carry out, and new refreshment from Him, and here is one reason why one is not really thirsty, because we have not carried out up to now the will of God concerning us. To give you an example:—

There was a young man in our meeting who wanted to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. When the waves of the Holy Ghost rose in the meeting he began to stutter and stutter, but he did not get into a regular tongue, and he said, “What is the reason of this?” I said, “There is probably something wrong in your life. There must be something between your soul and God”; and he thought it over a minute, then he said, “Well, there is something in my life that happened some time ago, but I did not know whether I ought to confess this thing or not. I don't want to get into legality and bondage about it.” He had hardly said this when the Holy Ghost came upon him so mightily that he spoke right out in tongues for half-an-hour, and I can see to-day how a sister fell down before him. He spoke a sentence in tongues, and the sister spoke back in tongues. We could see that it was a wonderful song of praise to God, and the same evening five others were baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire, with the Sign of Tongues.

Oh, my dear ones, I wish we could really get thirsting to do the will of God. When Jesus was sitting on Jacob's well, and the disciples came back to Him, He said, “This is My meat and drink, to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.” If you have not been thirsty hitherto, look and see whether there is not some point where you have not done the will of God, and then you will soon be very thirsty, and if you find out what that point is, don't be afraid, because Jesus will then say to you, “Come here to Me.” What does that mean? What happens if I have to come to you and you call me? I have to come to you with my spirit, my soul, and my body. Is that so? I cannot leave my body up here on the platform

(Isalah Twelve—continued.)

and just come in the spirit. That is what coming to Jesus means. It means coming to Him and giving up to Him spirit, soul and body; and will He say something hard? Will He say you can wait another ten years? No; He will just say, "Now you can drink. I have washed away all your sins, and now drink that which I have obtained and won for you"; then we shall be able to drink Him in just as the Holy Ghost gives us to drink.

How does the Holy Ghost give us Jesus to drink? He gives us Jesus to drink as He is now sitting at the right hand of Power on high—that wonderful, living water. In this wonderful, living water there is an element of Calvary, there is an element of Easter, and there is an element of Pentecost. That is the real Water of Life, and when we have drunk that Water then we can say what comes in the fourth verse of Isaiah xii.: "Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people, make mention that His name is exalted."

Eph. v., 19—"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Do you know what this fourth verse in Isaiah is? It is a song—a psalm. A psalm is a hymn composed for a particular person or a particular thing. We, for instance, have a hymn of this sort which says, "Germany, Germany, above all other nations," and I suppose you in England will say, "England, England, above all other nations," but Pentecostal people sing, "Jesus only."

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## A DEDICATION.

*Written by one who was present.*

On the 2nd of October, it was the Writer's privilege to be present at a meeting of friends held at the new Home of our beloved sister, Mrs. Cantel, 73,

Highbury New Park, London, N., which is an up-to-date house, situated in a quiet and respectable part of the City, and thoroughly adapted for a Home of Rest.

There were a good number of friends present, including Pastor Jeffreys, and Brothers Mundell and Wigglesworth.

Mrs. Cantel gave a touching description of the Lord's fidelity toward her, and of the way she had been clearly and unmistakably led to remove from 38, Aberdeen Road, Highbury, to the present address. Her remarks were followed by Mr. Mundell, Mr. Wigglesworth, and Pastor Jeffreys, whose addresses were spiritually helpful and fraught with blessing for all, as they dedicated the Home and our sister to the work of the Lord.

After a season of prayer the meeting closed, and the friends partook of tea and then inspected the house.

The Writer takes this opportunity of highly recommending the Home to any friends visiting London for Conventions, etc., as by such visits our sister will be enabled to maintain for God's glory the work which He has entrusted to her.

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## PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

The Apostolic Faith Convention is to be held from November 17th till December 1st (inclusive), at 1006 Penn. Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa., U.S.A. For information apply to Pastor T. E. Float, 1104 Belmont Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Cantel has recently removed from Aberdeen Road, and now has her Home of Rest at "Maranatha," 73 Highbury New Park, London, N. She will be very pleased to welcome guests at her new address.

\* \* \*

Very blessed meetings were held at Airdrie on September 28th and 29th. Many saints were gathered together from Kilsyth, Kirkintilloch, Stirling, Glasgow, Paisley, Falkirk, and other neighbouring towns. Times of great blessing are reported. Many sinners found the Lord. Others were baptized and healed, and it was a season of great spiritual uplift to many of God's saints.

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## THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President, Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks., is Hon. Treasurer (Mrs. Sandwith is Missionary Box Secretary), the Rev. A. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Pastor Jeffreys, Mr. H. Small, Mr. Andrew Murdoch, and Mr. Thos.

Myerscough. There is a P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, S. Hackney, and the Candidates are prepared by Mrs. Crisp (of 19, Gascoyne Road, S. Hackney, London, N.E.). The Male Candidates are at Preston (Lancs.), and are being prepared by Mr. Thos. Myerscough, 134, St. Thomas Road. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Lucy James, Poona; Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Constance Skarratt, Miss Catherine C. White, and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, Pentecostal Mission, Faizpur, E. Khandesh; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshanganj Station. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson, Taichow ("Old City"), Kansu Province, via Hsian, China (via Siberia and Pekin); John McGillivray, Suan-hwa-fu, Chih-li, N. China; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Miss Monica S. Röniger, care of Mr. McLean, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, W. China (via Siberia). Also holding P.M.U. Certificates—John Beruldsen, Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), Thyra Beruldsen (now Mrs. Bristow), at Suan-hwa-fu, Tsili Province, N. China.) Applications for Candidates' forms to be made to Mr. T. H. Mundell, Hon. Secretary, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon. Send a post-card for a P.M.U. Missionary Box to Mrs. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks. Donations thankfully received by Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Hon. Treas., Bracknell, Berks.

Continued prayer is asked for the Home Base, viz.:—(1) P.M.U. Council Meetings, (2) P.M.U. Missionary Meetings, (3) Box Holders and Donors, (4) Students—the Brothers, (5) Students—the Sisters, (6) Those helping in their Training. Then let us also constantly uphold our Missionaries on the Field, at work, or learning their new language. Wednesday in each week has been suggested as a special day of prayer for P.M.U.

Miss Lucy James writes from Mukti:—"I hope to travel by the 'Arcadia,' reaching London October 5th. When the news came here of my recovery, the remark was made that somewhere there must have been much prayer for me. I am hoping to get into touch with some of the meetings on my return."

\* \* \*

Our sisters, Miss Biggs, Miss Ronager, and Miss Scharten, who, in May last, as they sailed down the river from Tilbury Docks, were singing to the tune of "Bringing in the Sheaves," "Bringing in Chinese," are already realising the joy of harvest. They are at present stationed with our two missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Kok, at Yunnan-fu. The following is an extract from a letter recently received from Mr. Kok:—

"China is realizing a new day. Splendid opportunities for the preaching of the Gospel. Open doors everywhere; from all sides reports of new aspects in the work, and of unknown interest. The tribes around are asking for teachers of this doctrine. A week ago over two hundred Miaos were baptized. Hundreds of others have applied for baptism.

"Our meetings are crowded nearly every night. Our little Hall is too small to contain the hearers. Numbers are standing outside, peeping through the windows and hearing the message. We can have about 200. The Y.M.C.A. has kindly opened its Hall (400 seats), where at present we gather together some evenings of the week. A number of men and women have expressed their desire to follow the Lord. We firmly believe the Lord is doing His own work in the hearts of many of them. They are daily attending the meetings, have a delight in prayer meetings, and begin to pray and to testify. Some came and asked prayer for healing. It was so encouraging to hear how the Lord had answered prayer, and to see, for instance, that one came back the next day, together with a relative who also wanted to be healed. The Holy Spirit is preparing and

working. Without any doubt, now is the day of China's salvation. Oh, how one feels sad for the millions that cannot be touched—the hundreds of unopened cities!

"We are living and working in good harmony with the other missionaries. They are willing to hear the message of restoration of Pentecostal power, and as thus far they more or less agree. Twice a week we have united English meetings, each one of us having his or her turn in speaking. The Lord is in our midst, and giving us to be mutually blessed. Once we had a meeting attended by eighteen missionaries of the province; we counted ten different nationalities. The older missionaries were delighted. There had never been such a body of missionaries together in Yunnan."

Mr. Kok also writes that Likiang-fu, one of the Chinese cities in the far North, near Tibetan territory, an important trade centre which Tibetans frequent for business (where never a messenger of the Gospel has resided), has been much laid upon their hearts for future work, and the Council of the P.M.U. are desirous that two or three of his party should proceed in November into this new district, and, if the Lord so leads, to rent a house and return to Yunnan-fu in January for the remainder of the party. The cost of the initial travelling expenses, and the deposit necessary to secure a house, will be about £65.

\* \* \*

George Jeffreys, who is well recommended by the Leader and others of our Swansea centre, has been accepted for admission into our Missionary Training School at Preston, as a candidate for foreign service.

\* \* \*

£540 has been sent out this year to our missionaries in China and India for the nine months ending September, being an average of £60 per month.

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—continued.)

Special needs for this month are:—£17 towards Miss James' return passage from India; £65 to assist Mr. Kok and our missionaries now at Yünnan-fu to itinerate further North, and rent a house at Likiang-fu.

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At our Conference held in Holborn Hall in May last, it was suggested that our various friends in Great Britain should adopt the plan of forming, out of one or more centres, groups of say ten persons, with a Treasurer for each group, and that each person would become responsible to collect or raise £6 per year, thus yielding £60, being the average cost of one of our missionaries, and if the Treasurer of each group would communicate with Mr. Sandwith, our P.M.U. Treasurer, he would allocate him or her one of our missionaries, who would regularly write to his special supporters, who would have their united interests and prayers. This suggestion was heartily taken up by our dear friends at Bracknell, who adopted one of our missionaries, and the boxes recently opened for the first quarter belonging to this happy group have realized £16. Will our many friends pray about this and emulate it, when assuredly that rich promise, Phil. iv., 19, will be realised.

## CHINA.

MY DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR AND MRS. BODDY,  
"May grace be with you all. Hallelujah!"

It was exceedingly sweet to see your dear faces once more, even though only on paper, and the care you took in sealing and extra postage, so that "Confidence" should arrive in good condition, was very kind of you. I can assure you I read the contents with many a "Hallelujah!" and "Glory to Jesus!" It was lovely to get a taste of the blessing which you dear saints got at the Sunderland Conference, and to get a glimpse of the precious brethren on the back was just a feast. You all looked just as happy and as young as you did two years ago. Hallelujah! it is just glory all the time since the Blessed Holy Ghost has come to abide, isn't it?

We are still pressing on with Jesus up here, and we get often some very blessed and hallowed times whilst waiting before Jesus, our precious Lord. We are all very conscious of the imminent coming of Jesus. Hallelujah! and we are just longing and ready to join you in the air at the Last Trump.

At present I am preparing to move from Shentick to Gse-wo-mdo, so this will be my last personal account of the Lord's doings in the first village opened. We are both prayerfully trusting that before long the Lord Jesus will make it plain, and clear the way for us to go into the interior.

At present it is just impossible on account of the fighting going on in so many parts, and we are advised by our beloved brothers, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Christie, to work together in Gse-wo-mdo. This was our conviction, and dear Mr. Polhill's letter, coming just at the same time, desiring dear Brother Williams and I to labour together, and not to be in two separate places, caused us to consider which would be the best place, and Gse-wo-mdo had our vote.

Several confessed to be followers of Jesus, and the hand of Jesus was stretched out in healing and blessing, but in heathen profession, amidst Lama tyranny and superstition, one has to wait patiently to see the reality and depth of their profession. Time will prove. We held meetings each evening at both stations, and visited each other at times when most convenient, chiefly week-ends. As the dear Council state, it is because of the immorality that they desire us to work together, and we know only too well the truth of this, yet, Hallelujah! Jesus keeps us under the precious Blood, and in Pentecostal Victory. Glory to His Name!

I got a splendid chance of preaching Jesus to one of the big Lamas who had been worshipped all day long by the whole village, out in the open. They presented to him of their substance—bulls, calves, etc., and plenty of "Zamba" and other foods. When the horrible demon and man-worship began, I really thought they had all gone mad, for I heard such squealing and awful noises that I went out on the roof to see what was the matter, and, to my surprise, a Lama priest was leading the whole multitude of men, who were armed with spears and sickles, and other warlike instruments, and they were following this Lama priest, running round the village in the rain, to keep away the demons. In appearance they looked truly mad. At the close of the day, when they had all got a good soaking in the rain, this big Lama, in his yellow silk robes, sat with his attendants in the tent, and the whole village—men, women, and children—bowed themselves to the ground before him outside the tent in the open.

In the evening the rain stopped, so I got my concertina and went on to the roof, and played and sang praises to Jesus. Hallelujah! As usual I soon had a big crowd, and behold, to my surprise, the big Lama and his attendants came to listen. He in his majestic attitude returned my greeting, so, after playing and singing several Pentecostal hymns, I felt my heart just melted in sympathy and love that he might know Jesus as his Saviour too. I had been fasting and praying that day for these poor benighted people whom Jesus loves, and feeling weak in myself, but powerful in Jesus, as the blessed Holy Ghost filled me at that moment until I just trembled all over, and, with a heart broken nigh to weeping for them, I just burst out with that good old hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," and, with the vision of the near coming of Jesus, I just felt their awful jeopardy. This last one just moved this big Lama, and he completely forgot himself in the presence of those who had been worshipping him all day, and to their surprise he showed great appreciation of the last one, and, seeing my chance, I just preached Jesus unto him, telling him in the presence of them all that there was no other Saviour but Jesus. Hallelujah! I also explained what I had been singing. All glory to Jesus!

I told you about the young married woman who was so violent with demons that they had to strap her down, and how through prayer Jesus under-took, and instantly delivered her to His glory. This was two months ago, and to-day she is still a living testimony of what Jesus can do in the village, and her father often refers to the time when Jesus healed his daughter of devils.

The last case was a few days ago, that of a Tibetan whose eyes were nearly closed with swelling and pained him much. He could not face the light without much pain and tears rolling down his cheeks. He came for prayer after the sun had gone down, and went away rejoicing in the healing power of Jesus' Blood. The next morning he was perfectly whole, all the swelling gone and the pain too, and he and several others there declared it was Jesus that had healed him through prayer. Hallelujah!

I just rejoiced greatly to read the testimonies of healing in "Confidence," and specially as I caught sight of the case in Weston-super-Mare, the place of my conversion during the Welsh Revival. I am referring to dear Brother Wiggiesworth's testimonies. Hallelujah! Yes, there is real victory through the precious Blood of Jesus over all the works of Satan. After this letter my dear Bro. Williams and I will write alternately each month, as we will be working together.

With our united love to all the precious saints, whenever "Confidence" may go. Hallelujah!

Lovingly and prayerfully, yours soon to meet in the air with Jesus. Praise Him!

BRO. FRANK TREVITT.

P.S.—We all long for Jesus to come here in Kansu, and ask and expect daily.

c/o Oid Tao-chow,  
Kansu, China.

via Siberia,  
July 28th, 1912.

### News from Yunnan-fu.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY.

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord." (Psalm cxvii.)

With a heart full of thanks toward God I may begin with these words of the Psalmist. Truly His merciful kindness is great toward us. Till now the Lord has kept us in peace and rest and perfect health. The truth of the Lord indeed endureth for ever.

As you can imagine, we are occupied the whole day with the study of the language. It gives us much joy, and surely the Lord is helping us. It is interesting, and it makes our hearts rejoice to observe after every week that we are able to understand more and to speak more. The study of the book of Rev. Ed. Amundsen, "Short Cut to Western Mandarin," gives the student courage to go with pleasure and joy.

Just as everywhere the case is, so it is here too; the field is white for the harvest, but the reapers are few. After the Revolution, China has got a full freedom of religion. Before, the people were afraid to come in the meetings, and now, at present, men, as well as women, are coming.

Every evening Mr. McLean holds a meeting, and crowds are coming to listen to the Gospel. It is blessed to observe that many are among them who are eager to know more of the full salvation for spirit, soul, and body. We praise God for every one who has expressed the desire to follow Jesus, and indeed there are not a few.

Our earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father is now that they may fully enter into the Kingdom of God. It means much for the Chinese to leave their worship, to stop burning their incense, and to give up their ancestor tablet, which is found in every home. This tablet is hanging against the wall, and under it is placed an altar. On this altar they have put plates, idols, and all kinds of other things. At special times before the tablet they burn their incense sticks, and they put food on the altar for their ancestors, hoping that they may be pleased by it.

Neglecting this they consider to be a great dishonour to their ancestors. This is so fixed in their minds that only by the work of the Holy Spirit they can be set free of these thoughts, and, hallelujah, we know Jesus came into the world to set the captives free. Glory to God, the truth of the Lord endureth for ever and ever.

How blessed will it be, when the time has come, that we are able to testify and to preach in Chinese to the people. We realise that much prayer is sent up to the Heavenly Father on our behalf. Many thanks for your faithfulness in this matter, and to all the friends in the homeland who have a share in this.

The following is laid much on my heart, to ask your prayers for the future conditions of this large republic. In the north of the country, as surely you will have read in the papers, it is not yet peaceful, and in the West the Chinese are occupied with Tibet. Pray the Lord earnestly that China may come into full rest, so that the Gospel can be preached unhindered, and that God may pour out His Holy Spirit in showers, so that the people get saved, sanctified and baptized.

We are standing on the promises of God, and at the great day we shall surely see the confirmation of that which is so well expressed in the following words:—

"Coming, coming, yes they are,  
Coming, coming, from afar;  
All to meet in plains of glory,  
All to sing His praises sweet;  
What a chorus, what a meeting,  
With the family complete!"

Yours in the Beloved Master,  
ELISE SCHARTEN.

Yunnan-fu,  
August 20th, 1912.

## INDIA.

### A Letter from Miss Elkington.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

It is now nearly two months since we moved into our new home. To-day we realise that we have very much to praise God for, because of all His goodness and loving kindness and tender mercies to us, His two little ones. Although the move had to be made in the very midst of the hot

(P.M.U.—India—continued.)

weather—and in India heat means heat—yet He wonderfully took us through it all, and proved to us that He is indeed all we need, praise Him! Previous to our occupation this house had been lying empty for some time, and it was very dirty when we came into it, and there were many creatures of different sorts in it. At this season of the year, in India, creatures abound, so one is not surprised to see them, especially in an empty and dirty house. I think the most numerous of all, next to the ants, were frogs. They surpassed anything I had ever experienced before; frogs, frogs, frogs, all over the house, and at night they wakened us by a chorus of screeching. They are unpleasant things, and more especially as one remembers, in the Word of God, this passage: "I saw three unclean spirits like frogs," etc., the thought made them seem doubly obnoxious. One does not take so much notice of the ants, except when they get into one's food, for they abound everywhere in India.

Well, we brought these things to the Lord, asking Him to undertake for us, and remove them, and we have much to praise Him for the way in which He has heard and answered prayer, giving us peace about them all. After one restless night, when the screeching of the frogs in the house seemed to have reached a climax, we committed it to Him definitely in prayer, and, praise Him, there has not been one screech heard since.

We have been told by a railway official living here that the men of this neighbourhood had begun using this house at nights as a gambling den, and so the railway company had had to bar the windows to prevent their entrance. Whether this was effectual we cannot say, for when we first came here to see the place, we found the doors open, and we were able to enter and examine the house quite easily, and go one with us. Anyway, one thing we know, we came into an atmosphere of terrible spiritual darkness here. Oh, my, how shall I describe it? I do not think I can. At nights, especially, we seemed to feel it. I have been wakened with an evil presence at my bedside, so real, so awful, that I praise God for the power of the precious Blood of Jesus to protect and keep.

Glory to Jesus! He has indeed wrought a wondrous salvation for us, able to save to the uttermost them who come unto God by Him. Hallelujah! Blessed Lord Jesus, He is seeking the poor lost souls around here, and so He has sent us along with the message of salvation to them; and so, of course, the devil is aroused, and will do all he can to oppose. He is very much against our coming here, but Jesus is the Victor, and as we trust Him and yield to Him, we find that He leads us on from victory unto victory. Hallelujah!

The people around us need the prayers of God's people, for they are just slaves of the devil, bound hand and foot. Sin abounds everywhere. Many of them have heard of Jesus, but they have no room for Him in their hearts and lives; they love their sin, and are hurrying blindly on to their doom. May God awaken a hunger in some souls here. We have had the opportunity of two or three little talks with the stationmaster here. He is a Hindu of a high caste. He was educated in a Christian school at Agra, and can speak English; he has read the Bible, or parts of it, anyway, but,

poor man, he has not been convicted of sin, and so he does not see his need of a Saviour. He said to us one day, "If I believe on Jesus, my caste people will not eat with me," but we told him that that would not matter, for he would be able to feast with Jesus, to be at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Although this is a country place, there are plenty of people living all around. We are hoping, if the Lord wills, to be able to visit all the villages for a good distance round during this coming cold season. This is the last hot month, and by the middle of October the cold season begins, and from then to the beginning of March it is glorious weather in this part of India—dry, cool and bracing—and if the Lord tarries, and permits us, we expect to be able to go out a lot. We ask especially for the prayers of God's people for the souls living in these villages; may He lead many out to pray for them.

Well now, I believe that I must bring this to a close. With our united Christian greetings to all the saints at Sunderland,

I remain,

Yours in His service,

GRACE ELKINGTON.

Goshainganj Station,

O. & R. Railway,

United Provinces, India.

12th Sept., 1912.

List of Contributions received during September, 1912.

	£	s.	d.
Receipt No. 366, for work in China and Tibet...	30	3	0
"    367 ... ..	0	5	0
Kilsyth Assembly Boxes ... ..	4	10	0
Receipt No. 369, for Brother Trevitt ...	1	0	0
Stirling Assembly Boxes ... ..	8	16	2
Receipt No. 371, Box ... ..	0	10	0
"    372, " ... ..	0	5	0
Collection, Bridgend Conference ...	3	10	0
Contribution per Pastor Polman— Women's Training Home... ..	4	15	0
Receipt No. 375 ... ..	0	10	0
Glenmavis Christian Association (additional)... ..	0	1	6
Receipt No. 377 ... ..	10	0	0
"    378, for Tibetan Gospels... ..	0	15	0
"    379, part for native worker	17	10	0
Sale of Jewellery ... ..	9	3	0
Receipt No. 381 ... ..	0	2	6
Sunderland Boxes ... ..	8	8	0
Receipt No. 383, for Training Home ...	5	0	0
"    384, towards Mission House	15	0	0
"    385, " " " "	8	0	0
"    386 ... ..	0	13	0
	£128	17	2

N.B.—As many friends desire their gifts to be anonymous, the number of receipt sent is alone given.

W. H. SANDWITH, Hon. Treasurer  
(Pentecostal Missionary Union),  
Oswaldkirk, Bracknell, Berks.

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