

OCTOBER, 1914.

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“CONFIDENCE”

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



YOUNG WOMEN AT LIKIANG.

(Province of Yunnan, S.W. China, near Tibet.)

Page 198.

“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.

79th ISSUE.

ONE PENNY.

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
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803 Glasgow (O.).....	0	3	0	824 Sunderland (K.) ...	0	1	0	845 Leeds (S.)	0	3	0
804 Dunblane (J.).....	0	3	6	825 Gateshead (K.)	0	2	0	846 Southsea (M)	0	2	0
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									£16	13	7

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RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
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*Specimens of Pentecostal Literature and Roker Tracts can be obtained from the
Hon. Secs., All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland.*

"CONFIDENCE."

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ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

October, 1914.

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.

Westward Ho!

BY THE EDITOR.

AT THE C. & M.A. TABERNACLE,
NEW YORK.

I had a fraternal time one morning in New York with my revered brother, Rev. A. B. Simpson, at the Alliance Hotel, 692 8th Avenue.

It seems quite a pity that there should be a gulf separating the "Alliance" from many of the earnest Pentecostal workers.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson and the Alliance Council admit that to-day the "Gift of Tongues" is being given as in Apostolic times. But they reject the teaching that we should expect (not the *Gift* but) the *Sign* as on the Day of Pentecost, when through all the Spirit Himself "gave utterance." (Acts ii.) This is what the C. & M.A. say:—

"We believe that the Gift of Tongues or Speaking in Tongues did in many cases in the apostolic church accompany or follow the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. We believe also that other supernatural or even miraculous operations on the part of the Holy Spirit through His people are competent and possible according to the sovereign will of the Holy Ghost Himself through all the Christian age. But we hold that none of these manifestations are essentially connected with the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that the consecrated believer may receive the Spirit in His fulness without speaking in tongues or any miraculous manifestation whatever, and that no Christian teacher has the right to require such manifestations as evidences of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The teaching of the Apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians, chapters 12-14, makes this exceedingly plain."

Many of us are very thankful for this sign which all, we believe, may expect, and which in some cases continues as a "Gift" of Tongues

permanently, such as is referred to in 1 Cor., x, 4. We have so much in common with the C. & M. Alliance, as, for instance, the teaching as to "Divine Healing" and as to the "Coming of the Lord," that it seems a great pity for us to be divided on this point. It seems almost certain that often those who oppose this Sign suffer in their spiritual power though retaining something of their previous experience. Wonderful joy in the Lord and blessing in service seem as a rule to be the lot of those who, regardless of extravagances in others, remain true to the *Sign* of Tongues. There are exceptions on both sides, no doubt, and we all desire a continuing "Baptism" or Fulness of the Holy Ghost. The Writer thanks God for "Tongues."

Some earnest members of the C. & M. Alliance have left it because they feel that we must in these days all expect the "Sign of Tongues" when we receive the Third Person of the Godhead in Pentecostal power. It is like the flag which is run up the flagstaff of the Royal palace when the Sovereign comes into residence. We want the best the Lord gives us.

At the close of our conversation that Friday morning, Pastor A. B. Simpson invited me to speak that afternoon at the Tabernacle Healing meeting, and I gladly accepted.

Dr. Simpson introduced me in an affectionate manner as a friend of 25 years' standing. The subject of course was "Divine Health and Healing." I should have preferred to have listened, but I was to obey orders, and so I gave the address to a very appreciative gathering, good in numbers also. Toward the close of the address, I told of our dear Sister Dorothy Kerin's second restoration and of her

(Westward Ho!—continued.)

Baptism in the Spirit with the Sign of Tongues in All Saints' Vicarage.* Then I had to run to catch my car and my steamboat to New Jersey.

In busy New York, everyone seems to be running to catch a car of some kind. You can ride great distances for five cents. (A cent is called a penny here—it is really a halfpenny, and looks like a farthing.) By asking for a transfer, you get a second ride.

A brother gave me at Belmar this poem :

GET A TRANSFER.

If you are on the Gloomy Line,
Get a transfer.
 If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer:
 Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom,
 Get on the Sunshine Track, there's room,
Get a transfer.
 If you are on the Worry Train,
Get a transfer.
 You must not stay there and complain,
Get a transfer.
 The Cheerful Cars are passing through,
 And there is lots of room for you,
Get a transfer.
 If you are on the Grouchy Track,
Get a transfer.
 Just take the Happy Special back,
Get a transfer.
 Jump on the train and pull the rope,
 That lands you at the station, Hope,
Get a transfer.

A NEW JERSEY CAMP.

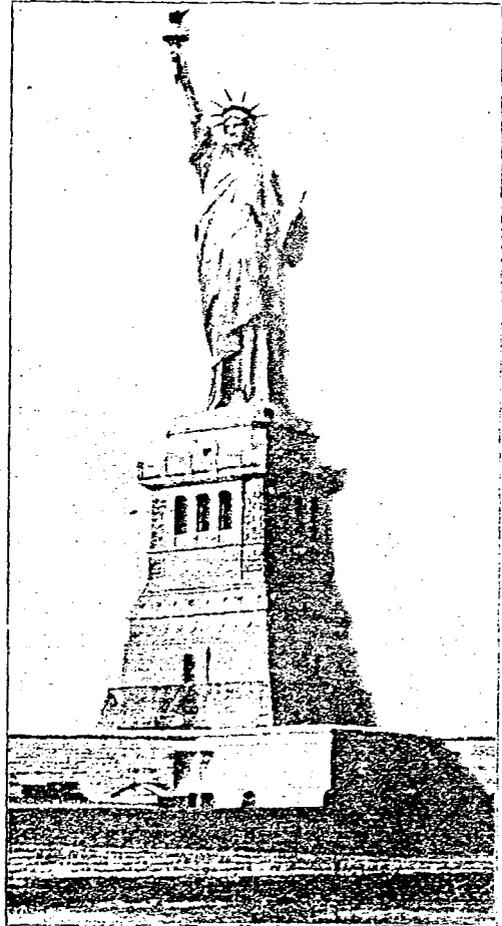
On a hot July afternoon on a crowded steamboat, I sped across the New York Bay to "Atlantic Highlands." We went near the mammoth Statue of Liberty, and quite appropriately passed under the stern of a Government ferryboat taking a crowd of immigrants from Ellis Island to the Battery landing place, to be set at liberty in the new country. Whatever will become of U.S.A. if the voting majority gets into the hands of Croatsians, Bulgarians, Servians. Greeks. Hungarians, Italians, and Syrians? These are always coming in.

Landing among the beach resorts of New Jersey, I eventually, with the help of train and "auto," reached the Belmar Camp. It is a mile or two back from the sands where the Atlantic surf for ever sweeps the shore. Sister Doughty, of Asbury Park, had organised this camp, and had a number of speakers. There was Bro. Erdman, of Buffalo, also my namesake in the Pentecostal work on this side, whom I had met some four years ago at Alliance, Ohio. Bro. D. Martin, who holds a high appointment in the Telephone Service, gave me an acceptable treat in the form of a ride in his serviceable "auto." We drove through a district of villas down to the neighbourhood of the plunging waves of the blue Atlantic. While he put a new tyre on, I cooled my feet in the waves and

looked out towards Ireland. Nothing between but some 3,000 miles of tossing salt water.

At Ocean Grove we saw the great auditorium where the Conventions have been held—formerly with great Spiritual power. They have one of the finest organs in the world, but the Spiritual tone is not what it was. An Oratorio was advertised to be given by combined choirs a few nights later.

Heat waves were passing over the land, and insect life was merciless. It was difficult sometimes to keep one's mind on one's subject whilst being partially devoured, or, at all events,



STATUE OF LIBERTY.
 (Entrance to New York Harbour.)

very much bitten by the red flies, etc. These gather under the trees, especially when the electric lamps are switched on and when the sea breezes do not blow.

Bro. Swift, about to leave for Yunnan-fu, via England, came over from Newark to see me. He will be very greatly missed, for the crying need everywhere in Pentecostal work is good leaders. This dear brother has had an excellent record both in the Christian and Mis-

*"The Living Touch," 29, post free, from Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.

sionary Alliance work, and also in Pentecostal circles. He is to go out to Yunnan City under the P.M.U. to take charge of the Receiving Home there. We hope that others in U.S.A. with equally good records may follow his example. The Lord bless Pastor Allan Swift.

I met two other capable brothers of a like type while at Belmar; they both feel led to work in China. Both of them had been at Nyack, the Training College of the C. & M.A. Bro. J. E. Kistler (1919 N. 25th Street, Philadelphia) and Bro. Frank M. Boyd (B. 148 Tottenville, Staten Island, New York) took a prominent part in leading the Camp Meeting, and were wise and earnest.

* * *

In a testimony meeting, a ripple of laughter passed over the congregation when a very decided brother gave a terse testimony: "I thank God to-night for continual victory all the time, on every possible line, on every occasion, without any exception." Then he sat down. I should have preferred to have heard that testimony as to his victorious life given by some one else—say, his wife, children, or neighbours, and spontaneously. We undoubtedly are to live lives of victory, but my spirit shrank from the tone of *personal* triumph in which this brother sounded out his words.

My ministry at Belmar passed quickly, and I was grateful, between meetings, for retirement in the quiet home of a Mrs. White, where I could get through some of my correspondence. The New Jersey summer resorts are very worldly. Millionaires have their residences here, each outvying the next neighbour in the wonder of the palatial homes—Jersey's fair and lovely gardens—near the Atlantic beach.

THE "BUFFALONIAN."

I sailed again from the "Atlantic Highlands" for New York, and later set out Westward on the "Buffalonian" from Weehauken in a vivid thunderstorm, which lit up the Hudson River as we skirted it for many miles. A long night in the cars and next day I was again close to the Canadian frontier at Buffalo. Then the line skirted Lake Erie, until, two hours behind time, we arrived at Cleveland. Though I had passed through this remarkable town before, I had not visited the city. I found dear Pastor W. D. Kerr and his very capable helpmeet at their cosy little home in 6403 Linwood Avenue, and was introduced to their son and musical daughter, and other friends. Our brother and his wife were for a long time prominent members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, but believing strongly as to the Scripturalness of the "Sign," they felt they must detach themselves from the Christian and Missionary Alliance. They were stationed for some years at Dayton, Ohio, and at the evening meal some Dayton friends told us of the terrors of the awful flood which last year ravaged that district. How, on a cry coming "To the hills," houses were left to anyone, and all fled to higher ground.

That night I spoke till after ten to the Pentecostal friends, both German and English, gathered in Pastor Kerr's Church. Brother D. W. Kerr is of German descent, and has a

German assembly as well as an English-speaking congregation. They combined on this occasion, having been summoned by many telephone calls. While I was seated in my room I could hear the tinkle of the 'phone and Sister Kerr's voice, "Is that Sister Smith?" "Yes, indeed." "Well, Pastor Boddy, of England, is right here now with us, and he is going to speak to-night in the Church. Will you tell everyone you can, please?" The 'phone is much more widely used here than in our comparatively quiet homeland.

I tried to get in touch with a former Sunderland Baptist brother who now has a Church in Cleveland, but he was from home and there was no reply. Many remained for special prayer, and to shake hands with Brother Boddy. Bro. De Vinny (in the restaurant business) ran me in his automobile to the depôt towards midnight. The night was hot, and the wonderful electric signs blazed in the streets. One sign represented an enormous locomotive drawing a train. The wheels were revolving and great clouds of fire coming out of the "smoke stack."

IN CHICAGO.

It was very hot through the night, and also at Chicago next morning. I took a room at the Kaiserhof, and through the day arranged details as to the journey Westwards. At night, I went by the elevated line to see my friends at the Stone Church. The wooden platform of the Maddison Avenue Station was blazing under our feet as we left, and no one seemed to care, if only they could catch their train. "Don't you see that the station is on fire?" I said to a passenger. "Oh, yes, they'll find it out all right. We mustn't miss our train." I reported it to the conductor. "The platform at Maddison Avenue and Wabash is on fire," I said. "Didn't you see the volume of smoke?" "They'll find it out soon enough," he said, and seemed unconcerned.

Sister Reiff soon received a telephone message at 3616 Prairie Avenue, requesting Bro. Boddy to address the Thursday night meeting in the town Church, so, after some useful talk, we went round, and found Bro. Ohlson conducting a testimony meeting. One sister's testimony was at very great length, and given in much earnestness, but it was in tongues entirely, and no one gave any interpretation (1 Cor. xiv., 28). I was glad to meet old friends again, and especially to see a number of dear coloured folk. It would be 10:45 before I could leave for down town, so many sought to be prayed for. It was touching to see them kneeling round the platform. The Lord met and blessed many that night.

I had a conversation with a remarkable barber-chiroprapist in Chicago. His name is Bro. Uhl. I asked him if he was happy in his profession, and, looking me in the eyes, he said: "Christ is all and in all. He is, therefore, all to me and I am happy, but I was not always so." An Hungarian originally and a Roman Catholic. He came to London, and became an ardent follower of Bradlaugh and an Anarchist; so the police gave him a hint to leave the country if he did not wish to put in time "making Portland cement." At one

(Westward Ho!—continued.)

time he was an ardent Spiritualist, and claimed to be a friend of Mr. W. T. Stead, of the "Review of Reviews." He told me how in a seance he sat next to Mr. Stead, and a spirit "materialised," which he was allowed to address. On being asked her name, she told him it was "Atlantis," and she was the queen of a region which was submerged by the Atlantic. Her rule was at the very bottom of the Atlantic. Bro. Uhl described her very strange appearance and the smell of sea-weed. Then he reminded me how Mr. Stead's body eventually went to this region, through the loss of the "Titanic." Bro. Uhl told me how he gave up Spiritualism when he found Christ. He could not do otherwise.

Great, busy, crowded Chicago, with its foreign workers and its mammoth slaughter-houses, its great Marshall & Fields type of establishments, and its *cafeterias* in Wabash Avenue, etc., and many up-to-date conveniences, but with a great need for the full Gospel and for an attractive exhibition of its power.

The Stone Church has witnessed wonderful scenes during Mrs. Etter's visit and subsequently, but just then there was a lull.

My itinerary now took me some 600 miles West to the Plains of Nebraska. A long, hot night in the train brought me in the morning over the Missouri River to Omaha. Then I travelled to Lincoln, the home of William Jennings Bryan, the Secretary of State. Another hour and I was at Milford. How good the Lord had been to me every mile of the long journey!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Vision and a Life Story.

*An Address by Mrs. Polman, of Amsterdam,
at the Sunderland Convention.*

Before Mrs. Polman began her address, Pastor Paul rose and said: "While we were praying I had a vision. I saw a face; it was an unhappy face. The eyes were open, but there was no light in them. I asked the Lord about it, and He showed me, here are in our midst men looking for help, and no light has come into their hearts. So I say that every one of us who is able to pray and to bring such unhappy people to the Lord should bring them lovingly to our Saviour, and pray that the Lord may open their hearts and pour out His Spirit upon them. And, beloved, I would ask every one of us who has a message this night to give such message, that you give life to these unhappy people, and that every one of us may be blessed. I cannot forget this unhappy face. I saw it when a dear brother was praying on the platform. I

had my eyes closed, but I could see this face, and it made a deep impression upon me. We must realise that the Lord Jesus is in our midst, and He will bring His oil and His wine, and He will come to heal wounded hearts. Come to Him; He is able and He is willing to help you."

Mrs Polman: "Dear friends, two years ago I heard Pastor Paul, in the Convention at Mulheim, saying he had to give a message, but he was troubled inside because of the responsibility. I have felt the same. And I have asked the Lord to give me only the message which He wanted me to give, and not to say anything or to do anything that I had heard or read, but only to say that which the Lord wanted me to say, so that I could put the whole responsibility upon Him. I was so glad for those wonderful words, which brought a deep blessing to my soul at that Convention. And this evening our beloved brother has had a vision. While he was telling us of it I said: 'Oh, Lord, what can I say? I cannot bring a message to the unhappy people whom he has seen in his vision.' And the Lord said to me: 'You give your testimony how I made you happy.'

"So I will give you a testimony of what the Lord has done for me, and perhaps some unhappy people here may receive a blessing from God, or may get hungry after God as I did. I was 21 years of age and I hardly had heard anything about God. My father was a Unitarian, and didn't believe in Jesus the Christ, but he gave us perfect liberty to think what we would, and we could read anything. He had charge of a large library. We were living in the Dutch East Indies (Java), and as I read a great deal many thoughts came into my mind, but thoughts of Jesus the Christ never entered into me. My mother was a Lutheran Churchwoman, and tried to get some religion into me. But I thought the God she represented to me was so cruel that I did not wish to have anything to do with Him. She was very hard, and said I should go to Hell if I didn't, and I said: 'Very well, I'll go to Hell if God will punish me for doing nothing.' I had never heard of the love of Christ, and when I came to Europe there came a deep hatred in my soul for religion, and I said: 'They're all pretending to be good, but they're all a sham.' I said I should die and think all Europeans were religious.

“I remember my first day in a watering-place. My father and mother left us children there in charge of an uncle, and I remember my first going to church in Europe. The preacher there was a dear soul, and he invited us to the Vicarage. He and his wife were a young couple, and were very pleasant and played little games with us, and so prejudice was overcome a little. But the more God began to speak to me the more unhappy I was. I had an awful spirit that couldn't be broken. I said, ‘No, that is my idea of religion and nobody can take it out of me.’ And so I went on until I came in contact with people who truly and really loved God.

“I went to a large meeting, and there I heard that Jesus had died on the cross for me. That was all I remembered. I went home to a town in Amsterdam. My idea was to go to Africa as a nurse of the Red Cross. That word struck me. Jesus the Christ who died on the Cross for me. I was in the barracks that evening and found an old Bible, and began to read it. I was seeking to find where it said about Jesus hanging on the Cross, and God directed me, and then I found the old story, and became more and more interested in it, and more hungry in the story about Jesus hanging on the Cross and dying for a poor sinner like me, and I became quite miserable in myself. I couldn't get peace within me. There was no satisfaction to be obtained in any of my surroundings. I had been in the world and seen hypocrites there. I had been told about hypocrites among Christians, but I had come to the conclusion that among worldly people there were quite as big hypocrites. I had lied to people, and while doing so had smiled, when I felt that I would rather spit in the faces of people before me.

“Oh, what sin, what darkness, what vileness, what impurity, what a horrible pit the world is without Christ! I am glad to know something of it, because now I know what it is to be happy in Christ, to feel His peace, to be full of glory. What a life! Oh, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I am having wonderful foretastes of Heaven. Well, I read that story of Jesus dying on the Cross, and then I began to read His whole life. I said: ‘I have heard of my father that Jesus was a good man.’ I said: ‘If He was not a good man, He ought to be a good man. If He was not the Son of

God, He was a big liar.’ I had an awful struggle. The enemy knew he was about to lose his prey; he was attacking me on every hand. I said: ‘What is this? What is this? Where have I got to now? If this book has power to produce such darkness over me, what is going to happen?’

“And I remember how I wrestled in that little room. I was there for hours, and there was no light. Oh, how unhappy I was! But I was determined to go on. I said: ‘I must know more of this Jesus; I must know more of His religion and of His life.’ Then I went everywhere where I thought I could hear of Him. I said: ‘I must know Him. I must know Him. I am miserable. I have no peace. I am unhappy, and if Pastor Paul had been at that place he might have seen my miserable face. But I found Him. I found Him. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour! He revealed Himself to me. He revealed Himself. He revealed Himself. He revealed Himself, and I can say to-night to every heart that is miserable, full of darkness and unhappiness, that Jesus is the only One Who can help you. Jesus only. Jesus only. Are there any unhappy ones here? It is Jesus only. It is Jesus. It is Jesus only. I didn't know how to pray—never prayed in my life. I knew a little prayer, which aunt had taught me to speak out. When I went to bed I just mumbled out this prayer and then tumbled in. I thought of my fine clothing and what jewellery I possessed, and I said: ‘Lord Jesus, I want to be like Thee; Thou must help me.’

“When I went out the next morning I thought the whole world would be changed. It did not seem so, and the devil came and said: ‘What you got was nothing. Are you saved now? Are you like Christ?’ The heavens and all the trees seemed to be just the same. Then came the Holy Spirit and said: ‘Take the Word.’ I didn't know much about the Bible, but I said: ‘Oh, devil, I have the Word of God, and that says I am saved. That's my anchor. I know I don't feel specially agreeable or glad, but the Word of God says Christ came and died for sinners; I was one, and so He died for me, and I belong to Him.’

“When I came home that night I had the greatest temptation I ever had in my life, and then also Christ Himself appeared to me. That evening, when I was under

(A Vision and a Life Story—continued.)

temptation and lying on the floor in terrible fear that I should deny my Lord and I should lose Him; there was His Face as if turned from me. I saw a big cross, that's all, and the Holy Spirit came to me and said: 'That is your place there—that cross.' I said: 'I cannot do that, it is so heavy. That cross is a stone; I cannot do that.' I said: 'What an awful little room that cross is in!' (It was a little dark room, and the room was not clean—there were cobwebs in it, and I was in that dirty, dark room.) The Holy Spirit said: 'You will have to choose between that cross and the world.' It was like a thunderbolt coming to me, and as if Jesus wanted to have it out with the devil, for it seemed to me that Jesus was fighting for me. I said: 'No, devil, I want Jesus, I want happiness, I want Him, I want Him,' and I turned round and saw on the cross the beautiful light of God. I can almost see it now, and the room became beautiful and glorious, and I said: 'Lord, I will obey Thee, I will go where Thou wantest me to go, and I will stand where Thou wantest me to stand; here I am, Lord.'

"The next morning when the bell rang at five o'clock, I found myself lying on the floor, the struggle having gone on the whole night. But Jesus had conquered, and I had the courage to write to my father, and I wrote him a letter of 25 pages. I required courage to do that. My father was a very learned man, and I knew he might write me a letter which would scatter all my views. He wrote me a reply saying I was to go into the world and leave the whole thing of religion aside. 'I permit you,' he said, 'only to go once a week to church, and leave the whole thing aside.' Some time afterwards my father was dying, and I had to go home immediately. I testified there and said: 'Oh, father, you don't know what it is to have Jesus; it is just glorious, and, oh, father, you will go to heaven if you will accept Him.' I was preaching there as best I could. He remained ill for some four or five weeks, but he died saved, hallelujah. I never have seen a conversion like that. He was a big, strong, noble man. I believe he never had done any wrong to anybody in all his life.

"From that time I have gone on from faith to faith, from glory to glory. Praise

the Lord, I am happy to-night. I am perfectly happy. I said yesterday to somebody: 'I really don't know what can add to my happiness. I have Christ, and He is all and in all to me. I have had poverty and many trials, because I had to give up everything; but I don't care, I have Jesus. My mother said: 'You will have to give up everything.' I said: 'I must follow the Man of the cross, follow my Saviour who has saved me from sin and darkness.' Every unhappy one is in darkness, but God is light, and Christ is the Light of the world. He is the Son of God; I have proved Him to be so. He is a reality to me.

"Two years later, He baptised me with the Holy Spirit. I didn't know anything about the Holy Spirit, I knew so little about the Bible. I was very ill and was throwing up blood, and my mother had engaged a specialist to take me under his care because it was thought I was going into consumption. I couldn't eat and I coughed until my poor chest was nearly torn, and one day I knelt down and said: 'Lord, Lord, Thou hast glorified me; Thou hast made me so happy, and now I am so unhappy because I am sick.' And the word came: 'Where is your faith?' and I said: 'Yes, I had forgotten, Lord,' and then the Holy Spirit came, and there came through and all over me a wonderful wave of bliss, and I stood up and said: 'I believe I am healed.' I put up my hair and went downstairs and played on the piano. My mother looked at me and said I was better. I said I would go into the kitchen and cook a nice Indian dinner, and this I did and ate it very heartily, which was a good sign I was healed.

"Since that time, God has been my Healer. He has healed my body several times. I took the Bible and never reasoned. If the Lord said: 'I am the Lord that healeth thee,' I took it as it said, and God has given wonderful answers to prayer. I could write a whole book on God's answers to prayer.

"After I was married I said: 'I must have the Holy Spirit like the Apostles had at Pentecost. It must come upon me like lightning, come into me and heal me,' because I had been sick for two years. I had an internal trouble which caused me much pain. I said: 'If the Holy Spirit comes into me like lightning I must feel it in my body. My body belongs to Jesus just as much as my spirit and my

soul.' And He baptised me with the Holy Spirit. I was healed in a second. I have had no more of that complaint. Being a nurse, I knew that my trouble could only be removed by an operation, but, thank God, Jesus never operates in that way. No, He heals by His mighty power, by His glorious word.

“Since the time that the Holy Spirit came into me, my life has been wonderfully changed. I can say again I am a happy woman to-night. Why? Not because I have so many good things in this world, but because Christ is in me, the hope of glory, Christ Who for me shed His blood, His blood, His blood. We have forgiveness of sins, as the Word says, through His blood, forgiveness, forgiveness of sins. Oh, unhappy people, do you need forgiveness of sins? It is Jesus, the Son of God, Who can give you forgiveness of sins; it is the Son of God Who has brought deliverance to you. Do believe, do believe in Him.

“I know many here can testify about that wonderful happiness which Christ Jesus has brought into their lives. Hallelujah! The Christian life is not a mere life. It is Christ's life; it is Christ in us—a reality. I know Christ is a reality, a reality, a Friend. He is my elder Brother. He tells me so, and often I tell Him: ‘Oh, my eldest Brother, Who art sitting on the throne, Thou art praying to our Father. Do remember me. Thou art praying to the Father because Thou art the eldest Brother.’ The eldest brother usually takes the responsibility of the others; and as He is the eldest Brother I tell Him every trouble, every difficulty, everything which comes into my life. Nothing is hid from Him, and He gives peace, peace, peace; joy, joy, joy, joy, which does not last for one day only, but into and through eternity—the joy of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

“Oh, I pray that the unhappy face which dear Pastor Paul saw may be changed to-night into a happy one, or perhaps it has already been changed. Believe in Jesus Christ. Oh, believe in Him Who loves you. Oh, unhappy one, will you not come to Jesus? He will make you happy to-night. Will you believe in Jesus? Will you believe in His Word? ‘Come unto Me. Come unto Me,’ He says—not unto men, not unto any church, but ‘unto Me.’ He only can help; He only can give life. Come to Him, dear people; come

to Jesus. Give your heart to Him. Don't go home until you have done so. You will have full liberty to come to His arms. Oh, give your heart to Him. Make yourself one with Him to-night. Oh, the Lord forgive your sins, forgive your sins, through His precious blood, through His precious blood. Oh, come to Him.”

Holy and Without Blemish.

*An Address at the Sunderland Convention by
Mr. John Leech, K.C.*

As I have great faith in the Word of God, I want to read you a few verses, and I hope that they will speak to our hearts through the Holy Spirit. Exodus xxx., 17: “And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, and his foot also of brass, to wash withal; and thou shalt put it between the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar, and thou shalt put water therein. For Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and their feet thereat. When they go into the tabernacle of the congregation, they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they come near to the altar to minister, to burn offering made by fire unto the Lord. So they shall wash their hands and their feet, that they die not; and it shall be a statute for ever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generations.” Now will you turn to Eph. v., 25: “Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.” In the middle of this chapter, which is directing mothers of family life and social life, there is what I might call a “parenthesis,” which contains wonderful teaching, and so you find in the 25th verse it begins with, “Husbands, love your wives,” and then comes what I may call the “parenthesis,” and then in the 28th verse we read, “So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies.”

We find a great deal in the Bible about holiness, and if the pouring out of the Holy Spirit of God upon His children does

(Continued on page 192.)

"CONFIDENCE."

OCTOBER, 1914.

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Sunderland.

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The Day-Star.

*An Address by Pastor Paul, of Berlin, at the
Sunderland Convention.*

It is not easy to speak in such moments as these, and I can imagine that some of us may be a little moved and may say: "Yes, what will it be?" Beloved, I think we have here a wonderful word. Brother Polman read it to us. We have it in the second Epistle of Peter, first chapter, 19th verse: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." When I read this word it seems to me as if the Lord Himself gives me a lamp in my hand in the midst of darkness, and so with this lamp I step on, step by step, until the day-star ariseth. When I was in my old vicarage I had sometimes to pass over a big lake, and there were times when ice was covering the lake. Then I had to step over the ice to a village connected with my parish to attend a meeting at night. When I went back again it was quite dark. Then I had my lamp in my hand, and with this I went over the lake. Far away there was my home. My wife could stand there over on the other shore of the lake, and when she saw the light coming nearer and nearer she could say, "My husband comes there." But I could not see my wife, I might see the shore over there. I had my little lamp, and my lantern was showing, little by little, little by little until I reached the shore.

You understand. Oh, Jesus says, "My sheep hear My voice." And He said, "Nobody shall take them out of My hand." And if we are sheep of our dear Shepherd, then, friends, we will do what is written here in this wonderful word of prophecy, we will take heed as to a light that shineth in a dark place. My Lord Jesus Christ Himself spoke to me about His coming and about my preparation for this wonderful day, and I take His word, and His word is my lantern, and I hear His voice speaking to me, and He will guide me, He will lead me. Oh, it is wonderful. Beloved, are you afraid because of the coming of the Lord? I am not afraid, not at all, because it is He, it is He.

A young lady came to me years ago and she said, "I never would come to the Church during the Advent season." "Why?" I said. She said, "Then they're always preaching in the sermons about the coming of the Lord, and I am so afraid. Oh, I cannot think about it. The coming of the Lord!" Then I said to her, "Oh, yes, I understand it quite well, you're afraid because you're not prepared. But are you so foolish? You know that the Lord will come, and you will not give to Him your heart. You can do that just now." And then the young lady said, "You are right, and I will do so, and I will become a member of your church." And so she did. We knelt down together and she gave her heart to the dear Lord Jesus Christ. I asked her, "Are you afraid now because of the coming of the Lord?" "Oh," she said, "not at all, I am His." Friends, I don't know if you all have given your hearts to your wonderful Lord and Saviour. If any soul is in our midst that has not given his heart and life to Him, then I would say, "Dear soul, oh, come to Him, come to Him. It is so wonderful. He is so precious, oh, so precious, and thou wilt find Him faithful and loving, and He will redeem thee from all thy sins, and He will be Thy sure Guide if thou wilt follow Him. Oh, beloved, take heed, as unto a lamp that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

It is wonderful to be a follower of Christ, it is wonderful to know that one day will come, this great day, and then the day-star will arise in our hearts and we shall know that the light, the light, the day is there. Then we shall see Him as He is. Oh, what a wonderful view before the

eyes of all true believers! Pentecostal people like to speak about His coming, and if we hear "Maranatha, the Lord is at hand," then our hearts are glad and we obey, and look for His appearing. God bless you all, beloved. May we take the word of the prophecy, and faithfully look to our wonderful Jesus, who is the Author and also the Finisher of our faith, until the day-star arise in our hearts.

THE WAR.

A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

The Editor of "Confidence" invites all who read this in time to join with him and the Sunderland Assembly in a night of prayer (or a half-night) on Wednesday, October 28th, the meeting, in All Saints' Vicarage, to commence at 10 p.m. Will all the Pentecostal assemblies also observe this suggested night of prayer? Even lonely members, or little gatherings of two or three, are invited to pray that night, wherever they may be. "Prayer moves the hand that moves the world."

* * *

Why are we at War? We believe that we were forced in honour to keep our promises to Belgium.

England was not prepared to go to war. Our tiny though brave army was utterly inadequate for a Continental campaign. For years England had been warned by an experienced General that she was unready, and Germany thoroughly ready, every man a trained fighter.

Belgium had been guaranteed protection. She was cruelly invaded and ravaged, contrary to treaty. England was compelled, in honour, to do all she could. The whole country is one on this point. Many hundreds of thousands of Britain's best sons have offered their lives, and are being formed into a new army to be effectively trained—keen to learn and patriotic in spirit, and longing to have an opportunity to help the oppressed.

* * *

We British Pentecostal people should pray very earnestly that "Militarism" may come to an end through this war; that our Empire should learn its lessons soon through humiliation and penitence, and come out refined and purified to serve the cause of Christ more loyally than

before. We should acknowledge our sins, and earnest prayer meetings should be held, asking God to uphold the right and give decisive victories, if it be His will.

* * *

A friend in Holland wrote that some 40 Pentecostal workers in Germany were at the war, but not Pastor Paul, Pastor Voget, or Predigers Edel or Humberg (up to September 21st).

Pastor Voget (Bunde, East Friesland) writes:—

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR BODDY,

Praise the Lord! There is no war in Christ Jesus and in His true body. It is with feelings of unmixed love that we remember you and our beloved Pentecostal brethren in England during these awful times. We realise, not only in theory but in our hearts, that God has got one holy nation upon the earth, united by the Blood of Jesus, saved from the war-spirit. And this we do, though we cannot deny our national feelings. We do not hold that true Christianity and true patriotism exclude each other. In much love, with hearty greetings to yourself and family and all the dear saints.

Yours in the bonds of His love,
C. O. VOGET.

* * *

We give here a letter written in the trenches by a Christian British soldier:—

22nd September, 1914.

I am still realising the precious love of Christ, that love which many waters could not quench, neither the floods drown.

Oh, this full and perfect peace!
Oh, this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease;
I am His, and He is mine.

28th September, 1914.

I have just been reading a portion out of God's Holy Word, and was greatly impressed with this verse, Isaiah xxx., 15: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." How comforting to know that He knows the end from the beginning. Surely we should be satisfied, knowing that the way He taketh must be always best. How sweet, how blessed, it is to rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and to seek His Throne of Grace with our petitions, as we are told is "Keep not silence, and give Him no rest." What encouragement we have when we look back and see how the Lord has answered our prayers, exceedingly abundantly beyond hope or thought. Truly He hears; He knows and answers prayers.

(The War—continued.)

29th September, 1914.

Truly I can write :—

Better than ships of war,
 Better than force of arms,
 Kept by the power of God,
 Safe amid wild alarms.
 Angels are mounting guard,
 Jesus is giving peace,
 Saving my soul from death,
 Shielding till wars shall cease.

How blessed it is to know that soon our Saviour shall reign in equity. A King shall reign in righteousness. Everything that hath breath shall praise Him. “He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” Micah iv., 3.

How peaceful to our souls it is to rest in His love, Who is our peace, Who made peace by the Blood of His Cross. What a cost! Nothing short of the eternal Son of God going to Calvary and there being forsaken by His God.

How sweet it is to meditate on such love, and to think of that love living for us, and making intercession for us at the right hand of God, and then to look forward to the fulfilment of that promise in John xiv.: “I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.” Well may we say, “Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus.”

1st October, 1914.

We are doing nicely here. Still in the trenches yet. This is the nineteenth day of it. It will seem strange to be on the trek once more, all day long. Shells are coming over us, as we are only 800 or 900 yards from the German guns, and the British artillery is not far behind us, so you can tell we keep well down during the day. It is quite a treat when nightfall arrives; then we can stretch our legs a little and have quietness.

Yes, Cissy, it is very kind of those friends who come and remember you. Tell them that I am doing very nicely, and trusting to the One Who has never been known to fail, and never will. “Therefore, thus saith the Lord God: Behold I lay in Sion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.” Truly He has

been tried and tempted, yet without sin. What an example! Is it not?

Have a look at Proverbs xxv., 25.

PRIVATE J. WALLACE.

8533 A. Company,
 1st Batt. 1st King's Own,
 12th Brigade, 4th Division,
 British Expeditionary Force.

* * *

It is remarkable to read in our leading newspaper, the “Times,” such words as these at the close of a leading article (October 13th):—

Never have British soldiers faced a sterner trial with more splendid courage and determination; rarely, since the days of the Covenanters, have they been so religious-minded. “Every man here,” wrote one the other day from the trenches, “puts up some sort of prayer every night.” That is the spirit in which our men are facing their fearful task. Those who are to follow them may learn from the example and be glad, when their turn comes, that they have made good use of the opportunity during their preparation. They are learning to fight, but they will fight all the better if they learn the spiritual lesson at the same time.

* * *

England and the British Empire are being called to go through dark days. Our hope is that our nation will at this time turn more fully to Christ, then she need not fear. For the true Christian the promise stands: “Then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh” (Luke xxi., 28). Many things point to the coming of the Lord.

Let each one pray that Christ may conquer the powers of evil, that Calvary's Victory may be wrought out fully in us. Let us summon all to be on the Lord's side. Thus can we help England best. Let soldier and civilian—man, woman, and child—turn to God, and He will bless and help in a wonderful way.

(Holy and Without Blemish—continued from page 189.)

not produce holiness, and if, as the result, we do not become more holy than we were before, then I fear that the pouring out by God of His wonderful gifts and blessings may be a hindrance to others instead of a blessing, and when He visits us by His Holy Spirit especially, His object and purpose is that His children may be holy, and so we are told that “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” I am afraid

that oftentimes we forget this side of God's truth, and we are perhaps taken up too much with other things at the expense of holiness, but God's Word is plain and distinct. There must be holiness among the children of the Holy One, and as He is holy, so those who have partaken of His nature, and who are brought into His family as His sons and His daughters, must be holy, and I doubt not that there are many who are seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and they are kept out of the blessing because they have not realised that God requires holiness in His children.

You remember when John was taken up into Heaven, he saw a great multitude in white robes. You remember the Elder asked him, "Who are these in white robes?" and John did not know, and then that Elder answered the question for him, and said: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." Oh, the cleansing power of the Blood of the Lamb! That is redemption.

Is there one here to-night who has never been redeemed—washed in the Blood of the Lamb? Then you have not taken the first step in the Christian life. Come to-night and be cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb. These people that John saw were wearing the uniform of Heaven. The uniform of Heaven is the white, spotless garment, and he saw them there in Heaven in the uniform of Heaven, and he was told that they had been washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and that was the reason that their garments were white.

But now I want to pass away from that, and I want to come to this portion in Ephesians that we read, where we are told that "Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it." Christ loved the Church. Yes, He so loved the Church that He gave Himself for it, and then we are told of the object of His doing it, and I fear we sometimes lose sight of this: "Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word."

To-night—at the very beginning of this Convention, I might almost say I think that there may be one thing that we need, and it is what we have in this verse we want, perhaps some of us—perhaps all of us—that we may be sanctified and cleansed

with the washing of the Word. The Word of God is oftentimes likened to water—it has a wonderful cleansing power; and to-night I want you, if you have not done it before, or, if you have, to do it again—I want you to take the plumb line of the Word of God and drop it right down into your life to see where you are, whether you are sanctified, made holy and cleansed by the water of the Word.

That was at least one of the great objects that our Saviour had when He gave Himself up because He loved the Church, "Who loved the Church and gave Himself for it, that He might cleanse it—sanctify and cleanse it—by the washing of the Word." Is there a stain on your life? You are a Christian, but is there anything in your life—any stain that has not been cleansed away? Take the Word of God, and put that straight rule right along that life of yours and see where you are, not according to your own ideas but according to the Holy Word of God.

That was the object Christ had in giving Himself. Has it failed? God forbid! Has it been fulfilled in your life and mine? You remember what our Lord did when He was on earth. John xiii., 5: "He poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." Jesus looks after the feet of the saints. What care He takes that your walk and mine may be clean, that our feet may go into no defilement, that we may walk nowhere that will not be pleasing to our God, and so we read in that verse that He poured water into a basin and began to wash their feet. I like these words, "and began." It was only the beginning, not the end of that washing. It is going right on to-day; He is cleansing the feet of His saints. That is the application of the water of the Word through the power of the Holy Ghost. It was only the beginning; He is carrying it on to-day, and will only be satisfied when He lands the Church right up in Heaven, sanctified and cleansed in His Presence and then you remember, in John xv., He said: "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." If you are bearing fruit for Christ, you are not bearing *all* that God, through His Spirit, can produce in you. There is more. You have not reached the limit of the power of God. No! He wants you to bear more fruit, and for that purpose

(Holy and Without Blemish—continued.)

He wants to purge the vine. He wants to wash away all the defilement, He wants to wash away all those little insects that climb up that vine of yours, and that perhaps are defiling it and preventing it from bearing fruit.

Are there any of those little insects in your life—those little flies that settle down upon the vine? I want you to look into your own life and see if there is anything that is preventing the vine from bearing more fruit. And so the husbandman comes, and He wishes to purge the vine, that it may bear more fruit. Shall we come to Him to-night, and shall we ask Him humbly but trustfully to apply the water of cleansing—the water of the Word—to save life here this evening, and to cleanse us from all defilement, from all those insects—I don't care however slowly they do their deadly work; to cleanse us, to purge us, that we may bear more fruit?

And then He proceeds: “Now ye are clean through the Word, which I have spoken unto you.” Yes, the Word of God is given to us to keep us clean, and as you read that Word, if you look at it that way, it is the water that God has provided to cleanse your life, and to-night He wants you to apply that water to your life, that it may be clean, and that you may bear more fruit. “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.”

Oh, the cleansing power of the Word of God! Every word that has proceeded out of His mouth has its purpose and its object, and every word applied to the Christian has a cleansing power. Because we do not apply that Word, because we do not let drop down that plumb line into our lives continually, and measure our lives according to God's Word, we are not clean, and we do not bear more fruit.

That Word comes to cut, and it is applied by our Saviour right to our very hearts and souls. Not to outward animosity, but something far more. “He that hateth his brother, right inside (no action at all), he has committed murder.” Ah! We want to take that strict letter of the Word and apply it to our lives. That man who lusts in his heart has committed adultery already. Oh, the holiness of the Word of God, and the holiness of our Father, and the holiness that He desires in His children! Let us apply to-night the

measure of the Word of God to our lives, and see if there is anything that is keeping us from bearing more fruit, and the bringing of glory and honour to the Name of our God.

Now in the 27th verse Eph. 5, we read—shall I say, the final object for which Christ gave Himself that he might redeem the Church. It says: “That He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.” The standard of our Saviour is a high standard. Sometimes when a person that we have known and respected is leaving—perhaps a clergyman or minister, or someone else—oftentimes we have a presentation, and we give him something as he goes away, but here is a presentation for which Christ gave His life, and it is not a presentation upon His going away, but it is a glorious presentation that is to take place when we come right into His Presence to be with Him for ever. Here is the presentation: “He gave Himself, that He might present the Church to Himself a glorious Church.” The day is coming and is not very far off, when the Lord Jesus is coming to make a presentation to Himself, and that presentation is nothing less than His Own Church that He has redeemed with His precious Blood. You and I are going to be presented by Him to Himself, to be His, to be kept by Him and with Him for ever, and that great day of presentation is soon coming. Now I want you to see what it is, “that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church.” Perhaps we do not see very much glory in the Church of God. Perhaps we do not think there is very much glory in ourselves as members of that Church, but the Lord Jesus is going to present the Church a glorious Church to Himself in that great day.

There are three things that I would specially bring before you. One is a spot, next a wrinkle, and the third is a blemish, and the Lord Jesus wants that your life and mine should have no spot, no wrinkle, and no blemish. If you had to appear before some high dignity—we will say Royalty—in a white robe, and if that robe had in front of it one big spot, or even a small one, oh, how wretched you would feel, how unfit for the presence of the King with that spot! What is to be done? If there is a spot in your life it has to be washed out, and as that garment with the

spot has to be washed, so must your life and mine if there is anything in it that interferes, anything that creates a spot upon that white garment. It is not always a pleasant process. I fancy that that garment as it is put into the tub and as it is wrung in the water, if it could speak it would say: “It is not very pleasant, it is very hurtful,” and it may cost you and me something if we have to be washed from that spot.

I remember when I was a boy, we had in our home what we called a “dolly.” It was a big tub, and the clothes were put into it and the soap, and then there was a thing like a stool with three legs, and it had an upright and a bar across, and you “dolloed.” The clothes were splashed this way and that way until they were clean—and I often dolloed—and so the spot was washed out of the garment. Brethren, I say there may be some spot in your life, and that spot must be washed out, and you want to-night the wonderful water of the Word of God to be applied to your life—and I care not if it hurts—if you have to be put in and wrung out, the spot must go, because the Church is to be without spot presented to the King of Glory.

And then the other thing—it is to be without a wrinkle. If you went into the presence of Royalty with a big wrinkle down your garment, how wretched you would feel because of that wrinkle! The wrinkle must come out, because it says that the Church is to have neither spot nor wrinkle or any such thing, not to even approach a wrinkle.

Oh, the holiness of God and the holy demand that He makes upon His children, but, thank God, He has made the provision for taking away the spots and for taking out the wrinkles from our lives. If you have a wrinkle in that garment, why I suppose if you send it to the laundry they will damp it at all events, and they will apply the iron to it or the mangle to take out that wrinkle, and it is not perhaps a very pleasant process, even more hurtful than the other. But it may be that there is someone here with a wrinkle in their lives, and it is necessary to apply the heat and the pressure of the iron. Ah! friends, is there a wrinkle in any life here? Will you bring it to-night to the cleansing Word of God, will you measure it by that holy Word?

And then you see there is one other thing, it is—that it is to be “without blemish.” I suppose that is worst of all. When there is a blemish in a garment there is only one thing which can be done, and that is to have it re-made—made over again. There may be some here who have a blemish in their life. I care not if it means that your whole life must be undone, that you must be made again by the Power of God, that blemish must go, and that life must be made right with God, and so it is to be without spot and without blemish and without wrinkle. We read in Eccl.: “Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment,” not one day in the week, on a Sunday, but it is to be always white. Our lives day by day, and every moment of the day, are to be pure white, without spot, without wrinkle and without blemish.

Now you remember in that portion that I read in Exodus, it represents the difference between the altar and the tabernacle, and after the sacrifice was offered at the altar you come to the laver filled with the pure water, and there we read that the priest before them entered into the tabernacle to serve or to worship God, and they had to wash their hands, and it says that they “die not.” Oh, what a solemn thing it is to come into the presence of God, what a solemn thing it is to come to worship God, to come to serve Him. Can we come into His Presence with our hands or our feet defiled? The priests had to wash their hands so that their actions were pure, and they had to wash their feet so that every place they went it was right and pure. Their actions and their walk had to be pure before God, cleansed by the water of the Word before they dared come into the tabernacle to worship or to serve God, and now our Lord has called us to come into His presence to serve Him and to worship Him.

How are we coming? Are we to be more careless than the priests of old, under the Levitical law? Have we not been called to be priests of our God, to serve Him and to worship Him, and must we not come with holy hands, cleansed from all defilement, with the pure white garment, without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, and without a blemish in our lives, and so we read in Heb.: “Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the Blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated

(Holy and Without Blemish—continued.)

for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh . . . let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." "Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, that it should be holy and without blemish."

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

Our Brother Pastor S. V. Swift, (formerly of South Wales) writes from the Transvaal that he has opened a Mission at Beksburg North called "The Tabernacle," (55 Tenth Street) with Mr. C. Callum as Elder, and Brothers Van der Herver, Carl Van Hender, Jr., and Coortie Van Hendon, Deacons. He asks us to say that the Services are on the Lord's Day—10:30 a.m., the Breaking of Bread; 3 p.m., Sunday School; 6:30 p.m., Gospel Service. A daily meeting at 10:30 a.m.; Monday, 7 p.m.; Wednesday, 6:30 p.m.; Thursday, 7 p.m. (Young People); Saturday, 7 p.m. (Pastor Swift assures us that he has thankfully retired from all connection or fellowship with those with whom he was associated at first in S. Africa.)

Brother Longstreth (99 Campbell Street, Free-town, Sierra Leone, W. Africa), writes, asking prayer. He and his wife had been severely held by fever, but they were improving. He praises God for keeping their children well and happy. "It is God alone that can build the body up in this climate after an attack of fever," he writes. May our God, indeed, give him Divine Health in Christ.

PORTOBELLO ASSEMBLY.—Mr. John Miller asks us to say that their meetings are—Sabbath: 11:30, Breaking of Bread; 3, Sabbath School; 6:30, Gospel Meeting. Tuesday: 8 p.m., Bible Study. Thursday: 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting. (A Sisters' Meeting at 3 p.m.)

Recently a successful series of Anniversary Services has been held, and the Annual Report indicated much blessing in every line.

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Miss Doering (c/o Pastor John Ongman, Orebro, Sweden), writes very pathetically of the needs of the Kongo Inland Mission at this time. The Convention at Orebro had been deeply stirred by her addresses, and had contributed lovingly towards the work; as also had the German brethren. We are sorry that her letter arrived too late to appear in this issue.

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Bro. A. W. Frodsham, of Bournemouth, has settled down at "Fergus, Ontario, Canada." This will now be his address. It is about 70 miles from Toronto.

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"The Living Touch," by Miss Dorothy Kerin, is now on sale. It can be ordered by British readers through their local Booksellers (2/6). Others can send 2/9 direct to Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Publishers, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. It is a book which will "quicken" many who read it.

Readers of "Confidence" will remember the solemn message which the Lord gave through her (on page 40):—

"Dorothy, I would have thee go and tell My children what I have wrought in thee. Many there are who will not believe, but I say, bitter is the cup of tribulation which they shall drink. Speak of these things in the secret places, and if they listen not, tell them not again. My Bride do I call; she will hear My voice, and will not slumber, for lo! the time is at hand when I shall come in glory to gather Mine elect, and the faithful will I carry as lambs in My bosom. My love for them is mighty and embraces all things. Rest in My love and fear not, for have I not said 'I will never leave thee'?"

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

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

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain 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 Mr. H. Small, East Wemyss, N.B.; Mr. Thos. Myerscough; Mr. Jas. S. Breeze, 34, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, Southport, and 11, Rumford Street, Liverpool; and Mrs. Crisp.

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. The Men's London Training Home under Mr. Cecil Polhill, at 60, King Edward's Road, S. Hackney, N.E., though not yet under the P.M.U. Council, is under Mr. Polhill and a small Committee, and is open to any candidates who wish to be trained there. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Margaret Clark and Miss Constance Skarratt, Apostolic Faith Mission, Parel Hill, Bombay; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, Poona