

JANUARY, 1916.

VOL. IX. No. 1.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



A SOLDIER WHO SAW THE MONS ANGELS. (See page 6.)

(He is marked with a cross. They are being entertained in a garden.)

"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.

94th ISSUE.

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No. 1. Vol. ix.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

January, 1916.

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 at 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.

ALONG THE ROAD TO EMMAUS.

VANQUISHED.

Along the road of grief and disappointment,
Of morning promise lost in early gloom;
Their footsteps echo to the bitter message,
The One they trusted lay in rock-hewn tomb.

Along the road of an offended sorrow,
Of Faith and Hope awakened but to die;
How could their tearful eyes behold the vision,
How see, that while they talked, "The Lord
drew nigh."

VICTORIOUS!

Along the road, when night, her wings unfolded,
And earthly gloom was hiding all around;
The self-same travellers speeding in their gladness,
To tell of Hope not dead! but Glory crowned.

Along the road, no longer of the vanquished,
They march, but to the Lamb's victorious hymn;
The One they trusted was not dead! but risen,
Because He lives they too shall live in Him.

Along the road that opens now before us,
May we go forth with hearts within that burn;
Because the Lord Himself is talking with us,
Each step increasing what from Him we learn.

Along the road with such a great companion,
How shall we know anxiety or fear;
Do Thou draw nigh to-day, oh, Blessed Master,
And help us walk with Thee throughout the
year.

With our Troops in France.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE EDITOR.

(PASSED BY THE CENSOR.)

At the coast village Le Portel, a young mounted Military Policeman in khaki (British) sat on his horse looking seawards across the sands where the shrimpers were at work. He seemed pleased to see me, and I had a helpful talk with him. He was glad to have a Gospel.

These picturesque French villages are often very insanitary. One of our soldiers, who was

billeted often in such, said to me, "These French villages, sir, seem mostly built on a sink or a cesspool." Open drains run along the sides of the pavement, and in close weather the smells are bad to face. The very heavy rainfall in Northern France during this War-time has had its advantages no doubt in washing away the germs of typhoid and other troubles. Riding homewards, some miles on a tram-car through the fields, I saw a French soldier with his friends working at the corn. No doubt he had got special leave, but it looked odd to see him in his red trousers and blue coat at work on a farm.

* * *

(With our Troops in France—continued.)

I applied to the French "*Commissaire de Police*" for a "*Laissez-passer*" to travel along the coast to visit Y.M.C.A. work. How careful one must be about permits and passes. It is always possible to be taken for a spy. Short shrift has been the fate of some at the hands of infuriated people. The pass was carefully examined at the Railway Station. French soldiers with bayonets were on duty. The train was delayed; also as I needed some lunch, I stayed awhile in the Town Station at my destination. As I ate my food, French troops were being entrained for the Front. Such cheery, nice fellows they were—good comrades to one another.

* * *

AN EXPLOSIVE BOMB.

Trains were coming and going from and to places we often hear of in these days. I set out to walk across the town to the Y.M.C.A. Tent. A friendly chauffeur in khaki helped once when I missed my way. At one point there was a little crowd. A damaged bicycle was leaning against a wooden building which was splintered and its windows broken. Five explosive bombs had been dropped from beyond the grey clouds overhead, and a poor woman had been killed in a narrow part of the road along which I had to pass. Sorry indeed was I for her and hers; yet how thankful that I had been delayed. God is merciful indeed. It might have been me.

* * *

A very interesting time I had with the soldiers off duty in our Tent and with the hard-worked workers there who were doing their bit splendidly. The large Tent was to give place to a fine wooden Hut, which was nearly completed. One young lad from Bolton (Lancs.) was glad to have a helpful talk. As I walked back to the station a Scottish mate of a steamer was examining the damage done by the bomb. "The second one just missed my vessel and fell into the water!" He had escaped also, and was thankful.

* * *

There is a beautiful view of rolling fields and green woods from a Camp on the hills near a French village. A French Hospital near by is filled with wounded and sick soldiers. They were very serious and sad. I found one Red-Trousered Infantry soldier who had returned to France from Medicine Hat because he wanted to defend his old father and mother whom he had left behind. A few Gospels in French were thankfully received.

Up the hill came the guns and among the British gunners I made friends, and had talks in the great Y.M.C.A. Tent. "Yes," said one, "he knew Lydd and Mr. and Mrs. Moles at the Soldiers' Home in the village." He was glad, as he went on with his guns, to take a Red Gospel with him.

* * *

In the ancient Capital of Normandy it was interesting to look up in a narrow street and see "Tommys" leaning over a balcony about three stories up. They had their caps off, and were evidently off duty. They were watching the picturesque French folk down below. I

wondered how I could join them, when I saw a notice printed in English, "Soldiers' Club: Tea upstairs." I went up, and soon heard the cheerful sound of a piano on which a "Tommy" was playing vigorously. A Christian lady, Miss S—, was "running" this Soldiers' Club, which is a boon for the men amid the many temptations.

* * *

Crossing the Market Place, I found I was standing on the spot where that strange French heroine, Joan of Arc, was burned at the stake many years ago. I wonder if she had not something in common with Pentecostal people? She said she heard the voice of God distinctly, and it always guided her aright. She had visions of angels, and her life is a touching one to read. She crowned the King of France in those days in the Cathedral of Rheims. A time, however, came when the Divine Voice left her, and she knew the fact, but against her better judgment she was urged into doing things, which from this point were never successful, and at last she was burned at the stake as one who had wrong dealings with the unseen. At some of the battles of to-day French soldiers have said that they have seen her on her horse. She certainly loved her France. Long, long ago, England owned a large section of this part of Northern France. We remember in our Bibles, King James (in the preface) is called King of France as well as of Britain; though that was an empty title then, for the last bit of France under English rule had been Calais, recovered by the French in Queen Mary's reign. A few of the French folk to-day are said to be afraid we have come to stay. We shall be only too glad to leave when there is no menace to our coasts, and when we have tried our uttermost to do our duty to France.

UP TO THE TRENCHES.

Drafts went up to the firing line from time to time. One dark night I was visiting them in their long French train ere it started. It was standing in a dark siding. French sentries with fixed bayonets marched to and fro. Our men were entrained. It might be an hour yet before they started. I heard a number of them singing sweetly; others very tired had dropped off to sleep. Walking on the line below them, I sang a few verses of the beautiful hymn "Abide with me," and the men in the long train joined in. It was touching to hear them sing in the dark night—

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee,

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

I may not meet some of these brave lads again on earth. Some I met have probably ere this passed to a hero's grave. Others I come across in meeting Troops at home.

They were wounded, have passed through Hospital, and are convalescent. They say, "Why, sir, don't you remember meeting us in France?"

I was giving Testaments a few days ago to a "Draft." At the train one man called out, "Why, you are the gentleman that visited me in Hospital at W—. Chaps," he cried, to the others, "this 'ere gentleman visited me in Hospital in France. Yes, Sir, I should appreciate a Testament from you. Perhaps we'll meet out in the East some day!" God bless him!

* * *

I said something about the following scene, but I give it here in slightly different words. One Sunday evening I met some of my North-country special friends among the white canvas tents near the lines of horses. These men had had a trying time in the early months of the war, but were now enjoying life under the summer skies. They love their beasts, and took me along the lines where mules kicked and squealed or indulged in a sand-bath. Horses from Canada, India, Australia, were broken in and then taken up to where the big guns roar. Life is interesting in the extreme; they are always learning something new in the equine world. The word went round that I had come to see my fellow-townsmen, transformed now into seasoned soldiers who had stood a winter's campaign.

The lovely sky above the plains of France was lit up with the dying light. The sun had gone, and we talked of home. I took messages to deliver if I crossed the unsafe sea in safety. We had a little impromptu service, too. They "set" me on my way down the great camp. "We can't come any further, sir; these are our bounds." So we shook hands, and then they saluted and we parted.

I quote from a leaflet sent out by the splendid Army Scripture Readers' Society. It is a Scripture Reader who says: "One must be in earnest, for the *time is short*. The handshakes and the thanks just fills one's heart with joy at being allowed such glorious opportunities. I had a message from a chaplain saying that a man who had been led to Christ by me had just come in wounded and would like to see me. I went to him, and while there I spoke to a number of men, and one of them decided to give his heart to Christ. *Men seem everywhere prepared for the message*. Please pray for these dear young men who are coming out for Christ."

These are only a few of the many men we meet and are able to influence for Christ. Hundreds of these men make a definite promise to God when they are in the firing line that if He will bring them through they will live for Him.

* * *

The day I left France to return home after two months work there, I sailed from the same port I had entered by. Scores of soldiers were unloading sacks of postal matter and placing them in the long train for the Front. Amongst them I saw friends. One especially waved to me as my steamer passed out to sea. Many formalities have to be observed before one can get permission to leave France. Permission

has to be obtained from the Military Authorities of the B.E.F.; also from the British Consul, and again from the French Police. When once on the steamer one is not permitted to go ashore again, but I realised I needed very much to change some French money into English at the Military Post Office, and a friendly official gave me permission to pass ashore, and the Soldier-Postman giving me British Postal Orders in exchange for French Franc Notes, but now when I wanted to get back to the steamer I found that the express from Paris had quietly arrived, and all the passengers were held by a "cordon" of French soldiers with bayonets. I found it difficult to persuade the officials that I had already passed through all the examinations necessary. Somehow I caught the eye of the French Captain in charge of his soldiers, who recognised me, and, rescuing me, allowed me to go straight back to the steamer. There was a great crowd on board; staff-officers, ladies and people from various countries. On the way across I dropped quietly into the ocean a German fuse from a shell, which I had acquired on the battlefield on the Marne. I had thought of bringing it home as a relic, but as there was some uncertainty as to its being full of high explosives, I dropped it carefully into the sea; before doing so I took a photograph of it. It will be recognised by those who either make shells or fire them. I must own to being a little sorry to part with my memento of the Marne. From its size, it had been connected with a large shell; possibly it had not exploded. As we hurried over the unsafe sea we got a little shock as the steamer zig-zagged somewhat. We did not know what was in store for us, but we landed safely on the shores of old England, for which I was very thankful. The train sped on its way up to London, where kind friends welcomed me. The next day, after visiting my Lieutenant-son in one of the great Camps, I journeyed on homeward, and was glad and thankful to be in dear Sunderland again.

* * *

As I close this story of two months of privilege and opportunity, I would like to "salute" my brave fellow-countrymen who amid danger, dirt, and discouragement, are bravely and often brightly standing firm. My beloved brothers—if my words can reach any of you—we thank you and are praying that our God will bring you home again safe and pure, unhurt in body and in soul. Be true to the Lord, who can give the Victory to individuals and to nations if only there is "Confidence" in Him.

A.A.B.

Visions on the Battlefields.

MORE ANGELS SEEN.

FIRST-HAND EVIDENCE.

Readers of "Confidence" will remember that the Rev. A. A. Boddy, when working with the Troops in France, was able to report favourably as to the Visions of Angels seen by our men at the Front. Recently he has been in touch with

(Visions on the Battlefield—continued.)

two men who have seen angels at the Battlefield, and he passes on now their evidence.

The first tells again of angels seen at Mons, August, 1914. He belonged to the original Expeditionary Force, and his life has been mercifully spared. This is his story:—

AN AWFUL TIME.

In was the second day in Mons (August, 1914) that I will refer to. I was then in the 2nd Lincs. We got safely away once, but wishing to stop the enemy's advance, we went back in the night. But the enemy got to know, and had their guns trained on our trenches, and when day broke—well, I can hardly express my feelings in words! We knew we could not live long in that fire. Houses, hospitals, and buildings were being "blown up by the roots," and our trenches were being ploughed at every foot by those cruel shells. We retired from barricade to barricade, with the same result.

Our officers suddenly realised that we could not "stick it" any longer, and that retirement was nearly impossible, so they prepared us to fight a rearguard action. We hadn't many men, as you will know, so they left only two or three hundred men to do this work—myself being amongst these. We certainly expected to be annihilated, never expecting that anything marvellous would happen.

THE ANGELS COME.

But when the main body had left us we settled ourselves down to our fate, and every man fought bravely. On, on came those grey coats in thousands; and when at last we could hold out no longer against such odds, the most marvellous thing happened. Suddenly, from nowhere, placing themselves between us and enemy, appeared a line of white angelic forms. Immediately every gun was still. White, bare-headed, and making strange movements—beyond this barricade of angels not one German could be seen! By their aid we were able to retire, and next day we found the remainder of our Brigade.—J. EASY.

* * *

The following are the questions submitted to Private J. Easy and his answers:—

1. Can you describe the angel forms as to colour, size, number, the length of this line of angels?

1. They were a pretty white in colour; bigger than the average man; four or five in number; they reached across the street.

2. Did you look back when retiring, and did you still see them? How long did they remain there? Did they follow you?

2. They did not follow us. We looked back twice. The first time they were still there. The second time they were gone as suddenly as they appeared.

3. Were their faces toward you or towards the enemy?

3. They had their faces towards the enemy.

4. Had they swords in their hands? Did they move their arms?

4. I did not see anything in their hands. They did move their arms backwards and forwards.

5. Did you see their faces or hair?

5. I did not see their faces or hair.

6. Did the Germans seem to see them?

6. We could not see anything beyond the angels.

7. Was it broad daylight when you saw them? What sort of weather?

7. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon in August.

8. Did the other men who were near you see them also?

8. No one could help but see them who were there.

9. What did any of them say at the time or afterwards?

9. I said when we were retiring that they were angels, and no one contradicted me. It was often discussed afterwards.

10. Are any of your comrades alive now? Do you correspond with any?

10. I cannot say whether any are alive or not. I do not correspond with any now.

11. Did any officers you knew see the angelic forms?

11. No "officers that I knew" saw them.

12. Were any men deeply impressed? Can you tell me about any individual case (name) who was affected greatly?

12. One man, who got blown to pieces, was very much afraid.

13. What German and what British Regiments were there?

13. Prussian Guards, Uhlans, and 3 Minor Infantry Regiments. On our side several Scots, Notts, L.F's., and K.L's.

14. When and where were you wounded (or fall sick)?

14. I was wounded on the Aisne, with a shrapnel, down the right side arm and hand. A piece entered my finger which caused septic poisoning, and amputation was necessary, but this operation was not performed soon enough and it caused tetanus. I was in hospital a long time in Angers. Whilst suffering, I again saw a beautiful vision of these angels. I knew then that I was saved. It was evident that others in the Hospital did not see them. When I got better, Sister Gilford told me I had had a marvellous resurrection; that three had died in the same bed that I had been in, "with the same complaint, and not half so bad?"

15. Where is your home? Age? When did you first enlist? Your religion in the army?

15. My home is in Lincolnshire. My age is 25. I have got four years' service. My

religion is C. of E. I am now in the 9th Lings. My number is 9322. (He is at present at Brockley Camp, near Stafford.)

But angels have been visiting our men since then. As late as last October they were seen over our Trenches near to Ypres. A Pentecostal Brother from Wales is serving as stretcher-bearer in the King's Royal Rifles. He writes:—

I have much joy in the Lord to let you know that I am one of the Pentecostals from Taylors-town, Rhondda, South Wales. I was in Valencia (Spain) when the war broke out, and I came home to Great Britain to join the army in London. I have found work for me to do for Jesus in the army, and I am pleased to say that many have been saved by the grace of Jesus since August 19th, 1915. We left Aldershot for the front on May 19th last, and have been in many hot places. We were in a trench beside St. Jean (near Ypres), Belgium, and the shells showered on us. I as a stretcher-bearer went down the trench to see if anyone was wounded, but stopped now and again to hear the men praying, so finding nothing to do I prayed myself, and the trench was one line of prayer. After the shelling no one was wounded, but we all saw a

HOST OF ANGELS,

and talked about them; and I told them that the Lord was on our side, and that the Word of God was true. Another time when in the trenches we heard a voice sounding through the air, about 9 o'clock at night, and the moon was clear, and I saw

AN ANGEL FLYING

with a trumpet in his mouth. Some were very much frightened, but I said, "Cheer up! It is all for good to them that love the Lord." I have dressed many wounded and dying men, and they have told me many strange things before they died. The last man that I dressed had lost both arms and legs, and he cried, "Which is the way to God?" He had been an infidel all his life, but I told him the words of Jesus, and he received the Lord, and died in half-an-hour. O praise the Lord for His mercy.

Another time when in the trenches a shell exploded close to me and a piece of earth wounded me in the head. I have had frost-bitten feet, but these words of Jesus came to me, "I am with you always," and He saved my life. Praise His name for ever! Many other truths I will mention the next time I write.

I now conclude this letter to the praise of God and to your comfort.

Yours truly in Jesus,

J. G. DAVIES,
S.B. 764, K.R.R.,
Royal Infirmary.

January 5th, 1916. Derby.

My home address:—J. G. Davies, 11, Bryn Terrace, Taylorstown, Rhondda, South Wales.

* * *

He also submits to be examined, and gives these answers:—

1. When did the angels appear?
1. As I can remember, it was Oct. 2nd when I saw the host of angels at St. Jean.

2. How did they arrive?
2. They came from a very high distance, and they lowered themselves to us within a visible sight, then they went upwards until we lost sight of them.
3. Could you see them plainly?
3. I could see them quite plain, and they had faces of men and women.
4. Which way were their faces turned?
4. They faced us and the enemy.
5. What time was it in the day?
5. It was about 12:30 in the morning.
6. What was the weather? Were shells bursting at the time?
6. It was not cloudy, and the shelling was just ended.
7. How did the men take it?
7. The men feared very much. Five have been killed since.
8. How long did the vision last?
8. The sight of the host lasted for a quarter of an hour, and they went upwards quickly.
9. Where did this vision of the angel with the trumpet take place?
9. At Labrick at 9 o'clock, the 7th Dec.
10. How far off did the angel appear to be?
10. The angel was about twenty yards away, and I heard the voice, which sounded like a rolling of the sea and it weakened away, then I heard the words were "Destruction!" "Destruction!" then he vanished away from earth.

* * *

A writer in a well-known religious paper says:— I have heard in the hospitals from wounded soldiers that they have known one or two who themselves saw the sight. One such said to a lady who doubted the story, "Madam, I saw it," and intense solemnity filled his eyes as he spoke. Yesterday I received a letter from one who fills an important public office in London, and whose name is well known in England; the writer assures me, in reply to my inquiry, that he had been told of it shortly after the event by a wounded officer, who had himself witnessed the appearances. I am not surprised at the incredulity of the majority—"If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded" though a heavenly visitant should reveal his presence. But I am surprised at the unwillingness of some Christian people to accept the statement. The last verse of first chapter of Hebrews still holds good; we believe in these ministrings to individuals, and we are not told that they are always to be unseen.

God did not always, nor often, in olden times require many witnesses to be present when supernatural help was given. The angelic host round Dothan were seen by only two men. The deliverance recorded in Acts xiii. depends on the testimony of only one.

Moreover, this is in a special degree one of "the

(Visions on the Battlefields—continued.)

war of the Lord"; it is a life and death struggle between Falsehood and Truth, the Devil and Christ. Many of us are firmly convinced that we are now in the penumbra of the great eclipse foretold by Christ, and are in the opening scenes of the most terrific struggle between Darkness and Light that the world has ever seen. "Why should it be thought impossible with you that God should raise the dead?" was St. Paul's appeal regarding an event which no mortal eye had witnessed, but for which there was a moral necessity and whose results were manifest. Why, then, it may be asked, need anyone doubt that in such a war as this, unapproached by anything in mankind's earlier history, in perhaps the closing years of this dispensation, the armies of Light should again make their presence felt?

How will Christ come?*
(AS A PERSON.)

In the first place, the return must be an actual personal return. There have been commentators who have asserted that the references to the return are all allusions to a great spiritual revival in the world; that it will be a return of Christ in the spirit, and not in the flesh. But this cannot be admitted. There have even been apparently deeply religious men who have regarded the glories which are to attend the second advent as the marvels of twentieth century civilisation. True, modern man can accomplish miracles compared with the achievements of his ancestors, but there is little that is spiritual about them. The glories which we associate with Christ's return are of a very different nature from wireless telegraphy and nitro-glycerine.

And there is something of disappointment in the idea of a spiritual and impersonal return of the Saviour. It seems to rob us of the greatest and truest friend we have ever had. Ever since the Ascension the prospect of the personal return of Christ has been the most comforting support for the faith of His followers. The idea that He is really coming has deprived persecution of its terrors and enabled the faithful to remain steadfast, in spite of the scorn and hatred of the world. It is this strong and definite hope of a personal return that makes Christianity unique among the world's religions. No other religion possesses this intensely personal note. The heathen gods are

mere abstractions, of whom it is impossible to conceive as concerned with the affairs and thoughts of their worshippers. But Christ, Son of God though He is, has walked on this earth, He has lived and suffered as one of ourselves; there have been those who have touched the hem of His garment. And He is coming again! What greater proof could we have of His infinite kindness and infinite interest towards us sinners?

A VISIBLE RETURN.

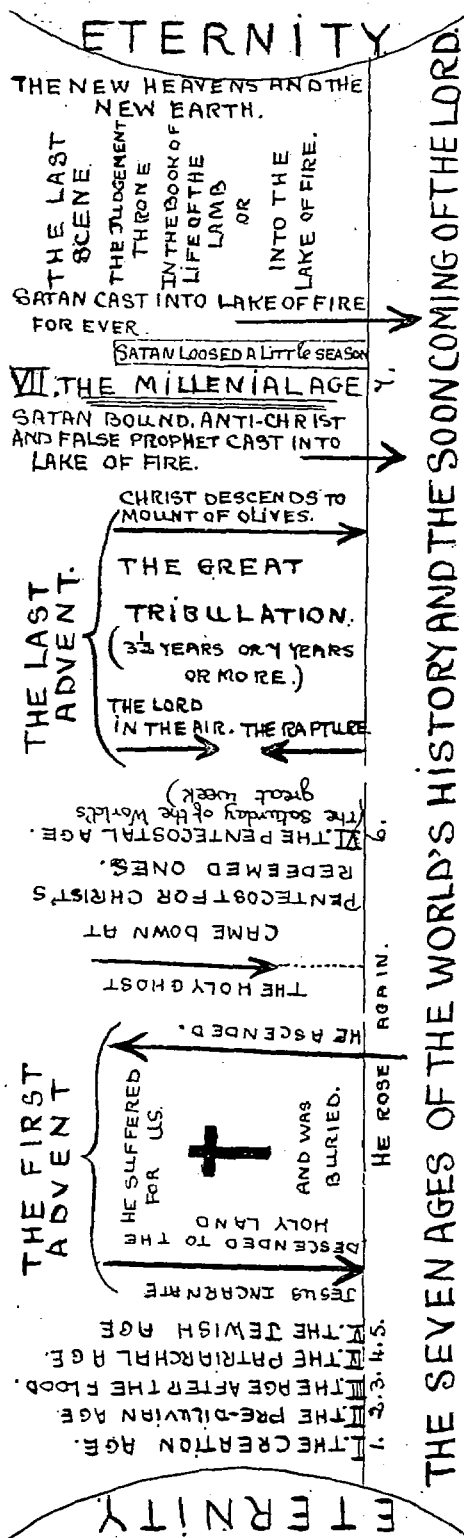
No man who reads the Bible with simple faith will be robbed of this glorious hope by those who seek to prove that the second coming will be impersonal. The first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles will settle the question for every true Christian. "And while they were looking steadfastly into heaven as He went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; who also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? this Jesus, who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye behold Him going into heaven." These words can mean nothing less than that Christ is to come bodily and visibly. He will return in the very same manner as He went up into heaven nineteen hundred years ago.

"So Christ also, having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, apart from sin" (Heb. ix., 28). These words may not fit in with some of the theories which man has evolved, but they are plain literal statements which admit of only one meaning. To ignore them or to attempt to explain them away is merely to juggle with the Word of God and to confess to a stubbornness of heart more perverse than that of the Jews. If the Bible teaches anything at all, it teaches us that we shall not merely feel Christ's spiritual presence, but shall be able to see Him as clearly and as actually as the disciples saw Him when He ascended into heaven. All will not actually see Him at once, for the earth is round, but all will be able to see Him just as was the case nineteen hundred years ago.

This visible and bodily coming will be in
TWO DISTINCT STAGES.

The first will be as He comes in the air and the righteous are caught up to meet Him. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice

* From "Bible Prophecies and the Present War" (1/, Hodder & Stoughton).



of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. iv.).

Many questions arise over this rapture of the saints, and it is difficult to pronounce with clearness upon them. Will the rapture be invisible and secret? Will the world wake up one day to find a few Christians taken away and many left; but no sound and nothing seen by all those who are left behind? Many hold that such will be the case; but there are many considerations to be urged against this view. In the first place, it will be noticed that the first resurrection, that of the righteous, will have already been accomplished at the time of the rapture. And the description of Christ's coming for His saints—"with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God"—gives the very opposite impression to one of secrecy. Moreover, the prophecies make no mention of a third advent, as would be the case if the rapture is secret and invisible and some considerable time before the advent usually called the second coming. There was the first advent in order that Christ should suffer and die; and there will be the second advent in order that He may rule and reign; but there is never a mention of a secret coming in between these two events. Christ Himself likened His second coming to lightning that "cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west." He could have used no more forcible description of a sudden and universally recognised advent.

On the other hand, there are words of our Lord and also of Paul which would seem to hint that there will be a distinct period, and one of great tribulation, between the coming for the saints and the subsequent coming for the rest of mankind. "But watch ye at every season, making supplication, that ye may prevail to escape all these things that shall come to pass" (Luke xxi., 36); and, "For the mystery of lawlessness doth already work; only there is one that restraineth now, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall be revealed the lawless one" (2 Thess., ii., 7, 8).

(Continued on page 11.)

"CONFIDENCE."

JANUARY, 1916.

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Spiritual Rest.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—Prov. xvi., 32.

The condition of the spirit is a wonderful guide to the spiritual man or woman. When we realise the full importance of the place our spirit has in our being we shall soon see this and learn to distinguish quickly between the flesh or natural mind and the spirit. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth; for the Father *seeketh* such to worship Him" (John iv., 24).

If our spirit is yielded up to God and He has control of it, there will be peace and joy, a calm amidst all the perplexities and temptations that assail the outward consciousness or sense-life. This peace will affect the soul-life, for a yielded spirit means that we are willing to lose our own life; nay, more than that, we recognise that at Calvary we did lose it, for "we were crucified with Christ, and now it is no longer I but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh I live *by faith* in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii., 20).

We find our true life, which is Christ. This brings a calm to our whole nervous system, and so affects the body, and the "joy of the Lord becomes our strength." Our spirit is the citadel of our whole being. We have perfect control of it; we can use it for our own selfish ends, or we can yield it to be possessed by God, or

we can, alas, let the Adversary control it. It is our free will. God will not control it without our consent; Satan cannot, and so it remains in our own possession.

The spirit is a great mystery. It is that part of us that alone can touch the unseen, the unfelt; in short—God, and the things of God. Therefore we only truly live by faith when we learn to *live* in the Spirit, pray in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit; then only will the fruit of the Spirit be brought forth, for it His life, not ours, that brings forth the fruit—"Apart, or separate, from me, ye can do nothing."

The food of our spirit is the Word of God. The daily trials and temptations, without and within, is the fire that is used to burn up all the chaff, so that our will is in perfect unison with God's will, and so the one Spirit reigns and rules. Naturally, we prefer "to take the city;" this appeals more to the energy of the natural mind. Like Martha, we are often "cumbered about much serving;" we look around and see how much there is to be done. That is quite true; it is equally true that the Lord also knows and sees. We are apt to forget that He is the husbandman, and is looking for labourers that will work in His vineyards, but of how much more value is a Spirit-filled and Spirit-controlled worker to Him than one who has not been in the school of the Master and learned absolute submission and obedience; especially will this be so in the future Kingdom. We can learn this from the parables of our Lord on this subject.

This year, 1916, will doubtless be an eventful one. The powers of darkness are pressing on all sides; God's judgments are beginning. Blessed are those who have learned to abide in the secret place, that hidden life in God that nothing can disturb (Ps. xci., 1). "In Christ" is the safe refuge—the strong tower. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." The storms may rage; the winds of temptation blow fiercely; feelings of safety may go; at times we may feel physically and spiritually undone; Praise God! this is just the time when faith can rest on the Word of God and fear not, for we are in Christ who has conquered and overcome and is on the throne. We are in Him, safe on the rock; and soon He will be manifested,

and we shall be manifested with Him. What a glorious moment that will be, when the Christ and His members will be manifested—unveiled.

We fear that there is a little danger of being too much occupied with the thought of Christ in us and our condition to the exclusion of the importance of the other side of the Truth, which is so greatly emphasised in all the Epistles. "In Christ," "through Christ," "by Christ," is the emphatic statement after every blessing promised to us for spirit, soul, or body. It is solely because of what He has done, and what He is doing, that we can receive salvation.

As we meditate on this glorious Christ, this loving Saviour, our great High Priest, our hearts are filled with praise and adoration to the Father who has spoken to us in these last days "through His Son." Into our spirit comes a great rest and calm, for His Spirit bears witness with our spirit that by the mercy and grace of God we are the children of God, that "in Christ there is a new creation, old things have passed away, all things have become new." As we gaze on the Lord Jesus with unveiled face we learn something of the holiness of the Father, we see our nothingness. We are so glad that "we are dead" and now are in Christ, and so "the Holy Spirit transforms us into the same image, from glory to glory." Shall this year be one of continued "looking away unto Jesus till faith is lost in sight," and we find ourselves for ever with the Lord?

M. B.

(How will Christ come?—continued from page 9.)

A LIMITED RAPTURE?

Will all the righteous, or only a few, be caught up to meet Christ? Will there be only a few "firstfruits," leaving the "harvest" of the righteous until the coming with the saints? We are told that two men will be in a field; one will be taken and the other left. Two women will be grinding at a mill, and one shall be taken and the other left. "We that are alive that are left unto the coming of the Lord shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep . . . the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with

them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." From these words it seems clear that no one goes before the raising of the dead in Christ; and that these righteous and the dead in Christ will be caught up together, and at the same time, "in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

THE SECOND STAGE.

The second stage of the advent will be when Christ comes to the earth. "The Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit on the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all the nations" (Matt. xxv., 31); again, "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east; and the Mount of Olives shall be cleft in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south. And ye shall flee by the valley of My mountains; for the valley of My mountains shall reach unto Azal; yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah king of Judah; and Jehovah my God shall come, and all the holy ones with Him" (Zech. xiv., 4-5).

From this last vivid description of the coming of Christ it is evident that He will be accompanied by His saints. Moreover, it will be with great publicity. There can be no two opinions as to the fact that this stage of the coming, at least, will have nothing of secrecy. The Saviour Himself laid stress on this point, and warned us against those who should proclaim a secret coming. "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is the Christ, or here; believe it not. For there shall arrive false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect. Behold, I have told you beforehand. If therefore they shall say unto you, Behold, He is in the wilderness; go not forth. Behold, He is in the inner chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man" (Matthew xxiv., 23, 27).

The state of affairs pictured by Christ is actually existing in the world to-day.

(How will Christ come?—continued.)

The Christian scientists believe that Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the sect, represented the second coming of Christ. The Bahaists have gone to Persia to find Him. Many have declared and believe that the Master has appeared to them. We are even shown the turban which He left behind Him after appearing in a blue flame! America has also produced many of these false Christs, who never fail to obtain a following.

When Christ first came to the world, He came as an insignificant babe and was laid in a manger. But at His second coming His divine power and glory will be apparent to every eye. “And they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory” (Matt. xxiv., 30). Throughout the Scriptures the manifestation of Divinity is always accompanied by clouds. “And Jehovah said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud”; and, “Jehovah descended in a cloud and stood there.” Again, “While He was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold, a voice out of the cloud saying, This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Thus will the Son of Man come “in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.”

Finally, He will come without warning and

WITH DRAMATIC SUDDENNESS.

“Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame” (Rev. xvi., 15). By many this is taken to refer to His coming at the death of an individual; but it applies with equal force to the second advent, in connection with which the words “as a thief in the night” are constantly used. “For yourselves know perfectly well that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. When they are saying Peace and Safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall in no wise escape” (1 Thess. v., 2, 3).

In spite of all the signs of the times, Christ will not find an expectant world. Everything will be going on the same as usual. “And as were the days of Noah, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man. For as in those days which were before

the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark, and they knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall be the coming of the Son of Man” (Matt. xxiv., 37, 39).

This utter unexpectedness is the one feature of the advent upon which all commentators agree. Just as the thief gives no warning to the householder, so will Christ give no warning to the world. It is for the Christian therefore to be always prepared. Never was that need of preparedness greater than at the present day. We have seen that the end is at hand, and that we may expect that the second advent will precede the Millennium. Those who wish to avoid the great tribulations which will mark the end must never fail in their vigilance for a moment. Now, if ever, can we say with literal emphasis, “the hour is at hand.” If we fail, there will be no excuse, for our Saviour gave us the most distinct warning possible. “Take heed to yourselves, lest haply your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and that day come on you as a snare: for so it shall come on all them that dwell on the face of the earth. But watch ye at every season, making supplication, that ye may prevail to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man” (Luke xxi., 34, 36).

Is this the Worst Martyrdom of Christian History?

Hundreds of Thousands Perish by Turkey's Fiendish Plan to Exterminate the Armenians.

Is the German Government responsible for its Ally's Deeds?

Note—For some months the secular papers have been giving accounts of incredible atrocities which are being committed by the Turkish government upon the Armenian Christians. Appalling stories of torture, outrage, persecution and massacre are told by eye-witnesses. One account given officially tells how the Bishop of Sivas was shod with shoes of red-hot iron by a village blacksmith, by order of the Turks; how men of Tokat were tied together in groups of four and taken, one hundred at a time, to the marshy districts for massacre; how women were tied to the tails of ox-carts and exposed to hunger and rough weather until they accepted Islam or death; and how mothers were bayoneted before their own children. We give below an article by Wm. T. Ellis who has travelled extensively in Turkey and is in touch

with conditions through letters, republished from The Sunday School Times.

Since the last violets bloomed in our beautiful woodlands approximately five hundred thousand Armenians have been slain or deported into a fate often worse than death, by the Moslem government, simply because they are Christians. The programme avowedly is to continue this holocaust of blood until all the Armenians in Turkey, numbering about a million and a half, have been *exterminated*.

Nero at his worst was lenient to the Christians as compared with what the Allies of Germany are now doing to the Armenian Christians.

So far as a careful investigation reveals, the martyrdoms under Diocletian, which were the high-water mark of persecution of Christians in the Roman Empire, were not nearly so numerous as those which have been enacted within the past six months, and which are still continuing. The Duke of Alba is accused of having slain from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand Protestants in the Netherlands. During eighteen years of the Spanish Inquisition there were but one hundred and five thousand persecutions.

A new and unprecedented era of martyrdom has overtaken the Christian Church in the land which we call "Holy" because it was trodden by the blessed feet of Christ and His apostles. These are not political persecutions, but religious martyrdoms, as is seen by the fact that there is always deliverance by accepting Islam.

One's pen is palsied in the presence of the detailed facts of the incredible atrocities which are at this very hour in process. An American, who has spent a lifetime in Turkey, wrote me in a letter received yesterday (October 7), "Take five hundred Lusitania horrors and roll them into one, and still they cannot match what is now taking place." This friend reminds me of the fact that the Armenian massacres of 1895-96, which shook civilisation, cost a hundred thousand lives. The Adana massacres, in 1908, took toll of twenty-five thousand Christians. These are now eclipsed by the present harvest of death, both in extent and in refinement of cruelty.

A few lines from this friend's letter will make clear that these deaths and sufferings are true martyrdoms; the "witness"

which the New Testament exalts (Acts xxii., 20; Rev. ii., 1-13), which the early Church revered, and which led to the Crusades of the Middle Ages: "At Marsovan a school of more than one hundred girls were routed from the buildings, loaded on ox-carts, and driven eastward. At the edge of the town they were halted, and each one was asked separately if she wished to embrace Islam, and again a second time. Both times they all refused. Two heroic American women begged to be allowed to accompany these girls into exile, but were refused. . . . The last heard of these girls was their arrival at Tokat"—the scene of Henry Martyn's death.

The general plan of the Turkish government is as simple as it is fiendish. "Deportation" is the word that covers the main process. Most of the Armenian men are in the Turkish army, by process of conscription: in all other lands that insures attention and care and honour for the families left behind. Not so in Turkey. Making an excuse of the fact that some Armenians in the Caucasus joined the Russian army, the Turks are endeavouring to exterminate the whole Armenian people, who are now a church, rather than a nation.

In the days of Constantine the Great, in the early part of the fourth century, Armenia, then a nation, accepted Christianity as the state religion, under the leadership of Gregory the Illuminator. Almost continuously from that time until the present the Armenian Church has been a martyr church. Surrounded and outnumbered by the Moslems—Kurds, Turks and Arabs—they have been the first to feel the edge of the sword of the Prophet. Now that a "holy war" has been declared by Turkey, the Armenian Christians are the nearest and easiest victims, especially since the Armenian communities are made up chiefly of women and children. It is relatively easy to "deport" the latter from their homes.

The maps in the back of a Bible best portray the scene of the deportations. Among the spots showing the deepest stains of blood are the shores of Asia Minor, where Paul stood when he had his vision of the Macedonian call. Iconium (now called Konia), the city where he was mobbed, is a centre of the present misery, as is also Caesarea, and Paul's own city of Tarsus. The region of ancient

(Is this the Worst Martyrdom of Christian History?—continued.)

Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, is vocal with the cries of the dying and the suffering. Far-off Urfa (Ancient Edessa, just a few miles above Abraham's and Rebecca's city of Harraan), which was the outpost of the Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem, is a high point in the tragic narrative. It was from Edessa that King Abgar, the leper, sent a letter to Christ and had from Him a promise of salvation and peace, according to an interesting legend that has come down from the early Church. Damascus and Syria and Palestine proper are sharing in the present persecutions.

Generally speaking, the route of the deportations is the same as that of the Hebrew exiles—across upper Mesopotamia and down the Tigris-Euphrates Valley to Nineveh and Babylon. For Nineveh and Babylon we substitute the names of modern cities on the same sites, Mosul and Bagdad. The woes of the ancient Jewish captives were not comparable to those of these later victims of oppression. Both deportations cover, roughly speaking, the route that Abraham followed in travelling to Canaan, but in reverse direction.

Where men have escaped conscription in the army, through paying the exemption fee or otherwise, they are summarily disposed of. In one town twelve hundred men were herded together an hour's distance away from their homes and literally hacked to pieces with axes, being denied the dignity of death by shooting. Another revealing instance shows an aged father and his sons being stood up together in a row, and all killed with the same bullet.

Most fortunate of all are those who die by swift death. The women and children meet a worse fate—disease, starvation, or slow death under fiendish brutality. A few quotations from the letters of eye-witnesses are more revealing than any comments or generalizations:—

He has orders to exile the entire Armenian population of—, as they did the people of—. We know how the latter were treated, for hundreds of them have been dragged through here on their way to the desert, whither they have been exiled. These poor exiles were mostly women, children, and old men, and they were clubbed and beaten and lashed along as though they had been wild animals, and their women and girls were daily criminally outraged, both by

their guards and the ruffians of every village through which they passed, as the former allowed the latter to enter the camp of the exiles at night. These poor victims of their oppressors' lust and hate might better have died by the bullet in their mountain home than be dragged about the country in this way. About two thousand of them have passed through—, all more dead than alive; many hundreds have died from starvation and abuse along the roadside, and nearly all are dying of starvation, thirst, or are being kidnapped by the Anaza Arabs in the desert where they have been taken. We know how they are being treated, because our— exiles are in the same place, and one young Armenian doctor, who was there making medical examinations of soldiers for the government, has returned and told us.

Some carried picks and shovels to bury those they knew would die by the wayside. During this reign of terror notice was given that escape was easy; that anyone who accepted Islam would be allowed to remain safely at home. The offices of the lawyers who recorded applications were crowded with people petitioning to become Mohammedans. Many did it for the sake of their women and children, feeling that it would be a matter of only a few weeks before relief would come.

Even the pastors and leaders could offer no word of encouragement or hope. Many began to doubt even the existence of God. Under the severe strain many individuals became demented, some of them permanently. There were also some examples of the greatest heroism and faith, and some started out on the journey courageously and calmly, saying in farewell, "Pray for us. We will not see you again in this world, but some time we will meet again."

A wealthy widow, with an eight-year-old daughter and an aged mother, tells how they set out with the third batch of exiles from their town.

I took three horses with me, loaded with provisions. My daughter had some five-lira pieces around her neck, and I carried some twenty liras and four diamond rings on my person. All else that we had was left behind. The party numbered four or five hundred persons. We had got only two hours away from home when bands of villagers and brigands in large numbers, with rifles, guns, axes, etc., surrounded us on the road, and robbed us of all we had. The gendarmes took my three horses and sold them to Turkish mouhadjirs, pocketing the money. They took my money and that from my daughter's neck, also all our food. After this they separated the men, one by one, and shot them all within six or seven days—every male above fifteen years old. By my side were killed two priests, one of them over ninety years of age.

These bandmen took all the good-looking women and carried them off on their horses. Very many women and girls were thus carried off to the mountains, among them my sister, whose one-year-old baby they threw away; a Turk picked it up and carried it off, I know not where. My mother walked until she could walk no further, and dropped by the roadside on a mountain-top. We found on the road many of those who had been in the previous sections carried from—; some women were among

the killed, with their husbands and sons. We came across some old people and little infants still alive, but in a pitiful condition, having shouted their voices away. We were not allowed to sleep at night in the villages, but lay down outside. Under cover of the night indescribable deeds were committed by the gendarmes, bandsmen, and villagers. Many of us died from hunger and strokes of apoplexy. Others were left by the roadside, too feeble to go on.

One morning we saw fifty to sixty wagons with about thirty Turkish widows, whose husbands had been killed in the war, and these were going to Constantinople. One of these women made a sign to one of the gendarmes to kill a certain Armenian whom she pointed out. The gendarmes asked her if she did not wish to kill him herself, at which she said, "Why not?" and, drawing a revolver from her pocket, shot and killed him. Each one of these Turkish hanums had five or six Armenian girls of ten or under with her. Boys the Turks never wish to take; they killed all, of whatever age. These women wanted to take my daughter, too, but she would not be separated from me. Finally we were both taken into their wagons on our promising to become Moslems. As soon as we entered the araba, they began to teach us how to be Moslems, and changed our names, calling me ——— and her ———.

The worst and most unimaginable horrors were reserved for us at the banks of the Euphrates and in the Erzringian plain. The mutilated bodies of women, girls, and little children made everybody shudder. The bandsmen were doing all sorts of awful deeds to the women and girls that were with us, whose cries went up to heaven. At the Euphrates the bandsmen and gendarmes threw into the river all the remaining children under fifteen years old. Those that could swim were shot down as they struggled in the water.

After seven days we reached ———. Not an Armenian was left alive there. The Turkish women took my daughter and me to the bath, and there showed us many other women and girls that had accepted Islam. Between there and ———, the fields and hillsides were dotted with swollen and blackened corpses that filled and fouled the air with their stench. On this road we met six women wearing the ferajde and with children in their arms. But when the gendarmes lifted their veils, they found that they were men in disguise, so they shot them. After thirty-two days' journey we reached ———.

* * *

The more deeply one considers the case, the more awful it appears. It is the worst of this war's woes. Belgium's plight is comfort alongside of the frightfulness with which this Christian people is being exterminated.

* * *

The American government has issued a vigorous protest in Turkey, but of what avail? To intervene by force would mean to participate in the present world-war on the side of the British, etc. Never have American citizens been treated so high-handedly in Turkey as now. The project to transport Armenians to this country is

admittedly impracticable. Ambassador Morgenthau, who has indeed been heaven's own "morning dew" to Christian and Jew, American and foreigner, in the Ottoman Empire, is doing heroic service: but blood-lust and bigotry have maddened the Young Turk leaders beyond reason or control.

* * *

We have reprinted this article from "The Latter Rain Evangel." We would merely add: "Why did not the German Kaiser stop this?" Turkey is the ally of Germany. Would it not have ceased instantly if the Kaiser had said, "Stop it at once?" Will not God visit the nations which did this, or suffered it to be done? "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Brought to God through "Tongues."*

Bro. Wm. C. Chell writes: I have had the pleasure of meeting a professor of languages who had, at different times, heard languages spoken by the Spirit, which he understood. This brother had been for years a professor of Latin, Greek and Hebrew in the Mennonite College at Elkhart, Ind. He was a native of Switzerland. His native tongue was French. He was acquainted also with the German and the Italian languages.

This professor attended a convention held in an Ohio Assembly, in July, 1914. In one of the praise services during this convention, a sister delivered a message of some length in the Hebrew language. The sister who gave this message did not know a single character or sound of the Hebrew alphabet. There were interpreters present, but the Spirit did not give the interpretation. It was not intended for interpretation. It needed no interpretation. It was a message for the professor.

While the lady was speaking, the professor turned his head slightly sidewise, leaned forward, and listened attentively. When the message was finished he arose, paced to and fro, wrung his hands, wept, and praised the Lord. Then he said: "Brethren, I have been praying for a long time to know certain things, and the Lord has just told me the things I have

* From the "Weekly Evangel," 2838, Easton Avenue, St. Louis, U.S.A. Bro. J. R. Flower (Office Editor) is well known to the Editor of "Confidence." He has stayed with him in his home. He believes his name is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of these statements.

(Brought to God through "Tongues"—continued.)

long sought to know through that sister yonder in the Hebrew tongue."

The professor was himself baptised in the Holy Spirit. I heard him tell how he was led to Pentecost, and will endeavour to relate his experience as I heard it from him.

One evening, a few years ago, accompanied by a friend, he was walking down Broadway, in the City of Buffalo, N. Y. As they were passing a Pentecostal Mission they heard singing within. Being particularly fond of vocal music, the professor said to his friend: "Let us step in here for awhile and listen to the singing." The friend assented and they were soon seated in the audience.

HEARD SPEAKING IN FRENCH.

Soon after they entered the mission, a sister arose and began to praise the Lord. She spoke first in English, then the power of the Spirit arose within her and she began to speak in another language. The professor understood her, for she was speaking in his native tongue, the French language. Of course he saw no miracle in the speaking, for he thought the speaker was a French-Swiss, like himself, and felt happy at the thought of meeting a sister from the homeland.

At the close of the service, he pressed his way through the crowd to meet the sister. Taking her by the hand, he spoke to her in the French language. The woman, looking up into his face, said: "Brother, I don't understand you." The professor did not believe her, and he spoke to her again in the same language. This time the woman said: "Brother, I am only a poor washer-woman and know only the English language. You will have to speak to me in English if you want me to understand you." The look of innocence upon her countenance convinced him that the woman was telling the truth. Then he said to her in English: "How is it that you do not understand me when you have given us a good exhortation in this same language?"

LED TO HIS CONVERSION.

"I was speaking in tongues," said the woman. "It was God who did the talking. I do not know what language I spoke, nor what I said."

"You spoke the French language, as a

French-Swiss would speak it," said the professor, "and you spoke it well."

This experience was a means of the professor's salvation, for at that time he was not saved. Afterward he sought for and obtained the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

He was in the home of his brother-in-law, in Elkhart, when the Spirit fell upon him. His brother-in-law was a politician, and one evening was banqueting his political friends. The professor, since he was seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit, could not enjoy the spirit of such a gathering, so he made his way into the garret and began to pray. While there the Spirit fell upon him.

RECEIVES THE BAPTISM IN THE GARRET.

When the supper was ready, the professor was missed. The hired lady said he had gone up into the garret. "Oh, yes," said the man of the house, "he is up there wading through those old Greek and Latin books." Someone went to call him to supper, but quickly returned, saying, "Something has happened to the professor, he is up there hanging across the stove." (There was no fire in the stove.)

They rushed to the garret, lifted the professor off the stove, and, seeing that he was not dead, they carried him downstairs, put him to bed, and sent for the doctor. The doctor said he thought it was a stroke of apoplexy. He remained with his patient all night, but was unable to restore consciousness.

FEARS THE PROFESSOR IS DEMENTED.

At five o'clock the next morning consciousness returned, and the professor began to speak in tongues. The doctor, being puzzled, said to some of them that stood by, "I fear the professor is demented." He had never had a case of the baptism of the Holy Ghost before, hence was unable to give a correct diagnosis.

Because of this marvellous experience, the professor lost his job. The college officials decided that they no longer wanted him as teacher of the dead languages. But the dear old man is still rejoicing in his Pentecost, and says that, although he had learned so many languages, when the Lord baptised him in the Holy Spirit, He gave him a new language, according to His promise in Mark xvi., 17.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

The "Door of Hope" Mission at Shanghai does a good work among the fallen Chinese girls. To meet its need of workers at this time Miss Winifred Watney and Miss Winifred Burlinson are leaving on or about February 12th, travelling via U.S.A. We are sure they will be warmly welcomed, and trust that on the journey they will meet with much encouragement and be graciously protected.

Miss Vinter, who has been in Birkenhead, is engaged to be married to Mr. Frank Hodges, of Commercial Street, Hereford. Mr. Hodges' Pentecostal work is in Monkmoore Street. Mr. Smith Wigglesworth has been holding meetings with him there, and reports very good attendances. He reports also that a Home of Rest at 12, Whitehead Street, is kept by Bro. Price, who is recommended by well-known Pentecostal workers.

Bro. Smith Wigglesworth (whose portrait appeared in the December "Confidence") will (D.V.) hold his Easter Pentecostal Conference at Bradford (Yorks.). He asks us to say that intending visitors should write as to accommodation to 70, Victor Road, Bradford. The Con-

ference last year was a time of joy and blessing.

For the good work of the Pocket Testament League the Editor has received the following:— Bro. Rees J. Griffiths (for the Tonypany Assembly) 10/-; Bro. Henderson, Sunderland, 2/6; Mrs. Robertson, Roker, 2/6. He gladly forwards gifts to the secretary, Mrs. MacGill, 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Miss Kathleen Polhill, who so often took part in the Sion College meetings, etc., is journeying with her uncle, Rev. A. Polhill, to the Sz-chuan Province, China. The party of six (including two of Mr. and Mrs. Polhill's children) travelled by the Trans-Siberian Railway. We must remember in prayer Miss Polhill, and also Mr. Cecil Polhill, who will feel her absence greatly.

Bro. R. E. Dazzagh writes from 22, Pine Street, Belfast, as secretary of the Elim Hall Mission, Hunter Street, that meetings are held each Sunday, 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Tuesdays at 8 p.m. and Thursdays 8 p.m. Mr. G. Jeffreys had commenced a Mission there on January 9th, following a Conference held at Hopetown Hall on the other side of Belfast. They would be thankful for prayer.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

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

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain and Ireland dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President, Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Glassby, "Ladyfield," Renhold, Bedford, is Hon. Treasurer and Missionary Box Secretary, the Rev. A. A. Boddie is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Mr. John Leech, K.C., 11, Herbert Street, Dublin; Mr. Ernest Wm. Moser, Hebron, St. David's Road, Southsea; Mr. H. Small, East Wemyss, N.B.; Mr. Smith Wigglesworth, 70, Victor Road, Bradford; Mr. Ed. J. G. Titterington, M.A., Hon. Principal of the Men's Training Home; and Mrs. Crisp, Lady Principal of the Women's Training Home.

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, Gascovne Road, S. Hackney, London, N.E.). The Male Candidates are prepared at the Men's London Training Home at 60, King Edward's Road, S. Hackney, N.E., by Mr. Titterington. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Bro. J. H. Boyce, c/o Pastor A. Norton, Dhond, near Poonah; Miss Constance Skarratt, Apostolic Faith Mission, Parel Hill, Bombay; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshanganj Station, U.P.; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, c/o Miss Herron, Saranpore. In CHINA—Mr. & Mrs. F. Trevitt and Mrs. A. Williams, c/o Rev. David Tornvall, Ping-Liang, Kansu, China; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Likiang, China, via Rangoon and Bhamo; Pastor Allan Swift and Mrs. Swift, Miss Fanny E. Jenner, Miss Ethel Cook, Miss Nellie Tyler & Miss Rose Waters, Brothers Alfred Lewer, James Boyd, David Leigh and P. Klaver, Pentecostal Mission, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, West China. JAPAN—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, 10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori, 4 Chome. Kobe. Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen and Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), at Lungmen-hsein, via Peking, N. China. CENTRAL AFRICA—Brother F. D. Johnstone, care of Kongo Inland Mission, Kalamba, Mukenye, Kasai, via Kinshasa, Belgian Congo. SOUTH AFRICA.—Holding P.M.U. Certificate: Mr. James A. Roughead, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony. 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 Mr. W. Glassby, "Ladyfield," Renhold, Bedford.

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. Let us also pray that enough money may always be given to supply our Missionaries' necessities.

The last meeting held at Sion College before Christmas, on the 17th December, took the form of a farewell meeting to Mr. J. H. Boyce and Mr. P. Klaver, on the eve of their departure for the mission

field. Mr. Boyce gave a helpful and spiritual message on the subject of "Living unto God." Taking as his chief text, Rom. vi., 11, he showed the importance of "reckoning one's self dead in-

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—continued.)

deed unto sin," and spoke of what it had meant in his own personal experience. Here, however, he had for a time made a full stop, as so many Christians do. But



BRO. PIETRE KLAVER, of Holland, and of the London Men's Training School.

God's thought is that we should go right on from the realisation of this fact to the experience of that other aspect of being "alive unto God." He expressed his gratitude to the Council of the P.M.U. as well as to all who had helped towards preparing him for the field and sending him forth. Mr. Klaver spoke chiefly of his call to missionary work.

* * *

The brothers sailed from Tilbury by the P. and O. Liner "Medina" on Christmas Eve. At Aden Mr. Boyce intends to leave the boat and proceed to Bombay, leaving Mr. Klaver to continue the journey to Hong-Kong.

During the year now drawing to its close the P.M.U. have sent seven new workers to the mission field, six of these going to China and one to India. We praise God that He has thus opened the way in spite of all the various difficulties created by the war, and at the same time we would express our gratitude to all those whose liberality has enabled these workers to go forth, supplying the means both for providing their outfits and furnishing the passage money.

* * *
James H. Boyce is from Blaenclydach, Tonypany. Whilst in the Training Home he has given evidence of a sterling

spiritual character and of downright sincerity, coupled with general all-round ability, which should stand him in good stead in the days to come. It is hoped that he may work for a time in connection with Bro. Albert Norton's mission at Dhond, but he will continue to be a member of the P.M.U.

Pietre Klaver, of Amsterdam, hopes ultimately to join Mr. and Mrs. Kok at Likiang-fu, but, whilst learning the language, will probably stay at Yunnan-fu. He has proved himself steady and reliable, and should be a capable worker.

* * *

Mrs. F. Trevitt writes from Ping-Liang: "I thought my trial was heavy, but you can imagine what sorrow and dismay filled our hearts as we received the sad, sad news of my dear sister's husband's death (Bro. A. Williams). I feel now my trouble is swallowed up in hers.

I have not yet heard from my sister as she is 16 days' journey from us, and my heart bleeds for her in her great sorrow and loneliness."

* * *

"Mr. Ridley, in Sining-fu, sent the telegram on Saturday, stating Mr. Williams died Sunday, November 7th, Kiver-teh; blood-poisoning. Mr. Learner there, Mrs. Williams returning Sining.

So as yet we don't know the cause, but they could only have been in Kwei-teh a



BRO. J. H. BOYCE, of South Wales.

day or two when Bro. Williams passed away. How hard it must have been for my dear sister if she was all alone. We don't know whether Mr. Learner arrived.

before the end came or not.”

“I wired a message of sympathy to my sister yesterday, and Mr. and Mrs. Tornvall say she is welcome to come to Ping-liang.

Oh! it all seems so strange, we cannot understand why it has happened this way, but it is one of the “All things” to us both.”

* * *

From a letter to Mr. Glassby from Miss Millie (10, Ronald Place, Stirling, N.B.), we learn that our dear brother, Amos Williams, at the end passed away peacefully into the presence of his Lord. He was buried at Kwei-teh, in ground given by a Chinese Christian. Mrs. Williams (“Lizzie”) journeyed then with kind friends to Sining. Sleeping on the way in a native inn she contracted smallpox, but it is believed she was getting better, for they had not heard to the contrary. Surely this is a call to us all to hold up our dear Missionaries more earnestly and frequently in believing prayer. May our Lord be precious near to all these dear ones plunged into such dark sorrow!

AT SEA.

News of Bros. Boyce and Klaver.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

Greetings in Jesus' Name! I am glad to inform you that after some days and nights of pitching and rolling through the Bay of Biscay, we find ourselves in a fairly good condition, for which we are very thankful to our Heavenly Father, who is Lord of sea and land. To-morrow, at eight o'clock, we expect to arrive at Gibraltar, where this letter will be posted.

We are full of joy and glad of this privilege of being messengers for Him who is worthy of our absolute allegiance and full submission.

We have on board many missionaries for China and India, belonging respectively to the Wesleyan and Baptist Churches. We are laying hold of the opportunities for individual dealing with souls concerning their salvation. This being an Australian Liner, there are many Scotch people on board.

Yours in Calvary's bonds,

J. H. BOYCE.

P. & O. S.N.Co.,
S.S. Medina,

At sea, 12 noon.

Dec. 29th, 1915.

CHINA.

Arrival of Miss Tyler and Miss Waters.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

It is with real joy and gratitude in our hearts to God that we write the good tidings to our

loved ones in the homeland of our safe arrival at Hong Kong. We just praise Him for all His wonderful care and protection of us through the seas at this perilous time.

We arrived at Hong Kong on the 16th inst.; we were one day late in arriving, owing to the roughness of the China Sea after leaving Singapore.

Mr. Hammond, from one of the American Pentecostal Centres, met us on board the “Kashima,” and after attending to the sending off of our luggage, brought us to his home, and both Mr. Hammond and his wife made us very welcome. We stay here until the arrival of the three brothers. We had hoped they would have reached us by the 22nd inst., but for some reason their boat has been delayed for five days, making it the 27th inst. before they reach Hong Kong, so our stay here will be longer than was expected, but we praise God that during these days of waiting we are privileged to enjoy fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. It's good to meet other children of God filled with the Spirit and possessing a burning desire for the Salvation of the Chinese. It's an inspiration to our own souls.

Miss Waters joins me in sending Christian greetings to all the dear Pentecostal members in Sunderland, and thank you all for your loving interest and faithfulness in prayer. May God bless you and enrich you with all spiritual blessing, that ye may be fruitful in every good work and increase in the knowledge of God, is the prayer of

Yours in Him, our soon coming Lord.

NELLIE TYLER.

Hong-Kong,
South China,
November 20th, 1915.

JAPAN.

“For Jesus Christ did not show Himself a waverer between ‘yes’ and ‘no,’ but it *was* and *always* is ‘yes’ with Him,” 2 Cor. i., 19. Weymouth.

As I look at this word “waverer,” methinks I hear a voice behind me saying “Where art thou?” My reply? It is this! “I do not say that I have already won the race or have already reached perfection, but I am pressing on, striving to lay hold of the prize for which Christ has laid hold of me. Brethren, I do not *imagine* that I have yet laid hold of it. But forgetting everything . . . stretching forward I push Heavenward; for it is God Himself whose power creates within you the desire to do His will, and also brings about the accomplishment of the desire.”

It was this fact alone that enabled us to immediately “turn out” to “come at once, Granny is dying.” “Granny dying!” Monday, August 9th, 8 a.m.! Surely it could *not* be possible; only 22½ hours previous she was at worship with us, singing her favourite hymn, for was it not the Sabbath day—

“Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
He's coming again.”

However, we went out “post haste” on that sweltering day of 98 deg. in the shade, armed with His armour—like Goliath's sword—“there's none like it”; “oil.” “They went out and anointed *many* with oil,” Mark vi., 12, 13. There she was in that left-hand corner, stretched out death-like;

(P.M.U.—Japan—continued.)

beside her, her blind son-in-law (already I've written of him in my last pen-picture) fanning her along with some other neighbours, who had gathered. "She was so happy this morning; ate a hearty breakfast, did the new baby's washing only an hour before, in fact was so happy mother said she felt that she was going heavenward that day." Such was the daughter's reply to our various questions. Yes! it was at SUCH cases; multitudinous, HE did *not* show Himself a "wav-er-er" between "yes" and "no." That's why "They came to Him from every quarter," Mark i., 45. We then did what HE told us to do: We anointed, we laid hands on the sick. In that small, small room, with not a breath of air, 98 deg. in the shade outside, we *watch* and pray. Nine has passed, so has ten, but *not* a move, *not* a lisp from Granny. "Call the doctor" says the blind son-in-law. "Yes," says his wife, "we will get into trouble with the police if she dies; yes, we *must* call him at once."

He comes, examines "Granny." We tell him who we are, what we believe, what we have done. "On *no* account speak to her or move her; she has burst a blood-vessel in the head," is his reply. "I cannot touch her now. I will return in an hour." Half-an-hour later Granny moves, begins to slowly rise and sit up, looks around, and her first word is "Hallelujah!" and then begins to laugh heartily. Then, "Why did you call me back? I saw heaven; O *such* a beautiful place, and I *did* want to go, but you called me back."

We tell her there is a doctor coming to see her, and at that she laughs heartily, and gets up. Can you imagine the doctor's face—and his silence—when Granny greets him at the door? and when he did "come to himself" do you know what he said? This: "Ten no Chikara"—"The Power of Heaven."

"And *beholding* which was healed *standing* with them, they could say nothing against it" (Acts iv., 14). From that hour she *never* had a bit of pain in her head, and was present at nearly all the meetings until the end of September, when we very reluctantly said "Good-bye" as she went back to her native town (North), 600 miles away—"To tell." She is not the first to whom He has said, is she? "Go home and tell"! and this because it *was*, and *always* is, "Yes"—with Him.

As I enclose her photo, to Him be the glory in the Church, who *was*, and *is*, and *is* to come.

Ever yours,
"Pushing heavenward,"
WM. J. TAYLOR.

10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori,
4 Chome,
Kobe,
November 5th, 1915.

Receipt No. 1468	0 10 0
Carlisle Assembly	2 5 0
Receipt No. 1470	50 0 0
Birmingham (towards support of Miss Tyler)	3 7 0
Hackney (towards support of Miss Tyler and Miss Waters)	5 0 0
Devon (towards support of Miss Tyler and Miss Waters)	1 10 0
Receipt No. 1471	5 5 0
Emmaus Missionary Bureau, Halifax (towards the work in Japan)	3 13 6
Emmaus Missionary Bureau, Halifax (towards the work in Korea)	1 0 0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	3 6 0
Receipt No. 1474	12 0 0
" 1475	10 5 4
" 1476	0 10 0
" 1477	2 0 0
George Street Mission Hall, Derby	1 0 0
Receipt No. 1479 (for a substitute in India)	15 0 0
" " (for an Evangelist in India)	2 10 0
Emsworth Assembly	0 10 0
Stirling Assembly	3 10 0
Receipt No. 1482	0 3 2
All Saints' Church, Sunderland (Boxes)	12 12 8
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	1 15 0
Receipt No. 1485	3 0 0
" 1486	0 18 0
" 1487	1 0 0
Bury Assembly	1 10 0
" " (towards support of Bro. Leigh)	3 0 0
Receipt No. 1489	1 1 0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	3 15 0
Receipt No. 1491 (for Sion College Own Missionary Fund)	1 0 0
Anonymous (Clapton)	0 10 0
Receipt No. 1493	10 0 0
Receipt No. 1495 (towards support of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams)	1 0 0
Swansea Assembly (Boxes)	1 1 7
Scroll Mission Fund, Bedford	3 3 0
Hawick Assembly	1 0 0
Receipt No. 1499	0 10 0
" 1500	0 4 3
Kirkintilloch Assembly	1 0 0
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£178 5 10	

SPECIAL FUND FOR OUT-GOING MISSIONARIES' OUTFITS AND PASSAGES.

"Given in His Name" (towards passage of A. Richardson to Africa)	40 0 0
Debden Assembly (towards A. Richardson's outfit)	5 0 0
<hr/>	
£45 0 0	

As many of our friends desire their gifts to be anonymous, the receipt number alone is given.

WILLIAM GLASSBY,
Hon. Treasurer (P.M.U.),
"Ladyfield,"
Renhold, Beds.

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List of Contributions received during December, 1915.

	£	s.	d.
Receipt No. 1463	1	0	0
" 1464	2	0	0
Ferndale Assembly	2	0	4
Receipt No. 1467	2	0	0