

MARCH, 1909.

VOL. II. No. 3.

# “CONFIDENCE”

A Pentecostal Paper for  
Great Britain.

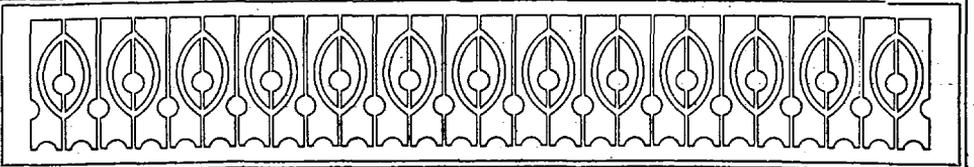
“This is the CONFIDENCE that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired from Him.”

—1 John v., 14-15.

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

—Prov. iii., 26.

MONKWEARMOUTH, SUNDERLAND,  
ENGLAND.



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# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 3. Vol. ii.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

March, 1909.

TO EDITORS AND OTHERS.—Any matter in this Paper may be re-printed on condition that full acknowledgment is made thus:—"From 'Confidence,' a Free Pentecostal Paper, to be obtained from the Secretaries, 11, Park Lea Road, Sunderland."

## "Consider . . . Jesus." *Heb. iii., 1, 2.*

"Lo, I am with you alway," The Saviour gently says, I am in you, just to keep you In My Father's blessed will. I am in you to deliver, I am in you to reveal All the love of God My Father To His children here below. Will you trust Me, Trembling heart?	<i>Matt. xxviii., 20</i>  <i>Jude 24</i>  <i>Acts vii., 35</i> <i>Matt. xi., 27</i>	He will quicken all your being, He will teach you every day, He will guide you and protect you, 'Tis My Father's blessed will. He will glorify Me in you, He will comfort and reveal All My loving, powerful Presence Means to children here below, Will you trust Him, Trembling heart?	<i>Rom. viii., 11</i> <i>John xiv., 26</i> <i>Ps. cxlviii., 14</i> <i>John xvii., 13</i> <i>John xvi., 14</i> <i>John xv., 26, 27</i>
You need no longer struggle, For in Me you died to sin, And in Me you rose to glory. 'Tis the Father's blessed will. You say you cannot grasp it, And <i>this</i> My Father knows, So He gives His Holy Spirit To His children here below. Will you <i>take</i> Him, Trembling heart?	  <i>Col. iii., 3</i> <i>Ephes. ii., 6</i>     <i>Luke xi., 13</i>   <i>John xx., 22</i>	Then just listen to His whisper And believe Him when He says— I have saved you from your sickness, I have saved you from your sin. And now I live within you, 'Tis the Father's blessed will To keep you pure and holy, To keep you from all ill. Will you trust Me, Trembling heart?	<i>Matt. viii., 17</i> <i>1 Peter ii., 24</i> <i>Col. i., 27</i> <i>Heb. x., 7</i> <i>Hos. xi., 9</i> <i>1 Peter i., 5</i>

M. B.

## \*Miss Sisson's Miraculous Healing.

### HER PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

In our January Number we quoted from the "Christian Herald," in which an article had appeared referring to Miss Sisson's healing. Now we are able to give further details. All who were with us at the Conference last Whitsuntide will remember her words:—"Hew to the mark, and let the chips fly."

One moment unable to turn in bed, expected to pass away in any one of the violent hemorrhages that almost choked me, sinking in death-weakness—the next walking the floor strong in the strength which God supplies through His beloved Son! But I anticipate.

It was the 1st of August, 1908, that in St. Andrew's, Scotland, whither I had gone to join other Christian workers in a Gospel campaign, I was seized with a very heavy cold, aggravating an asthmatic tendency, which in those days always hung about me. For six weeks the cold deepened daily, in consequence of being in a very raw cold climate, without the possibility of fire day or night. Soon I had developed a most fearful form of bronchial asthma with heart failure, and for weeks was unable to lie down or recline in a chair, the pulsation was so great in the whole body from the action of the heart. Spiritually, I was much blessed and quickened in faith for my body just before I was taken ill, and was holding in God for full deliverance for two forms of chronic

suffering, namely, growths in the head, inducing a very acute catarrh, which in turn caused an asthmatic condition with extreme sensitiveness to every atmospheric change. Rom. xvi., 20: "God . . . shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly," had been made very precious to me. On this word I was holding for the complete healing when this new illness struck me. With it came marvellous buffetings of the enemy. It was very difficult to pray or get light from God. Occasionally He would burst through the intense darkness with a great illumination, as after I had given up thought of response to a call to Bombay for Pentecostal service, and said, "Thy will be done" to sickness instead, He gave me the whole of Ps. xviii., with its promised answer to prayer, mighty power of God in deliverance, use of His delivered one, among the heathen. But as soon as His immediate presence was withdrawn, the hosts of the enemy closed in darker than ever upon me. The light of the Word seemed literally swallowed up in the torture of the sleepless nights and days. "This is your hour, and the power of darkness" was much of the time my one text. Later, God came again with Isa. liv., 11-17. Oh! the wealth of love, with which he said: "Oh thou afflicted, tempest-tossed, and not comforted," and the power with which He said, "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours," etc., down to the end of the chapter. I thought then I was to be immediately healed. As the days became weeks I could not understand the dealings of the Lord with me. The

### AWFUL SPIRITUAL DARKNESS

increased. I seemed the tramping ground for demon hosts. The enemy hissed into my soul, how I had failed God and got off His ground, else I would be healed, or taking another tack,

\*From "Triumphs of Faith," one dollar a year, from 39, Bacon Block, Oakland, California. We believe that this testimony is also published in booklet form; apply to Miss E. Sisson, 17, Gay Street, New London, Connecticut, U.S.A.

## (Miss Sisson's Healing—continued.)

how God had failed me, and broken all His promises. How he only mocked me, etc. I felt the malice of Satan would like to foreclose on my body, because God had by me proclaimed our privilege of "tarrying till Jesus comes" in a little tract of that name.

One of those darkest mornings I had fallen into a little doze. I had no regular sleep, but when sheer exhausted caught five or eight minutes by dropping my head upon a table in front of me, and was awakened with Ps. cv., 19, powerfully impressed upon me. "The word of the Lord tried him." (This had been the peculiar thrust of the devil that God's word had promised so much, but nothing materialized.) "Until the time of His word came," I saw as never before that there might be a time quantity in the promises of God. I waited for morning light and my Bible that I might review the story of Joseph to which the Ps. referred. How truly it was "the word of the Lord" that tried him, as he was standing on the promises! It was this that got him into trouble when his brother sold him. It was this that thrust him into prison from Potiphar's house, which prison was a university course in the school of God. We learn of "two full years" that he meditated there upon the fulfilment of "all the sheaves bowing down" to his sheaf, sun, moon, and stars bowing to the star Joseph, and the outcome of all was months lengthening into years—(there may have been four or five of them for aught we know)—as a criminal in an Egyptian dungeon! Yes, the word of the Lord tried him, and it seemed to be the full intention of the Lord that His word should try Joseph. Could the lesson have been otherwise learned? Could the fine soul-qualities have been otherwise wrought? Could the faith and the patience over which God triumphantly declares "His bow abode in strength" (Gen. xlix., 24) have else developed? But the word of the Lord only tried him till the time of His word came, then how everything changed! "The king sent and loosed him," and with me it was much the same. The King of kings sent and loosed me. But the time was not yet; I had lessons to learn, and though there was a glorious illumination that morning, I continued in my prison-house of pain and sank even lower. One morning while suffering from frightful heart action the room filled with brethren and sisters; some came to see me die, but most to pray me through to health. Finally they sang the victory, and I was able gaspingly to join the chorus, and after hours of distress suddenly the heart became normal; we all praised the Lord, I was well. They left rejoicing. A few hours after other forms of illness set in; my head was again under water. Acute gastritis.

Through force of circumstances I had been carried more dead than alive from St. Andrews to Dunfermline and thence to Edinburgh, and here the Lord began to talk to me of

## CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

At first I could not make sure of His voice, and the journey looked appalling. I could not walk across my bed-chamber, nor dress, nor recline in a chair, nor lie in bed. The journey from Edinburgh to Liverpool alone was too formidable; from thence to steamer, the wide stretch of ocean, the fatigue of the New York landing, then the rail to Connecticut alone. My whole nerve force was now exhausted. I could not contemplate it. But my Heavenly Father seemed to fairly coax me to

it. In answer to prayer He gave courage and wonderfully helped me to pack, write, etc., and make all necessary arrangements. In fact, from the time that, leaning on His arm, I consented to go, there was continued marked improvement in health.

I sailed October 1st, having been unable for many days to take solid food. The increased suffering from nutriment was such that on the 6th of October I resolved to swallow no more until I reached home, where I arrived October 10th. Among other things said to me by the Lord before leaving Edinburgh was, "You shall have a nice room to yourself on the steamer." I thought "Yes, when they see how ill I am they will take me into the ship's hospital." But no! when about half over the voyage the captain had an interview with me, offering me, a second class passenger in a room with three others, a first class left over state room all to myself! We had a smooth passage and many mercies.

As soon as I reached home came the reaction from all the strain of the voyage. I fell into a bed from which I never rose till healed by the Lord the morning of November 16th. I only attempted liquid food, but nothing would stay on the stomach, and while various parties were recommending what they thought I could retain, a physician who had made a specialty of sick-diet was asked simply to give advice on food. The doctor consented to come for that purpose only. In a few days I had failed so rapidly—taking nothing but granulated ice—and often for days together could not bear that, living on air forced down my throat with two fans. Then to ease the awful sufferings a little medicine was given. I was too ill to know or care. Thus the doctor was soon in, two or three times a day. Terrible hemorrhages caused by the gathering and breaking of ulcers in the stomach would be preceded by most frightful sufferings all through the body. "Nerve storms" I called them. The hemorrhages were so violent the blood almost choked me as it poured from my throat, and so great was my exhaustion that sometimes they would have to pick the great clots from my mouth and throat. After every hemorrhage I would sink so low that they looked for me to pass away. With joy I hailed these times of exhaustion, thinking I was about to be admitted to the open presence of my Lord. The joy of the thought was great, for though I felt I was such a disappointment to God and to myself, in that

## I HAD FAILED.

to rise above illness into His divine Life, and failed to give Him in myself one for translation, yet He made me constantly know how dear I was to Him, because of the blood on me, and how full my acceptance with Him through that blood. I longed to meet His love and see its smile.

One night after profuse hemorrhages, from both the throat and the bowels (and as I afterwards learned while they were watching for the end), I seemed to slip the body and be borne away into space. Oh, how much it meant to leave the tortured frame behind, and like a bird on glad wing to be floating in the upper air! We rose high up above the earth, for I realized that "underneath were the everlasting arms." On these I rested as a bird upon wing. As we sped on we passed far above a great city, in the full swing of a civic celebration. Grand illuminations, bands of music, phalanx of soldiers; as we passed by I thought: "How feeble all this to the light of the glory of God, the heavenly music, the angelic hosts I shall

soon be among! Then on and on we went, far and in outer darkness. We seemed to be passing with incredible speed through a night of limitless space, impenetrable gloom, but like a babe nestling in the dark in the warm arms of mother-love, I only revelled in the Spirit-comfort of the God arms that bore me on. Whether this was vision, dream, or the fancies of a sick brain, I know not, but toward morning I found myself again in the sick chamber, the bed, the tortured body—but this I do know, that there was a spiritual joy in God from that hour on of which the enemy was never able to rob me. As I woke to consciousness I whispered to my sister what had transpired, and mournfully added, "I never expected to come back here." It was a terrible disappointment, and for this new phase of God's will I had to cry for fresh grace to bear. Thus again and again I sank so low only to measurably revive till it seemed to me I could not die (and no wonder! so many holding on by faith for my healing as I afterwards learned). I felt like old King Saul (2 Sam. i., 9), though I dared not pray his prayer, "Stand upon me and slay me," but against every inclination was helped to cry "Thy will be done." Shall I ever forget the

15TH OF NOVEMBER, 1908?

That was the darkest day my life had ever seen. "Life was too strong in me, it must take a long pining sickness to exhaust this remaining strength." "How could we afford this length of dying?" so my mind ran on. My sisters were already exhausted with the care of me. As I said to the doctor, we were working in a rule of subtraction—"kill four to save one." I was sure there would be some terrible breakdown if they had to care for me much longer. Then there was the expense, physician, trained nurse, etc. How could all this go on? It came to me, the free ward of a hospital would reduce expenses and relieve the family. I might be till spring wasting into death, but I found there was no courage to leave the little home nest. So all that blue day I was crying to God for courage, but it was a struggle! I would think God had helped me all over to the point, then all at once everything in me would recoil, and the battle would have to be fought all over and the victory regained.

All this went on till after midnight, when the Lord approached me with the suggestion, "You are like Hagar crying and dying by the side of the well." I had been contemplating all winter to die on. He showed it was only a moment to be healed! How clear He made it, that "Christ, the deep, sweet well of Love," as a Fountain of Healing was right by the side of every sick one. As with her it was only to turn and live (Gen. xxi., 15-19). Then the accuser of the brethren came in big, with all his showing of what I was, and what I was not; that at this juncture healing was never for me, etc., etc. God applied with mighty power "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Eph. ii., 8. Grace—"free full unmerited favour," a provision all outside of me, coming to me as the Christmas gifts to the children, because of the love of the giver. "Through faith, through faith," says the enemy. "You have got to take it, and you have no faith." Within I could see nothing, without I could see everything, such richness of provision in Jesus. Then came the word with God-power "Through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." I ceased to resist the thought of healing and cried, "Oh,

God, give me that faith which is the gift of God." The spiritual atmosphere was moment by moment warming. No wonder. One of my sisters was in another room on her face before God, crying for Him to break through and bring deliverance. In many towns, aye, in many countries, Faith in God's children was holding on for His victory in my healing, and as near as we could figure it, at the very hour when the power of darkness was broken in my bed-chamber, a precious brother in the Lord, a cook in a hotel, there in the early morning making out his rolls for breakfast, and who had all along had an assurance of my healing, was energized to cry with agony, "Lord help, Lord help." He said that was all the prayer he offered, as the vision of me came before him; but oh, the power that resisted his believing! The conflict for a time was terrible, but thank God, he got the victory. My dear sister got the victory ere she rose from her knees, and the spiritual atmosphere was so clearing that this poor weakling, in the jaws of death, was getting the victory. "Hallelujah, what a Saviour!" As my sister came into my room I felt her quickened spirit, and she felt mine, though neither knew of the spiritual exercises of the other. I asked her to sing some hymns, and we spoke of the mercy and might of God. Then Acts iii., 6 came into my mind with great force, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk." Again the enemy came tremendously. "That is Satan quoting Scripture to you. Don't follow that wild impulse. You may succeed in pulling yourself up by your will-power, but the consequences of further and more terrible illness, and far more trouble to the family, will ensue," etc., etc. Spiritually

EVERYTHING GREW BLACK

around me, as I cried to God to protect me from Satan, to take away the voice if it was his, or to intensify it if it were God's. He made me know without a doubt that God was speaking. My heart cried, "Lord, I will, I will," if it costs me my life to do it," for my whole nature gathered now into a spirit of obedience, and what cared I for the consequences. The Devil said, "If you stir it will kill you." (This was true enough in the natural; the doctor did not allow them to raise me for fear of causing vomiting and then hemorrhage.) I thought, "What do I care if it kills me. I will obey God." Then it occurred to me how impossible it would be for all the family to let me obey and all my prayer was "Lord prepare them."

Just then another sister came in bringing my morning mail, which they daily opened and read me as much as they thought best, when I was not too ill to hear. Now she read from a sister in Winnipeg—Mrs. Lockhart, 629, Bannantyne Avenue—to whom they had written to pray for me. She replied she was not surprised with their letter, though she knew nothing of my return to this country; but while I was yet in Scotland God had revealed to her in the spirit that I was very ill, and put upon her a great burden for me. Now she

SENT A HANDKERCHIEF

that had been prayed over, and asked us to lay it on the diseased part, and wrote what assurance God had given her of my healing. Oh, that letter! I knew God was breaking my way to speak and act by that letter. It was but finished, when my sister, who had been assured of deliverance before God that morning, took the handkerchief and laid it on me, and bowed in prayer. I was only waiting for the amen of her prayer till I should obey

(Miss Sisson's Healing—continued.)

Acts iii., 6. "Yes," I burst out, "God says, 'in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk,' bring my underclothes, stockings, slippers, wrapper." The one sister turned white as death and fled the room. I called again for my clothes. They had been laid aside all the long weeks of my illness, and the sister who had since been sent for to see me die did not know where to find them, so she followed the other, saying, "Bring her clothes." "Belle, I dare not," was the trembling reply. Who would in the natural? (And God had intimated nothing of His will to this one.) However, my clothes were found, and as my sister began to put them on, I sat in the bed and drew on one stocking; then as I put out my foot to walk my whole being gathered in the word, "In the NAME of the Lord Jesus." I never seemed to put my foot on the floor; but right in the Name, and in the Name each foot fell till I had walked to a chair. Mentally I saw Peter walking the waves on the word of Jesus ("Come"), and like Peter I was safe, while I did not look round, but walked in the Name. (Oh, had not my prayer for "that faith which was the gift of God" been answered?) The joy of obedience—and faith comes in obedience—filled my soul. I cried, "Sing the chorus:

"Come, come, and His bidding obey;  
Come, come, and believing you'll say  
Jesus hath healed me, praise Him to-day!  
Jesus hath taken my misery away."

As my sister sang I joined in with a full clear voice, and over and over again we made it ring. The other members of the family came in, half happy, half frightened, but now the colour was coming to my face and the appearance of healing. Oh, the joy of that hour, as I believed, and then felt, I was the healed of the Lord. And grace had been given me, even poor me, to obey Him! Then came the whisper, "Walk in the other room." Two of them took hold of me as I started. But they said, "How strong she walked!" emaciated skeleton though I was. When I took the chair in the second room I began to feel warm currents of life from the soles of my feet to the top of my head and finger-tips. (In bed I had three water-bags to keep me warm!) Oh, it was delicious, the God-life flowing in! Wave after wave coursed through my being. Next suggestion to "call for solid food." The devil withstood here and tried to put a great care upon me, but it came, "Well people can eat solid food, and I am well, 'the healed of the Lord.'" So I called for the solid food and ate it, and have gone on eating everything ever since. Nothing hurts me. It seems as if my stomach was

BOMB-PROOF.

We went round the house that resurrection day and many times after, crying "God is great in Zion." Hallelujah, what a Saviour! Oh, the enrichment that has come through this illness and healing! Oh, the lessons learnt! They cannot all be put on paper.

Previous to my illness I was distressed before God for the shallowness of my compassions for the sick, and had prayed for deepening at that point, also that I might know the fellowship of His sufferings and conformity to His death, as I had never experienced. A blessed measure of answer has come to these prayers—though I need much more. Then the reality of the Satanic battle against God's life in the bodies of His people has

been opened up to me. Also the beautiful truth of the unity of Christ's body, the members prevailing for, and holding on with one another. When in the beginning of my illness a telegram asking prayer for me went from St. Andrews to a meeting at Dunfermline, seven in succession got in tongues the answer "Victory," "Healing," etc. And from that on in different places children of God were exercised in prayer for me. Two missionaries of Africa for many years, just now in Vermont, not having heard from me for months, were greatly burdened in prayer in my behalf, feeling in the spirit that I was ill; then God gave them the assurance of His victory at the very time I was healed. Cases like this could be multiplied. We are coming upon a time in the Lord's battle when we need each other's prayers. Christ will thus both demonstrate and increase the unity of His body. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift upon us, by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf" (2 Cor. i., 11).

But more than all was I taught the all of God and nothingness of the creature, especially this creature, during the long discipline of those painful months. "I was brought low and the Lord helped me" (Ps. cxvi., 6), and He will help and heal any "low one" who will let his whole case go into God's hands, and in simplicity rest in Him, to do all. "He shall save him that hath low eyes." (Job xxiii., 29 marg.) God waits to be all, when we are ready to be nothing. Hallelujah! So often one sitting at our dining table, looking at me, quotes, "There they made Him a supper, Martha served, but Lazarus, which had been dead, whom He raised from the dead, was one of them that sat at the table." I am glad His grace has made a Lazarus of me, and I feel His resurrection life flowing through my veins. Oh, that every sick one would let the God of Lazarus raise them.

March Memories.

SCANDINAVIAN SCENES.

On March 5th, 1907, the Writer received a blessed inflow of the Holy Spirit, an earnest of that which culminated in the Sign and Seal of the "Tongues" eleven months later. The following extracts from his diary may interest those to whom the incidents are not already familiar.

\* \* \*

All day long my express from Flushing had been crossing Holland and Germany. Over the Rhine at Wesel by a fine iron or steel bridge. On the eastern bank was massed a park of Prussian artillery, all the guns manned by smart German soldiers, and trained upon the railway bridge as if prepared to blow us into the rushing Rheinstrom. When in the evening light we approached the great city of Hamburg our engine slowed down to walking pace, and it actually crept right through the busy streets with their crowds of people and vehicles. It was interesting as at last the great carriages swung along by the busy waterside, where the ice-floes lay packed. Then in a moment or two we more swiftly sped into one of the finest

## The Steps of Faith.

BY CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.

I think the dear Lord wants us to understand more clearly what faith is. If we have faith as a grain of mustard-seed we shall be able to speak to every mountain of difficulty which is rising up before us to-day, not only to pray to God about it, but in the definite authority of the faith of the Son of God we shall be able to say to it, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the depths of the sea;" and it shall be done. We shall be able to say to the strongly rooted sycamine tree that is in our life, "Be thou plucked up by the roots." It will not be a lopping off of the branches, nor shall the axe merely be laid at the root of the tree, but we shall say to it, "Be thou plucked up by the roots."

O beloved, I believe there are mountains and sycamine trees of difficulty here to-day, and I believe that God wants to invest us with the divine authority of faith which shall speak to those mountains and to those sycamine trees, and for the glory of God shall bid them depart.

In order to be clothed with faith, we must first understand from the Word of God what faith is. "Faith is the evidence of things *not seen*." People come to me and complain because they have to wait so long for a blessing that they are trusting God for, and they say very pitifully, "I see no signs of the answer." But faith, real, true, covenant faith, does not demand any sign as the answer. It is true that *because* we have faith the manifest answer must come sooner or later, but faith stands on such a strong, sure foundation, even on the Word and promise of Almighty God, that it is not dependent upon the sight of the eyes, nor the hearing of the ears. Hallelujah!

When we come to the place where we can look with confidence into the face of God and say, "I care not how long this trial lasts, only so that I am glorifying Thee by an attitude of faith. Lord, if Thou canst afford to let Thy reputation suffer, as it would seem, in the eyes of those who are watching me, I can afford to let it seem to suffer. It shall not suffer in the end, dear Lord. Thou wilt gloriously vindicate Thy trusting child, and it shall be done unto me according to my faith."

"Faith is the evidence of things not seen, the *substance* of things hoped for." Then, the moment that I have real, true faith about anything that God has promised me, that moment the thing is mine, that moment God has stretched out the Arm which has never been shortened, that moment He has wrought for me. If you have faith according to the Word and the will of God (and you cannot have true faith any other way), you are bound to move the Arm of God. The moment that you have faith, that moment something is accomplished. Things immediately become changed, and the question is whether you will continue to believe God, that they are changed, when the trial of faith comes, or whether you will go back to your old position.

In the 4th chapter of the Book of Romans we have some very important and helpful words about faith. In the 12th verse of this chapter we read about "the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." I am glad it is put in that way, because we are such feeble, halting little children, we can only take "steps" in learning to walk the way of faith. When my baby Faith first learned to walk she took a little step and fell down, but learned to take one little step at a time until she fell down no longer and could walk and run. And so God knows just how weak and foolish and halting we are. He has the father-heart,

and, sweeter than all, He has the mother-heart, and He knows how to teach His little ones to walk. He holds us with the divine strength of the “everlasting arms,” and then lets us take a step at a time in this precious faith. That is the way He has led me, a step at a time. And so this sweet encouraging word comes to us all to-day, “the steps of that faith of our father Abraham.” Abraham was the father of all who have faith, and if you have taken the first little step towards trusting God, believing in Him for a thing that you did not immediately see, but you knew you had it because you were standing on His promise, then God is sure to lead you further if you let Him.

The 17th verse gives us the first step. “As it is written, I have made thee a father of many nations, before Him whom he believed, even God, who quickeneth the dead, and *calleth those things which be not as though they were.*” Does it seem like a mighty step? Did you think that was the top step of the stairway of faith instead of the bottom? I believe that some of you have made that mistake. You have thought that was the highest step, and when you have heard us talking about believing before seeing, you thought we had attained to a very great altitude of faith. But that is but the first step, because if we do not call the things which are not as though they are, it is not faith at all.

“Which calleth the things which be not as though they were.” Abraham’s God did that, and the real reading, as found in the margin, is that Abraham was made “*like unto God, who calleth those things which be not as though they were.*” God called the things which be not that they were, by His creative power. Abraham, the princely child of God, also called the things which be not as though they

were, and they became so. Oh, I never get tired of this part of the primer of faith! We need it over and over again to keep us standing on that step, so that if we come down from any of the others we shall not come down from that first round of the ladder!

“Which calleth the things which be not as though they were.” Everything which you believe to be God’s will to give you, you have the divine authority of God to call it (even though it is not) that it is, and to believe that it is, even though all hell and all the powers of earth should combine to assert to you that it is not. O, may the Lord, by His dear Holy Spirit, show you what this means! I remember a time when such language would have been Greek to me, but the light came, the flash of that eternal light which illumined all my soul and showed me for the first time what God meant by “the prayer of faith.”

I never read this passage without thinking of a dear old coloured “auntie” whom I met in a Faith Home in the East. She was a poor, helpless, diseased woman, having been formerly a slave and having had harsh treatment. She had become so diseased in her throat that a hole was eaten in the roof of her mouth. She could scarcely speak, even in a whisper, and she was longing for death. Some people trying to make her comfortable, were about to take her to an Old Ladies’ Home, that she might stay there the rest of her life, which they thought would be short. A dear Christian sister was led to her, and told her about the power of God to save and to heal; and this dear woman grasped it with the simple faith of a little child, and now when she gets up in the meetings to tell what the Lord has done for her, and to tell how He healed her throat and the roof of her mouth so that she is able to

(Steps of Faith—continued.)

speaking aloud for His glory and to sing for Him, she always quotes this verse in the following quaint way:—"The Lord taught me to call the things that were not as though they were." And so this passage was emphasized by the very way she quoted it, and as I read it I always think about the dear coloured "Auntie," with her poor, helpless throat eaten out by disease, scarcely able to frame a whisper, who dared to count the thing that was not that it was, and dared to so believe in her Great Physician that He restored her and made her every whit whole. And now He has given her such fulness of strength that it is her delight to do an abundance of work in the Home, and if there is work she thinks too hard for anyone else she rejoices in doing that. Most of all, she likes to take care of the room where the meetings are held and where so many are blessed. In her quaint way she calls it the "tabernacle," although only a large parlour, and she believes she is the chosen one to take care of that "tabernacle" for the Lord. And every morning at the Home, when you hear the rising bell, you hear a sweet, weird, heavenly sound with which the bell keeps time, and you say, "What wonderful melody! What is that? What can it be, this singing that comes with the rising bell and always wakens us so quickly because it is so sweet?" And then you find that it is dear old "Auntie" singing her jubilee hymns to the stroke of the bell, and awaking the saints of God to come forth and shine for her Master and to work for Him.

Now, can you not begin to call the thing that is not that it is? There is such a snare there, because there is always a snare and a temptation just as soon as you take an upward step, and the devil will say, "O, yes, you can count it

so, and if you do so long enough perhaps the Lord will sometime make it so." No, that isn't it at all. I have seen so many deceiving themselves in that way. I have said to them, "Have you trusted God? Have you dared to step out on His promise, dared to believe Him though the heavens fall, dared to believe Him though you see nothing to make you believe?" And the reply sometimes comes, "Yes, I have been counting it done, but it is not done." I say to them, "O, you have been deceiving yourselves all this time. If you had truly counted it done God would have answered to your faith, but as long as you say that you are counting it done in the hope that it *will* be done *sometime*, you are greatly deluded." There is just the difference between faith and the attempt to believe. Do not try to count it done at all unless you really believe, and if you believe it take the comfort of it. It is either done, or it is not done. When by faith you count the thing that is not that it is, it *becomes so*. When you bring your poor, sick body to God, and you plead His promise, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," desiring to be healed alone for His glory, and you dare to accept at the hands of some believing one the anointing which He has commanded (Jas. v., 14-15) and dare to count Him faithful and true, then and there, if you believe, God reaches out His divine hand that touched the leper, that touched Peter's wife's mother, that touched all the sick ones that came to Him, that hand He reaches down into the very centre of your physical life and touches the hidden sources of disease that are sapping away your life, and He rebukes them and they are cut off. The springs of evil are cut off, and "all our springs are in Him," and instead of the well of disease there comes a wellspring of life. Our whole physical being, just in

the same powerful, blessed way that our souls have felt it so long, feels the well-spring of His life springing up and flowing over the gates and entering into every little nerve and fibre of our bodies, and we are changed, restored to the days of our youth. We do not know what it is to feel old, we know the power of His eternal youth. We do not know what it is to feel tired or to have our strength give out just as long as the Lord has anything for us to do. We feel as though we could leap over a wall or run through a troop, or go anywhere the Lord commands!

Oh, it is glorious! But the Lord will not give it to anything short of *faith*. No matter how much you *try* to believe, unless you really have *faith* you cannot receive this. Then how does faith come? You who are hungry-hearted for this faith listen to the divine recipe:—

"*Faith* cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." "Hearing! What is that? Hearing is the attitude of soul that listens, that hearkens, that gets quiet, that does not make any plans for itself, the simple-hearted state of a little child.

And how shall we thus hearken? "Hearing cometh by the Word of God." Take the Bible—take it as George Müller, the giant of faith of last century, took it. Take it on your knees before God as this man of faith did, and then let the Holy Spirit teach you. Read it consecutively through and through until you have read it over fifty times in this way, as George Müller did, besides reading the different passages that the Holy Spirit shall point you to on different occasions and at different times of need. Lord, help us to study Thy Word! Lord, forgive us that we have studied so little! Every time that I study it more than usual I get such a blessing that I am ashamed that I do not let everything else go and first study the Word of

God. I get such renewed faith, such an overflowing fund of faith and blessing in my soul that I can never keep it to myself. I always have to go around and find people to tell it to. It is so sweet!

If we have not a fulness in our Christian life in our testimony, if it is hard to pray in public, or hard to speak for Jesus, that is because we have not been feeding upon the Word. When we do, we will get so strengthened and so sustained and so filled that it is bound to flow over, and the Word, the living Word which came down from Heaven, shall be revealed to us through the written Word by the Spirit of God, and thus the true manna shall feed us day by day until we lack no more.

But there is the "trial of faith." Just as soon as God has led us up the steps of faith, then He shows us the exceeding preciousness of the trying of our faith, and He says, "*Think it not strange* concerning the *fiery trial* which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." And yet we hear people saying, "O, how strange this trial is! I have trusted so long; I have prayed so long! How strange it is!" But the answer of Scripture is, "Think it *not* strange." It is your Father's ordering, that all the dross may be consumed out of the gold.

I have heard my husband tell how they crush a portion of the rock when they are assaying, and want to find out how much of gold the rock contains in order that they may estimate how much it will yield to the ton. They take about a heaping teaspoonful of ground up quartz and put it into a little crucible in the hot furnace fire, and after awhile all the baser metals float off into the air. They have in the beginning quite a little bulk of the material, but as they watch, the furnace flames grow hotter and hotter, and finally there is left

(Steps of Faith—continued.)

in the bottom of the crucible a tiny bit of gold about as big as the head of a pin. And that is the proportion in which your faith and mine has got to be tried—a little, tiny pinhead of gold to the heaping teaspoonful of dross. "Think it not strange," for at last the little gold button appears pure and clean, freed from all the baser elements, and then, lest the intense heat should consume that too, the Refiner takes it from the fire. When He sees all the faith is pure gold, He will not need to test it longer. If we want our faith to become pure gold more quickly than it can perhaps by the slower way of suffering, we must get the faith that comes from the Word of God and from the Holy Spirit. Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and I believe God would not be obliged to take us through so many hot fires if we would get more of this faith in the first place. But let us praise Him for grinding and melting us in any way He can. He will take the material, whatever it is, and He will refine it, and the result in each soul at last will be the same—pure gold.

Perhaps you are having your faith tried severely to-day, and the Lord is saying to you, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial." It is a fiery trial, but that is what God says it will be, and we read that "He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it." So, beloved, there is the door out of the burning, fiery furnace into the clear, sweet, pure atmosphere of God's grace and strength.

Now I believe that the Lord will strengthen our faith to-day if we will lay everything down at His feet, and come to Him to receive by the baptism of the Holy Ghost the divine faith of the Son of God. I believe that as we open the door of our heart, let-

ting Jesus come in to exercise His own faith there, He will do it. Will you let Him have His own faith in you, and then will you let it be fed day by day by the continued anointing of the Holy Ghost? He will give you the "anointing which abideth," He will give you that faith which does not waver. The Lord has told us plainly that "he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." He does not promise anything to you if you waver, but if you will trust Christ to work in you this faith which counts the things which be not that they are, God will put into you the mustard-seed grain of faith, and then, because it is a living thing, not like a grain of sand, but one which can grow, He will let it increase by His grace until it grows to a great tree.

O beloved, will you put away everything that hinders, everything that comes between your soul and God, and with the little faith you have take the living faith of the Son of God?

(Visit to Scotland—continued from page 63.)

joy in knowing that she was going forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, and could now say—

"Not I, but Christ,  
Be honoured, loved, exalted,"

and prayed that the Lord Jesus might be glorified in her life as never before. (The glorification of Jesus is the "note high above the rest" which distinguishes the spirit and addresses of all true Pentecostal baptized ones.)

Miss Lucy James, of Bedford, followed, telling how she was led to put money aside for God's work and to save in various ways—not really knowing for what object—until the call came for her to go to India, only a very short time before, when she found she had her passage money all ready.

Both ladies are going in the first instance to Bombay, staying awhile with Miss Orlebar, the head of the Pentecostal Home there. Afterwards Miss James expects to go on to Pandita Ramabai's, Mukti.

There was another meeting in the evening, when several brothers and sisters gave spiritual experiences, and spoke to the glory and honour of the Lord Jesus.

Sunday was a full day. The morning service—fellowship meeting—was attended by those friends who were staying the week-end at East Wemyss, besides the regular members. Many gave short messages, and great praise and glory was ascribed to our Blessed Heavenly Father and glorious Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. The singing and prayers were from the heart, and one had the feeling that all was in one accord and in one spirit.

On Monday the missionary ladies left us, taking with them our loving prayers for God's conscious presence and protection over them on the journey and voyage.

On Tuesday I went on to Edinburgh, staying with a dear sister in the Lord, Mrs. Gilchrist, also one night with dear Mrs. Beruldsen. I was glad to see the beautiful old Scottish town again, and to meet in fellowship so many of God's dear children. At a meeting on Tuesday night at Portobello, held in Brother Ferguson's house, the presence of the Lord was greatly manifested. Short addresses were given by Mrs. Beruldsen, Mrs. Gilchrist, and myself, also by Brothers Ferguson, Miller, etc. On Friday I went on to

AIRDRIE

at Brother Jack's request, staying with Mr. and Mrs. McGibbon, who showed me every loving kindness. There is a sweet little hall here, Mr. Jack being evangelist under the control and leadership of the Holy Spirit. I spent some very happy hours with them, and in the evening we had a splendid meeting (the Lord so present), and giving real liberty, unity, and love. Many testimonies were given at the close of the address to the glory and praise of our Lord Jesus, and work was done which will stand to all eternity. Hallelujah! Next morning, Saturday, I went on to

KILSYTH,

where dear Brother Murdock and his wife gave me a kind welcome. Later on we were joined by Miss Boes, a lady missionary connected with "The Indian Village Mission," and well acquainted with the work at Mukti. She gave very interesting accounts of what she had seen of the work of the Holy Spirit amongst those young Indian widows. There is quite a large work at Kilsyth and a spacious Mission Hall, which seems always well filled. On Saturday evening we first attended the open-air meeting and found a large ring formed in the Market Square of men and women, and saw a good work was going on there. So many idle, drunken men and women in this town need the Saviour, and are drawn to listen to the sweet singing and stirring short speeches. They have already reaped a harvest from this branch of the good work. The following incident occurred some months ago:—A young Roman Catholic, who was on the hillside putting a ferret into a rabbit-hole, heard the distant strains of the sweet singing of the open-air band. The Holy Spirit laid hold of him so strongly that he left his ferret in the hole and drew near the outskirts of the crowd. Eventually he followed the workers into the hall. Being convicted of the truth of what he heard, he was not long before he came boldly out for the Lord Jesus, and now is a bright and useful worker.

On Sunday we had a good Sunday morning

congregation. A blessed time followed. The sisters were the speakers. In the evening we had a full hall. Earnest addresses were given, a large after-meeting being a proof of work done for the Master, glory to His Holy Name. Altogether it was a day never to be forgotten of sweet fellowship and communion with the Lord and with each other (St. John xvii., 21).

Monday morning saw me on my return journey to Sunderland. Dear Mr. Jack met us in Glasgow (Miss Boes and myself), and together we paid a visit to Brother Miller in his "upper room," Queen's Street, in which so often dear Pentecostal brothers and sisters have been welcomed and received great blessing. There we passed the time—only too short—in happy communion with our Lord and Saviour and with each other, proving the reality of that union with the Lord and our Father which He told us of in St. John xiv., 20, and which we *now know* has come to pass, glory to His Name. The promise of our Lord was "In *that* day ye shall know"—and I am convinced by the Spirit *this is that* day, that glorious day, NEVER to be forgotten, when the Holy Ghost falls upon a believer, and Christ and His Father come in to dwell (St. John xiv., 23). Hallelujah! what a wonderful salvation. I cannot tell you, dear Mr. Boddy—*Pastor* Boddy—how glad I am the Lord Himself spared me to go to the Scottish centres. I have seen and heard wonderful things, and I praise Him more than ever for Pentecostal Baptism and for the signs which *have* followed, praise the Lord; also for the wonderfully changed lives and glorious liberty and peace given to the fully baptized ones.

In concluding this rather lengthy epistle, I just want to thank my dear Lord for all His loving protecting care of me in travelling and changing so much in very severe wintry weather. He was with me in such reality. He is verily a faithful God, so true to the promises He gave me, "Certainly I will be with thee." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Fear not, I am with thee." Praise to His dear Name.

With best wishes,

Yours, dear Pastor, in the love  
of our Living Lord,

JEAN HAGGIE.

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NORWAY.

LANGESUND,

FEBRUARY 10th, 1909.

Just received your card. I had been praying to God to show me if I ought to visit England in March, and just after that your card came. I feel that the plan you propose in that is the right thing for me to do, as it gives me more time along the coast in Norway and prevents a double tour across the North Sea. Then please mention this to Bro. Polhill: "Great Britain in May (D.V.), making a tour to Pentecostal centres before the Conference at Sunderland." Ask him what he thinks about it?

You will be delighted to hear about the work in Norway. God Himself is defending His own

(Pentecostal News—Norway, continued.)

cause. One gentleman who cursed this movement in a tremendous rage at a meeting some time ago, got into difficulties, took poison, and felt, as it were, hell-fire running through his whole body. Rushing almost naked out into the streets he was at last caught by the police, but died in agony. One minister who wrote several awful articles in one of the leading papers in Christiania against me personally, condemning the whole movement, and who has been speaking against it in his lectures to crowded audiences, making them laugh in violent contortions at his comical attacks against the “Tongues,” has now been stopped by God. The same paper in which he attacked me contained lately a statement showing that he had been living a life of Sodomite immorality. The papers have been full of the scandal, and many have got their eyes open to see how unrighteous his attacks had been. The papers have even commenced to speak in a more conscientious way about the meetings. And strange enough, I am to preach on Thursday from the same pulpit in which he held his last lecture and made game of the “Tongues.”

God is a just Judge! I could give you many accounts showing that those who have been oppressing and scoffing are now being stopped by God, and churches that oppose and close their doors against the movement are being dried up. (Comp. Ezek. xlvii., 11.) We are sorry for them and pray for them. But we see the

BATTLE IS THE LORD'S,

and we have merely to go forward in faith, *trusting, loving, labouring in His strength.* We will be sure to win the day. Hallelujah!

The waters are deepening, and many are being taken off their legs with nothing to do but to let the river of grace and love and power take them along towards the ocean.

I hope to take a trip home to Christiania next week after a few evenings at Skien again, and then proceed along the coast, possibly as far as Bergen.

God has been showing further His power to heal in several places in Norway.

I have also most encouraging reports from Sweden and Denmark.

Christian Love to you all.

BARRATT.

**GERMANY.**

One happy result of the December Hamburg Conference has been the issue of the neat and well-edited Pentecostal Magazine entitled PFINGSTRGRÜSSE (Pentecostal Greetings), edited by Pastor Paul, of Steglitz, by Berlin. It can be obtained from Gebr. Bramstedt, of Elmshorn, in Holstein, Germany.

**EAST FRIESLAND.**

NEWS FROM A VICARAGE OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Well, the dear Lord be praised, *Pentecost has come to Ostfriesland!* Last night we had our first real Pentecostal meeting in the parsonage of Bunde. A dear brother from the

neighbouring town of *Weener*, a Baptist, whom I have known and loved for about two or three years, has been the first to receive the blessing in this region. He spoke in an unknown tongue, but very clearly and beautifully, and also sang in tongues, I believe in the tune of one of our Psalms which we sing in the Reformed Church. He also prophesied, but this gift seemed to be just breaking through, and was not yet clear as the tongues were.

We were only three brethren together in my room. The other brother was a Baptist too, a dear friend of mine, whom I loved because of his honesty and hunger of soul for more of God. His mind was quite prejudiced against the tongues; he rather wished to have the Pentecostal fullness without the tongues. He wanted me to prove unto him by Bible texts that it was Scriptural to expect such a blessing in our days. But while we were waiting before the Lord he suddenly commenced to hum a melody under the power, and from that moment the Spirit worked with his jaws, but as his heart was not yet fully convinced, it was only a babbling and stammering like a child that cannot yet speak any words. I had to shout during these proceedings. But while the “Dissenters” received *the Baptism* (for this, I believe, is *the one Baptism* Paul refers to) the Pastor of the States church remained dumb as to tongues. When the dear brethren prayed that the Lord in His grace now would baptize him also, the answer came in tongues and in broken German, as it seemed: “He does it! He does it!” I was encouraged to *believe* without sign of feeling that I had received the Pentecostal blessing, and to leave it wholly with the Lord as to when He should see fit to add the Bible Evidence!

With much love and brotherly greetings,

Yours for the Apostolic faith,

C. O. VOGET,

(Pastor of Bunde, Ostfriesland).

**BERLIN.**

CHARLOTTEBURG,

EICHENALLE 33,

26th FEB., 1909.

DEAR BROTHER BODDY,

I expect you will be deeply interested to hear something about the quiet preparatory work of the Holy Ghost in Germany concerning the Pentecostal blessing. A year ago I met in Berlin an evangelist who, under the impression of sad occurrences which seem to have happened in Berlin in connection with Speaking in Tongues, was very strong against the movement and warned against it wherever he could. I told him the other—the godly lightside of the matter—and warned him not to fight against God. He became thoughtful and promised to cease speaking against it and to wait for more light about the matter. A long nervous affection (or sickness), which hinders him in doing evangelistic work, is used by the Holy Ghost to make him humble and longing after God's help for body and soul. Now, a year later, I sent him a copy of the “Pfungstgüsse,” and got the

following letter from him:—

MUCH BELOVED BROTHER,

First, my most hearty thanks for the sending of the “Pfungstgzüsse.” With a real voracious hunger I read this pamphlet. Oh, how my heart grew so wide as I read the letter of Brother Edel (printed in the “Pfungstgzüsse”). How my poor heart is longing for such love and outpouring of the Holy Ghost as it is described in this booklet. Overwhelmingly came the feeling of shame over me, and I am sinking herewith down on my knees crying for repentance and grace to get full of the Holy Ghost. You know that I not only was an opponent of this movement, but have also disturbed and quenched whenever it was in my power. Now I could in my prayer plead for all for blessing. How my heart is longing for purity, for love and knowledge of the Holy Ghost. “Thereby everybody will recognise My disciples if they have love one amongst another,” and this truth is forthcoming from this movement; yea, the love is the greatest thing in Christian life.

Pray, beloved brother, that I get healthy once more again, and God the Lord may use me again.

“But I am sinful, still inclined to earth.  
 “This has clearly shown me Thy Holy Ghost.  
 “I am not yet sufficiently cleansed.  
 “Not yet fully united with God.”

—(From a German Song.)

Thus my soul is crying from the depth daily to God. He will grant my prayer and cleanse me, sanctify and refine as the purest gold, and also use me again.

With brotherly greetings to you and your dear family,

Yours, H.

\* \* \*

Please pray with me for this dear sick and seeking brother, that God may make his path clear and make him fully whole, body and soul, and fill him with His fulness, with overwhelming joy and peace, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, a real Pentecostal blessing. We have to thank God much for the blessing resulting from the Hamburg Conference. And we are also thankful to the Foreign, and especially the English brethren that they have “come over to help us” (Acts xvi., 9). Lately, Pastor Paul spent a Sunday afternoon with me, and spoke of the Sunderland Pentecostal Conference. He strongly urged me to go there also, but I am not yet clear about it.

I do not know whether you noticed and understood the letter of Evangelist Edel (of Brieg, Oberschlesien) to Pastor Paul, printed in the “Pfungstgzüsse.” The chief passage in it in English translation is:—

“With a heart full of thanks I testify now that at the Conference in Hamburg I finally got a decisive satisfying answer to my questions about this spiritual movement. The love reigning in that Conference, which was not hurt by any word against other-thinking brethren, and the spirit of power dominating in all meetings, as I dare say I never met with before, convinced me of the genuine character and godliness of the work represented there. I had occasion

also to observe the brethren and sisters blessed during those days. Their deep happiness and quiet joy in the Holy Ghost, without many words, bore the stamp of godly holiness. By the reports of the experiences of the older and more experienced brethren also, my remaining psychological doubts have been overcome, so that all my former doubts have disappeared, and the Lord Himself has given me, by His Spirit, the assurance that He will give in this path now entered upon great blessings to His people.”

The other day I saw Pastor — in his home, a really converted man, one of the most spiritual in —. On talking about this movement, he told me that at a recent Pastoral Conference, where about 30 or more Pastors were together, the Pentecostal Spirit and Gifts were discussed. After most of them had spoken about “Tongues” as trifles of little value, one Pastor rose and said he was deeply impressed by the spirit reigning in this Pentecostal movement, that he himself was stretching out for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that if it might please God to give him the gift of Tongues he would be willing, if necessary, to become a fool for Christ’s sake.

May God bless you and your family and His work all over the earth.

With hearty greetings to the brethren there,

Yours united in the Lord,

E. BEYERHAUS.

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## INDIA.

### BOMBAY.

#### NEWS FROM MISS ORLEBAR.

The difficulties of Pentecostal work are I know very great everywhere, but in this great heathen land we are all so scattered, so few in number who are baptized, and so humanly speaking alone, we truly do need to be very much upheld. Two missionaries in this home were baptized last week, praise the Lord, but very few in this land are being baptized compared with the home-lands. The Lord is very graciously beginning to heal the sick, almost every day I am called to minister to the sick and the Lord heals them, but Bombay is such a great city, and the heathen are so unreached, and the native Church so dead, and the missionaries so frightened of me, truly we seem to be utterly helpless.

Could it not be that *India* and poor Bombay may be brought to the notice of your Missionary Council and Candidates. I would so gladly receive and help those who would give themselves to the Lord for this work, though I would not step in to lessen the number who would go to Thibet and China, but the Lord can call some to India who are not called to China and Thibet. Will you not ask the Lord whether Bombay may have help?

I think that the Lord’s purpose is to have Homes and witnesses scattered over India during this coming hot season. The Hills will be crowded with missionaries, and I believe that we

(Pentecostal News—India—continued.)

must tell the King's household of the spoil we have found, and as the time that remains may be short, we need to press on in every way, and go through every gate. How I should value a time at Sunderland, but it is so blessed and such a privilege to be in the thick of the fight, here in this heathen land, I praise Him for permitting me to be just here in these perilous days.

Hoping that you will all be given prayer for me and for this work.

Yours in the blessed bonds of Jesus Christ,  
MAUD ORLEBAR.

*This is Miss Orlebar's Circular:—*

HOMES OF REST FOR MISSIONARIES  
AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

DARJEELING, SIMLA, MISSOURIE, OOTACAMUND,  
MAHABLESWAR, KODAIKANAL, BOMBAY.

The object for opening these Homes is that they may promote preparation for our Lord's return. The Homes will be in charge of those who will seek by a humble Christlike life, to bear witness to the Baptism of the Spirit according to the early Church.

“YEA, I COME QUICKLY.  
AMEN. COME, LORD JESUS.”

These Homes are entirely supported by free-will offerings of the Lord's people.

Everyone is asked to bring their bed-linen, blankets, towels, serviettes, and a lamp.

*Apply to:—*

MISS ORLEBAR,  
“BECLAH,”  
Seutor Street,  
Jacob Circle,  
BOMBAY.

these words were uttered the pathos was intense, and the pleading and agony of soul was intense beyond description. To witness this precious young girl pass from the buoyant ecstasy of joy, of victory, of our conquering Christ to the scenes of Gethsemane and the Cross was sublime to the extreme.

This dear young Hindoo, as a result of not only hearing these messages, but also getting one direct from God for his own soul, fell down crying for mercy and forgiveness of sins, not giving up till he had the witness of his sins forgiven. Receiving the witness he exclaimed, “Oh, I see the angels! see the beautiful angels! Oh, there is Jesus!” As he uttered these words his face shone with the radiance of heaven that was indisputable to the gainsayer. Unbelievers stood around perfectly awe-stricken. Missionaries of different denominations witnessed the scene, and were convinced beyond a doubt that the case was genuine.

Such privileges and opportunities as there are here in South Africa seldom have been witnessed in the history of the world. The people are ripe for a mighty revival here in this land. Brother Tom is down in Natal, and God is working mightily there. I shall give you an account of his work next week. The stone blind receive their sight, the stone deaf their hearing, and the mutes hear and speak. Hundreds of natives come to be prayed for daily. I am not exaggerating, as I cannot tell all now, only a little here and there of the great work God is doing.

J. O. LEHMAN.

Extracts from a very important Letter  
from Bro. J. G. Lake.

“Missionary Faith Home,”  
4, Millbourn Road,  
Bertrams, Johannesburg,  
South Africa, Jan. 15th, 1909.

SOUTH AFRICA.

JOHANNESBURG.

“SPEAKING IN HINDU.”

God has been using some of us to speak in tongues to others which was their native language, and as a consequence they were converted. One incident was a dear young sister of about 18 years of age, who was under the power of the Spirit one evening during the meeting and spoke in tongues, and a Hindoo from India was there hearing her speak. He recognised that she was speaking Hindoo languages. He did not know enough of all these languages to get the connection of the message given. As he stood there eagerly listening an expression of joyful surprise suddenly flashed upon his face. There he stood with almost breathless silence taking in every word that was spoken. All at once he burst forth saying, she is now speaking *my* language. Then he said there is a beautiful message. She says, “We are not made for this world, we are too good for this world. This world is not our home. Our home is up in Heaven. We are  
NOT OUR OWN.

We are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus.” Again she said, “See Jesus before the Father stretching out His nail-pierced hand with the blood issuing from the same.” As

In order that you may have a better understanding of what the Lord is doing here, I will say that in the past fifteen days we have been asked to become overseers of thirty-five thousand native people and five thousand Dutch and German, in one locality, in giving them divine guidance and direction (these five thousand are in German South West Africa), which with the people that we ordinarily touch in the progress of the work in Johannesburg, Pretoria, Krugersdorp, etc., and many other places too numerous in detail, makes at least fifty thousand who are now looking to us for divine guidance and direction in the Word of God. . . . The Lord is raising up a strong band of strong Christian workers right here on the field. These new workers already speak English and at least Dutch. Dutch is absolutely necessary for personal ministry in South Africa. Many of these people have been so associated with the natives from their childhood that in not a few cases they speak as many as four, some six native languages, and most everybody here can speak at least one native language; and so, brother, the thing that is in my heart is that, as missionaries equipped for the field, these people whom the Lord is raising up and baptizing with the Holy Ghost are a better class of missionaries than the average foreign missionary.

The mightiest man of faith that I have seen

developed in any country I have seen here from the rank and file of our baptized, Pentecostal people. Brother, think of a young man who never read the Bible, and whose life was spent as a professional athlete, being baptized in the Holy Ghost before he ever opened the Bible. But, brother, when he did so it was the Word of God to him, not to be reasoned about or discussed, but to be believed and obeyed. I know of five people, deaf and dumb, three of them born so, who have instantaneously received their

HEARING AND SPEECH

as this young man has prayed. I have sent him to dying people, both far and near, who have been instantly healed when he prayed for them. God uses him not alone in the ministry of healing, but in the mighty preaching of the Word unto the salvation of souls. We have at least a dozen more who have developed in this work who are phenomenal in faith in God, and whose ministry the signs do follow.

I am not pleading so much for missionaries as I am pleading that you and others will take the burden of this field upon your hearts in prayer that God will furnish us in His own way from somewhere the means with which to get these people in the field.

**The Pentecostal Missionary Union for Great Britain.**

OUR OWN MISSIONARIES.

Our two first Missionaries have now sailed for Bombay. Miss Kathleen Miller, of Exeter, has worked in India before. She now goes first to help Miss Orlebar, at Bombay. Her address will be “Beulah,” Seutor Street, Jacob Circle, Bombay.

Miss Lucy James goes to Mukti to help in Pandita Ramabai’s work among the Young Indian Widows. Her address will be Mukti, Kedgaon, Poona District, India (but at first, c/o Miss Orlebar, as above).

\* \* \*

Our Missionary Boxes are now ready. They are very tasteful and neat. Apply to Mr. Cecil Polhill, 8, Nottingham Place, Marylebone Road, London, W. We have received 15/- from Stirling, and passed it on to our Treasurer, also 5/- Anon. These sums were sent to the “God-speed” Meeting at East Wemyss:—2/6 from Glasgow, 5/- from Paisley, 10/- from Motherwell, also a silver shoehorn and button-hook was sent to Mr. Victor Wilson and a gold scarf-pin to the writer.

\* \* \*

Ten shillings was handed to me at the last moment for Miss Kathleen Miller. It was a gift from a “Needy One.” In acknowledgment Miss Kathleen Miller wrote:—“Please thank that dear sister very much for me for her beautiful gift and loving thought and prayer. These things are very precious in God’s sight.

\* \* \*

**News from our Missionaries.**

S.S. “ARABIA,”

MEDITERRANEAN SEA,

MARCH 1st, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. BODDY,

You can picture us on the glorious blue waters of the Mediterranean, the sun shining brilliantly, the sea so calm that we are gliding along deliciously, even so smoothly that the worst sailor among the passengers is quite happy, and everybody is in the best of spirits.

Yes, indeed, God has been answering prayer for us, and our hearts are full of praise to Him for all His goodness and loving kindness to us. From the hour we left London His hand has been upon us for good. We had a capital crossing to Boulogne, good journey to Paris and across the city in good time for the Marseilles train. We arrived at the hotel there about 10 a.m., and had a quiet day and a good night’s rest, of which we were very glad, and came on board here early Friday morning. The “Arabia” is a capital boat, and not very full this voyage, so there is plenty of room on deck for a good constitutional walk, and our cabins are very comfortable. There are two other missionary ladies on board, and, strangely enough, they are in the same cabin with Miss James, so that she also has congenial companionship.

I feel it a great privilege to be with Manoramabai. We have sweet times of communion in prayer and speaking of the Lord; she is so deeply taught in the things of God and in the Holy Spirit’s working that it is most helpful to be with her. It has increased my desire to be with Mukti and God’s mighty work there. I hope this may be His leading for me after the hot season is over and Miss Orlebar and Miss James and I return from the hills.

This morning we had a helpful time in the saloon, having a time of Bible reading with Mr. Bird, and the other two missionaries joined us. We hope to continue this each day, and we are waiting on God in prayer for opportunities among our fellow-passengers. He is bringing us in touch with one and another.

We are a very happy little party, and I do praise God for taking us out together.

Believing that we often meet at the Mercy-Seat, although sundered far in bodily presence,  
Yours in the bonds of His love and service,

KATHLEEN MILLER.

**BIRMINGHAM (Smethwick).**

“KNOW—RECKON—YIELD—OBEY” (Rom. vi., 6, 11, 13, 16) was the message given to the writer for the Smethwick Conference last week. The Rev. T. Travers Sherlock, B.A., the Minister of Smethwick Congregational Church (an ardent friend of the Pentecostal movement), presided, and Mr. Cecil Polhill, Pastor Niblock, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Hodges, and others, took part.

We were delighted to see the members of the Pentecostal Mission (Rolf Street) present in force, with their leaders, Mr. Powell and Mr. Wm. Guest. The Lord has brought them safely through stormy seasons, and His work is prospering. Wintry weather and snow-drifts did not hinder the attendance, nor damp down the Divine Fire.—A.A.B.

T H E

# INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE,

OR

## WORLD-WIDE CONGRESS OF THE FRIENDS OF PENTECOST,

AT SUNDERLAND (WHITSUNTIDE),

**JUNE 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1909.**

At the European Conference held in Germany, December, 1908, it was decided that the Conference at Whitsuntide at Sunderland should be the INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, to which Pentecostal Leaders and Workers from all lands should be invited.

In the Name of our Lord Himself, and trusting to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we therefore invite friends in other lands to pray that the way may be opened for them to join us at Whitsuntide. We are not able to offer expenses or hospitality, the numbers are too large, but the Lord can in answer to individual prayer provide for each one *before leaving their homes*.

We have had difficulties with those who impose upon the kindness of Pentecostal friends at such a time, and therefore in love we would warn such not to give us the pain of refusing them.

It may hurt some to read such warnings, but perhaps they have not had the experiences we have sadly suffered. Every great work of God is attacked by the enemy through self-willed persons, and He is teaching us and using us to protect and keep pure His Work. Therefore to protect our friends who come long distances to those gatherings we find it wise, and we believe in accord with the mind of the Spirit, to ask all to conform to two conditions:—

- 1st. To be willing to declare that they are in full sympathy with those who seek Pentecost with the Sign of the Tongues.
- 2nd. To be willing to obey the ruling of the Chairman.

The Lord so wonderfully blessed us under these two conditions last year that we feel He gave His seal to those terms, and that He Himself put them in our minds.

We use "Songs of Victory" (Allan, 143, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow).

**Board and Lodging.** All arrangements should be made, and made early, through the Secretaries, 11, Park Lea Road, Sunderland. Comfortable Lodgings, with or without board, can be had at reasonable terms to suit different parties. The Secretaries will be glad if all will arrange through them, so as to secure fairness to all and proportionate uniformity. (British friends are asked to send stamped envelope for reply.) The following is the proposed Programme for the Four Days. The details are liable to be altered, as the Holy Spirit guides:—

### **Tuesday, June 1st—**

- 9:30—Leaders' Meeting. Germany to open.  
(Entrance at back of Parish Hall.)
- 10:30 to 12:30—Necessity of True Sanctification.
- 3 p.m.—Social Meeting. (Light Refreshments.) Followed by an Open-air Meeting.
- 6:30 to 9—Address by Pastor Paul, of Berlin.

### **Wednesday, June 2nd—**

- 9:30—Leaders' Meeting. America to open.
- 10:30 to 12:30—"Prophetic Messages," Mr. A. W. Bell, of Dunfermline, N.B.
- 2 p.m.—General Council of the Pentecostal Missionary Union.
- 2:45 to 4:45—Foreign Missions. Mr. Cecil Polhill.
- 6:30—"Tongues" the Sign of "Pentecost."

### **Thursday, June 3rd—**

- 9:30—Leaders' Meeting. Holland to open.
- 10:30 to 12:30—Questions of Morality and Conduct.
- 2:45 to 4:45—Divine Life and Healing, Mrs. Boddy.
- 6:30 to 9—The Coming of the Lord.

### **Friday, June 4th—**

- 9:30—Leaders' Meeting. Scandinavia to open.
- 10:30 to 1—Interpreted Testimonies from Brethren not speaking English.
- 2:45—Pastor Barratt on his Journey to the East.
- 6:30—Testimonies from English-Speaking Brethren.

*Preliminary Meetings*, especially for those seeking their Pentecost, will be held (God-willing) on Friday, 7:30 (May 28th); Saturday, all day (29th); Sunday (30th), and Monday (31st May).

#### **A DAY OF PRAYER.**

The Day of Prayer for the International Conference, will be Thursday, May 20th (Ascension Day). We ask friends right round the world to join us in Fasting and Prayer on that day, both for the Conference and for His Pentecostal Work.

London Meetings.—Special Meetings, before the International Conference, are being arranged by Mr. Cecil Polhill for May 25th to 28th, at which Pastor Barratt and Pastor Paul are the invited speakers.

**FREE LITERATURE.**—Apply to the SECRETARIES, 11, Park Lea Road, Sunderland.