

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 3. Vol. vi.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

March, 1913.

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

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

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

The Welsh Revivalists Visited.

BY THE EDITOR.

Send the Light . . . the blessed Gospel Light,
Let it shine . . . from shore to shore;
Send the Light . . . and let its radiant beams
Light the world for evermore.

Travelling one day from Sunderland, *via* Shrewsbury, I arrived in the evening at Llandrindod Wells. It was my first visit to Llandrindod Wells, and I found it to be a much larger town than I had expected, with many large and modern houses, churches, hotels, pump-room buildings, etc. Just by the Railway Station is the field where the Convention Tent is erected each Summer (just after the Keswick Convention). Some of the Keswick speakers come South and speak, and Welsh speakers also.

Llandrindod Station was very busy on the arrival of this train. It was wet, and I got a bus to the Gwalia Hotel, and made enquiries about getting out to the Revival Meeting at Penybont. I had to take a conveyance. It was about five miles, and seemed a long way in the dark. At last I saw lights, and heard the hymn, "Calling for thee." I made my way in quietly, and sat in a side room. Brother

Stephen Jeffreys began his address on "What think ye of Christ?" in English, but with Welsh musical cadences and "*hwy!*" His English was quite good, and very "Welshy." He was most earnest while he almost chanted or sang. Then suddenly, after about 25 minutes, he dropped into his speaking voice, and ended rather suddenly.

Then followed testimonies and prayer, and appeal for decision. I felt that the Spirit was pleading through our brother, but the enemy was resisting hard. I offered prayer, and several men came to shake hands with me, and pressed me to tell them my name.

I went up the room when all was over and made myself known to the two brothers, who were surprised at a visit from "Pastor Boddy," and gave me a very affectionate welcome. The brothers are very like their pictures in the February "Confidence," with the exception that the older brother, Stephen, is fair and not dark. George is the taller of the two.

A knot of more earnest folk lingered and lingered long as we sang and praised God, I taught them the chorus—

"We are marching on to victory, Lord Jesus!
We are marching on to victory with Thee!
We are marching on to victory, Lord Jesus!
For Jesus is the mighty Conqueror."

(The Welsh Revivalists Visited—continued.)

A little word to a policeman with his cycle outside. He was glad to have a copy of “Confidence.”

We sang in the still dark night for a while, and then I got into my conveyance for the long dark drive back to Llandrindod.

* * *

After a good night’s rest at the “Gwalia” I walked along to Mr. Carr’s, the draper, the friend of ministers and Christian workers. I had heard that a party was likely to drive out that evening for the service at Penybont, and I was promised a ride home with them, as there is no late train. Then I made my way to the railway station, and caught the 8·53 a.m. train to Penybont.

Bro. George Jeffreys, the younger evangelist, was at the station to meet me. The guard was glad to have a “Confidence.” We walked and talked and made our way up to “Llwynmelyn,” where Mr. John Owen Jenkins, J.P. resides. He is a gentleman-farmer owning 100 acres and renting another 150. Is a “Friend,” and lives with his family here.

Brother Stephen and Brother George and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. They feel that the Lord needs evangelists in Pentecostal work to-day. There are many teachers and would-be teachers, but few evangelists. The Lord is giving an answer through this Revival to the criticism that the Pentecostal people are not interested in Evangelistic work, and only seek to have good times. (May the Lord shake this out of His people. Amen.)

They had come, like Philip, away from a “Samaria,” a red-hot revival at Cwmtwrch. They had news that nearly 150 had given their hearts to the Lord, and that now about forty had received their Pentecostal Baptism in the Holy Ghost. Here they had had some seventeen souls, and the people were most thankful for what God was doing. Places of worship that had been nearly empty were filled with earnest, eager listeners. They were much slower to move. The region is an English-speaking district, and there is not the abandonment of South Wales here. We had a blessed season of prayer together that morning.

The air was good. I went for a walk up the hillside behind the farm. The tiny lambs were skipping around their mothers.

From the top I had a good view. The hills and valleys stretch away towards Llandrindod. White farms and cottages are dotted here and there.

Right down below me is the neat homestead where my two friends, Stephen and George Jeffreys, are sitting by the fire, reading their Bibles, or “Confidence” and other papers, or meditating and praying. The air is mild, and the birds are singing. Four swans passed overhead flying with much noise. The barking of dogs comes up from different points. A tiny puff of white steam in the extreme distance shows a train leaving Llandrindod, and then coming along the straight course, and finally approaching Penybont and stopping. A ploughman in a distant field drives his white-stockinged brown horses backwards and forwards, and as twelve o’clock comes he unhitches them from the plough and makes homewards. Later I met him and asked him if he was on the Lord’s side, and he wasn’t very decided in his answer, but gladly accepted “Faith in His Blood,” and promised to read it.

So I came down from the hill. “Did you know Mr. Johnson, of Madagascar, who was murdered by the natives. He took the same walk up the hill before he left us,” said Mr. Jenkins.

We had dinner in wholesome farmhouse fashion. Mr. Jenkins some fifteen years ago built a new house near his old farmstead, as his family was getting larger.

His son, who had been studying agriculture at Aberystwith, drove us that afternoon to a lonely chapel some miles away. We saw the “PAILLES,” an old thatched Friends Meeting House, high up on the hillside. It is 250 years old. From it in the cruel days many Friends went to prison for conscience sake. This neighbourhood has been a stronghold of the Friends in days gone by. We saw twos and threes in Sunday clothes crossing the fields and wending their way to the meeting. The little chapel stands in a graveyard, and holds about 60 only, but it was full. Folk travelled long distances—some walked up to ten or twelve miles.

“Welcome to our little chapel,” cried the cheery young minister, Mr. Roberts. He is such a hearty bright brother. He spoke most earnestly after I had given the Word. He longed for the full Baptism of the Holy Ghost to enable him to be victorious in his life, and effective in soul winning. The Lord has used him, and

will use him more. The Brothers conducted the meeting, but they insisted on my speaking, and the Lord was with us.

"Oh! I felt the power of the Holy Ghost this afternoon," said George Jeffreys. "Surely He was with us. *Diolch.*"

We drove to Mr. Owens farm afterwards, at the foot of the rolling hills, a gushing stream running almost round the house. We had tea in sumptuous fashion in the great kitchen, the sides of bacon stowed away up above us.

We sang for our "grace"—

"Blessed be His Name,

Jesus overcame,

Jesus overcame by His Blood."

What a drive afterwards to the evening meeting, over rolling pasture land, through rushing streams, and under the shadow of the hills! It was like a prairie experience. It grew very dark, and at last we saw the lights of the Meeting House.

REVIVAL MEETING.

A goodly company assembled. There was hearty singing, and the Brothers led, and pressed me to speak. This was far from my wishes, but they were sure it was the will of God, and so I obeyed.

I was led to appeal at the close to those who were the Lord's, including the recent converts, to seek to be fully immersed in the Holy Ghost, that they might have power to be his witnesses. The very Apostles needed the Pentecostal Baptism, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire. The Lord is coming, and He wants to see this Revival fire kindled in many hearts, and then in groups here and there, in Wales and elsewhere, till the fire spreads and spreads.

Then followed the anointing of the sick in accordance with James v., and a very earnest time of prayer.

* * *

When we came out, the lights of a number of vehicles were shining in the dark lane. Visitors had come considerable distances. In the darkness the little crowd were talking, and bidding one another good-bye. "Who was the preacher to-night," said a lady beside me. "I do not know whether she found out. I recognised the voice as one who had quoted Rev. xii., 11 in the after-meeting.

"Good-bye," I said, as I shook hands with the Brothers, "We will meet again, God willing, at the

SUNDERLAND CONVENTION."

They hope to commence meetings in the Rhondda Valley, and afterwards in London, and then to come on to Sunderland for the Whitsuntide International Convention. The following evening eleven ministers of various denominations, and from different parts of the country, were present.

"I want to go all the way with the Lord, and He will make me a flame of fire," said Bro. Stephen Jeffreys.

Then Mrs. Carr drove me back to Llandrindod (with her two daughters) and left me at the "Gwalia."

The next morning I visited Caxton House on my way to the station, and had a season of prayer with my friends. Miss Edith M. Carr had been lame for nine months through diseased bone in the foot. She was healed three days later. She had walked with a crutch. At her request she was anointed with oil, and hands laid upon her. She writes, "A great light came round about me, and filled me with great power, and I arose from the couch and stood on both feet, and gently walked round the room with scarcely any help." She testified at the meeting that evening.

HOMEWARDS.

The express bore me past Penybont. The white-stockinged horse and his fellow were ploughing in the same field. I got a glimpse of the "Red House" under the hill, and waved my handkerchief to the men at the stations. Then I was borne away across Radnorshire, back on to English soil, and arrived home at Sunderland the same evening.

The only serious fault I had to find was that as soon as I made myself known they insisted on my preaching. I had come to hear these beloved Welsh Brothers.

Foregleams of Glory.*

(*Elizabeth Sisson, New London, Conn., U.S.A.*)

When Miss Sisson was with us at Sunderland in 1908, we thought we had never heard such an incisive, spiritual, and clever speaker. We always enjoy her writings as they come over the Atlantic. We quoted the first chapter of her new

* This interesting book, well produced, can be obtained from the Evangel Press, 3616 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, from Miss Sisson, New London, Conn., U.S.A., or through the Hon. Secs., All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland. (One Dollar or 4/2.)

(Foregleams of Glory—continued.)

book in last month's "Confidence." We cannot commend it more effectually than by now quoting the following:—

GOD BACKING A TRAIN.

In order to face the real problems of a faith life on the mission field, I cut free from my salary while in India, and voluntarily launched away on God for material supply. I was seeking then to lead some convicted Hindoos to Jesus, which meant for them a very literal forsaking *all*—caste (which involved social standing), property, wife, business prospects, etc. They were young college students; two or three of them were in an *agony* of conviction. While I quoted to them, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you," the Holy Spirit whispered within me, "Blaze the way for them yourself." We know how that is done in untrackable American forests. Thus I cut away.

I was then a missionary of the A.B.C. F.M., and God made the first stepplings of faith for finances so easy. On every hand wonderful supply. No testings. Soon after my health failed, and, dwelling far, far in the interior among the dear Indian idolators, He made it necessary for me to come to Bombay, and then on to America. However, it all ran so smoothly; almost before I realized need, it was met. Thus I came to England and America with a glad shout of the faithfulness of my Jehovah-Jireh. Soon after reaching New London, Connecticut, much better in health, I met an old friend, a clergyman, who was deeply stirred for a life of entire sanctification, but who declared it could not be lived by the clergy, since to keep the experience (he had blessedly touched it once), one must preach it, and to preach it was to endanger one's safety in his charge, and bring upon him hostile attitude from his brother clergy.

"What of that?" said I, "We can not give up our friendship with God for place, or for friendship of man. The price is too great to pay—a stunted and dwarfed soul for eternity."

"Yes, but you do not appreciate the situation; no church, no salary, and a wife and three babes to support!"

I insisted it was safe to trust God and obey, regardless of consequences. There

was to be a Convention in his church in the late autumn, would I come up and bring my fuller Gospel? "Yes, God willing." So things rested. However, when the Convention dates were sent me, and an invitation to Vermont, for the first time since my "faith-life" commenced I was lacking money. I could not write my friend that God had failed me after so vigorously urging him to trust God; moreover, I was persuaded that God wanted me there, and would send me.

Through the few intervening days I watched every mail—no money. Then came a letter from a dear brother, G.M., in Putnam, Connecticut, which was on my line of travel to Vermont, but a very short distance on the way. Would I come to Putnam and have meetings for several days? This was a rich man who had a Gospel Hall. Oh yes, I saw the way out! In service in Putnam somebody would be moved to give me the money for my railroad ticket. I went with bounding steps to Putnam, though when I had bought my ticket I had only a few cents left. God opened the way to several of the churches as well as the Gospel Hall. At the close of each service people crowded around and thanked me, but *no money*. New experience to me, but God was withholding them from giving; He was teaching me something. I had a well-to-do unconverted uncle whom I called on at a stop-over *en route*. Frequently before this whenever I met him he put a little money in my hand, I expected it now. A pleasant call, no money! When I left God showed me that mine might be called a faith-life if my eye was upon Him *only*, but if my eye was upon man, it was little better than religious mendicancy, whatever I called it. God would save me from expecting from man, thus only could I be clean unto God.

It was Sunday night and we had returned from the last meeting. I was to start Monday at 4 a.m. for Vermont. It was arranged that I was to be called at 3 a.m., then breakfast and be driven by my host to the train. So I bade the family good-bye that night; as I did so, the old lady of the family pressed a bill into my hand. "Ah," thought I, "here comes my railroad fare," but on reaching my room I found it was but \$1; very interesting, but not much to the purpose for a \$12 or \$15 journey by rail and coach.

Now for two days God had been talking to me so tenderly of "taking no thought for the morrow," "your heavenly Father knoweth," "much more value than many sparrows," etc., but as I stood in that room that night with that one cold dollar in my hand, how the devil got after me. "What are you going to do to-morrow when you go to the ticket office window?" "What will you say to the clerk?" "A dollar and four cents for a ticket to Vermont!" "No, you will turn around and say to your brother, G. M., 'I haven't the money for my ticket.'" "Oh yes, he will give it to you, he is rich." "But what will become of your faith-life?" "Stumping the world a religious pauper." I knew it was Satan talking. I cried, "Now, Father, Thou hast said, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' and if this command is obeyed Thou must take thoughts out of me, or I shall not sleep to-night." I rose from my knees and went to my couch. Wonder of wonders! I never knew when my head touched the pillow.

I was awakened from my refreshing, babe-like sleep by a sharp knock at the door; "Three o'clock, Miss Sisson." Of all miracles that followed I count this dreamless repose the greatest. I hurriedly dressed and went to my breakfast. The devil tried to start some of the questions of the night before, but his power was broken. God had too deeply poised me in Himself for them to touch me. What a God we have! After the meal which was thoroughly enjoyed, Brother M. said: "We must have a word of prayer." On our knees a great rush of the quickening power of God (as he afterwards told me) came to him. "Lord," he said, "she does not ask for money, she asks for workers, but Lord, give her hundreds of dollars for the work." As he prayed the assurance dropped from heaven into my breast that it would be so, though I had only one dollar and four cents toward my railway ticket. My soul was exultant, a very real God was dealing with me, and I knew it. Without even any allusion whatever to money in all my public work (or private life), in the next six months I forwarded to the India field for God's work more than a thousand dollars; no doubt God's answer to that dear man's prayer.

The sleigh came to the door and we drove the mile to the train. Too early, ticket master not there. As we sat and

talked of the things of the kingdom, my friend said, "Let me see, you go through Worcester on your route, and have to wait there for an hour. I have a pass as far as Worcester, you can buy your ticket there and save a little." So it came to pass I never saw the face of that ticket-master at the little Putnam station. How the devil likes to lift up bugbears before the trusting child of God. Now he said, "You have never been in Worcester in your life before, and know no one there; worse for you to be left penniless there than here." Enlargement and deliverance, however, had begun to rise within and without, and my soul was settled in a deep, sweet peace. Brother M. stood talking with me as the train pulled out, and we said our good-byes. I was *en route* to Northern Vermont with a pass to Worcester, \$1.04 in my pocket, serene peace in my soul. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

We had not run far when the train backed into the station. My friend rushed in and said breathlessly, "As the train moved out God spoke to me, 'You ought to have given my child some money.' It was just then so hard for me to get hold of ready money, and charities have been curtailed, but I cried, 'Lord, if You want me to give, send the train back.' It began to back immediately, and here is the money." No time for more, the whistle blew, and he was off, but he had left in my hand a roll of bills—I counted, it was \$50.

A course in a theological seminary could not have given me the equipment for that Convention which I had in this venture on God, and the revelation of His power, bounty and love, which came to me in this strait place. God knows how to train His souls, and often thinks as man-made institutions do not.

This testimony of our delivering God when written back to my friend, G. M., set him shouting and adoring Infinite Goodness.

"Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?
And why not every man?"

* * *

"Foregleams of Glory" contains much that interests and helps, and so we commend it heartily to our readers. (See page 49 for addresses to which to send Money Orders.)

A REVIVAL NEAR TIBET.

By REV. W. W. SIMPSON,
of the Christian Missionary Alliance.

(Continued from January.)

On June 5th I began to feel sick. I asked the elders to anoint me according to James v., 14. They did so, and I was immediately relieved so that I thought I was entirely healed, and went next day fifteen miles on horseback to help Brother Christie in some meetings. I remained two days, during which two or three believers were touched by the same mighty power of the Spirit, and one spoke in tongues. Returning on Saturday I was unable to get up on Sunday.

TYPHUS FEVER,

to which I had been exposed in Tihtao, had me in its grip. Much prayer was offered for my healing, and though I was not healed fully, the power of disease was greatly broken so that I suffered very little. The Lord needed this time to teach me many needed lessons, the chief of which is that I am nothing, and that His work can be carried on without me, if need be. I was able to sit up a little on July 5th, but not able to go about my work until the beginning of August.

On Saturday, August 17th, Mrs. Simpson and I reached Minchow. Beginning that evening we held meetings until the following Wednesday. I preached the Cross simply, and there was deep heart searching. On Sunday evening all knelt in prayer. The evangelist, Mr. Meng, very conservative and formerly

OPPOSED TO SPEAKING

in tongues and similar manifestations, had prayed along with the others in simultaneous audible prayer, and afterwards wondering why the meeting held on so long felt rather sleepy. I came and sat beside him gently and without his knowing it laid on hands in the name of the Lord Jesus. He at once began seeking the Lord, increasing in fervency until he burst out crying, lamenting his coldness and confessing he was fit only for the Cross. Then he cried out "Shame! Shame!" several times rapidly. Then he burst into laughter and ended by praising the Lord in tongues. He was so happy he testified immediately to all the Lord's blessing.

Returning home we went with the other members of the mission and two brethren of the P.M.U. to a station among the Tibetans to hold our annual Conference. While there Mrs. Christie received the Spirit and

SPOKE IN TONGUES,

and Mrs. David Ekvall received such a baptism that her mourning was changed to joy and laughter, and later on at Tihtao she prophesied of the soon coming of the Lord. A Tibetan neighbour had been sick for many years and going on pilgrimages to various temples in a vain search for healing. He sent his wife to call us. We went finding him on his bed sick. After some conversation he, his wife, and his son decided to cleanse the home of all idolatry and serve only the Lord Jesus. A bonfire was made, and everything, even the Buddhist classics, were consigned to the flames. Then we laid on hands in the name of the Lord, rebuked the disease and the demons and dedicated the home and family to the service of God. The power of the Lord came down and the

man was healed. He fell into sin once afterward and the disease returned, but on confession he was again healed. He and his wife have been baptized and are a living testimony to the power of God to heal and save.

From October 22nd to 29th, Mrs. Ekvall and I held meeting in Tihtao. We had the assistance of Mr. Wei who had received the Spirit in the Minchow meetings. We intended to have meetings forenoon and afternoon only, as Mrs. Ekvall was packing to go home on furlough, and I was busy settling up Mr. Ekvall's estate, being the executor of his will. But the power of God began to fall on the people and there was no regular time except for beginning the forenoon meeting, which frequently went on for four or five hours. Then, with a short intermission for dinner it would go on until dark, and even with a short stop for supper until nine or ten p.m.

The teaching was the same as at Taochow and Minchow, namely, the utterly hopeless sinfulness and corruption of the natural man which renders him fit only for the Cross, and the need for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost in order to live a life of victory over sin, the flesh, the world, and Satan, and as the only endowment for service and the necessary preparation for the coming of the Lord. The believers came at first lukewarm, indifferent, and even self-satisfied, but soon came under deep and in some cases violent conviction of sin. Such weeping and unrestrained howling for sin I never before heard. There were a number of confessions of sins of a serious nature, but the confessions were mainly about the sinfulness of the nature, rather than sinful acts. On Wednesday the filling began. From that time on until Sunday through the laying on of hands in the name of the Lord, first one and then another would suddenly pass from weeping to rejoicing. With some it went on to

SPEAKING IN TONGUES,

visions, prophesying, singing in the Spirit, but not so many as at Minchow.

The results cannot be tabulated. Such an increase of earnestness, faith and power is bound to favourably affect the spiritual life of the churches. The pastors, teachers and evangelists are much more enthusiastic and fervent in their labours, and conversions are more frequent and thorough than formerly. The hopes of all are fixed on the coming of the Lord Jesus, which seems very near, consequently all want to be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless, not to be ashamed before Him at His coming, and hear His "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

All are also earnestly praying for the churches all over China, that the Cross may be lifted up, and the Spirit poured out, and the churches revived and made ready for the coming of the Lord.

PASTOR A. E. SAXBY, of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Harringay, London, N., tells in a booklet of 16 pages how (recently) he received the full Baptism of the Holy Ghost. This very spiritual booklet will be a help and an encouragement to many. (Send him a few stamps when writing for a copy.)

TRANSATLANTIC EXPERIENCES.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

Continuation of record of the journey of the Editor (see Map in the January issue). This description of his recent Mission journey commenced in the August number, and will (p.v.) be concluded in our next issue.

CHICAGO THE MIGHTY.

Chicago (from the Indian *Checagua*, meaning "wild onion" or "Pole-cat") is a mammoth city of more than two million inhabitants. It stretches for nearly twenty-six miles along the low shores of great Lake Michigan, a fresh-water ocean.

About 30,000 persons are engaged in slaughtering hogs, cattle, or sheep, and dealing with their products in "Armour's," "Swift's," etc.

There are sylvan parks on the shores of the lake at either extremity of the city, and magnificent University buildings in the southern suburbs, with perhaps 5,000 or more students.

A COSMOPOLITAN CITY.

Chicago is the second Bohemian city, the third Swedish city, the third Norwegian city, the fourth Polish city, the fifth German city, etc. There are some forty languages spoken, and I used frequently to see a group of Abyssinians near Michigan Avenue. A humorist was pointing out a boulevard where the millionaires of Chicago lived, and said, "The very leaves of the trees growing here will be found to possess greenbacks." (The paper dollar or bill has one side green, so "greenback" is a slang name for paper money.)

It was into this modern Babylon that I was ejected about nine o'clock one night, on arriving from the far West, solitary and lonely. The unfailling transit-man, "Parmelee," deposited me, after a drive in his omnibus through badly paved streets, at the door of a German Hotel. In a quiet room at the "Kaiserhof" I had time to meditate and arrange my plans. It was Saturday night. I looked round and noticed a telephone and a book of addresses. Soon I was speaking through the 'phone.

"Is that 3,616 Prairie Avenue?"

"Yes," replied a voice (it was Miss Anna Reiff).

"It's Pastor Boddy," I said. "I will be at the Stone Church to-morrow morning, God willing, for the prayer-meeting, and hope to stay all day for the services. Do you hear?"

"Yes; we are glad you've arrived, and we hope you will make this house your home while you are in Chicago."

"Good-bye," I said, and rang off.

The next day I received a warm welcome from the family of our departed friend, Pastor Hamner Piper. It was touching to sit in his study and to preach in his church, and it was hard to realize that his intense earthly ministry had come to a close. I had met our dear brother three years before at a camp meeting in the state of Ohio, and had been shocked at his sudden home-call.

I was impressed with the God-given courage

possessed by Mrs. Piper, around whom all rally so loyally. She is doing a good work, if only by the object lesson of home training, and the glad obedience and the good behaviour of her bonnie boys and girls.

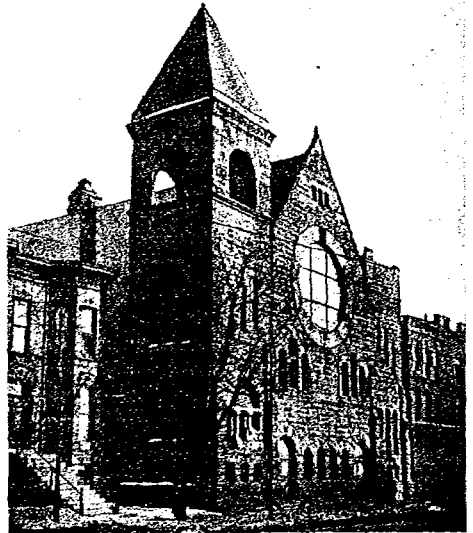
At the morning prayer meeting the coloured caretaker sang most touchingly (it brought the tears to our eyes):—

"When Jesus hung on Calvary
He thought of you and me,
'Twas love that held Him there to be
A sacrifice for you, for me.

Chorus—He thought of you, He thought of me
While hanging there in agony.
Oh, wondrous love to you and me!
It broke His heart on Calvary."*

I was glad to see dear coloured people present in the Stone Church. I came across the following:—

An old negro wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do, and not



THE STONE CHURCH, CHICAGO.
Scene of Pentecostal Conventions.

wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the negro came back.

"Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sar," replied the coloured man, "Ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lord He says to me, 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder your haid about dat no mo'. Ah've been trying to get into dat church Maself fo' de las' twnty yeahs and Ah done had no chance."

The Stone Church (Indiana Avenue) was very full on Sunday afternoon.† A fine choir of consecrated young men and women was led by the organ, of which Mrs. Piper is so efficient a mistress. Music is a very strong feature among her gifts. She graduated, I believe, in the "Conservatoire."

(Continued on page 59.)

* "Alexander Hymns" (Second Issue). No. 31.

† The name "Stone Church" has gradually been accepted as its descriptive title, though by no means the only stone church in Chicago. It formerly was used by another body of Christians. It is rented and the expenses are high. It is a centre of sober spiritual teaching.

“CONFIDENCE.”

MARCH, 1913.

Editor—

Alex. A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints',
Sunderland.

Assistants—

The Hon. Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage,
Sunderland.

PUBLISHED MID-MONTHLY.

Terms :—This paper is supported by **Subscription-Gifts, payable yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, and is sent to any who order it. Address the Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland.** (All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretaries. The Editor has very many other duties.)

THE SUNDERLAND INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

Whitsuntide (May 10th to 16th), 1913.

If the Lord still tarries, we shall hold, God willing, our Sixth International Pentecostal Convention in the Parish Hall of All Saints', Sunderland, May 10th to 16th.

The opening days will be Saturday (10th), Whit-Sunday (11th), and Whit-Monday (12th). The more formal Convention days are Tuesday (13th), Wednesday (14th), Thursday (15th), and Friday (16th). Meetings—morning, afternoon, and evening.

SUBJECTS:

1. THE CONDITIONS OF AN APOSTOLIC REVIVAL.
 - a. As to the Church—that she may be right with God.
 - b. As to the workers—that they may be messengers of the Lord.
 - c. As to the meetings—that they may be led by the Holy Ghost.
 - d. As to the method—that the Word of God may be preached in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.
2. THE TASK OF THE PENTECOSTAL MOVEMENT.
 - a. To stir up the people of God for the edification of the Body of Christ.
 - b. To bring the restoration of the apostolic gifts.
 - c. To preach the Gospel to the world as a last call of the Lord.
 - d. To sound the midnight cry: “Behold the Bridegroom! come ye forth to meet Him.”

Pastor Morton Plummer and Mrs. Plummer, of Melrose, Mass., U.S.A., and Mrs. Lydia Piper, of Chicago (“The Latter Rain Evangel”) are looking forward to being with us.

The Welsh Revivalists, Stephen Jeffreys and George Jeffreys, are coming to the Convention (D.V.).

Pastor Paul, of Berlin, is bringing with him also other Pentecostal Teachers from Germany. Sister Patrick from Russia.

(For rooms, etc., write soon to the Convention Secretaries, 12, Dinsdale Road, Roker, Sunderland.)

Listeners at the Cross.

OUR GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all those hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, my Lord, is crucified.

HIS FIRST PRAYER.

“And when they were come to a place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the two malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.”

“Then said Jesus, ‘FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.’”—Luke xxiii., 33, 34.

Ere He was lifted up the soldiers nailed those dear hands and feet to the rough beams. Listen to what comes from His lips:—“FATHER, forgive them; for they know not what they do!”

THE RESULTS.

1. 3,000 Jews were converted on Whit-Sunday.
2. The Centurion's heart was moved.
3. The Soldiers would be blessed. (Perhaps afterwards among the believers in the Prætorian cohort).
4. As to the Priests, a great company became obedient to the faith. (Acts vi., 7.)
5. What part did you and I take then? Did we not by our sin cause Him all this? Yet He is blessing us also.

Around you Cross the throng I see
That mock the Sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred Blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that Blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that Cross prevails
To give me peace within.

The prayers of our Lord will never be unanswered. When He prayed for that crowd around the Cross He was blessing them, and drawing them to Himself.

His prayers to-day are pleading for us, and for many who are sinning, and who know not what they do. (Heb. vii., 25.)

HIS SECOND UTTERANCE.

“And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, ‘If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.’ But the other answering rebuked him, saying, ‘Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this Man hath done nothing amiss.’ And he said unto Jesus, ‘Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.’ And Jesus said unto him, ‘VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.’”—Luke xxiii., 39-43.

These are words which have comforted many a poor dying soul in its weakness. The story of the penitent thief comes to our lips when called to some bed-sides at the eleventh hour. We thank God for it—but let all beware of resting on the possibility of turning to Him then.

The story tells us of simple faith in Christ brought about, I must believe, by His loving unselfishness and His indifference to the taunts of those whom He knew were simply the tools of Satan.

The robber may have heard Jesus preaching during the past three years, but it seems as if at first on his cross he had no sympathy with Him. “The thieves (says S. Matt. xxvii., 43) which were crucified with Him cast the same also in His teeth.”

But a change comes over him as he notes Christ's face, and the infinite love for the murderous crowd around. He has called Himself a King. Surely He is a King. His Kingdom is not of this world. He can see triumph and power and love in every line of His features. He, surely, is the Son of God, and he cries to Him, “Remember me, Lord, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.”

And Jesus said unto him, “Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.”

He did not know then what Paradise was, but ere the glowing sun had gone down beyond Mizpeh he had found out that Christ was indeed the King of Paradise, and the Saviour of men's souls; that the tragedy of the Cross was the most glorious victory the universe has ever known. He is King of kings now. Jesus is Victor.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me:
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

HIS THIRD SAYING.

“Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother, and His Mother's Sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His Mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He said unto His Mother, ‘WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON!’ Then saith He to the disciple, ‘BEHOLD THY MOTHER!’ And from that hour that disciple took her into his own home.”

One is struck with the comparatively small proportion of the Gospels taken up with reference to the earthly relationships of our Lord. Nearly all that is said seems to be said to warn us not to attach too much importance to those points which are not vital. If a modern writer of one school of thought had written a Gospel he would have devoted many chapters to our Lord's mother, and to incidents in His home life, but the object of the Gospels, St. John tells us, is that we may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, we may have life through His Name.

But He is no example of an undutiful son. In His death agonies He does not forget her who gave Him His human body, and who cared for Him at Bethlehem and Egypt, and for thirty years or so at Nazareth.

What would become of her when she was known only as the mother of the Crucified. He could not bear to think of her as deserted, and begging for bread.

The disciple whom Jesus loved had by this time succeeded in approaching the

(Listeners at the Cross—continued.)

Cross. He had some influence with the servants of the High Priest, and had brought near the heart-broken Mary.

Whether or no the Mother of the Lord understood that her Divine Son was on the Cross of His own free will, and that He was the true Lamb of God, bearing away the sin of the world, we know not.

I am inclined to think she knew all, for she had more insight into the mystery than any of the others. Her calmness and her willingness to obey seem to point to this.

From that hour that disciple took her to his Jerusalem home, and many of us have seen the picture where the artist has depicted him leading the broken-hearted mother up the steps on to his flat roof, where, in the distance, they could see the Cross of Calvary.

The Mother whom He loved, and the disciple whom He loved, were in His love henceforth to be all in all to each other—son and mother.

Are there any disciples whom Jesus loves standing beside His Cross to-day?

Does He place any charge upon you? Does he re-consecrate existing responsibilities or relationships? Does He say “Honour thy father and thy mother,” or does He call you to new duties to His redeemed ones?

“Whoso doeth the will of God, the same is My mother and sister and brother.”

HIS FOURTH CRY.

“Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, ‘ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACH-THANI’ (MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME)?”—Matthew xxvii., 45, 46.

The Sufferer had hung for three hours now upon the Cross, but so far His words and thoughts were for others.

But now something awful is happening. Christ is suffering our sins, as well as suffering for them. He is to tread the wine-press alone. He, the pure and spotless Man, is to feel consciously the guilt of all sin of all time. The murders, uncleannesses, oppressions, dishonourable actions, and the vilest of all sins were borne by Him. He became sin for us

Who knew no sin. (2 Cor. v., 21.) More than this, “Himself bore our sicknesses.” (Isaiah liii., 4, and Matt. viii., 17.)

The outward expression of this was darkness, for evil-doers and evil deeds love darkness rather than light.

All your evil deeds and thoughts were there, those that people know nothing about, exposure of which might make you wish to sink into the earth for very shame—they were there.

“The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” (He caused them “to alight on” Him.) Isaiah liii., 6.

But, worst of all, His Father’s face was averted from Him of necessity. The Lord had lived daily and hourly *in His Father’s presence*. The words which He spake were not His, but the Father’s who sent Him.

To be apart from His Father was to Him the direst suffering, and now for a time He was forsaken, but He will not leave go. His cry assures us that His faith is all unshaken, for He cries, “My God.”

He is His God still, though the results of the fall have for the moment separated Him from His Father—and the Prince of the darkness of this world seems to triumph.

There is an awful conflict going on, and our salvation in this world and the next is hanging in the balance. He has submitted to the limitations of our nature, that as one of us He might conquer for us. It is written (Heb. ii., 14-18):—

“He also Himself became a partaker of flesh and blood, that, through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.

Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.”

When our hours of darkness and dereliction come, and, weak in brain and body, we cry, “My sins have taken such hold upon me that I cannot look up,” let us remember that it is an artifice of Satan, who is still the Prince of this world—but that Christ *has* gained the victory, although all things may seem against us. Nay,

more than that—that we in Him that day broke the power of the Devil, and we, as members of the living, victorious Christ, are already triumphing by faith, though when we walk by sight oftentimes all things seem against us. Darkness of soul is permitted to be suffered by God’s dearest children. It comes either (a) just after great blessing, or (b) as here, just before a great victory. Hallelujah!

HIS FIFTH CRY.

“After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I THIRST. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to His mouth.”—John xix., 28, 29.

The Beloved Disciple who wrote His account of the sufferings of His Divine Master and Friend seems to remember everything which showed the Crucified to be the fulfiller of prophecy.

One of the Psalms (69th) seems to describe the unjust sufferings of a faithful child of God, and in the twenty-first verse it says, “They gave me gall to eat, and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.”

It is implied that our Lord did not say this because of the agonies of thirst we would expect Him to be suffering, for we cannot find any allusion to physical pain in the Gospels. May it not have been that the mental and spiritual agony outweighed altogether the sufferings of His Body?

Perhaps His mighty love to us made Him oblivious to pain if only He could save. “For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the Cross, despising the shame.”

Gethsemane had been worse than Calvary. We do not read in the story of Calvary of sweat like great drops of blood falling from Him. Could it be that the Ministering Angel so strengthened Him that He was enabled in the power of God to bear the pain of crucifixion.

It is a mystery, too, why He died after six hours, when crucified men lived for days ere they gave up the Ghost. It may have been that—

- (a) Gethsemane drained away His vital power;
- (b) Or that the subsequent events—the trials through the night, the mockery

of the soldiers, and especially the deadly scourging, had weakened Him, and especially the four journeys through Jerusalem during the night, and the last to Calvary.

- (c) When the end came the cause of death seems to have been really a broken heart.

There is strangely little reference to the sufferings of Christ, and even here His cry, “I thirst,” is, it is said, the desire to fulfil all prophecy.

When the great ancestor of the sufferer at the Cross, David, in his cave at Adullam, cried, “Oh, that I had water from the well at Bethlehem,” four of his mighty men risked their lives for his sake, and, bursting through the enemy’s lines, brought him the precious draught, which, however, he dare not drink.

At Calvary there was one who was not afraid of the displeasure of the High Priests or of the guard of soldiers, and when he heard the cry of thirst from the lips of the Galilean prophet he did the best he could. He soaked a little piece of sponge in some wine, and, unable to reach to the sufferer’s lips, he plucked a dry stalk from a common plant growing near, and, fastening it on the end, held it up, that at all events Jesus might just moisten His lips.

I do think that that attempt to comfort Christ in the hour of His tribulation will not be forgotten on the day when all things shall be revealed and rewarded.

* * *

There was a thirst which Christ had upon the Cross, and which He, alas, suffers still—a thirst to save those who have no thirst for His living water.

A thirst to save men from the place where the rich man prayed for one drop of water. A thirst to save men and women from a vile lust of the red wine, and the burning spirit, and the besotting drink, which leads them like blinded beasts to the slaughter, to misery here, and blindness of conscience here—to rejection of the Son of God and His love. They are going willingly along the road that leadeth to destruction, and preparing themselves for an eternity with the Devil and his angels.

Christ died on Good Friday to save such from their sins. He restrained Himself, even in the pains of death, that they might be endued with His divine self-restraint,

(Listeners at the Cross—continued.)

so that the very drunkards may learn to cry, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, for we were crucified with Him, and now He liveth in us."

HIS SIXTH CRY.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, 'IT IS FINISHED.'"—John xix., 20.

He had said, "I came not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me"; "I have come to do Thy will, O God"; "The cup which My Father giveth Me, shall I not drink it."

Now He has done His Father's will. He has suffered—the just for the unjust. As the true Lamb of God He has borne the sins of the world. He has drunk the cup of suffering to the dregs, that we might drink freely of the water of eternal life.

The tasting of the nauseous vinegar seemed symbolical of the draining of the last drop of His bitter cup. He was forsaken by His beloved disciples, forsaken by His Father for awhile, the Devil and his human agents for a time having their own way. He had finished the bitter cup of substitutionary punishment. There was finished also the earthly life of Galilee and Judæa, the companionship of the men and women of Syria, the days of holy teaching on lake and shore, the going about in that Holy Land ever doing good.

All was finished—but, best of all, the world was saved. The work of the salvation was finished. The Types were fulfilled and finished. The Lamb of God had borne away the sin of the world.

Our Salvation was *here* begun, but *also it was here finished*.

Yet we by faith in Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, must ever make both it and Him our own. The Holy Spirit must finish His work in us, sanctifying us in experience through the Shed Blood of Calvary.

THE SEVENTH CRY.

"And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said: FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT: and having said this He gave up the Ghost."—Luke xxiii., 46.

The Spirit of Jesus, which had lived out the perfect life, had borne the sorrows

and sins of the world, was going home to God for a time, only to return to inhabit not the Son of Man only, but the sons of men as the "Spirit of Christ."

We sometimes look into the face of the dead and see the earth-lines vanishing—the lines of passion, care, sensuality, giving way to calm and almost supernatural peace.

But from the face of Christ death could only remove the signs of pain and mental suffering. Truly the afternoon sun, shining from the west, lit up the Face of That which had been the Temple of the Living God, glorious in victory over sin and death.

He had said: "I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again" (John x., 17-18). The time had come when He became obedient even unto death—death on the Cross. This was the only way to complete victory for us.

Victory *in* Death; Victory *through* Death.

Victory, not for Himself, but for us, who were crucified with Christ and yet live—but no longer the old self dominating us, but the Christ life gaining victory through the finished victory on the Cross. (Gal. ii., 20.)

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor., xv.

"Having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it" (the Cross), Col. ii., 15.

MY PRAYER AT THE CROSS.

"O my Father, I thank Thee for the willing sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and for the shed Blood. I thank Thee for the forgiveness of all my sins, through the precious Blood of Christ.

"I praise Thee for the continuous cleansing of the Blood, that, as I walk in the Light as Thou art in the Light, I have fellowship with Thee and Thine, and the Blood of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, cleanses from all sin.

"Lord, it is my heart's desire to be useful to Thee in Thy kingdom on this earth. I cannot be an effective witness without the power from on high. I want ever to be a vessel meet for the Master's use, sanctified, cleansed, and filled to overflowing.

"Father, I plead the precious Blood of Jesus. For His sake and for His glory do Thou fulfil Thy promise. I know that the promised Gift of the Holy Ghost is for me, and I trust the Blood of Jesus, which has completely purchased it for me.

I praise Him who has shed forth this which in these days we see and hear.

'Look, Father, look on His anointed face.
And only look on me as found in Him.'

"Let the Blessed Spirit energeise the beginnings of the Christ-Life in my heart.

"O Lord, I thank Thee for this Blessed Comforter. I receive Him by faith, and I ask Thee, because of the Victory of the Cross, to remove all hindrances, all unbelief, to rebuke all evil powers.

"I praise Thee again for the Victory of the Cross. I praise Thee for a full 'Pentecost,' and trust this Holy Ghost to manifest Himself in Signs, in Fruit, and in such Gifts as He alone can bestow. I praise Thee for 'Pentecost' through the Blood. Hallelujah! Amen."

Conference in London.

(APRIL 22ND TO 25TH.)

Mr. Cecil Polhill is arranging for a Conference to be held in the Kingsway Hall (the fine new Hall of the Methodist and London Mission), on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th (a week earlier than previously announced). For full particulars write the Secretary, Howbury Hall, Bedford.

Bradford Easter Convention.

Brother Smith Wigglesworth proposes (D.V.) to hold again his Annual Pentecostal Conference in the Boland Street Mission, Bradford, on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, as before.

For details and for accommodation write to—Bro. Smith Wigglesworth,
70 Victor Road, Bradford.

(Transatlantic Experiences—continued from page 53.)

The chief service is on the Sunday afternoon. The church stands East and West. The preacher addresses the congregation from a high platform like the stage of a theatre. The autumn sun was blazing through the large West window, and glared so on one's eyes that I was thankful when a blind was thoughtfully drawn. The seats rise up all the way to the entrance. The electric cars flew past with a roar now and again. The congregation came from many parts of Chicago. The "Stone Church" has been the scene of some valuable Conventions since the Pentecostal blessing came. Evangelist Ira E. David, who often helps, had charge of the earlier part of the service, and then I was invited to speak.

I noticed a lady at a little table very busy with her pencil as I was preaching. This was the lady stenographer and typist, Miss Anna

Reiff, who takes down the addresses for "The Latter Rain Evangel," so that one is preaching not only to some hundreds, but to a larger congregation of thousands around the world; to many lonely missionaries and workers also far away from the Stone Church.*

After the sermon, and also a testimony to God's goodness in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, there followed a ministry to the sick and seeking. Numbers crowded up to the front for prayer and blessing, and perhaps an hour or so was spent in helping them.

This was followed by a packed service at night in the large room under the church. At the close many crowded around to shake hands with the preacher from England, and to express their good wishes and often their gratitude for "Confidence."

Mrs. Piper, with her "Evangel" staff, brings out "The Latter Rain Evangel" (One Dollar a year, or 4/2). It contains most helpful articles printed in beautiful clear type, on unusually good paper. Friends would do well to order this direct from 3,616 Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

I noticed one day a waggon drive up to the door, and the driver came into the house with some heavy parcels, and he walked upstairs and up again to the top of the house. Then he came down and went to his waggon and got more parcels. This was kept up for a while, and I learned that it was the monthly homecoming of the copies of "The Latter Rain Evangel."

The matter is carefully typed by Miss Reiff, under Mrs. Piper's editorship, and sent in perfect order to the contracting printer, who delivers it to date. Then the "Evangel" staff get to work addressing and posting, and other friends helping till the mountain disappears, and the copies find their way to all the States and across the seas. The wonderfully cheap rate of postage in U.S.A. (One Cent per pound, separate packages making up the pound) reduces the cost very greatly.

AN AEROPLANE.

We were sitting at a mid-day meal when the cry was heard, "There's an aeroplane flying up the street." We gathered outside the front door, and there, high up like a sea-gull poised a mile high, was an aeroplane, evidently in a strong current of air which almost held it stationary. It was an Aviation Week, and some sad accidents happened. The starting point was near Michigan Avenue (see picture on front page). Will it be like this when we run out to look up to the clouds and see the "Man" Christ Jesus, our Lord and our God, coming in the air for His own? Hallelujah!

One evening I visited the
MOODY INSTITUTE,
in Chicago Avenue (North side). I was there asked to address the Young People's Christian Endeavour meeting. As I was shown through the rooms I saw a photograph of the late Pastor Harper hanging on the walls. It will be

* Mrs. Lydia Piper sends "The Latter Rain Evangel," post free, to any missionaries who write to ask her to do this. The sermon taken down appeared in the October number (1912). Probably back numbers still can be had by any who would care to write.

(Transatlantic Experiences—continued.)

remembered that he was lost in the Titanic catastrophe. I took the opportunity of telling them what a wonderful man of prayer he had been. I had visited his chapel in South London a few weeks before coming away, and the caretaker told me that whenever he went to look for him, he nearly always found him on his knees in one of the rooms. Pastor Harper had been invited to take charge of the work at the Moody Institute, and it was a great blow to all when they heard the sad news that he had been lost on the Atlantic.

A PERSIAN MISSION.

Another evening we visited the Persian Pentecostal Mission in Montana Street. Some of the young Persians gave very earnest testimonies as to their conversion. These Persians had mostly been attracted when walking the streets of Chicago by seeing some of their fellow-countrymen preaching the Gospel and singing hymns. That evening one young fellow spoke in his native Persian tongue, as he did not know English well enough yet, and it was very touching to see him, as he held the hand of Brother Urshan, the Persian leader of the meeting, who interpreted to us what this brother said. It was not from fear of Hell (Gehenna), but it was from the love of the Lord that he now turned to Him, and I caught a phrase familiar to me—"Hamd-ull-illah" ("Praise to God"). I was very thankful to know that these young Persians, coming to this great sinful city, should find earnest fellow-countrymen of theirs who were able to bring them to Christ.

We thank God with all our hearts for the true Baptism in the Holy Spirit with the Blessed Sign of the Heavenly Tongues, but there is a danger of working up excitement, of giving way to psychic emotion. This must never be mistaken for the real thing. No doubt that God, in his mercy, has met earnest souls under strange circumstances, nay, almost under any circumstances.

I spoke at a mid-week night service at the Stone Church. It was well attended, and the singing was good and earnest. Our sister, Mrs. Lydia Piper, is an accomplished musician, having been trained at the Conservatoire. She has a wonderful gift of extemporizing, and of leading the congregation from one well-known chorus to another in a most helpful way, and then back again to the original hymn.

I spoke that night on the Victory of Calvary. Brother Copley, of Kansas City, Editor of the Pentecostal paper, "Grace and Glory," sang a Gospel solo, and it was a blessing to all. A number of those who were in the Congregation remained behind for special prayer and conversation.

Dr. Wm. D. Gentry (2025 Lane Place, Chicago) is a converted medical doctor. He teaches and practices Divine Healing, and issues a most interesting free paper called "The Word." He takes quite a strong line as to all diseases being forms of demon attack.

His paper contains much teaching on this subject, and can be obtained by forwarding

name and address to him. He will pray for any sick case, if a request is sent to him (P.O. Box 556, Chicago). He goes to the post office at noon, and then carries the letters to his little office in the Continental and Commercial National Bank Building (corner of South Clark and Adams Street), and prays over each case.

One day I was taking a walk when someone called to me across the road, "Pastor Boddy, I knew it was you." I went across the road, and this brother asked me to come and see him at his house, so one day I went along and found Brother and Sister Mittelkauf in their home in Prairie Avenue. They had long been readers of "Confidence," and welcomed "Pastor Boddy" as an old friend. We had blessed fellowship and prayer together before I left.

The last Sunday in U.S.A. came, and I again spoke twice in the Stone Church. Two young Englishmen remained behind. They were from my own neighbourhood. A young friend, formerly of Sunderland, came forward to greet me. She had once lived in my Vicarage. The Gospel Quartette for the Moody Institute sang, afternoon and evening, most touchingly, and one of the singers gave the story of his conversion from being a gambler and a drunkard.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

Bro. F. Bartleman's new address is 3, Cotterell Street, Hereford. His family are with him and he expects to make it his centre for some time.

* * *

We have received a Money Order from India (Sringeri), W/10 889,781, for £1, for Miss Gerber's Orphanage, Zingedere, Kaisareyeh, Turkey-in-Asia.

* * *

Pastor Jardine (31, Caidwell Street, Bedford) reports a good work in visiting villages round about, with the help of members of the Pentecostal Assembly. He would be glad of help towards a tent to hold two hundred.

* * *

The International Advisory Council will sit (D.V.) during the Sunderland Convention. Subjects on which advice is sought should now be sent (in English or German) to Pastor Voget, Bunde, East Friesland, Germany.

* * *

Bro. Berg with his family are returning to U.S.A. in May. All offerings for the work to be sent to Miss Gertrude Peterson, Ootacamund, S. India. He hopes to return to India alone in December next, leaving his family in California.

* * *

Mrs. Woodworth Etter is to be at Los Angeles from April 15th to May 15th, at the Apostolic Faith Camp Meeting, on the old Apostolic Faith Camp Ground in the Arroyo (South Pasadena or Garvanza cars going North on Main Street. Get off at Avenue 60 and walk East to the Camp Ground). Full particulars can be obtained from our Pentecostal Brother, George B. Studd, Financial Secretary, 227 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Monthly Report of "Text-Carriers" can be obtained free by writing to Bro. J. Bowran, 7, Roxburgh Street, Sunderland. Scores of earnest volunteer workers now carry "shoulder texts" where crowds assemble. These are brave men who love their Lord. Texts and shoulder-frames can be obtained by writing to Bro. Bowran. He has despatched them to Texas and India, and has received applications from Australia and South Africa, etc.

* * *

Brother Wm. Black, Evangelist (13, Thoresby Road, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Notts), has had recently much encouragement in his work. He writes: "We meet every Friday night in our house. The fire has begun to fall in these meetings, and one young man and two sisters have been baptized in the Holy Ghost, and spoken in Tongues. Do pray for us. The Pentecostal Baptism with the Sign of Tongues is the most practical way of holiness that ever could be known."

* * *

Commencing June 1st, another Apostolic Camp

Meeting is to be held at Long Hill, Conn., U.S.A. The grounds are at the railroad station, eight miles from Bridgeport, Conn., and 64 miles from New York City. Mrs. Woodworth Etter is to be present, and Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery (of Oakland, California). Meals to be furnished on the Camp Ground at reasonable prices. Sleeping apartments at reasonable rates. For information write Geo. W. Bevan, 483 Shelton Street, Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A.

* * *

"The Story of the Central Asian Pioneer Mission" is a fascinating little book of about 50 pages, with illustrations. It is the record of a remarkable work of faith on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood, and the circle of friends who have stood with them in prayer. It can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. Harold F. Moppitt, 2 Tudor Street, London, E.C. We recommend also the attractive magazine of the C.A.P.M. The last issue contains portraits of our two P.M.U. Brothers, Corry and Clelland, now also at Abbotabad. Brother Norwood has received the full Baptism of the Holy Ghost (on February 4th).

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

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

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President, Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks., is Hon. Treasurer (Mrs. Sandwith is Missionary Box Secretary), the Rev. A. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Pastor Jeffreys, Waunlywydd, Mon., S. Wales; Mr. H. Small, East Wemyss, N.B.; Mr. Andrew Murdoch, Eden Grove, Kilsyth, N.B.; Mr. Thos. Myerscough; Mr. Jas. S. Breeze, 34, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, Southport, and 11, Rumford Street, Liverpool; and Mrs. Crisp. There is a P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, S. Hackney, and the Candidates are prepared by Mrs. Crisp (of 19, Gascoyne Road, S. Hackney, London, N.E.). The Male Candidates are at Preston (Lancs.), and are being prepared by Mr. Thos. Myerscough, 134, St. Thomas Road. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Margaret Clark and Miss Constance Skarratt, Mugassetti House, Suleman Street, Byculla, Bombay; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, Poona (7, Phyre Road); Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshanganj Station, U.P. Messrs. P. Corry and A. Clelland, 128, Sheikh-ul-Bundi Road, Abbottabad, India. N.W.F.P. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt, Williams, and McGillivray, c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson, Taochow ("Old City"), Kansu Province, via Hsian, China (via Siberia and Peking); Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Miss Monica S. Röniger, care of A. Kok, Likiang-fu, via Bhamo and Tengyuch, Upper Burma (not China). Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen, Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), Thyra Beruldsen (now Mrs. Bristow) and Bro. Bristow, at Suan-hwa-fu, Tsili Province, N. China.) Applications for Candidates' forms to be made to Mr. T. H. Mundell, Hon. Secretary, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon. Send a post-card for a P.M.U. Missionary Box to Mrs. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks. Donations thankfully received by Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Hon. Treas., Bracknell, Berks.

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

£115 has been received towards the £200 required for Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's expenses of going to Japan, for which we praise God. *He is good!* Arrangements have been made for our brother and sister to go to Nagasaki as soon as the balance (£85) has been obtained.

* * *

Miss Clark has decided to vacate

"Beulah" at Bombay, which was occupied by the late Mrs. Murray at her decease, and has taken smaller premises in Bombay not far from "Beulah," but in a quieter and much more airy position. Miss Skarratt is associated with Miss Clark in this work among the natives in Bombay, and they ask our readers to join in much prayer "that the Lord may have His way in the smallest as well as in the more

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—continued.)

important details.

* * *

Miss Clark writes from Mugasetti House, Suleman Street, Byculla, Bombay:—

"I see in the "Confidence" lately received that you say I am *temporarily* taking over charge of the work in Bombay. Please will you contradict this in your next issue. I cannot help thinking it will injure any interest in it which so many of God's children might have. It gives a sense of uncertainty as to how it will be carried on, and besides, I have not had any thought of taking it up temporarily. From the first the Lord has shewn His will that He means me to carry it on."

* * *

Miss Clark also writes:—

"Please pray very specially for Bible Classes which I am holding five times a week in the "Chawls," i.e., large blocks of buildings built by the city authorities for the poorer natives. They say over ten thousand families are living in them. Pray much that a full Gospel may not only be preached to them, but that many may receive Christ in His fulness into their lives. Pray for us and our Indian fellow-workers a fresh and mighty endowment from above, for the Lord in His mighty power alone is equal to the need of all those souls. Bombay itself is a very wicked city. Many who only pass through feel oppressed with the tremendous need of the people."

* * *

The work at Faizpur, East Khandesh, established by Miss Clark, has, owing to her call to Bombay through the removal of Mrs. Murray, been carried on by the Indian workers, and Miss Clark has arranged for Miss Boes and Miss Ching to take charge of this work, and the P.M.U. Council has undertaken to make a suitable allowance to these two ladies for their support.

Respecting "Beulah" at Bombay, this is being taken over by two lady missionaries.

* * *

Miss Thomas and Miss White have gone to Poona in order to obtain the benefit of a good Pundit for the purpose of acquiring the language. They write:—

"We hope and believe it will not be long

before we shall be able to use the language in proclaiming a full salvation, and then we shall have more news to tell you. Pray for us."

Their address is c/o Mrs. Fox, 7 Phayre Road, Poona, India.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, our accepted missionaries for Japan, are at present working at Preston and the district. They have received a message from Tokio that through the terrible fire which took place there on the 20th ult., when 1300 houses were destroyed, all Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's furniture and belongings, which they had left in Tokio until their return, had been lost.

* * *

Frederick Dean Johnstone, of Manchester, has been accepted on probation for admission to our Missionary Training Home.

* * *

We are glad to report the complete restoration of Miss Lucy James, now in England on furlough, and who writes:—"The Lord has perfectly healed me, and I am now as strong as I ever have been. I still feel the call to work amongst the Indian villages, and do praise the Lord that as I again take up the study of the language I find it all comes back to me." (She is to be at the Sunderland Convention.)

TIBET.

Letter from Bro. Trevitt.

OUR DEAR PASTOR AND MRS. BODDY,

Stations on the line of our journey are not our journey's end, but each one brings us nearer, Hallelujah! Glory to Jesus! we have a fresh testimony of what God hath wrought in answer to your and the dear saints' prayers for this dark, priest-ridden country.

On New Year's Day we had our New Year's Gift from our dear Lord, and we know you and the dear saints will rejoice with us, for it was a dear Tibetan who gave his heart to Jesus during our usual evening prayer and praise meeting. It did us the world of good to hear him telling the Lord how bad a sinner he was, and how black his heart was, and thanking Jesus for saving him; and now each night he is quite earnest in his plea for complete cleansing in the Precious Blood of Jesus, and for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Join us for this dear brother's baptism, as he will be a big blessing, we believe, to many. He can read the Bible for himself, so we praise God for this. Well, the next day our servant's wife came and told us that she had become a Christian. Of course we praise God for this, yet we do not know the depth of her conversion, for our meetings are

only for men, as it is quite out of place, and would never do to have women in our indoor meetings until we ourselves are married, and then our dear ones would be able to help in this direction.

One's heart aches for the poor Tibetan women, for their lives are much worse than the brute beast, all the hard labour is done by them, and they are always looked down upon by all. Last night we heard a noise amongst our straw outside, so Bro. W— and I took the lamp out to see what it was, and behold, our servant's wife was preparing to sleep amongst the straw, as she said they had friends come. The night was bitterly cold, but of course we dare not let her come in the house, so we asked our dear Lord to keep her warm and bless her. Well, we asked her casually how she slept, and she said, “Very well.”

Now to pass on to January 5th, when we had a visit from an old Tibetan friend, who lives about five miles away over the mountains, and is very rich (of course Tibetan wealth is always reckoned by how much land one has, and cattle, etc.) Well, our friend's name is Wa-Ma-Jub, and he was suffering with pains under the heart, so we told him how Jesus was healing and saving all who come to Him by faith in His Blood and Cross, where *all* pain and sickness and sin was dealt with. Well, he asked us to pray for him, which we did, and glory to Jesus, he got what he asked for, and later on we had our usual prayer meeting. Next morning he came round to breakfast and to stay prayers, and went away confessing his faith in Jesus and healed and happy.

A SICK HORSE HEALED.

Well, the same day our servant's horse lay dying, as all day it had been suffering from stomach trouble very badly, and everything had been done for it, but at 8 o'clock in the evening it looked to all appearances as if death was near, so we went down with the lamp, and told our servants to trust Jesus and not to fear; then we laid hands upon the horse and rebuked Satan and claimed victory in the name of Jesus. Well, we had to come straight up to start the evening meeting, as we were an hour late from the usual time of starting; but just as we had started singing up came the news that Jesus had healed the horse, and that he was quite well and eating straw. Of course we all shared the blessing, although it was only a horse, for our Lord Jesus is the Creator of all. Hallelujah! Oh, how great is the goodness of our God to *all* who fear Him, and how unsearchable are His ways, known only to those who love and trust Him. Hallelujah!

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

Dear Bro. Williams and I went down to Old City and spent Christmas with our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and family, and we also paid a visit to the old Tibetan monastery, where we were warmly received by our warm-hearted Bro. Kauffman. Whilst there our dear brother, Mr. Simpson, returned from his ministry in Lan-

chow and district, where he has been helping the C.I.M., Lanchow Church, and Mr. and Mrs. Preedy, who were then preparing to go home on furlough, but were desirous of this Latter Rain blessing before going. Well, thirteen got saved, and many had visions of the Cross, and prophecy was also manifested in a very blessed way.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Moore have taken up the work in Lanchow now Mr. and Mrs. Preedy have gone home. Please pray for Mr. and Mrs. Moore, as they are very blessed souls, and are hungry for all God has for them. Mr. Simpson is returning there in a few days to help Mr. and Mrs. Moore and also the dear saints in Liang-chow and Singing-fu. A school has been opened by the C. & M.A. in the Old Monastery, Mr. Kauffman's station, for the Chinese and Tibetan Christians' sons, and already the Lord is working amongst them, for during the Christmas holiday the Holy Spirit fell upon them, and two of them burst out in other tongues. One, I believe, had received great blessing, and had spoken in tongues before in Ti-Tao, but the other one had quite a new experience.

This has stirred the other pupils up for this blessing, and now we are prayerfully trusting that before long all may enjoy this glorious blessing which Jesus is giving to *all* who are *small enough* to believe what God has promised in the last days: “For it shall be in the last days,” saith God, “I will pour out My Spirit upon *all* flesh; and your sons and daughters *shall* prophesy, and your young men *shall* see visions, and your old men *shall* dream dreams: yea, and on My servants and on my handmaidens in these days will I pour out of My Spirit, and they shall prophesy,” etc. Acts ii., 17-21. Also Peter, the servant of God, declared boldly that the very same experience as in Acts ii., 1-4, was for *all*: “You and your children and to all those afar off,” Acts ii., 39. Hallelujah!

There are many other references, but should this be the only one in God's Word it is quite strong enough to bear all who put their trust in God's Word, instead of what Mr. — says, or has to comment about the word and work of God. Truly God's promises have cost much, and our forefathers have sacrificed much to obtain for us the precious records, yet, sad to say, many are more desirous for their foundation what Mr. — says in such-and-such a periodical than what God says in His Word. What a solemn end for many. We shall want realities then; we shall need to be more than foolish virgins then; but, hallelujah! we are not following cunningly devised fables, but we do know we have a blessed and firm foundation upon the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus our Lord.

There is much I cannot understand
In the path that leads to the better land,
But I still hold fast to my Father's hand,
And sing: He knows, He knows!

Hallelujah!

Bro. Williams and I are purposing to go to Lab-rang, and also to Lama-si in a few days. Praise the Lord! we have plenty of Gospels, another answer to prayer, bless Him!

Glory to Jesus! Our meetings, indoor and out, are being attended with much blessing and power.



VILLAGE OF LLANDEGLY, RADNORSHIRE.
Revival Meeting held near this place. (See page 49.)

(P.M.U.—Tibet—continued.)

Our two first converts who have received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit are being immersed in water next Sunday. We also have a house and land offered us for sale, which we are buying by faith.

Yours very prayerfully and lovingly,
FRANK TREVITT.

c/o Old Tao-Chow,
Kansu, China,
Via Siberia,
Jan. 9th, 1913.

List of Contributions received during
February, 1913, for P.M.U.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| Receipt No. 514 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Pastor F. M. Boyd— 5 dollars for Brothers Trevitt and Williams; 8 dollars for Rev. Christy and Rev. Simpson ... | 2 | 13 | 5 |
| Receipt No. 516 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| „ 517 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| „ 518 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| „ 519 | 0 | 13 | 0 |
| „ 520 | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| York Pentecostal Assembly | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Receipt No. 522 | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| „ 523 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Lytham Assembly Boxes | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Receipt No. 525 | 3 | 3 | 8 |

Carried forward...£26 16 1

| | | | |
|---|-----|----|----|
| Brought forward... | £26 | 16 | 1 |
| Sion College Collection | 3 | 5 | 7 |
| Receipt No. 527 | 10 | 19 | 0 |
| „ 528 | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Albany Street Hall Pentecostal Band ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Receipt No. 530 | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| „ 531 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Wemyss Mission | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| „ „ Girls' Bible Class ... | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| „ „ Swazi Christians ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Receipt No. 533 | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Smethwick--Rolf Street Mission, Boxes | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Receipt No. 535 (for Tibet) | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| „ 536 | 1 | 5 | 9 |
| „ 537 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| „ 538 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| „ 539 (for Mr. & Mrs. Taylor) ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| „ 540 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Full Gospel Assembly, Belfast | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| | £77 | 4 | 11 |

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

W. H. SANDWITH,
Hon. Treasurer (P.M.U.),
Oswaldkirk,
Bracknell, Berks.

Printed by R. W. Williams, Sunderland.
Published by Samuel E. Roberts, Zion House, 5a Paternoster
Row, London, E.C.