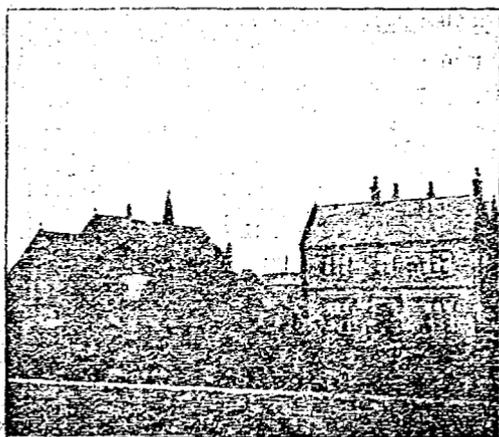


APRIL, 1912.

VOL. V. No. 4.

# “CONFIDENCE”

A Pentecostal Paper for  
Great Britain and other Lands.



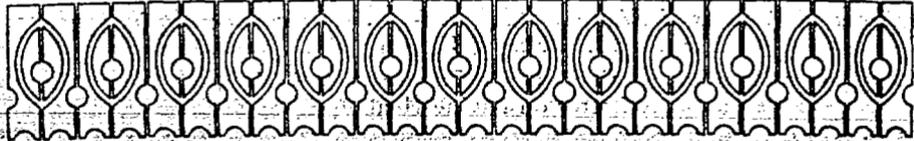
All Saints' Church and Vicarage, Sunderland.

(See article, "A Church over a Coal Mine." Page 87.)

"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.

49th ISSUE.



**THREEPENCE.** (By Post, 3½d.; Annual Subscription, 3/6.)

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# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 4. Vol. v.

ALL SAINTS' SUNDERLAND.

April, 1912.

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

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

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

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## THE RISEN JESUS.

### ON THE EMMAUS ROAD

(St. Luke xxiv., 23-35).

"When two friends on Easter Day,  
To Emmaus bent their way,  
On that Paschal eventide,  
Christ was walking at their side;  
Then their hearts within them glowed,  
When Himself to them He showed  
In the Scriptures as a King,  
Glorified by suffering."—*Easter Carol.*

The risen Lord was very thoughtful as well as very loving. He not only shows Himself to well-known Apostles and friends, but He goes out of His way to manifest Himself to two "obscure" dis-

ciples, as we should call them, and spends with them perhaps some two hours or more of that first day of His Risen Life.

Surely Cleopas, the villager of Emmaus, and his unnamed friend never forgot the details of that Sunday afternoon walk. St. Luke, the companion of Paul the Apostle, when he came on a visit to the Holy Land some years later, sought out eye-witnesses of the Life of Christ. I think that during St. Paul's two years' imprisonment at Cæsarea, St. Luke must have come face to face with one of these two villagers of Emmaus, for only in one or two cases in his Gospel do we find such detail as in this sweet idyll of Cleopas and his friend "walking with God" (Luke

(The Risen Jesus—continued.)

They gazed at Him in loving awe, but as they gazed, that very moment the outline of His form began to fade away. No door was opened. There was no retreat, but where He stood there was only thin air. He vanished out of their sight.

The blessed bread was in their hands, but He who blessed was gone. It was not a dream, for they were eating the very bread He brake. Where was He?

Out into the dark valley they ran, but He was not there. On toward Jerusalem, but the moonlight does not light up His figure on the road. On and on until the twinkling lights of the city are seen, and they approach the walls. A wicket-gate is opened for them, and they run along the narrow streets to the upper room on Mount Zion. Up the stone steps outside. They knock loudly. Terrified faces appear, but on seeing who it is they let them in. The disciples have locked and bolted the doors, for they are afraid of their enemies, the priests and Jews. Cleopas and his friend from Hammoza, while bringing good news, hear good news also, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon Peter."

\* \* \*

Let us pause and learn some lessons from the scenes on that Emmaus Road:—

1. The considerateness of Jesus Christ. Which of us would walk seven miles, or spend two hours in helping two common-place men spiritually? He did not grudge this even on the first day of His Risen Life.
2. The Lord takes a deep interest in ordinary people. Unknown disciples are loved by Him as much as apostles. "Yes, Jesus loves me."
3. He can teach us about Himself even out of the Old Testament, and cause our hearts to burn as we find Him there. Let us feed on the Word.
4. He was made known to them in the

BREAKING OF THE BREAD.

Let us thankfully draw nigh to Him in His Holy Feast "until He come" ("Akris hou elthee").

5. We, too, at all times, may pray to Him (but especially as life's eventide comes on), "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and day is far spent," and He will be constrained. (See Rev. iii., 20.)

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens. Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

6. He is always thus visiting His people. Yet through lack of faith we often fail to perceive Him in the every day incidents of life.

Nehemiah, in the dark, went out alone and surveyed the city of which he was made governor. So the Lord is walking about Zion, surveying her bulwarks and towers, and seeing how to strengthen them. Christ is very near, though "our eyes are holden."

\* \* \*

ON THE EMMAUS ROAD.

When the Writer was making a lonely journey one year in Palestine, he crossed the Plain of Sharon, and slept in a Jewish Khan at the entrance to the Judæan Mountains. Then next morning he ascended the pass towards Jerusalem, and after many miles, found himself on the road from Emmaus, as he believed it to be.

The way was long and he became weary, and sat beside the road, setting his useful cycle against a rock. A solitary Syrian man passed by, and his picture is here shown. A few miles further, and the grey buildings of Jerusalem itself came into view, and the lonely journey was ended. But he was glad to have travelled on the Emmaus Road, and he felt that he was really not alone. Another was graciously with him.—A.A.B.



"After the Rapture."\*

(A Chapter from a recently published Work, with the permission of the Author.)

The next day was Sunday. It was also the first Sunday of the month. As he bathed and dressed, Ralph, the New Editor of the London "Courier," found himself wondering whether the churches and chapels would be filled, whether the awe and fear that had fallen upon so many Christian professors during the first hours

\* See "The Christ of the Forty Days," by the Rev. A. B. Simpson.

† From "The Mark of the Beast," 1/6, postage 4d., from Mr. Sydney Watson, The Firs, Verham Dean, Hungerford, Berks.—This book is a sequel to "In the Twinkling of an Eye: (1/4 post free as above). From its extraordinary and sustained interest of scene and action, it will be read eagerly by the unconverted, and may stir such to think solemnly of the days possibly near at hand. The Editor of "Confidence" by no means endorses the details of these awful scenes. There are, to his mind, serious blemishes in the book, but he must confess that it is crowded with scriptural teaching.

after the "Rapture," would drive them to the churches.

"The first of the month," he mused. "The Lord's Supper has been the order of the day in most places. I wonder if it will be celebrated to-day?"

"Until He come!" he mused on. "He has come, so that the Lord's Supper, as part of the worship of the churches is concerned, can have no further meaning. Will any attempt be made to celebrate it to-day, I wonder?"

Every available moment of the fateful week that had just passed he had occupied in deep reading the prophetic scriptures referring to The Coming of the Lord, and the events which follow. He had also studied deeply every book on the subject which he could secure, that was likely to help him to understand the position of affairs. Again and again, he had said to himself: "How could I have been such a fool? a journalist, a bookman, a lover of research, professing to have the open mind which should be the condition of every man of my trade, and yet never to have studied my Bible, never to have sought to know what all the startling events of the past decade, pointed to. Surely, surely, Tom Carlyle was right about we British—'mostly fools.'"

At breakfast he ate and drank only sufficient to satisfy the sense of need. Previous to "The Rapture" he had been a bit of an Epicure, now he scarcely noted what he ate or drank.

Almost directly his meal was finished, he left the house. The journalistic instinct was strong enough within him to make him desire to see what changes, if any, would be apparent in London on this first Sunday after the momentous event that had so recently come upon the world.

Turning out of the quiet square where his lodgings were, he was instantly struck by a new tone in the streets. There was an utter absence of the old-time "Sabbath" sense.

The gutterways were already lined with fruit and other hawkers, their coarse voices, crying their wares, making hideous what should have been a Sunday quiet.

It was barely ten, yet already many of the Tea-Rooms were open, and most of them seemed thronged, whole families, and pleasure-parties taking breakfast, evidently.

He passed a large and popular theatre, across the whole front of which was a huge, hand-painted Announcement, "Matinee at 2, this afternoon. Performance to-night 7.45. New Topical song entitled "The Rapture," on the great event of the week. Living Pictures at both performances: "The Flight of the Saints."

Ralph, in his amaze, had paused to read the full contents of the announcement. He shuddered as he took in the full import of the Blasphemy. Surveying the crowd that stood around the notice, he was struck by the composition of the little mob. It was anything but a low-class crowd. Many of them were evidently of the upper middle class, well-dressed, and often intellectual-looking people.

He was turning to leave the spot, when a horsey-looking young fellow close to him remarked loud enough to be heard by the whole crowd—he evidently meant that it should—cried:

"Well, if it's true that all the long-faced puritans have been carted off, vamoused, kidnapped, 'Rapturised,' as they call it, and that now there's to be no Theatre Censor, and every one can do as they like, well then, good-riddance to the kill-joys, I say."

"And so say all of us," sang a voice, almost everyone present joining in the song.

"What will London be like in a month's time!" he mused.

He moved on quickly, but even as he went the thought thrust itself upon him, that half London, for some reason or the other, was abroad in the streets unusually early. His own objective was a great Nonconformist church, where one of London's most popular and remarkable preachers had ministered. He had been one of the comparatively few whose ministry had been characterised by a close adherence to the Word of God, and an occasional solemn word of expository warning and exhortation *avant* the "Coming of the Lord."

Ralph was within a stone's throw of the great building when the squeaking tones of Punchinello reached his ears, while a deep roar of many laughing voices accompanied the squeakings. A moment more and he was abreast of a crowd of many hundreds of people gathered around the Punch and Judy show.

("After the Rapture"—continued.)

Sick in soul at all that told of open blasphemy everywhere around him, he hurried on, not so much as casting an eye at the show, though it was impossible for him to miss the question and answer that rang out from the show.

"Now, now, Mr. Punch, where's your poor wife? Have you done away with her?"

"No," screamed the hook-nosed puppet, "Not me, I aint done away with her, she done away with herself, she's gone and got 'Rapturised.'"

Ralph shivered as with chill, as he went up the steps of the great church to which he had been aiming. It was filling fast. Five minutes after he entered, the doors had to be closed, there was not even standing room.

He swept the huge densely-packed building with his keen eyes. Many present were evidently accustomed to gather there, though the bulk were curious strangers. A strange hush was upon the people, a half-frightened look upon many faces, and a general air of suspense.

Once, someone in the gallery cracked a nut. The sound was almost as startling as a pistol shot, and hundreds of faces were turned in the direction of the sound.

Ralph noticed that the Communion Table, on the lower platform under the Rostrum, was covered with white, and evidently arranged as for the Lord's Supper.

Exactly at eleven, someone emerged from the vestry and passed up the rostrum stairs. A moment later the man was standing at the desk. Many instantly recognised him. It was the Secretary of the Church.

A dead hush fell upon the people.

The face of the man was deathly pale, his eyes were dull and sunken. Twice his lips parted and he essayed to speak, but no sound escaped him. The hush deepened.

Then at last, low and husky came the words: "My dear friends—for I recognise some who have been wont to gather here on the Sundays, though the majority are strangers, I think."

His eyes slowly swept the great congregation. "We have, I believe, many of us, gathered here this morning more by a

new, strange, common instinct, than by mere force of Sunday habit. Yet, I cannot but think that many of us, solemnised by the events that have transpired since last Sunday, have met more in the spirit of real seeking after God than ever we have done before."

A few voices joined in a murmur of assent, but something like a ripple of mocking laughter came from others, and one voice in the gallery laughed outright—it was the man who had cracked the nut.

Momentarily unnerved by that laughter the speaker paused. Then recovering himself he went on:

"Our pastor has gone; the Puritans (as we were wont to call them) are gone; and we know now—now that it is too late for those of us who are 'left'—that they have been 'caught up' into the air, to be with their Lord for ever."

He glanced down at the white-draped communion table, as he continued:

"Our church officer has performed his usual monthly office, and has spread the Table for the Lord's Supper, but it dawns upon us, friends, how useless, how empty is the symbol, since it was only ordained 'until He should come.' He has come, and we, the unready, have been left behind."

"My wife has gone—" His voice shook with the deep emotion that stirred him, and for a moment he was too moved to speak. Then, recovering himself with an effort, he continued:

"My daughter, too, who, against my wish, had offered herself for a Foreign Missionary, has gone. Both wife and daughter lived in the spirit of expectancy of the Coming of Christ into the air. Now they are with Him, to be with Him for ever."

"I have been a deeply *religious* man, even as Nicodemus and Paul were, before their conversion. But now that it is too late to share in the bliss of the glorious Translation, I have discovered that religion without Christ, without the Regeneration of the New Birth, is evidently useless, otherwise I, with scores of others in this church this morning, who have for years listened to a full-orbed gospel from our God-flied, translated pastor, would be now with those of our loved ones who have 'ascended up on high.'"

He paused for the briefest fraction of a

second, a look of keenest anguish filled his face, his eyes grew moist with unshed tears, and were full of appeal, of enquiry, as he swept the great assembly, crying:

"There must be thousands upon thousands left in our land, who, like myself, deceived themselves, and thus unwittingly deceived others, and in whose souls there rises the cry: 'How can we find God? Who will show us the way?'"

"Friends, I have searched my New Testament from end to end. I have been up two whole nights, and I have read the New Testament through from Matthew to Revelation, twice. But I can find no provision for the position I find myself in. I can find no guidance as to *how* to be saved. The whole situation is too solemn, too awful for any fooling. Does anyone here know? Can anyone here tell us how we may find God, now that the salt of the earth—the real Christians—are gone, and now, too, that the Holy Spirit, who, of old time—not yet a full week, but it seems an eternity—led souls to God through Christ."

There was something so solemn, so pathetic in the man's manner and utterance, that even the ribald fools who had previously interrupted, were silent.

The hush was intense. The ticking of the clock could be heard distinctly.

Impelled by a power which he could not have defined or described, Ralph Bastin rose to his feet.

The hush deepened. Then a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Bastin, Editor of 'The Courier'!"

He was very pale, but the light of a rare courage flashed in his eyes. He acknowledged the recognition of himself by an inclination of the head. Then amid a strange hush he began to speak, his voice, husky at first, rapidly cleared as he went on:

"Friends, I take it that this is the most momentous Sunday that has ever been, since that first one—the day of the Resurrection of the Christ. Our friend who has just spoken has surely voiced the question of many hearts here this morning, and many other troubled hearts the wide world over.

"Let me say, right here, that my friend and colleague, Mr. Tom Hammond, the originator and late editor of 'The Courier,' was in the very act of explaining the won-

derful, expected return of Christ (expected by him, though scoffed at by myself) when he was 'caught up' from my very presence, and then I knew what a fool I had been to neglect God and His salvation.

"I, too, like the gentleman who addressed us just now, have read the whole of the Bible through, and the New Testament *twice*, and I can find no *definite* provision or Revelation for those who are left behind—that is, as to the *how*, I mean, of salvation. Yet that there are to be many saved during the next seven years is evident, since there is to be a great multitude come out of *The Great Tribulation*, and thousands of these will be martyrs for God, refusing to wear the Mark of the Beast.

"In one of the pamphlets I have been studying on 'The Second Coming of the Lord,' I have found this statement, that Christ, during His ministry, preached the Gospel of *the Kingdom*, which is explained as referring to the fact that, as a Jew, as the Messiah, He came to His own people, the Jews, the chosen *earthly* people of God, and that if they would have accepted Him as their Messiah, His Kingdom—with Himself reigning as King—might have been set up there and then. But they rejected Him, yes, even when Peter, at Pentecost, after the Ascension of Christ, made the final offer in those wonderful words of his.

"As a nation they rejected Him, rejected their Lord and King, and henceforth, until He should come again. (He came last week, as we know, now that it is too late for us to share in the glory of that coming.) Until that coming, as I said, the Gospel to be preached was to be the 'Gospel of the Grace of God,' and not the 'Gospel of the Kingdom.' 'The Gospel of the Grace of God,' included all peoples, Gentile as well as Jew, while 'the Gospel of the Kingdom, in its first preaching, was especially a message to the Jew.

"Now friends, since there appears to be no *special* Revelation left as to how men and women are to be saved, I have been forced to the conclusion that we must go back to the Old Testament word: 'Seek ye the Lord'—'Call upon the Name of the Lord'—'Trust ye in the Lord'—'Come now and let us reason, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'The Lord is nigh unto them who are of

("After the Rapture"—continued.)

broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.'

"I have taken my own stand upon this, that God, the God of the Old Testament, is the same God who pities like a father, and that if we confess our sin, and witness a true confession, He will forgive us our sin, and though we can never be part of that wondrous *Bride* of Christ, whom last week He caught up to Himself into the Heavens, yet we may be eternally saved. And, friends, whether I am right or wrong, I am daily pleading the Name of Jesus Christ in all my approaches to God. I plead the Blood of Jesus Christ, and the power of that Blood, to save me; for, as far as I understand myself in this matter, my belief, my trust, is the same as that which inspired the saints who were translated at the 'Rapture'—as that event has come to be called.

"In my studies during the past week—would God I had been wise, and given myself to all this a month ago, I should then have shared in the glory of that Rapturous event of which all our minds are so full.

"But, as I was saying, in my studies during the past week, I have seen that in Revelation seven, in the account of those who are to be saved *during* the seven years of the present dispensation (and which has just begun), that they 'have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' So that, though I am not able to reduce my standing to an actual theological position—statement—yet I pin my soul, my faith, on the eternal character of God, and in an efficacy of the Blood of Jesus, as shown in Revelation seven, fourteen."

He paused for an instant, and his eyes swept the great assembly sorrowfully, sadly, as he went on:

"But it is forced upon me that what is done by us, in this matter of seeking God, must be done by us *now, at once*. Every hour increases the danger of delay because the powers of evil, of the Antichrist, are already growing more and more rampant, more and more pronounced. Presently, friends, we know not but that any hour or even moment now, the awful delusion, the Antichrist lie, may be actually formulated into speech and print, and it will be so almost universally absorbed by mankind, and its influence be so pervading, so

saturating, in every class of society, that it will every hour become harder, more difficult for the individual soul to turn to God."

He paused again for one instant, then startlingly, suddenly, the words "Great God!" leaped from his lips. They sounded like a mighty sob.

"Great God!" he repeated with an anguish that awed the people. "The great mass of the people in London are already mocking God. They laugh at the notion of there being a God, of there being any Retribution. The great mass of the people are ripe for anything, even for a public, official denial of the very existence of God. Deluded, they will believe any lie, THE FOUL LIE.

"How long is it since, in France, in the Revolution, the leading men, the 'flower' of that capricious nation, carried in triumph in grand procession the most beautiful harlot of Paris, to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and, unveiling and kissing her before the high altar, proclaimed her as the 'Goddess of Reason,' exhorting the multitude of people to forget all the childish things that they had been taught as to the thunders of the wrath of God, for God was not, and had never been.

"And all that happened while the 'salt of the earth' was abroad, and while that great, divine restrainer of evil, the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Trinity, was still upon the earth exercising His restraint.

"And, in a week from to-day, I believe it will be absolutely impossible to get a gathering like this. The world, the flesh, the devil, and Antichrist, will have almost absolute sway, and if any of us will live to God, we must be prepared to suffer the direst persecution, and all the horrors of the great Tribulation, with its thousands of martyrs, will be the portion of those who will cleave to God, and flout Antichrist."

A deep, sullen growl, like that of some huge savage beast, rose here and there from a number of dissenters to these predictions.

Ralph lifted his head proudly, and, fearless for his God, as he cried:

"There rises the first growl of the slumbering demon of Antichrist, which, only too soon, shall possess almost the whole world. Soon, a year or two, less than

that, doubtless, Antichrist will dominate the earth's peoples. None will be able to trade, to buy or sell, unless they bear on their forehead or their *right* hand, the Mark of the Beast. What will that mark be? I cannot tell. I do not know, no one save Antichrist, and the Devil who has incarnated him, can as yet know, I think."

Again that growl rose from the throats of some of the listeners. This time it was deeper, fuller, more voices joined in it, and the savage note was more pronounced.

Suddenly a mighty roar of thousands of voices, mingled with the blare of brass instruments, penetrated into the building from the street. There followed instantly a general rising to their feet, and a rush of the people to the exits. The crush at the exits was terrible. Screams of women mingled with the hoarse cursings of men—men who had never uttered an oath before, found their mouths filled with hideous, blasphemous oaths. It was as if the very devil himself had suddenly possessed the crowd.

Ralph found himself alongside the Secretary of the church, the man who had preceded him in speaking. The pair watched and listened for a moment while noisily, slowly, painfully the people passed out of the building.

Involuntarily there sprang to Ralph's lips, and, before he realised it he was uttering the words:

"The whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and was choked."

The two men were strangers, yet, as they turned and faced each other, by some common impulse they clasped hands. For one instant it looked as though each would have spoken. Then, as though some strange power had tied their tongues, they moved on silently, side by side, down the wide aisle of the church, and passed out through the entrance doors of the now empty building.

The streets were filled with surging masses of people, and there was a glare of ruddy flames, while dense volumes of smoke poured into the upper air from the first of two huge cars drawn by hundreds of excited men and boys, and even women and girls.

In the centre of the platform of the first car was a huge, altar-like construction in polished iron or steel. The centre of the altar was evidently a deep, hollow cauld-

ron, into which a score of men, costumed as satyrs, were pitchforking Bibles. The four sides of the altar-cauldron had open bars, so that, fanned on every side by the double draught of the car's motion, and the fairly stiff breeze that was blowing, the furnace roared fiercely, fed, as it incessantly was, by the copies of God's Word.

Hundreds of wildly-excited men and women—many seemed semi-drunken—attired in every conceivable grotesqueness of costume, and forming a kind of open-air fancy-dress ball, disported themselves shamelessly about the cauldron car, and the triumphal car that followed in its wake.

The latter was a gorgeous structure, finished in gold, purple, and white marble. Its centre was a kind of *tableaux vivant*. On one side was an effigy of a parsonic kind of man, crucified head downwards upon a cross. A second side showed a theatre front, with a staring announcement, "*Seven day performances.*" A third side showed a figure of "*Bacchus*" crowned with vine-leaves and grape-bunches. A fourth side showed an entrance to a Law Court, with an announcement: "*Closed eternally, for since there is no marriage, there is no divorce.*"

Above all this was a golden throne, and in a deep purple-plush-covered chair sat a florid, coarsely-beautiful woman, with long hair of golden hue hanging down upon her shoulders, and blowing in the breeze. Upon her head was a crown, in her right hand she held a gilded crozier.

The most wanton, hideous licentiousness was the order of the hour among the mob of Fancy-Costumed people.

Ralph Bastin and his companion followed in the wake of the foaming, raging sea of semi-mad people.

"The French Revolution business over again," said Ralph—he had to shout into his friend's ear to be heard.

It was all of hell, hellish, and should have proved conclusively, if proof had been desired, that with the translation of the Church, and the flight of the Holy Spirit, that the last restraint upon man's natural love of lawlessness had been taken away.

Sweeping westwards, the hideous, blasphemous procession was continually augmented by crowds that swarmed up from side streets, and fell in in the rear of the marching throng.

(Continued on Page 86.)

# "CONFIDENCE."

APRIL, 1912.

Editor—

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

Assistants—

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

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## The London Conference.

IN THE HOLBORN HALL, GRAY'S INN ROAD.  
(APRIL 23RD TO MAY 2ND.)

All Pentecostal friends are invited to join in prayer for God's blessing on the Meetings.

There are to be *two* sessions each day, commencing respectively at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. The Morning Meeting to continue on into the afternoon. Theme: THE GOSPEL. What it includes. Where it is to be carried. Where is the power to preach it successfully? What is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost? The Book of the Acts to be the special study. Cecil Polhill, Convener, Howbury Hall, Bedford.

## THE FIFTH SUNDERLAND ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1912, MAY 28-31

(with Preliminary Meetings, Saturday, May 25th, Whit-Sunday, 26th, and Whit-Monday, 27th.)

We invite the Pentecostal people around the World to join us in prayer as to His purpose for them and ourselves in this International Annual Convention. (If the Lord Jesus still tarry.)

The First Sunderland Convention was the first convention of the present Pentecostal Movement in Great Britain, or indeed in Europe. The Sunderland Convention is, in this way, "Mother"

of such Assemblies in Europe. It continues to meet each year, under God's great blessing, and with His good guidance. Friends from Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Ceylon, Canada, and the States as far as California, meet with German Brethren, Hollanders, Scandinavians, Swiss, Russians, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh folk. It is good for us all. The fellowship for a week or so, the walks and talks between the meetings, and the interchange of little acts of hospitality, help to build up fellowship, encourage faith, and level down differences. We therefore ask our Readers to join us from time to time in prayer for the Lord's guidance for themselves and for us,

IF THE LORD SHALL STILL TARRY.

For accommodation write to the Conference Secretaries, All Saints Vicarage, Sunderland.

## SUNDERLAND CONVENTION.

### INTRODUCTORY MEETINGS.

FRIDAY, MAY 24—First Prayer Meeting for Visitors on arrival, in the *Parish Hall*, Fulwell Road.

SATURDAY, MAY 25—(In the *Parish Hall*).  
10:30 to 12 a.m. Reports, Testimonies. Addresses.  
2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Address by Bro. J. Matthews, of California.  
6:45 to 9 p.m. Address by Pastor J. H. King, of South Carolina.

WHIT-SUNDAY, MAY 26—*In the Parish Hall*:  
10:30 and 6:30, Young People's Services. Addresses by Pentecostal Speakers.  
3 p.m. Bible Readings.  
Pastor Gensichen (Germany).  
8:15 p.m. Gospel Address.  
Bro. J. Matthews.

(In All Saints' Church, or Whit-Sunday, the Holy Communion at 7 a.m., 8 a.m., and 10:30 a.m. (Sermon by Rev. A. A. Boddy). Also Young People's Service at 2:15, and Evening Service at 6:30 p.m.)

WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 27—(In the *Parish Hall*).  
9 a.m. Prayer Meeting.  
10 to 12 a.m. Morning Meeting. Addresses by Pastor King and others.  
2:30 to 4:30. Afternoon Meeting. Testimonies, etc. Address by Pastor Gensichen.  
6:45 to 9 p.m. Evening Meeting with Address by Bro. J. Matthews.

### THE FOUR CONVENTION DAYS.

These are the themes suggested for the Morning and Evening Meetings:—

Morning—The Preparation of the Bride for the Coming of Jesus.

- (1) The Awakening for the Hope (Matt. xxv.).
- (2) The Enduement by Sanctification (1 John iii., 3; Eph. v., 26, 27).
- (3) The Empowering for Service, and the Edification of the Body (Eph. iv.).
- (4) The Waiting for the Blessed Rapture (1 Thess. i., 10; iv., 13-v., 11).

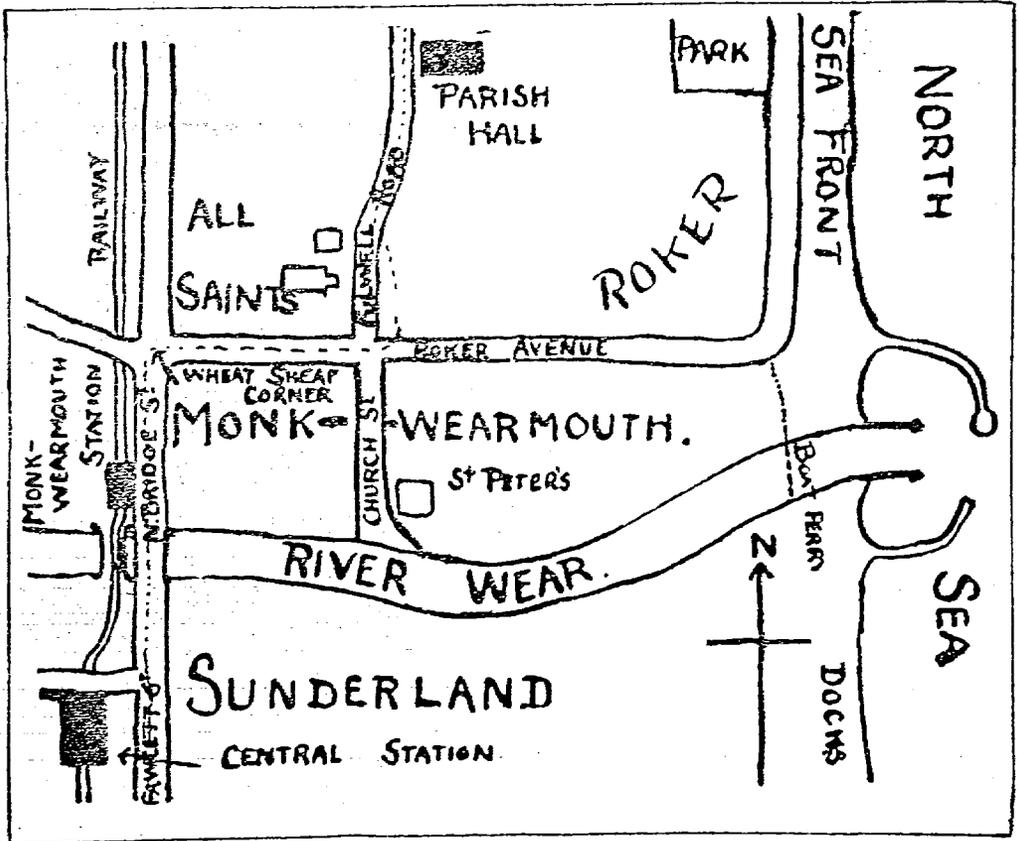
Evening—Days of Heaven upon Earth (Deut. xi.).

- (1) Freedom from Bondage.
- (2) The Happiness of our Possession.
- (3) The Victory over our Enemies.
- (4) Our Beautiful Hope.

PARISH HALL, FULWELL ROAD.

- TUESDAY—9:30 to 10:30. Prayer and Praise.  
 10:30 to 12. The Preparation of the Bride for the Coming of Jesus. (1) The Awakening for the Hope (Matt. xxv.).  
 12:15. Photographic Groups to be taken at the Church.  
 2:30. Reception of Visitors.  
 (Light Refreshments).  
 5:30. "Open-air" beside the "Cambridge Hotel."  
 6:30 to 9. Evening Meeting. Days of Heaven upon Earth. (1) Freedom from Bondage.

- 10:30 to 12. The Preparation of the Bride for the Coming of Jesus. (3) The Empowering for Service, and the Edification of the Body (Eph. iv.).  
 2:30. Testimonies as to Divine Healing. Address by Bro. Smith Wigglesworth.  
 6:30. Days of Heaven upon Earth. (3) The Victory over our Enemies.  
 The Precious Blood and its Power.
- FRIDAY—9:30 to 10:30. Praise and Prayer.  
 10:30 to 12. The Preparation of the Bride for the Coming of Jesus. (4) The



- WEDNESDAY—9:30 to 10:30. Prayer and Praise.  
 10:30. The Preparation of the Bride for the Coming of Jesus. (2) The Endowment by Sanctification (1 John iii., 3; Eph. v., 26, 27.)  
 2:30. Annual Missionary Meeting of the P.M.U. Addresses by Missionaries and others.  
 6:30. Days of Heaven upon Earth. (2) The Happiness of our Possession.

- Waiting for the Blessed Rapture.  
 (1 Thess. i., 10; iv., 13—v., 11.)  
 2:30. The Baptism of the Holy Ghost.  
 6:30. Days of Heaven upon Earth. (4) Our Beautiful Hope.

- THURSDAY—8 a.m. Holy Communion in All Saints Church.  
 9:30 to 10:30. Prayer and Praise.

The above is subject to revision and alteration if advisable. Among our expected speakers are Pastor J. H. King, of Falcon, South Carolina, U.S.A., Evangelist John Matthews, from California, Pastor T. M. Jeffreys, South Wales, Pastor Paul, of Berlin, Pastor Gensichen (the Hallelujah Pastor), of Germany, Pastor and Mrs. Polman, of Amsterdam, Mr. Cecil Polhill, and others.

(After the Rapture—continued from page 83.)

There was a couple of hundred yards between the tail of the actual procession, and Ralph and his companion. Hundreds of people thronged the side-walks, but the road was fairly clear, and along the gutter-way there swept a gang of boys with coarse, raucous laughter, kicking—football fashion—two or three of the half-burned Bibles that had fallen from the

heart, the Isaachers of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, those 'knowing ones' who, like Isaacher, thought that they knew better than God."

"God grant," Ralph said once, as they talked, "that when the moment comes, as come it will, that we are called upon to stand for God, or die for Him, that we may witness a good confession."

[This is an early chapter from the book

### THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

#### ANTI-CHRIST AND HIS NUMBER.

In the last verse of REVELATION xiii. we have the mysterious number of ANTI-CHRIST. GREEK letters are used for numerals, viz., Chi, Xi, and Sigma. The central letter ('Xsi') is like a serpent, and has a hissing sound. Below is the original GREEK of Rev. xiii., 18. In English letters it reads:—*Arithmos gar anthrōpou esti, kai ho arithmos autou chi, xsi, sigma.* In Greek characters it is:—

ἀριθμὸς γὰρ ἀνθρώπου ἐστὶ. καὶ ὁ ἀριθμὸς αὐτοῦ

Χ Ξ Σ  
(600) (60) (6)

The NUMBER IS MAN'S NUMBER and HIS NUMBER IS

666

X-S = CHRIST. With "Ξ" inserted it becomes "ANTI-CHRIST."

X Ξ S

CHRISTOS, which is the Greek for "Christ," can be abbreviated as above, the first and last letters only being used, viz., Chi and Sigma. When the serpent-like Xsi is placed in the centre of Christ it becomes the Mark of the Beast; a counterfeit of Christ energised by Satan; a mighty personality heading up many human combinations in the Industrial and Religious World. A World-leader is coming who will be a willing instrument in the hands of Satan.

cauldron-altar on the car.

The church secretary visibly shuddered at the sacrilege. A pained look shot into Ralph Bastin's face, as he said:

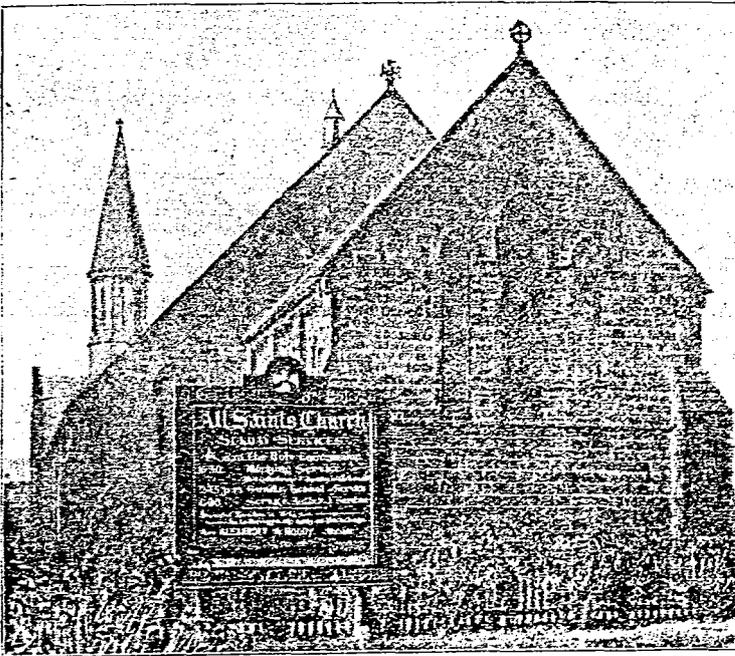
"Such wanton, open sacrilege as that could only have become possible by the gradual decay of reverence for the Word of God, brought about largely by the so-called 'higher critics' of the last thirty years, the men who broke Spurgeon's

called the "Mark of the Beast." The Author describes the rise of a remarkable personality, Leon Apleon, who is the Anti-Christ. The scene is transferred from London to Jerusalem, where he is crowned Universal King. All his subjects have to wear his peculiar mark—the number of a man—"666" (Rev. xiii., 18). Although it is fiction, it all seems very possible, and will arouse many to think of the events which are leading up to the Great Apostasy.]

## A CHURCH OVER A COAL MINE.

(See Illustration on Cover.)

All Saints' Church, Monkwearmouth, stands in the midst of industry. On two sides extends a great Rope Manufactory, giving employment to hundreds, both women and men. On the other side are Iron Works, whose furnaces are blazing night and day in ordinary times. A visit at night time takes one among fires almost at white heat; men sweating and toiling, molten slag running from the fires, great steam hammers, with resounding and colossal blows, driving dross out of great masses of soft and glowing metal. Roll-



ing mills turning this into rails. Rivet machines turning out thousands of rivets. Purification and sanctification through much tribulation. Eventual usefulness is the outcome, a great change from the rough ore to the shapely rail. A visit at night is a weird experience, as one steps from darkness into glare and noise, and the ceaseless rush of these iron-workers.

But far down below, a mile deep, other men are working or hastening along dark, cavernous passages to their distant cavils.

The Editor of "Confidence" was one day passing along such a tunnel-like alleyway with a miner, far down in the "Bowels of the Earth." Then, in answer to his

query, "Whereabouts are we now?" the other replied, "Do ye ken a little chorch doon a lonnen they caal Fulwell Lonnen, they caal her Aal Saints?" "Yes," was the smiling reply, "I ken her weel." "Well, now we'll be juist aboot under her." So we live and worship above one of the deepest of the British coal mines—the Monkwearmouth Colliery, or "Pemberton's Pit," as it is often called. In our Pentecostal gatherings we have one or two beloved brothers who "go below," and let their light shine in the dark places.

From the Vicarage front door formerly the ships could be seen sailing out of our River Wear away on to the North Sea, but now many rows of houses intervene between the Church and the sea.

How graciously the Lord has blessed in this plain little brick Vicarage! He has healed many sick, and baptized many in the Holy Spirit, until they call it "holy ground." In that dark, stone church, and especially in the meetings in the Vestry Room, the Lord Jesus has appeared and appears still to His believing, loving children, and has brought His gifts and His blessing, and unfolded His Resurrection Life and His blessed Pentecostal Baptism. In the large Parish Hall, some 300 yards or so north-

wards up the Fulwell Road, the Annual Convention Meetings are to be held for the fifth time, if the Lord still tarries—from May 25th to the 31st. Here, too, the Lord has met and baptized and healed and taught many of His beloved children, and He will meet again every trusting heart.

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## SUNDERLAND.

Good Friday and Easter have been for years very helpful times at All Saints', Sunderland. Time after time through Good Friday, congregations gather to enter once more into the moving scenes

(Sunderland—continued.)

which led up to the Victory of Calvary. There was special testimony subsequently at one of the meetings to blessing received on Good Friday afternoon this year.

"I never realized before as I did on Good Friday afternoon why the Lord had to cry: 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.' It was that He was so identified with our sin. He became sin for us, and was feeling for the moment the awfulness of being a lost soul, oppressed with unforgiven sin. But how we thank God that soon the Father's face could look again in love upon Him, and the time of darkness had passed away.

"Didn't we feel too as if we would like to have helped Him, when He cried out, 'I'm thirsty'? Should not we have 'straightway run'? Let us always 'run' to satisfy His soul's longings."

A mother said:

"I'm sure I got a blessing when I heard about Jesus and His Mother at the Cross. It touched me when He thought about His Mother, and Him suffering so much at the time."

There were encouraging testimonies given by some who had been at this time to the Holy Table of the Lord. One devoted brother had been overwhelmed by the glory of God. He said:

"Beloved friends, I feel that I *must* testify to the mighty blessing that I received on Good Friday morning. As I was coming down from my home to All Saints' Church for the Early Communion, God seemed to accompany me in a wonderful way. I felt Him all the way as I was walking here. But oh, He was still more mightily present when I came up to receive the blessed Bread and Wine. I can't describe it; I only know that I felt I could scarcely contain myself for joy and power. Oh, how good He is to me, a poor sinner saved by grace. All day long He was with me on Good Friday, and after the service at night I was speaking to the crowds in the High Street, and the power of God laid hold of the people as they stood round in hundreds, many never attempting to move away. He just poured out the Word. Beloved friends, it laid hold. One soul came fully back to the Lord, and confessed to backsliding, and many were blessed, I am sure, for the Lord was marvellously with us."

A Pentecostal sister, who is being used to bring others to the Lord she has found, said to her Vicar (the Editor of "Confidence"):—

"I do thank God for the Holy Communion. I receive a wonderful inflow of life and strength on Sundays at the Early Service at All Saints'. I always say that Sunday is the best day of the week for me, for I am so strong all day after coming to Church in the early morning. The Lord just fills me then with His Resurrection Life."

The Writer has indeed much to thank the Lord for at this time. An increasing roll of communicants; a loyal staff of earnest workers, amongst them a

group of real soul-winners; church and parish funds all in a satisfactory position, through the systematic contributions of those who love their privileges, many going on with God, and becoming a blessing to others.

Two well-known Pentecostal workers visiting recently volunteered their opinion, "The work here is a blessed recommendation of 'Pentecost.'" This is the goodness and grace of our ever adorable Lord. May we indeed go forward gratefully and hopefully. He says, "Occupy till I come." It is literally, do your work—do your business. We can thus practically recommend the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the faith of our Coming King. Hallelujah!

## SCOTLAND.

### KILSYTH.

Bro. A. Murdoch (Edengrove) writes:—"The Lord is blessing very abundantly in our midst. The Lord has wonderfully delivered us, and put the church in unity and love. We had our congregational business meeting this month, and the reports for the year were fine. Numerically we have the largest number on record—103 members, all working in their way. 11 joined at this meeting, 6 of whom are not long saved. Financially we have had a good year, paying off £42 2s. 11d. of old debts, and had a clear balance of £49s. 9d. Spiritually we were never better. Every week souls are being saved, and added to the church, without any outside help. We pray, and preach, and hold open-air, and the Lord sends them in and saves them. Glory to His Name! Our Prayer Meetings on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are attended by from 40, 50, and 70. Am pleased to say the Lord is baptizing in the Holy Ghost, with the Sign of Tongues. A Sister, a Bible-woman, came to our home last Friday from a neighbouring town, and the Lord baptized her as in Acts ii. 4. (She is an attender at Keswick.)

"Last Monday a young man and a young woman came right into the blessing in their seats. The young woman and another brother started to sing in the Spirit to the tune of 'Lord, a little band and lowly,' in the same language or tongue. It was a real touch. Many others are seeking. We have prophecy, and some interpretations, and the Lord has promised us more when we are ready to receive. We have not received any wrong messages, they are all on the line of the Word, and commanding us to stand in His 'written Word.' We never accept anything unless the counterpart is in the Word, so that we can truly say the Lord has been with us and kept the enemy out there.

"You remember Bro. Hutchinson, the Elder, when you were here (he who was baptized second in our kitchen). He is now amongst us again, and the Lord has done a real work in him. He came over to see me last Tuesday, and the Lord discerned to me that He wanted Brother Hutchinson to speak in Tongues. He has never

done so since his Baptism, over four years ago. We got down to pray, and Brother Hutchinson began to speak in Tongues. He is a great help to me now at the Church. We have a fine Sabbath School of 200 (150 in regular attendance), and a Band of Hope of over 100, so that we praise God for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come."

## HOLLAND.

### AMSTERDAM.

#### Opening of Pastor Polman's Pentecostal Hall.

English friends are invited by Pastor and Mrs. Polman to visit Amsterdam for the opening of their new Pentecostal Hall, May 19th to 27th, God willing. They should write soon as to lodgings. Pastors Paul and Humbert and others are expected.

## NORWAY.

### PASTOR BARRATT'S SILVER WEDDING (May 10th, 1912).

Many of our beloved Brother's friends in Great Britain and other lands will be glad to join in a money present for him and his dear wife to make use of to further God's cause. We recommend those who can send even small tokens of love to send direct by Post Office Money Order to Pastor T. B. Barratt, Schultzgade 2 (ii), Christiania, Norway. We must not forget how willingly he left his own remunerative work and laboured for us in faith in the early days of the present Pentecostal Revival. We thank God for our true brother.

## UNDER THE PALM-LEAF PANDALS.

### Scenes in Travancore.

There is a comparatively narrow strip of country facing the Indian Ocean, and lying on the west coast of Southern India. It is called Travancore, and possesses some three million inhabitants. Large numbers belong to the ancient Syrian Church, which has existed here for centuries. Others are members of the Reformed Syrian Church, and some fifty thousands are adherents of the great Church Missionary Society, the Salvation Army has many, and there is a National Indian Missionary Society.

It has been the custom for some years now to hold great open-air Conventions, often in the dry bed of a river, the speakers and as much of the crowd as possible being under the shelter of a temporary protection from the sun, called a Pandal.

We read in the last "C. M. S." report:—"The Annual Convention of Syrian Churches, which took place in February,

1912, was attended by about 20,000 persons. The addresses were given by the Revs. T. Walker and R. F. Ardill, and were interpreted by Indian clergymen. Each sentence had to be repeated by another speaker some fifty yards distant, in order that all might be enabled to hear."

"It is to such gatherings that our Bro. George Berg referred in a letter in our last issue (page 68), and of which he writes more fully in the letter we now quote:—

#### OUR MEETINGS AT YENATHI.

We reached this place with bullock carts, as it is about ten miles from the Ry station of Kottarakara, at about 6 p.m. on the Monday, February 12th. Scores of people came to greet us, as we entered the village with glad hallelujah songs, and the blowing of our trumpet. The leading man (a doctor) in the place vacated his own house for us, and we occupied it in Jesus' Name. It was the very best house for many miles around.

The next day (February 13th) a large pandal out of timber posts, bamboo and palm leaves was put up in a near by river bed, because the river was two-thirds dry. The pandal was big enough to shelter over 2,000 people from the sun and rain. When I looked at the pandal I said to one of our workers, "The people are expecting a large crowd, judging from the size of their pandal." We began our first meeting under the "Pandal" on the Tuesday night, with about 50 people present. God's dear presence was manifested among us from the very beginning. Our faith reached up unto God for great and mighty things on behalf of this place and people, and he assured us of great and wonderful things, praise His Holy Name for ever!

From day to day the numbers of people attending the meetings increased, also the power of God increased, and Satan was also doing what he could to hinder, but God gave us power to break through everything in the mighty Name of Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

It was just wonderful to see the people flocking together from day to day, men, women, and children coming in large crowds.

#### SINGING ALONG THE WAY.

I heard one night, on my way to the pandal, a number of men and women singing songs, while they were walking through the river above their loins, towards the pandal.

Oh, dear readers of "Confidence," it would have done your hearts good to hear and see for yourselves what God wrought in this place among the "Syrians" as well as Hindoos. Praise God for ever!

Some people came on Friday and more on Saturday from 5 to 22 miles distance to attend the last few days of the meetings. Three men came 22 miles on Friday, one of them the leading man of his place. He looked like a saint, and I was told that he often gets up at home at twelve or one or two in the night, going

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, RINGING A BELL and quoting a Scripture, and warning the people to be ready to meet their God. If we had only many such men in Europe and America.

(Under the Palm-Leaf Pandals—continued.)

On Saturday, at the day meeting, we gave the people a chance to testify, and in a few minutes 54 stood up and testified to God's glory of much blessing received during the meetings. On Sunday, in our day meeting, the crowds were so big that some counted 2,500, but I ESTIMATED 2,200.

It was almost suffocating in the awful heat, and having the people packed together in a space where in Europe would only sit 500 to 600 people. Of course the congregations here sit upon God's footstool (earth), and they leave no room to walk between them.

Sunday, February 18th, from 11 a.m. to 3:15 p.m., was our largest gathering, as many who came from a distance returned to their homes after the meeting, but at night we still counted over 1,000 people together listening to the last few messages. We have evidence that a great many of the 110 sick persons were healed for whom prayer was offered, and also some awful demon-possessed people were delivered in Jesus' Name. Hallelujah to the Lamb! The people were very kind to us, and very sorry when we had to leave for our third place of meetings.

OUR MEETINGS AT KUNDARA.

We left Yenathi (where we had our second Meeting) on Monday the 19th, and reached Kundara at about 5 p.m. the same day.

From day to day the power of God was in our midst, as well as in the number of the people attending, so that on the Friday night we had over 1,500 people together. On that day people began to come from great distances, as far as 42 miles, and most of it by walking.

By Sunday at 11 a.m., when we began our meeting, the hungry people came streaming together, sheep without a shepherd. There were fully 2,000 people right at the beginning of the service, but the number kept getting larger and larger, until our Pandal was much too small to shelter all of them from the sun, so that the crowds had to stand and sit outside of it, yet within easy hearing distance. I counted above 3,500 people by 1 p.m., but others claimed we had more than 4,000 people in the compound. It was simply awful to be among that great mass of people in the awful heat and dust, but our God sustained us. Praise His dear Name. Many souls, both Syrian and Hindoo, came out of heathen darkness into the light of God's kingdom.

God wrought mighty works of healing and deliverance from demon powers in the Name of Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb of God for ever.

We closed our meetings at Kundara on Sunday night with over 2,000 people present, and we left for our home in Bangalore the next morning. I am convinced that there was more work done in real soul-moving, than any fifty workers could possibly do in three months in Europe or America. Oh, our hearts cry out to God for more men and means to be able to push this battle on and on, until the final victory is won for Christ and lost souls. Come over and help us! There is no such open door anywhere in India, no, not in all the Foreign Field; if there is, I should like to be shown by anyone. On the South-West Coast of India, in the

Native States of Travancore and Cochin, there are nearly 3,000,000 souls waiting for someone to come and bring them the Bread of Eternal Life to-day. Where the average Missionary in other fields has a hard time to get together a few hundreds, we have a hard time to get rid of the thousands who come streaming after us.

Brethren pray for us. Let brotherly love continue. The Lord is at hand.

Yours faithfully, until He comes,  
GEO. E. BERG.  
Bangalore, S. India.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

Our dear Pentecostal Brother, Pastor J. T. Boddy, of Lincoln Place, Pa., moves on May 1st to 260 West 121st St., New York City.

Brother M. B. Hinsdale, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles Co., California, U.S.A., will be thankful if friends will, from time to time, post to him Pentecostal papers to distribute amongst the hundreds of U.S.A. pensioners at the Soldiers' Home.

Brother Stanley H. Frodsham, of "Peniel," Somerley Road, Winton, Bournemouth, writes that they hope to hold a ten days' Convention at the Good News Hall, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth, commencing June 2nd. He writes: "We are having the best Meetings we have ever had."

At Swansea (S. Wales) the Assembly which until recently met in the Plymouth Hall, Plymouth Street, now meets in SIDDALL HALL, near the Great Western Station (High Street Station). This is the assembly whose meetings were a continuation of those held by Mr. W. R. Andrews, of Glasgow.

Pastor Redwood writes of his "Home of Rest," 81 Springfield, Cotham, that he has meetings every Tuesday and Saturday at 6 p.m. He has had visitors from the Blind Asylum who have been saved and baptized into the Holy Ghost, and he says that one of these is able to see "men as trees walking."

Our Brother, Albert Weaver, of Rockrimmon, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., has the Montwait Convention much on his heart. He hopes that many friends from Great Britain will accept an invitation to it. He expects Dr. Yoakum to be present. He will give full particulars to anyone writing to him. The Camp Meeting commences June 29th, and is to last 10 days.

The Easter Convention at Bowland Street Mission, Manningham, Bradford, has been marked by much blessing. Bro. Smith Wigglesworth writes that the messages of Brother J. Matthews on "Faith in the Word" were irresistible in power. The Editor of "Confidence" much regretted that parish engagements prevented him from having fellowship with the "saints" gathered at Bradford.

A young Englishman known to the Editor (see faring), on the yacht of an Egyptian Prince, was in the Bombay Harbour recently. His mother

wrote: "My son found dear Mrs. Murray out in Bombay, and she made him so welcome, invited him to dinner at 7 with them, introduced him to several Missionaries, and told him that one evening there were nine nationalities represented in her house. He told her that he knew you."

The third Annual Pentecostal Camp Meeting for New York and surrounding cities will be held from July 20th to August 4th, inclusive, at Laurel Island Camp Grounds, Paterson, N.J. Among the many speakers expected are Rev. Morton W. Plummer, of Melrose, Mass., and Dr. F. E. Yoakum, of Los Angeles, Cal. Information concerning Camp will be gladly furnished by J. P. Blackledge, 102, North 8th Street, Paterson, N.J., U.S.A.

At Liegnitz, in Silesia, a picturesque town with its Schloss (Castle), Bro. Kusch does a good work on Pentecostal lines. The other week they held

their Anniversary for the *Jungfrauen* (Young Women), when the daughter of the Editor of "Confidence" was present. They had powerful meetings. There was singing in Tongues with interpretation. Bro. Kusch has a bright, helpful wife, and 14 children, all living and very happy in their home life.

In Ton-y-pandy (S. Wales) during the Coal Strike, a brave little company of Pentecostal brethren have been constantly witnessing for the Lord, and testifying to His love. A brother writes: "We believe that the greatest Strike took place when man at his 'fall' struck against God. We are clinging to the old, old story of Jesus and His Cross, as a remedy for all labour troubles. He has settled all 'questionings' in our hearts, and He will come again and take us to Himself." We may believe that it has not been always easy for these dear Christian miners in Ton-y-pandy. May the Lord abundantly bless them.

## THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President, Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks., is Hon. Treasurer (Mrs. Sandwith is Missionary Box Secretary), the Rev. A. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Pastor Jeffreys, Mr. H. Small, Mr. Andrew Murdoch, and Mr. Thos. Myerscough. A P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, N. Hackney, has been opened, 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. "Baptized" Missionaries working for Societies who do not endorse the Pentecostal Movement are also received when compelled to resign, if the Council, from personal knowledge and after interviews, etc., are satisfied. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Lucy James, Mukti, Poonah; Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Constance Skarratt, Miss Catherine C. White, and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, The Camp, Jalna; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Fyzabad. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt, Bristow, McGillivray, Williams, c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson, Taohow, ("Old City"), Kansuh Province, via Hsian, China (via Siberia and Peking); Mr. and Mrs. Kok, Taitung-Tschew, Tsingtao, Shantung Province. (Also holding P.M.U. Certificates—John Beruldsen, Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), Thyra Beruldsen, 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., or 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 at work, or learning their new language. Wednesday in each week has been suggested as a special day of prayer for P.M.U.

### CHINA—Bro. Kok on the Missionary Life.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

Many thanks for your letter dated January 5th, which took fully eight weeks to reach us, and the "Confidence" enclosed. Yes, there has been a long silence, but now I am going to write down some remembrances from my diary of life, and I hope that the wish expressed in your letter may be fulfilled, and that these lines may be used by the Lord to arouse sympathy and prayer for the Missionary cause in China. And if the dear readers will kindly look more at the intention of my heart in writing this, than at the way of expressing my thoughts in a foreign tongue, they certainly shall heartily join in my prayer that the Lord may have the glory, and that His cause may receive benefit.

### A PRIVILEGE.

Now months are rapidly passing since we saw for the first time the soil of China, we feel more and more strongly that it is a real privilege, worthy of much and daily thanksgiving to be out on the Mission-field.

Leaving the homeland, some thought it was just fanatic zeal to go and live among the Chinese, others considered it to be foolishness to give up a good position and to enter on the risks of a so-called "faith life"; again others advised us to wait some time, silently hoping that our wishes would disappear with the days. My dear father feared we would not be strong enough in body, and the loving eyes of a mother saw nothing but difficulties, privations, and dangers, but—there was the Lord, and the call from Him.

We know it meant leaving father and mother,

(P.M.U.—Bro. Kok on the Missionary Life—contd.)

brothers and sisters, a home with its comforts, the assembly of the saints, and we also were aware of much that was awaiting us.

But one look at the Saviour, who left the right hand of the Father and all the glory of His heavenly home, to dwell amongst men, so strange to Him, in order to unite Himself with them, to die for them, to save them. This was enough to say: Hallelujah!

And now, voices are silent; loved ones count it no longer loss, but rejoice and are thankful. For Jesus' sake, as the hymn says:—

"Neen, t' is niet te veel voor Jezus,  
En met blydschap breng ik 't offer."  
(No, it is not too much for Jesus,  
And with gladness I'll offer up.)

And I wish to testify to the great blessedness and joy there is in the privilege to live for Jesus here in the midst of the heathens, and to speak to them of the blessed Master, who is able to save, to heal, to sanctify, and to prepare for His soon coming. Amen.

TEMPTATIONS AND TRIALS.

They are many and of all kinds, just as everywhere; but some are special to the foreign field, and new-comers do well to arm themselves against them, while friends at home may remember us in their prayers.

Things in the field are not just as one expected them to be. The missionary experiences this. At home one cannot realize it so well. There is the temptation, especially for *Pentecostal* workers, who have been sent out and have gone out earnestly desiring the Lord to work in supernatural power, to look through coloured glasses of expectation, or to announce the birth already, when the pains are just coming, and, in doing so, send reports home, which will satisfy the expectation of friends, but cannot satisfy the heart of the Lord, who is the Spirit of Truth. Here the Lord wants us to watch and pray.

During the first time when one cannot talk anything to the people around him, and one is so desiring to speak of Christ, that it burns as a fire within him, how can one ask the Lord just to change the tongue, received as a "gift," and give utterance in Chinese. Day by day he is surrounded by hundreds who do not know the Saviour, by sick ones who do not know the Healer, by slaves of opium and lusts who do not know the Strong Deliverer, and one is not able to testify about Him. How useless does one feel, how feeble! How blessed then is intercession! In these circumstances, the Lord is teaching patience and subjection.

Again, Monday, study Chinese; Tuesday, doing the same; Wednesday, item, and so on until Saturday, week after week, month after month, was to be expected; but it is indeed a great trial, especially for those who are not accustomed to constant study. A blessed change is then a time of waiting, or for meetings, and the Lord's Day is doubly welcome. Prayer is a sure help to come through, and the knowledge that friends at home are helping by their intercessory prayers is very encouraging. Here the Lord is teaching perseverance and endurance.

Some undergo bodily trials at times of severe heat, which makes study or work so difficult. Damp and wet weather have also their influence on many. Sicknesses are all around amongst the

people. The food is many times so strange for the body. Scorpions find their way into the room, and, as we experienced last summer, hide under the bed, or, still worse, in our clothes. Poor traveller in that season, besides mosquitoes he meets many enemies in the inns that prevent him taking the necessary rest after a tiring journey.

NEEDS OF SPIRITUAL POWER AND GIFTS.

You are called "Tongues people," "Pentecostal people," or "Apostolic people." Is it not so? Well, I have read already about them in the papers, and to tell you the truth, people warned me against them, and I was rather afraid to take you in my home as guest, being told you belong to them, but, as you know, I ventured it, and after all, I'm not sorry.

In the interior, hundreds of miles from the coast, missionaries must know things by reading papers or by hearing from travelling fellow-workers, and the majority got this idea: So-called Pentecostal people begin to declare that they *alone* have the Holy Spirit, and that all those who do not belong to them have Him *not*, and that all past experiences of grace and leading are not real, at least of little value. Then they reject study of the language as being human, and are spending years in the field without result. They are speaking and shouting in Tongues until after midnight, and disturb the night rest of others, and, being told so, they answer that they have to obey the Holy Spirit. Certainly many of them must be devoted and earnest people, and it cannot be denied that marvellous healings sometimes take place, but this is probably a kind of spiritualistic power, as strange things must happen in their meetings. Yes, Satan comes as an angel of light, so be careful!

Prejudiced, afraid and reserved as they are, many precious, hungry hearts are shut. What can win them? Is it not a walk in perfect love towards God and everybody, a walk in divine wisdom towards fellow-believers, and as for Apostolic power

Rather confess to progress  
Than profess to possess.

In this matter, however, we found all humble souls agree. Good and blessed work has been done in the past—thousands have been brought into the kingdom; Christian educational work has reached a considerable height; openings are on all sides; but, if anything is wanted for a *rapid* progress of the Gospel amongst China's millions, it is undoubtedly spiritual power, supernatural power, apostolic power, manifested as in the days of the early Church, so that the Spirit's conviction is irresistible, the sick shall be healed, demons shall be cast out, and many signs and wonders shall be wrought in the mighty Name of Jesus. In other words, a full and general restoration to the Church as a whole of all the gifts mentioned in the twelfth Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

And the Holy Spirit is teaching this great need to every Missionary during the years of isolation on lonely stations in the midst of thousands of heathens, if he will only come to compare Scripture with his experience in the ministry.

When prejudice has been removed, thankfulness and sympathy take its place, when the testimony is given that, in the Pentecostal Movement, the Lord is not only teaching this pressing need to the Church as a whole, but also showing the marvellous provision (which is the same for our present time,

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Glory	Je-	Glory	Glory
—	sus'	—	—
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as well as for the Apostolic age, and more still) that He is confirming His word with signs following, and granting to sincere and believing souls over the whole earth an earnest of which will be fully manifested in due time.

TWO KINDS OF WORSHIP.

One day there was a big feast in the city.

Hundreds from the surrounding villages had come in. The streets were unusually filled. Worship of the spirits and burning of incense were the great objects. Large processions in the streets. Temples crowded, and priests very busy the whole day.

In the evening I was alone in my little room. The noise of their music reached my ear. Big drums, pipes, cymbals, and other sharp-sounding instruments. Fire-crackers and thunder-boxes, plenty to frighten the evil spirits. Fires kept burning continually. Demonic exercises were carried out. The people marvelled and rejoiced. I knew now that in every home incense was burned. Every temple was occupied, young and old bowing down before idols, and burning their paper things. In fact, the whole city and its many, many guests were worshipping, as we know, the great enemy of God and of men.

In the mission-compound, opposite to my room, a number of native Christians gathered together with the missionaries for the waiting meeting. I heard the opening hymn, and the Leader reading a portion of the Word. The noise of chairs made it clear that all knelt down for prayer. There was a long time of silent prayer, then a chorus was started. (See previous column for this chorus in Chinese and English.)

All joined heartily. They were not thinking about the heathen feast, as I did. They were occupied with Jesus. I heard the well-known voice of the dear deacon praying—an earnest prayer in the Spirit, as always, blessed soul. Some others prayed, and then there was a little time of worship, sublime and uplifting. A sister commenced a hymn in Tongues; others joined with a small voice; praise and adoration in the Spirit followed, and it blessed my soul. In this little company Jesus was glorified; He was worshipped and lifted up. He was in the midst of them to receive all honour and praise from redeemed souls, who loved Him in incorruptibleness.

I felt I had to stop my work. I left my room and silently joined them in their Holy-Ghost worship, and, in burning my incense of prayer unto the Lord of heaven and earth, I did not forget to pray for the thousands of demon-worshippers outside.

T'ai-tung-tschew,  
 Tsingtao, Shantung Prov.,  
 China, Via Siberia,  
 March 3rd, 1912.

CHINA.

The Beruldsens back at their Station.

EXCITING INCIDENTS.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

Many thanks for the two January copies of "Confidence" received yesterday. We were all surprised to see on the back page the photograph of the Chinese Christians at Suan-hua-fu. This group of Chinese is the result of Mr. and Mrs. Söderbom's labours of fourteen years in this place. The photograph was taken on the occasion of them leaving on furlough. We are sorry that we did not get all the Chinese on the photograph, many leaving before it was taken, and others were not present. I should say we had a farewell meeting for them just before the photograph was

(P.M.U.—A Letter from the Beruldsens—continued.)

taken. It was a time of shedding tears on the part of many.

You will see by the above address that we are back again in our usual place, or our home, as we call it, after an absence of three months' patient waiting in Tientsin, during this time of great turmoil which has been prevailing in China, and which does not seem to have come to an end yet. When we heard that China had been proclaimed a Republic, and that peace would soon be restored, we made up our minds that we would return to our Station, many other Missionaries doing likewise.

As surely as it was the Lord's will for us to go to Tientsin, so surely do we believe that the Lord wanted us to return to Suan-hua-fu, by the wonderful way He delivered us on the journey up. Just two days after we had arrived back in Suan-hua-fu, we got news that new trouble had broken out in Peking and Fengtai, and that lawlessness was prevailing, and also that looting was going on to a great extent, many buildings also being set on fire. Two nights previous we slept in a Chinese inn at Fengtai, which is a railway junction where we have to make a change from Tientsin to Suan-hua-fu. When sleeping in an inn we usually take all our luggage, etc., with us into the inn, as there is no accommodation at the railway station for that sort of thing. On this occasion we had an extra quantity with us, which was too much to take into the inn, so it was all packed into an empty waggon, and stood over-night at the station, our servants doing a little night-watching that night. In the morning we found that not one of our things had been touched. Our hearts can only go up in praise to God for so wonderfully delivering us. If we had delayed a little longer in leaving Tientsin, we may likely have had everything we possessed stolen, and we may have been in danger of our lives. We have wondered sometimes, since trouble has commenced again in these places, if we should not have stayed in Tientsin, but when we see how the Lord wonderfully delivered us, we must conclude that it is His will for us to be here. Still a few days later comes the news that Tientsin is in an uproar, with fires raging in fourteen different places in the native City, and looting going on which was unable to be controlled by the police. Many looters, if caught, received a bullet through them which was to send them into eternity.

The papers give gruesome details of the sights that were to be seen in the streets, burned and shot bodies lying here and there, and placed in conspicuous places to be seen by all. Also the heads of those who were executed were hung in places where they could be seen, so as to put fear in the hearts of the people, to show what their fate would be if they attempted to loot. China, even with all the Western Civilization that has come in, has not yet got away from all this horridness. Oh, how much this country needs our prayers.

Coming back to our stay in Tientsin. We can thank the Lord for the blessed fellowship we had with God's children. Mr. Goforth, whom I think you all know, held daily meetings for a fortnight, which was a time of great spiritual blessing to each one of us. Then he returned to the interior, but the meetings were still continued, different missionaries leading each night. Those meetings went on until we left. We did miss those blessed meetings that we were accustomed to at home.

Quite a few of the soldiers of the Inniskilling Fusileers (stationed here for the protection of the British Concession) were converted at these meetings. There are some twenty-five Christians in that regiment, and they are really bright and happy young men. I had the pleasure of speaking to them at their own Bible Class in the Soldiers' Home. It did make one's heart glad to see how earnest they were, and the determination they had to go on, also how desirous they were to win other of their comrades to Christ.

During our absence from the work in Suan-hua-fu, the Chinese had been going on as usual, the evangelist and the school teacher being very faithful to their work. Also, on our return we found that the Christians had not fallen off, as we thought might have happened. Last Sunday, our first Sunday back again, we had a very large attendance in the forenoon, our chapel being packed, and it was necessary to bring in extra chairs. We are looking forward to seeing greater things accomplished for Christ in this place. Praise the Lord! His Name shall be glorified in China. Hallelujah!

Best Christian greetings from the other Missionaries and myself.

Yours in the Master's service,  
JOHN C. BERULDSSEN.

Suan-hua-fu,  
7th March, 1912.

## TIBET.

### Our Young Missionaries over the Border.

THEY ASK FOR A MISSION HOUSE.

#### OUR DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR & MRS. BODDY.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life goes by like a song,  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

"Happiness may grow in any soil and live under any conditions." You will rejoice with dear Bro. Williams and me to hear such is the case in Shen-tick, a little village of about 500 Tibetans. Within about twenty miles radius there will be several thousands.

At first sight a Tibetan village has an appearance of being decorated up with bunting and flags; but on close inspection we find the flags and wheels have Tibetan inscriptions all over them, which are prayers, and with the wind they wave, and these wheels go round.

Each village has its howling band of large Tibetan dogs, and, when getting near, each individual has to get well armed with large stones. "Shen-tick" is not exceptional in this, I assure you, and, when getting within half-a-mile, we were told by our guide and teacher (who, like Rahab the Harlot, undertakes to shelter and protect us from his people, and we are known as Chinese teachers, and on no account are we to show foreign dress) to dismount and get well armed with missiles to throw at the dogs. Well, it was no joke when the battle began, for these large shaggy dogs are very fierce, and stop at very little short of pulling you to pieces, once they get the chance. Well, after getting through, and having emptied our stock of stones, we got at last

to the entrance of our friend's home. His name is "Aek-chos-kong." One of these brutes bit my horse in the leg, and then I saw trouble, for he kicked and kicked until I found myself on the horse's neck, and the saddle all out of place, but the Tibetans soon came to the rescue, and we were landed inside quite safe and sound.

Well, getting inside the home, we were met with a very warm welcome by these dear people, and soon we found ourselves sitting with our legs crossed (native fashion) on the K'ong, or raised brick platform, which has a fire underneath to warm the K'ong and room. By the way, it was very strange to see cakes of manure covering the walls. They are used when dry for fuel, as they have no wood or coal otherwise. Well, just as we had got seated on the K'ong, a priest came running in with no hat, and wanted to know who we were. Imagine our surprise when he took hold of a few goods our friend had bought in China, and inspected and enquired fully about them. Not until then did we begin to realise the apparent impossibility of these dear people becoming Christians. If the dear saints at home only knew the true state of these precious souls for whom Christ gave His life's blood, it is certain they would not rest, day nor night, until God had undertaken their deliverance from these Lama Priests. Only God knows what it means for these precious souls to accept Christ. But, hallelujah! Jesus reigns to break every fetter.

This village is twenty-six English miles from the Chinese Frontier, and takes nine hours to reach over mountain and plain from Tao-chow. "Lab-ran" is a village another two days' journey further on, and here there are nearly 4,000 priests. The missionaries have paid two visits here, and have been stoned out each time, but, glory to Jesus! through prayer we believe this "Valley of Achor" has been opened, and now, if funds are forthcoming, we have a chance of building a Mission Station here in "Shen-tick," for our Tibetan friend, who is an influential farmer, has asked if we will open a *Li-by-tang*, or Worship Hall, and he knows what we preach, and that we worship God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet he desires this, and states that he will stand by us in getting the land. We do earnestly pray that this glorious opportunity may not be thrown away by the Saints at home who have it in their power to raise this Station in the Name and for the glory of Jesus our precious Lord.

We get it very cold night and morning, but in the day-time it is lovely and warm, as the sun is shining most of the time. To-day our friend fetched us to see the eclipse of the sun. The natives were very alarmed, and our teacher began to repeat his prayers with his hands clasped together, so we told him it was nothing to be alarmed at, that God knew all about it.

An incident worth mentioning is the cattle coming home at night. We stood looking from the roof of the house on Friday evening, and up the valley came such a drove of cows, horses, sheep, goats, and pigs, as we had never seen before, and each drove knew its respective home. We are situated in a valley where six other valleys all meet, and it is splendidly situated to reach many villages with the precious Gospel.

We are getting along much quicker with the Tibetan language than we did with the Chinese language, and make ourselves very fairly understood. We are also getting a little accustomed to

the Tibetan food. Their chief food is burnt barley (crushed), and is called "Tsam-ba." This is mixed in tea and milk, without sugar. We each have a bowl, which we *revolve* in the left hand, while we mix the "Tsam-ba" with the fingers of the right hand.

The houses all are joined together, on top of which they thrash corn, barley, etc., and we can go from one end of the village to the other. We will send pictures from time to time. We have some films coming through from Tien-tsin (China). Then we can give you a much better idea by photographs. We will also endeavour to write regularly each month, and keep you dear Saints in touch with our movements. We are trusting very prayerfully that funds will be forthcoming to build a Mission Station here, now that God has answered their prayers, and opened this long-closed country. It is not all honey, we can assure you, but for Jesus it becomes very sweet. We are going all lengths with Him who went all the way to Calvary for us and these precious Tibetans.

"I do not ask that He must prove

His word is true to me.

And that, before I can believe,

He first must let me see:

It is enough for me to know,

'Tis true, because He says 'tis so;

On His unchanging Word we'll stand,

And trust till we can understand."

Lovingly and prayerfully, together with our united warm love in Christ, to all precious saints at home. Trusting you all will pray much for this dark, priest-ridden country, and move onward, as dear Pastor Polman reminded us on this year's Motto Card, "Say unto the Children of Israel that they go forward." Hallelujah! as Jesus leads, we will.

Much warm love,

BROS. TREVITT AND WILLIAMS.

c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson,

Tao-Chow, Old City,

Kansu, China,

October 21st, 1911.

## INDIA.

### Our Missionaries in their New District.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

We are writing this month from the district we have so often told you of, and where we have now been about a fortnight.

If only you could come and see the need your people! Our tents are pitched between two towns of 6,000 heathen souls each, and many villages within walking distance for the evangelists. There is not a Christian in the neighbourhood, and no worker except ourselves in four or five of these great—(what shall I call them so that you may understand?)—counties (?) Each has from 120 to 180 towns and villages in it, and no one to go and tell them of the Saviour's love.

I wish you could have seen the four women who crept timidly up to hear when I was giving a Bible lesson a day or two ago. Eyes and mouths wide open, and fixed on me, and a hand going out to touch one another every now and then to express their astonishment at what

India—Our Missionaries in their New District—cont'd.

they heard. Again, when we went into the market and sat on a sack in the midst of a crowd of men and women listening intently, the back ones bending over the shoulders of those in front, to hear as much and as clearly as possible in the din made by the buyers and sellers all round. There must have been about 2,000 people in the market that day.

The evangelists were in another part with a crowd round them, all eager to hear. We took tracts with us and got rid of every one; we would have taken many more if only we had realized the heart-hunger of the people.

The evangelists told us on their return that two young Mahomedans had helped them, saying to the Hindus, "We cannot read, Marathi, but you can. Have a book! and you too. It is all true! We have heard this once before in another town." Then they begged that Urdu books might be got for them, so that they too might read.

One terrible thing is that there is no house we can live in here for any length of time. It will soon

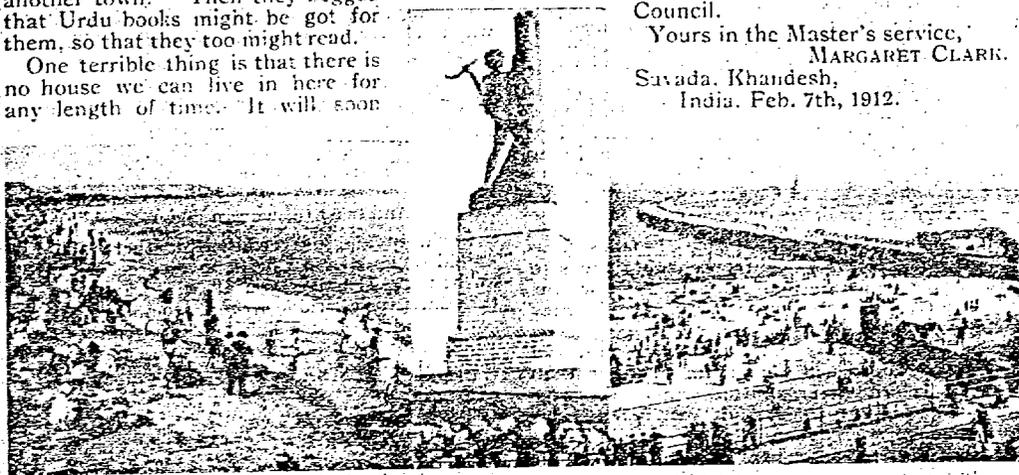
be too hot to live in tents (as it is, it is sometimes very stifling), and the rainy season follows close on the hot season. So it will not be possible to live in tents till November. Do please make this matter a subject of earnest prayer, and make it widely known.

The only way to meet the need is by building a central Mission House, and when the younger missionaries are ready, to open up smaller centres in these large districts.

There is plenty of room and great opportunities. There are thousands of souls unreached, and a wonderful willingness, nay, eagerness, to hear, for it is all new to them.

What are we going to do? Shall we go forward and possess the land in the Name of Jehovah-Jesus? We are waiting to hear what you say. Miss Skarratt has made a map of the district, and is sending it by this mail to Mr. Sandwith, to put before the Council.

Yours in the Master's service,  
MARGARET CLARK.  
Savada, Khandesh,  
India, Feb. 7th, 1912.



SCENES AT SUNDERLAND. In the centre is the statue of Jack Crawford, who "nailed the colours" to the main-top-gallant mast in the Battle of Camperdown, October 11th, 1797. He was born at Sunderland, 1775, and died here, 1831. On the left is the Sea Coast at the North side of Roker. On the right is the Roker Pier and Sands. (Photos by Cope.)

List of Contributions received during March, 1912.

	£	s.	d.
Lytham Boxes:—B. & S., £2 10s.; M., £1; T., 10s. 10½d.; B., 6s. 1½d.; H., 5s.; M.H., 5s.; L., 4s. 2½d.; E. & Y., 3s. 4½d.	5	4	7
Holloway, Donation K. ....	2	0	0
Sion College Boxes:—V.S., 2s. 5d.; J., 5s. 1½d.; C., £1 0s. 3¾d.; M.R., 1s. 0½d.; E.S., 5s. 3¾d.; McP., 5s. 1½d.; R., 13s.; H., 3s. 6½d.; G., 1s. 1½d.; N., 2s. 1½d.; H., 2s. 7d.; W., 3s. 1½d.; H., £1 4s.; D., £1.	5	12	9½
Sion College Collection ...	1	8	7½
Manchester, Box T. ....	0	3	6
Flamborough, Donation D. ....	1	0	0
Paisley Friends ...	0	10	0
Hackney, Contribution P. ....	2	0	0
Kilsyth Boxes ...	4	10	0
Sunderland Boxes:—V., 6s.; B., 11s.; H., 2d.; L., 1s. 5d.; P., 8d.; S., 3s.; S., 10d.; T., 2s. 3d.; B., 10d.; F., 2½d.; L., 3s.; W., 2s. 2½d.; L., 8d.; H., 4s.; N., 3s. 6d.; L.,			

13s.; B., 5s.; B., 3s. 6d.; B., 2s.; B., 1s. 8½d.; H., 1s.; H., 1s. 1d.; L., 1s. 4d.; L., 1s. 3½d.; K., 2s.; B. & H., 1s. 2d.; S., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; N., 5s.; N., 10s.; P., £2; H., £1.	7	13	10
Harrogate, P. (For Miss Clark, £15; For Native Evangelist, £5.)	20	0	0
Clacton-on-Sea, Box A. ....	0	10	0
Sunderland, Box T. ....	0	10	0
(Also 5s. for Miss Gerber's work.)			
Canonbury, G. ....	0	6	6
Bedford, Costin Street Hall ...	0	10	6
Carlisle, Box S. ....	0	10	0
Bolton, Box P. ....	1	12	1
Glasgow, Water Street Mission ...	1	10	0
Amsterdam, per Pastor Polman ...	7	12	4
	£63	4	9

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