

AUGUST, 1915.

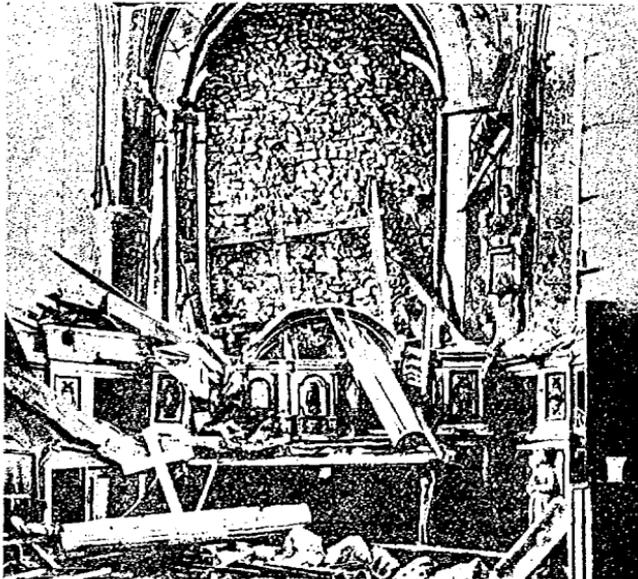
VOL. VIII. No. 8.

# “CONFIDENCE”

EDITED BY

**ALEX. A. BODDY,**

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



**THE RESULT OF WAR.  
RUINED CHURCH AT BARCY.**

(See Page 147.)

“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.

**89th ISSUE.**

**ONE PENNY.**

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# "CONFIDENCE."

No. 8. Vol. viii.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

August, 1915.

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.

## Miss Dorothy Kerin.

### Another Severe Illness and a Miraculous Restoration.

An honoured Christian friend knew of Miss Dorothy Kerin's recent illness, through mental strain and work, partly being over-worked by constant correspondence. (It will be a kindness after reading this *not* to ask for her address or to write expecting an answer.)

This dear mutual friend took her to her home to have perfect quiet and every care. She had been some little time there, when again (a third time) she was miraculously restored. We quote from her hostess' letter.

\* \* \*

I will try and tell you about it. Dorothy had had a bad night and weary morning, and the temperature began to rise rapidly in the afternoon. She looked very ill. I put hot bottles round her, and she drank water constantly. Then the skin began to act, and she was drenched in streaming perspiration for hours. This seemed good, for her pulses were bounding, and

her heart seemed to shake her to pieces. Then sickness began—constant, and most distressing, and she was dreadfully exhausted, and looked terribly ill.

About seven o'clock she whispered to me: "Oh, let us be alone, to pray." I often pray with her, but on this occasion the words did not seem mine as I begged my Lord and hers to come to our aid, and heal and help His little lamb.

About a quarter to eight I left her in charge of the kind maid who has helped me to nurse her, as my hot milk and rusks were waiting, I gulped them down and came back as soon as possible.

#### A VISION.

Oh, what a sight met my eyes! I had left her low on her pillow, so drawn and deadly pallid, with misty, shaded eyes; and now she was kneeling perfectly erect in bed—her arms stretched out and upwards, her head thrown back, her eyes wide open, her lips parted in radiant smiles. Such radiant ecstasy! such wonderful joy! I could not believe it possible unless I had seen it. The maid was half holding her, awe-struck, but she needed no support, and I took her place. I told

(Miss Dorothy Kerin—continued.)

## Back from France.

her Miss Dorothy was seeing a vision. Soon after I had gone downstairs, Dorothy had several times repeated: "Jesus, Jesus," and the wonderful change came over her face, and she rose to her knees in the bed, and raised her arms in ecstasy.

Alas! we could not *see* the vision—only the reflection and wonderful glory and joy in her face and beautiful up-lifted figure. This must have lasted nearly quarter of an hour. She said: "Oh! don't you hear His Voice? He is saying:

'MY LITTLE BELOVED, ARISE!'"

She got out of bed and went across the room with arms extended as if she was going through the wardrobe and wall. I was gently trying to guide her, and she said, "Don't hold me back from Him." I said, "My darling, get into bed again, nothing can keep you back from Him." Then she said, "But He has made me well again; you know, don't you? You believe, don't you?" She got into bed and I clasped her in my arms. I knew then her mission was still to be on earth, but I had felt perhaps it would be *only* the little *body* that I should lay back on the pillows.

She called the maid and said sadly, "Oh, you held me back from my Lord, you must never do that again, I was going to Him." I told her none of us could ever keep her really back when He called us home; that He still had work for her to do here, and then the lovely smiles came back. I felt a sort of stab of reproach myself, perhaps I ought *not* to have tried to guide, and ask her to get back to bed. . . . So I tucked her in and she fell asleep very soon and slept all night.

She woke so brightly, and, though she did not come downstairs, had such a happy day, walking about her room, etc.

She came downstairs this morning, and had such a happy meeting with Mrs. and Miss—, who had come from Scotland to see her (expecting to find her ill in bed). It is a wet, cold day, and cheerless outside. I feel she must be kept warm, and go gently.

You will know how I praise and thank my dear Lord for letting me—oh, so unworthy—share in this lovely experience of His living touch,

By the loving kindness of our Lord the Editor of "Confidence" is home again after two months with the British Expeditionary Force in France. Thanks be to Him for the wonderful privileges of ministering to our beloved men in these days of crisis and anxiety.

At the end of May, one summer afternoon, my vessel steamed quietly into a French harbour after crossing the unsafe sea where the enemy's submarines are so merciless. If they tried to "get" us, then by the goodness of God they did not succeed. I breathed a word of thanksgiving. High up on a cliff above the entrance to this French harbour was a life-size figure of our Lord upon the cross of "Calvary." France to-day is turning again to faith in the Crucified. In her trouble she is reaching out to the Lord as best she knows how. We may learn something here. Her people believe in a Divine and Human Christ, and in His Life Blood shed for us. As our swift steamer glided between the piers we passed a Hospital Ship setting off with its freight of wounded soldiers to cross the same sea, taking to the homeland some of the shattered and maimed lives the war has produced.

We landed between the bayonets of French soldiers, and were herded together and watched carefully, and our papers examined one by one. I had a passport from the Foreign Office; also the *Visé* upon it of the French Consul; then a special endorsement by the War Office authorities authorising me to travel in the "Zone of the Armies." Later I obtained from the Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force a Red Permit authorising me to work among the British troops.

Getting into a light, open carriage, I was driven with my belongings over the rough cobble stones and railway lines along the quay. A train was standing with steam up ready to move off on a long journey inland. Most of the passengers on the steamer were seen into this train by the soldiers with bayonets, and only a few allowed to remain in the "Zone of the Armies."

The War Zone is a very exclusive district nowadays, and each British person is under inspection and liable to be called up before the A.P.M. (Assistant-Provost Marshal) to account of all his doings.

We left the busy quay behind, with its gangs of British and French workers unloading the vessels, its fishing smacks, trawlers, and gun-boats; through narrow busy streets with attractive shops. Up steep hills to the old French town within encircling ramparts which crown the hill. Here was the "Mairie" (the Town Hall) and Palais de Justice, and the offices of the Commissaire de Police, and the high domed Cathedral—its worshippers often coming and going.

An old-time French Hostelry with a courtyard was to be my home for many a long day. Into the yard early each morning clattered two beautiful horses. Then an elderly French officer came out of his room in his brilliant uniform and swung himself up into the saddle,

and his "orderly" followed him out on the other horse as they trotted away on duty bound.

In the early morning I went out through the gateway on the ramparts (of which a picture appeared on the front page of the July "Confidence"). There were four such gateways out of the old Haute Ville. The road to the right (in the picture) leads towards the Cemetery, where already some 1,700 to 1,800 of our British heroes lie buried, and also a number of German soldiers and officers.

It is about half-past seven in the morning in France. Through the green leaves of a quiet avenue of trees the morning sun is piercing. The quietness is broken by the heavy, ordered tramp of many feet. One need not even look round to see their nationality. They are not the red-trousered, blue-coated French soldiers, they are our own boys from Britain. Only a platoon with a sergeant and a bugler. They rest awhile outside the cemetery gates, for they have had a long uphill march. The larks are

and rank as Captain, Major, Lieut.-Col., etc. The Senior Chaplain present takes his service first. On this occasion it is the Roman Catholic, who, putting a broad black stole over his uniform, read through his service without any emotion, and sprinkled the coffins with holy water. He then took off his stole, kissed it, put it in his large side pocket, and marched off. Then the Church of England chaplain read from our service, sometimes using Ps. 23, and 1 Thess. 4, 13-18. The Presbyterian reads scripture and offers extempore prayer, and a Methodist chaplain much the same. The coffins had written on them the names of the man, his regiment, etc., and his registered religion.

It was pathetic to see (only rarely) the widow of a soldier who had come over to France to see her dear one pass away. She would place some flowers on his plain coffin, or possibly on all the coffins that morning. A long, deep, wide trench is dug, which gradually is filled as day by day fresh bodies are interred. The first morning there were twenty, buried side by side. The firing party did not fire, as they did



WHERE SOME OF OUR HEROES LIE BURIED.

A SCENE IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

The small white crosses show the graves of our men, and the larger crosses in front are those of the Officers. At the far end of the Right-Hand row of white crosses lies one of our brave men from Sunderland (7th D.L.I.). I stood in prayer at the grave-side early one morning in July. (A.A.B.)

singing overhead. The rolling country stretches beyond, and white tents show up in the distance.

Up this road to the cemetery, much earlier this morning, had sped from the hospitals some Red Cross motor ambulances, which quietly backed to a great grave, and one by one were reverently lifted out the plain coffins of our heroes, they were placed side by side in the long open trench. There were ten this morning waiting there for the last rites of their churches. "Attention!" "Two deep!" "March!" In at the gates, and then about 25 yards from the grave—"Halt!" "Right turn!" "Reverse arms!" "Left turn!" "Slow march!" Then later on the "Halt!" The soldiers are now standing facing the long half-filled deep grave, and they rest the muzzles of their guns on the toes of their boots, and bend their heads on their hands laid on the stocks of their rifles.

When there are several chaplains, they stand opposite the bodies they are responsible for. These may be Roman Catholic, Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, or even Jewish, but they all wear an officer's uniform

further away from the front. I had talks with these soldiers, and they all carried my Tipperary card and helpful leaflets I gave them. I won their hearts one morning. They had had no breakfast, and had to remain waiting for another hour for an officer's funeral, so I went off and returned with a good supply of chocolate for them. They were so grateful. They came from a part of Cheshire where I had lived for some years. Their Sergeant said, "Do you see that Private resting there? When we were in the trenches the other day he was alongside his chum. They were never parted—always together. Then a shell burst and killed his chum outright. He seemed as if he couldn't get over it. He lay all night beside his dead chum, and cried as if his heart would break."

I had a talk with this lad after, and found that God was working in his heart through the shock he received.

The graves of the German soldiers are not far away. I gave orders to the French grave-diggers to tend them and make them as tidy and nice as those of our countrymen, and I saw

(Back from France—continued.)

that this was done before I left. We expect that in Germany the graves of our men will also be shown similar attention. The French officials thought it rather strange of me to expend money on such an object.

I spent most of my time, of course, with the soldiers. Occasionally I brought them back with me to a meal in my French hotel. Several Sunderland men I was delighted to find among our troops, and they were glad to sit down with the Vicar they had known so long, and join in a meal very different in many ways to their daily rations. I feel that we can in such ways commend our blessed Lord's teaching, and draw them nearer to Himself. There is a remarkable Greek work, "*Philozenia*," love of the strangers (Heb. xiii., 2). These young men were strangers in a strange land, and were grateful indeed.

When the last blessing had been pronounced, the "party" presented arms, and the bugler played the "Last post," and the chaplains saluted the bodies of our men. Then "Right wheel," "Quick march," and soon the cemetery was left alone with its dead and a few mourners, and the French gravediggers.

There lie the bodies of our heroes, waiting, we trust, the blessed Resurrection Morning. Then war shall be no more.

\* \* \*

The distant boom of the big guns in the firing line made one pray for the men who were in the forefront of danger.

\* \* \*

I am asked: "Were you under fire at all?" The only time that I was consciously near to danger was when a German *Aviatik* flew across my path at one point in Northern France and killed a poor woman on a spot I must necessarily pass over. When I came up, the buildings round showed signs of the tragic occurrence. By God's great goodness I was delayed, or it might have been myself.

I obtained leave to travel to Paris. Paris is changed. At night the places of amusement are nearly all closed. Hotels are very empty. It seems wonderfully improved in morals, and certainly more religious. "Oh, Monsieur, Paris is so sad," said my landlady. I looked out late at night from my upper room into the northern sky. "What is that moving star that seems to be coming towards me?" I watched, and then through the still air I heard the hum of an aeroplane. It passed exactly overhead and shot down a search-light beam right on me. It was followed some five or six minutes later by another, and after an interval by a third, each carrying a light.

They were, no doubt, friendly "planes" patrolling over Paris to keep off the attacks of Zeppelins. One thought of God's guardian angels also patrolling and protecting those who abide under the shadow of the Almighty (Ps. 91).

I visited some of the French hospitals and gave French Gospels to the wounded soldiers. I found English ladies in some of these hospitals. One, a Miss Cobb, took me round her ward in the Hôpital Auxiliare, in the Rue

de Republique. A Russian from the "Kaukaz" was pleased when I spoke a little Russian to him. They were thankful for the bright Scripture Gift Gospels with their pictures of the Holy Land.

The next day I took train from the Gare de L'Est to Rosny-sous-Bois, about eight miles to the North, near one of the great forts. In a pleasant road in this suburban town or hamlet stands a home-like villa at 29bis Rue de Neuilly. Many French texts on the walls of the rooms.

There was a gathering of thirty or forty "friends of Pentecost," and our French brother, who presided, reminded them of my previous visit some years ago when I spoke in the French Y.M.C.A. Rooms in Paris. They seemed much interested as I told them incidents of my recent work in this land among English and French soldiers.

I sang to them my Tipperary verse after Monsieur Mast had translated it for them. French people to-day are much interested in that tune. It is heard everywhere.

Bro. Michael Mast welcomed me. (He lost a little while ago a dear son in the terrible war. His other son is now recovering from wounds, and must return to the front, leaving his wife and little one.) He interpreted as I spoke to the gathering that afternoon the Word of Life after reading portions of John xi. (23-27). We sang sweetly our French hymns. It was pleasing to hear an old favourite. I give here one verse—

(The "Glory Song" in French.)

Dans le pays de la gloire éternelle,  
Daus ce beau ciel on l'on ne souffre plus,  
Te contempter, a brite sous ton aile,  
C'est le bonheur que je reve, O Jésus!

Gloire à jamais, gloire à Jésus!  
Gloire à jamais, gloire à Jésus!  
Auprès de lui je ne pecherai plus!  
Oh! gloire à jamais, gloire à Toi, Jésus!

After our meeting and time of prayer, we adjourned into the pretty garden and had tea under the trees in the bright sunshine, for it was distinctly hot. The members of Bro. Michael Mast's mission gave me a cordial welcome. Our brother pointed out to me those who had been converted through the meetings, and those who had been baptised in the Spirit. Outside strolled French Zouaves and other French soldiers from the front. These French soldiers are marvellously brave, and very confident that the enemy will not prevail any further, but they do not underestimate the terrific price in lives which may yet have to be paid.

\* \* \*

It was a wonderful time when the tide of the German invasion was stayed to the north and east of Paris. The inhabitants were prepared for the worst—for a siege, or for "occupation" again. The municipality sent out official messages as to tickets for food. Then came the Battle of the Marne, and the German armies went back. Paris was saved!

I obtained special permits from the Paris police authorities, and visited the battlefield. A journey of some twenty miles from Paris by

train brought me to Meaux, a very picturesque French country town. I noticed the bridges over the Marne which had been blown up were now re-built. The Commission Militaire at Meaux granted me permission to drive to Etrepilly and back—a long round—passing through the villages of Penchand, Chambray, Barcy, Mareilly, Etrepilly, and Varedes, and over the rolling country with its miles of waving corn land.

I stood in the trenches and pictured the scenes of those days as the tide of battle swept back and forward. To the north I saw the white farmhouse on the hill, and near the trees, which had been the headquarters of General von Kluck, the German Commander-in-Chief. The village of Barcy had suffered much from shell-fire, and I found the village church a dangerous ruin.

"Is the Curé at home?" I asked in French of a girl getting water near the church. "No, Monsieur. I think he is away." We knocked

wandered over the battlefield. Here the grave of a young Lieutenant. Here a Mohammedan grave containing fifteen Moroccan or Algerian soldiers killed by one shell. Further on, the ruins of a burned "Hangar." It was told me that the Germans had collected 300 of their dead, and, placing them in this erection, had cremated them for sanitary reasons. I picked up a small iron bolt from the awful ruin to remind me of my visit to the gruesome, twisted iron framework, witnessing to the fierce petrol-fed fire.

The graves over this countryside are mostly fenced in a little with barbed wire, and reverent notices in French are placed at cross roads asking all to respect the graves dotted over this great battlefield.

Unspent shells were sticking in the trunks of trees high up from the ground, or in the walls of cottages, with red paint, warning one of the danger of touching them.

What would our feelings be if the battlefields



GRAVES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.  
(After the Battle of the Marne.)

at the door of the vicarage where boards were nailed up over the broken windows. He seeks funds to re-build his church so hopelessly destroyed.

The great bell had crashed down from the belfry, killing a man in its fall. It lies amid the ruins of the porch. The chancel is desolate. (See picture on the front page.) The whole building up to the gaping ruined roof is a very gruesome witness of the war that desecrates the Houses of God.

Many of the inhabitants of this district fled southwards; some to Orleans, not to return until the war is really ended.

The distant boom of the guns near Soissons reminds them that the German invaders are still in possession of much of their beloved land. Yet their fortitude is great.

The corn was growing on the graves of the men who fell in the conflict. White crosses (marking the graves of the Allies) rose here and there all over the cornfields, and black crosses which represented German graves.

I was more impressed than I can say as I

were transferred to Durham or Yorkshire? Are we thankful enough or prayerful enough in the Homeland? Do we remember our heroes standing day by day for us still in hellish onslaughts on the fair plains of France and Belgium.

I received two French soldiers one evening in my room in Northern France. One of them had returned from Canada (Medicine Hat) to fight for his country. Referring to this Battle of the Marne he said, "That morning our General Joffre sent a message to every man. It was delivered through the Generals and colonels and officers down to the privates. 'This day we must stand for France. No more retreating. Whatever it costs, everyone must stand, and we must drive back the enemy.' A new courage possessed all. The tide was turned, and the Germans were driven back to the Aisne."

Surely the earnest prayers that were going up at that time in Great Britain and elsewhere also had much to do with it. We prayed as we have, alas, perhaps not prayed since. When God is slighted or ignored, how can we expect Him to

(Back from France—continued.)

stand by us and help us? At this time we need such earnest prayer again. Then something wonderful would happen. Yet, how wonderfully God has helped us during this year of warfare. How little have we suffered in England compared with the sufferings in Northern France!

## The Sin against the Soldier and the Saviour.

[Whilst in France recently the Editor of "Confidence" distributed copies of the following. He feels that it is so useful that he must commend it, and can best do so by reproducing it here, and advises readers to obtain copies direct from the Writer.]

A soldier said to a Christian the other day, "THEY TELL US IF WE DIE IN BATTLE WE SHALL BE SURE TO GO TO HEAVEN." Thus advantage has been taken of the undoubted bravery and self-sacrifice of our soldiers to minimise the work of the Redeemer. The sacrifice of these human lives is set forth as being sufficient to merit heaven without the atoning work of Christ. What an awful departure from the truth of God is this! To show how this heresy is spreading, we hear of a preacher telling his audience that "in the presence of the dead soldier we are standing on holy ground," that to die in such a war as this is "a passport to heaven," that death in such a cause "is but a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ Himself."

### SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE.

You know there is no salvation apart from Christ. He is the ONLY way to heaven, and the Door. He says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by ME." If what this preacher says is true, there is no need for any Chaplain, or Minister of God, to go and work among you; there is no need of any of these splendid gospel efforts that are being made for you at home or abroad. This preacher tells you that *death in battle is "a passport to heaven,"* and "a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ Himself"! What an awful thing to send you into battle with this sin against Christ ringing in your ears! The Mahomedan leaders have said to their soldiers, "The gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords; he who dies fighting for the faith will assuredly gain admission there." And men to-day in Christian England would send you forth to fight, telling you that your death will be an expiation for all your sins, and a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ!

*You will not be deceived.* Brave and gallant as you are, you cannot save yourselves. *You need a Saviour.* You feel it in the trenches, and in the hour of battle; you feel it when you read that your mother is praying for you at home, and when you kneel in prayer face to face with death. Thousands are praying for you. We love you too well to seek to give you comfort by a lie against your Redeemer. We know He is near you wherever you are. He is saying, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

The following beautiful episode of life in the trenches proves the truth of this. Two men were fighting side by side. One morning one was hit and fell mortally wounded. His comrade knelt beside him in the trench and asked him if he could do anything for him. "Yes," he said, "in my pocket there is the address of my father and mother; if you live to get home tell them how I died, and tell them the religion of Christ was good for me away from home in the trenches, and death has no fears for me." "I said, 'Yes, I'll tell them.' Then he opened his eyes and pulled me down. 'Supposing a shot came for you next,' he said, 'how would it be with you?' And although he only lived five minutes longer, he talked to me all that five minutes about my soul, trying to get me converted. Then he closed his eyes and died." No, not died; he went from that battle trench to endless life with Christ. Dear fellow, he was Christ's soldier as well as King George's, and he did his duty to his earthly and his heavenly King to the end. And now he rests with God.

*Soldiers! we shall never forget what you have done for us, and you must never forget what Christ has done for you.*

He is the only Saviour, and faith in His finished work is the only "passport to heaven." There can be no "modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ," for *He* appeared *once* in the end of the age to put away sin by the sacrifice of *Himself*. He alone, who knew no sin, could bear the sins of others. The work of man's redemption was done twenty centuries ago when Jesus said, "*It is finished,*" on the cross.

\* \* \*

### TEXTS IN PROOF OF THIS.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not

the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts ii. 21).

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians ii. 8, 9);

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Copies to be obtained from Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter. 4d. per dozen; 2/6 per 100, Post Free.

## The Soldiers' Saviour.

Bishop Moule has issued a book called "Christ the Consoler" (*Christus Consolator*\*), in which he writes as to possible conversion even in the hour of death. We quote from pp. 93-96.

\* \* \*

There is the solemn question: *Was he ready?* I assume the question to be put, deep in the silent heart, in some case where longing affection hesitates to say that in life the beloved one showed that he loved God.

Let me not minister too easily and lightly to such a soul-penetrating care. Nothing is more evident in the Bible than its insistent, its *anxious*, appeal to come, and come now, to the open arms of the Lord; to 'choose life' (Deut. xxx., 19); to 'make your calling sure' (2 Pet. i., 10); to 'fly for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us' (Heb. vi., 18).

It is not we who are to limit 'the mercy of the Merciful.' It is not our function to prescribe to Him the precise methods in which He shall be pleased to bring the passing soul and the sacrifice of Calvary together. Assuredly the hem of the garment of His Son has long fringes. It is certain that the Holy One 'delights in mercy' (Micah vii., 18), that He understands every extenuating circumstance, and is glad to remember it, that it is grievous to Him that 'the souls should fail before Him' (Isa. lvii., 16). It is certain that He will save to the uttermost that may be, and that His resources are past our finding out.

Human experience gives us one far-reaching suggestion as to the possible action of 'the mercy of the Merciful' in

the very article of death. The verse is well known:—

'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground  
Mercy I sought, mercy I found.'

I can add to this an incident, told me by a friend, formerly vicar of the Essex parish where it occurred. A woman of some sixty years died there in his time. She was well known to pastor and people as a loving Christian soul, true in life and death. In youth she had been violently passionate. One day, half demented with anger, she ran from the cottage, and threw herself down the open well—that familiar thing in East Anglian gardens. Almost dead, she was drawn up, and slowly recovered her senses. Her first words were, 'If I had died in the well I know I should have been saved; as I was falling down I remembered all mother taught me, and I believed it with all my heart.' Forty years, lived in 'newness of life,' were the sequel of those moments.

The inconceivable but proved rapidity of some dreams may help us to understand that, in the mysterious borderlands of conscious life, whole processes of spiritual change are possible, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye'; almost as if time were another thing as it touches eternity.

To return, for a moment, to thoughts written on a previous page. Let us be sure, across all mysteries, that the Merciful will not have *less* mercy than His wont when the passing soul, more or less consciously, is giving itself in the agony of battle for the lives and homes of others.

I remember long ago hearing a Christian man, as lofty and as orthodox a believer as I have ever known, reading aloud, with a voice often broken, a rough, powerful American ballad, telling of the death of the apparently godless stoker of a Mississippi steamer, who somehow saved boat and crew from a great explosion at the cost of his own certain death. It ended:—

'And Christ's not going to be hard on the man  
Who gave himself for men.'

Let us never, for one moment, for ourselves, in our normal hour, dare, ever so little, *to trifle with the mercy of God*. But it is another thing to remember that mercy over a beloved life suddenly put out.

With a trembling but holy hope, looking to the Crucified and Risen, we commit the soul, and commit our hearts, to the hands, infinitely kind, of 'a faithful Creator.'

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# “CONFIDENCE.”

AUGUST, 1915.

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## “Behold I make all things new.” *Rev. xxi., 5.*

All things—this is one of God's inclusive terms—we praise Him for it. It includes each one of us as well as the whole of creation. How is it to be done? We are not left in uncertainty. God is unchangeable. His laws, His methods, are as unchangeable as His character, always and at all times beginning and ending in Himself. The great triune God—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—three distinct persons and yet one God. Let us notice the centre point of this Trinity—God the Son, the Word. Let us meditate on that eternal Word whom the Father has highly exalted, given Him a name above every name, whom God the Holy Ghost glorifies and loves to reveal to those who will believe. That wonderful Word, the *Logos*, who was in the bosom of the Father before the world was. We bow before Him in deep wonder, and worship as the Holy Spirit unfolds to our innermost spirit the beauties of the holiness and power and divinity of our blessed Saviour, Christ the Lord.

The new creation will be, nay, must be, brought into reality exactly as the old creation was, by the Word of God. In the first chapter of Genesis we see the Trinity at work. Before we examine it, let us for a moment consider what a “word” is. It is, we believe, the giving forth by speech, or in writing, our thoughts, the outward expression of our inmost being, so that it

is literally part of ourselves. This helps us to understand in a small degree the fact that St. John emphasises: “In the beginning was the Word, the Word was God, all things were made by Him, without Him was not anything made.” So we read in Genesis i., “God said (the Word), let there be light.” No sooner was that Word spoken out of God's being, may I reverently say, than the Holy Spirit, who was brooding over this dark world, made that Word reality, and there was light. The Word became light, and so on, in the successive acts of creation that followed. “God said,” and “it was so.” In short, the Word “became” the thing that was spoken.

Does not this clearly reveal to us the truth so often emphasised in the epistles that “Christ is all and in all,” and further, it opens up to us the wonderful creative power of the Word: “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and life.”

It is remarkable that when the Lord God created the first Adam, He did not speak the creative Word, but said: “Let us *make* man,” and “the Lord God *formed* man of the dust of the earth.” The first Adam was not “begotten of God”—he was not of the seed of God (the Word). “Dust thou art, unto dust shalt thou return,” was the sentence pronounced on this man after the fall. Is it not just here that we see the holiness, the sovereignty, the justice of God, nay, the infinite wisdom, the inevitable defeat of Satan? In rebelling against the Most High and deceiving our first parents, Satan only exposed his powerlessness and ultimate destiny, for in due time the failure of the first race demonstrated to the whole universe that whatever is “not out of God” must fail, must perish. There is no other God, “I am that I am.” The eternal All—everything else is nothing. Would that men would receive the Holy Spirit, the Teacher, and hearken to His revelations concerning the Almighty. Alas! “Who is so blind as my servant?”

In the fulness of time the Word “became” flesh. The Lord spake the Word, the Holy Spirit quickened it, and “that holy thing was the Son of God, begotten of the Father.” “The Word was made or became (R.V.) flesh” (John i., 14).

In Heb. ii., 9 to 18, we see the love of God manifested through His Son; ver. 14, “Forasmuch then as the children are par-

takers of flesh and blood, He also Himself partook of the same"; ver. 16, "He took on Him the seed of Abraham"; ver. 11, "For both He that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one" (piece). This beloved Son, who knew no sin, "was made sin" for us. "He was made sick." "He became dead"—sin, sickness, and death could not lay hold of Him. He was God manifest in the flesh, *but* He willingly took these awful things upon Him that we might go free. Ponder over that word "became."

He fulfilled the Word of God, and "He tasted death for every man (Heb. ii., 9). "Through death He destroyed him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. ii., 14). His death and burial was the end of the first creation. "Because we thus judge that if One died for all, then were all dead" (2 Cor. v., 14).

And now comes the glory and power of the resurrection: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Notice the words "*in Christ*," for it is in these little and yet momentous words that the whole place of salvation lies. "They are not all Israel which are of Israel," says St. Paul in Rom. ix., 6-8, "Neither, because they are seed of Abraham are they all children: but in Isaac shall thy seed be called." Also in Gal. iii., 16: "He saith not, and to thy *seeds*, as of many; but as one, and to thy *seed*, which is Christ"; also verse 29: "And if ye be Christ's, *then* are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

False hope to those who would tell us of the restitution of all things. No mixture of seed is allowed by God. *In Adam* all die. Adam, the first man, was only a living soul; the second Adam was a life-giving Spirit. He was the Seed, the Word of God, the first-born from the dead.

"The beginning of the creation of God" (Rev. iii., 14)—the new creation. "If any man is in Christ, there *is* a new creature or creation: old things *have* passed away; *all* things have become new, and *all* things are of God" (2 Cor., v., 17-18, R.V.). "Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we *are* His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works" (Eph. ii., 9-10). There are only two seeds, the seed of the devil, the seed of the woman. "In

Adam all die; in Christ shall all be made alive." How do we enter into this new creation and obtain the blessing of it? Simply by (1) repentance; (2) faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "For ye are all children of God by faith in Jesus Christ" (Gal. iii., 26). Now we see the power of the Word of God—the written Word. This Word is the record that God gives of His Son (1 John, v., 10-11). It tells us *facts* concerning the living Word. It is the seed of God. As we believe this Word—as St. Augustine says—we eat, and so by receiving the Word into a good heart and holding it there, the Holy Spirit quickens the seed and it brings forth seed after its kind. It becomes reality, a fact in us, to us.

In order that our body though mortal may become holy and whole, we eat of His flesh. In the Holy Communion we participate of His flesh and of His blood, we feed on Him by faith. His flesh was formed, as we have seen, by the Word of God. It is an error to say that our flesh becomes His flesh. The truth is that, because He took upon Him our humanity, "became flesh," "became dead," rose again, we, by believing that record, obtain the benefits of that death and resurrection, and receive eternal life—the life that quickens our mortal bodies and will ultimately swallow up mortality. We are born from above by the incorruptible seed of the Word of God (1 Peter, i., 23). We grow by the Word of God (1 Peter, ii., 2). We live by it (Matt. iv., 4). We meet all the temptations of Satan by "It is written," and God confirms the Word by the signs following. To sum up the whole matter, whatever we need for body, soul or spirit, we find in this blessed written Word that we have it *in Christ* the living Word. It has been obtained in us by Him in His incarnation, death, burial, and resurrection, and sealed to us by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

When our blessed Lord shall come for His own, we shall hear His voice calling; that Word will in a moment change us and "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." That mighty Word will also in a moment raise those who are asleep in Christ and clothe them with their resurrection body. The Word will become flesh, and so the sons of God will be manifested, and rapidly will proceed the complete destruction and overthrow of the

“Behold I make all things new”—  
(continued).

old earth and the old heavens, and the creating of the new heaven and the new earth, all brought about by the mighty thunder of the Voice and Word of the Lord God Omnipotent till the eternal purpose of God the Father is fulfilled, “That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him” (Eph. i., 9-10).

Surely we can see more clearly how vitally necessary it is that we should receive the Holy Ghost, the Great Teacher, that He may reveal these deep things of God to us. We would almost write more strongly and say that without Him the New Creature will not be formed; for however much we may know of the letter of the Word, it is *only* the Holy Ghost who can quicken it—“The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.”

“There are Three that bear record in Heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these Three are One,” and there are Three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit and the Water and the Blood, and these Three agree in One (1 John v., 7-9). So we finish as we began, in worshipping the great Triune God—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the centre and recipient of all the power of the Godhead, Jesus Christ—the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Then cometh the end when He shall have delivered the kingdom to God, even the Father, when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that puts all things under Him, that God may be all in all; all things returning to God in its first principle, in the Word, through the Word, and by the Word.

Is it any wonder that the great adversary exerts all his power and devices to prevent the Word of God being read? How he tries to insert unbelief in the Word; how he would try to make us accept other things, men’s words, men’s thoughts. We believe that in these days God in His love is bringing us back to the Bible, and so back to Himself.

M.B.

## Among our Soldiers.

The following account of good work done by Dr. and Mrs. Phair, with their helpers, will stir up others to follow their example.—A.A.B.

We opened our Mission here to the soldiers on June 27th, with Bro. George Jeffreys for the first eight days. We had great blessing, and 23 were converted that week, but not many soldiers came in until we started afternoon work, which we began the second week, when Bro. Stephen Jeffreys came to conduct the meetings for a fortnight, Bro. George Jeffreys having gone to conduct tent meetings in Monaghan, Ireland.

We had free teas for the soldiers every afternoon during the two weeks Stephen Jeffreys was here, and averaged forty conversions a week among the soldiers alone—real, definite decisions for Christ. Bro. Stephen Jeffreys said that in all his experience of service he never met men so ready for the Gospel, so prepared by the Holy Ghost to receive the truth, and he went back to South Wales with his heart on fire to work for God in this way, as well as to carry on his own usual work.

After he left us we reduced our afternoon work to three times a week as we had so few workers, and some of those we had leaving us for the holidays; but the Lord has continued to bless in a really wonderful way. Twenty-five have been saved in the last two meetings, and over 100 since the opening of the mission.

We have a young man here from Pastor Bacon’s Church in Plymouth, baptised in the Holy Ghost during the wonderful revival there under George Jeffreys a short time ago; also Mr. George Morris, who is indispensable in bringing the men into the hall, and who has helped so many to find Christ.

We expect George Jeffreys to return and take charge of the work later on. Anyone wishing to begin a similar work, we should be glad to write and tell of our methods, first of bringing the men in, and secondly of dealing with them after they are in.

I believe that the greatest work of the Holy Ghost in the world to-day is where He is touching men’s hearts in the trenches and at the front. From what I have seen of the soldiers since the war began, and especially since we began to hold meetings in our drawing-room in Boscombe, Bournemouth, last November, I am convinced that a mighty harvest may be reaped for God if His people will only rise to the opportunity and catch the vision. Oh, this mighty harvest, dressed in Khaki, getting ready for the great reaper—death! How it breaks my heart to think of it.

God grant that the Pentecostal people everywhere may not only pray but work, that we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming. Was the Baptism in the Holy Ghost given for service or enjoyment? (Acts i., 8). Yet we so often hear it said the Pentecostal people are not soul winners. Oh, is this in any measure true? God grant that we may

ask ourselves this question and answer it on our knees to Him.

Yours in the love of God,

ROSE C. PHAIR.

Higham Lodge,  
Ravensbourne Park,  
Catford,  
Lewisham,  
London, S.E.

*Jesus spake* unto him, and he went his way. And as he was going down his servants met him, saying, "Thy son liveth." He enquired of them the hour in which he began to amend, and they said: "Yesterday at the seventh hour." So the father knew that it was at that hour in which Jesus said unto him: "*Go thy way, thy son liveth.*" And he believed and his whole house.

- Note: (1) The nobleman's son sick.  
(2) He heard that Jesus was come.  
(3) He came and besought Him.  
(4) "Sir, come down ere my child die."  
(5) "Go thy way, thy son liveth."  
(6) The man believed the Word.  
(7) So the father knew that it was in the same hour.  
(8) He believed and his whole house.

## A Scriptural Revival.

A friend who was present in All Saints' Vicarage on a recent occasion wrote:—

We had a very blessed meeting on a Thursday night in the Vicarage, when the Lord sent to us Mrs. Crisp, of London, who gave us a powerful address from Psalm cxix. It was a message from God, and was just what we needed, and the presence of God was felt in our midst.

After we had read together from the eighth chapter of Romans, Mrs. Crisp began to speak to us about Revival, beginning with Romans viii., 11: "But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through His Spirit that dwelleth in you." It was the word "QUICKEN" that the Spirit of God spoke to us about through His servant, not in connection with Divine Healing, but as Revival power in us.

Then she took us to the 119th Psalm, ver. 154, "*Quicken (or Revive) me according to Thy Word.*" What we need as the church of God is a mighty quickening according to the Word of God. There have been Revivals in the past which have had good results to many. Precious souls have been born into the kingdom, but we want a Revival that shall be according to the Word of God. We may believe it is coming. It is said by some that the reason that the Welsh Revival did not go on, was, it was not a Revival according to the Word of God, but because of the brokenness of His servants. As they stood forth the Spirit of God swept through the great gatherings, and the people were broken down. His servants sometimes only spoke a word or two, and the Spirit worked in the meetings in a wonderful way, and many precious souls were blessed. Some have thought that the reason it did not go on was because it was not a Revival according to the Word of God. To understand what is meant turn to John iv., 46, and onwards.

There we find the Lord Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and a certain nobleman whose son was sick at Capernaum, when he heard that Jesus was come, went unto Him and besought Him that He would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. Jesus said to him, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe." But we find the nobleman was in real earnest, for he said: "Sir, come down ere my son die," and Jesus saith unto him: "*Go thy way, thy son liveth.*" *The man believed the WORD that*

He was in real earnest, for he must have come a long way, for it says when he enquired of his servants when he began to amend, they say, "Yesterday at the seventh hour." So he must have been a long way from home; perhaps he travelled all night.

We also need a Revival according to the Word of the living God. The Lord spake, and it was done—it was in the same hour. May the Lord speak His Word into our hearts. Let our prayer be: "Lord, revive me according to Thy Word."

Look again at Psalm cxix., 156: "Quicken (or revive) me according to Thy judgments" (decrees).

See John vii., 37-39: "It was on the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.'" Here the Lord Jesus says, "If any man thirst."

Are there any who are athirst, thirsting for more of the living God, thirsting for the spirit of Revival? Jesus says, "Let him come unto Me and drink." Let us take a long draught to-night and we will realise the power of the spirit of Revival in our midst.

Verse 38: "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him (out of his inmost being) shall flow rivers of living water"—not a well, but rivers.

Verse 39: "This spake He of the Spirit, that all who believe on Him should receive."

We ought to realise the truth of these words, "Out of him shall flow rivers."

The Spirit of God can take us and cause the rivers to flow through us, and this will bring us into a deeper and fuller revelation of Jesus Christ.

The Psalmist says: "Quicken me according to Thy judgments (decrees)." Let me mention some of God's eternal decrees. He has decreed, the apostle Paul says:—

- Phil. iii., 10, "That I might know Him and the power of His resurrection."  
2 Cor. iii., 18, "Transformed into the image of Jesus."  
Rom. viii., 29, "Predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son."  
Eph. iii., 19, "That I might be filled unto all the fulness of God."

(A Scriptural Revival—continued.)

These are some of God's eternal decrees for us. Lord revive us according to Thy judgments (decrees).

Look again at Psalm cxix., 159: "Quicken (revive) me according to Thy loving kindness."

See John iii., 16: "God so loved the world, that He gave," etc. Here we have the manifestation of the love of God in sending forth His Son. We will never be able to realise what it cost Him.

1 John iii., 1: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" Look at the love of God manifested on Calvary's cross. Here we see the Son of God "made sin for us, He who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Revive me according to Thy loving kindness," according to Thy Calvary love, the love that gives all, holds nothing back, the love that pours itself out for others. This is what we need, a revival that will sweep through the Church of God on these lines—

- (1) According to Thy Word.
- (2) " " Thy eternal decrees.
- (3) " " Thy loving kindness.

Let us pray that God may revive us according to His Word, and we will know what it is to move in the stream of the blessed Spirit, and we will have a fuller revelation of Jesus than we have ever had before. Hallelujah! Amen. G.B.

## Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece, which?

*Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? (Jer. xiii., 23).*

BY MISS A. E. DOERING.

In Africa, very costly experiments have been made to satisfy scientific and commercial ambition to produce animals of the jungle which could be utilised by colonists, such as effecting a combination of the horse and zebra, so as to get the tameness of the one and the hardness of the other blended, especially where the horse cannot be acclimatised. Fortunes have been spent in countries upon which the Creator has lavished ALL the human family needs in floral and agricultural varieties, to get new and superior specimens, the object being to get the refining influences of the higher classes to bear upon the lower. What effort and money has gone into preserving cat, dog, horse, or even rat pedigrees! BUT, when these same revolutionising ambitions apply to the improvement of a part of the human family, created in the image of God, with ETERNAL possibilities slumbering within, then work of reformation is decried as waste of time, money, and life. The black man is then said to be as unchangeable as his skin or as the spots of a leopard. And this leopard spot passage is about the ONLY Scripture clung to and applied to the exclusion of the others. But happily the Missionary problem is not one of mere outward reforms, skin deep

such as civilisation without the Gospel can only achieve. God's Word deals with a change of heart, of nature, of character, "out of the heart are the issues of life." While a study of native superstitions and cruelty may raise the question of hopelessness, it also invites the display of the Almighty resources at our command, and causes His transforming grace to burst forth in full-orbed glory. "God's foolishness is wiser and His weakness stronger than men." The savage is God's opportunity, the masterpiece of our common Creator, who delights in tackling impossibilities. He loves to choose the base things, yea, the things which are not to bring to nought the things which are (1 Cor. i., 25 and 28). When educational and reformatory measures have failed, God steps in with His great work of regeneration and makes a new creature of him who socially "was not," and fills him with such a fulness of Divine love that he eclipses his critics and brings to nought their boasted skill "which was." This has happened in individuals, and unless the superior races are ready to humble themselves, we may yet witness such an awakening of the despised races as will put to shame the pride of their superiors.

\* \* \*

The native is a complicated problem. Only the one who loves him enough to take the trouble to understand him, can help him. But a knowledge of his nature can only be had through a good command of the language, which most commercial and State men never take the time to acquire. He associates only with the natives in terms of business and authority, and his vocabulary is as limited as is his friendship with the tool of his gains. Thus the foreigner fails to make himself understood, the disastrous results of which are laid on the poor native, Witness a State official officiating at the funeral of an officer. The native soldiers respond to the command "forward march!" With equal precision they obey the next command which orders them to step back from the bier after having halted at its side. Thrice over they are ordered to advance, and thrice the order comes to fall back again. No progress is made in bearing away the dead, and the officer is white with rage. How dare they retreat from the coffin every time he commanded them to take it away?

### AN ABSURD MISTAKE.

A Missionary present, noticing the embarrassment, whispered to the French officer to suspend the military arrest of the soldiers until he repeated his orders once more, using the word "ka-tu-la," for all the while he had been saying "ka-tu-ka," which means to retreat, to go away, instead of "ka-tu-la" to take away. And as soon as the officer revised his orders all went on smoothly. The soldiers were happy to escape punishment through the interference of the Missionary.

Cases like this could be multiplied, but two more will suffice, one from EACH class of foreigner, showing that none are immune from using bewildering terms who do not master the language. Sad it is when misleading terms spoil a good sermon or lead to the dismissal of workmen or to their punishment, the supposed offender wondering whatever he is being punished for. We remember a Missionary mixing up pronouns in a sermon declaring that unless they turned to God, he (the speaker) would inherit eternal death. Another lady worker called to her girl to bring her some "nlangu wa mwoyo." The girl replied

that this she could not do, and disobedience seemed to be her sin. Another worker was introduced to the scene, when it was discovered that our new missionary had been asking her girl to get her some "water of life" instead of what she really needed that moment very urgently, "nlangu wa mwoya," hot water. The writer once asked her boy to take off her head, and was about to punish him for hesitating, when she discovered that she had mixed up her suffixes so badly as to convey that meaning to the native.

A colonist's wife of West Africa was telling us of the impudence of the native. We felt an investigation was in place, as she had just declared that she would not stoop so low as to learn the language of such a degraded people. But how could she speak of their impudence when she did not know at all what they were saying? She then told of having struck a lad violently on the cheek for his dullness, and he calmly turned to her the other cheek, which made her so irate that she had him flogged. Had she known what he said in explanation of his conduct she would not have punished him unjustly, though we do agree that often enough they, like other people in the making, deserve firm measures. The boy had attended a service at the Mission station, and there the most unheard-of instructions of Christ about going the second mile or presenting the other cheek to the smiter was under discussion. This hot-tempered lad had made some good resolutions, so when his mistress struck him a blow on the right cheek, what else was there to do but to offer the left also, since the Bible says that is the way to do? His bewilderment over this contradiction between the Master's teaching and his punishment for it by a white woman upon whom he looked as a Christian defies description. That their dirty, slovenly habits are trying, no one can deny, but if they were perfect beings there would be no need for educating them.

We sum up the sad loss of life pagan Africa has been submitting to as unwilling slaves of the following evils:—

1. The awful slave trade carnage, wrecking lives, homes, families, and the faith in the foreigner's motives and methods.

2. The enforced rum trade which claimed its share of human life.

3. The Belgian atrocities claiming annually for twenty years one half million lives—the mutilated children and burnt villages not included. All this, then, is the contribution of so-called superior peoples toward Africa's emancipation out of her "leopard spot"—degradation. "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

4. The victims claimed by their own superstitions are stupendous in number and character; witchcraft alone, demanding revenge for every natural death which occurs, is said to mow down heartlessly 10,000 lives EACH day, an aggregate of 4,000,000 a year, according to official statistics issued ten years ago. To locate the witch who "ate" the soul of the deceased, one must prove innocence by drinking poison, or plunging an arm into boiling water, or being tied to an ant-hill, a helpless prey to the stinging ants, etc., the proof lying in his ability to survive the ordeal, which seldom happens. Add to this the awful fear of death in some tribes, which hounds them into

carrying their sick into the wild beast infested forests or jungle, to prevent the soul departing in the village, which would thus wander about and contaminate the whole community. Many die from exposure instead of from the disease they had, as the Mission's work of rescue proves, provided the ravenous beasts do not find them before death set in.

5. Mortality of babes, whose mothers have no milk—the absence of cows making artificial feeding an impossibility. For this reason we have witnessed the burial of babes alive with the dead mother, or have known of nursing babes being left in the jungle with a sick mother, out of fear that it may have imbibed the evil-disease spirit through the milk of the mother. Such conditions give our nurses unusual opportunities of saving babies.

6. Their ignorance of sanitary and hygienic principles, of hospitals, care of the aged and sick. The sleeping sickness alone has reaped its harvest of lives with alarming rapidity.

Here then, all told, you have an annual unnecessary sacrifice of life which defies the toll of death on our European battle-fields in number and brutality. If millions are being spent to stop and prevent the carnage of WAR, why should not the carnage of paganism demand the same curative and preventive measures?

\* \* \*

"Where sin did abound, grace did much more abound." The hopeless cases prove the skill of the physician or the instructor more than the ordinary kind. The incurable, if cured, becomes

#### THE MASTERPIECE

of the physician, which brings him more fame than a thousand easy cases could. So God loves to make a prince of the deceiver Jacob. It is His glory to turn a persecuting Saul into an enthusiastic Paul. Thus it is with races as well as individuals. Does the lonely, fever-stricken Missionary, deprived of home and civilisation, glad for a hut to live in, which would not be considered good enough for cattle in Christian lands, feel keenly the burden of difficulties confronting? Does she need to comfort her soul with the PROMISES of the harvest (Ps. cxxvi., 5-6) long before it is in sight? Has the poetry of actual Missionary work melted away into the grinding prosaic routine of labouring among a people who cannot understand her? Ah, it is the HARDNESS of the task which whets her faith and steels her nerve, for well she knows that the crown of souls which is to be her rejoicing at HIS COMING, must be forged in the fires of suffering. BUT it will come without fail. This she knows as she sees the POWER of God (1 Thess. ii., 19). And she did not wait and toil and bleed in vain. Behold the band of

#### GOD'S MASTERPIECES.

Unbelief calls them leopard spots, but triumphing faith sees in them the material upon which God displays His grace. And looking back upon the first years of toil and tears with a class of forty nude, restless, savage lads, she FORGETS all about the pain, as she now, ten years later, sees no less than fifteen of those erstwhile hopeless specimens out in their own parishes preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to their fellowmen. How she was obliged to marvel at the submission of the raw natives, when a State officer appeared and

(Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece, which?—  
continued.)

**IRELAND.**

**News from Bro. Geo. Jeffreys.**

ordered his soldiers to take possession of the peoples' huts without a word of notice, during which time they were utterly stripped of their whole supplies of provisions, including their very small stock of chickens and pigs. And how these bewildered natives questioned why all white people were not like the Missionary. Did they not all have the same God? With horror she witnessed an approaching uprising the next time a white officer made his appearance, which happily was quenched with little loss of life. Yet to-day, even that sorrow has been turned to joy, as one witnesses those same selfish, and comparatively poor natives, now Christians, offering several hundreds of francs, a fabulous sum for them, to send to the relief of the homeless Belgians, whose authorities were once their oppressors. Such is the power of God in BELGIAN CONGO.

The friends of "Confidence" will be pleased to hear of the blessed times we are having in the camp meetings which have been going on for one month.

Monaghan is a place situated almost in the heart of Ireland, where John Wesley was imprisoned for preaching the same Gospel which I am now privileged to proclaim.

Although many years have gone since then, the Gospel which that saintly man of God loved, and preached with such remarkable results, is still proving itself to be just as powerful in convicting and the saving of precious souls these days in the very same town.

From the first of the meetings God has been saving souls, and sinners have been trembling under conviction of sin.

One young man was stricken down from his seat by the power of God, was saved and immediately delivered from sin. Next morning he burnt a number of cigarettes, although no one had spoken to him about them.

People come from great distances, and the hunger for revival is such that people come from miles around, and the cry is everywhere, "Come over and help us."

The young men who organised this campaign are on fire for God, and have received quite recently the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which first fell at dear old Sunderland some seven years ago. Since then, many dear saints have held on to God for Ireland, and, "Praise His name," their prayers are now being answered.

Witness at another station, where, twenty years ago, the cannibals approached their first Missionaries with spears and deadly knives, and yet to-day two hundred of them are preaching Christ and His love, without drawing a penny of support from Christian lands, but supported wholly by the native Christians. And at Kalamba, the second station of the Congo Inland Mission, opened only two years ago, among a wild unlettered people, a revival is now in progress, which, at the time the last mail left, had brought seventy-two natives to the foot of the cross, not only confessing but making good their past sins, among them the sister of the chief. This is not the place to multiply cases, but may God raise up bands of helpers to assist us in turning these hopeful, ripe, leopard spot tribes about us into

GOD'S MASTERPIECE.

**PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.**

Bro. Geo. Jeffreys is to conduct a Camp Meeting at Hereford, commencing September 5th (for one month). Visitors requiring accommodation should write to Mr. Frank Hodges, St. Peter's Square, Hereford.

\* \* \*

Bro. A. E. Sidford, of this country, recently was at Cincinnati, Ohio, and escaped a terrible tornado which cut through the district. He expects to speak at Elim, Rochester, at their August Convention.

God willing, early next summer, I purpose going through some of the Irish districts, as I feel the need so much. For this purpose I am purchasing the Bangor Tent (at the end of their meetings). May the need of Ireland be laid upon the hearts of God's people for prayer.

Thanking you for remembering your Welsh brother in prayer.

GEORGE JEFFREYS.

Monaghan,  
Ireland.

**THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.**

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

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

There is a P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, S. Hackney, and the Candidates are prepared by Mrs. Crisp (of 19, Gascoyne Road, S. Hackney, London, N.E.). The Male Candidates are prepared at the Men's London Training Home at 60, King Edward's Road, S. Hackney, N.E., by Mr. Titterington. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Constance Skarratt, Apostolic Faith Mission, Parel Hill, Bombay; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshinganj Station, U.P.; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, P.M.U. Mission, Faizpur, E. Khandesh; Messrs. P. Corry and A. Clelland, 128, Sheikh-ul-Bundi Road, Abbottabad, India, N.W.F.P. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, with their wives journeying toward Kwei-teh, Kansu Province; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharren, Likiang, China, via Rangoon and Bhamo; Pastor Allan Swift and Mrs. Swift, Miss Fanny E. Jenner, Miss Ethel Cook, Miss Ieda de Vries, c/o Pastor McLean, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, West China. JAPAN—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, 10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori, 4 Chome, Kobe. Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen and Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), at Lungmen-hsein, via Peking, N. China. CENTRAL AFRICA—Brother F. D. Johnstone, care of Kongo Inland Mission, Kalamba, Mukenyé, Kasai, via Kinshasa, Belgian Congo. SOUTH AFRICA.—Holding P.M.U. Certificate: Mr. James A. Roughhead, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony. Applications for Candidates' forms to be made to Mr. T. H. Mundell, Hon. Secretary, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon. Send a post-card for a P.M.U. Missionary Box to Mr. W. Glassby, “Ladyfield,” Renold, Bedford.

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

The following is a copy of a resolution passed by the Council of the P.M.U. on the 20th July:—

1. That the students in the Men's Training Home are expected to attend every Sunday morning some regular place of worship, which they shall be at liberty to select for themselves.
2. They shall also be free to hold on Sunday mornings among themselves a Breaking of Bread Service, provided that this does not interfere with their attending a place of worship.
3. The students shall be free on Saturday evenings to hold Open-Air Meetings in any neighbouring district they may choose.
4. Subject to the approval of the Principal of the Training Home, the students shall be free to accept invitations to minister to any Christian Assembly in or around London on Sundays, and when the distance of any such Assembly from the Training Home would necessitate travelling in a public or other vehicle or carriage by the students, they shall arrange to go to such Assembly from the Saturday evening to the Monday morning.

\* \* \*

We give here the notes of a stirring address given by our Bro. Jas. Tetchener at the London Conference. His subject was “The Open Door.”

\* \* \*

Rev., 3rd chapter, 7th verse: “And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write: These things saith He that is holy, He that is true, He that hath the key of David, He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth.”

God has brought us to a period when the voice of the church should be heard. “Behold,” He says, “I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.” There is an open door, and if we are faithful we shall enter in at that door. Anyone who has passed from death to life is possessed of a missionary spirit. I cannot understand that people who were saved, sanctified, and baptised with the

Holy Ghost could have no desire to save their neighbours. When Jesus cried, “It is finished,” He opened the door of full salvation for spirit, soul, and body for everyone. It saves me as to the past, it preserves me at the present, and opens the door for future service. We have entered in by that open door in the baptism in the Holy Ghost with the scriptural sign. You can all come into this crowning blessing this morning, and then all may get circumcised ears, when the sound of His voice is the sweetest note that ever falls upon it.

I cannot understand an up-and-down religion in the case of people who are baptised in the Holy Ghost. I believe it is an onward march with victory every step of the journey. We partake of a spirit which leads us out of ourselves for others. When Jesus came to Calvary, He came for others. When He went into the grave, He went for others. When He arose, He arose for others. When He ascended to heaven, He ascended for others. When He comes again, He is coming for others. If you cannot go as missionaries—I would go, but they consider me too old—if you cannot go, you may be missionaries at home. You can enter into the open door at home and teach the word in season and out of season, and you can intercede to God for blessing upon those who are out in the mission field, and bring down a blessing upon them.

“Oh, let me drink of Thy Spirit,  
Jesus, Thou lover of souls.”

The door has been opened to you that you might enter in and bring forth fruit

**(The Pentecostal Movement—continued.)**

in the salvation of souls and be yourselves overcomers, every day living for His glory and for the benefit of others. "Behold I have set before you an open door." Some here have no doubt heard the cry to the foreign field, but the way is hemmed in and you feel you cannot get out. You would like, perhaps, to go to Africa. You say, "Oh, that I might go," but you cannot leave your mother and father, or other circumstances are opposing you. Listen, "Behold I have set before you an open door." God shows you that open door as He makes clear your call. I want to say here—I speak this with all reverence—when He calls you He at once becomes responsible for your equipment. It is for you then to put on the whole armour of God that you may be proof against the assaults of the enemy, who would keep you at home and hold you in bondage, doing nothing, while Christ is waiting for you, and men and women are crying to you to bring them the news of salvation. How shall they believe on Him if they have not heard of Him? How shall they hear without a teacher? How shall the preacher preach unless he be sent? The gospel for a witness must be preached in all the world. The call had gone forth to preach the gospel.

I would say to any young man or woman who feels they have a call to go into the foreign field to preach the gospel, the first rung of the ladder is to make sure of your call. I was taught as a young Christian that the need was the call. I don't believe that to-day. I believe the man God calls knows the call, and that God makes you understand that He wants you to go through, and that when you say "Yes" to Him He undertakes everything. There is ample provision, and don't neglect to go into the open door and yourself get the full blessing of the gospel of Christ. Make sure you are saved, sanctified, and baptised in the Holy Ghost, and you will know Christ as your resurrection life. Thank God, we have to do with a full gospel.

One reason why this great Pentecostal movement has been raised by Christ is that once again the glorious gospel in its fulness may be proclaimed, and men's hearts may be filled with love, and their bodies by the Holy Ghost. Thank God, it is a gospel that is without money and without price. As to the need, see how dark the world is. In China the mothers

throw their daughters to the dogs to be eaten. Look at dark Africa, and see what fields are open there for Christian service. The most glorious position a man can occupy is to be a co-worker with God under the mighty power of the Holy Spirit. Then, get within the open door; hear the voice of God; comply with the conditions, and say, "What wilt Thou have me to do? Where, Lord, wilt Thou have me to go as Your servant." And He will send you forth as flames of fire for His holy purpose.

**CHINA.****Miss Biggs delivered from Small-pox.**

Dear Pastor Boddy, and readers of "Confidence,"

Miss Scharten has just started on an itinerating journey of three or four weeks towards the South. We hope she will not have too much rain. Miss Biggs is visiting a village five miles off. Two native workers are itinerating in a district four days to the North, and two others started last week to the western districts. These will be their last trips before the rainy season, as far as the natives are concerned; then we will go in for some months of inner-room work, prayer and study of the Word.

In fact we have started already. A fortnight ago four men with their servant arrived from a place 70 miles to the East to receive teaching in the Christian religion. They are staying with us. I have started a daily class with them, and I am glad to say that they are making very good progress, even so that two of them stand up in the meeting to speak like the others. It is nice to hear them all praying. One day the eldest among them became sick. This frightened them a little, as people considered this to be a result of studying the foreign religion. The first thought was, of course, "to eat medicine," but the Lord raised him up in answer to their and our prayers. Their faith is more strengthened now. We do hope and pray that they may receive the Holy Spirit during their stay with us.

We have fixed the Bible-study course in the school on three years of study. The summer course of the second year will commence (D.V.) some day in June, when the regular students (who have studied one year) will have returned from their itineratings. We were very much encouraged to receive last week from England a gift of £3, and on the field 10s. towards the school. This enables us to have a start free from financial burdens. We are very thankful to God and to His kind stewards. God can move the hearts in spite of the many burdens of the war.

Much preaching has been done all around during the dry season, which has nearly passed. Hundreds and hundreds of places have been visited once or more. The Gospel of Christ has been preached to thirteen different tribes in five of their native tongues. We (foreign workers) spent last winter about 210 days in itinerating; the native workers about 590 days. These figures

represent more labour, prayer, joy, tears, danger and privation than one should think. With a few exceptions, we have been welcomed and treated friendly everywhere. A good number of both men and women have expressed their desire to serve the living God, and a still greater number are willing to be instructed in the true doctrine. In some districts we have obtained a strong footing, and settled work has been started. Urgent invitations come from several sides; we are able to respond only to a few. Definite promises to visit a district have already been made for (D.V.) February, 1916. They call that “bespoken visits.”

BAPTISMS.

We find the question of baptising converts not so easy as it would seem to be. Things out here are so utterly different from conditions at home. There is a tendency and practice on the field to baptise converts at once on their confession of faith in God and denunciation of idolatry, and to wean these church members gradually from gambling, whisky drinking, smoking, and other vices, if possible, or to leave them free in questions like these. Scripture is brought forward to support this view. Being in an altogether new field, and having the responsibility upon us to lay a foundation, we have thus far been led to be very slow in baptising converts, aiming more at a pure nucleus than at numbers. We may be *too* slow, but we do feel there has nothing been lost after all. “Born into the Kingdom” is more worth than being “admitted into a certain church by baptism” as it is termed.

Our daily prayer is to see the real and constant manifestation of the precious Holy Spirit amongst us in graces and gifts. Patience is a lesson difficult to learn. China is a real school for that. The Lord has graciously given us small but definite and genuine tokens of His presence, also in healing and manifestations of gifts, which we look upon as an earnest of greater things sure to come.

The daily evening-meetings are well attended, and often wholly conducted by the students. This makes them strong and independent, and will fit them for their task to come. Street-preaching has not been done lately owing to the rain.

The Likiang annual fair—lasting four days—has been a fine opportunity for reaching the masses. This year we had two tents on the fair-grounds—one for men and one for women; also a bookstall. Day by day eagerly listening crowds filled the tents for five and more hours.

The last days of the fair were rather trying, when it was discovered that Miss Biggs had taken small-pox on the trip from which she just had returned. The Lord has given to our dear sister much grace for itinerating. They often have to walk for miles and miles over rocky mountain-ground, to eat day by day the plainest native food, prepared by the dirtiest hands, the sight of which alone was in former days enough to take away all appetite. They have to be content with any sleeping-place, not seldom sharing their dirty, smoky room with a number of other people—males as well as females. But the worst of all are these creeping visitors of a threefold kind, which remain too faithfully all the journey long. *Parasitos hominios* is too fine a name for them, although expressive indeed. On her last trip Miss Biggs had slept in a Min-chia home, with a big heap of dirt on the floor over against

her bed, and a child covered with small-pox in the kitchen, the only place for preparing her food.

After being back at home for a couple of days, we began to suspect that she had taken small-pox. The tokens became so soon evident that there was no room for any doubt. We felt awfully sorry for her of course. But what to do? “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,” says Peter, explaining the healing of the lame man. So we all joined in prayer to God, trusting in that wonderful Name; and God heard our supplications. He brought the wicked purpose of the enemy to naught. His grace and healing power were revealed. There was no need for her laying down one single day, and the pocks just disappeared one after the other, leaving practically no marks whatever behind.

A fortnight later our little ones kissed their “Auntie Lis” more heartily than before. Unto Him be all the glory.

With love in Christ.

Yours in His service,

A. AND E. KOK.

Likiang,

May 14th, 1915.

JAPAN.

News from Bro. W. J. Taylor.

In Him, beloved, called to be Saints:—Greetings.

Having sent off my circular letter, this one might be called an

EXTRA EDITION,

of which *Our Father* has plenty, has He not? Your “Annual Conference” is now over—and a “feast of fat things” no doubt it was, fragrant with the “smell as Lebanon,” and now you have returned to daily—work out—remember then,

“FROM ME IS THY FRUIT FOUND.”

Friday evening I had a visit from the ship’s quarter-master, of whom I wrote in my February letter, the man who, lying under the influence of the previous night’s carousal, was awakened by hearing my wife and Bible-woman singing and praying in the next room along with a relative of his. This was the

FIRST RUNG IN JACOB’S LADDER.

The following is his testimony after a voyage to America:—

“The night of my change of life, I returned home to my relative where I was living, and told them I had heard that Jesus Christ hates drinking and immorality, so I made up my mind to be a Christian and stop my bad life altogether, and with this determination I sail from Kobe to America.

“The morning I left Kobe I wept like a child, feeling I was, so to speak, leaving my parents behind. Then I had such a battle trying to give up smoking. Every night I felt so thirsty, and did not know what to do, and, besides this, I had the mocking of the whole ship’s crew. I told them I could not stop it of myself, but that Jesus Christ would help me, and as I said it publicly

(Japan—News from Bro. W. J. Taylor—continued.)

it gave me great courage, and helped me to stop it altogether. Then I had an awful temper, and that had to be overcome; so when the sailors were fighting and joking beside me I had to hide my face under my blanket in my bunk and read the Bible and the other books you gave me, my only comfort day and night being these books. And so the days went by until we got to Seattle. While there several of the crew made up their minds to run away from the ship at our next port San Francisco, and wanted me to join them. This was a big temptation, as I really did wish to stay in America, but when I remembered my promise to you all, I prayed, and began to sing my own poem about Jesus, which I had composed while reading my Bible, and though several of my chums did run away from the ship, I got the victory. Then at Frisco there was a dock-labourers' strike, and our own ship being short handed, every occasion was given me for running away too, but still I could not.

"Then another day the mate began to curse and scold me, and then my old nature got the better of me and I quarrelled with him. I was very sorry afterwards, so I went to my cabin and prayed, and read my Bible, and then God told me to go and beg his pardon. Then I thought, well, I have never done such a thing in all my life, and even if I did, he would only mock me. Anyhow, after my dinner, I went to him and apologised. You should have seen his astonishment. He said, 'Whatever is the matter with you? Why are you so girlish? I like a strong man, however, it is all right, but what in the world made you come to me?' So I said to him, 'Please wait a minute,' and I went and brought my Bible to him, and, showing him St. Matthew, said, 'This Book told me to do it, and I believe Jesus, and I want to become a good man, that is why I asked your pardon.' Since that day the mate has been very kind to me, and others of the crew are reading the Christian books you gave me."

He has sailed again on Saturday last for London and Liverpool, on the "Indo Maru," a tramp steamer. Pray for him that he may be kept in what he thinks is Christian England.

The Lord of the sea bless him, keep him, and make him a witness for us.

"Pray without ceasing,"

Ever yours,

W. J. TAYLOR.

10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori,  
4 Chome,  
Kobe, Japan,  
Via Siberia,  
May 31st, 1915.

**List of Contributions received during July, 1915.**

[Although there has been an improvement during July as compared with the previous month, the contributions are still far behind what is necessary to meet all liabilities, a sum of at least £200 per month being required—apart from gifts for the Special Fund—if our missionaries are to receive their allowances regularly and the students

be prepared for the foreign field. Will our friends make this matter one of special prayer.]

	£	s.	d.
Receipt No. 1276 ... ..	5	0	0
" 1277 ... ..	0	1	0
" 1278 ... ..	0	5	0
Salisbury Assembly ... ..	2	0	0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund ...	14	0	0
Receipt No. 1281 ... ..	0	5	1
" 1282 ... ..	0	5	5
" 1283 ... ..	1	6	0
" 1284 ... ..	30	0	0
" 1285 ... ..	4	5	0
" 1287 ... ..	0	2	0
" 1288 ... ..	1	0	0
" 1289 ... ..	0	7	0
Heron Assembly ... ..	2	10	0
Receipt No. 1291 ... ..	0	10	0
" 1292 ... ..	0	10	0
Full Gospel Assembly, Belfast ...	2	5	0
Paisley Assembly ... ..	5	15	0
Coatbridge Assembly ... ..	2	2	6
Receipt No. 1296 ... ..	2	7	3
" 1297 ... ..	1	0	0
Aberfan Assembly ... ..	5	0	0
Receipt No. 1300 ... ..	3	10	0
Lexden Assembly ... ..	1	5	6
Receipt No. 1302 ... ..	8	0	0
" 1303 ... ..	4	0	1
Saltley Mission, Birmingham ...	2	5	9
Receipt No. 1305 ... ..	0	16	0
" 1307 ... ..	1	16	0
" 1308 ... ..	0	5	0
Lytham Assembly ... ..	5	8	4
Receipt No. 1310 ... ..	1	10	0
" 1311 ... ..	10	0	0
Emmanuel Baptist Church, Plymouth..	1	10	0
Receipt No. 1313 ... ..	0	12	6
" 1314 ... ..	0	8	0
" 1316 ... ..	1	17	0
Leeds Assembly ... ..	2	2	0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund ...	8	4	6
Receipt No. 1320 ... ..	1	0	0
" 1321 ... ..	0	2	6
" 1322 ... ..	1	0	0
" 1323 (for Mr. Kok) ... ..	2	1	1
" 1324 ... ..	0	12	6
" 1325 ... ..	0	9	0
	£139	12	0

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

Receipt No. 1286 (towards A. Lewer's travelling expenses)...	50	0	0
" 1299 ("L." & "E." towards outfits)...	1	0	0
" 1315 (towards passage money) ... ..	0	10	0
" 1317 ... ..	2	0	0
	£53	10	0

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

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

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