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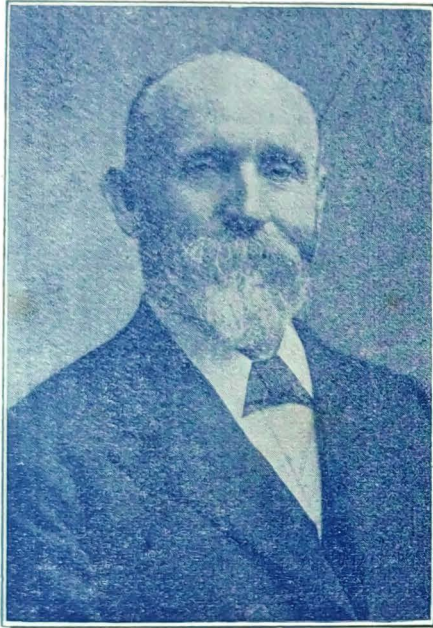


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Dr. A. McCaig.

Wonders of Grace in RUSSIA.

By
Dr. A. McCaig, B. A., LL. B.
Principal Emeritus of Spurgeon's College, London.

With 47 illustrations.

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Dedicated

TO THE GLORIOUS CAUSE
OF GIVING THE GOSPEL
OF our LORD JESUS CHRIST
TO
BLEEDING, BENIGHTED RUSSIA

FOREWORD

It has been thought desirable that, as a permanent record of my visits to Russia and what I saw of the Lord's work there in connection with the ministry of Pastor Fetler, the Articles which appeared in various Religious Periodicals giving my Impressions and Experiences at the time, should be published in book form. This I have, in part, done: I have reproduced many of these articles as they appeared; some I have rewritten; others I have given in part, and a good deal of fresh matter has been supplied. As it is hoped, that the presentation of my Experiences in this new form may help to increase interest in the work of evangelizing the Russian people, I have willingly undertaken the task of making this record. As the Reminiscences are my own and I have to tell of what I have seen, the personal pronoun must unavoidably be frequently used. This, I trust, will be understood and pardoned.

We thankfully acknowledge the courtesy of the Editors of the following periodicals in allowing the reproduction of the articles in question: The Sword and the Trowel; The British Weekly; The Christian, and The Baptist Times and Freeman.

London, England
June 1926,

A. McCaig.

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ERRATA.

Circumstances having made it necessary to push this work very rapidly through the Press, and the Author himself having no opportunity of seeing the proofs, we regret that a considerable number of printer's slips have been allowed to pass.

A list of most of the mistakes, which are mainly verbal, is here given pending the issue of a second edition.

For		page	5, line	8, read	"
"Lesnoi,"			29,	16,	"Lesnoy"
"on,"			29,	16,	"at"
"blackberries,"		35,	24,	24,	"blaeberries"
"fiberty"		46,	8,	8,	"liberty"
"soul"		46,	19,	19,	"soul"
"Experdition,"		54,	1,	1,	"Expedition"
"celebrate,"		63,	22,	22,	"celebrated"
"terors,"		65,	24,	24,	"terrors"
"believes,"		69,	4,	4,	"believes in"
"on,"		71,	15,	15,	"in"
"recklessy"		74,	10,	10,	"recklessly"
"Antonement,"		78,	22,	22,	"Atonement"
"conversation,"		79,	11,	11,	"conversation"
"o,"		80,	33,	33,	"to"
"priest,"		84,	32,	32,	"priests"
"alrar,"		87,	15,	15,	"altar"
"neseccaries,"		94,	23,	23,	"necessaries"
"tha,"		94,	30,	30,	"the"
"read,"		98,	19,	19,	"reads"
"business,"		100,	10,	10,	"business"
"Ha,"		101,	29,	29,	"He"
"lown,"		102,	last line,	last line,	"own"
"then,"		110,	line 3,	line 3,	"the"
"of,"		115,	16,	16,	"or"
"equally,"		125,	24,	24,	"thoroughly"
"anb,"		148,	21,	21,	"and"
"un,"		149,	25,	25,	"up"
"condition3"		152,	9,	9,	"conditions"
"annoucement,"		153,	5,	5,	"announcement"
"readers,"		154,	31,	31,	"readers,"
"exult,"		155,	31,	31,	"exulted"
"thoughtout,"		156,	1,	1,	"throughout"
"afficial,"		157,	13,	13,	"official"
"scetarians,"		157,	30,	30,	"Sectarians"
"forfull"		158,	9,	9,	"for full"
"eightee,"		159,	20,	20,	"eighteen"
"she,"		160,	14,	14,	"the"
"declivites,"		165,	7,	7,	"declivities"
"9 o'clock,"		168,	12,	12,	"6 o'clock"

For "Golgotha,"	page 171,	line 3,	read "Evangelia "
" "ir,"	" 174,	" 14,	" "in "
" "deliveranae,"	" 197,	" 12,	" "deliverance"
" "unyieldingnes,"	" 198,	" 12,	" "unyieldingness"
" "tbemselves,"	" 201,	" 21,	" "themselves"
" "til,"	" 207,	" 18,	" "till"
" "Kondon,"	" 208,	" 10,	" "London "
" "meeting,"	" 210,	" 18,	" "meetings"
" "Amerisan,"	" 211,	" 9,	" "American "
" "building,"	" 212,	" 25,	" "buildings "
" "i,"	" 214,	" 25,	" "it "
" "an,"	" 215,	" 8,	" "and "
" "memeries,"	" 217,	" 27,	" "memories"
" "cold."	" 220,	" 27,	" "could "
" "hod,"	" 223,	" 5,	" "had "
" "Schields,"	" 232,	" 12,	" "Shields'
" "that,"	" 241,	" 14,	" "because"
" "Abot,"	" 247,	" 32,	" "about "
" "gullotine,"	" 249,	" 5,	" "guillotine"
" "Blank,"	" 249,	" 6,	" "Blanc "

On page 75, line 11, insert "a" before "railway "

" 76, ,, 8, ,, "to" before "Madame "

" 77, last line, ,, "own" after "his "

" 94, line 26, ,, "the" before "Holy "

" 115, ,, 16, ,, "is" after "and "

" 143, ,, 28, ,, "a" before "high "

" 151, ,, 5, insert "to" before "the "

" 158, at line 8, insert "meeting full of spiritual power; many
expressed a "

" 186, line 18, delete "in "

" 247, ,, 15, ,, "the" after "and "

For "Chapter VIII.," page 73, read "Chapter IX."

Part One:
Pre-War Triumphs.
(1907—1914).

THUS SAITH THE LORD

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, ‘Behold, we knew it not’; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?”

Proverbs 24 : 11. 12.

WONDERS OF GRACE in Russia

By **Dr. A. McCaig, B. A., LL. B.,**
Principal Emeritus of Spurgeon's College, London.

CHAPTER I MY INTEREST IN RUSSIA

I suppose that from the far-off day when a little chap in a class of boys about twice my age and size at the school examination I had to be lifted up to enable me to point out a river in the North of Russia which no one else in the class could locate, and so gained the commendation of the chief examiner — the Rev. Walter Welsh, frequently mentioned in Carlyle's *Reminiscences* — I have been more or less interested in Russia; with its extensive territory; its immense population; its thrilling history; its untold possibilities. But my special interest in it dates from the time when a young man from Riga, named William Fetler entered the Pastors' (Spurgeon's) College as a student

in 1903. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and I had been greatly impressed by the letters this young man had written to us enquiring about the possibility of obtaining admission to the College; I remember that in the first which he had written us, there was something very pleasing in the simple, humble way in which he spoke of himself as a servant of Jesus Christ. His pastor, the Rev. J. Inke, spoke very highly of him, so without the possibility of having the customary interview with the candidate, we decided to receive him. And we never had cause to regret it. I have heard Mr. T. Spurgeon say in public, that if the College had done nothing else, since his great father's death, than train a man like Pastor Fetter, it had been worth while to continue its existence. Our young brother knew a little book-English when he came to us, but could speak scarcely any; yet in less than six months he had made such progress in the knowledge of our tongue that he was able at the Baptist Union meetings to interpret the address of a Russian visitor. He made equally rapid progress in all his studies and ran his English fellow-students very close for the highest marks in Examinations.

Not only was he one of the best of students, but he proved himself to be a fine spiritual influence among his fellows: a man of faith, of prayer, of true consecration. He was earnest, too, in seeking the souls of his country-men, and soon got into touch with the many Russians in the East End, specially meeting with those who were on their way, as emigrants, to America.

While in College he experienced a great quickening of his spiritual life, in connection with the Welsh Revival, and through reading the famous "Lectures on Revivals of Religion" by Ch. G. Finney.

As his College course drew to a close, he was greatly exercised as to his future. He ever had missionary aspirations, and his thoughts wavered between going to China, or going to preach to the Russian people in Canada. At that time there was no possibility of undertaking missionary work in Russia as there was no religious freedom in our sense of the term. But just then, in the Providence of God, the late Tzar issued his edict of Religious Toleration, making it possible for the Gospel to be freely preached to the Russian people. This seemed to suggest the possibility of Russia becoming his sphere of labour. Rev. E. A. Carter, President of the Pioneer Mission, and several of us associated with him, began to think of the feasibility of taking up work in that great Empire. We thought of Fetter in this connection. Some kind friends were ready to provide the necessary funds; Mr. Fetter was approached on the subject; he made it a matter of earnest prayer, and finally he "gathered" as we did, that the Lord was calling him to preach the Gospel in Russia.

The story has been often told, and I need not repeat it, how he went to St. Petersburg, knowing no one there, but finding providentially a small Lettish Baptist Church, without a pastor, which at once called him to the pastorate, thus giving him official standing so that with Government recognition he could preach the Gospel generally, such recognition being necessary in order to secure the advantages of the Edict. Abundant blessing followed; many souls were converted; several halls were opened for the preaching of the Gospel, until it became essential to build a large Tabernacle, to accomodate those eager to hear; and in 1910., having secured a building site, Pastor Fetter came to

England to endeavour to raise funds for the building of a Tabernacle. Then I had the privilege of going with him to Scotland and introducing him to a number of Christian gentlemen, (among them the late Sir Robert Pullar, Mr. Peter Campbell, Mr. G. Mathewson and Sir Thomas Glen-Coats.) The Lord gave us favour in their eyes and we obtained £1000 for the Petersburg Tabernacle. Incidentally we had the opportunity of attending the great World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh.

Pastor Fetler was now ready to return to Russia and he begged me to go with him during my summer vacation. The proposal attracted me, especially as having recently lost my beloved wife, I felt the desirability of seeking "fresh fields and pastures new", and having my mind well-occupied.

CHAPTER II

ON THE WAY TO ST. PETERSBURG.

So on June 29th, 1910, we left Charing Cross at 9 o'clock en route for the Continent. I must pass over all the incidents of our interesting journey, until we reached the frontier town of Wirballen, and here we had our first experience of the passport system which has since the great war become a familiar but unpleasant feature of Continental travelling. In those days passports were not required for entering any European country except Turkey and Russia. The officer at the door took our passports and we passed through into the Customs Hall. The baggage was all ranged round as in other Customs, but in the centre of the great room there was a table at which several officials sat examining the passports and writing. Every now and then an official would come round with a passport in his hand calling out the name on it, and two under-officials following him. When any one answered to the name, those two then examined the baggage — all was done very leisurely in contrast with the pushing and struggling which we have seen

at other Custom Examinations. Mr. Fetler began to get a bit uneasy, I think; expressed the hope that he would not be arrested, telling me that his case at Moscow had not yet been decided, and generally tending to make things uncomfortable; ending, however, with his usual exhortation, "Let your hearts not be troubled".

One thing greatly impressed me and gave the first idea of the hold that the Greek Church had upon the people. At the end of the Douane Hall there was a large altar with a great picture or Ikon of Christ and candles burning before it.

By and by after what seemed a very long time, "Pastor Fetler" was called. The officers were most polite to him; scarcely looked at his baggage and did not arrest him. He then rushed off to see about getting sleeping places booked and left "poor me" to the tender mercies of his countrymen. After another period of waiting, a name was called which sounded as if it bore a remote resemblance to mine. Signalling to the officer he came along and held out the passport asking, I suppose, if it were mine and I said "da" (yes). A very slight examination followed. But I may say that the examination generally was most stringent. I had seen the contents of several bags confiscated and heard high words passing between the officials and some unhappy passengers who were evidently treated as culprits. Just as I was getting my bag strapped, F. returned. He had been making enquiries but had not been able to book any places. Now, however, he was able to book two places in a coupé. We had to wait till about 12.30 ere we got through to the train, but we managed to get a plate of soup while waiting.



Lord Radstock, Madame Tschertkoff, his first convert from the Russian aristocracy, Miss Penievsy, Madam's companion, and Pastor Fetler. *Page 21.*



Madame Tshertkoff, Rev. F. S. Streeter and Mrs. Penn-Lewis at the Corner Stone laying of the Slavanka Conference Hall. *Page 21*

About one o'clock the train started and we at once went to bed. One was struck by the width of the Russian carriages as compared with ours, the railway gauge being much wider than in other Continental countries. This is due to the idea the Emperor had when the railways were constructed that by making the gauge different it would make it more difficult for Germans or others to invade the country, overlooking the fact that if German trains could not pass into Russian territory, equally difficult it would be for Russian trains to cross into Germany. Perhaps, however, he was of too peaceable a disposition to think of invading his neighbours. The net result, however, is that it is necessary for travellers now to change trains at the border — through trains at this part of the frontier being an impossibility. We also made the interesting discovery that on all long distance Russian trains first and second class carriages can be turned into sleeping compartments, the extra charge being very trifling. Even third class carriages can be converted into sleepers, but for them passengers must provide their own bedclothes. It was a surprise to see the piles of wood in the tender, wood being used instead of coal for the firing of the engine, which accounts for the slower rate of speed attained on Russian railways.

After a good night's rest woke about 7.30, but as no one was stirring did not get up till 9.30 (Russian time, two hours in advance of British) and then went to see about breakfast.

Meanwhile the train had stopped at a station where a number of women and children had strawberries for sale which we were glad to buy and enjoyed. I went through to Restaurant car and waited for

F. A Russian waiter came, but no understanding could be established between us. The head waiter came and, in German, gave him to understand that I was waiting for my friend. By and by my friend appeared and the prospect of breakfast came nearer. F. thought he did not want anything, but I did. I asked for tea and hot water, but found they did not supply tea in pots, only in glasses. Ordered an omelette, which I always find a safe thing to seek in strange places. F. advised omelette with bacon as costing little more, and I agreed. Meanwhile a glass of tea was brought: ate some bread and butter and waited for omelette. After a long time and several enquiries and reminders, the omelette came and was not an omelette, but three eggs and bacon in a dish cooked together. Very good, however, and with another glass of tea, made a good breakfast.

I need say nothing about the rest of the journey, which was quite uneventful. Scenery somewhat monotonous though to me full of interest, country being flat and with little but forests to be seen. One part, as I afterwards learned when travelling by day in the neighbourhood of Vilna, was more diversified, some semblance of hills necessitating a short tunnel, the only one on all the line. But on this day, as we passed along, the railway was lined with these interminable forests, grim, gloomy, grand. Here and there patches of cultivated land — rather poorly cultivated. Peasants seeming very poor: mostly barefooted, men and women as well. Huts and houses of wood: wood-cutting everywhere, at all the stations; and Russian Express trains stop at many stations, and stop a good while—time, as I had occasion throughout to note being seemingly of little object — a

number of people would gather, and one was impressed with the earnest Evangelistic spirit of friend Fetler as the sight of them drew out his compassion and made him pray for his "poor Russian people". It is this love for souls and desire for their salvation which prompts all his energies.

CHAPTER III

ARRIVAL AT ST. PETERSBURG

About 7 p. m. we reached Petersburg Baltic Station, having been some 58 hours on the journey. Here two friends were waiting for Mr. Fetler who kissed them on both cheeks. They at once took charge of luggage and we found Madame Tchertkoff's carriage waiting for us with the Coachman. I emphasize the coachman, the first Russian coachman I had seen. He was a sight. A fine tall man with a gorgeous uniform and stout in proportion, no, stout out of proportion, for his girth was amazing. But I soon learned that it was one of the distinctions of coachmen to be of ample dimensions and to secure this it was customary to have themselves padded with cushions or pillows. And our coachman, big as he was by nature, had increased his dimensions by the use of pillows!

We drove by the site of proposed Tabernacle: a really fine site. The caretaker who was a recent convert and had been "a very bad man", rushed at F. with a kiss and seemed greatly excited, while his wife and children gathered round with equal excitement.

Reaching the hospitable home of Madame Tchertkoff, we found dinner ready for us, which was simple and good, but elaborately served by a great fat butler in swallow-tailed coat and white gloves. Here F. had a nice room with bed in it where he could stay when he wished and generally did sleep there when taking the meeting in Madame's Hall as it was this evening.

Most of my readers have heard of this good lady, now gone to her reward, one of the first of Lord Radstock's converts, a member of the aristocracy whose spiritual influence had been very great in her own circle, even upon the then Tzar himself; and who became one of Pastor Fetler's best friends.

She had built a Hall in her own grounds for meetings and here she held a Sunday School, being allowed to continue it even in the dark days when other Sunday Schools had been suppressed. At 8.30 we repaired to the Hall where the meeting was already commenced by Mr. Fetler's helper. When we had first arrived, the people were gathering for the meeting and they all rushed at Mr. Fetler eager to welcome and greet him, he being no less pleased to see them again. When we entered, the choir were singing a translation of "Crown Him Lord of all" to the tune "Diadem"; they sang beautifully and the familiar notes made us at once feel at home. After I had spoken a few words, F. preached for three quarters of an hour or more, the people listening most attentively.

After meeting F. had a consultation with his helpers about various matters. Among other things, they told him that some English manufacturer had given the use of a hall for meetings, and great interest had been shown at meetings held the last two Sundays:

1000 people coming, great impressions made, tears from even the gendarmes. This was good news for our enthusiastic Evangelist—of this matter more anon.

Mr. Fetler decided to stay the night at Madame Tchertkoff's as she was going away soon and there were many things to talk about. I was sent on to his usual quarters in charge of his helper, Mr. G—. Four or five others, including Mr. F's brother, Robert, whom I was to know better subsequently, accompanied us by tram-car most of the way. None of them knew English, but with the help of a little German we managed somehow.

At this time Mr. Fetler had two nice rooms placed at his disposal by Madame Pashkoff in a cottage (or villa) adjoining her residence. Mr. G. occupied Mr. F's bedroom and a bed was made up for me in the other room. I was quite comfortable, though feeling a wee bit lonely, as communication between myself and companion carried on by means of dictionaries was somewhat limited. Still we learned a good deal about each other, though I was a little startled when in answer to my question whether he had a wife, he exultingly informed me that he had "five"! He meant children. Still we realized that we were one in Christ and could have communion of Spirit. I retired to rest for my first night in Petersburg with great thankfulness to God for all His goodness, with much hopefulness of seeing the working of His Grace among the people, and with the sincere desire to see Pastor Fetler in the morning.

CHAPTER IV

THE BELIEVERS' SATURDAY NIGHT:— FIRST SUNDAY IN PETERSBURG

Getting up on Saturday morning had a talk on the telephone with Pastor Fetler and after breakfast occupied the time with writing letters, until he arrived. He sent me out in charge of one of his helpers to have a look round, change money, buy postcards &c., while he transacted Church business with several of his people. At all times I found he was full of business: when not actually preaching and conducting meetings, he was engrossed with other necessary matters, and all the years I have known him since, he has been simply overwhelmed with work. It is a marvel how he manages to do it all. He certainly does not spare himself. Spent the afternoon quietly, much of the time in Madame Pashkoff's garden; an extensive place, but more of a plantation than a garden in our sense of the term. It was delightful to wander about under the trees or rest under their shadow,

In the evening we went to the Meeting for Believers, about half an hour by tram-car. It was held in

the Central Hall where all the chief meetings of the Church were held. It was in the upper part of a large bathing establishment and had been acquired and fitted up largely through the kindness of Madame Tchertkoff. It would seat some 300, with a large raised platform, capable of accommodating quite a number. First there was a season of prayer. All knelt while F. led for a few minutes. Then he read a number of requests for prayer and the people all prayed. I had been announced to give the chief address, so now, through a lady-interpreter, I spoke on the account in John I of the Calling of the several disciples. People listened well. Mr. Fetler then spoke a little and though all were professed believers, a number had not full assurance; they had been converted just before F. came to England and there had not been the opportunity of instructing them. Several were not fully decided for Christ. Another season of earnest prayer followed. Everybody seemed to pray; F. sometimes leading the others like a great chorus. Then he asked those who desired to have assurance, or if not saved to be saved, to hold up their hands, and a considerable number did so.

After the meeting there was a Church meeting. More than half went away. The hall had been nearly full — the platform not being used — about 250 or more. The question of appointing an assistant was then considered. Mr. G. who had been preaching in F.'s absence was the one he and his officers expected to be appointed. He had spoken at the previous meeting and taken farewell, as he was to leave for Moscow on Tuesday. He seemed very much liked. Quite a number of the brethren and some of the sisters

spoke and all seemed in favour. At last one sister spoke with great animation, and all laughed. F. explained to me that they had had another candidate some time ago, and some thought as he was more experienced he would be better, but they liked both well: and now this sister was proposing to have "the both". The brethren, however, explained that they could not afford to pay for both, so finally the matter was postponed. The discussion, however had "postponed" our going: it was now 11.30 and by the time we finally got away, nearly 12, and considerably after 12 ere I got home, and after a simple supper it was 1 o'clock ere I got to bed.

My First Sunday in Petersburg

On Sunday morning Mr. Fetler, who continued to stay at Madame Tchertkoff's while Mr. G. remained in Petersburg, rung up on the telephone to say that he was sending a brother to bring me to the place of meeting, and not to mind if it were a quarter or half-past ten when I got there — the time of meeting was 10. The brother came just in time to see me take my breakfast, which he did very earnestly and at short range, in a way not particularly conducive to one's comfort. However, as I was doubtful about the commissariat for the day, I did not mind his seeing me eat three eggs. "Russian fowl do not lay large eggs." It was after 10 ere we started and after 10.30 ere we reached the meeting. I was not expected to take part that morning. They were singing when we went in, but a good number arrived after that, many coming from far. The raised plat-

form was full of singers and others and the Hall was packed. What struck me forcibly was the number of men. I counted about 40 women in the Hall among some 240, and the proportion would be about the same on the platform behind me.

Following the singing was a season of prayer. Mr. Fetler read a number of requests. I at first thought that Mr. Fetler had introduced this practice from his experience in England, but he told me that was not so. It was a spontaneous matter on the part of these earnest souls, who were interested in the blessing of others because they had been blessed themselves. The requests are of varied character; for the salvation of a husband, of wife, of children, of friends; prayer for a man who is a terrible drunkard, for an infidel, for some who have attended the services and are desirous of salvation; prayer for blessing on the testimony of brethren and sisters who are going into the provinces to visit their friends &c. As each request is read there follows "silent prayer", which is only silent in the sense that no one in particular leads aloud, but all are praying in a subdued, sobbing murmur, which surges through the building, a veritable wave of ground swell of prayer, and not infrequently sobs and tears accompany the prayers.

Then followed more vocal prayer. Sometimes one led, sometimes two or three, but all seemed to pray all the time. I was specially interested in some members of the audience. There was one lady who looked somewhat out of place. Fairly well-dressed and wearing a hat, she sat near the front, but looked uncomfortable and unaccustomed to the surroundings. While all knelt she kept her seat and I soon began

to notice that whenever the name of the Lord was mentioned she crossed herself: so she evidently belonged to the Greek or R. C. Church. She soon had enough to do. It was not so bad for her while the pastor was praying, though she had to cross pretty often, but when some one else prayed behind her, she wanted to see as well as hear and so turned every now and then, but still kept up the crossing. When two were praying in different parts then came her difficulty; the crossing was frequent and the turning also, but when a third joined in and a fourth, it was a hopeless task for her to keep pace, though she tried valiantly. She must have been pretty tired before all was over. At the end of the prayer season, she fled.

Mr. Fetler read part of John IV, and every now and then, to emphasize a particular verse, asked the people to read it aloud. After more singing, he came to the sermon on "He must needs go through Samaria". The people seemed literally to hang on his words, even the children. There were several little fellows in front and they never took their eyes off the preacher throughout his long sermon.

Other two persons I had specially noticed at first and I watched them now. One was sitting right in the front; the most wretched looking man imaginable; unkempt, with poor clothes, looking as if he had slept on the streets for months; a most pitiable object, but his eyes were fixed on the preacher. I prayed earnestly for him.

The other came late and sat about five seats from the front, a fashionably dressed lady. She had on a large white hat, overshadowing one side of her face and an enormous lavender feather in it. I could

see she was a stranger and I prayed that she too might get a blessing. During the earlier part she seemed interested but rather bewildered. As soon as the sermon began, her whole attention was given to the preacher. I never saw a gaze of more concentrated earnestness. All through she maintained that attitude.

My poor wretch in front seemed occasionally bowed down with weariness, and I thought he was inclined to sleep: still he seemed to struggle with the feeling and maintained attention.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Fetler had another season of prayer, and asked those who wished to be saved to hold up their hands. A goodly number of hands went up. Then he asked the anxious ones to come to the front and immediately there was a rush for the front. They stood just before the table, at the steps leading up to the platform. F. spoke a few words to them and then asked them to kneel, and on the steps and around as they could find room they knelt, some 30 or so., F. led them in prayer and again all the people prayed. When the penitents came out first they were sobbing and crying; one woman screamed out at the top of her voice. Mr. Fetler went down to speak to them and quieted this woman. Now he asked them all to stand. I had lost sight of my wastrel in front and do not know whether he knelt with the others, but now, at any rate, he was standing with them. F. asked them several questions: — Did they realize they were sinners. Did they believe that Jesus died for sinners. Did they trust in Jesus for salvation, and the like. To each they answered with evident conviction "Da, da" (Yes, yes). They then went back to their seats. The lady of the feather was not among them, but I noticed

that when they came forward she was crying and sobbing quietly. I learned later on that she had been led to attend the meeting through seeing the change in her maidservant who had been converted at the meetings. She afterwards had an interview with pastor Fetter and there was reason to believe that she was led into the light. We now sang very heartily a Russian version of Diolch Iddo (Songs of Praises) which, by the way, we had sung the night before also.

There was throughout the meeting a wonderful sense of power and the earnest looks of the penitents was something to be remembered. They were mostly men, some looking very intelligent. This be it remembered was an ordinary Sunday Morning service. I am afraid that in our country we do not as a rule expect conversions on the morning service. We may look for them at the evening service. But in Russia under Pastor Feller's ministry, conversions are expected at all services and take place at all services.

A Russian Church Meeting

It was now after 12 and the service was over, but there was a Church meeting to follow. At this three candidates were received, two women and one man. The first woman gave her testimony standing before the people and after she withdrew, the meeting was asked if any one could speak for her, and two sisters, with beaming faces, at once stood up and testified strongly in her favour. The vote for her reception was unanimous and hearty.

The man was next and told his story. It seemed he had been a drunkard and a bad man generally,

but was converted at one of the meetings. Then he went into the country to his native village and began to read the Scriptures to the people and to tell the story of his conversion. The Greek priest went to him and threatened him with imprisonment if he did not stop, but his reply was that he must obey God rather than men. He was also very heartily received.

The third was subjected to a very long examination. I thought there was some doubt about her in the minds of the people, but finally one worthy brother said that we could not expect so much by way of testimony from her as from others, but there was no doubt as to the reality of her experience. We had "Diolch Iddo" again over these candidates, and finally about 1.15 managed to get the meeting closed.

A Sunday School Meeting

After Church Meeting, I went with Mr. Fetler to luncheon at Madame Tchertkoff's with the promise of rest until the 5 o'clock service. About half an hour's journey lay before us and a young fellow went with us who wanted a talk with Brother Fetler. This young man was a student, brilliant in his uniform, which every student had to wear. He had recently been converted and baptized and F. thought he was now a hopeful candidate for the ministry. At Madame Tchertkoff's we met another Russian lady, a Miss Peucker, about whom I may have something to say later. Luncheon and talk brought us to 2.30. Sunday School in the adjoining Hall had commenced at 2. F. and Madame were now to go to it, and I expected my promised rest, but, says F., in his persuasive accents, "you will just come in a bit to see S. School

and then rest". So we went in. Children all eagerly rushed at Fetter and welcomed him at the top of their voices. Then they sang, and how they sang! —the girlies especially, with bright clean, shining faces. Then F. told them about me—the Professor all the way from London — and called upon me just to say something; so, of course, had to say it. Then I was free to go and rest. It was not very long, however, till the summons came for tea.

Immediately after we had to start for the 5 o'clock meeting in the central Hall. F. had to leave after the first part and go to preach at the Lettish meeting, while I gave the address here. The Hall was full and platform also. Members sat on the platform and on one side of the hall as Communion service was to follow. Before I finished my address, F. returned. Then a short season of prayer. Then the Communion, but scarcely any one went out. All unitedly gave thanks for the Bread and Wine. We closed by singing "Diolch Iddo" and about 7.30 got away for another meeting.

A Suburban Meeting.

This meeting was in a suburb of Petersburg, a few miles out in the country, at a place called Lesnoy ("The Woods"). A leading Spiritualist had been converted, in a remarkable way, and after his conversion, he had built a Hall in his own grounds where meetings were regularly held and much blessing enjoyed. Some of my readers have heard through our Magazine of this worthy brother, an optician, by name Mr. Urlaub. He suffered practically "the loss of all things" during the Revolution, but was greatly used in helping to main-

tain the work at Dom Evangelia during the troublous days. It was a joy to meet him three years ago in Berlin, when with Madame Yasnovsky, he arrived from Stockholm (1923). His daughter, Madame Goering, is known to many of our friends through her good work among the Russian women in Berlin.

It was 8.30 when we reached the Hall at Lesnoy and found the place crowded, and Mr. Robert Fetler holding fort. F. then introduced me and I told the story of my Conversion, F. interpreting. After singing and praying, Mr. Fetler spoke for some time and then "tested" the meeting. About 20 held up their hands and there was evidently real power in the meeting. We got the service closed by 10.20, but there was no getting away till about 11 and it was more than 11.30 ere we got home. Glad to get to bed about 12, very tired, but delighted with my first Sunday in Russia and devoutly thankful to the God of all Grace for the Spiritual Wonders we had witnessed.



· Pastor SIMEON STEPANOFF, of Moscow.



A Russian Ikon *Page 85*

CHAPTER V:
A FESTAL DAY IN THE FOREST OF
NOVGOROD

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were spent rather quietly by me, but friend Fetler was hard at work all the time. I went with him in the morning to interview the Minister of Education about the question of closing down the Sunday School work, as an order had been issued prohibiting children of Greek Church parents attending, but as that is of antiquarian interest now, I need not dwell upon it. Then we had gone to the City Prefect to get permission to hold a Conference which F. was projecting. There was a preachers' meeting in the evening to which I did not feel it necessary to go; but it was another instance of Mr. Fetler's multifarious activity. On Tuesday evening there was a meeting at which farewell was taken of Brother G. To that I went and had to speak. The meeting resolved itself into a consecration service for believers, when every one seemed anew to be yielded to God, and it was quite impressive when, in singing the last verse of "Just as I am",

each hand was held up in token of making the vow. There were also ten decisions for Christ. On Wednesday evening there was a baptismal service (four candidates), a meeting full of power and blessing, but I am anxious to pass on to the account of our memorable day beyond Novgorod. The measure of rest I had taken was partly in preparation for that. The former Treasurer of the Lettish Church was to be married, and F. had promised to marry him, going for the purpose to the Lettish colony of L . . . in the province of Novgorod, the ancient capital of Russia. There was also to be an all-day meeting among the Lettish people.

Mr. Fetler wished me to go with him and, of course, I was nothing loth, to have what promised to be a very interesting experience. We left St. Petersburg by the 11.30 p. m. train on Wednesday, but so full was it of people going Moscow - wards, that we could not get a sleeper. In our second-class compartment there were two passengers on one side and three on the other, but ere long one left, so we were two and two. I managed to secure a fair amount of sleep, but poor F.'s long legs were a great trouble to him and he could not get a comfortable stretch. It was a fine night and never seemed really dark, one could have seen to read all the time and about 2.30 the sun prepared to rise and the clouds were magnificent. About 3 the top of the great red rim was just above the horizon, when we ran into the junction, and a great factory and other buildings shut out the glorious view.

We changed trains here and found that though our train did not go for an hour and a half, it was in waiting, and by taking the sleepers, we could turn

in at once. This we did and had a good sleep till we reached Novgorod, about 7.20. Here a friend from the Lettish colony was waiting for us with a pair of horses and a remarkable kind of carriage.

We had breakfast, tea, with bread and eggs brought with us, and then started on our drive of more than 2¹/₂ hours. What a drive! A sack of hay for a cushion, no springs, and an awful road, strewn with big stones, full of great ruts and pools of water. For a time it was very trying, but by and by we struck into the main road which was in much better condition. Here there were forests on all hands, forests, which until quite recently were inhabited by wolves and bears, and even now when winter is severe, these animals are not unknown, and take toll upon the live stock of the farmers. This main road was very straight and stretched for miles in front of us. I surmised that it might have been made under the orders of Alexander I, who designed the straight railway to Moscow, and on enquiry so it proved. Well, Mr. Fetler and his co-workers are engaged in providing a straight way to heaven for the Russian people. Half way we rested for a little and went into the forest and picked "blackberries" (bilberries, whortleberries).

After two hours or so we turned from the highway and then we knew what a rough road really was; over swampy places, laid with timber like the corduroy roads of the American backwoods: and the bumping, swaying, wiggle - wagging and switch-backing were something to remember, or rather something we wished to forget. However all things come to an end and by 10.35 we reached the chapel, which like all the houses is built of wood. The service had begun and the Lettish pastor was holding forth to a crowded

congregation. We were very much in need of a wash and clean collars, and after some difficulty managed. There was no basin, but we had soap and towel with us, and we found a teapot of water in the vestry: so out on the grass we went and while a good brother, after the style of Elisha's servant, poured the water on our hands, we got washed, and with our clean collars, felt more presentable.

Entering the chapel, we found the choir singing very nicely. The place was quite full, porch and passage also: the women all sat, bareheaded, on one side, and the men on the other. After a bit, I had to speak, and, as the Communion was to be observed, it was suggested that I should speak about the Ordinance, which I did, F. interpreting into Lettish. We then separated for a little while and came back for the Communion, some, meanwhile, who were not members, going home. The service was very simple: two plates with the Bread which Mr. F. and the pastor broke; a flagon of wine with two cups which had to be replenished several times to go round. A brother gave thanks for the cup and then we sang a hymn, and while the cups were passing round, the choir kept singing. One of the hymns sang was "There is a fountain filled with blood".

Children's Meeting

After service we got ready to go with our driver and the prospective Bride and Bridegroom in our chariot, to return at 4 for other services. On the way we picked up our driver's wife and had another experience of a rough road. In places there was no road at all, simply going through the woods or fields.

At length we came to a marshy pond, through which the apology for a road ran. F. and the Bridegroom and I got out and walked round while the chariot passed through this, and then we decided to remain on foot, and walked the rest of the way, while the thing flew through the woods and was out of sight in a very little time. Our driver is brother-in-law of the Bride, and to his house we went: a wooden one of course. We were shown into the one large room, clean and sweet enough with two small beds in it, on one of which I very soon deposited myself.

Then our host brought in a portable wash-stand arrangement and went to forage for a meal. He had asked F. what we would take and he had said "Oh, anything, bread and milk and eggs &c", only he remembered afterward, he forgot to say "eggs". So by and bye, there came a glass of milk, cold for me and one, hot for F., and a large plate of bread, light, porous, home-baked, and with some raisins in it. Then we lay down and had a fair sleep, and washed in the fancy arrangement. The water came out of a bent pipe on a swivel, without tap (as is the case on Russian trains) and like a fountain is allowed to run on the hands, there being no stopper in the basin; so that our first wash in the field from the teapot spout was not so peculiar in the Russian friends' estimation as in ours.

We then started to walk to Chapel; meanwhile a thunderstorm had developed and it rained slightly most of the way. The Chapel, in spite of the rain, was again filled. This time it was the children's turn. They sang pieces, and a number of girls and boys recited little bits. They were mostly very plainly, humbly dressed.

In the course of the proceedings, I gave an address to the children. Afterwards they sang the English hymn, "Come to Jesus". It seems that some time before at a Convention in the province, Mr. Fetler had taught this to the teachers, and now it was their own happy thought to sing it as a surprise to Mr. Fetler and a compliment to the English Professor.

Mr. Fetler gave an address which, I fancy, had not much reference to the children. Still they listened wonderfully well while the grown up people were clearly deeply interested. I was desired to take to the Sunday School Scholars of Britain greetings from the Russian children "behind the marshes" of Novgorod.

The Marriage Ceremony

The Chapel was crowded. In the vestry, for some time, the women were decorating the Bride who sat on a wooden box. She was dressed simply, in white "nun's veiling" (I presume) trimmed with silk, and they put a myrtle garland on her head, then about that a sort of white chiffon headdress from which down her back flowed the veil, which had sprigs of myrtle all over it. She had also a bunch of myrtle at her breast and another at her girdle. The Bridegroom, gorgeous in full frock coat, and great white tie and a bunch of myrtle. All the near friends were distinguished by sprigs of myrtle, but there were no bridesmaids or best man. The couple had chairs on the platform close to the preacher, for one part of the marriage ceremony was a sermon. This Mr. Fetler preached and he evidently had a good time, and

the people too, for some thirty-five minutes. Then the two stood up and F. put the usual kind of questions to them and each of them twice said "da". He then joined their hands without removing their gloves, and placed his hands over theirs while he pronounced some formula and prayed very pathetically. After singing, he called upon me to say a few words to the Bride and Bridegroom and to the people generally, and so we got through about 8 o'clock.

Then came the question of returning. Mr. Fetler had previously decided that we should start at 4 o'clock in the morning, have a little time to look round the city of Novgorod, and go thence by 9 o'clock train or boat. Now he had learned that there was neither train nor boat till 2 o'clock, too late for St. Petersburg meeting. Train that night was at 11 and he proposed now to catch that. As it was after 8, and no preparations made, it seemed impossible. I urged him to go and see the man and ask him to get the horses ready &c, but he had so many friends to speak to, that time slipped on, and when he did see the man, he laughed at the idea: the horses could not take the long journey again so soon, there was not time, and the train went at 10.30! So nothing for it but to fall back on former programme; go home with the marriage party, get a meal, go to bed, and go to Novgorod in the morning, see the city, and if no train or boat going in time — nobody seemed absolutely certain of anything concerning transport — then let the Petersburg meeting go.

The party walked all the way to the house, the newly-married pair leading the procession, through forest and wet fields of wet grass. The house was a wooden one with thatched roof; a great room

on the ground floor, papered with newspapers, roof all full of branches by way of decoration; table filling all the length of room and covered with huge plates of brown bread and some of the raisin bread we had seen before. Many plates of meat were brought in, a sort of stew, big lumps of lean beef and junks of fat pork, or it may have been boar's head. Anxious to get something solid to eat at last, I took a piece of each; the beef was very good, and the fat — good but rather rich; I had milk to drink, the others had glasses of coffee. The Bride and Bridegroom sat at the head of the table and ate out of one dish, symbolical, I suppose, of their future living. Some of the Russian peasants gathered round; one old woman put her head in at the little open window and stared steadily throughout the feast. Three or four barefooted shaggy men (to whom F. had spoken and sang outside) came into the room and stood likewise staring all through. After all had eaten, their places were taken by another set, children, dependents and belated guests, Bride and Bridegroom still sitting in state.

F. went to an American organ in a corner of the room and began to play and sing; immediately all the young men and women gathered round him. He had assured me we should get to bed by 9, but I had been quite content with the likelihood of 10. But now, as time passed and he had no thought of moving, I went and asked about the possibility of my retiring. After a little, he came and took me to the other house where we had been in the afternoon, and after getting me safely in there, went back to the singing, and I to bed. I heard him come in about 12.

At half past 3 we were astir and went over to the

other house for bread and tea. The guests gathered outside to bid us farewell. I suggested a hymn which they sang very sweetly. Then I prayed and we mounted our fiery chariot and once more took the road. This time it was not so bad. We went by another way to join the main road and so escaped the worst part. We went mainly through field with just an apology for a road. At one place we passed the graveyard of the colony, and I stopped the driver so that we might go out and look at it. Everything was very simple. A little wooden cross marking each grave, with the words "Here sleeps" so and so. The graves were raised and cut square, the earth being bound with wood. Our driver showed one recent grave as that of his wife who had died in February (*my* dear one had passed away on Feb. 10). I felt great sympathy with him, but could only express it by pointing upwards, — language which he understood, as he nodded and seemed pleased.

I might say here that this Lettish colony had originated in the invitation of Alexander II to Lettish agriculturists to come and settle there, each receiving a portion of land to cultivate. It had to be reclaimed from the virgin forest, and these hardy settlers had done their work well and all around were evidences of skilful cultivation, which contrasted favourably with what I had seen of farming elsewhere.

We reached Novgorod about 7.30 and went to a hotel to have breakfast, intending then to sleep for an hour or two, and afterwards have a look at the city before leaving at 2 o'clock. Breakfast had to be delayed a bit, for even here F. had friends; a number of Lettish folk had come to market and now gathered round him. One was a preacher who wished

counsel, so he came upstairs to our room with us. We had tea and boiled eggs, being doubtful of the cooking ability of the house. I suggested to F. that he ought to see if there was a time-table about, so that we might know for certain about the trains. There was none, so he decided to go to the station and enquire. I lay down and was soon asleep.

Ere long F. returned with the announcement, "forced marches". He had made up his mind that, if at all possible, he must get to Petersburg for the meeting. There was neither train nor boat going till 2 o'clock. He had tried to find a goods train or something else going. A special train would cost 200 roubles (about £20); this was out of the question. The Station master suggested that if he went to the pier, he might find a private steamer going, or the only other thing would be to drive to the junction 50 miles or more, which would be very expensive and doubtful if it could be done. So we hired the first droshky available, a most disreputable conveyance and set off for the pier, passing a great monastery and a splendid monument erected in 1862 to celebrate 1000 years of Russian history. It is a striking bronze group rising tier on tier; on each round are the figures of the heroes of the successive centuries, and at the apex of the monumental mass, and towering high above all the civil, military and ecclesiastical leaders whom the country delights to honour, is the Cross, central and dominant. A suggestive parable for any nation. "The Cross" said Fetler, "is always central in Russia". That is true outwardly, what we desire is to have it so spiritually.

Through the ancient walls still standing, we went; through the market well stocked with fruit, flowers,

vegetables, bread, meat, fish, leaping in the tubs, &c, to the pier. No steamer going; the only thing would be to hire a steamer, price 50 roubles (£5). The idea was fascinating and grew upon us, so that finally it was decided to hire it. We were assured it could easily get to Volkoff in time to catch the train for Petersburg. The next thing was the paying of it. F. found he had not enough money, only some 42 roubles. I asked if English gold would be taken. No. The only thing was to go to a bank and change some of my gold. Another droshky was hired and off we dashed. On the way, F. went into a shop, the proprietor of which he knew, as he had attended some meetings of his in Novgorod, and he thought he might change, or lend him something. But he was not at home, and the daughter was, of course, doubtful about it. So on to the bank, but there they did not change English money. They directed F. to another bank, where they might. But time was now pressing and this was some distance. So back to the shop, and finally the girl gave him ten roubles for an English sovereign, he to send the roubles back from Petersburg, when she would return the gold. I had a few roubles besides, so now our resources were equal to paying for the steamer, and train fares afterwards and also getting some provisions laid in. We bought some bread, a large basket of strawberries, raspberries, oranges and sunflower seeds! The last named delicacy I had seen at every street corner in Petersburg, in the baskets of old women, which along with hard boiled eggs seemed their whole stock in trade, and having enquired about them, I learned that the sunflower-seeds were freely eaten by the people. F. bought them now to prove to me how

good they were. I may add that one was enough for me, and that F. soon lost his appetite for them.

The steamer had been getting fitted up while we were away but was still some time before it was ready. At last we started at 10.45. It turned out to be the large steamer which was due to go at 2 o'clock. It generally did the journey in 3¹/₂ hours with full compliment of passengers and stopping at six stations, so that there was no need for concern about getting us in time for the train. Three o'clock being, as I understood, the time of the train's arrival at the junction.

Well, we had a famous voyage: had a good wash in the first class cabin; stayed most of the time on the upper deck, where we arranged cushions and slept part of the time. By and bye F. went down to the first class cabin to sleep, and I sat and wrote my journal. About 10 minutes past two, I thought, I would go and see how we were getting on, and lo! our destination was in view. I asked if that were Volkoff, and was answered "da". Pointing to my watch I enquired if we would be there in 10 minutes, "da da". So down I went and woke up F. He was greatly excited, when he looked at his watch. "Ten minutes! Why the train will be in". "Oh, no" I said, "we shall have half an hour to spare". "No," said he, "it goes at 2.29!" Up we went, and behold, the train was signalled. The Captain assured us we should be in time, as the train would wait a few minutes at the station. I was for getting them to signal to the station-master, but F. said that would be no good as they would not wait a moment beyond their time. Well, before we were moored, the train thundered across the bridge and entered the station. All haste was made to get alongside, the gangway

was thrown and across we rushed and up the steps leading to the station at a great pace. When we reached the platform, the train was at the other side. F. leaped down on the rails and I followed: it was unusually high, over four feet. As we did so, the third bell rang; we just managed to clamber up the steps of the carriage when off went the train; not a moment to spare. Reached Petersburg by 6 o'clock and home by 6.20, having had a never to be forgotten experience.

CHAPTER VI

LESNOY AGAIN—A GOSPEL EXPEDITION TO SCHLISSELBURG

I have been asked by friends who have read my account elsewhere of the voyage in the foregoing chapter, whether it was really worth the expense for the sake of the Petersburg meeting. Could that meeting not have been taken by some one else? Well, I had put that question to Mr. Fetler, but he had a fairly convincing answer, which, however, I did not, at the time, feel at liberty to mention publicly; but I think I may mention it now. The meeting was to be held in Madame Tchertkoff's Hall, and Mr. Fetler always felt the importance of being there himself, but on this occasion Madame T. had given him to understand that a certain high lady, who had heard him on a former occasion and had been deeply interested in the message, was expected to be there that evening and specially wished to hear Mr. Fetler. The lady was the late Queen of Greece! It may be said, the soul of a queen is no more precious than the soul of a charwoman: quite so, but, a queen

may have greater influence and it is not every day that an earnest Evangelist has the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to a queen; so, in any case, I was not inclined to blame my friend for wishing to use that opportunity. As far as the expense was concerned, I may add that the funds of the Mission did not have to bear it, as Mr. Fetler's share of it was subsequently borne by Madame Tchertkoff.

After we had dinner on our return from Novgorod, Mr. F. was occupied talking with one of the leaders of a mission station: he was never free from some such business. Suddenly he made the announcement that it would be necessary for me to go to Lesnoy to preach, while he went to Madame T.'s Hall. He had before told me that he had announced me on Sunday night, but as he could not get any one to interpret, it would have to fall through, and I had concluded to go with him to Madame T.'s Hall. A second announcement had been made and the people would all be expecting me. The lady whom I have mentioned several times as interpreting for me, had just called with Madame Pashkoff to know about our Novgorod expedition and to bid us farewell as she was leaving Petersburg next day. Mr. Fetler now used all his powers of persuasion to get her to go with me and though it was very inconvenient for her, and Madame Pashkoff held out against it as long as she could, Fetler's eloquence prevailed and it ended in him getting his way as he so often did. Now I must introduce this good lady. Formerly Baroness von Kruse, she was then known as simple Miss Kruse, companion to Madame Pashkoff. Sister she was to one well known to most of my readers — Madame Yasnovsky. I can never forget all the service she rendered me and a

most sympathetic and efficient interpreter she was. It was a great joy to meet her again two years ago at our Slavanka Convention (1924). She had passed through the horrors of war, revolution and famine, and at last, in the mercy of God, with her noble and much-honoured friend and friend of all God's people, Madame Pashkoff, had escaped to Paris. I was glad to be partly instrumental in getting her over to Slavanka to meet her sister who had just in a wonderful way been led to this country. Alas! since then she has passed away, but it remains a very comforting memory to dear Madame Yasnovsky, that the two like-minded sisters had the opportunity of that happy meeting at Slavanka — foretaste of the meeting that will yet be theirs and ours.

Well, this being settled, we set off to get the steam-tram for Lesnoy, Mr. Robert Fetler going with us. I may here say that Mr. Robert was subsequently largely responsible for carrying on the work at Lesnoy, and there in good time he found his good wife. We got to the place sooner than we expected. A brother had just commenced the meeting with singing and prayer. Then Mr. Robert introduced me and gave out the hymn: "Tell me the old, old story". Then I prayed and gave a Gospel address. The place was well-filled, though there were not so many of the intellectual people, students and others, as Mr. Fetler had expected. For this is quite an intellectual and high class suburb. Still there was a good sprinkling of "intellectuals" present. I put the Gospel as plainly and as earnestly as I could, and my interpreter fully entered into the spirit of it. Then I prayed, and one felt that there was real power. I asked those who wished to have peace with God and who desired us specially to pray



Russian Pilgrims in Palestine. *Page 93*



**The late Patriarch Tikhon of
Moscow.** *Page 96*

for them, to hold up the hand, and a dozen or more did so and looked very much in earnest. Then we prayed specially for them and spoke definitely to them. We had another hymn, asking the people to choose one they knew; they chose "Come to the Saviour", and sang it very heartily. I tried in a few more words to impress the invitation of the hymn upon them, and then concluded with the benediction. Miss Kruse, who wished to get home as soon as possible, and I came away about 9.50, but Mr. R. gave out another hymn, so I do not know how long they might continue, but I believe good was done that night.

Madame Pashkoff had kindly placed a bedroom in her own house at my disposal, where, for the remainder of my stay I was very comfortable, having usually my meals, as before, with Mr. Fetler. Next day, when Mr. Fetler came from his meeting, he was able to report a good time, but, after all, the Queen had not been able to be present. Her Private Secretary, however, was there and he had a long and interesting conversation with him about his soul.

Gospel Expedition to Schlisselburg

On an early page, I mention the report Mr. Fetler had received of the encouraging beginning of work in a hall, the use of which had been given by a large employer of labour. At the earliest opportunity Mr. F. determined to visit this new station, to reconnoitre in force this new post in the enemy's territory. I gladly embraced the opportunity of accompanying him, the choir and other helpers, numbering about forty in all, going with us.

Schlisselburg, the town in question, is well known as the place in which is situated the great fortress,

wherein the political prisoners are immured; we know that the people *generally* are prisoners of sin and superstition, and we go to preach liberty to the captives. We go by steamer, Schlisselburg being distant about four hours' journey. The morning is fine, the scenery is picturesque — in places striking — and we steam pleasantly along, enjoying all the new scenes and experiences.

The friends presently began to sing their Gospel hymns, and gradually the passengers gathered round to listen. When we were about half-way, Mr. Fetler came to me — I was then on the upper deck — and said: "We are just having a meeting; I have spoken, and I want you to come down and say a few words of Gospel after we sing this hymn." I concurred, and found quite a crowd gathered round the singers. They were singing "Christ receiveth sinful men", so I felt I could not do better than talk about that glorious truth. Most attentively the people listened to the Old Story. Then one of the brethren told of his conversion, and before finishing he "tested the meeting". A man and his wife in great distress held up their hands, and came forward to be spoken with. Mr. Fetler did not encourage this, however, as he thought it rather an unwise procedure in the circumstances. One cannot be too careful in Russia in regard to anything that looks like proselytising!

A Personal Testimony

We reached our destination about two o'clock, and went to a hotel, where we were supplied with hot water and tea, the members of the party having brought other necessary provisions with them. After dinner I

walked down the river-side with the choir-leader, a promising young fellow, who was anxious to learn a little English. I asked him how long he had loved Jesus, and he told me about seven years; and then, partly in English and partly in German, he said: "I love Jesus a little time; Jesus love me all the time". We walked along the great canal which Alexander II made to connect the harbour with the lake. A monument stands on the pier in memory of the enterprise. A small chapel full of *ikons* was also erected in commemoration of the same event. On the opposite side of the Neva, near its exit from the lake, stands the great, grim, political fortress.

We made our way circuitously through the town to the meeting-place, where we found that the meeting, timed for four o'clock, had already begun at 3.45. I had learned, meanwhile, that on former occasions about 200 soldiers had been present, but that, being forbidden by their officers, they would not now be able to come. Still, apart from them, there was a great meeting.

The hall is a large square building holding about 450. A long table was ranged at one end, behind which sat the singers and friends, and the front seats, arranged in a semi-circle seven or eight deep, were all occupied. The majority had to stand. At the extremity there was space for people walking about, and for some time it was a kind of promenade; but before long this part was also packed, and outside the building, at all the open windows groups were standing, while many more were standing or sitting in the street, listening in a non-committal sort of way. The congregation was composed mainly of men, with just a sprinkling of women.

Disturbers quieted.

At the beginning there was a cry, followed by a stampede, a great many of those in the outer circle rushing out of the building. Someone had raised the alarm of fire, as a joke. By-and-by most of these came back. After a good deal of singing, I was called upon to speak, and tried to make the Gospel as plain as possible to those poor souls who had scarcely ever heard it before. Then the brother who had spoken on the ship gave an address; part of the time there was a good deal of unrest and sometimes shouting and other noises among the people in the outer circle — evidently a strong attempt of the enemy to disturb the meeting. After some more singing, Mr. Fetler spoke. His address was on, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

At the close, Mr. Fetler asked those who were desirous of salvation to hold up their hands. A large number of hands went up, I could not count them, but there must have been considerably over fifty. Mr. Fetler spoke to these specially and prayed with them, and we may hope that not a few of them entered into the light. There was one young woman sitting just behind me, and when at one stage of the meeting we were singing, "Just as I am," I let her look on my hymn-book. I was struck with the intense eagerness with which she seemed to devour the words. We did not finish the hymn, but she grasped the book and read over all the verses to herself again and again.

More singing and praying and general rejoicing, and finally we managed to close the meeting about 7.15, and these people had sat, and most of them stood for three solid hours and a half, showing no desire to

go away. We made our way to the steamer which was due to leave at 7.45, the return journey to be accomplished in three hours downstream. Mr. Fetler had the opportunity of speaking to two men in the cabin, who seemed anxious about their souls, and right gladly did he point them to the Saviour. On the homeward way there was singing at intervals, again much to the interest of the passengers. Towards the end of the voyage, another meeting, when the English Professor had again to witness, and F., fresh as ever, once more told out the Gospel Message. Home about 11.30, tired but triumphant, and saying in our hearts, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad".

Note. Shortly after my return to London, I learned that on a subsequent occasion the Greek priests had stirred up great opposition to the meetings and the believers had even suffered violence. A post card reached me from Mr. F. saying that in consequence of the disturbances "The Governor of St. Petersburg has forbidden the Schlisselburg meetings, but I hope the Governor of all the world will cancel this. Let us ask Him and He will do so."

CHAPTER VII

A RUSSIAN BANK HOLIDAY

Monday morning after the Schlisselburg Expedition is spent quietly in the garden, though Mr. Fetler, is still about the Lord's business, for to him in the garden comes the Private Secretary of the Queen of Greece. A fine looking fellow in his courtly uniform. His face would be handsome, but for a long diagonal seam across it, which tells of a sword cut received in the Japanese war. Hours are spent in earnest conversation, Bible reading and prayer, and at length to the great delight of the earnest pastor, the Secretary decides for Christ. In the evening there is a preachers meeting, and present with us are Prof. Scheve of Hamburg Baptist College and Pastor Arndt of the German Baptist Church in Petersburg. We have some profitable talk with the Professor, who gives a helpful address to the young preachers, and a very interesting meeting it proves, showing that Mr. Fetler is fully alive to the necessity of giving some training to these earnest young fellows who are eager to tell out the Gospel which they have received and whose services

are so much needed in view of the rapid extension of Fetler's work.

But I want to tell of the Bank Holiday which took place next day. Well, it wasn't exactly a "Bank Holiday" as we understand it in England, but it was its equivalent. The shops were shut and most of the public works closed, and St. Petersburg was keeping holiday. The evening before one of Mr. Fetler's friends said to him, "The brethren and sisters would like to have a prayer-meeting tomorrow, seeing it is a holiday." "All right" said the earnest pastor, "a prayer-meeting we shall have certainly." So 10 o'clock, the usual hour for Sunday morning service was fixed for the prayer-meeting, and in due time, with Mr. Fetler, we found ourselves in the central Hall, which was well filled with eager, bright-faced worshippers. As at most of the meetings, the men were in the majority. The sisters, by the way, have solved the difficulty of hat obstruction, which is coming to be such a trouble in this country; they nearly all remove their hats in the ante-room and appear in the meeting with their natural head covering or a slight lace kerchief thrown over it. We have a good time of hearty singing and earnest prayer. As usual there is a season of silent prayer, when many requests for prayer are presented.

By and bye Mr. Fetler gives an address from Malachi III, 10—18, and afterwards there is another season of united prayer, many of the brothers and sisters praying aloud. Then the pastor asks those who have not hitherto been working for Christ, but who desire to do so, to hold up their hands, and a large number of hands are held up. A prayer of confession and consecration follows, and this very

interesting and profitable holiday prayer-meeting comes to an end about 11.40.

There had been great power in the meeting, and it seemed as if all must have felt the presence of the Lord; and yet there was one man sitting there who, while Mr. Fetler was speaking, deliberately took a comb out of his pocket and began to comb his luxuriant head of hair and his bushy black beard! For about a quarter of an hour he thus attended to his toilet. Strange, how some eyes can be blind to the glory shining around which others rejoice to see.

After service there is a committee meeting with the architect in relation to the new tabernacle, and while they are discussing the plans, I do some writing on the platform till called to join them. For a good hour and a half they were thus engaged, showing that these brethren are alert business men and wish to know the why and the wherefore of every matter.

At last about 1.30 we are free to seek for luncheon before starting on a journey towards the borders of Finland. Our train starts at 2.15 and we manage, after all, to get to the Finland station in good time. We have a ride of about three quarters of an hour to our destination. The country a few miles from St. Petersburg, like the greater part of Russia, is rich in forests, and the little town to which we go is prettily situated. Among the forests on one side of the railway is a little rising ground, a refreshing change from the flatness which is so prevalent. A good brother, member and secretary of the Petersburg church, Mr. Pavloff, meets us at the station and conducts us to his house. It is like all the houses here built of wooden logs, but very pretty and tasteful it looks. There is a large piece of ground at the back of the

Newspaper Evangelism.

As one of the means to reach the masses with the Gospel Pastor Fetler occasionally inserts a whole sermon in a Russian daily newspaper at advertisement rates. Thus thousands of Russians can read the message of life. This "Newspaper Gospel ministry" could be multiplied manifold, in the measure as funds are supplied.

The Sermon

on the other side was printed in one of the largest Russian Emigrant daily papers, called "Rul", and published in Berlin. The facsimile in miniature is taken from the actual copy as published. The heading translated into English, is as follows:

Useful Talks with Russian Emigrants

Edited by Vasily Andreievitsh (William, son of Andrew) Fetler,
Director of the Russian Missionary Society.

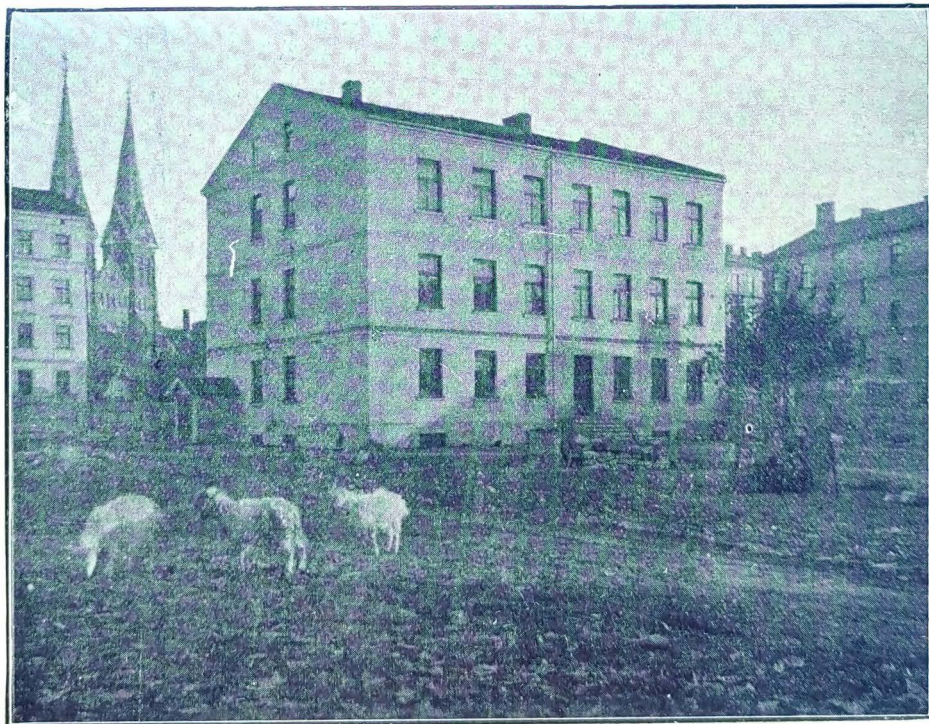
Talk II.

On Regeneration.

Talk II.

In such a way Mr. Fetler has published a whole series of sermons and spiritual addresses in the Russian papers of Berlin, Paris, Prague, Belgrad, Warsaw and Riga. It will be of interest to know that one of these papers was the „Dni” edited also in Berlin by Mr. Kerensky, the first President of the Russian Republic after the Revolution. When the workers of Mr. Kerensky's office found out that Pastor Fetler is offering at reduced prices Russian Bibles, a delegation from them came and purchased a copy of the Bible each, including one for Mr. Kerensky.

These sermons were published mainly through some special gifts of several friends at one of the Slavanka Victorious Life Conventions.



The site of the Riga Tabernacle and Bible School which Mr. Charles Phillips photographed in faith before it was bought. The place has since become a bee-hive of manifold Gospel activities. *Page 229*



Baptismal service in the open air in connection with the Stone-laying on the site of the Riga Tabernacle on July 12th, 1925. Candidates have knelt in prayer before the baptism. *Page 230*

house, called by courtesy the garden but it is quite uncultivated virgin soil of the forest, the trees having been cut down. At the end of the "garden" where there are some young trees and shrubs, we hold an open-air meeting. This would not be possible in St. Petersburg, but here, on the borders of Finland, there is a little more liberty, and a goodly number of the neighbours gather in this quiet country place to hear the Word of God. It is a day of brilliant sunshine, and we are grateful for the slight shade the trees afford. We have a good meeting, the singing is very hearty, though evidently many are not accustomed to such a service. I have the privilege of speaking the Word while Mr. Fetler interprets; then he preaches the Gospel in his own impassioned way, and good impressions are evidently made.

After meeting we have some conversation with several who linger for the purpose. Here is an old Colonel, a fine-looking man. Mr. Fetler introduces him to me as the one he told us about when in England having heard from his friends that he had shot himself. "But," I object, "I thought you said he committed suicide." "Ah, yes," he said, "I understood so, but *he missed the mark.*" I am glad he did so. He seems now greatly interested in the Gospel, and the despair which led him to make the attempt upon his own life has given place to the peace of God. Another interesting character there is a young princess who has been wheeled to the meeting in a bath-chair, being greatly crippled. She has been afflicted for eight years, and, poor thing, she cannot believe in the love of God, but she seems greatly impressed, and Mr. Fetler has a long talk with her which we hope may bear fruit. Then there is a

young Jewess who greatly interests me. She is quite a dwarf and also a cripple; her fingers are all twisted, yet she plays the harmonium beautifully. She is very pretty and bright, and speaks a little English. We have a talk together; at first she is very shy in using her English, but gains confidence as she proceeds, and is quite delighted that she can understand and make herself understood. She is greatly interested in Christian work in England and much concerned about the salvation of the Jews. Our host, Mr. Pavloff, joins us by-and-bye, and the little lady acts as interpreter between us, and altogether we have a pleasant time. The princess's attendant takes a photo of Fetler and myself and of the little group which had gathered round us. We have tea in Russian fashion and enjoy it, and then set out once more for St. Petersburg.

Reaching St. Petersburg, we make our way to one of the smaller halls occupied by Mr. Fetler and his friends in their Gospel work, and are in time for a meeting at 8 o'clock. This is, I suppose, the smallest of the halls, being indeed two rooms opening into each other, but all can see and hear the preacher as he stands at the end. The place was packed somewhat, over one hundred being present, mostly unconverted. I spoke on "the Master is come and calleth for thee," and had much liberty; great interest was shown and real power felt. And here, by the way, let me mention what I frequently noted while attending these Russian meetings, the marvellous power of the Word of God. Spoken first in English, then translated into Russian and passed on to these people, it nevertheless moved and swayed them. The personality of the speaker was not the influence, the people in a manner were not in contact with the speaker

except in a very indirect way, and yet the wonderful Word, the living Word, did its own glorious work.

After Mr. Fetler spoke a little while, he asked all those who wished to be saved to hold up the hand, and it seemed that the most of those present did so, and the sense of the nearness of God was almost overwhelming. Mr. Fetler prayed specially for those anxious ones, and all seemed very earnest. Then he asked several questions as to whether they realised that they were sinners, that they could do nothing to save themselves, whether they believed the blood of Christ could save them, were they willing now to believe, etc., etc. To all the questions they answered with one voice "da" (yes).

After the meeting several stayed behind for personal conversation. One rich lady who had come for the first time, influenced by her servant, had a long talk with Mr. Fetler and seemed really interested. A bright, intelligent-looking lady told Mr. Fetler that she had been converted for some eight months, and had felt for some time that she ought to be baptized, but she had kept back in the hope that her husband would be converted and come with her, but now she was determined to wait no longer but present herself for baptism. Her husband was present at the meeting and now appeared among the most anxious. He knelt in prayer and Mr. Fetler spoke to him explaining the way of salvation, and then he prayed for himself, and after a little further talk he cried out, "Oh, thank God, I feel I am saved," and we sang "Hallelujah." He rose to his feet with eyes streaming and tears sparkling with the joy-light, and he and friend Fetler fell on each other's neck and kissed. What a transformation in the whole appearance of the man. He is a

fine intelligent-looking fellow, and we trust he may become a great power for good.

A student who had come with us from the other place, and to whom Mr. Fetler had been talking all the way about spiritual things, but who had been an agnostic before beginning to attend the meetings and still had great doubts about the divinity of Christ, now knelt with us in prayer and avowed his faith, calling upon Jesus as Lord to save him, and the promise was fulfilled in his experience. There were two young ladies, bright intelligent girls, who had come to the meeting for the first time because a companion had told them they ought to go, "it was so ridiculous," and would be sure to make them laugh. They came to laugh, but remained to pray, and seemed to enter into the peace of God and to obtain the joy of salvation.

One of the members occupies part of the premises as his house, and with him and his good wife we had another glass of tea. This brother, by the way, is a trophy of grace. Before his conversion his life was so bad that his wife was obliged to separate from him, but, coming to one of Mr. Fetler's meetings, the Lord met with him, and he has now a happy home and occupies an honoured place in the Church, being assistant secretary, and just before I left, Mr. Fetler had engaged him to help in his secretarial work.

We reached home some time after 11 o'clock, tired enough, but rejoicing that we had seen on this "bank holiday" so much of the grace of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOSCOW MEETINGS

Pastor Fetler, a year or more before my visit, had commenced work in Moscow, the ecclesiastical centre of Russia, and great had been the excitement. God had given him favour in the eyes of the common people, not a few had been converted and baptized, but great opposition was aroused on the part of the priests and strenuous efforts were made to frustrate the work, but in vain. Rev. R. S. Latimer, in his interesting book, "With Christ in Russia", gives a graphic account of the stir among the Orthodox at the "Defilement of Holy Moscow" by the preaching of the heretic Fetler, and especially by his daring to administer "heretical baptism." He had also been accused of breaking the law; spies had given distorted versions of his sermons, and the case against him was still pending and continued to "pend" for a considerable time afterwards, only reaching the climax after the breaking out of the war. Part of his programme for me was a brief Mission in Moscow, and

I was, of course, delighted at the opportunity of seeing the celebrated city and the work of the Lord there.

We left Petersburg on a Wednesday night at 11.30, reaching Moscow at 6.30 on Thursday evening. We drove at once to the Mission Hall where F. had a room. The meeting was to be at 8 o'clock and the people were already gathering. I was feeling far from well, having been a bit upset, by the hot weather, and the irregular meals and late hours, and should have liked tea, but there was no thought of such sublunary matters. Some of the gathering folks had come specially to see Mr. Fetler, and there he was plunged over head and ears in Church business. I asked for a cup of hot water, but there was none on the premises. However, friends sent to a shop for a kettle full, and a glass of it really did me good and braced me up for the meeting, which commenced at 7.45, (Moscow time is half an hour in advance of Petersburg).

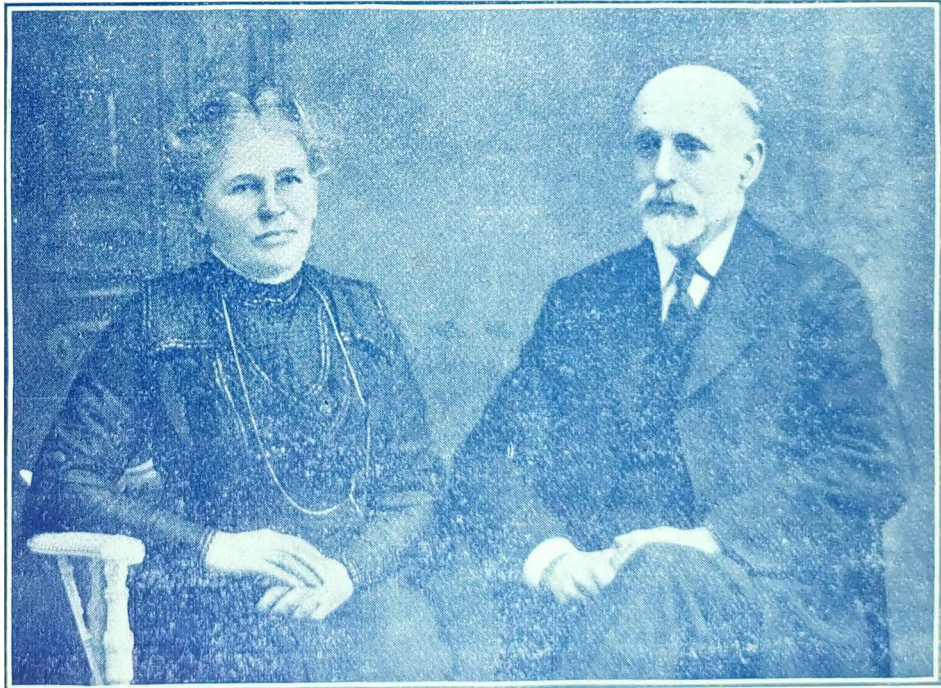
We began by singing "Tell me the old, old story": then six friends prayed in succession. Then singing, and I spoke on "Sin, Love and Blood", three words that have great meaning in Russia. By the way, I discovered that it is not necessary to say much to a Russian audience by way of seeking to convince them of sin. They have a far more vivid sense of sin, speaking generally, than an English audience. Sin is to most of them no mere doctrinal fancy, but a stern reality in their hearts and lives. And very soon you find when you begin to speak the Word of God to a Russian, that he is convinced of sin, and eager to know how to get rid of it. This is one fact that makes the Russian heart such good soil for the seed of the Gospel. My audience listened most attentively.

The choir sang a Gospel piece, and then Mr. Fetler read James I, the congregation, at his request, reading several verses. He then preaches from James I. 5—8, with his usual vivacity and force. He does not, on this occasion, ask for decision, but feels that the meeting is full of power, and so I thought. Next morning we went out to see a little of Moscow, going by tram to the Kremlin; but it is not for me here to tell of the wonders of this almost Oriental city, of its many churches, its quaint old Church of Ivan the Great, the architect of which was put to death by Ivan the Terrible, lest he should design another like it; the celebrated gates of the Kremlin, the palaces and churches, the great monument to Alexander II with its simple but suggestive inscription "Любовью к Народу" (By the love of the people). We stopped a few minutes to look at the spot where the Grand Duke Sergius had shortly before been assassinated. The great square is impressive in its extent, but what scenes it has witnessed since I saw it!

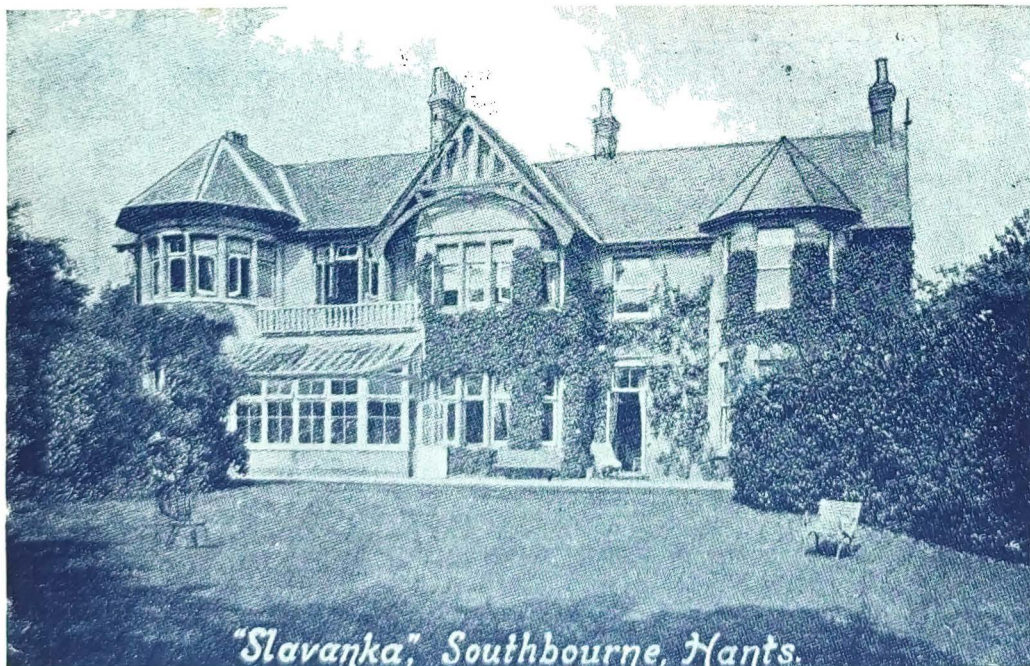
It is proposed that we go on a trip down the river to a celebrate resort where we can have luncheon and view the land. Start off for the steamer in company with one of the helpers, a lawyer friend, F. meanwhile going off to see a spiritualist Editor, of whom he has heard encouraging things: how, in his spiritualist paper, he had begun to set forth Gospel truth and was evidently near to the kingdom. He purposed bringing the Editor with him to join us in our little excursion; another instance of the way in which "instant in season and out of season" our brother is ever "watching for souls". We go on to the steamer pier and await his arrival, but we have a long time to wait. At last he drives

up in a droshky with a lady, who proves to be the Spiritualist Editor's assistant, the Editor himself being unable to come. The lady, however, is greatly interested in religion, and F. hopes to be able to influence her aright. It is now a quarter to two as we start and half an hour's sail and a climb lie between us and luncheon. But it is a delightful sail, and the scenery is the finest I have seen in Russia. We pass along by the famous Sparrow hills, along which Napoleon led his retreating army and bitterly viewed the burning of Moscow which gave the death-blow to his hopes. The Restaurant was beautifully situated on a spur of the hills and we passed a pleasant couple of hours: I resting for the most part, F. and the lady talking "religion" all the time. A magnificent view of Moscow is obtained from the restaurant, and it is worth while going a long way to see. We returned by steamer, and on disembarking, the Lawyer and I came back to the Hall, while F. went on with the lady to the Editor's, as he wished some further talk with him.

It was decided that, as I was feeling rather out of sorts still, I should not attend the meeting that evening but rest. I had fallen asleep before the meeting commenced, but at intervals could hear the singing. About 9 I woke to hear Mr. Fetler preaching and evidently having a good time. I was inclined to get up and join, but hesitated and fell off again. Then, about 10, I heard the congregation singing with great "enthusiasm", "Nothing but the blood of Jesus". After a bit, I heard a general clamour. At first I thought it was an outburst of enthusiastic prayer, but it was too loud for that, and then I heard Mr. Fetler clap his hand and there was silence. I then



Rev. and Mrs. E. A. CARTER,
President of the Russian Missionary Society.



"Slavanka", the former residence of Madame Tschertkoff at Southbourne in England, now one of the buildings of the Southbourne Missionary and Conference Centre.

rose and passing through the other room, opened the door and peeped into the Hall. The meeting had dispersed, but the believers were in groups talking in the most animated way. Mr. Fetler came to me and said "Oh we have had trouble; 20 Greek missionaries came to disturb the meeting and we had to send for the police." The disturbers waited till the end of the meeting before they began. Over 30 people had come forward to confess Christ and the meeting was declared closed: Mr. Fetler pronouncing the usual formula "S o b r a n i e k o n c h e n o" (meeting is closed). Then these men got up and asked questions and tried to raise a discussion. This Mr. Fetler never allows; for one thing, it is against the law. The curious thing is that the men who are trained and paid for this work and come on purpose to do it, do not begin to oppose in the course of the meeting; that would be "sacrilege" from their point of view! However, it had been a thoroughly good meeting and I was sorry not to have been at it.

Mr. Fetler had also received from a messenger a summons to come and see the Chief of the Secret Police on the morrow. What this thing might mean he did not know, but one of the great terrors in Russia in those days was the Secret service police.

After breakfast on Saturday morning, we set out to wait upon the Chief of Police, but go first to see a friend of F.'s, the manager of a flour company who wished to take us out later on to his country house to dinner. A long tram-ride brings us to the Office of the Secret Police and we enter its gloomy precincts with mingled feelings. What tragedies have been set in motion here! We go into the waiting room; by and bye Mr. Fetler is called to an inner

room and stays some time, but, to our relief, is restored to us, without fear of imprisonment. We learn that the Chief was impressing on him the same point put before him in Petersburg, that he must not allow children of Greek church parents to attend Sunday School: but he went further and asked Mr. Fetler to promise that he would not allow any young people to come to his Gospel meeting. But F. knows the law thoroughly and he told him that he could and would promise no such thing. If any came to a public meeting they came on their own responsibility. As a matter of fact he would rather the children did not come as they took up the place greatly needed for the grown-up people, but he certainly would not turn them out, and the matter ended.

I pass over any account of the dinner at the hospitable friend's house, though it was very enjoyable, simple and good. The afternoon was used by me for resting, while F. and the others occupied the time with singing hymns and spiritual conversation.

Evening meeting was again crowded. I spoke on the subject of the Manna. There was a young woman sitting at the back, who was known as a revolutionary agent. The friends told me afterwards that she seemed deeply interested, and showed signs of emotion. When I spoke of the possibility of a proud man not willing to stoop to gather the Manna, but going on and treading on it, as illustrating the awful verse in Hebrews about the despisers of Christ treading "under foot the Son of God", she put her hands to face, gave a smothered scream and rushed out of the meeting.

Mr. Fetler then spoke a while and gave the opportunity for decisions. About 40 came forward and

seemed quite broken down. There was no disturbance.

On Sunday morning the meeting was for believers at 10 o'clock when I and the pastor both spoke. The meeting closed at 12 and a Church meeting followed. After which we went to the country house of another member in good circumstances. And here I might give an idea of a native Russian dinner. It was a very good house, well - furnished, and an air of comfort and plenty every where. The Dinner consisted of, first course, a great plate of thick slices of fat ham. I chose a little bit of the smallest and daintiest looking slice and munched a little of it, as I was still rather out of condition. The only bread on the table was of barley and rye—gray and black. I had learned by this time that black bread is not necessarily a sign of poverty. I found it at the homes of Madame Tchertkoff and Madame Pashkoff, and it was really considered a necessity, if not a luxury. The second course was soup; not bad but like most Russian native soups very sour. I ventured to take a little cream with it, which everybody did but I thought rather incongruous, and I found it improved it greatly. My hopes were now raised for some good meat to follow. A great long dish was brought in, which I concluded contained a great long fish, but it turned out to be "kesil" which I had met with frequently before; a kind of jelly made with potatoe flour. It proved better than some I had tasted and as there was an abundant supply of capital milk, I fared not so badly. Then followed an immense pasty thing, of which I take a piece and find to my joy that the fruit in it is apple.

Our next meeting is at 5 o'clock and I am to preach, with Madame Yasnovsky as interpreter. That lady whom I had not before met, has arrived this afternoon. She has been on holiday in the Caucasus and F. has told me a great deal about her and has sounded her praises as an interpreter and as one of his very best workers: his right hand, as indeed she had been up to then and ever since. I had had her sister, as I have related, as my interpreter in Petersburg when available; at all other times M. Fetler had himself interpreted, but it had been a strain upon him with all his other speaking and singing, though indeed he never showed any signs of strain, but our good sister's coming would leave him more free. It was a real pleasure to meet this gracious, gifted, lady and to find that she was all that she had been described, and I had heard of her from Madame Tcherkoff and Madame Pashkoff, Miss Kruse and Miss Peucker, and I can look back now upon 16 years friendship with her and testify that she is one of the excellent of the earth.

We had another capital meeting, I gave an address of half an hour, which with the interpretation meant an hour. Mr. Fetler preaches on Matthew VII. 21. There is evident power in the meeting, but he does not test it on this occasion, for he wisely avoids routine in this matter. The meeting is closed before 8 o'clock, but, of course, it does not come to an end for a long time, as F. has so many to whom he must speak. I get tea about 9 o'clock, but Fetler has had nothing since dinner-time and seems to want nothing.

The choir had been practising in one corner of the Hall and now released from his interviews, the pastor takes the choir in hand. I may say here that

he always has a good deal to do with the training of the choirs. Sometimes he has good helpers, but sometimes he has to do everything himself and always takes delight in it. He firmly believes making the choir an evangelistic agency and great success has been attained in this direction. I do not know how some of our English choirs would be affected by his methods, but success has certainly attended his dealing with his Russian choirs. For instance, once, in the earlier stages of his work, when the people came crowding to the meetings, the members of the choir began to take the credit of the attendance to themselves as due to their good singing. Mr. Fetler at once took the drastic step of dismissing them: the people continued to crowd to the meetings, increasing rather than diminishing, and when the choir folk recognized their mistake they were reinstated. Now he had been a good while absent from Moscow and he thinks their spiritual fervour is not what it should be. He talks to them for half an hour, then gets them all on their knees and a number of them pray. When they get up, the leader, a dapper little gentleman, with great expanse of white shirtfront and otherwise immaculate, kisses Mr. Fetler. There is some further talk and at last, about 10, they get away.

There is a young woman, a little wild like I fancy, hanging about, and now she lays hold on F. for a talk, and then she comes with him and his helpers into his room, while I retire to try and get a couple of hours' sleep before starting on our midnight journey to the South. But that woman has a terrible tongue! F. comes in to ask if I am likely to sleep or would prefer to join them. I do not feel very likely to sleep with the sound of that woman's tongue,

but I do not wish to be nearer to it. F. says he thinks she is an agent of the revolutionary party, but she is well-educated, a Sunday School teacher &c. She gets quieter and I do get to sleep. By and by she shouts very loudly and then they seem to go out into the Hall and I get to sleep again. Afterwards Mr. Fetler tells me that he discovered that she was evidently demon-possessed! She commanded them all to kneel down and pray to her. But he looked her in the face and ordered her to get down on her knees and pray to God, which she meekly did, declaring that she knew she would have to go down into the darkness by and by. F. and the friends are fully persuaded that she really was possessed; certainly she was sufficiently like it.

That night we travelled to Tula and spent next day in Tolstoy' neighbourhood, visiting the Bishop of Tula Monastery on our way back as recorded in the following chapters. We returned to Moscow on the Tuesday morning. We should have liked to have seen something more of the city before our farewell meeting in the evening, but it had rained tremendously in the night and was still pouring. However, it was eventually thought that I might go under the guidance of Madame Yasnovsky and see some of the "inside" sights, so after 10 we started by tram for the famous Picture Gallery. But what torrential rain! When we got out of the tram, the rivers of water in the street were impassable, and we had to take a cab for the short distance that remained. The Gallery was very interesting, and as Madame's husband had been a celebrated artist, she had a good knowledge of art and was able to point out the best things. After having luncheon in a restaurant, we purposed going

to see some of the sights of the Kremlin, but it again came on to rain so tremendously, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning and huge hailstones, that, after waiting for a little lull in the storm, we made our way home by tram car.

At 8 o'clock we had a delightful meeting. I spoke a few farewell words; the lawyer brother, who had been in charge the last few weeks and who was returning with us to Petersburg, spoke, and the pastor gave his closing message. Then we had the Communion and so closed a brief but enjoyable and profitable Mission.

Several of the men had kissed me at each of the meetings and I quite expected there would be an attack on force tonight and so it proved. Every one, I mean every man, young men, middle-aged men, old men: mostly hairy-faced men, some not over clean-looking men, all kissed me and I submitted with as good a grace as I could. F. was fully occupied himself, but I caught his twinkling eye more than once and saw that he was wickedly enjoying my embarrassment, for withal his seriousness, he has a keen sense of humour. One big, rough hairy, not-too-clean fellow came to me at the last to say something and I thought I had got rid of him with a hand-shake, but he muttered something, implying, I thought, that he would see me later. I fancy, his shyness prevented him from kissing me when the others did, but evidently he was working himself up for the effort, and so finally when we were starting for the station about 11 o'clock, he appeared again, laid hold of me and, manifestly labouring under great excitement which brought the moisture to his moustache and beard, he kissed me!

I left Moscow strongly impressed with the earnest spirit of these humble believers, their devotion, self-sacrifice, love of the Gospel, joy in the Lord and genuine brotherliness. These are the people that Pastor Fetler is accused of

seducing from the Orthodox Church,

but any one who has seen them at their meetings knows that they have needed no persuasion to leave the lifeless formalism which has failed to meet the needs of their awakened natures, and to gather round the living and life-giving Word. Their hearts won by the grace of the Gospel, they soon settle the question of Church connection, and that, the law gives them the perfect right to do. I have never known Pastor Fetler to speak a word against the Greek Church, or call upon any to leave its ranks. He proclaims the Gospel and calls upon sinners to come to Christ and leave their sinful life. The Church relationship each one is left to decide for himself.

The long night journey proved quite comfortable, and we arrived at Petersburg at six o'clock the next evening, having made the most use of our brief time in the South and ready to see still more of the Divine working in the Northern capital of the great Empire of Russia.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY IN TOLSTOY'S NEIGHBOURHOOD.

After my return to England, I wrote an account of this visit for *The Sword and the Trowel*, then edited by my dear friend Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and instead of writing anything new, I reproduce that article, with Mr. Spurgeon's sub-heading.

Among my journeyings in Russia last July, I reckon one of the most interesting my trip into the Tolstoy country, albeit I had not the opportunity of meeting the remarkable man who has just passed away. I had been with Pastor Fetler for a few days in Moscow, where we had some wonderful meetings marked by many tokens of Divine blessing, and Mr. Fetler was anxious that we should go on to Tula and thence to visit Madame Tchertkoff, one of his best friends in St. Petersburg, who was then on a visit to her son who had been allowed to return from exile to see his mother. Mr. Tchertkoff's name has appeared prominently in connection with the death and

funeral of Count Tolstoy, he being indeed one of his most devoted friends, his right-hand man. Mr. Tchertkoff's estate adjoining that of Tolstoy, and we were not without hope of perhaps having an interview with that distinguished Russian. After a most interesting meeting in Moscow, we set out for Tula by the train leaving about an hour after midnight. On our way to the station we were accompanied by a brilliant young fellow who has been an agnostic and has lived rather recklessly, but now being anxious to live a new life he desired to have some spiritual conversation with Mr. Fetler, and all the way in the droshky the earnest pastor expounded and enforced the truths of the Gospel. The station, which is that whence start the trains for Siberia and China, is a magnificent one. Beautiful palm and other trees growing along the platforms, the waiting-rooms, refreshment room, and offices all on a grand scale; our young friend was very proud of it and wanted to know if we had anything like it in England.

The train starts punctually, we have a sleeping compartment to ourselves and are able to get a fair amount of sleep. We reach Tula about 7 o'clock in the morning, where we have a refreshing wash and brush up. We have certain important business to transact in Tula, and the question is, When is it to be done, before or after we have visited Madame T.? I suggest having breakfast at the station, but F. thinks we may get it better in the town, so we prepare to go. I ask if he knows when we can get a train to the other place. No, but we can enquire. Off he goes to make enquiry and returns in great haste. „Come along, we must catch this train that is going now; there is not another till 3 o'clock in the afternoon.”

We rush off and as the third bell is ringing we manage to get on board the train by which we had arrived, which is now once more moving on. We have about an hour's run before us, and breakfast has receded indefinitely.

We are interested in the country as we pass along, which here is a little less monotonously level than many parts of Russia; we have even some railway embankments, but from Berlin to St. Petersburg and from Petersburg to Moscow and onward I have not yet seen railway tunnel. All along the line are forests, and stretching away in the distance as far as one can see are the interminable forests.

At the country station the droshkies are rather dilapidated-looking things, but we must take one, as our destination is some five miles off. Our droshky, however, has two horses, and our driver, though shabby enough as to dress, proves to be a man of some substance. He tells us his story as we go along. When a young man he had gone to Moscow as a valet to a gentleman, learned to read and write, and had good prospects, but his father fell ill so he came home to work for him and mother, and to keep the family together. He had got on well, and now owned several houses, had two farms and horses enough to run two droshkies for hire; he is chief man in the village council. He is very intelligent, religiously inclined, and has a better conception of evangelical religion than the ordinary peasant. Mr. F. gives him some Gospel tracts, and in fact preaches the Gospel to him for several miles, and he is most responsive; his heart seems the "good ground" ready for the seed, and he will be glad to welcome Mr. F. into his village to preach to the people there.

In the train F. had bought a box of somewhat villainous-looking concoctions called "Tula cakes", and said to be celebrated throughout Russia; and he was greatly surprised that I would not partake of the delicacy. His own appetite, however, soon declined, and he was glad to pass one to a child in the carriage, the other he wrapped up in the box to take as a present Madame T.! When we started on our drive he handed one to the driver, who accepted it with profuse thanks, and then after F. had begun to talk with him, he turned round, and holding up the cake assured us that he would *preserve it for ever* as a souvenir of this happy occasion!

Reaching the Tchertkoff house we found it a substantial though plain dwelling, surrounded of course by forests interspersed with cultivated fields. The household is a kind of small colony, Mr. T. conducting his establishment somewhat on Tolstoyan lines. All his servants and workpeople have their meals together with the family in a common dining-room, where everything, food included, is of the plainest kind. Mr. T. himself received us very kindly, though he is not in sympathy with Mr. Fetler and his evangelical work, and told us he was having a chamber prepared where we could wash and afterwards we should breakfast with his mother in her private room. This programme was carried through to our satisfaction. Madame T., while welcoming us heartily, did not think it would be well to call upon Tolstoy. He had not been at all pleased with Mr. Fetler's plain speaking at a former interview (a good account of which, by the way, is given in Mr. Latimer's new book *With Christ in Russia*, just published by Hodder and Stoughton), and as

he was in a weak state of health it might upset him. We were joined at breakfast by his daughter-in-law, Countess Tolstoy the younger, who is a very intelligent lady, speaks English fluently, and is interested in Christianity.

About 11 o'clock we went out into the shade of the forest, with the object, *inter alia*, of interviewing a hermit (to whom I made reference in my article in September *Sword and Trowel* on the "Spurgeonic Bishop"), who was reported to be living near in a hut made by his own hands on a piece of land given him by Mr. T., where he grows everything needed for his own support, his theory being that a man should not eat anything that he had not produced by his own labour. After a little this singular individual joined us. He is a youngish-looking, fair, slender fellow, clad in old trousers, reaching not quite to his knees, and a rough shirt; arms, legs and head bare. F. had a long talk with him. His central religious idea is that he has to gain the mastery over himself and find God in his own consciousness and experience. He reckons Christ a good man like Buddha and Confucius, etc. A highly interesting character, with whom one would have liked some personal conversation unrestricted by the language barrier. Politically, his opinions are very ultra. He does not believe in any kind of government. He refuses to have a passport, which every Russian citizen must have. The police have found him quite a problem about this. They can't apprehend him, for he is not a criminal nor a beggar. He protests that a passport is only a piece of paper and so goes on his curious way. Mr. F. talked very earnestly to him, meeting him on his ground and trying to show him

the true way of peace and usefulness. Mr. T.'s son and two other young fellows lay under the trees and listened intently to the conversation, but presently Mr. T. appeared in the distance and signalled to his son, who joined him, and one of the other young men also left, but the other remained throughout, and seemed much impressed, and asked for Mr. F.'s address, and about the place of meeting in St. Petersburg, that he might perhaps come and see him sometimes. Mr. T. does not wish his son to be influenced by Christianity. He seems an intelligent lad, but he has reduced himself to the status of a peasant, dresses, talks, works and lives exactly as one of the peasants, though heir to a great fortune.

After dinner I rested a while, and then went out into the forest again and found friend Fetler talking and discussing with the hermit and a lady introduced as the Baroness Von Kloot, who was staying at Count Tolstoy's, being one of his community. F. of course pressed upon them the claim of Christianity, the Divinity and the Antonement of Jesus Christ being the points at which they stumbled. They were not ignorant, especially the Baroness, of the New Testament teaching, though it was not to them as authoritative as to us. Still they were much impressed by its statements, and I was appealed to on several points of the Greek, which interested them. I could not but admire the tireless energy and evangelistic fervour of my friend, Pastor Fetler, who literally sows beside all waters, and is instant in season and out of season.

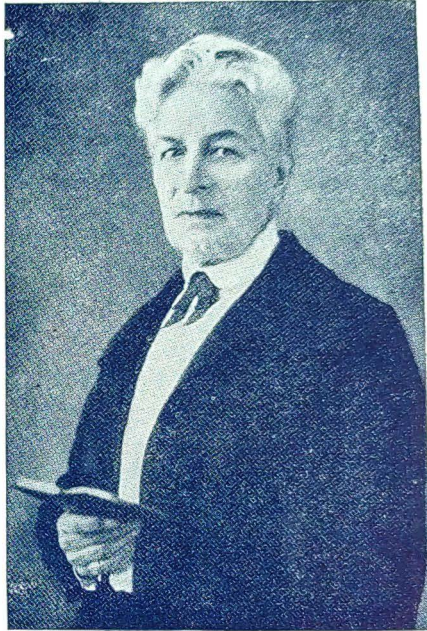
There seemed now some possibility of our calling round to see Count Tolstoy after all, though the matter was still uncertain, but we heard that Countess

Tolstoy was likely to come over to see us. Just as we were sitting down to tea, the Countess drove up and joined us. A bright-looking, brisk-moving, vivacious lady she seemed, but somewhat nervous and excitable. Almost her first words, after greeting, expressed a desire for some cure for nervous trouble or some *help for the soul*. "Ah, yes! religion, let us talk about religion." She told us that she longed for true peace, and one could see that she had real soul trouble, but it was rather difficult to have a long connected conversation with her, she moved from one point to another so quickly. We talked for some time in English, but by and by she went off into Russian, where of course F. readily followed her. She assured us that she could not but believe in Christ as God, though she did not understand about salvation by atonement. She longed to be assured of the divine forgiveness but did not like to hear of the Blood of Christ, "Why do you speak of blood, of death? Speak of His beautiful life, His example." But if there is one text which has proved more powerful than another in Mr. Fetler's soul-winning ministry, it is "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin"; and he had no other Gospel for the Countess than that which had been so blessed to the common people. She told us something of her home life, which one does not feel free to divulge, but altogether she impressed me as being in great and conscious need of the satisfaction which only Christ can give.

As the Countess was leaving she said that the Count had sent a message that he would like to see us. That seemed to decide the matter for us, and we began again to consider the possibility of driving

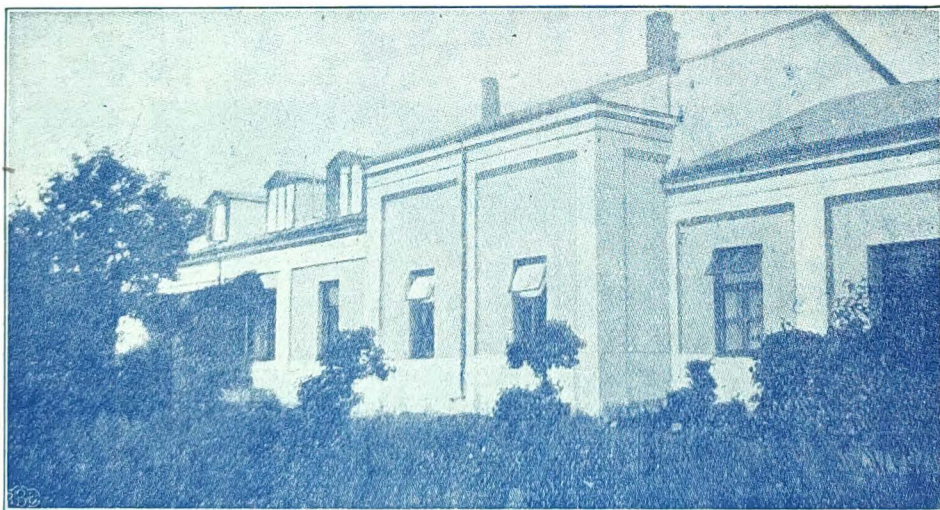
round on our way to the station. Our friends, however, vetoed the proposal; they were sure no such message could have been sent. Mr. T. had been with Tolstoy the greater part of the day, and he advised us not to go, as the excitement would, in his weak state of health, be too much for the old man. Besides, all agreed that he always went to sleep at six o' clock for an hour or two, and, as we could not reach his place before six, and could not wait till later, we felt that we must abandon the attempt. We therefore got ready to drive to the station. Before leaving, Mr. T. gave me a packet of photo post cards, which he had taken of Tolstoy, subscribed with short extracts from his works, remarking apologetically that he did not worship the man, but many liked to have his portrait. I said I could understand his feeling, but of course there was only one Man we could really worship, the Lord Jesus Christ. He reverently bowed his head. God grant that a mother's prayers may yet be answered, and that this gifted gentleman may recognise the Man of Nazareth as his Saviour and Lord.

With the usual beautiful uncertainty, the time of our train was said to be 6.30, and we would just have time, by fast driving, to catch it. However, another and more trustworthy opinion gave the time as a quarter to seven, which allowed us a margin. Our driver, Mr T.'s son, went at a great speed and talked most interestingly all the way. He was educated at Bourne-mouth and knows something of English life, but he opined that the young peasants of his neighbourhood spend their days more profitably and with greater satisfaction of themselves than the English youths, whose chief thought is cricket or football. We get



Madam Maria Yasnofsky.

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Orphanage of the Russian Missionary Society at Konstantin,
near Warsaw, Poland. *Page 209*

to the station in good time, and as a matter of fact the train does not start till a quarter past seven. We see a child brought to the station by some railway men on a trolley, with its mother. The child had met with an accident. Its little hand had been cut off by a passing train, and all the porters and passengers gather round clamouring, the mother wailing and complaining, but there seems no attempt to do anything for the child. I ask Fetler why they don't get a doctor. "Oh," he says, "the mother and father are too anxious to have the matter of compensation settled first." Our train now comes, and we have to go without knowing whether or not any doctor was available for the poor little mite. In a little while we get a glimpse from the train window of the white front of Tolstoy's residence, "*Yassnaya Polyana*" (Bright Home). Alas, the Bright Home is dark enough to-day, and even when at its brightest the failure on the part of its famous inmate to recognise the true Lordship of the Divine Christ, and the need of His great redemption, cast a shadow over it and over all his work.

CHAPTER X

A SPURGEONIC BISHOP

Returning from the visit recorded in the previous chapter to Tula station we had now to consider the advisability of making a call upon no less a personage than a Bishop of the Greek Church. When Mr. Fetler was in London he had spoken at one of the meetings of our College Conference and had greatly interested his hearers by telling of a certain bishop, who had translated into Russian C. H. Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students", having also in a preface spoken highly of that great preacher and urged upon all the study of his works. I had a great desire to meet this worthy man, and as Mr. Fetler had already been in communication with him and was also anxious to meet him, we determined to make an effort to come into touch with him. Formerly when writing or telling of this I had, for obvious reasons, refrained from giving the Bishop's name or indicating definitely his domicile. There is not the same need for such reticence now, so that, we can say that we expected to find him in this neighbourhood of Tula.

When the Bishop translated the lectures he was also head of a training college for Greek priests in an important monastery, but his action brought him under the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities, and he was removed from this honourable position and virtually banished to the place where we found him. He is now in charge of a provincial monastery. We reached the town about eight o'clock in the evening, and after some rest and refreshment at the station set out to try and find our Bishop. A long drive through a straggling, unsanitary town as far as the two ends of it were concerned, though its centre and main part is fairly respectable and imposing, brought us to the monastery. It seemed somewhat late for a call as it was now considerably after nine o'clock, and the attendant who answered the bell was of that opinion and doubted whether it would be possible to see the Bishop at such a late hour. However, he took our cards, and went to ascertain whether the Bishop would admit us. In a very short time he returned with beaming face, and said it was all right, and led us through the garden to a retired corner where the Bishop and a brother were having tea under an awning. He received us very affably and ordered fresh tea to be brought, and also a light.

He disclaimed any knowledge of English, so the conversation was carried on between him and Mr. Fetler in Russian. He knows English sufficiently well to read it, though he did not trust himself to speak it. I could sympathise with him as that was my attitude towards Russian. Once when the monk was refilling my glass of tea — for we had tea in true Russian fashion, in glasses, with lemon instead of milk—I said to him “slaby!” (Russian for “weak.”)

and at once the Bishop said "very good!" Still, of course, it was much easier for him to talk in Russian, and Mr. Fetler could tell me the gist of what he said, and also pass on my questions to him.

He is a tall, fine-looking man, and I could not help thinking that he is somewhat like C. H. Spurgeon in the upper part of his face. He told us that he finds great similarity between Spurgeon's thoughts and his own. No writings have ever appealed to him in the same way. We gathered that it was through reading Spurgeon that he had come into full peace. There is no doubt of the fact that he is a truly converted man. He talks very feelingly of regeneration and salvation by the Blood, etc. While he was head of the college he taught his young men to preach on the lines laid down by Mr. Spurgeon in his lectures, and he knows of some four hundred who are preaching in that way. Who can measure the amount of good that may thus be done. Some Greek priests, he told us, have used the lectures as translated by him to such an extent that they have preached them as their own, and some have even printed one or two of them as such.

It is only a year since he came here and commenced this monastery. There is another and much larger one in the town, but this is, I suppose, a branch. There are at present twenty-five brothers in it. They are nice-looking fellows with their long flowing hair and well-trimmed beards, and neat black gown with a simple cord at the waist; very different from the sinister looking shavelings of Rome. The Greek priest and monks have never adopted the Romish tonsure, their idea is rather that of the Nazarite, so that everywhere the priest is known by his long

flowing locks, and where these are kept clean and tidy they look rather well.

He took us to see one of the little houses of the brethren, for this monastery does not consist of one large building, but of a number of small houses, or huts, scattered through the large garden. The house is built of wood, and is very simply furnished, with a bare wooden couch, table and stool, and a few highly coloured pictures. On the way to this he showed us a tree, in the hollow trunk of which is a shrine, several ikons and a small lamp burning, and here he says the people come to pray. He playfully invited me to pass through the narrow opening, and then closed the aperture with a kind of door, and there I was for a little shut up in the heart of the tree.

He showed us his church, which was formerly a brewery or wine store, and owned and managed by the monastery, but he had transformed it, and now he said, instead of cursing the people with the rivers of death, it was sending out the water of life to bless the neighbourhood. It is a long, narrow building with a domed ceiling, and it is nicely and simply fitted up as a place of worship; far more like a place of worship than most of the Greek churches, where there seems usually little room for worshippers and little provision for preaching and hearing the Word, the priestly ministrations being the main thing. The pictures, or ikons, we noticed, were very simple, and I do not remember seeing any picture of the Virgin: they were mostly pictures of Christ. The altar-piece is a representation of the Resurrection of Christ, very beautiful and effective. "We worship the living Christ," said he. At all his services he preaches a sermon, a

very unusual thing in the Greek Church, and the church is always crowded when he preaches. This is the more remarkable, as being a monastery church, the attendance of the townspeople is absolutely voluntary. Evidently there is here the same hunger for the Word as we have found elsewhere in Russia, and the Gospel proves its attractive power; many, indeed, are unable to get into the church. And he assured us that he preaches salvation by the Blood, justification by Faith, and, indeed, the whole Gospel as C. H. S. taught it. He gave us a volume of his own sermons, and a single sermon on the night of Gethsemane; in this latter he was so greatly helped by Mr. Spurgeon that he signed it "By Monastic *and* Spurgeon." I was rather surprised to see a picture of the baptism of Christ, which represented Christ as standing in the Jordan and John the Baptist with his hand as if pouring water on His head. I asked him how he explained that, seeing that immersion is the mode in the Greek Church. He said that undoubtedly immersion was the proper mode, and the picture must be meant to show some other ceremony, such as anointing, in addition to the baptism. I also desired to see the baptismal font of the church, but he explained that they had no baptisms there; being a monastery church the townspeople were not supposed to use it for that purpose.

He told us that he is now raising money to build a larger church, and showed us the plan of it. The present building is to be one aisle, then a large central one is to be placed alongside it, and on the other side another, similar in size to the present. It will hold three thousand people, and he anticipates no difficulty in getting it filled. Among other things we

were shown was a stall with a number of wooden articles made by the monks, and sold to the pilgrims, the proceeds going to the new building. We could do no other than invest in some of these quaint souvenirs. By the way, the new church is so utterly unlike the ordinary style of Greek Church architecture that he is finding some difficulty in getting his plans approved, but he hopes that eventually they will pass. I may add that he also edits a paper which he calls the *Christian*.

As we were about to part, Mr. Fetler suggested whether we might have prayer together, and he at once agreed, and led us back to the church for the purpose. Mr. F. and I stood some little way inside and facing the altar, he and his attendant monk just inside the door behind us. I prayed, and Mr. Fetler translated. Then the good Bishop, who doubtless is not accustomed to pray without his book, uttered a few sentences praying that our prayers might be answered, and that the day might come when there would be one flock and one Shepherd. With grave courtesy he accompanied us to the door, and with every expression of hearty Christian love and goodwill we parted. One of the first things he said when we met, and when Mr. Fetler told him that we had not come as Baptists to see a Greek Churchman but as Christians to meet a Christian, was "Our Father's house is very roomy;" and I have no doubt that this good brother and Bishop has a place in the Father's house, and this intensely interesting interview will ever be a happy memory.

I should greatly like to be able, indeed I have partly promised, to send this worthy man of God a complete set of Spurgeon's works. He only has the

lectures and a few sermons. He is still in the prime of life and has, I hope, many years' work before him, and the influence of Spurgeon's works upon him and through him upon many others would be incalculable. Besides, the monastery as yet has no library; he desires to found one, and would it not be a grand thing to have Spurgeon's works as the beginning of such a library? Who can tell what good might not result therefrom? If this man of God continues to preach a Spurgeonic gospel in his present church, and by-and-by in the larger building, he will reach multitudes who could not otherwise be reached; and I cannot help feeling that there are many who would count it a privilege to help in sending him these valuable books to aid him in his great work.

The above statement was first published in *The Sword and Trowel*, edited by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who added the following words to my appeal:

"We heartily endorse this appeal. What an opportunity! Do help us, dear readers, to utilise it. The Publishers are good enough to quote half-price for the volumes.—EDITOR."

I may add that enough money speedily came in from friends to enable me to send him a complete set of Spurgeon's Sermons, the Treasury of David and some other volumes.

CHAPTER XI
INCIDENTS OF GOSPEL WORK
IN RUSSIA

While in Petersburg we were privileged to hear of some interesting incidents in connection with the work in Russia from our well-informed sister, Madame Yasnovsky, which we think it well to pass on to our readers.

One brother, a travelling Evangelist, who is supported independently, has recently gone as far as Vladivostock, and has everywhere sought to make known the Gospel for which he has generally found a warm welcome. He has been in many

out-of-the-way places, thousands of miles from a railway, travelling whole days on horseback. He has held meetings wherever he had been able to get a room or a hall. In the small towns he could usually get a hall, but the halls were always too small for the number of people flocking to hear the Word. Everywhere there has been much blessing and many converts. In one place a bank manager was converted and baptized; in another

place a high official, while continually the old words were verified, that

“the common people heard . . . gladly.”

Another case may be mentioned: A lady's maid, a member of Mr. Fetler's congregation, had been with her mistress down the Volga on holiday. She had been greatly impressed with the spiritual destitution and heathenish practices of the people, and desirous of doing something for them, she asked Madame Yasnovsky to find one of the brethren who would be willing to visit the place and preach the Gospel to these people, and

this girl gave 25 roubles

for his support. The pastor asked if any one would take up this work, and at once a brother volunteered, and then another offered to go with him. Madame Yasnovsky promised more money if needed, and the two set out with a good supply of Gospels and Tracts. When they reached the place in question they had a strong impression that they ought to go further, which they did. They came, by and by, to some quarries where many men from different provinces were working. Here they gave away tracts and gospels and spoke to the men. They were able to arrange for a meeting in

one of the long huts

which housed a number of men, and one of the workmen told the men who came to the meeting that they must not smoke but listen reverently to the *Slovo Boshje*—the Word of God—and great blessing was enjoyed.

Once, while on the steamer, these brethren were distributing tracts. They offered one to a student (you

can always tell a Russian student by his uniform), who courteously accepted. Two ladies were next approached, but they refused the tracts and laughed at the idea. By and by the student came to the brethren and asked if he might have another tract, as those

ladies had taken his,

and were so interested in it that they would not give it back. Later on they met this student again. They went to the other side of the river and left the steamer, and went into the villages sowing the good seed of the kingdom. No one asked where they came from, or showed any suspicion or hostility, but all listened attentively to what they had to say. One man asked if they mended clocks as he could give them a job. They replied that they did not mend clocks, but they

tried to mend hearts,

and from that text preached the Gospel. Passing a certain house they saw some beehives in the garden and desired to get some honey. I think most Russians are fond of sweet things, so they entered the little house and asked to buy some honey. The owner asked them to stay and have some tea and gave them honey to their tea (the Russians put honey into their tea in large quantities as we would sugar). He then bought a Bible and seemed greatly interested in the Gospel message. He asked and obtained the address of the Petersburg meetings, intending to come to them when he visited the city, and we trust he may yet find the Word of God to be

swæter than honey.

It was while here that the brethren met the student again. He seemed very glad to meet them, and they

had a very interesting talk with him, and the Word appeared to find a place in his heart.

Now these incidents are only specimens of what is going on in many parts of the country. Brethren go here and there, at their own expense often, or by way of spending their holiday, or are sent out with the help of a little money such as that lady's maid gave, and this is a quiet and efficient kind of work which

might be multiplied

indefinitely. Mr. Fetler, with small means, could often send out brethren in this way; indeed, he is continually doing so, but with a little additional help he could greatly increase the number of such witnesses, and everywhere, in spite of opposition from the clerical side, a ready reception would be found for the message.

CHAPTER XII

THE DEVOUT RUSSIAN IN THE HOLY LAND

Every visitor to Jerusalem has his attention drawn to the Russian Pilgrims, and had I been without any interest in Russia, I should still, on my recent visit to the Holy Land, have been constrained to think of that great Empire and its interesting people; but with my experience of Russia and the Russians, I could not fail to be deeply interested in those whom I have come to regard as our Russian friends.

Every year troops of Russian peasants make their toilsome way to Palestine. It is the dearest wish of the devout man or woman in every province of the Tsar's dominions to make, ere life shall close,
that great pilgrimage.

The savings of years, aye of a life-time, are devoted to this purpose, and when at last the opportunity is granted, how gladly do these poor souls set out on the long journey by land and sea, which

eventually brings their feet to stand within the gates of the Holy City.

A paternal Government has made ample provision for these humble subjects of the Tsar. Outside the walls of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa Gate, a large building has been erected, and here the pilgrims are comfortably housed free of charge; all they have to do is to provide themselves with the common fare which sustains their life, and for this a few kopecks daily will suffice. The Russian "Compound" is like a small town in itself.

Besides the huge building or buildings in which the pilgrims lodge, there is a fine Church, rather Cathedral, with a beautiful garden or park, and clustered round, many houses and shops making up the colony. Here you can imagine yourself in Russia. The men and women walking about are garbed as in their native land, the men with their top-boots and heavy coats and fur caps, the women with their little shawls or kerchiefs over their heads. They make their purchases in the Russian shops — ikons, candles, beads — all the ecclesiastical paraphernalia, as well as the necessaries of life, and the Russian language is heard throughout a considerable area.

On my first visit to the

church of Holy Sepulchre,

which, by the way, is apportioned among the five religious bodies—Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Copts, Armenians and Assyrians—I saw a large number of the Russian Pilgrims. And of the many pilgrims from all parts, unquestionably they appear the most devout. There is no question in their minds as

to the identification of the sacred sites, reverently and humbly every alleged sacred spot or thing is visited, and kissed by them. There are many of their priests on hand to lead them from point to point, and there is no rush or hurry; you can see that for these poor people every act is an act of worship. The various altars were surrounded by them, the stone of the Anointing and the pillar of Scourging were

kissed and wept over;

reverently they prostrated themselves before "Calvary," and they thronged the Holy Sepulchre itself until one could hardly move in it. How much of the true spirit of worship was there it is hard to say, but certainly there was no lack of the outward form.

Another day, when I visited the same place, I found a large number of pilgrims going the round under the leadership of several priests; but there was one fine-looking fellow of a priest, seeming himself to be one of the pilgrims, who when they all knelt down in one of the chapels and prayed and sang, led their devotions in a loud, resonant, musical voice which reverberated through the building and caused every visitor to turn that way.

He seemed to put his whole heart

into the singing, and I never heard the beautiful Russian language sound more musically, I could not help thinking what a preacher of the Gospel he would make if he really knew the "joyful sound," and one could but pray that so it might be. How that glorious voice would sound in the *Dom Evangelia* of Petersburg!

On the Russian Christmas Day a great service was held at Bethlehem. As I had other sights to see

I was not able to get there in the morning when the chief function was discharged, nor, truth to tell, was I anxious to go as I knew there would be a terrible crush; but in the early afternoon I was ready to say to my dragoman,

“Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,”

and on the way we met the Patriarch of Jerusalem returning from the service in great state. Quite a number of outriders preceded him in glittering uniform, while he followed in his state carriage, gorgeously appressed, and with insignia of office; crown and crosier, etc.; several carriages filled with high dignitaries following him. Quite a regal procession! How incongruous with Bethlehem and its Manger cradle!

Reaching Bethlehem, we found the afternoon service in full swing. The Greek Church was full, most of the congregation being Russians. It was only a Bishop that presided on this occasion, but

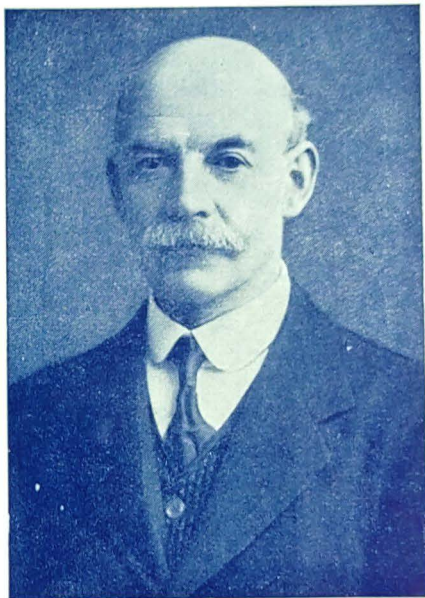
he was enthroned in state,

and the priests in passing him always made reverent obeisance to him! In the Latin Church adjoining, under the same roof, service was also going on, and as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, stolid Turkish soldiers were standing by to keep the peace between the two parties.

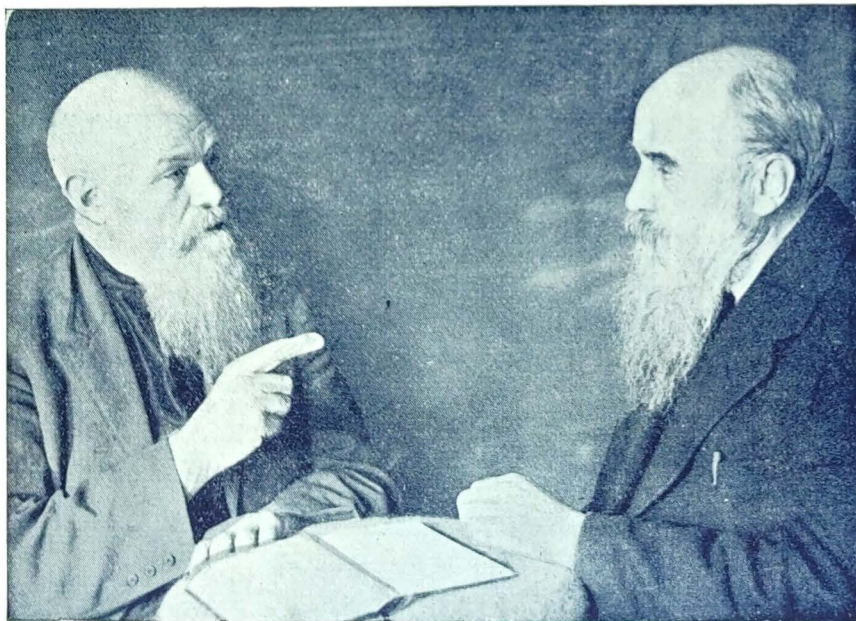
When going down to Jerichò I saw a number of the pilgrims starting on their journey to the Jordan, but I had left its shores before they arrived, so I did not see them

bathing in the sacred waters.

But the following week, wherein fell the Russian Epiphany, would have been the time to see them.



Mr. Charles Phillips, F. R. G. S.,
Associate Director and Treasurer of
the R. M. S., British Section.



Two Russian "Stundist" (Baptist) Veteran Preachers: left — Gabriel Masaieff, formerly President of the Siberian Baptist Union; right — Ilya Goliaeff, President of the All-Russian Baptist Union, Moscow.

Then they flock in great numbers to enjoy the longed-for plunge in the venerable river. No pilgrim can afford to forego this privilege, and each one is supposed to bathe in his or her shroud, which is then reverently treasured up against the day of burial. It is not at all uncommon for one or more of these poor people to be carried away by the force of the current and drowned in the rushing stream; but that is thought to be a glorious consummation to the pilgrimage!

Constantly in walking about Jerusalem I was meeting some of the pilgrims, and somehow my heart always warmed to them, and I wished friend

Fetler had been with me

to tell them the Gospel message in all its fulness and simplicity, or that I knew enough of their language to speak freely to them. I did several times say a word or two as I passed them, and always found them ready to listen. They responded reverently to my quotation of Scripture passages such as "God is love"; "Christ died for our sins"; "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin"; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ", etc. Sometimes as I tried to speak of trusting and loving the Lord Jesus, there would be a gleam of the eye that seemed to suggest that

Jesus was not a mere name to them.

If our Russian Missionary Society had the funds, I am not sure but that it would be well advised to send a good evangelist to Jerusalem to labour among these pilgrims; when they return to their home they are held in great esteem and, if they were able to tell that in the Holy Land they had

found the Living Saviour through faith in His Gospel, they would have great influence over others.

To my great surprise and delight

I found one Baptist brother

among the pilgrims. A fine stalwart fellow he was. He made himself known first to our brother, Mr. A. W. Payne, who is at present working among the Jews in Jerusalem. He did not know a word of English, but through the medium of a German friend who knew Russian it was possible to communicate with him. He was anxious to have some Russian tracts to give to the pilgrims, and these Mr. Payne was able to supply.

I met him one day in David Street

when I was walking round with Mr. Payne, and managed to have a little conversation with him. He was all aglow with love to the Saviour and full of enthusiasm in the work of the Lord. He knows of Mr. Fetler and his great work in Petersburg and read his paper, and had indeed a number of Mr. Fetler's tracts which he had been distributing. He would like to have a Baptist Church started in Jerusalem for Russian people. I saw him again at the Sunday service in the American Church, where

I had the privilege of preaching

the Word, and was pleased to have some further fellowship with him. He seems wonderfully like the other Baptist brethren we have met in Russia—simple, child-hearted, full of faith and love and zeal, a true product of Apostolic Christianity. May the number of such be multiplied not only in Russia itself, but among the Russian pilgrims in the Holy Land!

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORY OF SIMEON STEPANOFF

At the European Baptist Congress, held in Stockholm, there was no more impressive figure, from the physical point of view, than the Russian delegate from the "white city of Moscow," Pastor Stepanoff. A veritable giant among men—tall, broad, massive, stalwart, with an enormous head and bushy beard—he looks the typical Russian. Yet, withal, he is the gentlest and most childlike of men. Possessed of strong convictions, and ready to fight or die for them, his big heart is brimful of love, and ready to embrace as brethren all who love the common Lord.

Speaking as the Russian representative of the National Baptist Union, he greatly interested the assembly, especially when he told that he was one of those who, before the Tzar's edict giving religious liberty, had worshipped God and witnessed for Him in the depths of the forests, beset by spies and soldiers. Our hearts were stirred as he told how, in spite of repressive measures, the work had prospered, and tiny lights were kindled in the darkness—which

now, under more favourable circumstances, flashed out in a line of beauty across the whole country.

We have been favoured with the goodly fellowship of our burly brother on more than one occasion in St. Petersburg, and with some notes of his Christian life, which may not be without interest to the readers of these pages.

Mr. Stepanoff began life as a poor man: he had but a few roubles as capital, but he possessed keen business instincts. He commenced by dealing in a small way in grain, and developed such skill in meeting the market requirements that, ere long, he was able to build a mill of his own, and increased prosperity crowned his efforts. He was known as an expert in the business, and bankers were willing to let him have any amount of money to carry out his transactions.

He became comparatively wealthy, but meanwhile he had been preaching the Gospel as opportunity occurred, and that with such acceptance that friends urged him to give up business and devote himself entirely to the ministry of the Word. In his own soul he felt that he ought to do this, but the love for business, for which he seemed to have a genius, and the desire to make money, prevailed against the higher aspirations. His mother, an earnest Christian woman, and his like-minded wife, kept urging him to separate himself unto the Gospel, and he promised eventually that he would do so by-and-by.

Postponing the Work.

At length his mother died, and some time afterwards our friend dreamed that she appeared and reproached him for not keeping his promise. He

now said he would certainly give up the business, but next day a large order came to hand, and again he postponed the matter. Another night, he again saw, in a dream, his mother, who seemed distinctly to say to him: "Simon, Simon, when are you going to keep your promise?" He now definitely resolved that he would make the great renunciation, but once more circumstances proved too strong for him. A very profitable business transaction was put before him; several other gentlemen undertook to share in the financing, having absolute confidence in his business capacity; and as it would mean a profit of some £30,000, he decided to deal with this matter and *then retire*. *That night his mills took fire*, and now he was compelled to leave the business, as it practically left him. He felt that he had been disobedient to the heavenly vision, but that the Lord had now mercifully constrained him to enter the path of full consecration; and from that time onwards he has rejoiced to devote all his time to the preaching of the Gospel which he loves, much blessing having crowned his labours.

Those who have felt Brother Stepanoff's strong warm, hand-grip may have noticed that the hand is minus a finger, and is otherwise marred. We were interested in hearing the explanation of this. One day, his wife said to him: "Simon, I have had a bad dream about you, and you must not go to the mill to-day, else you will injure your hand". Ha laughed at her, and said it was nonsense, but she persisted in her entreaty. She said she had dreamed that he came to her, holding a large bunch of red roses in his hand, and that meant blood, and he would surely have an accident, and lose his hand. She was so

much in earnest about it, that at last, to please her, he promised that he would not go to the mill that day.

In the course of the day an urgent message came to him that two gentlemen had come on important business and wished to see him at once at the mill. Naturally he went off at once, and saw his friends; but, while speaking to them, something went wrong with part of the machinery; he went to help to put matters right, when somehow his hand was caught in the wheel, and he was taken home to his good wife with his finger amputated, and her dream thus painfully fulfilled.

Recently Mr. Stepanoff, in his desire to spread the Gospel among his fellow-countrymen, adopted the novel plan of reaching them by gramophone. He has spoken some clear Gospel messages into the gramophone, and the records are being eagerly bought and circulated. In some places the clergy have been alarmed and have called in the aid of the secular power to prohibit the sale of these Gospel records, but meanwhile they are fulfilling their mission, and according to the witness of opponents, this new style of preaching is heard and makes an impression wherever gramophone records are to be found; for instance, in tea rooms, beer-houses, inns, and private houses."

Our brother has a difficult task to hold the Evangelical fort in "Holy Moscow", but the Lord is with him, and blessing is being enjoyed. It was to him a great inspiration to attend the Congress, and meet so many likeminded brethren from all parts of Europe, albeit there were not many of the addresses which he could follow, so limited being the use of his own language. We could see, however, that

Baroness Yasnovsky frequently gave him the gist of a speech, and so added to his delight—which indeed seemed generally full; for the “joy of the Lord” is his, and the word most frequently on his lips, and which generally served for answer to all remarks made to him in an unknown tongue, was “Hallelujah!”

CHAPTER XIV

A CAUCASIAN'S CONVERSION

Among the many Christian friends I had the privilege of meeting while in St. Petersburg recently, there was a good sister named A. Kapranova, whose account of her work as a travelling evangelist in the Caucasus greatly interested me. She gave me a little book she had written, containing short articles on spiritual subjects. The first was entitled, "My Conversion to Christ", and as I have managed to read her simple Russian, I think the story may be of interest to others. It shows how God prepared her for her lifework; and is another proof that, in the spiritual experience of God's people in all lands, it is the same Spirit who works.

The biographer does not say where she was living at the time of which she writes; but I gathered that she was a native of the Caucasus region, where she now labours. The story begins with the death of her mother, when she was ten years of age, her only sister being five years older. The father was a farmer, and they lived far from any town. After the funeral

of her mother, she felt a great sense of loneliness; it was her first great sorrow. Then she began to think: "Now I shall have no one to teach me to be good." Her mother had been an earnest Christian, who had tried to show her and her sister the good way, and, when dying, earnestly begged them "always to love God and live for Him." Now that her beloved mother was gone, the girl began to think: "How shall I live for God when I do not know Him, and do not at all know how to pray?"

She asked her grandmother, who was evidently living in the home, to teach her to pray. Her grandmother taught her to say from memory three of the Psalms—the third, sixth, and twelfth. Then she began to repeat them five times a day on her knees. "But," she says, "there was no rest to my soul; neither satisfaction nor joy did I feel." Her fears increased, and she redoubled her exertions, repeating her three Psalms ten times a day—but in vain, no relief came. She felt that her experience was similar to that of David, as recorded in Psalm 32 : 3. 4: "The hand of the Lord was heavy upon me, and my freshness was turned into the drought of summer." She felt the greatness of her sins, and was tormented on account of them.

A Persevering Inquirer

At this time she did not know how to read, but only knew the letters. A great desire to read the Gospel took possession of her, and she began in the evenings, over the fire, to spell out the letters. Living in her lone farmhouse, there was no school near, and evidently no one to help her, but she says: "The Lord helped me, and I quickly learned to read. In

my twelfth year I was able to read the Gospels and the Bible."

From the Bible she learned that Christ came to save sinners, and that prayer should be offered in His name. Then she began to ask the Lord to teach her to pray as her mother prayed, and she says: "My first prayer was in the garden, under a tree." She prayed daily that the Lord would reveal Himself to her. Then she began to pray that He would forgive her sins. Often, too, she fasted. Thus she continued for a long time. Then she says: "I had already begun to believe in the love of God, and that Christ died on the cross even for me. But at that time there came to us an unbelieving man; he strongly ridiculed my faith in Christ, and he ridiculed Christ, calling Him various blasphemous names." The result was that the poor girl began to be afraid to speak of Christ before him, and gradually she became ashamed of Christ; at last, like Peter, she even denied Him.

A severe illness overtook her. Her conscience again awoke, and began to torment her. What now was she to do? She felt she could not return to Christ, whom she had insulted and dishonoured. What remained for her? "I turned," she says, "to the law of Moses, and began there to seek salvation for myself." She read the Bible, and strenuously tried to keep all the Ten Commandments. At night she would examine herself, then to find that she had utterly failed. The more she examined herself, the more did the reproaches of conscience lacerate her. In this state she continued for a whole year, without any desire or resolve to pray in the Name of Jesus, thinking that justification must come through the law—that by keeping the law she would obtain eternal life. "I did

not then know," she explains, "that by the deeds of the law no one can be justified."

A Memorable Dream

One evening she was greatly distressed. Her father read the Parable of the Barren Fig-Tree. The thought came to her that she was like that barren fig-tree. She saw clearly that if God were to judge her by the law she must perish. "The justice of God cut me down." The fear of death laid hold upon her. At night she wept much, but finally fell asleep. Then she had a vivid dream. There was a deep pit, and she was sitting in the centre, yet holding on to a branch growing out of the rock, while higher up above her head was a ledge jutting out from the rock. Over the pit Christ stood, and said: "Let Me pull you out thence." But she thought that, by clinging to the branch, she would be able to climb to the ledge, and thus be safe. So she replied that she had no need of His help.

Then the Lord said: "I shall see how you will climb out yourself"; and, as He stood there, He seemed to smile. She then grasped more firmly the branch; but it proved to be rotten, and broke away. She next grasped the ledge; but it also broke away from the rock. Now she began to pray: "Lord, help; I cannot climb out without Thee; see, everything is broken!" He said: "But you wished to climb out yourself. Well, climb out." Then she began to cry out, with all her might: "I cannot without Thee. Oh, help!" At once He laid hold of her arm; drew her out, and said: "Follow Me!"

Rowland Hill once said to a person who told him he had been converted in his sleep, that he

would see how he behaved when awake, before he attached any importance to his statement. Gospel truth seemed certainly well set forth in our sister's dream. What of her experience when she came out of the dream? She tells us she awoke as Christ seemed to speak to her. As she pondered it, she felt her soul filled with a strong belief that only through Christ, through faith in His name, could she receive the forgiveness of sins; that only through Him could she be justified before God: that

the blood of Christ could cleanse from all sin. She fell on her knees, and began to pray to the Lord, that He would forgive her in the Name of Christ; and, with her whole soul she exercised faith in Him. Then, immediately upon believing, she received full peace in her soul. Such joy filled her heart that she could not again go to sleep. She awoke her sister, and said to her: "Now, I believe that only the Lord can forgive sin. He has just now forgiven me my sins, and I am not able to tell you all the joy that fills my soul."

She felt, what many another has felt, that it seemed as if everything was rejoicing with her, and she can add her testimony: "That joy now lives in my heart! It has been with me these many years till now." To her the Word of the Lord has been fulfilled: "My joy no one has taken away, and that joy has been full."

May others, through reading of this Russian sister's experience, be led to believe in the only Saviour, and enter into fulness of peace and joy! The joy of the Lord has been her strength in many trying circumstances, and God has wonderfully blessed her in leading others into the joy of His salvation.

CHAPTER XV

A MIDNIGHT MEETING. A YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

In the foregoing accounts, I have mainly followed the chronological order of the various meetings held before our visit to Moscow, but between the "Bank holiday" gatherings and the journey to Moscow more than a week intervened and every day brought its own meeting or meetings, but, while I may not speak of all, I think it well to refer to several. One was the Midnight meeting on the Saturday night. Mr. Fetler had happy recollections of midnight meetings in which he took part in London in his College days, when in connection with a great mission conducted by the students, we had several great and greatly-blessed midnight meetings, so he had tried to reach some of the outcast of Petersburg by similar means. The conditions, however, were different from what obtained in London, e. g. singing and exhorting and processioning on the streets, the arresting features of our Midnight meetings, were not permitted. But

what could be done was done. The Believers meeting took place at the usual hour and proved as always a time of blessing. It closed at 10.20 and then other meeting was to follow at 11. In the interval many of the Christians went out to the streets of the neighbourhood around inviting the people to the Hall. Some took the invitations to the cafes and drinking places, and by 11 o'clock the place was filled, mostly with men; many of them degraded looking; others quite intelligent in appearance and well-dressed, being, for the most part, pleasure loving fellows willing to fill up an idle hour. In connection with former meetings some remarkable conversions had taken place. There was one case of a man who had made up his mind to murder the woman with whom he lived; he had his preparations made and just waited a convenient hour. While deliberating and preparing for the horrid deed, he heard the singing and saw the people going into the Hall. To pass the time and satisfy his curiosity, he entered the building. The Spirit of God convicted him of his sin, and led him to the Saviour. He was now among the band of preachers whom the pastor was gathering round him and sending out to witness for Christ.

On this occasion, we had a good meeting. The choir sang several times and secured the attention of these rough fellows wonderfully. F. spoke with great power. They listened most attentively, though some went out. Others kept coming in to take their places, some of these specially rough looking fellows. Once there was a bit of a hubbub. One man spoke out strongly, then another more vehemently, then several others. I thought they were all objecting and disputing, but after they quieted down, I learned that the

first one had objected to something the preacher had said, the second however objected to the objector and the others were also taking part with the second against the first, so that really the outbreak instead of indicating opposition, for the most part was approval.

One felt there was great power in the meeting. A number held up their hands when Mr. Fetler appealed for decisions, and several waited behind for conversation and instruction. Mr. Fetler had promised the police that the meeting would close at 12 o'clock, and we managed to end at 12.10. Too late for getting tram home, we found the drive in an open droshky pretty cold at that hour, and were glad to get home by one o'clock.

Next Sunday morning service was again a time of great blessing. The usual season of prayer marked with special earnestness expressed in sobbing and crying. A large number held up their hands; then followed the usual prayer and advice. The communion service took place: members sitting on platform, and front seats of one side, but all the others stayed to witness it. After service, a number of enquirers, about 25, gathered in a side room, where the pastor spoke to them, and we trust they saw the light.

At 5 o'clock, F. took me to the German Baptist service where it had been arranged for me to preach, with himself as interpreter. One was pleased to have fellowship with these good people, and I found that Mr. Fetler was always ready to have such fellowship and willing to help in any way. There was a good atmosphere in the place, and we felt we were among earnest Christian people and the Word was appreciated,

but there was not quite the Revival intensity found in Fetler's meetings. Pastor Arndt on behalf of his people expressed appreciation of our visit and gave greetings for English Christians, all the people expressing their assent by rising.

Mr. Fetler went on to some other meeting, and I rested till his return, which was about 8.45. He then proposed our going home for quiet time which I thought an excellent plan. Meanwhile a "Young People's meeting" was going on in the Central Hall, and he now asked how I felt, would I like just to go in for a few minutes to see the meeting. I consented, and we went in. The leader had given an address and there were 3 or 4 young people down on the programme to take part; the first I had heard of any programme for any of our meetings. But I now discovered that the "Young People's meeting" was not as I had assumed a meeting for young people, but it was a meeting conducted by young people. The place was full of grown up folk and they kept coming in. Mr. Fetler at once took things in hand, and began to put energy into the proceedings. He quickly ran through the programme, one young man read a few words, another read and briefly spoke, a young woman read a chapter and spoke a little. Then the meeting assumed the usual form, Fetler getting them to sing and pray, and speaking himself every now and then, and about 10 o'clock we managed to get finished. Before this the meeting had been "tested", and a large number held up their hands, and about sixteen came forward and knelt in front of the platform. One woman seemed in very great distress. It is really wonderful how these people seem so ready to receive the Gospel.

DO



COME OVER AND HELP US



YOU

CARRIE?

There are more than 150 millions of Russians who have never yet had a copy of the Bible. The Russian Missionary Society desires to supply at least one million Bibles to the hungry multitudes. 50 cents or 2 shillings will supply one Bible. Page 90

**A MAN MAY DIE
AND LEAVE UPWARDS
OF A MILLION WITHOUT
TAKING ANY OF IT UPWARDS**

Things in General.

I need not describe any other of the many meetings attended during those weeks of my sojourn: the outstanding thing to report concerning all, was the fact of the manifested power of God. It savours of monotony to tell over and over the same story of earnest praying, jubilant singing, powerful preaching, attentive listening, ready deciding for Christ. But it was a *blessed* monotony. We were indeed throughout in the midst of a Revival and were constantly witnessing Wonders of Grace.

Some of my readers might wish to hear something of the City itself and its attractive sights, but I have left no space for that and my object has not been to give the impressions of a tourist, though I might do so with interest and profit. Let me just say, however, that I managed to see some of the great city itself at intervals, often alone, sometimes under the guidance of a friend, occasionally in company with Pastor Fetler, when he was able to snatch a little while away from his multitudinous engagements. Of course I often walked along the far-famed Nevsky Prospect, Petersburg's principal street, admiring its wide expanse, its fine shops, its quaint Eastern, covered bazaars, its droshkies and their drivers, and its ever-changing, living panorama. Of course I frequently walked across the various bridges, especially the Nicolas Bridge over the river Neva and admired that noble river and marked the many princely and ducal palaces that lined its banks. I visited the great cathedrals and Churches, especially St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Kazan Cathedral, The Church of the Holy Trinity, the Church of the Resurrection and many others. I was struck with the fact that while, in theory, the

Greek Church objects to the use of images in the Roman Catholic sense, but has ikons or sacred pictures instead, yet in many cases, while the picture itself is flat, the solid effect of the statue or image is given by adding clothes and ornaments, and the practical result is just the image worship of Rome. The decorations in these buildings were very gorgeous and far removed from the simplicity of Christian worship. There was a special and melancholy interest attaching to the Church, or Cathedral of the Resurrection. It is built on the place where Alexander II was assassinated, in commemoration of his martyrdom. He did not actually die on this spot, for his shattered frame was carried to the Winter Palace before he breathed his last. But the very bit of pavement upon which he fell, with its kerb and cobble stones, is enclosed within the walls of the Cathedral and preserved in its original state; a very grim reminder, and the blood stains on the pavement are yet pointed out. It is rather suggestive that the name of the Resurrection should be given to this Cathedral which commemorates the deathblow.

I often rambled in the beautiful Summer Garden with its shady walks and lovely flowers. I explored many of the intersecting canals. I specially enjoyed seeing the old wooden Church built by Peter the Great, the first Church built in Petersburg. It was small and very plain, but contained many precious things. Several ivory candlesticks made by Peter, a large framed picture of the Annunciation (unusual in a Greek Church) brought by him from Italy &c. On one side of the wall at the top were pictures of Matthew and Mark, on the other side Luke and John; and arranged between them several symbols. On one

side a Cross, a Bible and a Cup; on the other side a Cross with the brazen serpent on it, an Altar with a Lamb on it and a hand holding a knife; and the Table of the Law. All were sending forth rays of light. I have mentioned these matters more particularly as they are not now to be seen: the last time I was in Petersburg I learned that the Church had been accidentally burned down — the passing of a most interesting memorial.

Near by was the house he built and lived in. I am not sure whether that was burned down with the Church, but I think not, although it may have disappeared in the tumults since. It was a tiny place with two rooms, dining and sitting, and a little bit of a room or closet for bedroom. The whole was covered by an external shell of framework to preserve it. It is all beautifully built of wood, every joint carefully done; the windows neatly fitted, every little pane of glass set in the frame most accurately. What was the dining room has been turned into a little chapel full of ikons and a great resort of devotees. The sitting room is practically as he left it. A pretty large wardrobe of massive carved work which he brought from Holland is the chief article of furniture. The chair that he made and used, a large crucifix which he carved when away in Germany or France having "a cure", are, preserved; altogether a most interesting place. Outside there is the boat built by himself, which he last used in saving some shipwrecked sailors when he caught cold and died. The garden was enlarged by Alexander II, who himself planted the trees, and his spade is still preserved, and the whole is surrounded by strong railings with gilded tops.

I was favoured with the company of Pastor Fet-

ler when I visited the celebrated Winter Palace, but I must not enlarge upon all the wonders of that place. It is very extensive and took us a long time to go through it. Gorgeously furnished and containing many magnificent things: one wonders what has happened to them now. But we like specially to remember the simpler things: the suite of rooms occupied by Alexander II; most plainly furnished. The study where, as a boy, he learned his lessons, all the boyish relics still there. His ordinary sitting room, with a bed, small, simple, ordinary, on which he died, still stained with his blood. The table where the liberation of the serfs was signed, &c, &c. I also specially remember the private chapel which was not usually shown to visitors, but we were favoured. In the shrine, to which the lady who was with us was not allowed to penetrate, we were shown a piece of the raiment of Jesus and the hand of John the Baptist!

It was under the guidance of Madame Yasnovsky that I visited the old fortress of Peter and Paul (built in 1740), and containing the tombs of the Russian Emperors from Peter the Great downward. We heard that in the Revolution these massive and precious tombs were desecrated and despoiled, but know not the certainty of the report,

Pastor Fetler was with me again when visiting the great Library. There to my delight, through special grace shown to Mr. Fetler, I was permitted not only to see, but to take into my hands the venerable Codex Sinaiticus, and turn over its pages. I seized the unique opportunity of turning to the last chapter of Mark's Gospel, and verifying the statements of Dean Burgon and Dr. Salmon as to the wide spacing of that last page, indicating that the MS. from which it had been

copied contained the disputed last twelve verses. I have since seen the Vatican MS. in the Vatican Library and had the liberty of turning to the same place and seeing that the last column of Mark is left blank. So that both of these ancient MSS. which are held to witness against the existence of these 12 verses, really when examined closely witness in their favour.

I also, with Mr. Fetler, on another occasion was able to visit the other famous palace, the Summer Palace of the Tzar, at Tsarkoe Selo, and on my own account I explored the treasures and the wonders of Peterhof Palace; in some respects, to me the most attractive of all. So much for "Mid Pleasures and Palaces".

I come back to the closing meeting which I attended in Petersburg. A fitting close indeed to the wonderful series of meetings I had been privileged to attend. I gave a farewell Message to saint and sinner, sympathetically interpreted by Madame Yasnovsky, occupying in all about an hour. An earnest application followed from Mr. Fetler, and after prayer, a call for decision; a very large number of hands went up. F. asked them to kneel and to pray as he dictated, which they all did with manifest feeling, and with praise and prayer the meeting came to an end. F. asked them to express their thanks to me and send greetings to the friends in England by a show of hands, which was done, and I thanked them in turn. Many came personally to say "good bye," most of them dear fellows whom I had learned to like very much, and from whom I was sorry to part. But for all I had seen from first to last of the "grace of God",

like Barnabas, I "was glad." We had through these weeks been walking amid marvels, God had been very near, the Gospel had been very precious, the Power of the Cross had been very manifest, and we could say with all our hearts: —

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

CHAPTER XVI

THE OPENING OF THE "DOM EVANGELIA"

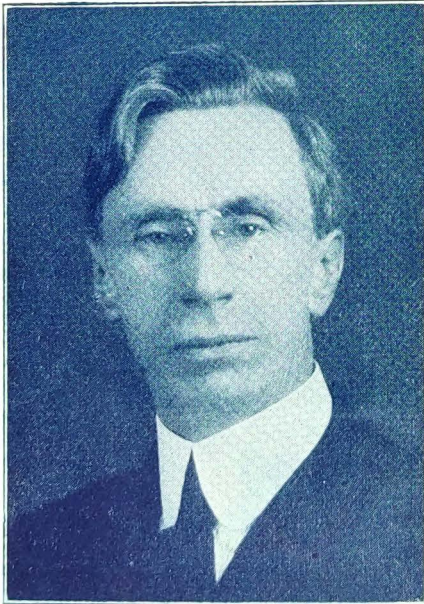
My second visit to Russia was made in connection with the Opening of the New Tabernacle which was fixed for January 7th, the Russian Christmas Day. I reached St. Petersburg on Friday morning Dec. 29th, 1911, but as the time of my arrival had been uncertain there was no one to meet me, so I made my way to 24 Linija, Vassily Ostroff, that being the location of the New Tabernacle and Pastor Fetler's Headquarters. Workmen were all about, and a gentleman, who proved to be the architect, on my asking for Mr. Fetler, led me through towards one of the basement rooms, where was a "sobranie" (meeting). The sound of singing directed me, and pushing open the door, I found my friend characteristically engaged in a meeting at nine o'clock in the morning. A simple little service with the servants and work-people, it was a very pleasant beginning to the day's engagement.

I received a very hearty welcome and was taken

upstairs to see the building. Workmen were busy everywhere clearing away all obstructions and getting ready for the chairs to be put in that night. F. and his friends had been at work all the past night till three o'clock in the morning. He introduced me to his father, a Lettish pastor, who had come for the great event; a quiet, godly man, with whom later I had much fellowship. F. had much to do interviewing Police Commissioners, and other high officials regarding final approval of the Hall, the fixing the number of seats to be allowed, permission for public opening, permission for foreigners to speak &c. Two burly officials, one civil and one military, came one day to inspect the building, and went carefully over it from top to bottom. They wished to fix the number at 500 or 750 at most, as they considered the staircases had not been constructed quite according to specifications, but finally they allowed for 1500 and gave permission for the opening. This was after F. had gone again to the Prefect's office and had had a battle royal there.

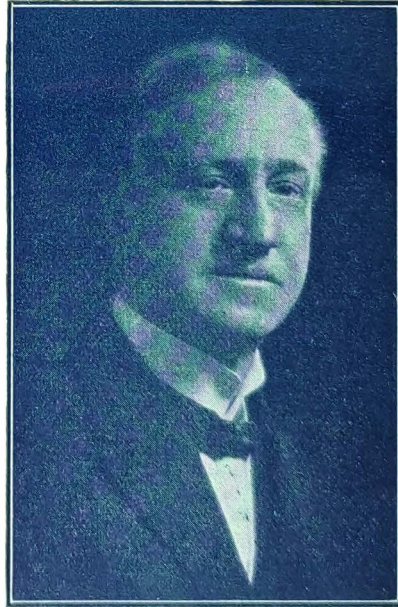
On Friday evening we went to the meeting in Madame Tchertkoff's Hall which was crowded. Saw quite a number of the old friends who seemed pleased to meet me again. I found the same earnest feeling in the meeting and a number decided for Christ. We got home about 11 and found a large band of Christian workers busy unpacking chairs and getting them placed in the Hall.

Saturday was a quiet day for me and I was pleased to renew my acquaintance with Nevsky Prospect and other of the city sights. How different the conditions. On my former visit the summer sun was blazing. Now the snow of winter is over all.

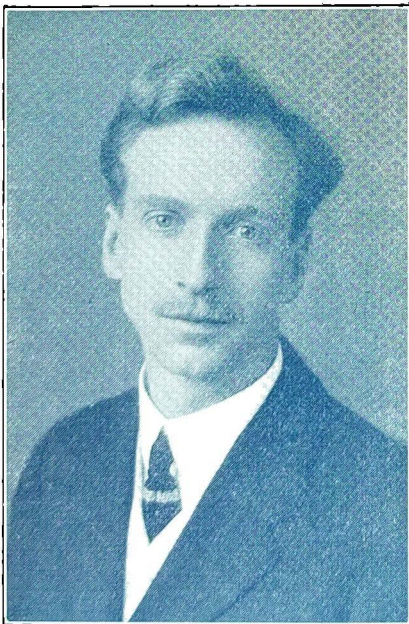


Rev. E. E. Shields
Home Director and Treasurer,
American Section.

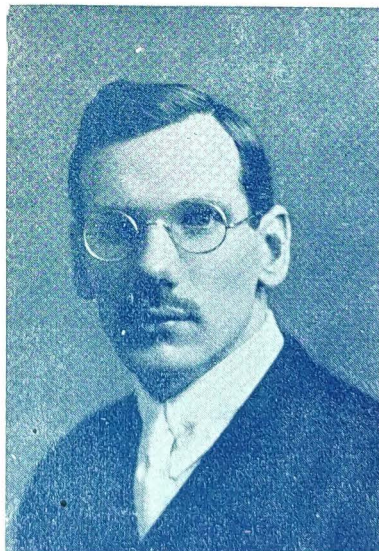
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Rev. T. T. Shields, D. D.,
Pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist
Church, Toronto, and President of the
Baptist Bible Union. Dr. Shields is a
Warm Friend of the R. M. S.



Rev. Oswald J. Smith,
Author of "Give ye them to Eat",
an Inspiring Book about Russian
Missions.



**Rev. Robert Fetler, Pastor of
the Golgotha Church and Prin-
cipal of the Riga Bible School.**

The Neva frozen over and being crossed on sleds; sleighs with "merry bells" everywhere, instead of the usual droshkas, and temperature 40 or more degrees below zero. Yet I do not find it unduly cold and am enjoying it.

Early on Sunday morning, Dr. MacArthur of New York, the honoured President of the Baptist World's Alliance arrived to represent the Alliance at the Opening. I had met him before in London and was delighted to renew his acquaintance. As he and I shared a room during his stay we got to know each other very intimately and became close friends. We went after breakfast to the service in the Tennisheff Hall, a building which F. had been using for his meetings for some time. It was a meeting for believers and there was a large congregation. The assistant pastor, Mr. Neprash, had begun the meeting when we went in. After singing there was the usual season of prayer, with requests. One was pleased to find the same spirit of prayer among the people as before. There is something very impressive and affecting in the united prayer of the assembly; that great wave of prayer surging through the place seems to bear our spirits along upon it. Dr. MacArthur was greatly impressed by this, and told me he had never experienced anything like it. Both he and I had the opportunity of speaking, and Mr. Fetler's father spoke a few words in Lettish, interpreted by his son. An intensely interesting meeting full of power.

In the evening Dr. MacArthur and I went to the Gospel meeting in the old Central Hall. Mr. Neprash took charge. The place was crowded, many standing all the time. It was in this hall, that, on my former visit, I had seen so many manifestations

of Divine power in the salvation of souls; and it was with a very full heart that I tried to retell the "Old, old Story" in as simple language as possible, Madame Yasnovsky proving, as always, a most capable and sympathetic interpreter. Dr. MacArthur gave a beautiful address on the great words, "God is Love," and after much earnest prayer, and further exhortation from Mr. Neprash, thirteen friends stood up to express their desire to come to Christ: a really wonderful meeting.

I may not speak in detail of other matters that occupied the remainder of the week, among them being visits to various Officials; a visit with Dr. MacArthur to the American Ambassador which led to our going another afternoon to tea with that urbane, gracious gentleman and his excellent lady — an experience to be remembered; another meeting at Madame Tchertkoff's Hall and our Interview with the Minister of the Interior. Of this last matter I must say something.

On my former visit I had accompanied Mr. F. on many visits about various things to various officials, Prefect of Police, Minister of Education, Minister of Interior &c, and had gained some idea of the irksomeness of the old regime under which, despite the Tzar's Edict of Liberty, believers outside the Orthodox Church were exposed to many disabilities. These are matters of historical interest now but they were pressing and painful at that time.

This question of getting special permission for foreigners to speak did not emerge on my previous visit. Then I had spoken freely anywhere and everywhere. But later on, an old law had been discovered and refurbished by the Greek Church authorities

which was interpreted to mean that no foreigner could speak on religious matters without a special permit. Permission indeed was required even for delegates from other parts of Russia to speak at the opening, as indeed permission had to be solicited for holding these special opening meetings at all.

After much correspondence and interviewing, it had finally been arranged that the Minister of the Interior would receive us on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. We were there punctually, but had to wait till 4.15 ere our turn came. In the anteroom a number of gorgeously apparalled officers were waiting. We were all three ushered into the Minister's room: a tall, thin, cultured looking man; quietly spoken. He told us that he did not speak English, but he understood it pretty well. Mr. Fetler interpreted. At first he told us that the law was that no foreigners could be allowed to speak. Mr. Fetler, however, argued the matter with him and at last he said that we might speak if we did not touch upon politics, or the Greek religion, but only "Slovo Boshie" (the Word of God), which was all we wished to speak. He then in response to F.'s further pleading, granted leave to all the Russian delegates to speak. F. showed himself a masterly advocate, knowing more about the law than the Minister himself. I believe the man was really nervous, though he looked so cool. He lighted a cigar and began to smoke, but he could not keep it alight, and six or seven times he had to relight it. Then we had to plead the matter about which Dr. M. was commissioned by the World Alliance to arrange the starting of a Baptist College in Petersburg, but of that I need not now speak. We left him on the best of terms, hardly able to con-

ceal our feelings of jubilation over what F. called our glorious victory.

I must now give some account of the actual opening of the Tabernacle — the *Dom Evangelia* (Gospel House) and here I give part of article which appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*. After recounting some of the foregoing facts, I proceed to say: — For several days delegates and visitors from all parts of Russia had been making pilgrimage to St. Petersburg. From Livonia and Esthonia, from Moscow and Rostoff and Odessa, from the Crimea and the Caucasus, and from Siberia, etc., the loving brothers and sisters came to shew their sympathy with Bro. Fetler and share in the joy of the great occasion. About 150 of these friends were present on Sunday morning. Only believers were present, and there could not have been less than 800. It was from many points of view a wonderful gathering. Mr. Fetler opened with prayer, then we had singing and united prayer, and singing by the choirs, and again a session of united prayer, and yet again united prayer and praise — a time of great blessing. Dr. MacArthur, as President of the Baptist World Alliance, spoke giving American congratulations; then I spoke, and Mr. C. Phillips, Treasurer of the Russian Evangelisation Society, said a few words. The Communion Service followed, and altogether we felt there had been a good beginning made.

The great general opening meeting was held at 4 o'clock though it was nearer five ere we actually started; the building was crowded in every part, about 1,800 being present, and many had to be turned

away. The first estimate has been revised, and instead of 2,500, the police only gave permission for 1,500. After much singing and prayer, Mr. Fetler preached the opening sermon from the text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." He spoke very powerfully, and doubtless had he tested the meeting there would have been many decisions, but he thought it wise not to do so on this occasion. We had a stalwart police officer in front, and several other officials in the meeting. Dr. MacArthur spoke on the Angels' Message, "Glory to God in the Highest." We had been strictly charged by the Minister of the Interior not to touch on any sectarian or political matters but only the Word of God. I gave greetings from President Thomas Spurgeon and from the students of the Pastor's College, and read a letter from the President of the Russian Evangelisation Society, E. A. Carter, and then ventured to give a short speech in Russian. The meeting continued with a brief interval till 10 o'clock, and only closed then because, being Christmas Day, the trams did not run later, and many people had far to go, and the weather was very cold for them walking.

Unquestionably the opening day was equally successful.

I cannot stop to tell of the great meetings morning and evening on Monday, when many of the Russian delegates took part; of the meeting on Tuesday evening, when a lantern lecture on Scripture views was given by Mr. Fetler, followed by Mr. Phillips' views and lecture on Africa; of the Wednesday evening meeting for students at the Tenisheff Hall,

when Dr. MacArthur gave his powerful lecture on Christ the Ideal Man; and many came forward to confess Christ; of the Thursday evening meeting which was linked on to the Evangelical Alliance week of prayer, when I had the privilege of speaking a little; but immediately afterwards intimation came to the police officers that the foreigners were no longer to be allowed to speak; of the Friday evening meeting when six candidates were baptized, and a most impressive service held; of Saturday evening, which took the form of a watchnight service, beginning at 8, and with an interval of half-an-hour, continuing till one o'clock, the year being signalised by about 80 persons avowing their desire to follow the Saviour; and of the second Sunday evening service, when about 50 decided for Christ.

The building itself is a massive looking structure, very plain but very serviceable. The platform extends across one end, and has a deep recess which accommodates the large band of singers made up of the choirs in the various mission halls. In front there is a raised portion, where a reading desk was placed on the last evening; behind is the Baptistry with stairs at the back of it, leading down to the robing rooms. At the back there is a fine large arched window filled in with coloured glass and bearing the text in large Russian letters. "He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life." The gallery front would have been better if it had been lower and more sloping; still it is possible from the reading desk for the speaker to see and be seen by all. The roof in the centre is vaulted, and the acoustics are excellent. Underneath and over the entrance there are many capi-

tal rooms, which when finished will prove very useful.

Looking back on the week we see great reason for thankfulness and encouragement. There has been a little disappointment in the fact that the permission for the foreigners to speak was withdrawn on Thursday. The meeting that evening was linked with the Evangelical Alliance week of prayer, and a representative of that organisation presided. I had the opportunity of saying a few words on the topic of prayer for missionaries and thanksgiving for the Edinburgh Conference. Dr. MacArthur was soon to follow when our stalwart police officer, who, like the poor, is ever with us, came up on the platform and informed Mr. Fetler that a message from headquarters had reached him forbidding the foreigners to speak. There was nothing to do but submit, otherwise the meeting would have been stopped and the Tabernacle closed. Still we can easily reconcile ourselves to the disappointment so long as friend Fetler is allowed to speak; he is indeed a host in himself. He has a marvellous hold upon the people, and God continues to use him greatly.

We found out afterwards that the Minister had intended his permission to apply strictly to the opening meeting—the first day. It was at that same meeting that the same official sent up a message to Mr. Fetler that a certain hymn on the sheet must not be sung. It was entitled "God save Russia", no political meaning being intended, but simply a prayer for the spiritual salvation of the people. But Russia was "Holy Russia" and in estimation of these officials did not need saving. Such a hymn, to them savoured of blasphemy!

On Friday evening the place was again filled. The special feature was the baptism of six candidates. After the usual session of prayer and praise, when the flame of devotion burned very brightly, Mr. Fetler preached from the text, "Not this man, but Barabas." He had not long begun when a man interrupted, and after a little, another. The deacons tried to quiet them, and then to remove them, and for a time there was a little hubbub. The police officer sitting in front ready to pounce upon us if we spoke a word, took no notice. Mr. Fetler asked him to attend to the matter, but he said their own stewards could deal with it. Finally one of the stewards came to him and got him to remove his stately presence to the scene of interruption, and the interruption was persuaded to go out. Mr. Fetler resumed, and spoke for about an hour. The candidates had come in before the sermon, and clad in white, sat on the platform. Mr. Fetler asked them now to stand and spoke to them awhile asking them several questions. The first question was, Would they have Christ or Barabas? and with one voice they said, CHRISTOS. He then baptized them, the choir singing a chorus as each one went down into the water. The meeting was continued by Mr. Neprash until Mr. Fetler and the candidates came back on the platform; then he had special prayer with them all, and for each, as he laid his hand on their heads. The Lord's Supper was partaken of by the baptized ones and Mr. Fetler and his assistants, and altogether it was an impressive service.

I add a few further remarks. After my friend Mr. Charles Phillips, F. R. G. S., who had arrived from London on Sunday morning in time for the Opening



WILLIAM FETLER.

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*Much people of the Jews therefore knew that He [was there: and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see **Lazarus also,** whom He had raised from the **dead.**"]

John 12 : 9.

had exhibited his much appreciated pictures, the police officer complained that the imposed condition had been broken. The pictures should only have been shown for Baptists, whereas the place was crowded with all kinds of people and he threatened to shut up the building. Truly religious liberty was proving to be a plant of slow growth in Russia.

Among those representative men who took part in the proceedings were the President of the Baptist Union, Pastor Golaieff, Pastor Mazaieff, Treasurer, Pastor Stepanoff, of Moscow, Pastor Pavloff of Odessa. Representing the Evangelical Christians, Pastor Kargel; and Pastor Arndt representing the German Baptists. There were also friends there from a Church of English speaking Evangelical Christians, at whose meeting I subsequently had the privilege of speaking.

The Watch-night service on the Saturday evening has been referred to as a meeting of great power when about 80 decided for Christ. A very impressive sequel ensued. Pastor Fetler had spoken to the converts and we had all sung "Slava Hallelujah"; then the converts were asked to sing it by themselves, which they did very touchingly. Then we sang "Crown Him Lord of all", F. read the 23rd Psalm, the people reading alternate verses. Followed a season of thanksgiving. During this F. asked those who had been converted last year to hold up their hands and a very large number did so. Then testimonies were given by repeating verses of Scripture. The Pastor next read Rom XII, 1—3 and asked the choir to repeat it; then the sisters, then the brethren, and then all knelt for prayer and new consecration, and renewal of the Church's covenant with God, that

whether trouble or sickness or bereavement or death, nothing should lead them to lose their love for Christ and souls. Another season of prayer and finally the meeting closed with prayer at one o'clock. But still the choir continued to sing and the people lingered on, but we managed after many hearty handshakes and New Year's wishes to get away and to bed by 2 o'clock. The delegates all having gone, the second Sunday evening service might be taken as representing the normal state of things and it was well-attended. There might have been room for a hundred or two more, but at the same hour there were three or four crowded meetings being held in the other Mission Halls conducted by Mr. Fetler's helpers. It was a wonderful sight to see the people rushing from all parts of the building to the front to avow their faith in the Saviour. I have stated in the S. & T. article that about 50 decided, but there were others throughout the building who were standing up to evince a similar purpose. One most striking feature throughout was the spontaneous way in which anxious souls came forward. There was never any attempt at exercising pressure. As soon as an opportunity was given it was eagerly embraced. Dr. MacArthur said to me that he had been familiar with Moody's great Evangelistic campaigns and had seen a great deal of Evangelistic work, but never had he witnessed such spontaneous confession as at these Russian meetings.

As we closed this wonderful series of Opening meetings, our hearts were filled with joy in the assurance that in St. Petersburg there was now such a centre for Gospel work and that from this

Gospel House (Dom Evangelia) an enormous and increasing influence for spiritual good would be brought to bear upon the whole city and would touch the whole Russian Empire.

CHAPTER XVII

Dr. R. S. MacArthur AT SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE

Being part of the Address delivered by the President
of the Baptist World Alliance at the Spurgeon's
Tabernacle, on Thursday, February 1st, 1912.

WILLIAM FETLER is A PROVIDENTIAL MAN.

(1) It was a marked providence that he was born outside the Russo-Greek Church; otherwise he would be a traitor to the State, and a renegade from the Church, and his work would be opposed with fiercer antagonism by the ecclesiastical authorities, than it is now.¹ He was early brought into personal acquaintance with persecution for Christ's sake. His father, an earnest Baptist minister, had much to endure for his principles. As a child he frequently saw his father surrounded by a hostile mob, who hooted and pelted him with sticks and stones and refuse. No small

share of the backbone and resolution he now shows, is due to these scenes of his early life. He was brought into the kingdom of Christ when quite young, and the religious trials of his youth gave him a deep and rich personal experience of his Divine Lord.

(2) It was a remarkable providence that when young Fetler was seven years of age, an Ukase of the late Tsar Alexander III compelled all the schools of the empire to teach the Russian language, and every young scholar to learn it. At the time, we in America thought the Tsar was inflicting a great hardship upon his subjects.² We contrasted the considerateness of the British Government in its treatment of subordinate peoples, the French in Quebec for example, where even the official language is French, with the harsh strenuousness of the Russians.

Under this Ukase the child Fetler learned Russian; and to-day he is able to preach the gospel to multitudes of Russians in their own tongue under the very shadow of the palaces of the Tsar!³

(3) It was a triumph of God's providence that Mr. Fetler was brought to London and learned English. London is the heart of the world. The finest literature of the world is in the English tongue. The best people in Russia know English. They learned it familiarly in the nursery from their governesses. It is a mark of good upbringing in Russia to know English. Fetler knows English, and has preached and spoken to great audiences with astonishing fluency all over England and the United States. If there is a slight foreign accent in his speech, it is all the more attractive. Even Dr. McCaig spoke Russian in St. Petersburg with a "slight accent." But it was a triumph for the Principal, when at the close of his brief speech,

the delegates looked at each other and exclaimed, "We could understand him!"

(4) It was in the providential leading of God that Mr. Fetler was brought into the Pastors' College, to prepare, in a four years' course, for his ministry. Here he caught the evangelical fervour and the celestial fires that have glowed and burned so brightly these many years in this Tabernacle and College, and carried them back to the capital of his native land. Amid the frosts and snows of the Russian winter they now burn with celestial splendour.

In London he began his evangelistic efforts. By your riverside, among your great docks and warehouses he sought out his compatriots to care for their souls; he gathered them to his east-end meetings, and preached to them the word of life.

William Fetler is a man of very marked VERSATILITY. I know men very well. During my long life as a public man in New York, the greatest city of the United States, I have touched life familiarly at every point: in politics, science, art, commerce, literature, religion, and society. Long use has enabled me easily to estimate a man's abilities, idiosyncrasies, and worth. A man who has the ready use of four or five languages, Lettish, German, Russian, English, and who is continually, and of necessity, using them; who is able to read his Bible in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, has the command of no meagre resources. Fetler is also a musician of no small ability. He trains his choirs, leads them, and sings solos. One hour he is discussing important questions with the architect or builder of the "Dom Evangelia", the next he is arranging a blackboard lesson for a preacher's training-class, and then he is rushing off to the office

of the prefect of police to secure some concession or other respecting his meetings.

William Fetler is a FRATERNAL MAN. His position is one of great delicacy and much difficulty. There are many other servants of the Lord in Russia, and in St. Petersburg; men and women much older than he, who have been toiling in obscurity these many years. To all his brother-workers he has shown a most fraternal and Christian spirit.

He suffers not a little because of his success. There is an enormous deal of human nature in—human nature. As in the case of Mr. Spurgeon here in London, much public attention has been attracted to him and his work. Criticism of Spurgeon was often keen and severe. It is the same with Fetler. Do not be disturbed if you hear from St. Petersburg or Berlin depreciatory statements concerning him. False reports often travel with great rapidity. Pay not attention to the voice of calumny. The presence on his platform at the opening of the Dom Evangelia, of all the leading evangelicals of the city, attests his fraternal spirit, and also his honourable record. There are few public men more gentle, conciliatory, or brotherly than he. I have no hesitation in saying that he is a high-minded Christian gentleman, and a humble Christian disciple, quite impervious to flattery and unspoiled by his success.

William Fetler is an ELOQUENT MAN. He moved me profoundly as I heard him preach, although I do not know Russian; and the effect upon those who did understand was magnetic, electrical. Truly, eloquence is a marvellous gift, even when not distinctively devoted to spiritual uses. God never conferred upon a man a gladder gift than this power to

reach and stir the souls of his fellows by the spoken word.

And finally, as the crown and consummation of all, William Fetler is a CONSECRATED MAN. Here is the secret of his power, a power that is felt all over St. Petersburg, in the halls of the mighty as well as in the humbler homes of the common people. He went to that city five or six years ago, youthful, unknowing and unknown. He has stirred the city. His name is echoed over plains and forests and mountains, to the boundaries of that wide empire. God has called him to a tremendous work, the possibilities of which stagger us. And he has simply and fervently replied, "Here am I, send me!" Pray for him! Our duty is to sustain him under his great responsibilities at the throne of Grace.

NOTES, by R. S. Latimer,

Author of "*With Christ in Russia*".

1. The Latvian nation and the other races of the Baltic Provinces of Russia are in the main, Lutherans. Mr. Fetler is thus, by the locality of his birth, a Protestant. The Lutherans of the Baltic Provinces were in past days every whit as bitter in their hostility to the Baptists as was in Russia proper the Greek Orthodox Church. Mr. Fetler himself was baptized in the dead of night by his father to avoid the violence of the Lutheran mob. Baptists to-day occupy a stronger position in these Lutheran lands, as the result of fifty years' patient labour, and six years' liberty of the press. And a kindlier spirit now prevails.

2. Already there were at least three languages in common use in the Baltic Provinces: German, Lettish, and Esthonian, the latter two using the

German characters. To impose another language, and that with an altogether new and difficult alphabet, was indeed arbitrary.

3. There is a Latvian Baptist Church in St. Petersburg, and Mr. Fetler was pastor of this Church for about four years, until he had established the Russian Church of which he is now the minister. If he had not known Russian, his work would have been restricted to the Latvians.

CHAPTER XVIII

ECHOES FROM SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

Over the tea-cups in the vestry, Mr. Fetler, Dr. Dixon, Lord Radstock, Sir Robert Anderson, Revs. John Wilson, of Woolwich, J. W. Kemp, of Edinburgh, and several other friends, addressed a crowded meeting, prior to the great gathering in the Tabernacle at the Annual Meeting of the Russian Evangelization Society. Here are a few sentences well worth remembering, culled from the speeches. Said Mr. Fetler: —

“Russia needs as much the gospel as the heathen nations do. Although it is nominally Christian, multitudes are without Christ.”

* * *

“The awakening is only beginning.”

* * *

“An assassinated Russian high official said when dying, ‘How difficult it is to die without God!’”

“A convict in a Russian prison, finding the idleness of his imprisonment tedious, learned the

German language in order to while away the weary hours in reading a German Bible that had come into his possession. He was aroused, convicted and converted by what he read, and has since made every effort to aid the movement for the circulation of Bibles and gospel tracts in prisons."

* * *

"Another prisoner praises God that he was taken to Siberia in chains; for there, through a gospel paper sent to him, he found his Saviour."

* * *

"I have two great cities, capitals of the Empire, on my heart, St. Petersburg and Moscow; and now the Lord has given me Riga also, a city of half a million people!"

* * *

"Nothing has taken more hold of me than the strong and pathetic appeals of the late C. H. Spurgeon to preachers to 'stand by the Cross.' If he were alive to-day, he would have no more faithful follower than myself."

* * *

"If God has accomplished anything in Russia through me, all glory to the 'Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

* * *

"'In the Cross of Christ I glory,' is no mere sentiment with me. I have proved its power in my own life, and have seen its power in the lives of hundreds of converts."

Said Lord Radstock: —

“ ‘Darkness was upon the face of the deep’ until God said, ‘Let there be light!’ The darkness is still in the earth, and in every heart, until God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines in.”

* * *

“Do not think about going to heaven. I haven’t thought about going to heaven for forty years! Think how you can serve the Lord here, while you have the opportunity!”

* * *

“He has ‘made us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus’ now! Rejoice in this! This is heaven, here!”

CHAPTER XIX

THE PLACE OF RUSSIA AT THE SECOND EUROPEAN BAPTIST CONGRESS, STOCKHOLM 1913.

I had the pleasure of accompanying the Delegates of the Russian Baptist Union from Petersburg to Stockholm, and there representing the *Russian Evangelization Society* at the *Second European Baptist Congress*. They were Brethren Neprash and Urlaub (St. Petersburg), Balichin (Astrahanka), Stepanoff (Moscow), and our Mr. Fetler had gone on two days before.

We had a very pleasant journey through Finland to Abo, and thence by steamer to Stockholm; surely the most delightful voyage that any one could wish. The sea was perfectly smooth; the evening was extremely fine; the scenery, as we coasted along past the multitudinous islands, was entrancing, and one could not be persuaded to leave the deck to seek repose till nearly midnight. Early morning found us again on deck, and for two hours we feasted our eyes upon the bewitching views which open to the

traveller approaching Stockholm by this delightful route.

At Stockholm we were met by one of the officials of the Congress, who guided us to the bureau, where all necessary arrangements were made for the full enjoyment of our stay; and I gladly bear testimony to the overwhelming kindness of the welcome we received; to the generous hospitality; to the true brotherliness; to the splendid vitality and virility of these Baptists of Sweden. The beauty of the town and the courtesy of the inhabitants charmed all Delegates.

Others have chronicled the doings of the Congress as a whole and in its various phases; here I purpose only to speak of Russia's share in the proceedings. The Russian Delegation was not, perhaps, a very large one, but it made a great impression. Besides those representing the Russian Baptist Union, whose names I have given, and of whom Mr. Fetler was the official leader, there were our German brethren—Pastor Arndt (Petersburg) and Mohr (Lodz); our Lettish friends, Pastors Frey, Klavin and Buhtsen, of Riga; and Pastor Kurzit, of Windau; an Esthonian brother, Pastor L. Luther, of Narva; and two representing the Evangelical Christians, Brethren Persianoff and Schmidt.

At the great Welcome Meeting on Saturday evening, it was intensely interesting to hear the representatives of the different countries answering to the Roll Call. Russia was represented by Brother Persianoff, who in the absence, through domestic trouble, of Mr. Prokhanoff, spoke on behalf of the Evangelical Christians, being interpreted by Mr. Fetler; Brother Stepanoff, of the Russian Baptist Union, also interpreted by Mr.

Fetler; and Brother Mohr on behalf of the *German Baptists* of Russia.

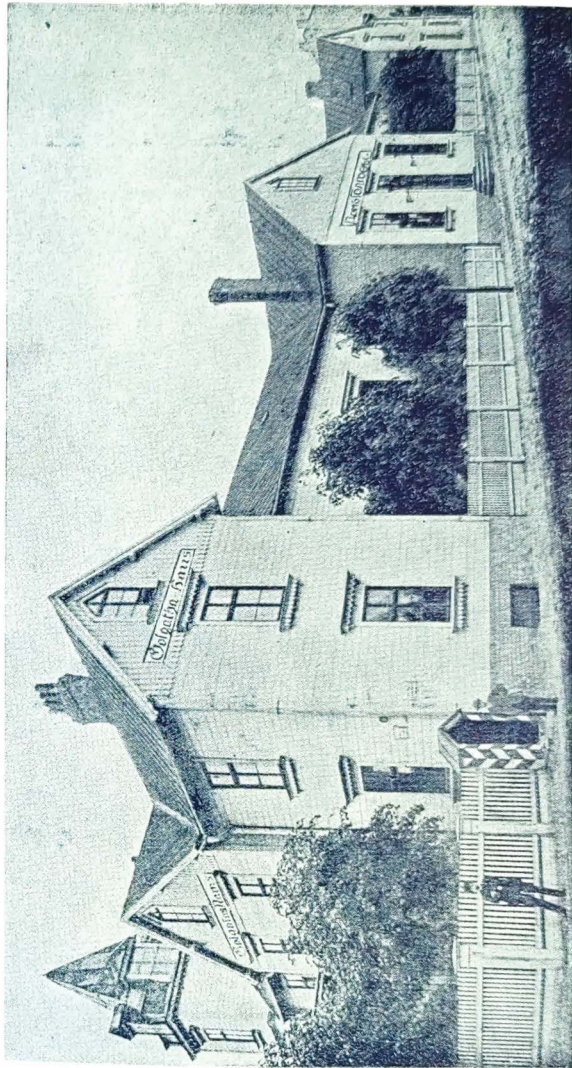
On Sunday morning, services were held in 15 different chapels in and around Stockholm; in two of the places the sermons were preached by Russian delegates, Pastor Mohr and Frey. Four great public meetings were held in the evening, the principal one being in Immanuel's Kyrkan (the Congress Church), Pastor Fetler being one of the two speakers. His speech was one of the best things at the Congress. Unfettered by M.S., he told out of a full heart the thrilling story of Gospel work in Russia, and held his hearers enthralled throughout. Before beginning his address, he asked through the interpreter (and a very sympathetic and competent interpreter was Principal Benander) for a few moments of silent prayer, and it seemed that a more spiritual atmosphere prevailed than had previously been felt. Greatly daring, he closed his address by quoting, with a fair amount of accuracy, though greatly to the amusement of his Swedish hearers, a verse of a Swedish hymn, and immediately led off in the singing of it, viz., Luther's hymn, which was printed on the Congress sheet in English, German and Swedish, *A mighty fortress is our God*. The great congregation rose spontaneously as one man and sang with the greatest gusto, and the meeting, thus unwittingly taken out of the Chairman's hands, closed on high plane of spiritual feeling.

On Monday, Russia was represented by Mr. Frey, who conducted the Devotional Service, and by Madame Yasnovsky, who was one of the speakers at the afternoon meeting for women, under the able presidency of the excellent lady, mine host, Mrs. Stadling, daughter of one the famous Swedish Baptist Pioneers. But

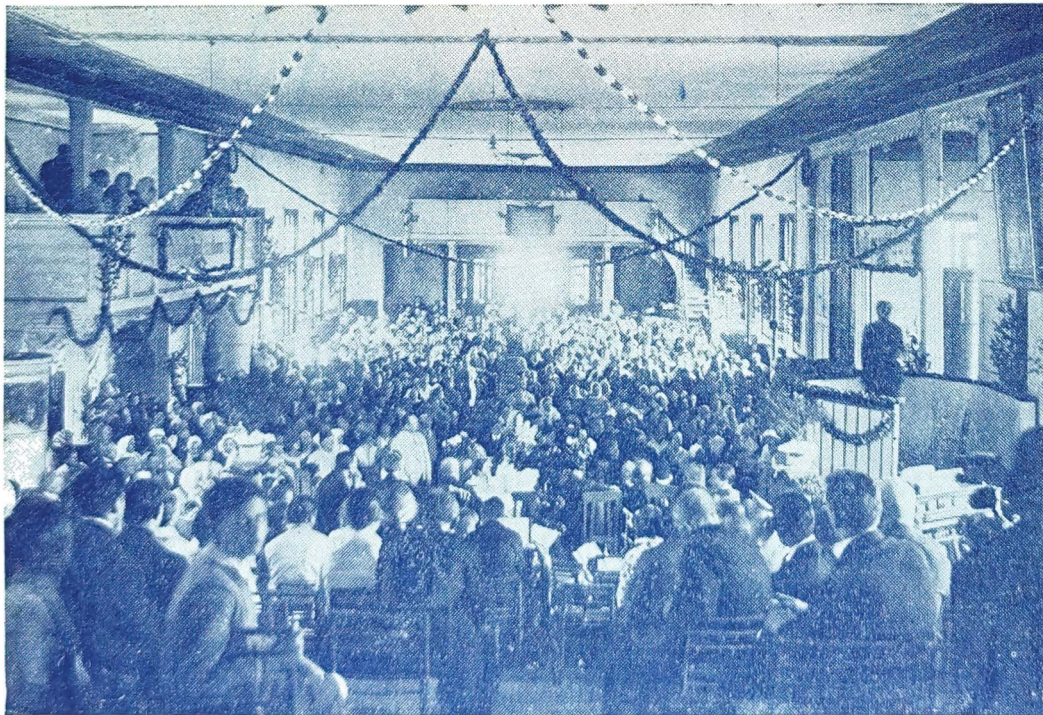
besides, Russia had a meeting all to itself, as the platform was concerned, for that same afternoon was held a Conference on the *Russian Mission Question*. Pastor Frey gave an interesting account of the work among the *Lettish* people; Pastor Mohr followed, with the story of the *German Baptists*; Mr. Persianoff told of the work of the *Evangelical Christians*; and Brethren Stepanoff and Balichin reported upon the work of the *National Baptists*, Mr. Fetler acting as interpreter for these friends. Following this gathering, there was a special Committee of the Russian Delegates with a few interested friends, and this led to a further Committee meeting on Wednesday, the result of which is noted in the following article.

On Tuesday evening the Chairman of the great meeting was Mr. Fetler, and somehow he made his personality felt in a way that was not noticeable with the other chairmen, who generally contented themselves with calling upon the appointed speakers. Our brother, by his prayers and words, gave a deep spiritual tone to the whole gathering, which was very refreshing. Mr. Persianoff read a paper prepared by Mr. Prokhanoff on "Fellowship with God." Thus Russia loomed large on the horizon this evening. At the close, Mr. Fetler made a statement about *The Gospel in Russia*, intimating that the Editor would be on the platform to receive the names and subscriptions of those who wished to have the Magazine sent them, and not a few orders were thus obtained. The manifest eagerness with which many came up to enquire about it and to give in their names showed how thoroughly their interest in the work had been aroused by Mr. Fetler's burning words.

The "Golgotha House", Riga. Formerly a Greek Catholic Military Church.



Interior of the Golgotha House, Riga.



On Wednesday, Russia had no part in the morning programme, and there was no meeting in the evening; but at the open-air meeting in the afternoon, our good friend, Pastor Luther, of Esthonia, was one of the speakers, and Madame Yasnovsky was another.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Fetler gave an address on *Redemption which is in Christ*, treating the subject on the subjective and experimental side. Like all his utterances, it was full of spiritual power. That same morning there was some discussion as to where the next Congress should be held, Prof. Whittinghill giving an invitation to hold it in Rome, and adducing many reasons why it should be held in the City of the Seven Hills, Mr. Fetler gave a hearty invitation on behalf of the Russian Baptists to hold the Congress in St. Petersburg, and cleverly advanced many reasons why the Northern Capital should have the preference over Rome. At the evening meeting, Mr. Schmidt, a worthy Baptist brother, at present a tutor in Mr. Prokhanoff's Bible School, gave an intensely interesting address on *Liberty of Conscience in Russia*, which anew stirred the sympathies and evoked the prayers of the assembly on behalf of our brethren labouring with such bravery, and thank God, with such good results, amid conditions so trying.

I have said enough to show that a very large place was given in the programme of the Congress to the claims in Russia; and throughout, Mr. Fetler, partly by his usefulness as interpreter, but mainly through his dominating personality, was the leading figure on the Russian side. Not only by his public utterances, but through his wisdom and sweet reason-

ableness in Committee meetings, he increased his reputation, and as his College Principal and a Vice-President of the *Russian Evangelization Society* I felt proud of him, and thankful to God for him.

CHAPTER XX

AMONG THE STUDENTS OF
ST. PETERSBURG.

I have referred to the meetings in the Tenisheff Hall and I think it well to give a fuller account of these, and so reproduce an article which I wrote for *The British Weekly* under the above heading.—

Of all the work being done in St. Petersburg by Pastor Fetler, whose new tabernacle has just been opened with many tokens of blessing, perhaps the most interesting, and, from some standpoints, the most important, is the effort to reach the students of this great city. There are about 40,000 students, male and female, in St. Petersburg, and materialism, agnosticism, and atheism are sadly prevalent among them. About a year ago Mr. Fetler began to have special meetings for students, and many have been won for Christ. Some three months since he hired a large concert hall, called the Hall of Prince Tenisheff, situated in the best part of the city, in the hope of reaching them more readily, and at the same time

influencing a class of people not likely to attend his ordinary mission halls. The results have abundantly justified him.

It has been my privilege to attend two of these meetings, and some account of them may prove interesting. On the first occasion, January 3 (the meetings are held every Wednesday), the hall, which is a commodious and comfortable building, semi-circular, with seats rising in amphitheatre fashion, was well filled with students and people of position. The people are fond of singing, and Mr. Fetler has a good choir, who render Gospel pieces very brightly. Among other hymns sung that evening was the Russian translation of "Jesu' lover of my soul," to the Welsh tune of Aberystwyth. Dr. MacArthur, of New York, and I had been speaking at several meetings, but this time we had been prohibited, so Mr. Fetler asked me to engage in prayer, with the suggestion that I should preach a little in the prayer. Fetler gave a lecture on the Cross as the centre of the Gospel, speaking very earnestly, and with a manifest grip upon his hearers, for about fifty minutes, and at the close asked for expressions of penitence. Immediately between twenty and thirty stood up, and then came down to the front, while more than twenty others stood up in different parts of the hall. Mr. Fetler put several questions to them as to their penitence and faith in Christ, etc., which they answered most readily, and then they and he knelt and he prayed with them all, while many of them also prayed audibly, with many visible tokens of strong emotion. Among them was a fine military-looking man, who, I afterwards learned, was an army doctor; and nearly all looked intelligent and cultured.

In the course of the meeting, Mr. Fetler had asked those who had been converted at these meetings from atheism to hold up their hands, and a very large number did so, including several of the choir. As the people passed out and shook hands with us, leaning down from the platform, several stopped, evidently in great distress of soul, talked with Fetler, who also prayed with each of them, and they seemed to go on their way rejoicing.

Dr. MacArthur's Address.

The following Wednesday evening, permission having meanwhile been granted by the Minister of the Interior for foreigners to speak, Dr. MacArthur was announced to lecture on "Christ as the Ideal Man." Every seat (700) was occupied and the platform crowded with the regular choir and a choir of Esthonians and other visitors to the opening meetings of the tabernacle. After a season of praise and prayer, Dr. MacArthur spoke, through interpretation, eloquently and impressively, of the uniqueness of Christ's humanity as proving His Divinity, and after Mr. Fetler had given earnest exhortation and appealed for decisions, over thirty at once rose and trooped down to the front, while many others throughout the building held un their hands. There was much feeling shown, many sobbing and crying, while Fetler spoke to them, and altogether it was a time of great power.

The spontaneity and unconventionality of the people in this matter of avowing their religious impressions are really remarkable. I have never seen anything quite like it at any evangelistic or revival meetings ar home. It may be said that the people are emotional, and doubtless they are; but the emotion is well

under control. At the Welsh revival meetings I have seen much emotion displayed, and the people so carried away with it that singing and praying would go on without any recognition of leadership; but, no matter how highly wrought up the feelings of a meeting may be here, the people may be all praying and sobbing together, yet the slightest word or sign from the leader is obeyed, and quietness at once obtained.

All the meetings we have attended have been marked by great spiritual power, but it is surely cause for special thanksgiving that the student life of St. Petersburg should be thus influenced Christward.

We attended yet another meeting in Tenisheff Hall, the following Wednesday, the evening of our departure for Berlin. There was again a fine congregation, though not quite so crowded as on the previous Wednesday, which was very special on account of the advertised lecture of Dr. MacArthur. Mr. Feller commenced the meeting somewhat earlier in order to have it closed in time for our train. After some singing and praying, he gave his address and then called upon us three (Dr. MacArthur, Mr. Phillips and myself) each to say a few farewell words. I ended by giving a short speech in Russian. Then they sang "God be with you till we meet again." The people began to wave their handkerchiefs, and there was great excitement. Then we came to the front of the platform to shake hands; there was very little time to deal with such a crowd but they would have been disappointed if we had not given them the opportunity. After a little I started working with both hands, my companions following suit, and, of course, we had to kiss many of the men. Still we had to rush away for our train before getting nearly

through. Then what a business it was getting down-stairs and out. How they crowded round us and shook hands, and blessed us and kissed us. Finally we got off to the tramcar, our luggage having been sent on in advance the station. Two cars were pretty well filled with our people and they sang hymns, most of the way, a most unusual thing in a Russian public conveyance.

At the Station there could not have been less than a hundred of them, and here again the hands were busy and the hugging and blessing and kissing continued. And there on the platform about 11 o'clock, just before the train started, they sang "Crown Him Lord of all," and "God be with you till we meet again": passengers and railway officials and policemen all gathering round us; and as the train moved out some of those irrepressible choir girls rushed alongside up to the very end of the platform. The whole scene was one never to be forgotten. Probably such a scene was never witnessed in St. Petersburg. It bore eloquent witness to the enthusiastic love of the gospel by these earnest souls, shown in their appreciation of its messengers and it spoke volumes for the effectiveness of Pastor Fetler's work among the Russian people.

Note. Before going to Petersburg on this occasion, an application had been sent by Mr. Robert Fetler for admission to Spurgeon's College. Our Committee had considered it and arranged for Dr. MacArthur and me to have an interview with him, so that if we were satisfied, he could be accepted. We did interview him; we were satisfied: he entered College and proved himself in every way worthy to be numbered among Spurgeons' students.

CHAPTER XXI.

VICTORIES OF THE CROSS IN RIGA.

I paid my third visit to Russia at the end of June 1912. Riga was my first objective, for Pastor Fetler had begun work in that important city. He had long wished to have a mission among his Lettish kinsfolk in Riga, and at length, in the beginning of May, the way opened for him to do so. From the first the meetings were a great success, being attended with great power and remarkable blessing. The conditions in Riga were somewhat different from those obtaining in St. Petersburg. The Lettish people had long been under religious influences; the people had grown up familiar with the Gospel message; religious formality was prevalent, many, being as in England, "Gospel-hardened." Brother Fetler had long felt the need of some definite Evangelistic work being undertaken in this Baltic City, and this Mission was the carrying out of his desire. God gave him great acceptance with the people. The various places hired were too small to hold the numbers who flocked to hear the Word. A large concert Hall or theatre was



Revival House

Atmodas Nams
„Ak, Jeruzaleme, modies!“

Дом Прозвужденія
LATVIJAS MISIONES UN BIBELES SKOLA

РІСІТЬ
КІСЛОТІ
ІНТЕРІОРИ
ДІВАНІ ТА КІСІЛІ
ІЗІДИТИ І СІДИТИ
ІЗІДИТИ І СІДИТИ
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2017-2018
Klaipėdos m.
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Būvimo darbai ir
remontas Klaipėdoje
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Rev. Michael Billester, Assistant
Pastor of Tabernacle Revival
Church at Riga. At present
on Deputation Work in North-
America.



Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Craighead, our first
American Missionaries to Russia. For
several years they have been pioneering
among Russians in Rumania.

taken, but on the first appointed night of meeting there, permission to hold the service had not arrived from the Governor. At the last moment the use of the largest German Baptist Chapel was obtained, and the announcement made at door of the theatre sent the crowds rushing to the Chapel, even old men running like boys. At all the meetings the power of the Lord was present to heal, about five hundred souls deciding for the Lord the first week. The Petersburg experiences were surpassed and Mr. Fetler considered that he had never seen such, a movement of the Spirit of God. The expense and the difficulty of obtaining the large auditoriums had confined the meetings latterly to a hall holding about 400 people, and being crowded to suffocation with little ventilation, the unwholsome atmosphere brought on an illness that laid the preacher aside for ten days. It seemed that if the work were to be continued in Riga, and the indications all pointed in that direction, a larger place of meeting must be secured. For this the people began to pray earnestly and definitely. And in a wonderful way the prayer was answered. The story is too long to tell: suffice it to say that a large Greek Church, built by private enterprise and used for the military services, came into the market, as the Government had built another place in a different locality: there were many eager to purchase it, but Mr. Fetler secured it at the low price of £3,800 including the land, which is alone worth the money and is constantly increasing in value. The terms were £1,000 down, the remainder to be paid in instalments spread over five years. The converts and friends at once gave or promised £700, and the building is now in their possession.

Many remarkable conversions have taken place in connection with Pastor Fetler's ministry: but this *conversion* was surely something unique.

The Conversion of a Greek Catholic Church into a Gospel Hall.

The first services were held on Sunday, June 30th, 1912, when I had the great joy of being present. The building is a handsome structure of wood, on a brick foundation. Most of the houses here about are of wood. It is 160 feet long by about 40 wide, and being slightly cruciform in shape, there are two recesses, 14 by 7 and 14 by 3¹/₂ respectively. There is also a small gallery over one of the recesses, and another at the end of the building. Besides three rooms at the rear and four in front, there is upstairs a suite of six dwelling-rooms, the lintels of the doors under which the priests passed being marked with the Sign of the Cross. A large platform for the choir has been erected at one end, and a pulpit in front at the side, mostly by voluntary labour, and brethren and sisters were engaged for several days before, putting the house in order, arranging chairs, sweeping, scrubbing, and decorating. The building is named Calvary or Golgotha House, and the name appears outside in the three languages which are freely spoken in Riga—Russian, Lettish, and German.

Like most Greek Churches, it had no seats, and it was decided to furnish it with chairs. Pastor Fetler adopted the expedient of having a collection. A common enough thing, my readers may say. Yes, but this was an uncommon kind of collection. It was

A Collection of Chairs.

The friends were all asked to bring chairs; some brought one, others, two, three etc., according to their ability; and in all chairs were brought to the number of 1050.

Besides the chairs there were a number of forms, but a large space was left vacant for standing. The opening service on Sunday was at 10 o'clock, but by 8 o'clock the people were beginning to gather, and when at 9 o'clock the doors were opened, they simply poured in and filled the place. By the time of service the 1.000 seats were occupied, and every inch of standing space as well. There must have been between 2.000 and 2.600 present, while hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Governor of the city, who has been very kind to Mr. Fetler in the whole matter, would have been present but for a previous engagement, but the official next to him in rank came as well as a high police officer.

In the early part of the service Mr. Fetler recounted the religious privileges granted through the Tzar's manifesto of 1905, and read part of the manifesto in Lettish and Russian, then all the congregation sang the Russian National Hymn, and Mr. Fetler prayed in Lettish for the Tzar and Imperial Family, and Mr. Neprash prayed in like manner in Russian.

An interesting feature in the proceedings was the singing of Luther's battle song. How this seems to touch the people! Old men and women sang with tear-filled eyes and shining faces, while the younger ones exult also in their fathers' God. Addresses of greeting were given by Pastor Laubert, of Mitau, and a number of other visiting brethren. There was much singing

by choirs, Lettish, Russian and German, and thughout much enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. Fetler gave an earnest address, but deferred his opening sermon till the evening. The meeting closed about 2 o'clock, many hundreds having stood all the four hours.

The evening service was at 6 o'clock, when again a great company gathered, though perhaps not quite so many as in the morning, the morning being the chief time for meetings here. Again, we had much good singing and a number of addresses, including one from the representative of the Evangelical Christians in Riga, who said that the great blessing for which they had long been praying had come. Mr. Neprash gave a powerful Gospel address in Russian, translated by Mr. Fetler into Lettish, and at its close Mr. Fetler made an earnest appeal for decision for Christ. Considerably more than one hundred people at once rose to their feet, and remained standing while the pastor spoke some special words of counsel to them. After this came the sermon, when the preacher made his manifesto; this was listened to with intense interest, and was evidently full of power. The meeting lasted till 10 o'clock, altogether a wonderful day.

On Monday prayer-meetings were held at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 5 p. m., and a public meeting at 8 o'clock in the evening, when there was a large gathering. We cannot give details, but only note that after Mr. Fetler's earnest address over 70 persons stood in token of their desire to find Christ, and then by invitation came forward and knelt before all, sobbing and praying, and confessing the Saviour.

On the Tuesday evening his sermon was of a most informal kind. He began to speak about a hymn, then after a while he sang a few verses of a gospel

melody with great expression and appealing force; then talked a while and sang a few more verses of another hymn, the choir joining in the chorus, and continued speaking about the power of the Gospel and showing it is the one thing that can satisfy, bringing in many illustrious names as witnesses, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Spurgeon, &c., and on and on he went for about an hour, with a sermon which never had a beginning; but it had a wonderful ending when over fifty stood up, came forward, knelt and prayed and cried for mercy. Then others stood up, and altogether there would be about seventy.

Wednesday evening the high police official who was with us on Sunday and another appeared. Fetler told me that a "declining reply" had come from the Minister of the Interior about my speaking, and he supposed that was the reason the authorities were looking us up again; we had had none of them since Sunday morning. At the close of the address there was again a striking demonstration when the appeal was made, a large number arose at once and presently came trooping to the front—I should think 80 or more. When they were all kneeling there, the rest of the people standing, the police official, who had for a while been at the back of the building, marched close up and stood looking down upon the penitents with wonderment; afterwards he had a talk with Mr. Fetler and seemed quite interested. Altogether it was generally the case that the police officials were acting towards the scetarians with kindness and consideration; only when the priests of the ruling state church stirred up the police officials they became cruel and one had to suffer,

Thursday evening's meeting was specially for Russian speaking people, and again the blessing was realized. About 45 came forward, while about 25 more stood up in various parts of the building. On Friday evening about 40 confessed Christ. Saturday evening's meeting was for believers only. There must have been present between 400 and 500, and most of these were young converts. It was a most interesting desire for full consecration, and there was much prayer and praise and testimony. Permission for me to speak had not been granted by the Minister of the Interior, but I had frequently prayed "at large" and given messages of greeting, and now I had to give a farewell word, and afterwards, the people rose to signify that they sent by me their hearty greetings to the Pastors' College, to the President, Thomas Spurgeon, and his brother, the Vice-President, to Dr. Dixon and the Tabernacle Church, and to the President and Officers of the Russian Evangelization Society. In the same way they endorsed an invitation to Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Dixon, and Mr. E. A. Carter to come to the public opening when the Church is formed in November. At the suggestion of Pastor Fetter, a retiring collection was taken for the funds of the Pastors' College, resulting in a sum of 50 roubles.

Sunday, July 7, being a great festival, "John's day," the people go out into the woods and the Churches are largely deserted, so that it was considered a wonderful thing that we should have about 800 people in the Dom Golgotha. But though our numbers were not equal to the previous Sunday, it was a very fine service. There was a time of testimony, and I only wished I could have understood what the speakers said, but Lettish is even stranger

to me than Russian. Some of the utterances were interpreted to me, however, and the shining face told the rest. One man said, if you would give him the whole world for his joy he would not take it. Another had served in a "restaurant" for ten years, but God had saved him. "No one," said a sister, "fled from Christ more than I, but He followed me and saved me." A sister in the choir said if she had 1,000 tongues she could not express her joy. When the appeal was made at the close of the address over eighty rushed forward, and after answering in the affirmative the questions put to them knelt down and with evident emotion surrendered to the Saviour. I was struck, as on other occasions, with the number of elderly and middle-aged men and women who were among the confessors, some of them looking very intelligent, and all most eager. The evening meeting was also a good one, but mostly the same people, and the number confessing was naturally smaller; the gleanings after the morning harvest: eighteen came forward, and about twenty five others stood up. The service was over earlier than usual, and then a prayer meeting followed which was marked by singular power. Mr. Fetler had arranged to go to Petersburg by the midnight train and I was going with him, so we had to say farewell, and it was not easy to get away from these enthusiastic friends; but finally, with "polyglot" expressions resounding on all sides—"gute Nacht," "auf Wiedersehen," "dosvidana," "ar labu nakti," "Good-bye," "God bless you," &c., &c.—we escaped.

PASTOR LAUBERT, of Mitau, speaking to me of Mr. Fetler, said "He preaches with power, he touches the heart." He said, "I have heard many men, and I was pleased, they helped my *head*; it was good what

they said, but Brother Fetler, he speaks to my *heart*, he touches me here" (laying his hand on his heart). This witness is true and throughout the week of opening services in Dom Golgotha Mr. Fetler has indeed spoken to the hearts of many.

Truly the new house has been gloriously consecrated. Its name, "Golgotha House" has been justified for here the Cross has been exalted, and many have come to "the place called Calvary".

After the second Sunday evening service I accompanied Pastor Fetler and Madame Yasnovsky to St. Petersburg, where I spent a day or two before departing for Scotland via Amsterdam.

At the meetings I attended there I found the same spirit as before, special exuberance of joy being manifest at seeing the beloved pastor once more among his earnest people.



Miss Barbara Kovalevsky,
while in training before her marriage to Pastor Fetler, at the China
Inland Mission Home, London.

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**Pastor Fetler's Father and Mother and youngest
sister Irma.** *Page 182.*

CHAPTER XXII

A DAY IN LIVONIAN SWITZERLAND

We have often recorded the strenuous working of our good brother Fetler, and he usually works at very high pressure, with far too little rest, but occasionally we have known him to take a breathing space and it may not be uninteresting to tell of one holiday that we shared with him, snatched out of an extraordinarily busy week, the week of the opening of the Dom Golgotha in Riga.

We had been having real mountain top experiences spiritually all the time, and now we were promised to get a glimpse of the mountain tops of God's nature in lovely Livonia.

At the close of an exciting meeting, when about 70 had stood up signifying their desire to follow Christ, and we had been interviewed by a Russian

policeman, the plan was announced of going next day to see the famous Livonian Switzerland. The plan was duly followed and next morning after an early breakfast we started for the station, the party consisting of Mr. Fetler and his youngest sister, Irma, a girl of fourteen (who when the Germans last year came to Tukkuum, was

enabled with others to escape

while her parents were left behind and nothing is known of them; reaching Petrograd she has been provided by the Refugees' Committee with home comforts and schooling; Madame (Baroness) Yasnovsky, Madame (Baroness) Odvensky, from Petrograd, Brother Neprash, another Evangelist, and I. At the station we met other two brethren who were to go with us—nine in all.

We now for brevity and simplicity, follow the account as given in diary. Tram left at 8.30, about an hour and three-quarter's journey. At first it was somewhat cold and dull, but soon the sun came out beautifully and the rest of the day was quite warm. Segevoid, the place where we arrived, is the

centre of Livonian Switzerland,

but I did not see much likeness to Switzerland when we got there. There was just the usual Russian style of wooden houses pitched among trees and forest stretching in all directions. I was greatly interested in the conveyances waiting at the station for passengers; and the number of conveyances showed that the place was a great pleasure resort. On a framework of four wheels there is stretched a long single cushioned seat, like one side of an Irish jaunt-

ing car, but twice as long and with no back except in the middle part, about a yard of a cross-bar. I should rather have liked a ride on one of them. There was a good deal of

chattering with the drivers,

but finally it was decided that something else must be done.

I was meanwhile walking about exploring, and enjoying myself. Then one of the party came rushing to find me and to tell that they were all going on. Following up, I found we had a walk of a few hundred yards to a hotel on the edge of the forest. Here we were to have strawberries and milk and wait half an hour for a carriage which Mr. Fetler had telephoned for to the Post Office. But first we had to wait for the strawberries, which was pleasant waiting, as I rambled away into the forest, a thing I always like to do, and meanwhile found some wild strawberries for myself. By and by the strawberries and milk appeared, accompanied with bread rolls. The strawberries were wild but being newly gathered, were very enjoyable. Then it turned out that the conveyance was to come to the station, so Mr. Fetler and the other male members went off to meet it there. I had another stroll in the forest, while the ladies rested. After a considerable time I saw the dust rising in clouds on the sandy road, and Mr. Fetler and his party came

flying along with four horses

drawing an old battered wagonette.

The problem now was how to get all in. It was really seated for six, and one with the driver in

front. Mr. Fetler took that seat; Madame Yasnovsky and the girl Irma took one side, Mr. Neprash and another brother, being slender, sat beside them, so they managed to squeeze in pretty well. Madame Odvensky on the other side and I next her, and the Evangelist next me; but by no kind of arithmetic could a fourth one get in, for Madame Odvensky is very stout, like a very big O, and very solid, so that there is no squeezing of her, and I am not so slender as some, so the ninth friend had to stand on the step, or sometimes sit on his brother's knee, or on the edge, but he was the merriest of the party and

did not mind at all.

About 12 o'clock, only about $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours from the time of arriving, we got fairly started and tore along at a great pace. Before going very far a halt was called, and getting out of our wagonette, we walked up to see the ancient castle of Segevoid. Passing the new castle on the way, Mr. Fetler enquired for the occupant, Prince Kropotkin, Vice-Governor of Riga, whom he knew as a good Christian man, but he had gone out. We then walked about the old ruins and were impressed with the massiveness of the great old walls, evidently a place of great strength in the olden days. Madame Yasnovsky and Irma walked back to the carriage, in which by the way, we had left our stout friend, whose legs, were too "krank" for the walking. We proceed through the grounds by a steep downward path to meet the carriage at another point. The road by which it went was a very steep decline, which was one reason why we lightened its load.

We were now in the heart of Livonian Switzerland, and

it is indeed very pretty.

There are not mountains in the Swiss sense, but there is a long range of high land on two sides of a lovely valley, in the middle of which flows a broad, beautiful river, and all the sides of the declivities are covered with fine woods. It is a very charming sight indeed and well worth going a long way to see. The carriage way lies down the valley through loose sand, and the horses simply plough their way through.

We waited by the riverside till our conveyance came and then we all crossed by a primitive but very effective ferry. There is

a large floating pontoon

worked by a strong cable, which is stretched from shore to shore. and the way of propelling the pontoon is simply for the men to lay hold of the cable and pull. The cable itself is stationary, and pulling makes the pontoon move slowly across. Before our party arrived there were already three conveyances on the floating bridge, and there was much excitement in getting these moved aside so as to leave room for our gallant quaternion of horses to march on. This was at last done and our driver, with a mighty flourish, drove his steeds clattering on to the pontoon.

We soon got across, and a board being let down made the connection with the other shore on which other boards lay to meet it, and up the sandy incline passengers walked or drove. There was a conveyance on this side on the bank, which somewhat obstructed the way and

the ferryman had much shouting

and objurgation before he could get the driver to move. One of the things he shouted to him, was that he would "get a sickle and cut off his head;" Fortunately he had not to resort to such drastic measures.

A little way along the other bank, we left the carriage, to go and see a celebrated grotto. The rocks out of which it is cut or fashioned originally by some natural convulsion, are soft sandstone, and are all covered with travellers' inscriptions, many of them very artistic; one of them dates from 1607, another 1652. There is a beautiful, cool stream of water flowing from the grotto. There is a legend about the place to the effect that a beautiful maiden who lived on the heights of Freioden was brought down to this grotto by two evil men who meant to dishonour her. After pleading with them in vain, she told them that

she had a wonderful necklace

which had the magical virtue of preventing the owner from being wounded; and she would give them that if they would let her go. She invited them to try its virtues upon herself. She said if they cut at her neck while this was round it, they would see that the sword would make no impression. So they "cutted" round her neck and "cutted" her head off, which was what she desired, and so saved her honour at the expense of her life. Hence the place known as the "Gutman" grotto is a famous resort.

We again mounted our chariot and travelling along the valley for a good distance, began to ascend

the heights and came to Freiiden, a few scattered houses; but

here also was an old castle

to be seen, so we dismounted and walked some distance to see it. Near the old ruin was a spot whence a beautiful view of the whole valley could be obtained and it was really very fine.

Off again along a very narrow way on the top of the ridge; frequently we had to dismount to enable our driver to steer safely; though sometimes we were nearly overturned. Once when we passed under the overhanging branches of a great tree, my Petrograd neighbour's hat was nearly dragged off; she shouted, "O Absalom!" which caused great hilarity. At last we reached the castle of Cremona,

where the Princess Lieven resides.

Here we made a call, but the Princess was too ill to see us, and other members of the family were away. The companion of the Princess, a good Christian lady, came out to us and showed us round the grounds, which are quite charming, and then again mounting our chariot we started on our return journey by another road, a steep decline down which the other gentlemen walked, while I, through their tender solicitude, sat in state with the ladies.

We got back to the river and crossed by the same ferry and then went back by the way the carriage had come, up to the entrance of Segevold Castle and so on towards the station for the 4.11 train. It was now about a quarter to 4, and we stopped at a hotel to get something to eat; but the time was short. The first dish brought was a "lordly one" of veal and potatoes, and

we did ample justice to it

with astonishing rapidity. Then came a large dish of stewed fruit of various kinds, but time was up; we dare not stop for it, but getting quickly on board, we drove furiously to the station where the train was already waiting. We find it difficult to get a place, though we go through five or six carriages. Mr. Fetler goes off to the conductor, and comes back with the announcement, "room in front, get out and run along." This we do, and not too soon get into a nice carriage; for the last bell is already ringing and off we go. And so to Riga about 9 o'clock, where after a hasty meal, we rest a little and then go

to meeting in the Dom Golgotha.

which is none the less lacking in spiritual power through our day's outing and communion with Nature. Some 50 souls give themselves to the Saviour.

Nor need our readers suppose that, while Pastor Fetler was on holiday he was "off duty." No, indeed; every opportunity was taken to witness for his Lord. In the train, many a tract or booklet was given away, many a word spoken for the Master; and that seat by the driver! well we knew that Mr. Fetler took that, mainly to have the opportunity of preaching to the controller of the steeds as we careered along. Nor were the other members of the party less zealous or less inclined to sow beside all waters. Madame Odvensky was a recent convert and was

constantly seizing opportunities

of giving tracts or speaking to some one, the zeal of the young convert, perhaps not quite tempered with

the wisdom of the more experienced, in selecting the right opportunity. During the journey through the lovely scenes, the minds of all were filled with thoughts of the gracious Lord Whose hand was recognised in all we saw, and songs of praise to Him Who is the Source of all true beauty, resounded that happy holiday through Livonian Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXIII

MY FOURTH VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG

My fourth visit to St. Petersburg took place in July, 1913. The chief purpose in view was to attend the Marriage of Pastor Fetler. While a student at Petersburg University, Miss Varvara Kovalevsky had been converted under Pastor Fetler's preaching and subsequently he had fallen in love with her and brought her to London to learn the English language and left her for a year or more to get some training for Christian work in the China Inland Mission home, where she soon became a general favourite, and we naturally saw a good deal of her and all the Russian Evangelization Society had learned to love her. When the time arrived for the marriage, I found it possible to take her home, my niece going with us. Mr. Robert Fetler, then a student in our College, was also able to accompany us.

On this occasion, for the first time, I was able to go to the service in St. Isaac's Cathedral on the Sunday morning and it may be of interest to give a few notes concerning it.

Service in St. Isaac's Cathedral.

Under the guidance of a worthy brother, my niece and I walked from Dom Golgotha to the Cathedral. The Metropolitan was preaching and I was rather anxious to get an idea of the kind of service. There was a large congregation, nearly all standing. In front of the altar there was an oblong space railed off and guarded by policemen ; outside of which the people stood. We got close to the barrier by degrees. At the end where we were furthest from the altar, sat the Metropolitan on a raised, carpeted platform and on a throne. He was gorgeously apparelled in cloth of gold etc, with a huge crown, sparkling with brilliants on his head. The liturgy was being chanted by a number of priests and deacons all most gorgeously dressed in gold and purple. By and by the book was brought to the Metropolitan and he read a portion. All through he was attended by an official who anticipated his every need ; handed him his spectacles, opening the book etc.

All this time the great doors leading into the Sanctuary had been closed, but at 11 o'clock they were opened and the high priest marched out and round about, all reverently saluting the enthroned Metropolitan. He received two long, lighted candles in each hand: one of them was a combination of three, the other of two. These he waved up and down and crossed and held out towards the people, blessing them. Then he and the priests marched into the holy place. There was a great deal of mummery, which I need not record. Several singings by the choir,—25 or so, men dressed in black and gold, and as many boys, and two or three readings of Scripture by the deacons — the Gospel, the Acts and

the Epistles — followed. The head deacon had a stentorian voice. The Metropolitan came out by and by, and the children's choir sang a hymn to him. After a long while of standing, we, through a judicious use of "backsheesh", got inside the holy place and were supplied with chairs quite close to the officiating priests. Then we found we could get even into the Holiest of all, behind the great doors. We had thought that this could only be allowed after the service, but no—we could go in now. My niece had to stay behind, for no woman is ever allowed inside, although she had a good look in when the side door was opened for us.

We entered and found two or three other persons there, while the priestly company continued their services. The great doors were closed and the people standing outside "in the temple" could see nothing of what was going on. As a matter of fact they were "taking the sacrament", as our friend said, "taking their supper". The Metropolitan took several pieces of bread and munched them right heartily, and several good gulps of wine. Then the higher priests came to him and received bread and wine at his hands and a kiss. They all ate and drank with a will. And this was done several times. Some went to a little table in the corner and ate of the bread that was on it and drank the wine. They then washed their hands in a basin at the opposite side. An old gentleman was introduced to the Metropolitan who spoke to him and kissed him as if no service had been going on.

There seemed in this crowning act of the service to be a wonderful lack of reverence and one was

reminded of the Roman augurs winking at each other while performing their holy rites.

Presently we came out as the great doors were again being opened. Before we went in a number of women with children in arms had passed through the holy place to the front of the door beside the choir, and these babies now received the supper, the wine, however, alone being given, and up to the seventh year the children only get the wine, after which they may have the bread. I say "wine", but when I called it so, the attendant was greatly shocked and said, "Sir, I must let you know that is not wine, it is blood".

One recalled the fact recorded in Church History that when infant baptism was introduced, infant communion accompanied it; but after some unseemly scenes caused by the infants rejecting the bread, it was decided only to give them the wine. Of course in the Roman Catholic Church the children do not get the wine even since the "cup" is altogether withheld from the "laity", but the Greek Church keeps to the old practice.

The chief thought one carried away was the contrast between the gorgeous and meaningless ceremonial and the picture of the Christ on the great window at the back of the altar. There He stands in majestic simplicity holding a small cross in one hand and pointing upward with the other. There seemed little or no pointing upward in the service. As my Russian friend said, "I praise God that I can praise Him in another way than this."

At the door we saw the consecration bread which is sold to the people in small loaves. Near by is the

tomb of some old saint, and on it a crown of thorns brought from Jerusalem.

Once More in St. Petersburg.

Our projected visit to St. Petersburg duly took place, and some account of it has appeared elsewhere; but we must through these pages assure our friends that the good work is going on well. Pastor Fetler is enjoying much blessing; the believers are full of the spirit of prayer and consecration; the people gather eagerly to hear the Word and never a Gospel meeting is held without conversions resulting. On arriving at the *Dom Evangelia* we found the external appearance of it greatly improved; the low wooden building attached to the dwelling house in which restaurant work was formerly carried on, has been pulled down, thus giving a fuller view of the Tabernacle itself, while all the builders rubbish has been cleared away and the garden in front nicely laid out and furnished with seats. This garden has been thrown open to the public, and a large notice board proclaims the fact that any one is welcome to use it with the conditions that there must be

no smoking and no drinking

of intoxicants. Here, too, the members of the choir and others gather before the meetings and sing Gospel hymns, thus giving the message to the passers-by and attracting not a few to the indoor meetings.

Our first meeting on the Saturday night was the believers' meeting, which was held in one of the lower halls of the *Dom*, seating about 400. This was well filled, and a wonderful season of prayer and

testimony was enjoyed. The testimony on this occasion was mainly about work done by the brothers and sisters, and evidently they had not been idle during the week. The Petersburg Church is not a hive of drones.

We attended other two Saturday evening meetings. The second was conducted by Mr. Neprash, as Mr. Fetler was absent in Riga. It was full of spiritual power. On the third Saturday the meeting was not confined to believers, and about 1,000 people were present. Mr. Fetler preached the Gospel very impressively, and at the close

more than 40 persons confessed Christ.

We had also the privilege of attending the services on three Sundays, and on each occasion there was abundant evidence that the Divine smile is still upon the work. The first Sunday we were only able to get to the evening service, as we had spent the morning in seeing how the Orthodox Greek Church worship was conducted in the great Cathedral of St. Isaac. Although this was our fourth visit to Russia, it was the first time we had been able to devote any time to this matter. We learned something, and we got some idea of the reason why people turn from the husks of ceremonialism to the living bread which our earnest friends seek to supply. In the evening we were glad to be back in the *Dom Evangelia*, and a fine service was held. Mr. Robert Fetler preached a good sermon, and pastor William followed with another. There is no disposition on the part of these good folks of Petersburg to set a

time limit to the preaching:

they cannot get too much of it; there seems no limit

to their capacity of hearing. But while preaching holds a large place at these gatherings, perhaps an more important place is given to prayer. There are several definite seasons of prayer at every such service, the praying always being intensely earnest, and much of it like that described in Acts iv., "they lifted up their voice to God with one accord." Many rose in response to an invitation to signify their desire to be saved from strong drink; one poor fellow specially asked prayer that he might be saved from smoking! When, later on, the opportunity was given for avowing decision for Christ, this friend was first of over 30 who stood up and came forward.

The second Sunday Mr. Fetler was preaching in Riga, and had a time of great blessing there; in Petersburg the service was conducted by Mr. Neprash. There was a good attendance at the morning meeting, which commenced at 10 o'clock, with an hour's earnest prayer-meeting, followed by a service of two hours' duration, which was

evidently greatly enjoyed

and marked by definite blessing in several conversions. The evening service was a season of quiet power: one of the delegates on his way to Stockholm spoke, and Mr. Neprash also addressed the gathering. Again a number came forward to confess Christ.

The third Sunday found Mr. Fetler once more in Petersburg, and undoubtedly his presence makes a difference in the attendance. We are very glad that now a pastor has been found for the important work in Riga, so that he will be free to give more time to the harvest work in the Capital. The morning meeting for prayer at 10 o'clock was specially devoted to





The Broad and Narrow Way in the presentation of a Russian artist. Notice the winter sledges on the 'Broad Way.' The Walls remind one of the Kremlin in Moscow. *Page 61*

prayer on behalf of the pastor and his bride-to-be. At 11 o'clock the public service commenced; a large company had gathered and much blessing was enjoyed. Several of the delegates spoke, but the chief speaker was, of course, Mr. Fetler, who also baptized five candidates. The Lord's Supper followed, and proved a season of great refreshing. A large number of delegates and visitors were present, and each one had to give a message from his or her church and a word of personal greeting, so that a very long time was occupied, all pleasantly and profitably enough, but the service

was not over till 3 o'clock!

The afternoon meeting was the time appointed for the marriage service, but of that, a record must be given on another page.

Each week, from Monday to Saturday, we spent in a summer house or *Datcha*, in Pargolovo, a village some 12 miles out of St. Petersburg on the Finland line. Many from Petersburg and elsewhere spend the summer in this place, and Mr. Fetler having the opportunity of renting a *Datcha* at a moderate figure, planned to provide for a measure of rest for himself and co-workers, and at the same time get an opportunity of bringing the Gospel to the dwellers in the *Datchas*. The rest *he* obtained was reduced to the minimum, as he was continually in Petersburg or Riga attending to all his usual work; and he soon found much additional work in Pargolovo. One large room in our summer-house, capable of holding, when packed about 100 people, was to be made a meeting place; and

application was made to the police

authorities for permission and registration. In due time the official came, saw, measured, was very gracious, made his report, and the permission was secured, the first meeting being fixed for the following Tuesday. But while the business was in progress, meetings sprang into existence in a spontaneous and wonderful way. We gathered in the large room on the first morning for family worship; we sang a hymn; the children gathered round the window; we sang another, the grown-up people began to gather. Presently about 20 little folks shyly entered the room by the garden entrance; ere long, still more shyly, about as many grown-up people stole in after them. And how earnestly they listened as Mr. Fetler gave a simple Gospel message. In the evening we again met for prayer, and no sooner had we begun to sing than the people appeared. About 75 young and old came into the room; some 30 stood in the verandah; while over 100 stood outside as near the window as possible, and listened most attentively. This continued morning by morning and evening by evening, and on the Tuesday evening, when the first formally constituted meeting was held, the room was so inadequate for the congregation that we had to

adjourn to the garden,

and from the verandah Mr. Fetler and others addressed a company of about 500 eager listeners. Our space will not allow us to speak in detail of this intensely interesting work, but we should like to refer to another meeting in the same place on the following Friday. At the close, several of the audience wished to ask questions, and Mr. Fetler gave them full liberty. One question had been asked of some of the workers

before. "Why do you not have the Cross in the room? We like your meetings, but you ought to have the Cross." The questioner was assured that we gave the highest place to the Cross in the teaching, while not thinking it necessary to have a visible representation of it. One brother held up one of the Gospel booklets with the picture of a cross on it, to show that there was no real opposition to the symbol. Another question was, "Why do you not

 speak of the Blessed Virgin?"

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot speak of everything in the Word of God in one sermon; but some other night, if you wish, I will preach a sermon about the Blessed Virgin." A very serious question was now asked by a voluble fellow: "Why do you have this meeting on the same evening as the Greek Church service; have you not just held it to draw the people away from the church service?"

"I was not aware it was the Church service night," says the preacher, "but now all those of you who would have been at the Church if you had not been here, hold up your hands." Not one hand. "Where would you have been if you had not been at this service?" From many voices comes the reply,

 "ln the beer-house!"

And so the preacher scores again.

We desire our readers earnestly to pray for this work in the summer house, and for all the great and growing work in St. Petersburg and in all Russia.



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Stone-laying service for the Riga Tabernacle and Bible School, on the 12th of July 1925. The singers are seen on the elevation. To the left in pulpit is seen Dr. A. McCaig, Principal of Spurgeon's College, London, under whom Pastor Fetler was trained. He is interpreted by Pastor Robert Fetler, also one of his students, and brother of Pastor William. *Page 230*

CHAPTER XXIV

PASTOR FETLER'S MARRIAGE.

1913.

Our readers were promised some account of this happy event; and so I shall endeavour as briefly as possible, and without the use of the editorial "We," to make report concerning it. The date of the auspicious event was July 13th, and reference to the calendar will show that it was a Sunday. But our friends in Russia believe that "the better the day, the better the deed," and Sunday seemed to them of all days the most ideal for such an event which has such a direct bearing upon the Lord's work.

For a week before, delegates and visitors from all parts kept arriving in St. Petersburg; for this marriage is treated almost as an official affair of the Russian Baptist Union; at any rate they are all so interested in Brother Fetler's welfare that they are eager to have a share in the proceedings. The time was fixed for five o'clock, but, as I have already indicated on another page, the

morning service did not close
till three o'clock; and even in Russia some time has

to be found for eating, and necessary Committee meetings have to be held in the interval, so that the actual time had to be altered to six o'clock; Mr. Neprash and the leading delegates, however, being told off to begin the public service as near five as possible.

Mr. Fetler had so many things to attend to, that it seemed somewhat problematical whether he would find time to get married at all. But at last he was free for the great occasion, and his bride had made herself ready, with some help from other nimble fingers. Our lady friends may like to know that she was simply but prettily dressed in white, with a wreath of myrtle, according to the Russian custom, and a spray of

orange blossoms at her waist.

A bridal veil, of course, she wore, and altogether looked charming.

The bridal Party, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Fetler's father, mother, two sisters and brother, Madame Yasnovsky, M. Kouteinikoff, Miss Brown, and a few others of the household, entered the building from the garden by the front door, being led by Pastors Golaieff (President of the R. B. U.), Ivanoff, Stepanoff (Vice-President of the R. B. U.), and myself. As we marched up the aisle the choir sang, and the crowded congregation looked on with the greatest interest. On the platform was a kind of canopy formed by evergreen trees, under which Mr. Fetler and Miss Kovalevsky sat throughout the ceremony. Mr. Stepanoff gave a solemn address, then Mr. Ivanoff spoke, and as the oldest, and a greatly revered Baptist pastor, performed the actual

ceremony. Then I had the pleasure of giving an address, interpreted by Madame Yasnovsky, and conveying the congratulations of British and American friends. Mr. Golaieff then addressed the gathering; Mr. Neprash presented Mr. Fetler with a family Bible, which contained, on specially inserted leaves, a large number of

texts printed in gold,

with the names of the members who had chosen them.

Mr. Fetler gave an address and received a great ovation. There was a good deal of singing by the choir, which, however, suffered somewhat from the lack of Mr. Fetler's vigorous leading.

After the addresses the inevitable photographer appeared and immortalised the gathering. Then a number of sisters entered with refreshments, over 1,000 of the large congregation staying to partake of the same. The meeting was then resumed, and with praise and prayer and congratulatory messages continued till about 10 o'clock, when the happy pair started for Riga, where a special service, a kind of second edition of the wedding, was to be held on the Monday evening. It was my privilege to accompany them, and to be the official representative of the bridegroom's friends at the meeting. The ladies will be interested to know that the

bride's travelling costume

was of grey whipcord, with silk blouse and hat of the same shade.

At Riga surprise awaited my companions (I had been forewarned of it but charged not to tell): the friends met us with an automobile beautifully deco-

rated with white and red roses, and drove us to the Dom Golgotha. Here a choir of young people greeted us with a Russian hymn very sweetly sung, and as we passed into the inner porch, another choir sang an equally beautiful piece in Lettish. The manifest feeling displayed in the singing, the eager joy of those dear friends to welcome their pastor and his bride, touched us deeply; and I for one felt a lump in the throat as we passed through.

Long before the hour for the evening meeting the place was crowded. There must have been over 2,000 present, when the meeting (timed for 8 o'clock) began at 7. As we passed up the aisle,

two little girls preceded us,

scattering rose leaves, emblematical of the people's desire for the future of the united pair: may it be realised in the truest sense! The place was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and on all hands we had abundant evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Fetler is held in Riga.

The meeting was a most successful one: Pastor Laubert took charge of the proceedings and an interesting programme was carried through; but I can only mention one special item. A company of eight little girls came forward with bouquets of pretty flowers: each girl recited a piece of poetry referring to the particular flower she carried, and then with a line or two of application presented the flowers to Mrs. Fetler. The respective flowers were roses, lilies, carnations, cornflowers, stock, sunflowers, poppies and violets. Then all the girls joined in singing a piece about the spiritual teaching of the flowers. Mr. Fetler spoke very feelingly to the people, and Mrs. Fetler

managed to say a few simple words expressive of her desire to be

a true "Bible wife,"

which greatly pleased the people.

After a short interval for refreshments we hurried to the railway station, and shortly after 11 o'clock were again *en route* for Petersburg, which was reached on Tuesday forenoon. The happy couple, at last released from all the functions, proceeded the same evening to Stockholm and spent their honeymoon in attending the Baptist Congress.

I may add that Mr. and Mrs. Fetler were the recipients of many handsome presents; special mention ought to be made of the beautiful tea service from a group of English residents in St. Petersburg (by the way these good English friends—some of whom are Scotch and Irish—had a special place on the platform during the ceremony); and

a magnificent silver Samovar

and accompaniments from the Russian Baptist Union. Truly Mr. Fetler has won the esteem of his brethren, and there are many who join with us in wishing him and his charming little bride long life and great prosperity. His own desire and that of his wife is that this union so happily consummated, may tend, under the Divine blessing to the "furtherance of the Gospel;" and so pray all their friends.

CHAPTER XXV

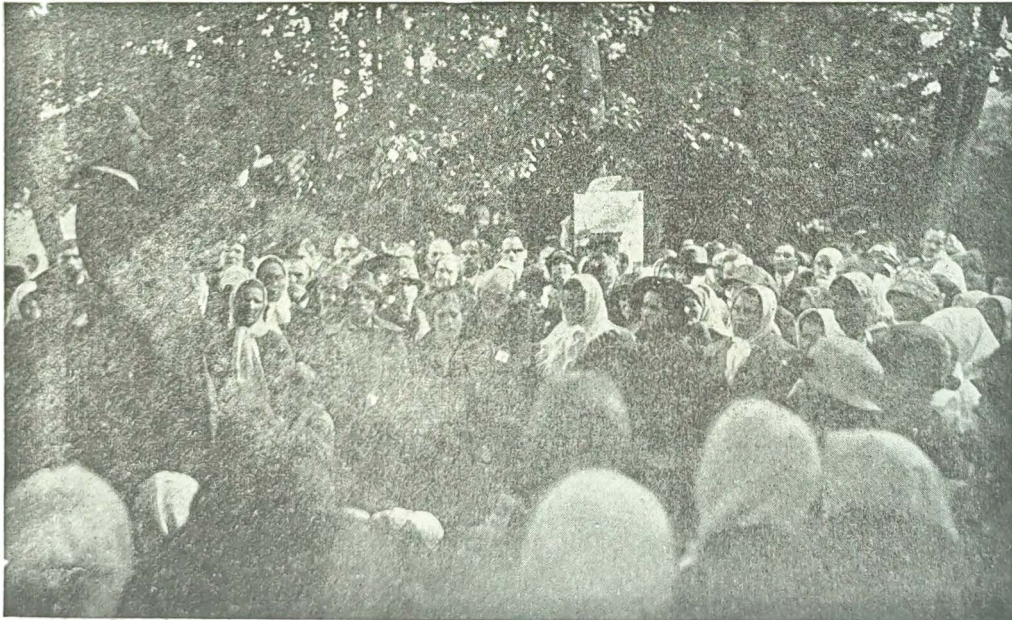
PAST AND PRESENT—THE CONNECTING LINK.

All that I have written hitherto, as it deals with the past conditions in Russia, might be considered out of date. But it is not really so. It is history, but not "ancient history" in the sense of being cut off from the present. Certainly many of the old conditions, political, economic and social have passed away or been greatly modified. For this reason, I have not said all I might have said of the many galling restrictions under which Mr. Fetler's work in Russia was carried on, necessitating so many visits to various high officials: but the essential things relating to the operation of the Gospel on the hearts and lives of the people remain the same and Pastor Fetler and his Gospel remain the same: and lives of the people remain the same and Pastor Fetler and his Gospel remain the same: and though he is personally not working in the new geographical Russia, he is working in among the Russian people and similar results to those witnessed in former days are being realised.

As many of my readers know, the year following Mr. Fetler's marriage, persecution became more severe and resulted in his being banished from Russia, the sentence of Siberian Exile having been modified through prayer and the efforts of some friends in high places. After some time spent in Sweden preaching the Gospel with power and success, he went to America in May 1915, and did much Evangelistic work among his countrymen in that great Continent. Among other of his activities was the founding of a Bible School for the training of young Russian Christians for the work of Evangelizing Russia, that goal being ever before our brother's sanctified imagination. In the autumn of 1920 the time seemed ripe for making the effort to return to Russia and with a band of 23 missionaries trained in his Bible School he arrived in London and made preparation for his coming campaign.

The way not being yet opened for entrance into Soviet Russia, Poland, formerly part of Russia, and still largely inhabited by Russian people, became his first objective. Making Warsaw his headquarters and sending the missionaries into various parts of Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria and also to Soviet Russia, a great Evangelistic work was commenced and from that day to this there has been continuous blessing on the work and many signal Gospel triumphs have been won. At present his Headquarters are in Riga, where extensive work is being done among the Russian people there and also among his Lettish kinsfolk.

Pastor Fetler preaching in the Tsar's Park at Riga.



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Part Two:

Revolutionary Trials

(1920)

**“Let us Stand by Russia in this her Hour
of Need.”**

CHAPTER XXVI

**MARTYRS FOR CHRIST
IN RUSSIA**

Murder of Tent Evangelists in Russia
By an eye witness, N. Sagov—Astachov

After a very blessed summer's work, we returned from our center, the Panutina Station, back to the South, in order to prepare there for further work. We were moving towards Yekaterinoslav, which had been occupied during our missionary efforts by the Army of Machno, (leader of mercenary opportunist troops in the South of Russia). Later we were passing through territory occupied by his forces. During our meetings

we often met his soldiers
who were continually disturbing our gospel services.

Thus laboring, we arrived at the Mennonite Colony of Nikolaital, consisting of five villages. There we decided to settle down for a season for our work.

The people in the villages were in a very disturbed state of mind. Bands of Machno soldiers were attacking the villages, pillaging and illtreating the inhabitants. The Lord protected us miraculously, and

we boldly testified of the Lord.

Brother Jakob Dick, during the last days, was especially anointed with power and spoke in the meetings with a peculiar enthusiasm.

On Friday, the 25th of October, (1920) at nine in the morning, we had gathered in the house of a brother for prayer. Afterwards, we separated into three groups, and each group agreed to proceed to one of the Colonies, with the understanding to come together again on the following Monday.

Jakob Dick chose the fourth village, Camp Dubovka, because thus far no meetings had been held in that place. The following brethren went with Brother Dick, Yushevits, Golitsin, the Local Pastor, Talenberg, and Sisters Lisa Gibert-Suklan and Regina Rosenberg (a converted Jewish sister.) Having arrived in Dubovka, they all took their lodgings with a widow by the name of Peters.

After some trouble, Brother Dick received a permit to hold his tent meetings, and the first one was held in the afternoon of the same day. Saturday, Oct. 26th, arrived which was to be

the last day of life

of our dear tent evangelists.



A few of our missionaries with a Russian missionary Enthusiast, Mr. Spencer Johnson of England (in the midst).



Pastor Fetler leading a procession of his Sunday School Children

In the morning Sister Peters prepared breakfast for them. As soon as they were about to sit down, several armed Macknovites came in, and without saying a word, sat down to the spread table. They later invited our brethren and sisters to sit down at the table, making room for them.

Jacob Dick told them that evangelists do not eat their meals without praying, and therefore, having read a passage from the Bible, and making a few remarks, he invited all to pray. The Macknovite soldiers also arose for the prayer. After breakfast, the Macknovites ordered a dance to be played. The sisters of the tent evangel party refused and began to sing gospel songs. Meanwhile more and more Macknovites came in, until the room was quite full. From morning till noon

Dick preached the Word of God.

When his voice began to fail, Sister Peters prepared two unboiled eggs for him, and he again continued to preach.

At noon the soldiers returned to their camp, and our sisters went to the school for a children's meeting. Dick and Talenberg went with them.

After a little conference with the teachers, the brethren bent their knees in prayer. At that moment several Macknovites entered the schoolroom and demanded of Brother Dick his documents. He showed them, and then began to testify boldly of the Lord. The Macknovites stood before him with their eyes dropped down, and one could see that they already had Satanic thought in their hearts. With the words:

„We know you, ye evangelists,”
they left the school.

While they were in the school, another party of the Macknovites had gone to the lodging. Finding Brother Golitzin there they asked who he was, and receiving the reply that he was a preacher, without anything further

they began to beat him.

When this brother was already on the floor in a pool of blood, they demanded clean linen from Sister Peters, lifted the brother from the floor, took the blood-stained linen off of him and put clean linen on him, and then compelled him to wipe his own blood from the floor. They then commanded him to take them to the school. He submitted. Having entered the schoolroom, the Macknovites, without any hesitation, ordered the evangelists

to stand against the wall.

The brethren and sisters did as they were commanded. The schoolmaster came in and began to ask that they should not be killed in the schoolroom. Then the Macknovites ordered the brothers and sisters to follow them. They crossed the street to the other side, where there was an empty barn. As they were being led, the school-master's wife, from a window in another room in the school, saw that all of the believers were going submissively. Jacob Dick had covered his face with his hands, for two Macknovites, leading him out of the school, were smiting him

in his face with naked swords.

As soon as they entered the barn a shot was heard, after which Sister Rosenberg came out of the

barn accompanied by a Macknovite soldier. With eyes full of joy she was telling him something and

her hand was pointing to heaven.

They went to the house where Brother Yushevits had remained and returned soon afterward with him to the barn. After this they were never seen alive. After a season the Macknovites went out of the barn alone.

At the same time, while such

a bloody drama.

was taking place in Dubovka, other Macknovite bands were slaughtering other inhabitants. We were with another group in the third colony, and on Saturday night passed through a heavy trial. The Macknovites came to our meeting with the object of shooting us all. Brother Henry Eppe and I were preaching the Word of God, and the the Lord wonderfully protected us.

Having heard what had happened, we went to find out for ourselves. On the road we were stopped by a woman, who with tears in her eyes, begged of us not to advance since all the inhabitants had been slain. She told us how she had seen brethren and sisters led to death, and how a sister

died with a testament in her hand.

Suddenly from one of the courtyards sallied forth several Macknovites. They asked why I was proceeding. I answered that a party of our preachers had been slain here. With the words "Aha, and thou also!" one of them drew his sword, ordered me to step out of the cart and follow him to the courtyard. I answered that I would die where I was. He told me to empty

my pockets. I handed him my Bible and another book. There upon another Macknovite began to persuade his comrade to leave me in peace, and thus the sister and I returned to the other believers.

Desiring to see our slain fellow-saints, two days afterwards we rode to Dubovka. Meeting a man we found out

where our slain were lying.

At the very first house in the village we came upon two mutilated men; at other houses men with mutilated faces and hands were lying by twos and threes. Having passed by these, we went to the barn where our brethren and sisters were left.

At the very entrance we saw several corpses that we could not recognize. On the right side, with their heads towards the door, were two lying in their linen. They were Jacob Dick and Golitsin. Their faces were mutilated. At the door was Yushkevits, with his face towards the earth

in the posture of prayer,

one hand under his head, and with a cut neck. Further was the saintly Jewish sister, Regina Rosenberg, also slain, as one could see during prayer. There were two deep wounds in the neck and head. A little further apart was Luisa Gilbert Suklan, also slain with the sword.

Thus died our precious brothers and sisters.

* * *

“And when He had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony that they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge

and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given to every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled (Rev. 6:9-11).

* * *

A call to the Christian People of America and Elsewhere

O ye Christian people of America, Great Britain and elsewhere, will you not pray, will you not cry with the voice of sympathy and pity, that the Lord will arise with a mighty deliverance for His martyr-saints of Russia? For the scenes described above are only like a drop in the bucket of all the miseries and horrors which the children of God in Russia have gone through. For more saints have suffered martyrdom in Russia for their faith during the last three years than in the whole world during the whole century. O ye, who pass by, is this nothing to you? Is this a time for us to be at ease in Zion, when so many of our brothers and sisters in cruel Russia are sealing their faith with their death?

The word "*A little season*" (Rev. 6:9-11) should also make us stop in our indifference, and seriously consider that these very martyrdoms are the surest sign of the end of all things being near, a sign of the speedy coming of our Lord.

And those of you who have light-mindedly frittered away your precious moments, will you not for once turn serious, and cry out with Jakob Boehme: "Be earnest, be earnest!" Will you not learn to

redeem the time since the days are so evil? And you, whom the Lord has blessed with an abundance of earthly goods, will you not place what you can, humbly and reverently, at the feet of your crucified Lord, in the most glorious and eternity-resulting enterprise of saving immortal souls from the jaws of death and hell?

He who gave His all for you, bends this very hour over you and says: "What have you done for me?" He says it gently, lovingly, as a tender friend. Will you continue in your little faith, in the plans of your own self-choosing, in your unyieldedness to His sweet wooing for fellowship and service? O let us cast ourselves upon his mercy, and He will heal our backslidings, He will make us workers together with Himself.

Basil Malof.

CHAPTER XXVII

CHURCHES AND CHAPELS
IN MOSCOW IN 1920

By Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt.

We give here with due appreciation an article by one who had visited Moscow shortly after the Bolshevik revolution, and who has so vividly written about the struggle between unbelief and religion in Russia.

Moscow boasts forty times forty churches and chapels. Forty times forty says the Russian when he wants to signify a great number, when he would express their power, their variety, their teeming multitude. I do not know how many churches and chapels there are in Moscow. Perhaps there are more than 1,600—perhaps less. It really matters not at all. Every one who visits Moscow knows that it is a city of churches, a city bedomed and bespired, a city of a thousand church bells, a hundred devotees, and ten thousand popes or more.

This is true even today. The churches and chapels are still standing. Many facades are crumbling. They lack the scrupulous care which they received under the Czarist papalism. Their walls have been gnawed a bit by the revolution. But still they stand, and few of them are closed. They stand in streets and corners, on stony hills, on city squares, surrounded by convent walls; they are everywhere. Their bells still call the faithful to prayer; here and there a devotee sits or stands on a roof, as on the roof of a minaret, semi-asiatic, careless and indolent.

I saw chapels where prayers were said from morning till night; I saw churches which were empty during the day. There are still Eastern processions in Moscow, there are still churches and chapels where the images of the saints are fervently implored for miracles. There are still pictures and picture frames in these churches, heavy with gold and encrusted with many precious stones. No one knows exactly how these churches and their popes are being supported. But they are being supported, in spite of the state, which has washed its hands of them.

However, the state is not satisfied with the separation of the church from the state, and the separation of the school from the church, but is making every effort to sever the connection between the exploiting classes and the organization of religious propaganda, by means of a widespread organization whose task it is to enlighten and finally free the working masses with the help of scientific and anti-religious propaganda. Great care must be taken to avoid any injury to the sensitive feelings of the faithful, as a such injury would only result in a strengthening of religious

fanaticism." As may be seen, this is not tolerance, but a fight to the finish. It is not merely to be a separation from the church, but the church is to be fought tooth and nail. But the churches in Moscow seem to pay small heed to this fight, or the posters of enlightenment, to the slurs against the old, decayed, pope-ridden regime, which so many Russians have fought long before the Bolsheviki; Leo Tolstoy first of all.

I have spoken of the Chapel of the Iberian Madonna in the Red Square. There the flickering light of candles, gold and precious stones mingle constantly, and prayers never cease, even at night. Here the most fervent miracle fetish of Moscow is centered, a fervor which reached a climax of religious jubilation when religious insignia on one of the towers of the Kremlin miraculously escaped the gunfire of the revolution. Often I have stood in front of this chapel with its small, timeworn, somewhat elevated, stone court, and its begging women standing guard. More people cross themselves in front of this chapel than anywhere in Moscow. Constantly one sees people passing these churches and crossing themselves, or standing still a moment and murmuring a prayer. *The Revolution has not killed the church, or at least not yet.* And there are a great many people in Moscow who predict a much longer life for the church than for the Revolution. There are still poor-boxes in these churches, by no means empty. The popes no longer strut confidently, it is no longer a majestic strutting, but they go about unmolested. I have seen laughing popes, popes praying in the streets, slinking popes, dirty popes, and even smartly dressed popes, priests such as the French novelists love to describe. I even saw a sort of

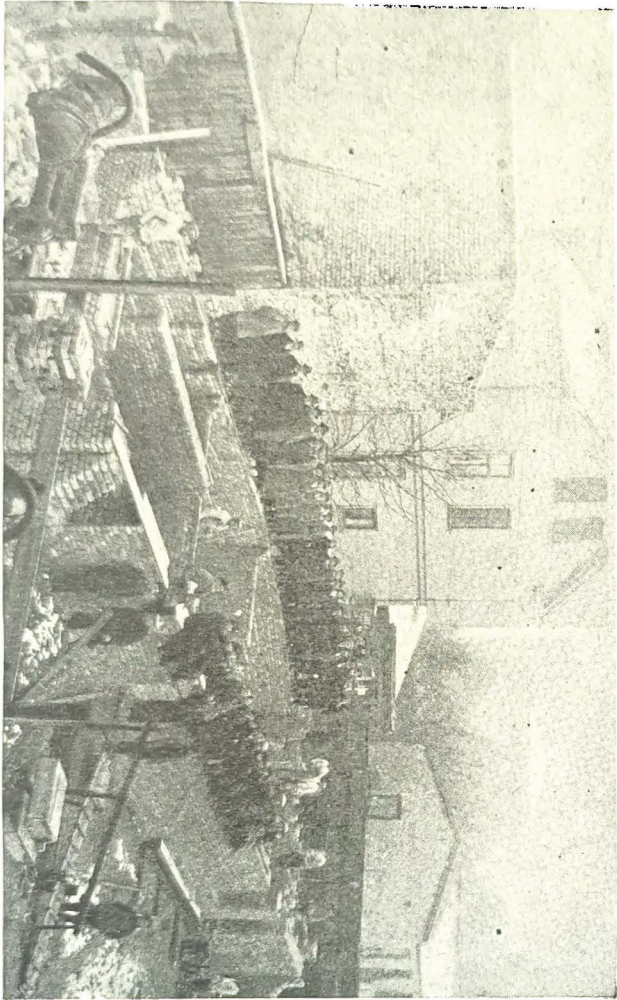
Rasputin, a pope flaunting his peasant vigor, with high boots, immense black beard, and seductive eyes.

There is that wonderful Cathedral, with the great golden dome, which absorbs the sun in the evening, and which expels it again during the day, which throws out fire that blinds and consumes. This church grows up out of a lovely landscape, its great square stones rising up free and powerful. It is a wonderful church, an inspiring church, even for those who do not worship the God of this church. When you walk along the wall of the Kremlin, look for this church, you will find it if you look for it in summer on an evening full of the warm gold of the evening sun, and the glowing tints of a hot Moskow sky, an evening that makes the heart restless and yet strangely quiet.

But the great marvel, the real marvel is the church of St. Basil. It is not a church, it is a phantasy, a mosaic of domes, an undreamed fairy tale, a riot of colors, a color illusion. It is hard to believe that a man, an architect, can have built this church. It changes constantly, in the morning it is different from the evening, afternoon different from noon. If you approach it from the Moscow bridge, it looks like a great ship with many bulbous masts. If you come upon it from the Red Square it is like a castle made of toy blocks. It has bewitching little windows, gratings and crumbling corners of incredible antique charm. It has really no symmetry, and yet it is an organism. It looks as though it were built piecemeal, and yet it is a harmonious whole. Sometimes it seems a massive heap, and again delicately scaled. Sometimes it looks large, sometimes small. It moves the soul, it charms, it shocks the eye, it is a delusion.

It is the most wonderful thing that I have ever seen; the entire forest of domes of the eternal Kremlin fades out before this church. No one visited it, an old scaffolding embraced one of its towers, when I was in Moscow. I did not see the interior, and yet I saw it, because I saw the outside. It is an epic, a small lyric poem, a ballad, a toy, it is a mother and a fresh young girl, it is all that your heart desires. If you do not go to Moscow to look at the beginning of Socialism, go there and look at the church of St. Basil.

They say that an architect under Ivan the Terrible built this church, and that the Terrible Ivan had killed the builder, to prevent his building another church of equal wonder and beauty. That is what they told me. I don't know how true it is, but it is possible.



Students of the Riga Bible School and workers on the walls of the new Riga Tabernacle in process of erection. *Page 234*

Part Three:

Present Outlook

(1921—1926)

*Siberia, thou land of tears and sorrow—
Thou wilt become the land of joy to-morrow!
Where shackled men with pale and morbid faces
Were driven till they died in exile places,—
Songs of the Free will cheerfully resound,
The land of curse will soon be holy ground!*

*Oh, how they wept, those women tender-hearted,
At sight of sons and husbands as they parted!
Clank! clank! . . . it sounded as they went
their way—*

*What change of sound as they return to-day!
Siberia! thou land of sin and shame,
May glorious in future be thy name!*

Basil Malof

Chapter XXVIII

ON THE TRACK OF THE REVIVAL IN POLAND.

We desire to give some account of our journey to Warsaw, and of what we have seen of the Missionary work in Poland. We had intended only to spend the week-end in Berlin and push on to Warsaw on the Monday evening, but the presence of Pastor Fetler in Berlin led naturally to the prolonging of our stay there. Besides, things were looking a bit doubtful in Warsaw. News had just come of the assassination of the President, and it seemed not unlikely that revolutionary troubles would ensue, so that it was judged wise that we should wait till we had some reassuring message from Warsaw. This gave us the opportunity of a few days' much-needed rest. In the course of the week such a message reached us, so that on the Friday evening

we could take our departure from Berlin.

The Polish express, due at Berlin at 5.32, did not arrive till after nine o'clock, having been delayed on account of a storm in the Channel, or,

as an official put it, "it was the fault of London." Details of the journey need not be given. The route was not quite new to us, as we had several times, on former visits to Russia, passed that way through Frankfort-on-Oder and as far as Posen. Our late starting brought the Customs examination at Stentsch at the awkward hour of one o'clock in the morning, but fortunately our special letters from the German Consulate in Warsaw and the Polish Legation in Kondon saved us the trouble of leaving the carriage. Daylight showed us the new tract of country not before traversed, but there was little fresh or inspiring: flat, sandy reaches interspersed with forest. One thing that puzzled us was the frequent presence of little heaps of soil or turf with a bit of stone on the top, placed in a line in the fields; later we learned that these were meant to indicate the divisions of the fields, there being no hedges or fences.

**Warsaw was reached about 4. 30 p. m. instead of
9.30 a. m.,**

and right glad we were to find Pastor Goetze waiting for us. We learned that our friend, Mr. J. C. Williams, with whom we were to stay for a few days, had been obliged to take the last train home to Constantin, where he lives, so that it was arranged for us to go with Brother Goetze for the night, and proceed to Skolimow, Mr. Williams' home, next day. After tea we went out with our brother to see a little of Warsaw, which is really a fine modern city, with good broad streets and imposing buildings, but looking somewhat weather-worn (war-worn, perhaps, one should say). We passed the Art Gallery, which had been the scene of the recent assassination of the



John Tschakste,
President of the Latvian Republic.



Students of the Riga Bible and Missionary Training School, 1925/1926. First Row (sitting) left to right: Vecman, Lasman (from Soviet Russia), Vagar (a former Bolshevich officer), W. Fetler, Klaupik (from Soviet Russia), Swartz (a converted Hebrew), Ronis (a young pastor who has come to the School for training).

President, and was thus invested with a tragic interest. Other places of interest were the great domed Lutheran Church, a very handsome building, and the Russian Cathedral, reminding one of the many-domed churches of Petrograd. This beautiful building is no longer recognised as a cathedral, the Russian religion being practically proscribed in Poland now and the Church disused. Indeed, the doors were barricaded and no one is allowed to enter, and there is

talk of pulling it down altogether

How are the mighty fallen

Next day, in the afternoon, a good brother came from Headquarters to take us to the Mokatow Station and see us off to Konstancin. Indeed, he was not content with seeing us in the train, but insisted on coming with us, interpreting Mr. Williams' instructions to look after us with the utmost literalness. Reaching Konstancin Station, we were glad to find Mr. Williams and his daughter, Miss Mary, awaiting us with a very hearty welcome. A pleasant walk of a quarter of an hour or so along the wooded pathways brought us to Skolimow and the Villa Versailles, the upper part of which is occupied by Mr. Williams, the lower part having been, for some time, the home of Mr. Fetler and his family, but now mainly used to afford sleeping accommodation for several of the girls from the office, as accommodation is so difficult to obtain in Warsaw. Mrs. Williams made us feel at home at once, and for the next two or three days

We had a bit of old England as our environment.

That is, within doors; outside it was as little like England as well could be, but wonderfully like Rus-

sia. The village of Skolimow has just got itself planted down in a bit of forest; the roadways run through the forest, the trees remaining to grace the sides; the gardens have been reclaimed from the forest and melt into it, and altogether it is quite a delightful place, and it must be very refreshing for our friend, Mr. Williams, to go down after the busy city life in Warsaw to this quiet, restful country spot.

We learned that there are several English families, including that of Mr. Paige, living in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Williams has started a Sunday morning service for them in his house, with encouraging results.

Christmas and Boxing Day were, of course, absolute holidays, but on Wednesday we went up to Warsaw to see what was possible of the Russian Missionary Society's work. The chief thing to see now, since the meeting for Russians have been closed down, is the office itself.

This is a most comfortable and commodious place:

a whole flat, providing accommodation for quite a number of clerks, as well as separate rooms for Mr. Fetler, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Getze, to say nothing of kitchen and other facilities for the caretaker. The rent is a mere trifle, although a goodly sum had to be paid as "key-money" to get possession. We only wish we could obtain a similar place in London, for our office accommodation there is utterly inadequate, and we trust our friends will not forget the repeated requests to remember this matter in prayer. There is also a bookshop run by the Russian Missionary Society, which we wished to see, but it had not yet

been reopened since the holidays; but on a later day we saw it, and found it doing a good trade, and

proving a very fount of living water.

It is also the scene of Prince Lieven's distribution of relief goods, of which mention is made in another column, so I say nothing about that, nor need I refer to the visit we paid next day, under Prince Lieven's efficient guidance, to several centres of the Relief work carried on by the American Red Cross.

The visit to the Camp of Stshalkovo on Thursday and Friday was an experience full of blessing, which brought us face to face with the needs of Russian refugees. It was a pleasure to see how enthusiastic Miss Williams was about the work, and how eagerly she was looking forward to the completion of the preparations for residence in one of the barracks, which she anticipated entering on January 15th. A young gentleman from England, Mr. W. Roden, a Cambridge undergraduate, on holiday at the Villa Versailles, accompanied us to the Camp, and it will interest many of our readers to hear that his chief object in visiting Poland was happily attained, and the following week

he became formally engaged to Miss Williams.

And now, after giving these somewhat gossipy details which we think will not be unwelcome to our friends, we proceed to tell of —

our visit to the Mission Stations.

We left Warsaw on Sunday night by the nine o'clock train, that being the only train available. Indeed, to most places any distance from Warsaw there is but one good train in the twenty-four hours,

and the official time-table for the whole of Poland is a very thin pamphlet. Brother Getze went with us as "guide, philosopher and friend" and interpreter. We had a very comfortable journey and a good night's sleep; indeed, we were hardly ready to turn out when the train reached Baranowichy at eight o'clock on Monday morning—its punctuality having taken us by surprise. We found our Missionary, Mr. Sobilow, whose support the Women's Auxiliary have kindly undertaken, waiting for us. Though he had but brief notice of our coming,

three meetings had been arranged for the day

at 9, 4, and 7. We went first to his home for a little refreshment, which his good wife speedily provided, and then made our way to the meeting-place. Our readers have been told a great deal about Baranowichy, and especially about the great camp of interned Russians and the work done amongst them. That camp no longer exists. The inmates have been dispersed throughout the country, and provision is no longer made for keeping others there.

Baranowichy, as some may know, was formerly a very important town of 20,000 inhabitants, but now it seems but a collection of wooden huts (with but a few brick buildings, the house of which Mr. Sobilow occupies a part being one) and we were rather surprised that there are still several thousand people left. Among these our Missionary, with several helpers, labours with much success. The place is likely gradually to assume something of its former importance, and it is well to have here

a living centre of Gospel work.

The streets are very much out of repair ; we found them mostly mud and ice, the latter making the former bearable, but much care being needed in picking one's way.

The chapel is a plain wooden building seating about 100, and furnished with plain, bare, backless forms. At the morning service it was well filled with eager, earnest souls, and an interesting meeting followed. After singing, and the people sang very heartily, there was a season of prayer, when all went on their knees and poured out their hearts before the Lord. This praying carried me back in thought to Petrograd ; there was the same intense earnestness, manifested in sobbing and crying, and one could not but feel that the exercise was very real to these good folk. Mr. Sobilow and Mr. Getze both spoke a considerable time, and there was no sign of weariness on these people's faces, but the reverse. Men, women and children all listened with the greatest attention and no little emotion. Tears were in many eyes, alternating with bright smiles and

flashes of heaven's own sunlight

on the sorrow-marked faces. I had then to give a message, and had perforce to use very short and simple sentences, as it was Mr. Getze's first attempt at translating. He knew a little English before he came to "Slavanka" last year, and he stayed a few weeks with friends in Bristol to learn it more fully, and made very creditable progress. Now he acquitted himself very well indeed, and felt that the Lord had really helped him, as he had very definitely asked Him to do. I managed, to Mr. Getze's surprise and the people's evident pleasure, to say a few sentences

in Russian, which I hope made them more disposed to listen to my words through our interpreter. They certainly listened with great attention and manifest interest, and twelve o'clock, when the meeting closed,

seemed to come all too soon for them.

After this three hours meeting we adjourned to Brother Sobilow's to get something in the shape of dinner and a little quiet rest, then back to the chapel for the meeting at four. The day was cold and the stove had been unlighted, but on, remarking on the need of some heat, Mrs. Sobilow said, "It will be warm enough this afternoon when the people crowd the place." She proved quite right, though the quality of the heat might leave something to be desired. Every corner was packed, every inch of standing room was occupied. If anything, the prayers were more intense, the singing more triumphant, the attention more rapt. It was a memorable meeting. Even in speaking by interpretation, one felt the Word was going home and that the "Spirit of God was working. Speaking of the believer's personal interest in the Gospel, we felt constrained to ask all who could say "My Gospel" to hold up the hand, and at once half of the audience responded. On asking those who wished to be able to say so to hold up their hand, *i* seemed that all the others did so, and doubtless that afternoon some were

enabled to receive the Gospel in saving power.

The evening meeting to follow at seven was to be somewhat in the nature of a "New Year's Social," and the congregation had to clear the room for a little while to allow of a table being set and furnished

and incidentally the room aired. Less than half could be accommodated at the table; the others stood round patiently and filled the doorway and looked in at the windows, while those who had secured places partook of the simple refreshments, among which slices of Polish sausages figured largely and were severely left alone by us. Meanwhile, the young people recited passages of Scripture and verses of hymns, an in one case attempted a kind of dialogue: a sheepish lad, representing an unbeliever or enquirer, asking questions about Christianity, and being volubly answered by a sprightly young damsel. The Pastor sang a solo and spoke some

words of thanks and farewell to the visitors

who responded, and left the meeting while it was yet in full swing, as a long journey lay before them. On this occasion we had the choice of two trains—the express at 7.10, which would take us to Brest about midnight, where we should have five hours to wait for our connection for the South-East; the slow one at nine would bring us to Brest at 5 a. m. for the same connection. Could we have reached Brest at a reasonable time by the first train and been able to see our missionaries there and their work, we should have chosen that. But the slow train seemed preferable in obviating the long wait, and, what weighed most with us, giving the opportunity of having some part of the evening meeting at Baranowichy. The outcry of the friends against the idea of our going before that meeting was quite pathetic, and it almost seemed as if they would forcibly detain the party. We were glad we stayed to some part of it, and it was with tender feelings and amid many a “God

bless you! "that we at last parted from these humble saints.

Undoubtedly a good work is being done

by our Missionaries in Baranowichy.

We reached Brest-Litowsk about five o'clock next morning, having had quite a restful night. The historic associations crowded upon us, especially those of the recent war, but we could only get indistinct glimpses of it through the dim grey dawn as we steamed out of the station on our way to Zdolbunowo. As the light increased we could see on every hand marks of war's devastations. Our way lay through the celebrated Pripet marshes, which proved so trying to the combatants on both sides. About nine o'clock we reached Kovel, a place that also figured largely in the war, and still bears traces of it. Here we changed trains and had breakfast, brown or black bread and sausages being practically all that was available to accompany the poor tea. Our order for an egg seemed as if it had been passed on to the hen, and we had to wait till it was laid.

Ten o'clock found us starting on the [last stage of the railway journey. Passing Rovno on the way, which has been the scene of much blessing, and regretting that we could not stay to visit it, we arrived at Zdolbunowo about 3.30,

having been eighteen hours on the way.

Zdolbunowo is a good-sized town, only, a few miles from the frontier of Soviet Russia; the country around is undulating, in some parts quite hilly, and consequently much prettier than the monotonous plain

country which we had hitherto traversed. It is a convenient centre for work in the many villages around. At the station we were met by Brethren Polakoff and Prokopchuk and Miss Jones and a Russian sister, who had just completed an itinerating Gospel tour throughout some of these villages.

After visiting a "native" restaurant, where we had a plain meal, plainly served, but wholesome and satisfying, we proceeded to the house where the Missionaries were staying, and where we were to spend the night. Some pleasant intercourse ensued with the Missionaries. Our Welsh sister, Miss Jones, had much to tell of the recent mission in which she had taken part, and from what the others said, it is evident that our sister's sweet singing is much appreciated. Here we met another of our missionaries, Captain Kipke. In the evening we gathered round the Word, and the writer gave an exposition of John xx, 19-23.

Next morning we went an hour's journey by train, and thence by a very primitive carriage to a place called Merotin. This village, strangely enough, is peopled by Czecho-Slovakians, and they have

a substantial and handsome Baptist Church,

with a worthy pastor, himself a Czech. We were greatly struck in passing the chapel to see high above the porch the significant emblem of the "Cup," calling up memories of the great struggle for Gospel liberty among the followers of John Huss in Bohemia against the Romanist restriction of the "cup" to the

priesthood. In this chapel our Missionaries have often had meetings attended with great blessing.

We had dinner in the house of Pastor Slama, who, by the way, is also a substantial farmer: a fowl being killed and cooked while we waited. In the early evening we drove in our "carriages"* to Plosk, that being one of the places where the Spirit has been working mightily of late, as recorded in recent issues of THE FRIEND OF RUSSIA.

Plosk is a Russian village and a rather poor one, as the houses show. Here there is a fairly good wooden Mission Hall (a dwelling-house adapted for the purpose). It is considerably larger than the one at Baranowichy, seated, however, in the same comfortless way. The meeting was to begin at six o'clock, but a good while before the people began to stream in, and after the singing of a few hymns the place was quite full by six o'clock: a large proportion of the audience being men and not a few children. Here had we the

same hearty singing, earnest praying and devout listening.

It is really astonishing how ready they are to pray, and all believers pray; and they pray as if they were really speaking to One close at hand, listening to their cry. Here, too, anxious souls drinking in the Word of Life, and surely some entered into peace. At the close there was a kind of Church meeting, but nearly all stayed to it, and many questions were asked

*) Called "carriages," but really a sort of wooden cart: eight feet or more in length, four feet wide at the top, the sides tapering inward somewhat after the fashion of the letter "V:," no springs, seats either a piece of board, or more frequently a bundle of straw.

of Mr. Getze; and some points of difficulty in the working of the Mission were raised and discussed, and we realised the value of such visits from Mr. Getze as Mission Inspector, not only in cheering and counselling the Missionaries themselves, but also in giving helpful directions to the people.

Next day we had a meeting in the Czecho-Slovakian Chapel in Merotin at 10 a. m., and though the notice was very brief, and the hour what we should have thought unsuitable, the building was filled. It was a pleasure to see real pews in which the people could sit comfortably. The men sat on one side and the women on the other, and all looked as if such a meeting was

one of the brightest events in their lives;

as in truth it was.

We were struck with the difference in the appearance of the congregation; instead of the somewhat heavy, dull expression of the Russian peasant and plain features, there were manifest marks of intelligence and rather fine features. Some young women were really beautiful, with clear skins, bright eyes, and a specially refined expression. Even the old women retained some traces of beauty and intelligence. The men also looked alert, thoughtful and intelligent. The meeting was full of interest and power. The Czecho-Slovakian language is so near akin to Polish that they all understand that, so Mr. Goetze translated into Polish.

The writer spoke on "A Happy New Year in Jesus", a wish once addressed to him in the first year of his Christian life, and emphasized the fact brought home to him by that meeting and the others he had

attended: that Jesus brings happiness to all sorts of people, that the effects of the Gospel are the same everywhere—and that indeed is a notable proof of its Divinity. Mr. Getze spoke with great power, and the tears stood in many eyes [as he poured out his earnest words. These people seemed just

as impressionable as the “emotional Russians”.

May it not be that all are so unsophisticated that, instead of restraining their feelings, as is the case among us, they let them manifest themselves? Perhaps our own meetings would grow in interest and reality if we were not so conventional. At the close of the meeting, the Pastor expressed the gratitude of his people for our visit, and asked us to convey their loving Christian greetings to the Christian friends in England—which we now gladly do.

The day before, several brethren from a German village twelve miles distant had come over to see us, having heard from a brother who had visited Warsaw a few days before that we were coming to the neighbourhood, and the Baptist Church had sent them as delegates to beg us to pay them a visit and hold a meeting. Their minister, who serves a circuit, is very old, lives thirty miles away, and very seldom is able to visit them, so that a meeting with ministers to speak at it is a very rare occurrence. We felt that

we could not refuse the call.

They promised to send two of the usual “carriages” to take us to their village, Perosoff, the next day for a meeting at four o’clock, and then drive us to Zdolbunowo Station to catch our train for Warsaw. So after our meeting in Merotin and dinner, our “car-

riages" came, and we started on our twelve miles drive over a road which I will not stay to describe, but which caused us many misgivings as to whether we should ever reach our destination or not. Several friends from Merotin also made the journey to the other village, and when we were about half-way we came upon other groups from different villages wending their way to our meeting. How the people in these outlying places do value a meeting!

They are ready to leave everything

at a moment's notice and gather to hear the Word of God!

We found the chapel, a commodious building, practically full when we arrived, all gathered before God to hear what message He had sent them. This territory was, of course, formerly Russian, and it has been a feature of Russian life that colonists from Germany and other parts have settled down in certain localities, keeping their own language and customs, yet partaking of the ordinary Russian life and being largely influenced by their environment. This gathering was unmistakably German in physiognomy, etc., but long years had passed since their fathers had left the Fatherland,—had left it probably because of suffering persecution and oppression there, as was the case with many of the early German Baptists, and the Mennonites of Holland. A certain earnestness was about their religious life and they were close akin as Christians, and they claimed our sympathy.

So we made ourselves at home among them, and a fine meeting we had. Besides our message and that of Mr. Getze, Bro. Prokopchuk spoke a few words; Miss Jones and the Russian sister sang, and each gave a word of testimony. It was rather amusing when the Russian sister was speaking. Mr. Getze translated a few of her sentences, when, becoming excited, she forgot to wait for him and poured out a torrent of Russian, leaving the poor interpreter stranded on the shore of her eloquence. A show of hands had before indicated that only five in the congregation understood Russian! These five had the benefit of our sister's message. One of the surprises of our tour was to hear the praying and singing of these people. These, presumably phlegmatic, slow-to-be-moved people, proved, as the Czechs of the morning, to be as emotional and excitable as the Russians! It was wonderful how they poured out their hearts unto God with strong crying and tears, and

the power of God was present to heal,

and souls were saved. But space forbids more. Two deacons voiced the grateful feelings of the congregation to the visitors, and also asked us to convey their Christian good wishes and greetings to all the friends of the Russian Missionary Society. Some good sisters from a neighbouring house brought into the chapel a quantity of hot milk, and bread, scones and cakes, and after being really refreshed thereby we started on our six-mile drive over a road which we had been given to understand was better than the one we had traversed in the afternoon, but proved to be unspeakably worse, and much *darker*, so that only by the mercy of God did we safely arrive at Zdol-

bunowo. Then after twelve hours' railway journey we reached Warsaw, a fine sight of which city we had as we entered it in the morning from the other side, —full of gratitude to God for His preserving care, rejoicing in all that we had seen of the triumphs of Divine Grace, and carrying with us precious memories of the manifest power of the Cross in diverse human hearts and lives, and feeling assured that the work of the Russian Missionary Society is not in vain in the province of Volhynia.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN RIGA AFTER THE GREAT WAR.

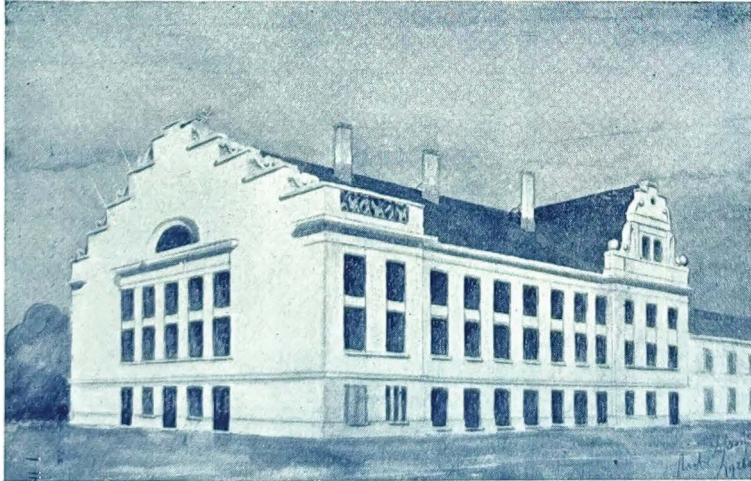
Our readers will remember what we said earlier in this Volume about the opening in 1912 of the Dom Golgotha (Calvary House), formerly a Greek Military Church, which had been acquired by Pastor Fetler and converted into a Gospel Chapel. We told how, as like all Russian Churches, the building was without seats, the people brought a collection of chairs, over 1,000, in readiness for the opening; and how the place was crowded on that opening Sunday and on every night of the week and the following Sunday, and many souls were saved. When on the morning of Sunday, July 6th 1925, in company with Revs. D. H. Moore, R. B. Morrison, and Mr. Charles Phillips, we again entered that building, we could have fancied we were back in 1912. There was an almost equally crowded congregation; the same rapt attention was evident; the same intensity of prayer, the same volume of exultant song, and the same

LET US PRAY



"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain ; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field" Zech. 10 : 1.

The Romance of the Russian Revival is the Result of much prayer. And much prayer will always result in Revivals of Religion everywhere. Page 26



The Riga Tabernacle as it will look when finished,

Page 231

great, glad Gospel message were heard throughout the building. Yes, and thank God, similar tokens of the Divine power in the

open surrender of souls to the Saviour

were in evidence. One thing was different, one feature of our former gatherings was absent. On that occasion at every service there were several watchful Russian police alert to note anything said or done that might be construed into a breach of the law. Now no policeman appeared, and the service was as free as in our own land. That is one of the things which have specially impressed us—

the full religious liberty which is enjoyed.

This was exemplified again the afternoon of that same day, when a crowd of between two and three thousand people gathered in the open air in a public park formerly known as the Tsar's Park. Here, as has been previously noted in our Magazine, Pastor Fetler has been privileged to preach the Gospel throughout the summer months, without the slightest hindrance. For about three hours the people remained standing as the Gospel in speech and song was proclaimed. More reverent attention could not have been given in the most sacred building. These people were manifestly delighted to hear the Word. At the close of Mr. Moore's address he appealed for decisions, and some

45 persons came forward,

a ring being with difficulty formed in front for them, and there on the green sod, under the brilliant sky, knelt and prayed and openly accepted Christ as their

Saviour. Young men and maidens, old women and men in the prime of life were among them. One fine-looking, stalwart inspector of police sobbed like a child as he prayed aloud and thanked God for His mercy. It was a great sight, and one which angels might turn aside to see. This full religious liberty is one of the chief reasons for having our Field Headquarters in Riga. Pastor Fetter is free to work and preach the Gospel in a way which was impossible in Warsaw with its hampering R.C. restrictions. Pray that the full liberty of the Gospel with which it makes His people free may be enjoyed by many in Riga and Latvia.

Chapter XXX

A GOSPEL FUNERAL SERVICE

A sister, who was a member of the Golgotha Church at Riga, had died in the hospital, and it was decided that the Convention should be suspended on that afternoon, and that a Gospel meeting should be held in connection with the funeral service. From Dom Golgotha Church to the hospital a large company marched in procession, five or six deep. Then in the mortuary of the Hospital Chapel we saw a strange and somewhat gruesome sight. The sister's remains were in the coffin waiting for removal, but around were five or six bodies lying in open coffins, all dressed in ordinary garb, and to be removed in due course. One was the body of a young woman who, on the eve of marriage, poisoned herself, and there she lay in her bridal robes! We were glad to turn away from the sad sight.

The coffin lay on an open bier, and the horses were draped in black, the attendants being in sombre array. Hundreds of people, the relatives first, followed in procession to the grave. There had been half an

hour's walk to the hospital, and now there was an hour's walk to the cemetery! As we went along Gospel hymns were continuously sung, and several of the workers distributed tracts to passers-by, so that the whole thing was a great Gospel demonstration. That all this was possible is an instructive commentary upon the religious freedom enjoyed in this young Latvian Republic.

Eventually reaching the grave, a service was held; Pastor Fetler led, and several of us took part. The Gospel was clearly put before the assembled crowd, and a few hands are held up in token of surrender to Christ. A curious custom is that after the service the relatives cast handfuls of sand (the soil is all sandy) into the grave upon the coffin—we saw some little girls casting in quite a number of handfuls—while others also cast in flowers. Altogether it was an impressive funeral service, and afforded another proof of the soulwinning zeal of Pastor Fetler, who is ready to seize every opportunity of bringing the Gospel to the hearts of the people.

CHAPTER XXXI

LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE NEW RIGA TABERNACLE

It was a brilliant afternoon, July the 12th, 1925. The umbrellas in the picture tell of powerful sunshine, not of rain. The railing in front divides the people from the temporary baptistery; behind that was a raised platform filled with the singers; on the right hand a temporary rostrum for the speakers, and to the right and behind great numbers of people. Many of the women are seen wearing the customary handkerchief covering for the head. It was indeed a great meeting, and must have made a great impression on the neighbourhood. The proceedings began with the singing of Luther's hymn, after which prayer was offered—in Lettish by Pastor R. Fetler and in Russian by Pastor W. Fetler. The Russian Choir sang, and the 103rd Psalm was read in Russian by Pastor Robert and in Lettish by Pastor William. Pastor Borman spoke in Lettish and the choir from his church sang. Pastor Billister spoke in Russian and the Russian

Choir sang. The choir of English workers also sang. Pastor Kurcit spoke with great fervour, closing with the word which was echoed by many, "Alleluia!" and the united choirs sang "Blessed be the Name of the Lord!" But we may not stay to give other details of speaking and singing. Among those who spoke were A. McCaig, D. H. Moore, R. Fetler and W. Fetler. The baptism of sixteen candidates followed.

Then came the laying of the stone, which bears the names of W. Fetler, A. McCaig, C. Phillips, D. H. Moore, and E. E. Shields. It really meant depositing the stone, or rather large marble slab (which will subsequently be built into the wall), in a place prepared on the foundation line. Mr. Phillips, who bore the cost of the marble, had the deserved honour of placing it in position. The meeting lasted about four hours in the open air, and immediately afterwards another meeting was held in the large tent that has been erected on a portion of the site and which will be used for some time for the Russian meetings formerly held in the overcrowded "Revival House."

At this latter meeting envelopes were issued, and amounts received and promised for the new building. Mr. Fetler and his friends feel that this New Tabernacle is a necessity for the efficient carrying on of the work among the Russians in Riga; he has received from American friends by special gifts the amount required for the purchase of the site on which stands a building suitable for the beginning of the Bible School and the offices.

The building will be proceeded with as special funds for it come to hand, for Pastor Fetler and all of us are most anxious that the missionaries in the field

should be adequately supported. So far he has found in America that many who have given first for this special need have also been led to give to the general missionary work. Hitherto we have not made the Tabernacle fund prominent as we felt the very pressing need for the support of the missionaries, and still do feel that; but we are now constrained to lay this matter before our readers, in the hope that, while not diminishing their contributions for the missionaries, whom we are pledged to support, many may find it in their heart to have some share in raising this "place for the Lord"—the New Riga Tabernacle and the Missionary and Bible Training Institute.

CHAPTER XXXII

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE LATVIAN REPUBLIC

The very fact that such an interview was possible speaks volumes for the esteem in which Pastor Fetler is held. He has now, (1925) nearly two years been working in Riga. His work has been before the authorities, and we may be sure full investigation has been made, and it is clear to them that he is a worthy man who is doing a good work. So when he approached the President, by whom he had formerly been received, and solicited the favour of presenting his visitors to his Excellency, that favour was by telephone at once most graciously granted. The party consisted of the Revs. E. E. Schields (of Canada), D. H. Moore, Ch. Phillips, R. B. Morrison (England), B. Getze and Missionary Hildebrand (Poland), W. Grimm (Germany), P. Peterson (U. S. A.), also, of course, Pastor W. Fetler and the writer. We first saw the President's Secretary, a fine specimen of humanity, who can speak English pretty well, and who seemed interested

in us, as representatives of five churches. He then, with the adjutant, who was in uniform, brought us to the reception-room, where we were very graciously received by the President, M. Tschakste, who has quite a dignified appearance, and looks every inch a ruler. Pastor W. Fetler presented us each by name and the President shook hands with us all. The writer had the uncoveted honour of being spokesman for the party. Called upon unexpectedly, we said what occurred to us at the time, Pastor Fetler interpreting. After the interview, we recalled, with the help of the others, what was said, and here reproduce it:—

“Your Excellency,—We greatly appreciate the honour of this interview, and thank you for the courtesy you have shown us. As Pastor Fetler has stated, we have come to Riga as his friends to see something of his work, and we welcome this opportunity of seeing your Excellency. We have been attending a great Christian Convention, and have also visited the other branches of his work. We have known Pastor Fetler for many years. I had the privilege of having him in my College for four years, and we have followed his work with great interest ever since.

“We congratulate your Excellency as President of this young Republic of Latvia. As British people we are naturally inclined to sympathise with small nations in their struggle for liberty, and we are pleased to know that you have not only been successful in attaining your national freedom, but also that it has been well and wisely used.

“As religious people we naturally are interested in the fact that full religious liberty has been

granted. Pastor Fetler is at present engaged in seeking to erect a new Tabernacle for the preaching of the Gospel, and a Bible School, where it is hoped that one hundred students will be trained as missionaries. Yesterday afternoon we had the privilege of taking part in the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of that proposed building. Over three thousand people were gathered together for several hours, and we were greatly impressed with the absolute freedom enjoyed. We could not have had more liberty even in London—perhaps not so much. I visited Riga thirteen years ago, and learned something of the restrictions upon religious liberty which then obtained, and it is a great joy to see the change that has taken place. We consider that your Excellency has adopted a wise policy in this matter. From our experience and our reading of history we are persuaded that true religion always makes for the welfare of the State. Wherever the Gospel influences the hearts of men they become law-abiding citizens.

“ We hope that this young Republic will be attended with abundant prosperity, and we pray that upon you as its head the blessing of Almighty God may richly rest. We thank you again for your kindness and courtesy. God bless you.”

The President replied in a very gracious manner. He said that he was pleased to meet Pastor Fetler's friends, and to welcome them to Riga. Latvia was a Democratic Republic, and wished to be friendly with all nations. They did not wish to interfere with any other people: they only desired to be let alone to enjoy their own laws and liberties. They believed

in civil and religious liberty. He recognised that religion was of great importance in the lives of the people and in the promotion of morality, and therefore must be in some way the concern of the State. But what methods different religious bodies followed, in what way they preached and conducted their services, that concerned themselves, and the Government did not interfere. He wished success to all good work.

Afterwards the President pleasantly conversed with us in French and German, and gave us the impression of being a genial, affable and thoroughly competent man, well fitted for his high station. Later we had interviews with the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Education, and the Minister of the Interior, all of whom impressed us with a sense of their courtesy and ability, and intensified our feeling that this young Republic is full of promise.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS

There are many people to-day who profess the Christian name, yet do not like the mention of the "Blood of Jesus." They object to such hymns as *There is a fountain filled with blood*, and speak sneeringly of the "blood theology." We believe that any one who rightly appreciates the great Gospel message of "Redemption by the Blood" will not be troubled with such qualms. The Word of God speaks glowingly of "the *precious* blood," and so may we. Of course it is not the material blood that we think of so much as that which it portrays; "the blood is the life," and the blood shed is

the life outpoured,

the ransom paid, the sacrifice offered, salvation secured. In other connections men do not hesitate to speak of blood, some who are too fastidious to mention the Blood of Christ, will yet speak of "blue blood," of "royal blood," and even of "blood horses." To-day we do not hesitate to speak of the blood shed on the

field of battle; and when our gallant soldiers return from the conflict crowned with victory and covered with glory, will there not be a special place in the thoughts of a grateful nation, for those brave men who have fallen in the fight, and gratefully and proudly it will be remembered that they

shed their blood for the nation.

In Russia the doctrine of Redemption through Blood is dear to the multitudes who flock to hear the Gospel, and perhaps no text is so much upon the preacher's lips and in the hearer's heart, as *The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin*. This text used to be emblazoned above the platform or the old Central Hall in Petrograd, where so many souls were led to the Saviour, and though another equally good text occupies the place of honour in the Dom Evangelia, this one has not taken second place in the message sounded forth there. Redemption by Blood, Cleansing by the precious Blood, Victory through the Blood of the Lamb, is ever the theme. It is exactly the Gospel the Russian needs. He knows the evil of sin; he feels the power of sin; he desires deliverance from sin. This he cannot find in the observance of ritual and ceremonial, but the Gospel comes proclaiming

peace by the Blood of the Cross,

and all his need is met.

I have a vivid recollection of a meeting in Schlüsselburg, a town near the exit of the Neva from Lake Ladoga and close to the celebrated fortress of the same name for political prisoners. The hall, lent for the purpose by a large manufacturer, was crowded

with men, very few women being present. Only a few chairs were available, so most of the congregation stood. A hot July day, windows opened, and window sills filled with eager listeners; outside another crowd, in spite of priests who walked up and down and tried to deter people from attending the meeting. Few, if any of these men had ever heard the Gospel preached in its simplicity, and the singing of Gospel hymns had been unknown to them. They learned to sing now and

sang after a short interval

with great fervour; and the hymns were hymns of *Redemption by the Blood*. How heartily that one was sung, *Nothing but the Blood of Jesus*. Another was *Just as I am*, and one of the few women present was sitting next me and gladly availed herself of the offer to look on my book. While others were singing, she was reading softly to herself and with intense feeling, and seemed fearful of losing a syllable.

*Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,*

and on to

“Just as I am and waiting not,
“To rid my soul of one dark blot,
“To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
“O Lamb of God, I come !”

It was, I feel sure.

the very message she needed

and I trust that she there and then realised its preciousness and power.

The meeting proceeded, several testimonies were given, and Pastor Fetler preached about the Blood.

His text was: *Without shedding of Blood, is no remission.* Never had a preacher a more attentive audience. One felt that God was very near. The Holy Spirit was indeed moving upon these hearts and at the close over 50 stood up avowing their desire to know the

cleansing power of the precious Blood

One day in Petrograd, a lady troubled about her soul, though scarcely knowing what was the matter with her, was accosted by a stranger, who gave her a small card with the text written on it, *The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.* She wondered what it could mean. She felt her sin and her need of cleansing, but the cleansing by the Blood of Jesus Christ was a mystery to her. Her trouble was increased and she longed for light and leading. One evening, it may have been that same evening or the next, she was passing a hall and seeing people entering as to a meeting, she followed.

great was her surprise

and interest to see on the platform, conducting the meeting, the gentleman who had given her the card. She sat down prepared to listen eagerly to his message. His text fell upon her ear with startling effect. It was *The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.* It came as the very voice of God to her soul; now she heard the story of Redeeming Love in all its simplicity; it met her need, and she left the place rejoicing in the precious Blood.

In Paris, at Pastor Saillens' Convention, I was introduced to a Russian lady and gentleman, and,

after a few words, I ventured to quote in Russian *The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son*. I had hardly begun *Kroff Yeesusa*, when both took up the words, and

completed the quotation with me.

I don't think they came from Petrograd, but they had been where the verse was equally dear. I believe one could go throughout Russia, and everywhere among the believers, find a passport in that glorious text, *The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin*. What better password for earth or heaven can any saint or sinner need?



View of the large Gospel Tent which was presented to Pastor Fetler by a Christian lady from Colorado. Large numbers are gathering there to hear the Word of Life. We next need a Gospel Van for a Bible Colporteur and preacher, to go from place to place, and an evangelistic Workers' Auto in which twenty or more of our students could go evangelizing. Please remember these needs in your prayers.



Entering to the stone-laying meeting of the Riga Tabernacle and Missionary Training School.

Chapter XXXIV

What about Russia? — Are we downhearted? — No! : A Message of Hope from Pastor Fetler

With millions of anxious eyes turning towards Russia, with an earnest question in the minds of many children of God as to the future of this great Empire which at present permits no missionary of the Cross to enter its borders and which holds its portals tightly closed to the free importation of the Word of God, — we feel we could not do better in our closing chapter than to refer to Pastor Fetler's article on "Caesar and God", recently published in "THE FRIEND OF MISSIONS" and other periodicals. Pastor Fetler tells us that this article was suggested to his mind one night in the Spring of 1926. He had come home from his office in Riga, his heart agitated that religious books, which he had essayed to send into Soviet Russia had been returned to him by the Bolshevik authorities. In spite of the apparent setback a message of hope rose in his heart which he dictated to his waiting wife, from one until three o'clock past midnight. We give here the message in full.

GATE INTO "PARADISE"

Of course, it is not the Paradise of the first chapter of Genesis. This is the gate erected on the borderline between Latvia and Soviet Russia. The Star and Sickle is waving on the flag and proselytizing inscription is placed over the gates.

When the Soviet rule was declared in Russia, it was their boast that a true state of Paradise on earth had been established. Whether it is so or not, the facts may speak for themselves. In our opinion there can be no Paradise where God is barred and His Word ignored. But we hope and pray for better things.



"The time is coming when perhaps there will not be a single train which will not bring preachers of the Gospel into the land of sneer and scorn about God."

See page 251.

CAESAR AND GOD.

By

Pastor William Fetler

General Director of the Russian Missionary Society.

“Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s”.

Matt. 22 : 21.

It is a principle with us not to mix into any politics, for our work is purely spiritual. All politics deal with earthly interests; whereas we are occupied with heavenly interests. Every political program turns its attention upon man’s bodily welfare; the object of our aspirations is, in the first place, the welfare of the soul.

This however, does not mean that we do not have our own definite opinions with regard to political questions when they touch a sphere that does not belong to them, that is to say, the sphere of the human soul. Where Caesar demands the things which are Caesar’s, no matter who this Caesar might be, or under what flag he might reign—under the Chinese dragon,

ПРОПУСКЪ.


Данъ сей отъ Пристава ^{Симеоновъ} участка ^{Висимского}
 части ^{Таштунской} ^{Висимской} ^{Андреевской}
 № ³²³¹⁶ ^{Фетелю} ³¹ года

№ 32316
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 ставленъ мѣстному Начальству. Въ чемъ удостоверяется подписанъ съ
 приложеніемъ казенной печати.

^{Новаковъ} ²² дня 1914 года

Пропускъ не можетъ передавать видому на жительства.

Приставъ, ^{Михайловъ}


 По вѣд. Мѣст. С. С.
 4-122 № 10
 Док. 23 723 Губа

The banishment paper of the Czars' Government sending
 Pastor Fetler into Siberian Exile.

the Turkish crescent, or the Soviet sickle — we as true disciples of the Prince of Peace, Whose kingdom is not of this world, do not object, but as strangers and pilgrims willingly and submissively render to all their dues: "Tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour" (Rom. 13:7).

In all lands and among all nations the true disciples of Jesus Christ will be found as people peaceful and honest, from whom no government has anything to fear, and upon whom one can fully rely, not occupying themselves with sinister affairs, and in whose program there is no contra-revolutionarism.

At the same time, we cannot remain indifferent when the government of any country, whatever and wherever it might be, begins to intrude into the realm of man's soul, into the life of the spirit, and infringes on the liberty akin to this realm, as defined by God Himself.

Caesars and their like, parliaments and soviets, can legislate for our bodies, but they have no right to administer our souls. The sphere of the soul always has been, is and for ever shall be, foreign to all politics. This is our Gibraltar, the most inaccessible fortress of our being. No projectile has yet been invented which has succeeded in causing a breach in this fortress; no Damascene steel has been able to strike down the mighty in spirit. True, there have been many attempts during the centuries to subjugate the human soul, kingly and free, to politics: The Pharaoh of the Exodus, Nebuchadnezzar, Nero, Julian the Apostate, the medieval popes, Karl Marx, one after the other attempted it. And one more will attempt it, and he the last: the Antichrist. But history has shown that



Dom Evangelia after the War. Young Peoples Group of the Dom Evangelia

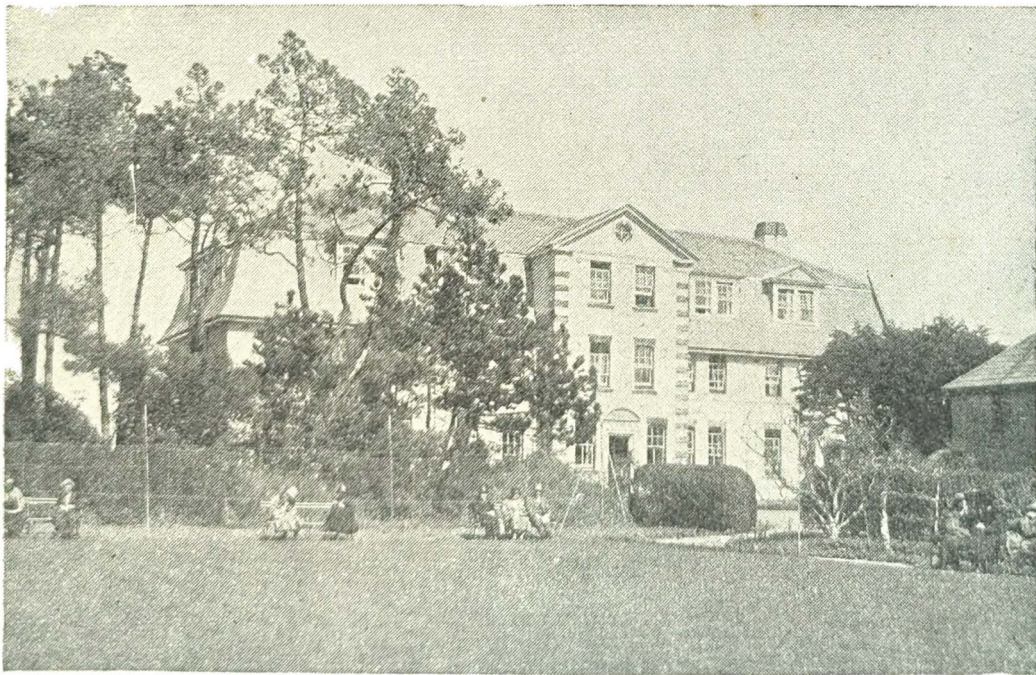
all who have thus experimented irrevocably perished from their own experiments, and the free soul of man, with renewed powers, rose triumphantly above the decaying remains of its enslavers. Let the Pyramids tell us: What has become of the glory and might of the great Pharaoh? — In the Red Sea his army was drowned, their dead bodies alone were cast up on the shore. Where is Babylon? Where the Iron Rome? The first has been swept from the face of the earth. and of the restoration of the second vainly dreams the proud Mussolini. But even if it should be restored, it will only be for a moment or two; and from the great to the ridiculous there is only one step.

Nay, it is not to be. The Ancient of Days has fixed the boundaries of the sea and the of the firmament. — “Unto Caesar — the things which are Caesar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s, and no decrees will change this regulation of the Accomplisher of human destiny.

* * *

The latest and most up-to-date attempt to change the unchangeable is taking place under our own eyes in the present so-called Soviet Russia. Let them call it so. It is not our task as disciples of Christ to judge about the way in which the present Caesars of Russia rule over their country in its earthly affairs — but they have gone further. And about this we cannot be silent.

The present Russian Caesars have brought into Russia not only Karl Marx — Politics; they have undertaken to impose upon Russia also Karl Marx — Religion. About the first let others speak, that is their business. About the second we desire to speak, this is our business.



The new Hostel of the Southbourne Missionary and Conference Centre, Slavanka, where the annual Victorious Life Convention of the R. M. S. is held.

In the matter of faith in God, every government, which does not desire speedily and tragically to perish, must give to its subjects an absolute and perfect liberty. Ask Robespierre one minute before the guillotine — he will tell you; inquire of Napoleon Bonaparte — he will not renounce this Mont Blanc of truth, even though he abdicated the Emperor's throne and gave up ruling over beautiful France.

Have the present time Robespierres learned anything from the disastrous mistakes of their predecessors? Around Soviet Russia there has been built a high "Chinese wall" of spiritual forbiddance. Once more we reiterate that we do not touch the political and purely governmental side of the matter. Thrice we underline this. We speak of the spiritual "Chinese wall", not political, commercial or juridical.

The Russian Caesars have forbidden the free importation into Russia of Bibles and other religious books. "Religion is the opium of the people" maliciously wrote Zinovieff on the roof of the city hall of the Northern Capital. The great Russian nation of many millions of people is famishing spiritually, and this famine is much worse than the famine which swept over the Volga districts and other southern provinces. In Siberia a poor peasant offered his only horse for a copy of the Bible. But around Russia there is a high "Chinese wall" which the Bible has not yet penetrated.

But hearken, "Comrades", it will penetrate!

Preachers of the Gospel and humble missionaries are forbidden to enter Russia, and those already in Russia are forbidden to go abroad, except in a very few cases.

“Do not dare to come over unto us beyond our ‘Chinese wall’ with your pest, religion”, say the Caesars of Russia; and in a somewhat changed form we must agree with the Russian proverb: “We would be glad to get into ‘Paradise’, only the Bibles keep us back”.*

Only today there were returned to us two copies of religious books from the “Chinese wall” of Russia, with an inscription in French: “Retour comme interdit a l’entree par l’administration, des ouvrages de presse” (Returned as forbidden from entrance by the administration of the works of the Press).

Recently we were informed that the circulation in Soviet Russia of our innocent religious journal in the Russian language called “Gostj” (The Guest) has been prohibited.

One must ask, “What for?” On what grounds are the Caesars of Russia taking not only what is Caesar’s but also what is God’s? And do they really think that in very deed they will succeed in taking away from God that which is God’s? Others have also thought like this, but their thoughts have proved to be vain. In the town of Filford, Holland, on October 6th, 1536, the Roman Catholics burned at the stake the famous translator and prōpagator of the Bible, William Tyndall. Now in London, not far from the Thames Embankment, where his statue stands, can be seen the massive building of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is sending out millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures in more than 900 languages all over the world.

* A Russian proverb reads: “I would be glad to get into Paradise, only my sins do not let me”. Russia during the Soviet regime has often been nicknamed “Paradise”.

In Germany, the citadel of Catholicism, where about the same time the Pope of Rome anathematized the plain ex-monk, Martin Luther, the persecutrix, the Roman Church, lost most of all, and Germany in its turn became the citadel and nursery of evangelical faith.

We are not prophets, but we dare to foretell that the same will happen with the land of the Soviets.

The spiritual "Chinese wall" around Russia will become a smooth, level, and wide highway, along which there will move from Germany, England, trans-oceanic America, Australia, and other evangelical lands, caravans carrying Bibles and Gospels and other spiritual books.

The time is coming when perhaps there will not be a single train which will not bring preachers of the Gospel into the land of sneer and scorn about God; and hundreds of thousands of the same children and youths in whose young plastic minds the present Caesars have been endeavoring for years to instil the ideas of atheism and infidelity, — will turn back with the great Galileo, and unanimously and with conviction proclaim within the hearing of the whole world: "The earth does turn — GOD DOES EXIST."

Riga, Latvia,
February 16th, 1926.

DO YOU KNOW

- That** there are many millions of Russians waiting to hear the Gospel?
- That** they will **NOT** hear the Good News unless missionaries are sent?
- That** there are several hundreds of able and devoted Russian Native Evangelists, ready to go at any time, if only the funds were forthcoming?
- That** it takes only about \$30 to \$60 (£7 to £2) monthly to support a Russian Missionary including traveling expenses?
- That** more than 150 millions of Russian people have never had a copy of the Bible?
- That** 50 cents (2 shillings) will enable us to send them a Bible in their language?
- That The Russian Missionary Society** was founded in order to evangelize the 182 millions of people of the former geographical Russian Empire, and to supply them with at least one million copies of the Russian Bible?

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LONDON, England
43, Newington Butts, S. E.

SYDNEY, N. S. Wales
67 Castlereagh St.

RIGA, Latvia
Post Box 679.

THUS SAITH THE LORD

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, 'Behold, we knew it not'; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

Proverbs 24 : 11. 12.

The Russian Missionary Society

CHICAGO LONDON RIGA WARSAW
BERLIN SYDNEY

The Russian Missionary Society stands for the Bible in its entirety, and is willing, if need be, to separate from any Missionaries or others, who deny its full inspiration, reliability and authority.

The Russian Missionary Society proclaims the Gospel of the Grace of God, believes in the new birth, and in total separation in life from the worldly spirit of the age, this being Christ-like, and consequently the best way of bringing blessing to mankind

The Russian Missionary Society publishes its Balance Sheet, properly audited, every year, and acknowledges all its monthly income in the monthly magazine, THE FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

The Russian Missionary Society proceeds on a "faith basis," namely, waiting upon God for all supplies. Each worker, of both Missionary and Home Staffs, receives up to a specified allowance as the Lord provides the funds through His stewards.

The Russian Missionary Society has Missionaries and Colporteurs working among Russians in various countries, even in Soviet Russia and Ukrainia. The support of a Missionary varies according to the country in which he is laboring. The average cost however, is from \$350.00 to \$720.00 annually.

To ensure accuracy, the following is the proper

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We Are Responsible.

before **God** and **Eternity** for **ALL** the Good that could be accomplished through us in bringing men to Christ, if only we have placed ourselves and our possessions fully at the disposal of God and are filled with the Holy Spirit.

For thus saith the Lord :

"O son of men, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity ;

"But his blood will I require at thine hand."

Ezek. 33 : 7.8.

Therefore, if we do not our utmost

we have no excuse,

for "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not to him it is sin".

James 4 : 17.

A Great Burden for Russia

is on our hearts. Will you come over to "Macedonia" and help us?

Oh, do come over :

FIRST by helping us to send out and support 500 missionaries. Everywhere on the Russian mission field — the fields are white unto harvest. We need no more say "Where are the Reapers?", for

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yea, hundreds of them, only the means is not there to send them into the harvest field.

SECOND in sharing with us in the noble task of supplying the Russian people with

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THIRD, In having a part in the **Erection of the Riga Tabernacle and Bible Institute.** There are 2000 "Chairs" to be supplied, at \$25.00 or £50.0 each. This amount includes proportionate cost of the whole of the Building. Enquiries and donations may be sent to the **Russian Missionary Society :**

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