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The Elin Evangel

AND
FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

HEB. XIII. 8.

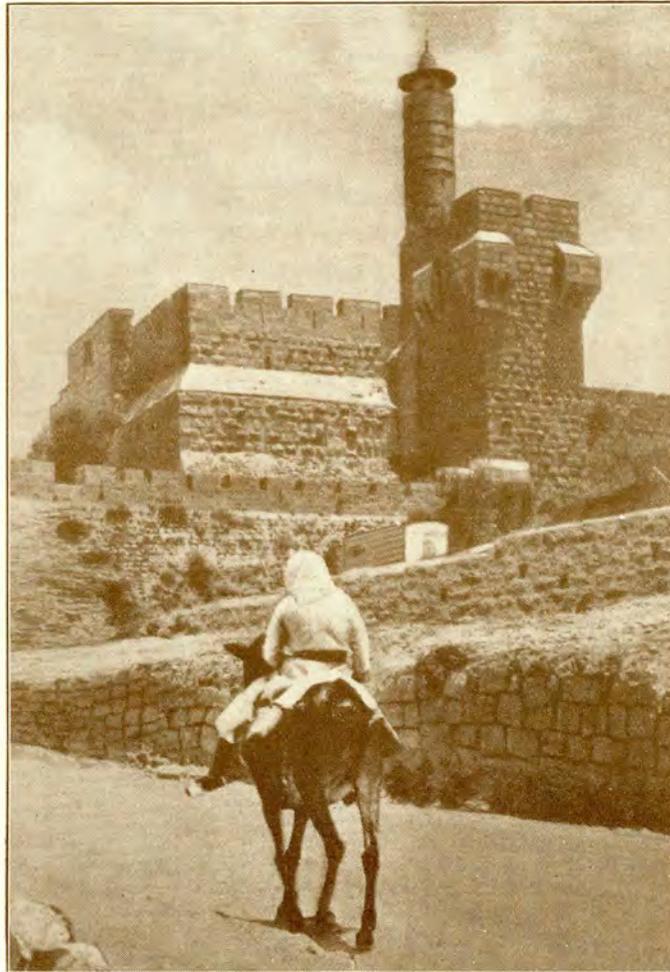
Vol. XVI., No. 18

MAY 3, 1935

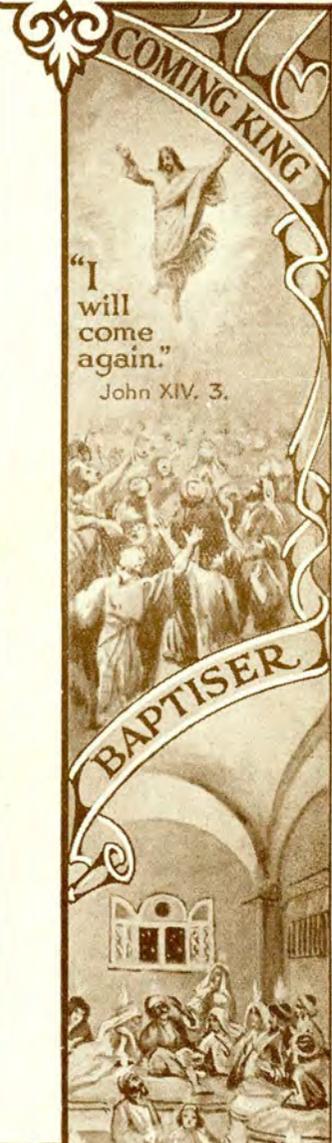
Twopence



"I am
come
that
they
might
have
life."
John X.
10.

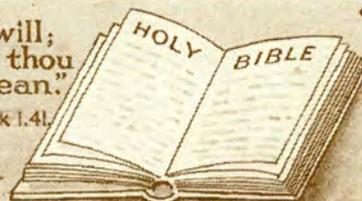


The Tower of David, Jerusalem.



"I
will
come
again."
John XIV. 3.

"I will;
be thou
clean."
Mark I. 41.



"I will
send Him
(the Comforter)
unto you."
John XVI. 7.

The Elim Evangel

AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

Editor: Pastor E. C. W. Boulton.
Official Organ of the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance.

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Pastors E. J. Phillips (*Secretary-General*), E. C. W. Boulton,
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General Headquarters:
20, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.4.

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May 3, 1935

No. 18

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London Whitsuntide Convention from Whit-Sunday, June 9 to Thursday, June 13.

Birmingham Whitsuntide Convention in the Town Hall, Whit-Monday.

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ANDOVER. May 19. Clare Hall. Anniversary Services conducted by Pastor E. C. W. Boulton.

BELFAST. April 30—May 5. Elim Tabernacle, Crumlin Street. Ballysillan. Campaign by Pastor H. W. Fielding.

CATERHAM. May 5. Co-operative Hall. Visit of London Crusader Choir, 6.30 p.m. (Choir at Maidstone Prison in afternoon.)

EASTBOURNE. April 28. Elim Tabernacle, Hartfield Road. Visit of London Crusader Choir, 6.30 p.m. (Choir at Lewes Prison in afternoon.)

ISLINGTON. May 19. Elim Tabernacle, Fowler Road. Visit of London Crusader Choir, 6.30. (Choir at Holloway Prison in the afternoon.)

LLANELLY. Commencing April 14. In the Ritz Dance Hall. Revival and Healing Campaign by Pastor P. S. Brewster.

LEEDS. April 27—29. Foursquare Gospel Tabernacle, Bridge Street (off Lady Lane). Special services conducted by Pastor and Mrs. G. Kingston.

LETCHEWORTH. May 12. Elim Tabernacle, Norton Way North. Visit of Pastor E. C. W. Boulton.

REDHILL. Coleman Institute, Brighton Road. Regular Foursquare Gospel services.

RYE PARK. May 5—12. Elim Hall, Rye Road. Campaign by Misses D. Ching and M. Paint.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA. May 26. Elim Tabernacle, Seaview Road. Visit of London Crusader Choir, 3 and 6.30 p.m.

ST. LEONARDS. May 25, 26. Boscobel Hall, West Hill. Pastor W. G. Hathaway.

The Elim Evangel

AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance was founded by Principal George Jeffreys, its present leader, in Ireland, in the year 1915. The Principal's campaigns have filled to overflowing the largest halls in the British Isles, and have resulted in many thousands of converts to Christ, and notable miracles of healing. The movement consists of Elim Revival and Healing Campaigns, Elim Foursquare Gospel Churches and Ministers, Elim Bible College, Elim



Publications and Supplies, Elim Bible College Correspondence School, Elim Crusaders and Cadets, Elim Foreign Missions, and Foursquare Gospel Testimony. It stands uncompromisingly for the whole Bible as the inspired Word of God, and contends for THE FAITH against all modern thought, Higher Criticism, and New Theology. It condemns extravagances and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the old-time Gospel in old-time power.

Vol. XVI., No. 18

MAY 3, 1935

Fridays, Twopence

A Summary of our Palestinian Tour

By Pastor E. J. PHILLIPS

ON Thursday, 21st February, we left for our long anticipated tour of the Holy Land. A goodly company bade us farewell at the Elim Bible College, and we were soon crossing the English Channel and speeding southward through France to Marseilles where we embarked the next day on the S.S. *Sphinx* for Alexandria. Although the sea was rough, we much enjoyed the rest after the preceding strenuous weeks, which an absence of forty-eight days from Headquarters entailed. There were dozens of Zionists on board—part of the vast number now going to Palestine, as the Scriptures predict, in unbelief. Several of them attended the service we held on Sunday.

visited. there were the old synagogue where Joseph and Mary were supposed to have brought Christ when they fled into Egypt, the necropolis, and several mosques, at one of which we saw a stone almost licked away by poor deluded souls seeking healing. Apart from the irrigated Nile delta Egypt is a desert of sand. As we tramped over and camped one night on its hot sandy wastes, we were able to visualise the children of Israel in their forty years' wandering and encamping in the wilderness on their way from Egypt to the Promised Land. Our camp was close to the Sphinx and Pyramids—the largest and oldest buildings in the world, erected many hundreds of years before the Flood: they must have been a landmark to the children of Israel.

We saw many buildings of mud bricks and noticed one commenced with bricks containing straw and finished on the top

WITH STRAWLESS BRICKS.

We wondered whether this wall was built by the children of Israel in their bondage or whether it was a common occurrence for the Egyptians to withhold straw from their slaves as they began to weary of their hard work. Our visit to the site of Memphis, the ancient capital, and other interesting places must be omitted, for we have given ourselves the impossible task of compressing forty-eight full days into two pages of the *Elim Evangel*.

So now from Egypt to the Promised Land. As our train journeyed from Cairo to Jerusalem we left behind rainless Egypt, where we saw so often watering with the foot (Deut. xi. 10), and we were soon speeding through the land that "drinketh water of the rain of heaven," the land of hills and valleys. How perfectly these words describe the two countries! Our train passes through the valley where David and Goliath joined battle, and we are soon 2,700 feet above sea level—at Jerusalem. The journey which took the children of Israel 40 years has taken us 15½ hours.

Our days in Jerusalem will never be forgotten. We were privileged to walk through its narrow, covered, busy streets as our Saviour walked through them, to pass through the Temple area where He taught, to see the actual spot where the altar of burnt offer-



A midday halt in the desert through which the Children of Israel passed.

The temperature rose each day, and as our ship concluded its four days' trip to Alexandria (whence hailed Apollos) we had left winter behind and were enjoying summer weather. The first sight of Egypt with its palm, orange, and banana trees, camels, buffaloes, mosques and minarets, veiled women, and strange native costumes was a thrill to those of us who had never before been in the East. We journeyed on by train to Cairo, where we were to stay for a few days. Among the places of interest we

ing stood and where Abraham offered a ram in place of his son Isaac, now covered by a mosque. We have meditated by the Pool of Bethesda where Jesus healed the impotent man, by the Pool of Siloam



The
Party
in
the
Orange
Groves
at
Tel-Aviv.

where He gave sight to the man who was blind, have walked, as it were in a dream, over the Mount of Olives, where He spent nights in prayer, and from which He ascended to heaven, and have looked down from it upon Jerusalem as He looked, when

HE WEPT OVER THE CITY.

We have been hushed as we have walked through the Garden of Gethsemane and reflected on His sufferings for us, have followed His footsteps as He was dragged by the angry mob from place to place, have been to Pilate's Judgment Hall, where they cried "Crucify Him" and have made our way to the "green hill . . . outside the city wall." And then we have been strangely moved as we entered what may be the actual tomb, pictured the scene of the resurrection, and sung from within it: "Up from the grave He arose!"

It was difficult to tear oneself away from the city we had tried so often to picture in our imagination—the city in which took place those events which have transformed our lives—but there was so much to see elsewhere in Palestine. In the historic city of Hebron we saw the cenotaphs erected over the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; at Bethlehem, the field of shepherds. On our way to Tel-Aviv, a town which has sprung up like a mushroom under the Zionist Movement, we passed the Plain of Sharon, one of the many districts we have seen enjoying superlative fruitfulness under the same Movement, in anticipation of the fulfilment of millennial prophecies. We called at Joppa (now Jaffa) where Dorcas was raised to life, and went into the reputed house of Simon the tanner.

Our journey into Transjordan was full of interest. On our way we called at Bethany, and entered the tomb of Lazarus. Continuing our journey down to Jericho, we saw the Inn of the Good Samaritan, and

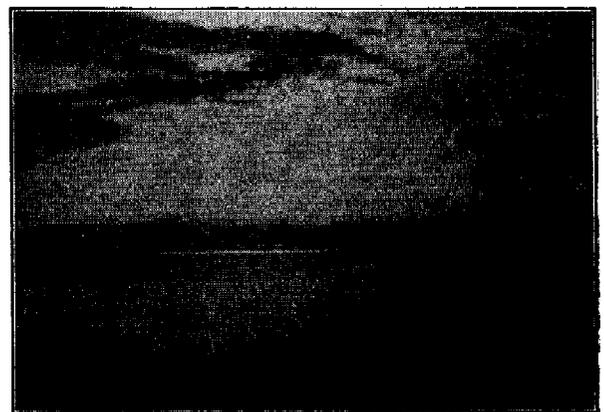
at Jericho, Elisha's fountain, and evidence of the destruction of the city as foretold in the Scriptures. We bathed in the fantastic Dead Sea, about 1,300 feet below sea level, where owing to the weight of the water, about 25 per cent of which is salt, it is impossible to sink and almost impossible to swim.

Much attention has been focused of late on Petra, "the rose-red city of wonder" in the wilderness of Transjordan. This mysterious city is hidden away in a mountain of solid rock out of which its houses and temples are carved. It was once the capital of Edom and is probably the "strong city" of Psalm cviii. 10. We

SLEPT AT PETRA IN CAVES

hewn out of the rock on the hillside. One of the places in the best state of preservation is the Place of Sacrifice on a great eminence where human sacrifices were offered to heathen gods. On our way to and from Petra, we passed Amman and Es Salt. Another pen will describe the blessed meetings we held here and elsewhere on our tour. No doubt Christ visited Amman as it was one of the chief cities of Decapolis. From the top of Petra we looked on Mount Hor, where Aaron was buried, and from Es Salt on Peniel, where Jacob wrestled with the angel.

On our way to Nazareth we passed Gibeah, Mizpah, Beeroth, and the site of Bethel. We sat on Jacob's well and drank of the water which a woman drew for us from its depth, while just across the fields we saw Sychar. We passed between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal. At Shechem we saw in the Synagogue of the Samaritans the oldest Pentateuch in the world, and at Samaria the remains of a gate of the ancient city—perhaps the one where the unbelieving lord was trodden to death (II. Kings vii.). Passing Dothan, where there are still dry wells, we came to the Plain of Megiddo and shuddered as we pictured the coming Armageddon on its vast stretches. Passing Jezreel,



Sunset over the Sea of Galilee.

Shunem, Nain, and Mount Tabor, we soon arrived at Nazareth. An old carpenter's shop gave us some idea of the surroundings in which Jesus spent the major part of His days on earth.

Next day we climbed Mount Carmel and saw the place where no doubt the fire fell when Elijah faced the prophets of Baal. Close by is a well whose waters

in the trench of the altar were licked up by the fire, and at the foot of the hill is the brook Kishon.

The quiet time spent at Tiberias, by the Sea of Galilee, will always remain

A REFRESHING MEMORY.

At Capernaum there is nothing left except the ruins of the synagogue built by the centurion, where Jesus uttered the life-giving words of John vi. From Tiberias we visited the reputed site of the Sermon on the Mount, Cana, Bethshan, and the River Jordan. A row on the lake brought us to where Jesus preached from the boat to the multitude on the sea shore, and to the probable place where He stilled the tempest.

On our way to Damascus we crossed the border into Syria, and passed by snow-capped Hermon, probably the Mount of Transfiguration. It was interesting to see the Rivers Abana and Parpar, to walk through the street called Straight, and to view the old city wall where Paul was let down in a basket.

From Damascus to Baalbek, and here we saw the

ruins of its colossal temples, and its accurately chiselled stones, some weighing nearly 1,000 tons each—the largest in the world. Beyrout was our last resting place in the Promised Land, and from here we visited Tyre and Sidon, and climbed the Lebanons to see the 400 cedars—all that is left of the thousands which once covered these mountains.

We had a most enjoyable return sea-trip of twelve days, calling at Tripoli, Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, Constantinople via the Dardanelles, Athens, and passing smoking Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius to Naples and Marseilles. For some time our ship followed the travels of the Apostle Paul, and we passed Paphos, Mitylene, Assos, Troas, and Rhegium, and called at Puteoli where he landed on his journey to Rome.

On Wednesday, 10th April, we arrived back in London, our hearts full of praise to God for His care and protection, the light shed on His Word through the associations of places and scenes, the fulfilment of prophecies before our very eyes, and last, but not least, the souls won for Christ and strengthened in the faith.

“Ye shall be Witnesses unto Me . . . in Jerusalem”

By Pastor R. E. DARRAGH

THIS glorious promise was graciously fulfilled every step of the way, God giving many opportunities of service, and contacts were made which brought about grand results. On the outward journey Jews were witnessed to who were going to their beloved land to wait for their Messiah. We had the joy of telling them that they would see Him very soon, also of the sorrow that would be theirs when they found that He had been wounded in the house of His friends. We had the joy of lifting up before them Jesus Christ and Him crucified. What a song of praise went up from the party when the Principal led to the Lord a young man: I shall never forget how his face lit up when he was given a Marked Testament, or the strong, manly handshake he gave us as he said, “I’ve got eternal life.”

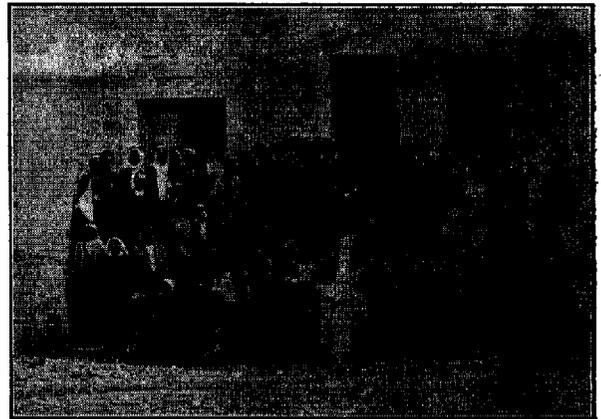
Permission was granted to hold a service on board, and we are sure that the seed sown will bring about a harvest. It has been our great joy to talk to the people of a Saviour who is mighty to save and strong to deliver. This privilege has been ours in Canada, the United States, and in almost all the countries of Europe, but words cannot express what it meant to us when God said, “Ye shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem.” To

PREACH IN THE VERY CITY

where our precious Lord preached. To talk about Calvary, only a stone’s cast from the place where He died. To point in the direction of the tomb and say, “He is not there: He is risen.” To talk about Gethsemane and Olivet when the preacher could see the garden and the place of ascension. To look into the faces of the mixed multitudes as they sat listening eagerly to a message that has changed the lives of people in all nations. To see God’s Spirit working in salvation and healing.

Long before the announced time of meeting the halls were packed. Everything was so different from

a meeting at home, for in the services were Jews and Arabs of different creeds, members of the Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, and Roman Catholic Churches. In all the meetings men were in the



Group of Christians outside the Church at Es Salt.

majority. What an overwhelming joy it was to see hands raised in every service for salvation! During the meetings in Jerusalem, Haifa, Es Salt, and Amman, hundreds accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. In Es Salt so many hands went up it was impossible to count them; as we looked out of the doors and windows we could see hands raised. Before six o’clock in the morning the dear people were waiting outside the house to be prayed for. After the Principal ministered to them we were called to the home of a C.M.S. minister and there we found his drawing room full of those needing healing, seven of whom were gloriously saved that morning. On the way to the minister’s home the people were calling

to the Principal: "Pray for me"—"Come in my home, and pray for my son"—"On the housetop my father lies sick; do pray for him." A woman cries: "I am losing my sight through carrying heavy weights on my head: do pray for me." A father beseeches us to pray for his little boy. The same thing takes place on the way back as needy people line the sidewalk. No wonder one of the Christian Arabs said to me: "It's like the days of the Lord Jesus again."

We have heard of many healings. A cripple was delivered; a little boy who was paralysed was healed. A young man with rupture had a remarkable deliverance. Other healings were gall stones, kidney

trouble, dysentery, and others have felt the touch of the Master that has set them free from pain, making life worth living. One man who had a remarkable healing, discarding his sticks, ran through the city of Amman telling everybody how he was healed and showing himself to many who knew of his sufferings. His testimony stirred those who heard it and some have become believers through it.

On the whole tour we have found open doors and the people eager to listen to the old story of a Saviour's dying love. We returned to our own beloved land with our hearts full of praise that He fulfilled His word unto us and made us witness unto Him throughout the whole journey.

Transport Thrills on the Tour

By Pastor A. W. EDSOR

HAVING had the privilege of driving the Revival Party car thousands of miles in our own land, it has been suggested I should write something of the modes of travel used *en route*. Hence the title for this short article.

The six chief modes were train, ship, camel, donkey, horse, and car. The first two were most helpful in that they brought five out of the six of us into contact with the East for the first time. On the boat journey from Marseilles to Alexandria, about 1,400 miles, two of us managed very well on a diet of fruit for two days, as Father Neptune, being in a playful mood, took much pleasure in nicely rocking the ship. However, we gradually got our sea legs and eventually joined the rest of the Party with whom we thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of the sea trip. On the whole we had splendid sea voyages both going and returning.

The night train journeys from Calais to Marseilles and from Cairo to Jerusalem were much of a muchness in that we saw little and slept little! On the latter we had to get out at El Kantara, cross the Suez Canal by ferry-boat and entrain again the other side. The most interesting train journey was from Alexandria to Cairo. Every mile was refreshing because it was our first train ride in an Eastern land and we travelled by day. We were thrilled as we saw the gaily-dressed crowds gathered on each station platform, everything being so new and strange to our Western eyes. As the train rushed along we jumped from one side of the carriage to the other to see some fresh scene pointed out, so unlike anything seen before.

I think the funniest ride of all was our trip, when in Cairo,

TO THE PYRAMIDS BY CAMEL.

We galloped at two camel miles an hour over the sandy desert, bumpity-bump, feeling as though we were sitting on top of the world. It is a simple thing getting on to one of these creatures but have you ever tried getting off? The camel comes to a standstill and then commences to fold himself up like a pocket knife. First the front legs fold and you are thrown forward with a violent jerk. While you are in a state of suspense wondering what is going

to happen next, lo and behold, the back legs crumple up and you almost turn a backward somersault. At last he lands, all four legs doubled up underneath, and you painfully stagger away to rest your wearied bones.

I cannot write much about the donkey mode of transport, as this humble animal was only used once by two members of the party who felt a little tired after tramping over old ruins for about three hours.

Our chief mode of transport when in the land was by car. We had many a thrilling journey but two stand out as exceptional—the one to Petra and the other to the famous cedars of Lebanon. They were interesting because they were distinct opposites—the one dreary desert and the other rugged and mountainous. To reach Petra we had to cross what must be

THE WORST ROAD IN THE WORLD.

If you can imagine driving over ploughed fields full of large stones, ruts, and holes for eight solid hours you have a faint idea of what we had to endure. Having experienced the journey there and back we



The Party
among
the Cedars
of Lebanon

can more easily understand the meaning of Numbers xxi. 4, referring to this very journey: "And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." A well-known author writes that ten days in Petra is not enough. I think he must mean that ten days are needed in which to recover!

It was on this trip that we had to mount horses to reach the mysterious city of Petra. It was my first horse-ride and likely to be my last! The rest of the party were greatly entertained at the spectacle of myself disappearing up the Sik (the only entrance into the city) on the back of a spirited Arab horse. I kept saying "Whoa" in approved English style, but evidently the animal only understood Arabic. After these experiences we could well say that we were almost "petra-fied" en route to and from Petra!

The other exceptional trip by car was from Beyrout to the cedars of Lebanon—some 6,000 feet up the snow-clad Lebanons. The road to them was nothing but a series of

TERRIFIC HAIRPIN BENDS

at almost every hundred yards. Around us were the towering mountains and great ravines while beneath were nothing but lumps of sheer drop. On some of the bends the driver was unable to get around on one lock and had to reverse a foot or two before

proceeding further. It seemed as though we were ants crawling up a giant's waistcoat, while the twisting road beneath appeared as a piece of spaghetti wound by the giant on an immense fork. Yet we



On Camels at the Pyramids.

realised on this eventful trip as on every other that our heavenly Father was watching over us.

We praise Him for bringing us back safely in answer to the prayers of His people.

Prophecy and Fact in Palestine

By Pastor P. N. CORRY

THERE are ruins that are only mounds of mouldering glory. Their tale is told, they have nothing to add to their story, they do not even count as records of historic fact. *Finis* may be written over their stones. But there are other ancient sites of world dominion or of historic fact whose usefulness is more potent to-day than in the day of their fame, because their stones are mute but telling witnesses of the fulfilment of prophecy and the historic facts of the Word of God. For centuries, more often for millenniums, they were allowed to lie so deeply hidden and so woefully neglected that their very existence was forgotten until man in his pride said that all mention of such places in the Bible was myth or fable, fairy story or ancient folk lore. They doubted what the Word said of their history, they derided what prophecy said of their fall.

Then, as if to rebuke the wisdom of the foolish,

GOD CALLED FOR DIGGERS

and caused those ancient ruins to yield up their secret store of facts to refute the unbelief of our age. Year after year the accumulated knowledge of the centuries has been unlocked until to-day men are able to read the past more easily than they can unravel the complicated pattern of modern history. Thrill after thrill caused our hearts to leap as we suddenly met these facts upon our journey.

Who can look away over the wreck and ruin of great Memphis as it lies sunbaked in the midst of Egypt and not marvel at the boldness of the man who prophesied that God said, "Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment," for there they

lie prone in the dust, broken and cast aside. Many have said foolish things about Jericho, but those walls and destroyed homes, with blackened grain and house beams turned to charcoal through the intensity of the heat of her burning, all lifted gaunt hands to heaven and said, "The Word of God is true, every word." It was not necessary to search out carefully for those mute witnesses; they surrounded us on every hand. Bethel, deserted and so wiped out that it did not seem possible for a city to have ever existed on the site, made the words of the prophet Amos so real that they seemed to hang heavy as the air about us—its doom had been so fearfully fulfilled.

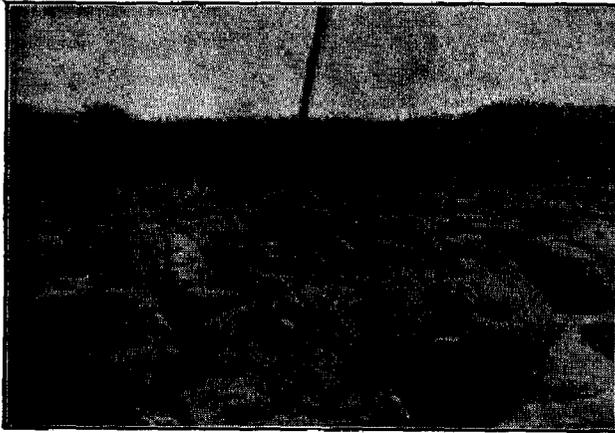
To enumerate all the sites we visited would exhaust my space and tire your patience, but these are

OUTSTANDING THRILLS

that must be mentioned. I for one shall never forget the impatience in the voice of the archæologist at Megiddo. After a long tramp over the ruins in which we had already seen more than enough of stables, he turned to point to yet more and more, and said, "We do not seem to find anything but stables in the ruins of Megiddo, they are everywhere." Exactly! It was one of the chariot and cavalry cities of that mighty King Solomon (see II. Chron. i. 14-17; I. Kings ix. 15-19). Still, one never expected to see the capacious stables nor to feel the many stalls for the horses, much less to hear the excavator grumble about the monotony of always finding the same thing—but we did! History and the archæologist's spade met on the solid rock of the Word and there was a

flash that for a moment dazzled me. I could have jumped for joy.

Another such moment occurred at Tyre. We had stumbled through the mean streets of the modern fishing village, not understanding what we saw nor



Ruins of Memphis.

able to find that for which we were looking until a kind Christian sister of the Syrian Mission handed us over to a patient English-speaking Pastor, who led us in the opposite direction to which we had been wandering and then, pointing out to the sea, began to speak of the Tyre that was covered by the great waters (Ezek. xxvi. 19). We saw men putting the sand of the sea shore through a washing pan and beheld some of the precious stones and heard of

THE GOLD THEY DAILY FOUND

washed up from the street of the jewellers. Some fishermen were working near by and I asked without thinking what was the staple trade of most of the folk of Tyre now. "Oh, much more than fifty per cent are fishermen," was his simple reply, and at once I thought of the prophecy that "Tyre should be for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea" (Ezek. xxvi. 5). These men were fishing above the remains of the one-time chief mercantile city of the world.

We turned away in wonder, but wonders were not finished that day for our guide took us to the place where the old sea walls of Tyre had stood facing the larger city of the mainland. Walls that once were 150 feet in height and which for thirteen years had resisted a siege by Nebuchadnezzar—here they lay under the sand. In several places we found men digging down into the sands and carrying away the remaining stones of the wall. It, like many other cities of

ancient fame, had become the local quarry. Remains of an arch with stones as fresh as the day they were laid were here before our eyes, but not for long. Unless some steps have been taken (and we have reason to hope that they have) to preserve that ancient gate, it will have disappeared long before these words are in print. It was here I got another thrill. At one portion of the wall where they had cleared to considerable depths I saw that the clearance was running down through the remains of the ancient causeway or mole that Alexander in B.C. 333 caused to be made, by casting the ruins of the mainland city into the sea, thus joining the island to the mainland. Here were the remains of a pillar, there a huge carved stone, there on end a large building stone. The

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY

were near enough to touch, and I remembered the word that said: "They shall destroy the walls of Tyre and break down her towers and I will also scrape her dust from her and make her like the top of a rock. . . . They shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water." I had to do it even though the workman warned me of the danger of a fall of sand—I got some of that mole of Alexander! Prophecy and fact once more agreed.

To write more at this juncture would only amplify this again and again. Enough to say we have seen the Scripture of the past, the prophecies of old time, and those of the present day walking hand in hand through Palestine, and our hearts are more and more



The Wall of Tyre.

devoted to those Scriptures of truth which are not only a sure record of the past but which are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

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FAMILY ALTAR



The Scripture Union Daily Portions : Meditations by Pastor V.S. PRITCHARD

Sunday, May 5th. Job v. 17-27.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth" (verse 17).

What a source of joy to be in the hand of God. It is something to cause wonder, to take special note of. The all-wise, omniscient God lovingly exercising His wisdom in the interests of a foolish man. The Omnipotent employing Himself in power on behalf of the weakness of "the flesh." The Omnipresent coming into the circumstances of limited human life. The Creator busy on behalf of His creatures, but something more. To the born-again man, it is "Our Father" using the discipline of Divine Love. Left to himself man goes wrong. But God puts us right. He loves to do it; we love Him in His doing of it. Beloved, think it not strange concerning the trial—Be happy! It's just Father-love putting you right! Without the correcting heart and hand of God, life would be a total wreck, a tragedy. It is God's loving hand upon the helm that alone steers the ship of life to the desired haven, and also ensures a happy voyage.

Monday May 6th. Job ix. 1-18.

"He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength; who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?" (verse 4).

When God-permitted affliction makes a man meditate on the wisdom of His heart and purpose and the greatness of His power, it is indeed a blessing in disguise. Job's skin was affected by the enemy's attack, but his heart was stayed on his God. There was seeming evidence of pollution without, but his heart was sweet within. Freedom from bitterness which hardens the heart against God, that is the secret of real prosperity in body, mind, and spirit. Had Job's heart been "set" on earthly things, the "loss of all things" would indeed have been a bitter experience. But his confidence was in his Maker, and his affections set on things above. Thus he was saved from the folly of hardening himself against God. A course which inevitably leads to ruin. May Job's God and ours in times of trial keep us tender of heart.

Tuesday May 7th. Job ix. 19-35.

"Now my days are swifter than a post. . . . They are passed away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey" (verses 25, 26).

Job could never have been accused of thoughtlessness. He was a thinker! The postman of his day speeding along by foot or on horseback, the ships with their sails filled by a favourable wind, the eagle swooping down upon its prey, these ordinary things taught him valuable lessons. There are countless things around us to-day that should teach us

of the brevity of life. Since the saint "must give an account of the deeds done in the body" "let us work the works of Him that sent us while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." That letter or word of forgiveness you meant to write or say, that debt that should have been paid, that word you were going to say to that lost soul, that restitution that you mean to make, that which God is telling you to do as you read this—His message and command—Do it now! Life is short!

Wednesday, May 8th. Job xiv. 1-15.

"If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come" (verse 14).

The foundation of a belief in a future life is embedded in human hearts. In the unsaved it is mixed with fear and mysterious foreboding. The saved man looks forward with assurance to that blessed day when we shall all be changed. When this mortal shall put on immortality and we shall be like Him. Hallelujah! There's a change for me! "Some day I shall be like Him." I have His word for it. I can afford to wait, without fretting, the appointed time. Has He not said "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto Myself"? Already the saint feels moving within him the stirrings of immortal life. "We know that we have passed from death unto life." "Jesus is coming, sing the glad word."

Thursday, May 9th. Job xv. 1-16.

"What knowest thou that we know not, What understandest thou which is not in us?" (verse 9).

There is something in the life of the saved man which brings forth this challenge from others. The saint, walking humbly before his God, himself makes no boast of superior "knowledge" or understanding. But somehow there is something about him which is "different." The world expresses it so! Someone gets saved. In their sphere of occupation the opportunity for testimony may be limited, but those round about have been heard to say of them, "They are different." Yes, Hallelujah! "The Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and the children of Israel." Then, again, the merely nominal but not born-again religionist is convicted by the Christ-life emanating from the born-again man, and he resists and his challenge "I'm as good as you are," is really an acknowledgment "that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. A Spirit-filled life is a challenge and an answer to all questioners."

Friday, May 10th. Job xix. 1-6, 19-29.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" (verse 25).

What marvellous revelations God can give in the midst of trial! Job had suffered affliction, loss, misunderstanding, but through it all he was gaining the excellency of the knowledge of God. Job longed that these words of revelation of Redeeming Love should be preserved for ever. And in many a cemetery we see on tombstones, graven with the chisel, those glorious words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and "Till He come." But beyond the cold stones, there are "lively stones," living and moving in every walk of life, upon whose tender hearts the Redeemer Himself has indelibly engraven with nail-pierced hands, the "glorious hope" of the believer. Hearts that are pulsating with the joyous certainty of Redemption through the Blood, and of "that" Day when they shall see Him for themselves, and be like Him.

Saturday, May 11th. Job xxii. 1-3, 21-30.

"When men are cast down, then Thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and He shall save the humble person" (verse 29).

It is easy enough to feel ecstatic and exalted when on the mountain-top experience. That needs no faith. Real faith, not my faith, or faith in my faith, but the Faith of God which Jesus told His disciples to have, is born out of adversity. The highest peaks of spirituality and holiness have been climbed by those possessed of a God-given stamina generated in the school of difficulty and discouragement. The saintly Paul knew this when he said, "Cast down, but not destroyed." The Devil's aim is to get us "down"; but God is the lifter up of my head. Are you tempted to be cast down? Then thou shalt say, "There is lifting up." Praise the Lord for victory! Then is the time to shout "Victory!" and you must be the one to shout it.

"Ambassadors for Christ"

(2 Cor. v. 20)

We never send ambassadors to our own country. The Church is in a foreign land as an ambassador.

We never send an ambassador to a country at war with it; so the Church, being here, shows that God preaches peace to the world, and when He sends the letter to us to come home, then war is proclaimed against the earth.

An ambassador has to go to the foreign country, so the Church has to go to all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

The ambassador, though lodging in a mean habitation, has all the power of his country to back him up.

The people judge of a country by its ambassador; so the world judges of the Master by us.—H.M.

DURING our recent tour in Bible lands we have been privileged to visit scenes of profound interest from the eternal Pyramids of Egypt to the lofty Lebanons of Syria. We have followed the Master's footsteps into Transjordan and the trail of His Apostles in the isles of the Mediterranean, even into Greece, and all along our souls have been strangely moved. But if at any time my soul was stirred to its depths more than another it was when we viewed the city of God from the Mount of Olives. Kings and queens, noblemen and artisans in endless procession have trekked their way across these lands and like ourselves have viewed with awe the historic sites and sacred places. We have looked at the gigantic Pyramid of Cheops and have pondered over the purpose for which this enduring colossus was raised. Here scientists and mathematicians have patiently examined figures and measurements with infinitesimal exactitude in their endeavours to wrest from its heart the secrets it is said to hold. We have stood among the buried ruins of the once glorious city of Memphis where Moses and Aaron, some thirty-five centuries ago, demanded the release of God's chosen people and withstood the rage of an infuriated Pharaoh. We have passed over miles of that same boundless desert along which Moses led the children of Israel. Bethlehem, Bethany, Nazareth, Galilee, Gethsemane, Calvary, and the Garden Tomb have been included in our extensive itinerary, and it would take more than the pen of a ready writer to express the stirrings within. But it was on the tranquil Mount overlooking Jerusalem that we were thrilled most.

Viewing the Holy City from the Mount of Olives, the prophecy of Luke xxi. uttered by our Lord nearly



Photo by]

[American Colony, Jerusalem.

**British Troops
entering
Jerusalem on
Dec. 11, 1917,
General Allenby
walked in
through the
Jaffa Gate**

“Jerusalem.. Trodden D

Prophecy is History Foretold—F

By Principal GEO

two thousand years ago seemed to rivet itself upon my mind and I indulged in a mental pageant in which scenes relating to Jerusalem, past, present, and future, were vividly portrayed. Before me lay the old city with its medley of Moslem minarets, mosque domes, church spires, flat roofs, and narrow cobbled streets, all enclosed within its prodigious walls, a fitting stage for so great a drama. The many vicissitudes through which Jerusalem had passed combined with those as yet wrapped up in prophecy, so crowded in upon me that it seemed almost incredible that I was actually on the Mount. Yet there I stood reviewing facts from the pages of history or contemplating the fulfilment of startling events found in the Book of prophecy relating to the very city before me. The past filled me with great awe, the future with alternate fluctuations of joy and sorrow, while the present touched every chord of compassion in my soul.

In my meditation I could understand as never before why Jesus wept over this city. Jerusalem, whose name means the “Inheritance of peace,” seems to have inherited anything but peace in its day. A long line of conquerors in quest of fresh glories have led their armies against it. Ofttimes have its mighty fortifications been stormed, its gates battered in and its walls razed to the ground. Its helpless inhabitants have been ruthlessly crushed and it is estimated that in one of its many massacres over ninety thousand were cruelly butchered. Hordes of fierce warriors have swept down upon the city, terrorising its people and committing outrages that have blackened the pages of history. Its churches and sacred places have been sacked and its glorious Temple defiled even with the offering of swine upon the altar. Jerusalem destroyed and rebuilt so many times seems to have suffered more than any other city from maddened despots who have wielded power with uncontrolled lust and fury. Within its walls terrible civil wars have been waged when turbulent factions have shown fanatical delight in the destruction of one another, and legendary taskmasters have enforced oppressive taxation upon a subjugated people until the resultant fires of revolt could only be extinguished by blood.

This was the Jerusalem over which Jesus wept and said, “If thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace,” and again, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee.” “Thou

Down..Until..Fulfilled”

and—History is Prophecy Fulfilled

Read Luke xxi. 20 to 33

GEORGE JEFFREYS

knewest not the time of thy visitation.” The King of Peace was at her gates and the things belonging to her peace in His heart. Had He been received, the last nineteen centuries would have been so different. But our Lord knew of the humiliation that awaited Him, of the ignominy of His coming crucifixion and how the city would soon decide, not for peace and salvation through His Cross, but for further desolation and war. He was just departing from the Temple when He uttered a prophecy that was to be fulfilled to the letter. The city was to be compassed with armies, the people were to fall by the sword, others led captive into all nations, and Jerusalem was to be trodden down until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM A.D. 70.

Verse 20 to middle of verse 24.

Forty years afterwards, Jerusalem with the most terrible civil war in history raging within its walls, was besieged by the thirty-year-old Roman general Titus and a force estimated to be between sixty and eighty thousand troops. Josephus, the renowned Jewish historian, gives a vivid description of the sufferings of the Jews during the siege, “The miseries they underwent were unspeakable, for if so much as the shadow of any kind of food did anywhere appear the dearest of friends fell fighting one with another about it, snatching from each other the most miserable supports of life.” Six months the siege went on, at the end of which the city was completely destroyed, multitudes fell by the sword and the Jews were taken captive into all nations. All that was left for a Roman legion to guard was a smoking ruin. The words uttered by Christ were literally fulfilled.

THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES BE FULFILLED.

Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled (verse 24).

The scope of the prophecy in the verse before us sweeps on much further than the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in A.D. 70. Some fifty years ago Dr. Grattan Guinness, who is considered to be one of the weightiest expositors of Bible prophecy, declared that the times of the Gentiles would be fulfilled in our day. Briefly, the learned doctor belonged to the Historicist School which in general teaches that God



Jerusalem with the Mount of Olives in the background.

through His prophets foretold a period of punishment and exile for Israel lasting exactly 2,520 years. The time of Israel's dispersion outside of Palestine started in 604 B.C., when the King of Babylon came into military possession of Palestine and the treading down by the Gentiles commenced. From the years 604 B.C. to A.D. 1917 is exactly a period of 2,520 years. Singularly enough it was in 1917 that the British troops under General Allenby (now Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixtowe) entered into military possession of the Promised Land. Thus the rule of oppression came to an end and the way was prepared for the establishment of a National Home for the Jews.

When in Jerusalem we listened with delight to the story of a most reliable eye-witness of the scenes that transpired when the British troops entered into the city. That day emotionalism knew no bounds—men, women, and children crowded the streets dancing, cheering, laughing, praying, and even weeping with sheer delight. They kissed not only the hands of the soldiers but their guns and gun carriages as well. The mothers of Jerusalem showered flowers upon the victorious troops and cried words of welcome to their deliverers. Many young men who had been hiding from the Turks in all kinds of peculiar places suddenly rushed into the streets to be embraced by loved ones who had mourned them as dead. It was a veritable day of resurrection.

If this interpretation of the 2,520 years period is correct, and I cannot find anything to disprove it, God, by fulfilling the prophecy at the exact time and in the right place, has put into our hands a mighty weapon against the forces of Higher Criticism and Modernism. Never shall I forget the day when the news reached us that Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of the British. Being conversant with the year-day interpretation of the seven-times punishment prophecy as taught by the Historicist School, we were

(continued on next page).

“Jerusalem . . . Trodden Down . . . Until . . . Fulfilled”

(Continued from page 281)

watching the fortunes of Jerusalem. The day the Turks abandoned the city I received a telegram from a dear friend, “Jerusalem taken. Another great landmark in prophecy reached. Hallelujah!” Words fail to describe the thanksgiving meeting that followed, for we felt that we were nearer the end of the Great War. Had not one of its main purposes been accomplished!

THINGS BEGIN TO COME TO PASS.

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh (verse 28).

Again the prophecy sweeps on beyond the fulfilment of the times of the Gentiles. It undoubtedly carries us on to the Second Advent of Christ. The word “begin” suggests a definite starting point somewhere. It cannot mean the beginning of wars for there were such before the prophecy was uttered; nor the beginning of distress, for there has been distress among nations from the first. Again the people who were to see the beginning of these things were to look up for their redemption was drawing nigh. This seems to point to a period of time the beginning and ending of which is confined to one generation. If the year 1917 saw the end of the 2,520 years of the times of the Gentiles, might we not conclude that this was the event that signalled the beginning of the definite period of signs that were to precede the Second Advent of Christ!

THERE SHALL BE SIGNS.

Men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth (verse 26).

The holding of peace conferences and signing of peace pacts seem to be the order of the day, yet the whole world is like a rumbling volcano ready to burst forth at any moment. Instead of a world made “safe for democracy” we have a toll of military dictators holding their large conscript armies ready for the wars of extermination. The Great War ushered in a period of distress and perplexity such as the world has never known. Its seething unrest, feverish anxiety, paralysing fear, frightful pestilences, terrible earthquakes, economic chaos, millions of unemployed, make substantial contribution towards the fulfilment of the prophecy since the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled. Millions of people are simply eking out a semi-starvation existence while economic conferences with selfish national interests bar the way to the overflowing wheat granaries of the world.

It would be a very sad outlook for all if the prophetic utterances did not lead us on further. In the darkness of this indescribable tribulation a light shines forth—the Son of Man is coming in a cloud with power and great glory.

ARMAGEDDON.

Read Ezekiel, chapters xxxviii. and xxxix.

Alas! before He comes, Jerusalem is destined to pass through its brief, final, but most terrible struggle

of all. If ever I had the experience of the Spirit within interceding with groanings that cannot be uttered it was during the hours I spent in and near the Plain of Megiddo. I saw Ezekiel xxxviii. and xxxix. live before my eyes, and my mind instinctively went back to Jerusalem where the last phase of these future wars will take place just before our Lord comes. I could not help but try to identify the forces who would defend Jerusalem against the hordes of oppression that would sweep down upon it. I had seen the Union Jack flying over Government House in the Holy City and I had watched the smart and happy contingent of British soldiers marching through its streets to the place of worship on a Sunday morning. Were these the forerunners of the British troops that will soon be called upon to defend Jerusalem, and might they see Christ coming in a cloud with great glory to deliver just when all hope is gone? It is difficult to see how any other empire can ever hold the Mandate for Palestine. Speaking to one of the Protestant missionaries who has been mightily used in the spreading of the Full Gospel in Palestine, she said, “If the British leave, every missionary will have to leave too.” With these thoughts passing through my mind I felt constrained more than ever to pray for revival in England. If the British Empire is destined to defend Jerusalem against the multitudes Ezekiel saw “riding upon horses” towards the Holy Land, then it behoves her to get back to God, back to the Bible and the principles of the great Reformation. Dependence upon the arm of flesh, the might of troops, and ingenuity in war will only prolong the agony of Armageddon. The Bible alone shows the way of revival and deliverance. It is the way of individual salvation; let every one repent, be baptised for the remission of sins, receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and put their trust in the God of the supernatural. He who regenerates the soul and performs the miracle of Pentecost can deliver miraculously in the days of Armageddon. Let every church cleanse and sanctify itself from all sacerdotalism, destroy its confessional boxes, cast out every idol, and render obedience to the commands of Christ, for the day is at hand.

THIS GENERATION SHALL NOT PASS AWAY TILL.

Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled (verse 32).

Although we must avoid fixing a time limit for the return of Christ, yet we cannot help but ponder over this verse. Our Lord could not possibly mean the generation of His day for it certainly passed away in due time. He evidently spake of a generation that would be on earth at His Second Coming. It was to that particular people He addressed the consoling message, “When these things begin to come to pass then look up and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.” What things? The end of the times of the Gentiles, the distress among nations with perplexity, and the return of the Jews to Palestine.

Are we living in that generation?

ELIM CRUSADER PAGE.

Pilgrimage Reflections

By Pastor JAMES McWHIRTER

THE dread of disillusionment lurked secretly in my heart to the gates of Jerusalem. But once we viewed the city from the top of the Y.M.C.A. tower, all forebodings had gone. There we beheld a vision. What the prophet Jeremiah saw 600 B.C. (chapter xxxi., verse 38) had been literally



Pastor
James
McWhirter
at
the
Great
Pyramid

fulfilled since the Great War. From that moment we were so gripped by the marvel of fulfilled prophecy that my mind was relieved of the tension about atmospherics.

There is no more sacred atmosphere in Palestine than in England. The feelings we experience are determined by the attitude of heart and mind. There is hardly a "sacred site" but excites reactions ranging from superstitious attraction to antagonistic repulsion. It is inevitable that those who go in quest of mystic atmosphere should be severely shocked and disappointed. My mind became so occupied with the fact of prophecy becoming history, "miracle on the highest plane," that the fortunes of fancy were merely incidental. There are numerous fulfilled prophecies relating to various aspects of the modern life of Palestine. In the archæological department of Biblical evidence, faith in the Book has been confirmed and received a tremendous stimulus. After a first-hand study of the antiquities of Egypt, Syria, and Greece, Hebrews i. 8-12 contains a depth of meaning hitherto unrealised. There is but one Temple over which

THE RAVAGES OF TIME

has had no power; it is immune to the death and decay of the ages: the Temple of His Body, the Church, which is composed of living stones.

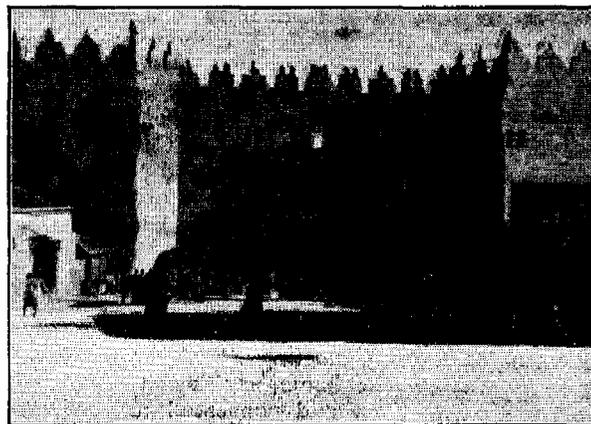
Basil Matthews in his splendid *Life of Jesus* ex-

presses the same thought finely. "Jesus talked with His men and told them stories by which He sowed Truth that grows immortally fresh and young centuries after the last Roman sentinel crept back from the broken ramparts, and lovelier as art than any of the words written by Greek philosophers or than the temples built in those now long-deserted cities." One of our Crusaders, a young architect, asked me why in the Foursquare Gospel Church, Aberdeen, the text "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" had been written in the laurel circle, Greek emblem of death. We confessed our ignorance but now have found the explanation. When we asked the guide in Cairo why he believed in Christ he replied, "He is the only Prophet alive, all the others are dead." He is the Everlasting Life in the circle of endless death. From the city wall on the north-east of Damascus Gate we viewed the site of Gordon's Calvary and visualised "the lonely Son of God" being conducted to the place of crucifixion. There we saw the rabble incited by the priests and heard the passers-by, as they wagged their heads, pile their insults on His undeserved suffering. Then it seemed as though suddenly a mist fell. He died of a broken heart. When Sunday morning came two sad hearts were strangely touched and healed as they journeyed down life's road.

Nazareth had a pleasing effect. The prosperous little town seems to have preserved the dignity He gave it. It was here too that He bore the cross all His days "like a lance lifted up to God." And here "He was baptised with a sense of all our relations." This is where He "began to do." It lasted thirty years. Afterwards He taught for about three years. The result was success. After a tour of traditional sites of association with His humanity

WE WERE RESTING AT SUNSET

on the hotel verandah watching the peasants plod homeward. A lad of twelve or fourteen passed with



The Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.

two young sisters. The youngest, about three or four years of age, expressed tiredness, the boy stooped down and picked her up in his arms, at the same time planting a kiss on her cheek, taking his other sister by the hand, they then moved on. Instantly it flashed to my mind that Jesus was an elder brother and He also had two sisters whom He must often have taken care of, like this, for His mother.

Between two and three miles over the hills from Nazareth is the Plain of Esdraclon or Plain of Jezreel (see Joshua xvii. 16). It is situated in central Palestine between the southern hills of Samaria and the mountains of Galilee. It was here that Gideon with his three hundred *men*, all the other things in trousers being sent home, defeated the host of the Midianites "who lay along this plain like grasshoppers for multitude." Here King Saul met the fate foretold him by the witch of Endor. The Pharaohs of Egypt, Assyrian emperors, Greek dictators, Roman generals, Saracen hordes, the noble Saladin with his fanatic Moslems and, too, Napoleon, were defeated, while Allenby routed the unspeakable Turk on this "battlefield of nations" that is reputed to be "one of the most sanguinary parts of the world." But the worst is yet to be, for it is written that at the culmination of the wars of Armageddon "blood shall be up to the horses' bridles." Jesus must often have spent hours of contemplation in the silence of these lonely hills. It is possible, even probable, that He studied life from this vantage ground. For in His day the main arterial caravan route between East and West skirted these hills and crossed the Plain. He may have reviewed the whole procession of humanity past, present, and future from this spot. The remote Nazareth of my imagination, with this new light, became

ONE OF THE MOST STRATEGICAL PLACES

in Palestine. As we journeyed to Haifa we crossed a military road, in the making, running from the new naval base.

Eventually we reached the most sentimental part of Palestine, the Lake of Galilee. The great, good Murray McCheyne of Dundee wrote :

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave
O Sea of Galilee,
For the Glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

On its shores and surrounding hills Jesus loved *men* into the kingdom of God. Here He not only taught a new philosophy of life in the Sermon on the Mount but He demonstrated through the twelve disciples that life at its best is a loyal comradeship.

We were invited to an Arab feast at Es Salt in Transjordan. Jesus' advice about taking the lowest seat was taken, which was quickly followed by the host's invitation to come up higher. After the formalities of greeting and washing of hands we found ourselves sitting, or trying at least, cross-legged, round "one dish" and diving into it with one hand. Choice morsels were handed to distinguished guests as tokens of special favour and attention. Our host through the medium of an interpreter engaged in an entertaining conversation punctuated by expressions of good wishes, such as, "May God preserve the guests," and "May you live a year for every bite you eat." The Arabs are a most courteous people. The graces of good breeding are as natural to them as breathing. But they can be as imperious as amiable. Their salutations are delightful. Friends meeting in the morning will with the right hand touch their foreheads, then their heart, while one will say "*Mebarak salaam*" ("May thy day be blessed"). Or as a more common greeting one will say "*Salaam aleikum*" ("Peace be with you"), and the other replies "*Aleikum salaam*" ("And with you be peace"). Jesus said to the woman that was a sinner "*Ma' salameh*," which is literally "Go into peace," and in common usage means "Peace be with you!" as a message of farewell.

A Taste of Revival Power

The following is the testimony of Miss A. E. Brown who is in charge of the American Assemblies of God Chapel at Jerusalem, a beautiful edifice erected on the west side of the city. Our sister and her staff of faithful workers have patiently laboured for years in the name of the Lord. Again the Principal and Party only reaped what they had lovingly sown.—Ed.

WE received a glad surprise when in answer to a ring from the telephone on Saturday evening, March 9th, Pastor Corry informed us that Principal George Jeffreys and his Revival Party were in the city and asked for information about the hours of our Church services. We had heard they were coming, but did not know when they expected to arrive. When we saw Mr. Corry the next morning, and asked for some meetings, he said, "No, Mr. Jeffreys is here for a rest, and absolutely must not be booked for any meetings." After the service they came over to the home, making it ring with their stirring choruses, and consented to give us a campaign meeting on Tuesday evening, "but only one." So Tuesday evening a full house, 200 to 250,

gathered, and heard the gospel message (interpreted into the Arabic) from the Principal, and a goodly number indicated by the uplifted hand, that they received Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and many came forward for prayer for healing.

We have all received a great spiritual blessing and uplift, and many of different creeds and beliefs have told me of blessing received from the meetings. We have had a taste of revival power and are hungry for more. We believe that if Principal Jeffreys and his Party could give us a series of campaigns through the country, God would be greatly glorified in the salvation of many souls, in the healing of many, and in the baptism of believers in the Holy Spirit.

Miraculously Healed in the Holy Land

Testimony of Salem Bey Yacoub Jammal



S. B. Y. Jammal.

I HEREBY testify to having experienced actually the wonders of divine healing. It happened with me as follows: I was stricken with a bad disease in my feet whereby I suffered from tremendous pains and could not walk over five minutes without the help of a walking stick.

The doctors diagnosed inflammation near the bones causing the atrophy of the bones themselves. Many able doctors in Palestine treated me with the latest means available, such as diathermy and other electrical means, but with very little results. The disease and the pain continued and often made me fall in the deepest despair. It would take a very long time and space to describe all the different treatments and medicines which I had taken, but I shall confine myself to the testimony of the way I was healed through the power of God only.

The pharmacist Amin Bey Kawar, being my friend, wrote to me about the coming of Principal Jeffreys to Amman, as my business keeps me at Zerka, a village twenty-five kilometres to the north of Amman where the Headquarters of the Transjordan Frontier Force is stationed. As soon as I received his letter I felt a peculiar feeling which I cannot describe: I ran to the telephone and spoke to him and was full of hope. I came in time to the meeting and Principal Jeffreys prayed with his hands on my head which made me feel sure that God answered his prayer, and I went home rejoicing. Next morning I left my bed and walked without any stick with full assurance of victory.

I was going round the town all to-day and yesterday doing my work as usual, without the help of any stick and feeling no pain at all. I therefore testify to the healing of the Lord which I experienced, and advise all my brothers in humanity to depend on the Almighty God to heal their sickness and save their souls. May the Lord help me to continue in this new life. Amen.

Testimony of Ibrahim Effendi Abu Jaber

I HAD carried a heavy load to help a man in loading a donkey and, as a result, had my hip and my left side very badly sprained. I used many liniments and ointments with not much effect.

On the 7th March I knew of Principal George Jeffreys coming to give a sermon at Amman. I did not know anything about his having the gift of healing, but I went to hear him speak and was still suffering from the pain of that bad sprain.

After the meeting when Principal Jeffreys started praying for the sick, a friend of mine asked him to pray for me and he prayed putting his hand on my head; I was instantly relieved of my pain. I testify also to having received the joy of salvation in that meeting. May the Lord's name be praised.

Testimony of Jubrail Ibrahim Sweis

SINCE my childhood I have had an enlarged abdominal gland. The doctor told my father it was very dangerous to undergo an operation and so my parents would not risk my life for that. I had to use a bandage day and night and I do not remember being without it at all, not even a single day. When I slept on my back the gland bulged out in spite of the bandage.

On 7th March, 1935, when Principal George Jeffreys gave that wonderful message and invited those who wanted healing, I came out, and when he put his hand on my head and prayed I felt a strong shivering and a strong pain in the gland. I shouted twice "Hallelujah" and returned to my seat still shivering but full of joy. When I returned home I removed the bandage and prayed and felt sure of my healing, and in the morning my mother examined the place and no gland appeared as before. I have now left the bandage for good and was without it yesterday and to-day also. I can now put my hands on the place and feel no pain at all as I used to feel before. Praised be the name of the Lord. Hallelujah!

Next Week:

Special Royal Albert Hall Number

Principal and Party in the Holy Land

Days of Blessing for Many

There was no thought of taking meetings in the mind of the Principal when he decided to avail himself of the opportunity of visiting the Holy Land, but the Lord arranged otherwise. He had the joy of seeing souls saved and bodies healed in the different places where he ministered. Truly it was a time of reaping, but it was where others had patiently sown. The following report is by Miss L. Radford who is in charge of the Bible Evangelistic Mission at Jerusalem, Amman, Es Salt, and Haifa.—ED.

A FEW weeks ago someone who had been reading in the "Elim Evangel" of the blessed revival meetings in England, asked if Principal George Jeffreys could not visit Palestine this year. I replied, "No, Principal Jeffreys is conducting those

Christ to needy souls in Es Salt, believed by some to be Ramoth Gilead. Thursday night a meeting was held in our Mission at Amman, and our hall which seats only about 75 held not less than 200 that night, and how the Lord worked! Many were saved, gloriously saved, and there were several marked healings. Jesus had been lifted up and He drew many of that company to Himself.

The Party were in Es Salt for Sunday night. Long before the appointed hour the hall was packed, and soon the crowds had overflowed into the adjoining schoolrooms, while outside each window stood crowds of men and boys. The Principal's testimony of God's power to save and to heal was a message of tremendous force. Here was a man who was telling of what he had himself experienced, and in every heart there sprang up a deep desire also to know this wonderful Christ. They wanted what he had already obtained. Many were prayed for for salvation and healing. Early the next morning a crowd had gathered at the door of the Mission asking to be prayed for, a crowd of men, women and children who had become conscious of their own great needs. As group by group came into the Mission House the Principal prayed for them and the Lord answered, and as the hours passed by the realisation of the blessing the Lord had poured into many hearts grew upon them. The burden of sin was gone, the sick babies were well, the ache in the heart had given way to peace and praise. "The people that



David Street, Jerusalem.

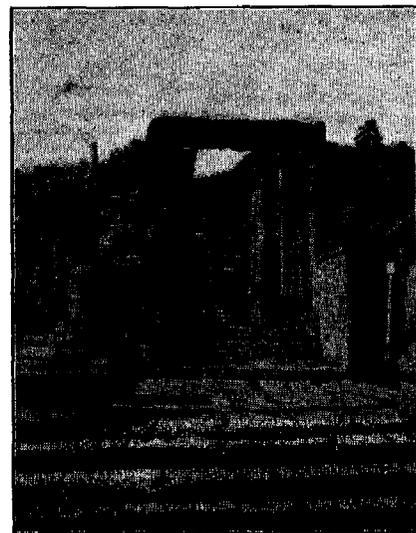
large revival campaigns in England and is probably booked up for months to come. There is no possibility of his coming to Palestine this year." And yet week by week we were asking God to send us some Evangelist or Bible Teacher who could help us for a time, for our need was very great. How little we thought that the Principal and his Revival Party would be the "sent ones."

On Saturday, March 2, I received a letter from our friend in England, Mrs. Rivers Currie, telling me that the Principal and his Revival Party were sailing for Palestine for a short holiday. The next day about one o'clock I had a telephone message from Pastor Corry telling me that the Principal and his Party had arrived in Jerusalem and proposed to visit our Mission in the afternoon. If only we could have had a few hours' notice so as to let all the people know who would want to hear him! What a precious service it was. Pastor Corry gave the Word, and the Principal took the Communion Service. Surely the Lord Himself was in our midst, saying as He did long ago, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you."

On Thursday the Party left for Transjordan, but a part of their tour there was omitted in order to minister

SAT IN DARKNESS

had seen a great Light."



Decapolis, Transjordan.

The Party returned to Jerusalem weary in body, but very conscious that "a vast door and effectual" has been opened to us in Transjordan. Tuesday night



The Walling Wall, Jerusalem.

was their last meeting in Jerusalem. It was held in our hall which was filled with men and women, most of whom knew nothing about the indwelling Holy Ghost, and many of whom had no assurance of salvation. The Principal preached from the words "Present

your bodies a living sacrifice," and the Holy Spirit brought a blessed response from many hearts as they realised the truth of the great fact that Christ is waiting to dwell with all His fulness in these mortal bodies of ours. Some souls were saved, bodies healed, and believers who had been long questioning the fact of the Baptism in the Holy Spirit were caused to know that in no other way is there an enduement of power for service in His Name. In every place visited the singing of the Party brought blessing to many hearts, and in several cases prepared closed hearts for the preached Word, so that it was received with a willing mind.

Thursday night the Party were at Haifa and held a meeting in our Mission Hall there. How beautifully the Lord worked in the midst of the assembled group, saving, blessing, healing; lifting depressed sin-sick lives out from the depths of their bondage into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It was wonderful; again Jesus was "lifted up" and again His irresistible drawing-power was manifested. How we praise the Lord for sending Principal George Jeffreys and his Revival Party into our midst, and for these brief days of fellowship we had with His "sent ones." The uplift given to leaders and people alike has helped us to understand as we did not before the meaning of the words in I. Tim. iii. 16: "The mystery of godliness . . . manifest in the flesh."

Principal George Jeffreys at Amman, Transjordan

By AMIN BEY KAWAR

ON their way to Petra on 7th March, 1935, Principal George Jeffreys and his party kindly consented to hold a meeting at the Bible Evangelistic Mission at Amman, which is shepherded by Rev. Roy F. Whitman, who was away on his furlough in England.

The believers in Amman, who have been won to the Lord through the prayers and efforts of Rev. R. F. Whitman, were very enthusiastic about the visit of the Principal when the telephone message from Miss Radford arrived on the previous Sunday night declaring his consent. These believers are not many in number but helped each other in the preparations, and the news was known in the town in a short time. In a place like this where the overwhelming majority are prejudiced Moslems, who not only do not care for anything about Christianity but are antagonistic to true believers, and the small number of nominal Christians resident in the place are also indifferent to such meetings, being of different sections and congregations, it was a real effort and hard work to tell people to come to attend the meeting and to notify the expectation of the blessing usually obtained through such visitors.

However, praised be the name of the Lord, about 200 were in the hall where we never had over 100 before, and that was on special occasions and in the revival of 1933. Our usual attendance is about 30 only.

As early as 6.15 p.m. the doors of our poor small hall, the best available in the town at present, were

opened, and the 150 seats provided were all filled and there were about 50 persons standing. Undoubtedly such a number is very much for a place like Amman; God has answered prayers and the people came as if led to the meeting by special inspiration. They represented many classes and professions, such as senior and junior Government officials, Postmaster-General, Inspector of the Railways for Transjordan, the Chief Accountant of the Finance Ministry, bank employees, doctors, pharmacists, merchants, Arab Legion men, Royal Air Force men, pastors of different congregations, evangelists, ladies of different standing in society, and labourers of all sorts, but only very few Moslems were in the midst.

The meeting began at about 7.30 p.m. with songs in Arabic and English. Rev. S. Benjamin, Pastor of the Church at Es Salt, opened the meeting and Pastor Corry led in prayer, then the visitors sang a few English songs. The Principal then took charge of the



Amin Bey Kawar.

meeting and preached the gospel, Mr. Benjamin translating the sermon into Arabic. The Principal also spoke of divine healing and asked those who wanted to be prayed for to come to the front; about 10 to 15 persons came forward and next morning we heard the testimony of several of them being completely healed and some who had felt much better

though they were not cured instantaneously.

The Spirit of the Lord was distinctively felt in the meeting, and 57 persons lifted up their hands, being anxious to get saved and obtain eternal life. The prayers and singing were led by the Holy Spirit and the meeting ended with great rejoicing due to the actual conversions that took place.

Testimony of a Transjordanian Minister

Rev. S. Benjamin of Es Salt

WHILE attending a Bible Training School in America I heard one of the instructors say: "The miracles of our Lord served as bells calling people to hear the Word of God." This was the case in Es Salt when Principal Jeffreys and his Party were with us. It had been announced that he



Rev. S. Benjamin.

would pray for the sick, and because of the overcrowded condition of the hall the Principal moved over by the door and prayed for them as they passed out of the meeting. Sufficient to say that hundreds were prayed for, and among them many Moslems who had come uninvited.

Next morning at 5.30 people came for the ministry of healing, and there was a moving among the hearts of men as prayer was offered. It was so encouraging

and so like the way the people treated the Lord, everywhere in the streets they would interrupt the Principal

to have him pray for them. A little girl of two years of age who had dysentery was prayed for. The mother testified that during the night the little girl was completely healed. I called on the family to verify the testimony, and to all appearances the girl is well. The mother is an extreme Greek Catholic, so her testimony is a real one. Another was a small boy of not quite two years old. When he was six months old he had measles which left him weak, and paralysis developed in one leg. They tried many doctors and treatments, but without avail. I had seen the small chap many times and the only way he could move about was by skidding himself along on the floor and pulling his helpless leg after him. The Lord touched his limb that evening and the very next day the boy walked on his feet without help. I called to see him and saw him walking on both feet without difficulty. His people are Roman Catholics. A middle-aged paralytic man who was visited in his home and prayed for is being gradually healed. His own testimony is that when he saw the Principal and Party come in he felt as though the Lord Jesus walked in upon him.

Revival Scenes in the Royal Albert Hall

(LONDON)

The Word Preached in Power—Signs Follow

Amazing scenes again occurred at Principal George Jeffreys' revival meetings this Eastertide. Although ten other Elim Demonstrations were held simultaneously throughout the British Isles under the auspices of the Foursquare Gospel Movement, the great auditorium was packed from floor to roof morning, afternoon, and evening. Over one hundred and thirty souls decided for Christ. Seventy-five testified to healing from cancerous growths and tumours and nineteen from blindness. Thirty-five people who had been cripples witnessed to their miraculous healing and twenty-two of deafness, while hundreds of others stood in testimony to healing of all kinds of diseases. Thirty-five nationalities were represented at the great Communion service, all one in Christ, and the great crowds were held spellbound under the power of God. Full reports and photographs will appear in next week's issue of the *Elim Evangel*.

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ROOKLEDGE.—On 6th April, Robert Rookledge, aged 61, member of Elim Church, Barnsley. "Till He Come." Funeral conducted by Pastor J. R. Knight.

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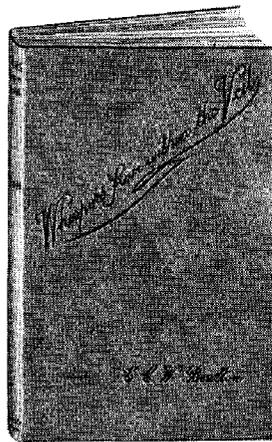
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