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ELIM — EVANGEL
 A
 MONTHLY RECORD
 of
 SPIRITUAL LIFE AND WORK

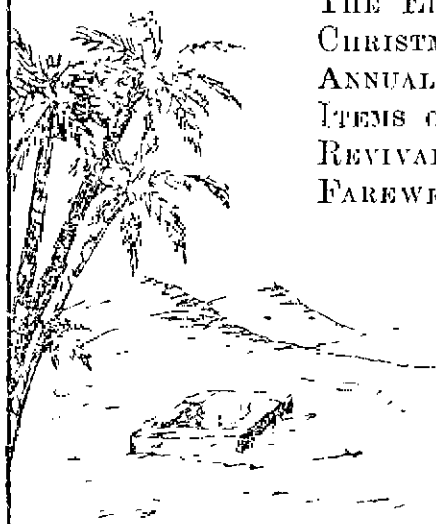
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December, 1924.

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TWOPENCE.

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with which is incorporated
THE ELIM EVANGELISTIC BAND.

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The Elim Evangel.

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Editors

{ ERNEST J. PHILLIPS.
{ ERNEST C. BOULTON.

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Christmas Cheer.

" For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given ; and the government shall be upon His shoulder ; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. ix, 6.

There are many holy days, memorial days, holidays ; days which commemorate events of great importance—birthdays of great men ; birthdays of nations ; but there is *one* day different from them all, a world-wide day, celebrating an event more wonderful than any or all other events which have had to do with the history of the world. This day we name Christmas, the day which commemorates the birth of Jesus Christ, God's Son.

We are not especially concerned with the question of whether He was born in December or April. We are thinking only of the fact that He was born according to the prophetic Word of God, born of a virgin ; that He had no earthly father ; that He was God manifest in the flesh—the greatest of all mysteries—the mystery of godliness ; the fact that for hundreds of years the Jewish people looked for the fulfilment of the promise made to Satan and recorded in the third chapter of Genesis : " The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head." Not the seed of the man but of the woman, virgin born, conceived of the Holy Ghost, the promise recorded by Isaiah.

The time is not recorded, but the place is named, Bethlehem of Judah, the little city. His name is given—" Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." All so wonderful ! All so strange ! All so gracious !

The Christmas holiday is more beautiful than all other days because of its simplicity. It touches the hearts of the children ; it appeals to the parents ; it is wonderful in its homely appeal—

the shepherds, an open heaven, a celestial pronouncement, a star, the wise men, a stable, a manger for a crib, a little baby. Could anything be more exquisitely simple? The appeal is different from anything and everything else that has touched the life of men. What is it? It is the voice of God speaking in it all—speaking in terms of love to the children of men; speaking of His unspeakable gift of the Son of His love—the *best* He had, including *all* that He had—given to a sinful world; a sacrificial gift so astounding that it staggers comprehension.

Why the Gift? Because He loved men. Why the Gift? Because there was no other way by which God could save men from the guilt of sin;—no other way by which He could take them into His arms of love and into His heavenly home. A child with a holy human nature; a Son from the throne of God; a God-man destined for the Cross as a sin-bearer; a gift from a loving broken-hearted Father to undeserving, sinful men.

Ring the bells of heaven for the joy it gives! Shout your praise! Give your gifts! Sing your hallelujahs! Give Him the place of honour—the best place—in your hearts, in your homes, in your lives! Tell the story, tell it out with a shout; tell of His love; tell of His Cross; tell of the new life He gives; tell of its joys and of its fruitage; tell the children; tell the adults; tell your friends; tell the world that the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Galilee, the sin-bearing Saviour, the resurrected Son of God, the coming King—is the One who makes Christmas the greatest of all days of the year and Who will make eternity one glad, glorious “holy-day” for all who now receive and follow Him.

A Weekly Message.

Compiled from Various Sources by PASTOR E. C. BOULTON

Sunday, December 7th.

“Unto you therefore which believe HE is precious.”—I Peter ii, 7.

Jesus! What infinite sweets in His name! Our impressions on surveying Him may be compared to some of those lenses you have seen, which you may take up and hold one way and you see one light, and another way and you see another light, and whichever way you turn them you will always find some precious sparkling of light, and some new colours starting up to your view. Ah! take Jesus for your theme, consider Him, think of His relation to your own soul, and you will never get through that one subject. Think of His eternal relationship to you; and also of your known and manifest relationship to Him since you have been called by His grace. Think of some of those choice moments when an angel has stooped from heaven and taken you up on his wings, and carried you aloft, to sit in heavenly places where Jesus sits, that you might commune with Him. Or think of some moments when you have had what Paul sets so much store by—fellowship with Christ in His sufferings—when you have felt that you could die for Christ, even as you have in the rich experience of your baptism, died with Him, and risen with Him. Oh! take JESUS for your constant theme, and you will every day find fresh thoughts arise out of His grace, His beauty, His glory.

Sunday, December 14th.

"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down"—Nehemiah vi, 3

When the work is pressing there are many little things that will come and seem to need attention. Then it is a very blessed thing to be quiet and still, and work on, and trust the little things with God. He answers such trust in a wonderful way. If the soul has no time to fret and worry and harbour care, it has learned the secret of faith in God. A desperate desire to get some difficulty right takes the eye off God and His glory. Some dear ones have been so anxious to get well, and have spent so much time in trying to claim it, that they have lost their spiritual blessing. God sometimes has to teach such souls that there must be a willingness to be sick before they are so thoroughly yielded as to receive His fullest blessing. The enemy often keeps at this work. Sanballat came four times to Nehemiah and received always the same answer. It is best to stick to a good answer. How many fears we have stopped to fight which have proved to be nothing at last. Nehemiah recognised that fear was sin, and did not dare to yield to it.

Sunday, December 21st.

"Let my Prayer be set before Thee as INCENSE."—Psa cxli, 2.

What is my life? A LIFE OF PRAYER?

Not unless SACRIFICE is there.

With burning coal my censer fill'd

From off the altar. Incense sweet

Ascending from a spirit still'd

From fire strange, from soulish heat;

Pure incense, savouring of the Name

Which has authority to claim.

How often through the busy day

Thronwards my spirit wings away,

This holy privilege to know:

Heart-leisure when by duties press'd;

Stillness above, and noise below,

A home upon my Father's breast;

So glad my feet may stand here still

To carry out the Father's will!

Sunday, December 28th.

"I am the Bread of Life"—John vi, 35.

Our life's bread is a Person. We may have much to do with Christianity and nothing to do with Christ. The other day I was in a great and wonderful bakery, but I never ate or touched a morsel of bread. I touched the machinery. I was absorbingly interested in the processes, but I ate no bread! And I may be deeply interested in the means of grace, I may be familiar with all "the ins and outs" of ecclesiastical machinery, and I may never handle or taste "the Bread of God." Our religion is dead and burdensome until it becomes a personal relation, and we have vital communion with Christ. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." We find everything in Him. Everything else is preliminary, preparatory, subordinate, and to be in the long run dropped and forgotten. A ritual is only a way to "the Bread," and by no means essential, and very often undesirable. The heart can find the Lord with a look, with a cry, and needs no obtrusion of ritual or priest. But how pathetic! To be content to potter about among the ritual and never find the Bread! To be in the house and never see the Host! "Ye search the Scriptures . . . and ye will not come unto Me."

Every Church should support two pastors—one for the thousands at home, the other for the millions abroad.

An After That Experience.

(Concluded)*

BY REV. W. K. TOWNER, D.D.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

In the meantime, as the healing service approached, the first of its kind I had ever arranged, I began to be oppressed with a tremendous sense of the need of power. Here was a woman who was going to challenge the unbelief of this worldly wise and apostate community by invoking the power of God to perform miracles. I had always believed in prayer for the healing of the body and could relate many experiences where miraculous results had attended my pastoral visitation in the sick room, but I had never practised prayer and anointing according to James v, 14, 15. I would catch myself praying, "O God, send us power," in the midst of the pressure of work. I awoke during the night again and again praying for power. Wednesday morning I went into my chamber to pray that the power of God might rest upon Sister McPherson, and manifest itself in the healing of those racked, wrenched and distorted bodies that I knew were going to parade across the platform where I ministered the Word, and call on Jesus to heal their infirmities.

As I knelt to pray, the power of God struck me and I experienced a vivid, vital, indelible consciousness of the presence of God dealing with me such as I had never experienced before. Somehow I seemed conscious that I was lying on the floor with my arms outstretched and my feet crossed much as I had seen Jesus pictured on the Cross, and I cried unto God that I might be crucified with Christ and that sin might die out in me, that I might experience something of His agony. I knew that my self-confidence and self-reliance must be slain and that there must arise within me a new man who after God should be created in righteousness and holiness of truth and endued with the spirit of power. My wife came running up to my room and exclaimed, "Oh, dear, what is the matter—what can I do for you?" "Leave me alone with God, my dear. He is dealing with me and I am constrained to believe that He needs no help." Telephone calls and insistent demands for my presence were of no avail, He would not let me go until He blessed me.

"GOD WORKING WITH THEM."

The great healing meeting occurred on Wednesday afternoon. Notable miracles of healing were wrought by God in the name of Jesus, in answer to the prayer of His servants. The gallery held many young people from a neighbouring Christian college, where young people were in attendance in training for Christian work.

* The first part of this remarkable article appeared in the last issue of the *Elim Evangel*.

They went back to their class rooms exclaiming · "Now we know that there is a God, for we have seen Him at work." They were referred by their professor to a section in their text-book on psychology headed "Emotional Insanity." "Emotional Insanity" indeed, when God's people pray, expect and receive immediate answer to prayer: they must certainly seem insane to this sin-weary old world with its fictitious faith in an absentee, or an imprisoned God and its multiform godlessness and want of power.

Years ago Horace Bushness prophesied this period when he said in his *Nature and the Supernatural*: "Among humble and simple-hearted believers spasmodic cases of miracles have constantly appeared, and continue to appear."

He considers that in his time there were signs of a revival of the primitive apostolic gifts; that believers feeling after some way out of the dullness of second-hand faith and the dryness of a merely reasoned Gospel, were longing for a *kind of faith that shows God in living commerce with men* such as he vouchsafed to them in former times. "Probably, therefore, there may just now be coming forth a more distinct and widely attested dispensation of gifts and miracles than has been witnessed for centuries." Healing, prophecy, and gifts of tongues, he admits as possible, and to some extent operative to-day as in the beginning. These quotations are from Dr. A. J. Gordon's *Ministry of Healing*, pages 111 and 112.

The meetings continued to grow in power—the altars were thronged with seekers. Marred bodies were healed—saints filled with the Holy Spirit, and such a revival prevailed as the city of San Jose had never witnessed. The second Sunday morning Sister McPherson gave a wonderful sermon on the second coming of Christ. At the close she broke into a message in tongues with interpretation that melted the audience into a unity of contrition and moved them forward *en masse* again to throng the altars in conversion, repentance, and a new-born faith. People were under the power all over the house, deacons, Sundays School teachers, visiting preachers, all alike were smitten under the power of God, and many came through to their baptism speaking in unfamiliar dialects the marvellous praises of God.

The life of the church was greatly quickened—there were many additions, and a spirit of confidence, unity, enthusiasm and power replaced the old spirit of languor, uncertainty and futility. There was of course some vigorous opposition, but before every meeting a few of the saints were gathered together in prayer, and all contrary spirits were allayed. With the rising storm of calumny, misrepresentation and ridicule, we stood the firmer together on the Word of God and the experience that He had sent among us.

NO MISUNDERSTANDING.

That there might be no misunderstanding on the part of the church I went frankly before them the first Sunday after Mrs.

McPherson left, following the first campaign from March 20th to the 27th, confessed to them that I had received this experience and this new message and that I wanted no misunderstanding—that I should like to continue as their Pastor if they would have me, but I would rather preach this message with this power on an ash barrel in a blind alley against a brick wall than to stand in the greatest pulpits in America without it.

The church unanimously accepted this invitation and said in effect: "This is the kind of a message we want and the kind of a pastor we need. You stay and we will stand by," and the majority have stood by courageously and loyally with magnificent fortitude and unabating fidelity.

THE SECOND VISIT.

We began to pray and plan for the return of Sister McPherson, and finally secured her consent to her return engagement during the month of August 1921. We arranged for all manner of conveniences and incurred bills aggregating seven thousand dollars with about four hundred dollars in subscriptions, the greater part of which was never paid. The first eight days, the collections overpaid every expense.

The August meetings were a wonderful success. Thousands upon thousands assembled from nearly every State in the Union and from many parts of Canada, coming to seek salvation, to be prayed for for healing and to "await the promise of the Father." There were over seven thousand people at the altar for salvation and renewal of consecration, and certainly more than four thousand people prayed for, for the healing of their diseases. We have a record of upwards of 3,300 who signed cards. The results of the healings were remarkable.

Weeks following the meetings I set out a card with neither return postage or envelope and received over 2,500 answers, thus indicating the deep and abiding interest in this branch of the services. I asked the patients to reply to the following statements, "Yes" or "No":—

- 1 "I was immediately and completely healed." Six per cent. answered in the affirmative.
- 2 "I was immediately and partially healed and have continued to improve ever since." Eighty-five per cent. replied in the affirmative.
- 3 "I experienced no change in my condition either for better or worse." Less than twenty out of the 2,500 answered this in the affirmative.
- 4 "The ministry of anointing and prayer for healing was a great spiritual uplift to me and strengthened my faith." Only ten out of 2,500 failed to reply to this statement in the affirmative, thus showing that independent of its effect upon the body, the ministry of prayer for the healing of the sick is a means of spiritual grace, inspiration and comfort.

We have many of these cases still in our congregation, who after three years are in seemingly perfect health and living to the praise and glory of "Him Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that works in us."

We have continued the healing services on Tuesday afternoons, and they have been the most blessed services in our church. Scores of testimonies are in hand of people who have been healed in these meetings. People in the maritime provinces in Canada, Pennsylvania, Florida and other parts of the East and South and along the coast, in the Middle West and mountain States have written us for prayer and have been healed while we were praying for them. It has opened for us a continent-wide ministry.

EFFECT ON THE CHURCH.

Our prayer meetings had to be moved into the large auditorium, and are now attended by from two hundred and fifty to four hundred people, where before the revival twenty-five to fifty was the limit, and then it was very trying to keep up the services for an hour, as very few would take part. Now two hours and a half is too short a time, as hundreds want to take part, testifying and praising God. Sometimes our tarrying meetings keep up to the morning hours, praise the Lord! God is now working with us, and adds to the church those that are saved.

The Sunday School has outgrown its present quarters. The Young People's Society has more than doubled its membership, and scores of our young people have dedicated their lives for Christian work, preparing themselves as missionaries and evangelists. Others have taken up Christian work locally, conducting meetings on the streets, public parks, hospitals, old folks' home, county jail, and other public places. Our young people have neither desire nor time for socials, theatres, dances and worldly amusements, but are now the most blessed and happy group of young people to be found, filled with and controlled by the Holy Spirit, working in their Master's service.

We have baptised upwards of 1,700 candidates during the last three years, and our church has grown from a membership of about 300 to nearly 1,200. But the effect on this church is by no means the most significant consequence of this revival.

Since then great revivals have been held by Sister McPherson in Fresno, San Francisco, Oakland and Lodi, and the spirit of revival is flaming yet, not only in the cities but in the remote country districts, in the mountain fastnesses and deep recesses of California's hills, canyons, and wide-spreading plains. Scores of thousands have been saved, many thousands have been healed, and thousands more have been filled with the blessed Holy Spirit—"and the end is not yet, praise the Lord!"

The substantial membership of the church, many of them after three years of keen scrutiny and critical observation of the work of

the Holy Spirit as He has wrought His will in the life and activities of the church and its members, have been finally convinced and have come to the altar and received their baptism according to the apostolic pattern.

We have challenged investigation and opened our records for the scrutiny alike of friends and foes. Only two men on the Pacific Coast have accepted our challenge and have investigated our work, and these two men, both prominent Baptist preachers of the North-West, went back to their homes and began the healing ministry which has been attended by the blessing and power of God. Local educators have requested the privilege of examining our files and investigating the cases, and that privilege has been cheerfully and promptly granted to them, but they have never taken advantage of it.

WE PRESS ON.

The one sentiment of this church after three years' experience with this "Gospel of the Kingdom" is, we must go forward—we cannot go back. We are convinced that there are riches of grace, reaches of power, depths of spiritual unction and love that we have never apprehended. We have no spirit of contention or controversy. To all inquirers we say, "We know there are richer experiences, more wonderful manifestations ahead for us, and we count not ourselves to have apprehended, neither are already perfect, but we press on, and we exhort you to link arms with us, that we may go forward together. Who knows but in the future that is before us we may come into *your* experience and share with you your manifestations and your power, and perhaps *you* also may come to share *with us* the full-orbed life of the nine-fold gifts and fruit of the Spirit."

A WORD TO OUR FELLOW CHRISTIANS.

We commend the Baptism of the Holy Spirit as a remedy for empty pews, empty altars, empty treasuries, deserted prayer meetings, church quarrels and divisions.

Dear pastor and people, accept the remedy that our church accepted. Let the Holy Spirit take control of you and your church *so that the Lord can work with you*. Your pews and altars will be filled—your prayer meetings well attended, your treasury full of money, your sick healed, your half-hearted members warm-hearted consecrated soul-winners. The gifts of the Holy Spirit will be manifested in your midst. *Your congregation will be of one heart and soul, all of one accord, all denominations and Christians shall melt together in one spirit—there will be one flock and one Shepherd. Are we willing to accept God's way? God is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to his children than our parents are to give good gifts to their children.* What He has done for us He waits to do for you—if you will only let him. *Glory to His Holy Name!*

BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US!

Christmas Carol.

BY HENRY PROCTOR, F.R.S.L

Tune · Innocents (Redemption Songs 262)

Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
Come, salute the happy morn
That has brought us nigh to Heaven

"Wonderful," His Name is called,
"Mighty God and Prince of Peace,"
His government shall never end,
But for ever shall increase

Nineteen hundred years ago
He was born in Bethlehem,
Lived for me a life of woe,
Died for me a death of shame.

Now He lives within my heart,
Loves me with eternal love,
He will never from me part,
But will bring me safe above.

He my great Physician is,
Not alone my sins He bore,
But from pains and sicknesses
Made me free for evermore.

He now saves me every hour,
Fills me with His life and power,
Lets me walk with Him in white,
He is daily my delight.

My visit to the beautiful Angelus Temple.

BY R. E. DARRAGH.

I shall never forget the spirit of expectation that laid hold of me as we travelled in the car of a friend from Pasadena to Echo Park, where the Angelus Temple is situated. As we turned the corner which brought us in front of the building, before us stood a massive structure of steel and concrete. All one could say as one gazed upon it was that it well deserves the name "beautiful." This building of steel and concrete is an imposing structure, circular in contour, and of Roman architecture in design, reminding me much of the historic Coliseum in Rome, which it was my privilege to see in 1922. Towering above the dome rise two spires of steel network, supporting the aerials of the Angelus Temple radio broadcasting station, which speaks to tens of thousands in Canada and all over the States.

Los Angeles is well and centrally located in the State of California: its city limits encompass about three hundred and sixty-seven square miles. Angelus Temple is within a mile and a half of the centre, in one of the most beautiful districts of the City. In front of the Temple is the delightful Echo Park, where those who attend the services can rest between the meetings. Under the trees are picnic tables, as well as a stone fireplace with wood provided, so that visitors can prepare and partake of refreshments there. For location, Angelus Temple is ideal.

In front of the Church of the Four-square Gospel was a seething mass of cars and people. One thought, when looking on, that the doors had not been opened. You can understand my surprise when I found there were over five thousand in the building—and that before the time of commencing. If the outside of the

Temple deserved the name "beautiful," how much more the inside!—words fail to express its beauty! The dome which we viewed from the outside stands some one hundred and ten feet from the ground, and is said to be the largest unsupported concrete dome in the world. As I looked up, I could hardly believe that a roof was on the building: it was like sitting under a beautiful blue sky with white clouds that one could fancy were moving. On each side of the platform there are four stained-glass windows (eight in all), which depict eight scenes from the life of Christ: His Birth, His Baptism, His power over the storm, forgiving the woman who was a sinner, healing the sick, Gethsemane, Calvary, and the Ascension. From every seat one has a splendid view of the platform, and the least whisper from it can be heard all over the building.

The Temple has a baptistry which is a miniature River Jordan, and when all the lights in the Temple are lowered and only the baptistry is lit up, one can see the water running over the rocks and can fancy one is back again in the days of the man who was sent from God to prepare the way of the Lord. On an average Sister McPherson baptises about one hundred every week—sometimes seven in one family together—and on one occasion she baptised a man one hundred and four years of age.

The first thing one sees when inside the Temple are the words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." This makes those who believe it at home right away. Before the service commenced I could feel the presence of the Lord: later on I learned the secret—night and day in the watch tower, away on the third floor, men and women pour out their hearts in prayer for the services held in the Temple. Another thing one felt as one looked over this vast congregation of between five and six thousand (which is the regular attendance) was what a wonderful testimony it must be to an unbelieving world that the old Gospel has not lost its charm but has still a drawing power. Why are all these people here?—one would ask. Is it to listen to the latest prima donna whose voice has charmed the world? Is it to see the latest film which has cost, and at the risk of many lives, a quarter of a million to produce? No! a thousand times No! To listen to the old, old story of a Saviour's love and His power to save to the uttermost, have they come.

As the people sang the words of that well-known hymn, "I want to scale the utmost height," one knew the Lord would give the desires of our hearts and we would be lifted into a place that we had never been in before. Our beloved sister, Aimee Semple McPherson, Pastor of the Angelus Temple, spoke on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. She showed clearly that the church, the minister and the member who went in for this promised outpouring entered into a rest: the Holy Spirit ran the church, the minister and the member.

Rumours have gone abroad that Sister McPherson does not stand for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with the Bible evidence of speaking in tongues. This is not so. In conversation with her, she said, "I hope you stand firmly for Acts ii, 4?"

Angelus Temple stands as a monument to the lie circulated by the Devil that those who have received the latter rain outpouring do not go in for soul saving. I attended three meetings, in which three hundred and sixty-nine came out for the Lord. At almost every altar call over one hundred professed salvation, and this has been going on for over twenty-one months. Every meeting in the Temple is a wonderful meeting. No two are alike. One is continually on the tip-toe of expectation, wondering what is going to happen next, and something always happens. Captives are set free, spiritually and physically. The dry and parched lives of some of God's people are refreshed, and the Lord Jesus Christ is continually being glorified.

The Lord is working with them in Angelus Temple Church of the Four-square Gospel, confirming His Word with signs following. Hallelujah!

Soul Food for Hungry Saints.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF
CANTICLES (*continued*)

BY PASTOR A. G. WARD (TORONTO).

In the last verse of the preceding chapter the bride calls attention to her Bridegroom in the words, "Behold King Solomon!" Now we have a very beautiful word picture of the bride presented to us in the first five verses of chapter iv, and we will do well to remember that He Who presents us with the same is none other than He Whose judgment is always right, and whose testimony is sure

He begins with the words, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." Dear tempest-tossed saints, ye who hesitate to claim a place among the bridehood company, because you are so deeply conscious of your creature blackness, hesitate no longer; your loving Lord, your eternal Lover-Husband declares that you are fair, and again in verse 7 says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

Just here we are reminded of that very wonderful statement which fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus when He was giving one of his farewell messages. He said, "I love you as much as my Father loves me; make your home in my love" (John xv, 9). One of the many things that might be said from this text is this, that the Father loved His only begotten Son with cloudless love, and that is just how our Bridegroom loves us; for he sees us, even now, as we shall be when grace has put its finishing touch on our lives.

“Thou hast dove’s eyes”—not hawk’s eyes, though they be ever so sharp and keen. Later on we learn of the bride having the sense of smell developed in her, but that is an entirely different thing from the spirit of criticism (hawk’s eyes), which so many people seem to possess. Bridehood saints are not given to criticise one another, for under their tongue is the law of kindness. The dove speaks to us of purity, simplicity and constancy, a very true type indeed of that company of believers whose inner life is pure, whose outer life is simple and modest, and whose conduct and conversation convince that they have found a satisfying portion in Jesus, and have no desire for other lovers.

Reference is now made to the bride’s hair, and it is said to be like that of the goats, which appear from Mount Gilead. Their hair was long and silken, a result of not being shorn. Long hair on a woman speaks of her being in subjection. I do not mean by this that man has a right to make her his slave, and you will remember that in Old Testament times long hair on a man spoke of his being under a vow. The Nazarite was not allowed to have his hair cut from the time of his birth until his vows were performed. All bridehood saints are in subjection to their Lord and are under vows to Him Who purchased them with a price far beyond rubies. Many a modern Delilah desires to rob us of our power, and if we will but consent to fall asleep in her lap it will not be long until our locks will be shorn and we shall be as helpless to meet the foe as many another religious body that had almost as much power to begin with as the Pentecostal people have.

In verse 2 the bride’s teeth are mentioned. An old writer has interpreted this to mean our mental powers, for just as our teeth must masticate all food before it enters the body, so our mind or intellect receives, and, so to speak, masticates what is given it. Here we learn that provision has been made for the cleansing of the intellect, and just as the high priest was commanded to lay aside all woollen garments, woollen being typical of the earthly, ere he entered the Holy of Holies, so we need to have our minds cleansed from earthly wisdom if we would enter the holiest of all and understand the profoundest mysteries of God’s inspired Word. There is far too much loose thinking and carnal reasoning in these days. As a rule, this develops in to-morrow disorder. We need to gird up the loins of our mind. If we will consent to have our intellects cleansed we will soon discover a fertility of thought and clearness of mental perception which is suggested in the words, “Every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.”

“Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet.” The white scurfy lip speaks to one of leprosy, but there is no trace of that most dreadful of all diseases in the bride. She has experienced the healing power of the Great Physician, and has been delivered from the controlling power of sin. A new nature has been imparted to her. She has become a new creation. Old things have passed away, and a new

state of things has been brought into existence in her soul. The result is that her speech is comely. What a dreadful thing to find professing Christians who can bite worse with their tongues than with their teeth! We would do well to give more attention to the words of the Apostle James, "Let every man be slow to speak. If any man among you seem to be religious and bridled not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. The tongue is a little member, a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, and a deadly poison." Why do some Christians talk so incessantly? Possibly because they cannot think, and it is a relief to them to hear the sound of their own voices. Their minds are like reservoirs with a large leak and a small supply of water. Everything that comes into them runs off at once, and they are always empty. Death and life are in the power of the tongue. The Psalmist said, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue," and he prayed, "Set a watch over my mouth and keep the door of my lips."

"Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks." A pomegranate, when cut, is pellucid, like crystal tinged with red, typifying the heart adornment of a meek and quiet spirit, so precious to God, resulting in that stamp of modesty on the brow which calls forth the Bridegroom's praise.

The bride's neck is mentioned next, and is compared to the tower that David builded. There are three kinds of necks spoken of in the Bible. First, there is the stiff unyielded neck of the unregenerate, then there is the bowed neck of legal bondage. It is so difficult to convince some folk that it is their privilege to live entirely under grace. It seems hard for them to part with old legality. Too many of us seem to have the same opinion of our Lord as the wicked and slothful servant had in the parable of the talents. Beloved reader, God is not nearly so much concerned about the cut of your dress or the style of hat you wear as some would have you believe. Of course he does expect us to dress modestly, as becometh people professing godliness, but let us enjoy our freedom, a freedom which is suggested to us by the upright neck of the bride. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again in the yolk of bondage."

In the 5th verse the bride's breasts are spoken of. This tells us of her power to provide nourishment for her offspring. She is unlike the little sister referred to in the last chapter of the Song, who is said to have no breasts.

In verse 6 the bride says, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense." Myrrh is a type of suffering, and frankincense speaks to us of prayer. Thus we learn that the

bride's life is to be one of suffering and prayer until the Bridegroom returns and calls her to the bridal chamber. The ministry of suffering is a very precious one. It is said that the nightingale sings sweetest when its breast is pierced. It is only by our tears that our eyes can be cleansed from the sin dust which mars our vision. The loneliness of our spirits develops in us a sense of the utter necessity of cultivating companionship with the Lord. The clouds may block out the sunlight, but they help to keep the pastures green. God's subtractions are as much a proof of His love as are His additions. So let us look up through our tears and thank Him for the ministry of sorrow which brings us into deeper fellowship with Himself than we could ever realise if all were smooth sailing.

God would not come in the darkness
 If He thought you could bear the light,
 But you would not cling to His guiding hand
 If the way were always bright
 And you would not learn to walk by faith
 Could you always walk by sight
 So He comes in the blinding darkness
 And the winding of scorching heat,
 'Tis the only way, believe me,
 To keep us close to His feet
 It is always so easy to wander
 When our lives are cool and sweet

What shall we say of the ministry of prayer? Without a question it is the greatest ministry of all. I would much rather be a good prayer than a good preacher. I am sure it is true that the great people of the earth to-day are the people who pray. The greatest thing anyone can do for God and for man is to pray. Some one has said, "Tell me what a man's prayers are, and I will soon tell you the state of his soul." Prayer is the spiritual pulse. By this the spiritual health may be tested. Prayer is the spiritual weather glass. By this we know whether it is fair or foul with our hearts. If you will take care of your prayers, nothing shall be very wrong with your soul. How true it is that this is not a praying age. It is an age of great activity, of great movements, but one in which the tendency is very strong to stress the seen and the material and to neglect and discount the unseen and spiritual.

Reader, if you desire notoriety, if you long to be in the limelight, don't choose the prayer ministry; but if you want God to work, and if you desire to satisfy the heart of your heavenly Lover, say with the bride, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away I will get me to the mountain of suffering and to the hill of prayer."

WANTED AT ONCE A compositor (preferably with all round knowledge of printing and linotype experience) for the Elim Publishing Office. Applicants should write immediately, giving full particulars of their experience, to the Business Manager, Elim Publishing Office, Park Crescent, Clapham, London, S.W. 4.

Is the Bible Unbelievable ?

What a question to ask of people living in civilised nations ! Have changed conditions in our land justified a *change in our faith* in the Bible ?

Have the brains of our great scholars become so brilliantly bright that they shed *new light* on the Bible ?

Has the incomparable history of the Church of God been wrought through belief in *myths and fables* ?

Must we *burn the books* of the fathers of the faith—those men who walked by faith and toiled through tedious years to help fix our feet upon a firm foundation ?

Are we to surrender our souls to the soothsayings of silly, superficial scholars who sit in judgment upon the Scriptures and sentence them to the scrap heap ?

Are we to permit our children to be chained and left in the darkness of the dungeon of unbelief and scepticism ?

Are the true men and women of the Church to lie supinely upon their backs while Satan's servants bind them hand and foot ?

Is there not a call from the crucified, glorified Christ to His chosen ones to unsheathe the sword of the Word, stand like stalwart soldiers and smite the traitors to the truth ?

Is there no appeal to the honest-hearted, faithful followers of our Lord from the hungry-hearted, sin-sick, perishing people who—without God and without hope—are heading hellward as fast as feet can carry them ?

Who among us will rally to the standard ; stand the test ; raise our voices in testimony, and by lip and life challenge the charlatans who are toying and trifling with the most sacred things in human life and seeking to destroy the foundations of our faith and the very fabric of our beloved country ?

God's Dealings with Sambakasa.

BY W. F. P. BURTON

Sambakasa has worked for the mission ever since we started this witness for God in Belgian Congo in 1915. Thus he has been thoroughly conversant with the Gospel message for some years, but fear of the scorn and displeasure of the old men has kept him from accepting Christ as his own personal Saviour.

Last year we camped out at Ilunga Mwila (the headquarters of a powerful native magician) Sambakasa was evidently much moved at the Gospel witness that we were giving in the village, and when I went out in the forest for a time of quiet waiting on the Lord he followed me and earnestly expressed his desire to be right with God. However, his three wives held him back, and still he did not take the final step, though he was much prayed for and was under real conviction of soul.

Last month he went out hunting, and came upon a herd of buffalo in a thick, dark part of the forest. No one who has not forced his way through these dense thickets can imagine the tangle of creepers and undergrowth.

Sometimes one has to crawl through on hands and knees, or again it may be necessary to find a passage by climbing away up among the branches, while festoons of creepers (from little ones as thin and tough as a piece of string to great knotted lianas thicker than one's arm) bar one's way and make quick progress impossible.

In this tangle of vegetation he shot and wounded a buffalo, and it immediately charged him, sinashing its way in a fury through the bush. As it came on, Sambakasa again fired, wounding it in the neck. Flight was impossible, and he was caught on its horn. I dressed his wounds later, and it was wonderful to see how the horn had just grazed his ribs. Another inch would have meant his death. As it was, however, he was carried by the horn through his shirt, and a moment later hurled into the air. He was caught in the tangle of creepers just above the brute's head. Again and again the buffalo lunged at him, but missed. It even bit a piece out of his knickers. At last, however, it caught him in the groin, driving its horn through to the bone, and dragging Sambakasa to the ground just in front of the animal.

There he lay, expecting every moment to be his last. But the buffalo made no move, and looking round he saw it on its knees with its head down, and blood still oozing from its neck. He at once jumped up, and wounded as he was, climbed a tree, remaining there for some time till satisfied that the buffalo was dead. He then painfully made his way to the nearest village, whence some of our native Christians brought him to Mwanza Mission in a hammock.

For four weeks we bandaged and cared for his wounds, and when able to walk he came to the chapel, and his prayer will long linger in our minds: "Lord, Thou hast saved me from a threefold death. The buffalo's horns grazed my body instead of killing me. The creepers held me when I was tossed in the air, or otherwise I should have been tossed to death. And finally the buffalo died of the wound in its neck just when I thought it would kill me. Had it not been for Thy care, O God, I should now be in Hell. I now receive Jesus as my Saviour, though I am unworthy to take His name on my lips."

The Epistle to the Assembly at Rome.

BY THOMAS MYERSCOUGH.

BIBLE STUDY No. 23.

The reader will remember it was pointed out in Study No. 21 that our God dealt effectively with the heathen (who are commonly thought *not* to have heard the Gospel) as well as with those who have only heard "unsent" or inefficient preachers of the Gospel. A very impressive story is given in *The Dawn* by a missionary, which shows how God Himself renders every man "without excuse." "Three strangers appeared before me in a Persian city. 'We have come three days' journey on foot,' said the spokesman, 'because we know that in this town is to be found the knowledge that we seek.' He then went on to relate that some weeks previously he had had a dream of so remarkable a character that he and his friends had never wavered from the conviction that God Himself had spoken to their souls. 'I found myself,' said he, 'in the desert. there were crowds of people there, and the light that shone around was of dazzling brilliance, brighter than the sun. As we gazed expectantly heavenward a voice cried "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, He is coming back soon!" I awoke with the words ringing in my heart. I knew that God had spoken and that I must obey; but Who the Lord Jesus Christ might be, and where to seek and how to find Him I did not know. One day, not being able to bear the burden longer, I told the dream to my brother, who responded, "Why did you not tell me this before? I had the same dream on the self-same night!" My brother, like myself, was entirely ignorant of the Great

Man on Whom we were called to believe, and he too was determined at all costs to obey the voice of God. We told a mutual friend in the village "Why did not you tell me this before," the friend cried, "I had the same dream on the self-same night."

"We are poor, ignorant village men," the spokesman continued, "we have never travelled about the country, we are not learned: how were we to fulfil the great command? One day, communing together about the dream, we three men were strolling along the bank of a stream when we saw a holy man sitting by the roadside reading a book. "Here," cried we, "is an educated man. He has travelled, he can read: let us inquire if he has met this Great Man of exalted name in his travels." So drawing near, we presently told him our story, and asked if he could help us." And here the most remarkable and convincing element of the whole incident comes in. The holy man with his book is not as common a sight in Persia as in India, and the book is invariably the Quran, written in Arabic, which is unintelligible to the common people. To openly carry the Christian Bible about, and to be seen reading it, would endanger the native's life. This holy man was none other than one of our own converts, cast out by his father and doomed to become a wanderer. The book he was reading was the Bible. The three men left their homes and their work and placed themselves under instruction for baptism."

Now let the reader meditate on this "way of God" in speaking to every creature on earth. Rom. x, 18, says, "Have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound went unto all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." I am deeply impressed about God's testimony. "I was made manifest unto them that asked not after Me." Dear friends, it is time the eyes of God's people everywhere were opened to see that He speaks to and manifests Himself to every unsaved creature *whilst they are alive*, and not after death. There are no arguments required in this matter, it is too serious to be dealt with by argument: it must be known by revelation from God, who hides "these things from the wise and the prudent and has REVEALED them unto BABIES even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Luke x, 21). "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. xlv, 22). Life for a look at "I am." "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, BUT MY FATHER which is in heaven" (Matt. xvi, 17). Great numbers of those who deny the eternal punishment of the wicked do so on the grounds of the heathen not having heard the Gospel. By this they mean that no *man* has told them. But we see here by the Scriptures (as well as by human testimony) that the heathen *have been and are* preached to by God Himself (whilst on earth), which far transcends all human preaching both in responsibility and in effectiveness.

Chapter XII The contents of this chapter presuppose that every question contained in the previous eleven chapters is *understood and accepted* by the saved. We consent to the words of each subject dealt with. Chapter I says we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God to every one that believeth. We are told that the *wrath of God* is revealed against the sinners who fail to accept His terms of mercy. We are to believe that what we now see of uncleanness, dishonour "of their own bodies between themselves," points out that *God has given them up to vile affections*. And as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a *reprobate mind*. Chapters II and III tell us that these things are alike to Jew and Gentile. Yet God in righteousness brings the gift of Righteousness *unto all*, but only *upon* them that believe. God claims to be just as the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Reader, do you consent to these things?

Chapter IV sets out that God imputeth righteousness and blessedness to the man *without works*. And blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. Abraham, we are told, could glory about his works before men, *but not before God*. Chapter V declares that much more blessing comes to the saved through Christ than curse to the race by Adam. (This is nullified by teachers who say that the curse that pertaineth to the natural man can

destroy the atonement wrought out and presented to those who obtain mercy (Compare John vi, 39)

Chapter VI declares that the saved are freed from sin and can walk in newness of life by Christ. Chapter VII points out that the relationship of the saved is that of being "married to Him who is raised from the dead." It also points out that the experience of failure many Christians experience, that they may know the power of the body in which they live, is always to evil, so that they are led to cry out for deliverance from the body of this (Adam's) death and declare it can only be by Christ the indwelling Sanctifier as well as Saviour. Chapter VIII is presented as the believer's charter of grace and blessing and points out the character of the mind of the flesh. It points out the distinction between the Spirit of God and the Spirit of Christ in regard to "any man." The workings of the Holy Spirit are given and the purpose of God declared. The chapter begins with no condemnation and ends with no separation.

Chapters IX, X, XI, explain God's dispensational dealings with the children of Israel, and point out the possibility of the Gentiles being displaced and the Jew being replaced in the Olive Tree. Are you sure you believe and consent to *all* the things contained in these eleven chapters? Because, if you do not, you cannot consent to the first verse of Chapter XII. The Holy Spirit claims *our bodies* to be given to God because we consent that the previous chapters reveal the judgments of God on man in every age to have been right, and His mercy to all the saved to have been "tender" (for such is the Greek for "mercies"). How can you properly present your body to God if you yield not a perfect approval of His acts as declared in His Word and of His faithfulness to God's elect? Many approve of God's "ways" in some things only—such cannot and will not present their bodies to Him as a living sacrifice, nor can they fulfil Heb. iv, 10. Therefore they are never "transformed by the renewing of the mind" (*i. e.*, the mind of Christ, I Cor. ii, 15, 16).

Lowliness of mind is a good indication of a presented body. Such "prove what is that good and perfect will of God." The possibility is that we may be "well up" in the knowledge of the first eleven chapters of this Epistle—but very "well down" in the experiences of the last five chapters! We may have much knowledge but very little of true godliness. So let us take hold of these concluding chapters to be sanctified by them, through the power of the indwelling New Birth.

Now, beloved, what do you think of yourself as compared with others? Do you carry out Phil. ii, 3, 4, and Gal. v, 26? The neglect of this Divine command is the cause of much division in our Assemblies, each one is perfectly sure that he or she is right, yet *none of them will submit to the judgment of others* or be reprov'd and sanctified by the Word. All such ought to feel shame for themselves and to cry for pardon and mercy. What shall we say for ourselves at the judgment seat of Christ? Self-justification will be a very hollow thing *in that day*, and I fear multitudes of us will be ashamed "BEFORE Him." O Lord, give us meekness and true humility.—Amen. I hope this will reach the eye of those needing deliverance.

"Think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man *the measure of faith.*" We are not all alike in our "call," though many claim it to be so. Does anything follow your ministry? If not why not look round and see if you are doing the thing God has given you *faith* for? Or see if you have not desired and chosen that which God has given to another! If some would be content with the lowest place in the Assemblies, friction would cease and revival spring forth.

These gifts of faith (v. 3) which God hath measured to *each man* are illustrated in verses 4 to 8, showing that while all the saved are members of one Body, every member has not the same office. "So we being many *are one Body* in Christ, and EVERY ONE MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER" (v. 5). I hope to be able in the next Study to deal with the subject of the "One Body" in a way helpful to my readers.

Elim Christmas and New Year Conventions.

Speakers at the three following Conventions will include :



PASTOR STEPHEN JEFFREYS
(Elim Alliance).



PASTOR D. J. DAVIES
(Baptist Minister, South Wales)



CONVENER : PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS.

BELFAST.

December 25th until December 28th, inclusive.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

Christmas Day at 11.30, 3.30 and 7 o'clock

Friday, December 26th, at 11.30, 3.30 and 7 o'clock

Saturday — One Service in the evening at 8 o'clock

Sunday, December 23th, at 11.30, 3.30 and 7 o'clock

Other Services announced from the platform.

N B —The largest hall possible is being secured for the Convention, particulars of which will be announced in the *Belfast News-Letter*, *Northern Whig*, and the *Evening Telegraph*.

For full particulars write Pastor W. Henderson, 3 University Avenue, Belfast.

BALLYMENA.

In the large Protestant Hall, Galgorm Road.
December 31st until January 4th, inclusive.

ORDER OF SERVICES

Wednesday, December 31st, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock.
Thursday, January 1st, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock.
Friday, January 2nd, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock.
Saturday. One Service in the evening at 8 o'clock.
Sunday, January 4th, at 11.30, 3.30 and 7.30 o'clock

For full particulars write Pastor R. Mercer, Castleton Hotel, Castle Street, Ballymena

LURGAN.

In the Town Hall.

January 7th until January 11th, inclusive.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

Wednesday, January 7th, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock.
Thursday, January 8th, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock
Friday, January 9th, at 3.30 and 8 o'clock
Saturday, January 10th, at 3.30 and 7 o'clock
Sunday, January 11th, at 11.30, 3.30 and 7 o'clock

For full particulars write to Pastor J. B. Hamilton, 45 Church Place, Lurgan

Annual Gathering at our Elim Headquarters in London.

BY PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS

The large gathering for the Annual Meeting at the Elim Tabernacle on Wednesday, November 12th, caused our hearts to rejoice. There could be no brighter or happier company anywhere. The words, "What wonderful things God has done for us since we commenced in this place," seemed to be on everyone's lips.

Looking back over the last two and a half years and meditating upon the works of God in Elim would be quite sufficient to enrapture any soul. To live them all over again meant to visit the penitent form (I use this term because I cannot find a better) and to look once more upon the tears that rolled down over the faces of the ever steady stream of penitents. It meant that our ears were sensitive enough to catch the first "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord" that proceeded from the hearts and lips of the newly-born babes of the spiritual realm—the shouts that gave clear indication of the healthy state of their birth.

It meant once more witnessing the sight of the halt, the lame, the blind, the deaf and the diseased as they pressed their way towards the Healer of mankind. Yes! we were actually present when the lame walked, when the deaf heard, when the diseased and the incurable (as far as human aid was concerned) were healed as they were prayed for and anointed. Many a time we had really entered into the experience of:

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
OH, WITH WHAT JOY THEY WENT AWAY!

Was it any wonder that the Annual Gathering was a happy and praising one? Only a person void of emotion could have been there and remained silent. If there was such a one present he must have been dead, as only dead persons have flesh minus emotion of any kind.

The material, numerical and financial aspects, too, called forth praise from the hearts of the people. Some two and a half years ago we had tackled the huge sum of £4,500 in all, the cost of purchasing, repairing and renovating the old Methodist Church, as it was then known. The Annual Meeting revealed the fact that some £3,600 had been paid off and that a little over £900 was now owing. Who could help but shout and praise the Lord as they saw in the near future the epoch of Jubilee. All this without a bazaar! Without a sale of work! Without a sacred concert, or even a jumble sale! "Surely," someone in the district recently said, "you never cleared that debt off without any of these things." "Yes, my friend," was the prompt reply, "without them, but with God."

The result numerically is considered by almost everyone in the district to be a prodigy. At the opening service we could only be sure of two that would be present, Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and they lived in Clapham Junction, about two miles away. The Annual Gathering disclosed that we were now drawing towards the mark of five hundred in membership. Last but not least, the spiritual aspect as it is to-day crowns everything. The prayer meetings are full. The Bible Studies are being devoured by congregations that pack the floor of the Tabernacle. The newly-formed "Elim Crusaders" (the young people's gathering) is going ahead by leaps and bounds. To test the spirituality of the church you need to visit the weekly Breaking of Bread Service. It is indeed amazing to find such a huge company every first day of the week wending their way to their Lord's memorial feast.

The baptismal font has been opened and has been the scene of busy hours. Hundreds have passed through its waters, and the more we baptise the more there seem to be baptised. One can easily understand the lustiness with which the congregation sang.

For all the Lord has done for me
I never will cease to praise Him!

If the unity of the Spirit be maintained and the love of God be shed abroad in our midst continually as it is to-day, we can look forward to greater things and mightier manifestations of Divine power.

Items of Interest.

Our readers are specially requested to pray for a Campaign that is to be held in the Public Hall, Barking, London, commencing January 18th. The Missioner will be Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, who is now entirely in Evangelistic work for the Elim Alliance. He resigned his charge as Pastor of Dowlais Church on Sunday, November 2nd, when crowded congregations attended the closing services of his pastorate.

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The arrangements for the Elim Bible College are going apace, and we hope soon to announce definite plans. Our readers are asked to remember this project in their prayers.

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Dr. W. K. Towner's article, the first part of which appeared in our last issue, is creating quite a stir, and the demand for its production in booklet form will be met by the Elim Publishing Office.

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Readers should write for quantities of four tracts just off the press of the Elim Publishing Office. "What is it to believe on Christ" (8 pages) and "Why we believe in Divine Healing" are each priced at 1/6 per 100 (by post 2/-) or 12/6 per 1,000 (by post 13/9). The price of "The Perils of Russellism" and "Delivered from Russellism" (A Personal Testimony) is 9d. per 100 (by post 1/-) or 6/- per 1,000 (by post 6/9).

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Missionaries, please note! We are launching a paper for the children of our Pentecostal homes and others. Would some of you missionaries right out in the front of the battle occasionally send a letter or true picture story for our new paper? Send it to the Editor of the *Children's Evangel* c/o Elim Publishing Office. It will be much appreciated by the youngsters.

* * * * *

"Beth-Elim" is an exceptionally nice Home of Rest and Healing at Leigh-on-Sea. It is open to any of the Lord's people for long or short periods, and intending visitors should write to Miss Neill, "Beth-Elim," The Glen, Cliff Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

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We regret that an article about our dear brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, prospective Elim missionaries to Mexico, is crowded out of this issue. It will appear, together with their photograph, in January.

* * * * *

By the time this appears in print, Clapham Common will be served by the most up-to-date Underground Railway in the world. The City and South London line re-opens on December 1st, bringing the Elim Tabernacle, Clapham, within quick and easy access of all parts of London.

Elim Evangelistic Band.

Much blessing is resting on the Revival Campaign in Templemore Avenue, Belfast, now being conducted by Mr. Darragh and Miss Adams. We regret that the report of this, as well as all the other Irish reports, arrived too late for insertion in this issue.

REVIVAL IN PLYMOUTH.

PASTOR STEPHEN JEFFREYS IN THE STONEHOUSE TOWN HALL

Most encouraging reports of the Plymouth Revival Campaign are to hand. At the time of writing it has only been in progress one week, and it has been attended with remarkable conversions and healings. We are glad to say that up to the present those deciding for Christ number 400, and this is being added to daily. The Town Hall is crowded out by people who, as of old, are attracted to the services by the miracles wrought in the Name of the Lord. One sister writes: "Glory to Jesus, His power is being felt here in Plymouth, sinners are giving their hearts to the Lord. In some cases the means of bringing them to the services are remarkable. One example—a lad of about sixteen years of age came last night (he could not find anyone to bring him to the afternoon Divine Healing Service) seeking healing. He asked me to get the missionary to pray with him: soon after he was walking about without crutches. He had not been on his feet since he was an infant."

Another lady whose paralysed legs had to be supported with irons was prayed for. She was instantaneously delivered and was able to carry the iron supports home. A man who was bent was able to straighten himself after prayer and anointing. Another, from Devonport, came to one meeting doubled up with arthritis and was healed after being ministered to. He walked round the hall a free man, as the people clapped their hands at the demonstration of Divine power.

A fuller report of the campaign will be given in the next issue of the *Evangel*. Our readers are asked to pray for other campaigns that are being arranged for the near future.

ELIM HALL, HADLEIGH, FIRST ANNIVERSARY

The above hall was opened in October 1923 with a soul-saving campaign conducted by Messrs W. Henderson and C. Kingston. The building, a photograph of which will be found in next month's *Elim Evangel*, is one of the neatest and most compact of halls, and reflects much credit to those who supervised its erection.

The Pastor is Mrs. George Kingston, who at a large gathering in May of this year was ordained by Pastor George Jeffreys. It was evident to all that the congregation at this service consisted of earnest and sympathetic souls who had learned to love our dear sister.

At the Anniversary Services in October of this year, a Mission with outstanding results was conducted by Messrs. Leonard Gittings and James Mullan. A brother from Hailleigh writes: "Many souls have been brought to the fulness of the love of God, and many have received the Holy Ghost." The preaching of the missionaries was listened to with great attention and the words eagerly devoured.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingston will appreciate the prayers of our readers for the continuation of the good work in this district.

ELIM HALL, LETCHWORTH, EXTENSION

Oh, that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, that Thine hand might be with me . . . And God granted that which he requested—1 Chron. iv, 10

Just eighteen months ago Pastor George Jeffreys was invited to conduct a Mission at Letchworth in the only place available just then, an old and empty engineering shed, the roof of which let in the rain in places—but showers of blessing also fell. God set His seal upon the work, and at the close of the Mission it was felt that a home would be needed for the converts and others, and thus six weeks later Elim Hall sprang into being.

Only an unpretentious wooden building, seating about 200, but a very dear place to all of us, for here is a freedom and gladness of worship, and a sweet fellowship that we had never known before. And now after seventeen months of full Gospel preaching, open-air witnessing and village missions—for we have a tireless leader—and best of all, splendidly attended, red-hot prayer meetings, surely the best indications of the spiritual warmth of an Assembly, the little hall became so full, especially on Sunday evenings, that we found it necessary to enlarge it.

Soon the brethren were at work, and night after night, after the services, the lights shone out to the wee, sma' hours, while they sawed, and planed, and fitted, and one morning soon after—they must have worked like Trojans!—Elim had stretched its brown length far beyond the flower border, and looked not unlike a child grown too tall for its clothes.

How it rained when the floor was being laid—and no roof to keep it dry! We looked on with some misgiving when the boards were laid over the ooze, and prayed for sun and wind to help dry it up, and sure enough a high wind blew all that night, the sun shone next day, and everything was all right, even to the arranging of the rows of new chairs, when Pastor George Jeffreys and Mr. Naumann came on November 1st for the opening services.

What a glorious week-end we had! A goodly number and freedom in prayer at the Saturday night meeting, and on Sunday morning at the breaking of bread service we used for the first time a beautiful silver communion service, a gift of love from one of the dear Father's household. Mr. Naumann gave the message from the 96th Psalm, dwelling upon the need of the constant moving and operation of the Spirit within us for service and prayer and praise, and the danger and uselessness of attempting anything without.

We were very glad to have dear Pastor George Jeffreys among us again. He ministered the Word at the afternoon and evening services, and at the latter the Hall was full to the doors. The hush of God's presence fell upon us as the Pastor pressed home the tremendous importance of accepting Christ. Later in the evening six signified their desire for water baptism.

The Letchworth people are finding out that Elim Hall is a live wire in their midst, and there was a good sprinkling of strangers among the usual congregation. It was interesting to watch their faces as the hymns and choruses, with their joyous repetitions, were sung. At first unresponsive and silent, some of them gradually warmed up and joined with us as we sang "Let's go on, let's go on, talking about this good old way", "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I have crossed the riven veil, Where the glories never fail. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I am living in the presence of the King." Is there anything so infectious as the joy of the Lord? Sing we must, for "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad" —G E E.

ELIM CRUSADERS

This is the name chosen by the young people's gathering at the Elim Tabernacle, London. The movement was inaugurated by Evangelist James McWhirter in October, and it is already taking a firm hold upon the young folk. We trust it is the first of many branches in our Elim Assemblies. The following was contributed by Mr. Arthur Birkenshaw, one of the most faithful members of the Tabernacle.—

What an answer to those who declare that following Christ is a narrow, sanctimonious, long-faced business, only fit for old ladies with bonnets, is to be found in the meetings of the Elim Crusaders. Here is a band of young people who find their joy and delight, not in the pleasures of the world, but in consecrated service to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This band, known as the Elim Crusaders, has been formed to meet the need of a definite, aggressive work for God in Clapham to be undertaken by the young people of the Elim Assembly. The chief object of its formation is to bring others into contact with the Living Christ Who has satisfied them, and Who alone can meet the various needs of the human heart. What a testimony that Christ is the satisfier of youth is to be found in the fact that nearly one hundred young people of our Assembly can gather weekly to discuss how best to reach the masses that live around them—who have never heard that Jesus saves, and who think that Christianity is all "humbug," and that the God of the Bible does not work to-day.

The first meetings have been given to suggestions, nomination of officers, etc. Many have been the helpful suggestions contributed by the members, and the atmosphere has been very bright and happy. All are eager to go crusading. After many suggestions for a motto had been put forward, "WE DO THINGS" was adopted, with the scripture John ii, 5. The motto is suggestive. Is it not time we were alive and on the offensive, when the Enemy of Souls is rushing the young people of our land on in an endless stream of so-called pleasure? Is it not time we made an effort to show them that Psalm xvi, 11, is true? In HIM the Crusaders have found the joy which sends them crusading to win others to the blood-stained banner of the Cross. This is but the beginning. Time has yet to show what God can do through the Elim Crusaders.

THE ELIM EVANGEL—TWICE MONTHLY

Just five years ago the first number of the *Elim Evangel* made its appearance. After being published quarterly for two years, a pressing need and an insistent demand resulted in its becoming a monthly magazine. During the past twelve months the same forces have been at work again, with the result that from the New Year it is to be published twice monthly.

We know that our readers will greatly appreciate this change. What they have so much enjoyed monthly they will now enjoy twice every month. Amongst many important new features to be introduced are Suggested Daily Bible Readings, a new series of helpful Bible Studies, Questions and Answers, and up-to-date news, which will bring the reader into close touch with Revival Campaigns being conducted throughout the land. We are confident that our readers will be delighted with the contents as well as the changed appearance of the new *Elim Evangel*.

Though enlarged, the price will still be 2d. per copy (by post 2½d.)

CALENDARS.

THE ELIM SCRIPTURE TEXT CALENDAR is going well. Already well over one thousand of these artistic and helpful Calendars have been sold. But as there is only a limited quantity to be obtained, we urge our readers and friends to order *at once* and thus avoid disappointment. Price 1/3 each (by post 1/4).



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Farewell.

“Farewell!” Such was the title of a picture which hung on the walls of one of our well-known Academies, and judging from the crowds who lingered around, it must have been a favourite indeed.

“Farewell!” The scene is Waterloo, or other of the popular London railway stations. A detachment of soldiers are leaving for service in India or Egypt, China or Africa. In the foreground a stalwart officer is kissing farewell to his darling child and affectionate wife; near by a little girl weeps for her brother, probably the drummer of the regiment. In the background a weeping wife is casting a farewell look at him whom she may never see again, whilst her boy and girl weep out their sorrow at father's farewell; another hero is embracing his widowed mother for the last time; others without friends to bid farewell are more lively. Yet as the attentive guard watches the last moments on his chronometer, all feel it is indeed sad to say
“FAREWELL.”

And well they may, for during the Crimean War in 1854-55 no less than 785,000 men bade a final farewell to the homes and friends they loved; during the strife between the North and South in the American War of 1860-64, fully 450,000 men said farewell to earth; in the great struggle between France and Germany in 1871 it is calculated that on both sides 250,000 warriors were slain. No wonder, then, they feel to say farewell, and rightly so, when it is reckoned by careful calculation that during the last century close on TWENTY MILLIONS of our fellow men bade farewell to the sights and scenes of earth and were hurried from the bloody battlefields of time to the Bar of God in Eternity.

Oh, that you may be wise and consider your latter end, and get ready for

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

God so loved you that He bade farewell to the Man Who had been His fellow, and gave His only-begotten Son to die for you; Jesus so loved you that He bade farewell to the Throne of Glory and the song of Angels, and came and hung upon the Cross and bore the shame of men for you. God is satisfied with Him and His atoning work for you, and all you have to do to be saved is to admit your lost condition (Rom. iii, 23), and accept Him as your own personal Saviour (John i, 12), for whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii, 16). Oh, believe it now, and then, come what may—joy or sorrow, life or death, poverty or plenty—there is one word you will never be afraid to say—

“FAREWELL.”