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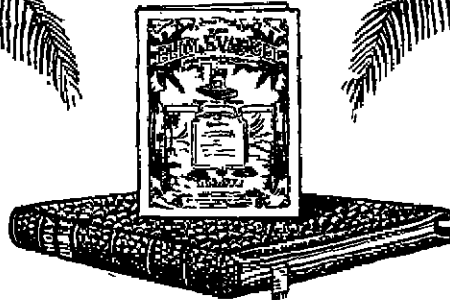
Saviour

Jesus Christ

Healer

# THE ELIM EVANGEL

AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST



FOURSQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD.

Vol. XI., No. 27

JULY 4, 1930

Twopence

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AND THEY CAME TO ELIM WHERE WERE TWELVE WELLS OF WATER, AND THRESCORE AND TEN PALM TREES. ~ Ex. xv. 27.

Baptiser

The Official Organ of the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance in the British Isles and printed and published Weekly at the London headquarters.

Coming King

# Annual Elim Summer Conventions

## BANGOR, CO. DOWN. JULY 12-14.

- July 12. Dufferin Hall, Hamilton Road, 11.30, 3.30, and 7
- " 13. Elim Hall, Southwell Road, 11.30, 3.30, and 7
- " 14. Baptismal Service in the Open Sea, 3.30  
Preaching Service in Elim Hall, 7

## BRIGHTON. AUGUST 4-7.

- August 4. Royal Dome, 3 and 6.30.
- " 5-7. Elim Tabernacle (beside General Post Office), 3 and 7.30

Watch this page for announcement of other Summer Conventions.

### ELIM FOURSQUARE GOSPEL ALLIANCE

Founder & Leader: Principal GEORGE JEFFREYS

The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance of the British Isles consists of the following branches

- Elim Foursquare Gospel Churches
- " Ministers and Evangelists
- " Foursquare Gospel Campaigns
- " Bible College (Resident)
- " Bible College Correspondence School
- " Publishing and Supplies
- " Printing Works
- " Foreign Missionary Branch
- " Crusaders (Young People)
- " Cadets (Junior Crusaders)
- Foursquare Gospel Testimony
- World Crusade

Gifts are urgently needed for the expansion of this work which has been so signally blessed by God. Readers of the *Elim Evangel* are asked to pray about this matter, and co-operate with us as the Lord leads. Gifts for any branch will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 20, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S W 4

### A CRUSADER HOLIDAY PARTY

at the

ELIM BIBLE COLLEGE (London)

from JULY 26th to AUGUST 23rd, 1930

Special features will include

**BIBLE STUDIES**

given by Pastor E. C. W. BOULTON

(National Crusader Secretary)

Pastor P. N. CORRY

(Dean of Bible College)

Opportunities for attending Elim Assemblies in London  
Special visits to various places of interest in the City  
Unique song and musical services in the College grounds.

Applicants should write without delay enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply to the Superintendent, Elim Woodlands, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S W 4

## WATCH THESE DATES:

**ABERYSTWYTH.** Foursquare Gospel Hall, New Street  
During summer months Sundays 11 and 6.30 Thursdays 8 p.m.

**BANGOR** July 12, 13, 14 Annual Convention

**BATTERSEA.** July 20 Elim Hall, Plough Road Visit of London Crusader Choir, 6.30

**BRIGHTON.** August 4-7 Annual Convention

**BRIXTON.** June 25-July 16 Brixton Palais de Danse (Lessez Hall) Special Bible addresses by Pastor W. G. Hathaway, four Wednesdays at 7.30

**CROYDON.** July 3 Elim Tabernacle, Stanley Road  
Pastor J. Mullan (Congo)

**LEICESTER.** Commencing June 29 Elim Hall, Lewis Street. Campaign by Mr J. Teichner

**LONDON.** To-night and every Friday night at 7.30 Welsh Tabernacle, Pentonville Road, King's Cross Foursquare Gospel Rally

**READING.** June 29 Palmer Hall, West Street Pastor J. Mullan

**ROCHESTER.** July 1 Elim Tabernacle, Star Hill.  
Pastor J. Mullan

**TAMWORTH.** Commencing July 6 Elim Hall, Park Street  
Campaign by Mr. and Mrs. Seth Sykes

This space is reserved for local announcements.

## The "Elim Evangel and Foursquare Revivalist" Subscription Form

To the Elim Publishing Co., Ltd, Park Crescent, Clapham, London, S.W. 4

Please send the *Elim Evangel & Foursquare Revivalist* every week to following address. I enclose £ : :

Subscription Rates

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1930.

Full Address

# The Elim Evangel

## AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance was founded by Principal George Jeffreys, in Monaghan, Ireland, in the year 1915. It consists of Elim Revival and Healing Campaigns, Elm Publications and Supplies, Elm Bible College, and Elm Foursquare Gospel Churches. The "Elim Evangel" is its Official Organ. 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 extravagance and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the Old Time Gospel in Old Time Power.

Vol. XI., No. 27

July 4, 1930

Twopence, Fridays

## A Miracle

A Sermon and Testimony by Pastor GEORGE BOWIE

*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed: save me and I shall be saved; for Thou art my praise.*  
—Jeremiah xvii. 14.

"HEAL me, O Lord, and I shall be healed." There is no doubt about it. There is no question-mark in his mind, no hope-so, but a definite, positive knowledge within himself that "I shall be healed." And that is the kind of healing Jesus Christ says follows them that believe. He says, "Ye shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." I like these old "shalls." Oh, they have a ring to them. There is a taste and flavour about them that makes your soul feel good. Then after the prophet has given expression to this desire to be healed, he goes on with another thought and says, "Save me and I shall be saved." These are two distinct experiences.

How did this prophet know that God would heal him? He was not experimenting, he was not trying the thing out, he was not just making an endeavour, having a thought in his mind that he might possibly hit the right track; but he says, "Heal me and I shall be healed." He knew he was

### ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

He knew he had touched God. Why did he know this? It was because God made a covenant with His people away back yonder in Exodus where He says, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Healing is conditional, and the conditions you will find in God's Word.

If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee.

That is the covenant that God made with His people. In other words, it is a pledge that He made to them that if they would keep His commandments and all His statutes, He would be the Lord that would heal them.

In James you read,

Is there any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed.

The reason many people are not healed to-day is that they do not walk in the light of God's Word. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against Thee." When the Word of God is

## The Birmingham Revival

Principal George Jeffreys Opens Two Elm Tabernacles

So overjoyed were the vast multitudes that packed the great Bingley Hall at the announcement that two churches had been taken over by the Elim Alliance, as permanent centres for the Foursquare Gospel in Birmingham, that they shouted, cheered, praised, and clapped their hands until the Principal, accustomed as he is to handle monster congregations, almost lost control. The sound of hallelujahs and the praises of the people was like the sound of a Niagara.

The opening services of both churches were conducted by the Principal—the first in West Smethwick district, when scenes of Foursquare enthusiasm stirred the quiet district to life, for long queues lined up long before the time to commence. The second, situated right in the heart of the city of Birmingham, will long be remembered, because of the great crowd controlled by several police that clamoured to get in long before the announced time of commencement. The main building with fifteen hundred seats was packed and the two large minor halls, opposite the doors in the gable behind the pulpit, filled to overflowing, making altogether well over two thousand inside, with another thousand outside for an open-air service. Never before had such enthusiasm been witnessed at the opening of a church. Like all the other services the stream of salvation and healing flowed, for souls were saved and bodies healed as they sat in the packed pews.

The prayers of our readers are asked on behalf of Pastor Le Tissier, who has taken temporary charge, and that a solid enduring work, like that which has characterised the Elim Alliance during the last fifteen years, may be firmly established.

hid in your heart and you walk according to it, then you have a right to

### ALL THAT GOD HAS PROMISED

to this generation and for this hour that we are living in, and God will see to it that you get all that is coming to you just as surely as He sees that the sparrows get their daily portion. He is a God that never goes back on His Word.

You may have noticed that the subject we advertised for to-night was, "A Miracle" I might say briefly that I am the "miracle"—the "one who has returned to give thanks." Now to simplify it and make it so that every one will understand, I shall say that the wonderful healing God has just granted me is the miracle that I wish to draw your attention to.

After two or three months' struggle with weakness that was overcoming me more and more as the days passed by, I decided to go with Mrs. Bowie to the south, in the hope that a time of rest and quiet would bring about a betterment in my physical condition and return me to the work that I loved so dearly and to the people I appreciate and enjoy, ministering to. So we set out for the south and remained there for a little over two months. I was going down hill rapidly and we decided that we would return home. The church here was praying for me and holding me up faithfully, and I was praying, and looking to God, and expecting Him to do something very special for me. But instead of that

#### I BECAME GRADUALLY WORSE.

Just about the time we decided to come home we both noticed that my colour changed from its normal hue to a greenish yellow, which indicated that pus was finding its way into my blood stream, and that I was in quite a serious condition.

I am glad that I was persuaded to consult a physician on the way home. I am glad, I say, that I was persuaded to have this interview, for this particular reason—the glory of Jesus Christ, and the good of the people. What glory would it bring to Him and what good or benefit would be derived from it? I will tell you. There are so many people who say they have been healed from sugar diabetes or some other trouble, and some one begins to question them by saying, "I believe you testified you were healed of sugar diabetes." "Yes." This inquiring mind then says, "How do you know it was sugar diabetes?" and you say, "Well, I had all the symptoms of it." Now that will pass with some people but is

#### NOT ACCEPTED BY OTHERS.

I know some would turn away and say, "You don't know what you are talking about. You only thought you had it." There was no thinking in my case. I saw this doctor and he gave me a general examination. I wanted to know what the trouble was, and after he had spent some time with me he said, "I am going to connect you with a specialist, and whatever he tells you, you can mark it down as the gospel." Well, that was what I was looking for, the gospel about my case. It is good when a man or woman is to be found that is looking for the gospel about their case. If there is any one here to-night that is looking for the gospel about their sin, then I will give it to you in a nutshell. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." That's the gospel of it.

I only had to cross the street, and fortunately (as I was very weary and worn) this specialist was in his office. Mrs. Bowie went along and she told that specialist all she knew about my condition. It is

a good thing to have a wife that knows all about you—it saves you a whole lot of trouble at times. He gave me a general examination in his inner office and then he said to me, "I would like you to walk into that room there." I went in and he closed it all up. It was as dark as the darkest midnight hour that you ever saw. Then he set a little light going down around my stomach. He sat down on a stool right in front of me and

#### EXAMINED ME THOROUGHLY

there for a considerable time. I did not go to the trouble of asking him what this apparatus was; I feel a little bit sorry now that I didn't. But I concluded that he had a good look inside of me, more so than any man or woman ever had before. In addition to this he made four different laboratory tests.

At the close of two weeks he was to call me, but instead he called Mrs. Bowie early one morning and said, "I want to see you in my office this morning." Mrs. Bowie went down and received his diagnosis. He said, "Your husband is in a very serious condition. It is impossible for him to live very long. He has malignant cancer of the stomach and secondary anæmia. This cancer covers such a large area that even if you desired an operation it could not be done. There is no hope for him."

Secondary anæmia comes through an abscessed condition in your body somewhere. The abscess finds its way into the blood, and the blood eventually becomes like water. There is nothing left for the heart to pump; and in a short time, naturally speaking, you cannot but die. There is no cure for this secondary anæmia until such time as the cause of it is removed entirely.

Mrs. Bowie came home in great distress and told me, and I said, "We will just have to trust the Lord." I always liked a big fight because

#### YOU COME OUT IN A BIG PLACE,

as a rule. I knew God had planted something in my heart when He said to me as I was gradually sinking, "Thou shalt not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." He didn't put it in my thoughts, but He put it into my heart. It is with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness, and it is with the mouth that confession is made unto salvation.

All that was left for us to do, according to the specialist's diagnosis, was to get in our car, come on home—and die. And on the way home, naturally speaking, it seemed as though his words would come true, for at one of the wayside hotels one morning as I sat down to breakfast my heart gave way and just as my head was falling on the table I said to Mrs. Bowie, "I am going to be very, very sick, but I am not going to die, don't be afraid." She rushed around beside me, held me up, and two attendants carried me to our room.

I attended church the first Sunday I was home, and tried to preach. Those of you who were present will remember that I

#### COLLAPSED AND FELL BACK

into my chair and almost swooned. I tried it again, and then I fell on my knees behind the pulpit here.

So this thing went on, and it would seem as if what the specialist said was going to come true. But that was not so—God was in the business, and God Himself was looking after me and I was looking up to Him.

Now it was at this time that I had such severe attacks from the enemy of my soul! I remember one night one of our Sunday school boys came to see me, and just as he was leaving I suggested a word of prayer. As I commenced to pray, it seemed as if hell and Satan and all the demons from the pit came rushing in through our open windows and made a concentrated attack upon my physical being. It seemed for some reason the Devil had made up his mind he was going to wipe me off the face of the earth. You know Jesus said he was a thief, and He said, "The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." He tries first of all to steal your spiritual life, and if he fails in that, then he will do his best to kill you. I put my hands up in

#### SHEER DESPERATION,

and I said, "In the Name of Jesus, I command you to leave me alone." You know if you ask anything in the Name of Jesus, if you are His children, it shall be done unto you of His Father. I said, "I command you to leave me alone in the Name of Jesus," at the top of my voice. I shouted it with my hands clenched, and with all the power that was in me I commanded him to leave. And as sure as ever I saw a man passing through that door yonder, I saw Satan pass out of my home at the command in the Name of the Lord Jesus.

Just about this time on the 14th day of August, the prayer chain was formed within this church to pray me through to victory. For the past eighteen months or two years we have had a prayer chain in this church, the hours of prayer being taken in our various homes. But Brother Wolff had a leading from God that we should have a prayer chain operating in the church here. God laid the scripture on his heart that you find over here in Matthew xviii. 19, "And I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." So he appointed two and two circling the entire day and night. Every two hours you would find two

#### NEW DUES IN THE PRAYER TOWER

were holding on to God that God would give me a mighty deliverance. Twenty-four hours in the day with never a break, one relay after another would come up, and you would find them there, always two, agreed on one thing, and that was that God would raise me up in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, through the merits of the blood of Jesus, according to His precious Word. I appreciated that very, very much indeed, and in passing I should like to say that I never heard of a church that ever did anything like that before. I have yet to hear of an assembly or congregation that ever set themselves the task that you dear people took upon yourselves on my behalf in leaving your warm beds and coming out any hour of the night. If you were passing by here at

one, two, three, or four o'clock in the morning you would have found two of our people who had left their comfortable homes and had come to pray for the pastor who was lying at death's door.

This prayer chain, beloved, was supported by other prayers. In Africa the natives were praying, in India and in China they were praying, and God had

#### ONE AT HIS RIGHT HAND

who never slumbers or sleeps, who ever liveth to make intercession for us according to the will of God—and He was praying also. Bless His precious Name!

This prayer chain formed up and continued for seven weeks, night and day. One of these brethren fasted the first seven days of the prayer chain and took hundreds of hours of prayer as the days passed by. The total hours of prayer numbered more than one thousand.

At that time God began to deal with me in another way. My heart seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and I would faint and collapse entirely. And when that would happen to me, invariably this word would come to my heart, the word that you will find over in Isaiah liii. "With His stripes we are healed." I remember several times just as I was swooning away, it would seem to be my last breath, that the word would come to me and I would say just in a whisper,

#### WITH HIS STRIPES I AM HEALED.

The prayer chain was holding on to God and they prayed without ceasing. You will remember the scripture over in the Acts of the Apostles where Peter was in prison and was chained to two soldiers, how the church in Mary's house made unceasing prayer to God on his behalf that God would liberate him. And God sent His angel from heaven who unchained Peter and told him to slip into his clothes and follow him. He walked right out. And isn't He the same God that the prayer chain was praying to in that tower there for such a long time? Their prayer did not wander round the globe. They did not even pray for missionaries, they prayed unceasingly, incessantly, deliberately, positively and believingly that God would raise up their pastor and bring him back into their midst again.

And now friends, let me say to you that God has healed me of this cancer—for I am healed, you know, there is no question about it. Fresh blood has come into my hands, they were more like the colour of the wall there when I was sick. The evil disease has been eliminated and the fresh blood is coming into my body, the strength and

#### POWER THAT JESUS CHRIST PURCHASED

for me on Calvary is flowing into my body and into my soul. Hallelujah! You say, "Why make such a noise?" Because the pastor has been healed of malignant cancer and secondary anæmia in answer to the prayer of faith, fulfilling the Word of God where He says, "You shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." I say the God that healed me of this cancer is right here to-night to heal you of every infirmity of the flesh and spirit, if you will meet the conditions. "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed, save me and I shall be saved."—*The Pentecostal Evangel*.

# Praying Hyde's Persian Priest

By Miss D. COMYN CHING

**C**AN you picture this man with aristocratic features, olive skin, and brilliant priestly robes? As he sauntered down one of the crowded native streets of Bombay, right in the heart of the bazaar he unexpectedly came upon a clean and open room crowded with natives, mostly men, listening with rapt attention to a fair-haired man with a very white face, who was pouring out in high Urdu a fluent and passionate discourse. Wondering what it was all about, he stepped up out of the street to listen. Praying Hyde was speaking from a heart at white heat fervour with the love of God, straight into the depths of every unenlightened heart under those dark skins and faces before him.



A Native Street in Bombay

This Persian priest, who for years had been a true seeker after God, listened spell-bound for the first time to the wonderful Gospel story of God's gift of free salvation through Jesus Christ His Son.

At last with the perspiration pouring from him, Praying Hyde dropped with exhaustion on to a hard, improvised seat behind him. Within an hour he was in the Punjab Express speeding back to the multitudinous duties awaiting him at his own mission station.

But what of all those intent listeners to the message of life given in such power and at such cost? The oriental is

## A MYSTIC, AND A PHILOSOPHER,

but the westerner's difficulty is to get him to think to a conclusion and act upon it.

The Persian priest at least had character enough to do something. He found out the private residence of the insignificant little old white woman who hired that empty shop and sent Gospel preachers there evening by evening. Her money going in this way, her own house was almost void of furniture, containing just a string bed and rickety basket-work table in a back room, but the large front guest room was generally full of seekers after God, the natives sitting cross-legged on the nice cool un-carpeted floor, and the Europeans on cushions, either expound-

ing the way of salvation to the natives, or themselves seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

On this particular night only the Persian priest squatted before a huge Urdu Bible, while the little old white lady, with one or two more European friends, turned his meditations from passage to passage in the great volume, for they did not properly know his Urdu, and he did not properly know their English.

After an hour or more in which the grand old Book alone had spoken God's message to his hungry soul, with broken English and gesticulations he gave them to understand that he accepted the Gospel as truth, but as a Persian priest he was not free to follow Christ, and now on account of his age and up-bringing he could conceive of no other means of livelihood. Then he buried his face in his arms and sat on as though in despair.

## THE LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY

prayed on earnestly in the silence of that night till she fell asleep in a heap on the floor. Suddenly she was startled by the Persian priest rising to his feet with a new light in his dark flashing eyes and a holy determination on his handsome face. Placing his long fingers over his heart, and lifting his face towards heaven, he said, "Jesus, Saviour—I will"; and turning to his new white friends he said, "Tomorrow I come." Before it was fully light—that is a few hours after—he arrived with such dishevelled appearance that at first sight they did not recognise the stately Persian priest. His priestly robes had been torn off his back which was bleeding with the beating he had received, and now it was difficult to hide him from his furious associates.

After a few weeks he pleaded to be allowed to preach the Gospel to them, and as they bombarded the hated Christian house to try and fetch him away, he stepped on to the verandah of the upper storey to preach to them, but their fury was so great he had to retire into hiding again speedily.

In the meantime, he was being thoroughly taught in the Word, not forgetting Mark xvi. 17, 18.

Shortly after it had been considered safe for him to go about in the ordinary way, he was on the seashore when a sweetmeat seller began to coax him to buy. He bought some, the vendor went on his way, and was lost in the crowd immediately. No sooner had our friend, the convert, begun to eat than he had the most agonising pains. As he



A Sweetmeat Seller



struggled back to the house of his white friends—which was some distance away—his mind, gradually becoming more dulled with pain, was groping out after a further experience of his Saviour and God: "If they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." Where had he heard that? How could it be? Could it apply to him? That vendor—yes, he thought his face was familiar—of course, one of his old associates had disguised himself for this purpose. But oh, these pains! And then he prayed to God to get him back alive among his Christian

friends. At last he was back in the house of refuge, his distress quickly seen, and the cause—in India—only too easily guessed at. Quickly they gathered round him, and with no uncertain sound the prayer of faith went up based upon the Word of God. "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them"

The next hour he was standing up in perfect health, his face shining with this further experience of God, for he now knew that his risen Lord had spoken these words, and that they had proved true for him.

## Birmingham Baptisms

### The 1900th Anniversary of Pentecost

By Rev. R. J. JONES, J.P. (concluded)

**A**FTER supper at No. 3, Caroline Road, Moseley, on Friday night, June 6th, the company numbering twelve or fifteen knelt in prayer before parting. The Principal pleaded for another Pentecost, "Lord, make this 1,900th anniversary of Pentecost a time of sweeping revival in Birmingham." And our Amens were tears. We parted. Then I thought of the tune which I had hummed all the way from the service, "Running over, running over, my cup's full and running over," and still we were praying for "a sweeping revival," although the largest buildings in the city had already been crowded out, the number saved exceeding that of Pentecost three times over, and countless sufferers in body and mind made whole. One old sinner-saved-by-grace during the Welsh Revival prayed not for a thousand tongues to sing, but "Lord, give me ten thousand." Well, we simply prayed, "Lord, give us larger cups." It was

#### A WEEK-END OF PENTECOST

with the same old Gospel that Peter proclaimed, stripping us of all our shams and empty professions, and with a wonderful Christ covering us, hiding us, folding us in the robe of His own righteousness. Is it any wonder that we love to sing, "Hiding in Thee"? For my own purpose, I made notes of each service separately, but here I can only write a short précis of the whole, in fact it would be a lot easier to lecture for two hours than to attempt a description of these wonderful services within the compass of a few pages.

First of all, just look at the congregations during this Pentecost of 1930. The people pour in through six or eight very wide double doors long before the time of meeting. They pour in, in fifties and hundreds; it would take a day to fill this vast building otherwise. On Saturday afternoon by three o'clock the floor was comfortably filled and half an hour before the evening service there were only a few vacant seats right away at the back of the hall. Sunday afternoon saw another very large crowd, but on Sunday evening floor, galleries, and even the refreshment balcony opposite the platform were packed to suffocation.

Monday is a busy day with Birmingham folk, yet on Monday afternoon you could not push a pin between

the people. I made a note, 'Mr Gray takes the chair,' which means that the platform was so tremendously crowded that the only place for him to stand to conduct the Crusaders' Choir was on a chair stuck dangerously on the edge of a precipice. The fourteen charabancs conveying the 300 Cardiff Foursquare contingent were a little late arriving. They were given loud cheers—but very few chairs!

The closing service commenced half an hour before the advertised time. It was useless waiting for more, we were already jammed tight together right out to the three streets. "Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together" (Acts 11). It is said in Birmingham that over 18,000 attended one service during a previous mission, but that the Bingley Hall was never so crowded as it has been during this campaign. Pentecostal gatherings! The Gospel I have already referred to; and I am satisfied that all who attended were convinced that the preacher's words were inspired. He had the everlasting Gospel, and the Spirit gave him utterance.

We heard of the gifts and the fruit of the Spirit. We were taken to that upper room where the 120 waited for the fulfilment of the promise. Like that small company this greater company, service after service, heard and saw, and felt

#### THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

"This Jesus hath God raised up whereof we are all witnesses," and we made the whole city echo with, "Up from the grave He arose" "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ", and we tenderly sang.

I am unworthy to take of His grace,  
Wonderful grace so free,  
Yet Jesus suffered and died in my place,  
E'en for a soul like me  
How can I help but love Him, when He first loved me

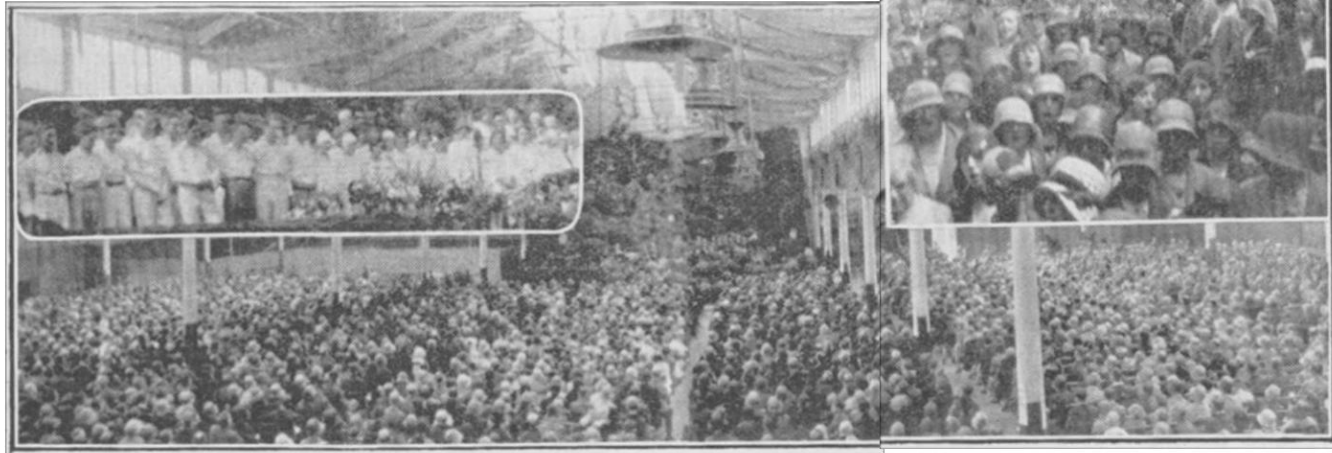
Dale and Jowett have been called home, but Birmingham has again heard the old Gospel which they loved. Dr. Lanz, Mr Jones, Alderman Dearden, and Pastor Boulton led in prayer in the respective meetings.

The Gospel of Pentecost has a way of melting the hard and difficult complexes of modern politics. In this very hall nearly twenty-five years ago, when the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain was ad-



## BIRMINGHAM REVIVAL SCENES

One of Principal George Jeffreys' afternoon services at the great Bingley Hall. Left inset: a few of the thousand baptismal candidates. Right inset: A happy band of young converts of the Campaign—now enrolling as Elim Crusaders. Photos by [the Editor]



dressing a large demonstration, it was found that a number of suffragettes led by Mrs Pankhurst, had chained themselves to the roof of the building, trying to bring about the political emancipation of their sex by putting themselves in chains. During this week-end hundreds have been emancipated, their old chains not only broken, but removed.

"When they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and said, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And the Lion of Judah, He broke every chain. Sounds of snapping chains could be heard in every service. Saturday afternoon fifty-seven, and in the evening fifty-three. "All hail the power of Jesus' Name!"

On Sunday afternoon Mr Jeffreys had counted seventy-eight, when near the platform a blind man put up his hand, the seventy-ninth. And in the evening we heard the great *Halleluia* of the thousands who were glad that souls were being saved, when .15 surrendered to the Lord. A great wave of

spiritual fervour swept the huge congregation, and we sang "Happy day," and waved our hymn sheets. This was Pentecost.

Before coming into contact with this Foursquare Gospel movement, I was afraid that the fashionable short religious service had come to stay, but thank God, my fears have been dispelled. That genial commissioner had to turn us out at ten. On Monday the same power was being manifested, forty-six saved in the afternoon, and forty-four in the evening, the forty-fourth hand being held up in one of the doorways. Nearly 400 souls since Saturday, truly our God is mighty to save. *Bendgedig!* Four hundred more to sing.

My chains fell off, my heart was free  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee

On Monday afternoon, a lady told me with emotion that her husband had been saved on Sunday night, and her only boy that afternoon—*Diolch Iddo!*

## God's Love is Like the Sunshine

Copyright

Arr. by W.G.H.

God's love is like the sun-shine, It covers land and sea, It fills my heart with glad-ness When I know that God loves me

## Bible Study Helps

### "PREACH THE WORD!"

- P-reach (II Tim iv 2)
- R-emoval not (Proverbs xxii 28)
- E-xhort (II Timothy iv 2)
- A-bound (I Cor xv 58)
- C-ontend (Jude 3)
- H-o! Come ye! (Isaiah lv 1)
- Two-edged sword (Heb iv 12)
- H-olding forth (Phil ii 16)
- E-very good gift (James i 17)
- W-ho? (Exodus xxxii 26)
- O-magnify the Lord (Psalm xxxiv 3)
- R-ejoice (Matthew v 12)
- D-o all to the glory of God (I Cor x 31)

### PROVERBS III 6 OUTLINED.

1. What?—"Acknowledge Him"
2. Where?—"In all thy ways"
3. Why?—"He shall direct thy paths"

# The Coming of the Lord

## III.—A RESTRAINING HOPE. By Pastor P. N. CORRY

**I**N the last article it was clearly seen that there is a great incentive offered to each Christian to go labour for the Master, and now to speak of something which restrains seems rather to swing to the opposite extreme. But although there is something that restrains, it does not necessarily follow that the incentive to service is any the less active or effective. We must find out what is restrained, and then we may discover that instead of activity being less, it may be doubled because of power that has been running to waste becoming harnessed to a right purpose.

In California for instance, the

### GAS WASTE FROM THE OIL WELLS

is as great as though twenty-five thousand tons of coal were daily brought to the surface, paid for and burned as rubbish (*World Dominion*, April, 1930). Not only so, but because escape of gas means loss of pressure, in some oil fields not more than ten per cent of oil is recovered because the gas is not sufficient to force the oil to the surface—it has been wasted by drilling too many wells. Restraint in the drilling of wells would lead to greater efficiency and larger output, and very often in the individual life of a Christian the same may be said with truth. It does not always follow that because there are a lot of irons in the fire, therefore all are hot and being put to the best use. What then in the Christian life can and should be restrained by a knowledge of the facts of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?

In Romans xiv the apostle deals with the heated arguments regarding days and diet which even to the present day are the cause of much wasted Christian power. He lovingly shews that it is a personal question, not to be settled by one for another, but by each in his own mind, and that such questions are not to be the governing rule of fellowship, since the Lord has received both. This however, is not the place where he applies the restraint, but upon the fact that at the coming of the Lord we shall all stand at His judgment seat; "therefore let us not judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no one put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

### THE BROAD RULE OF LOVE

and the powerful pressure of the Lord's return are effectively used to shut down foolish and unrighteous judgment of fellow Christians. Again in I. Cor. iv 2-5 the same pressure is applied regarding the judgment of the apostle himself by self-conceited brethren—"Judge nothing until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts and then shall every man have praise of God."

How much running into print regarding this wonderful outpouring of the Spirit would have been saved if folks had only obeyed this little word! How much unfounded gossip and unkind slander would

have died before birth, if only Christians had remembered that the Lord was the Judge and not they, and that the condemned stood at His Judgment Seat and not theirs. If we stand for the great fact of the Judgment Seat of Christ which is to be set up at His coming, then that knowledge must of necessity apply a restraint upon foolish judgments and hasty tongues. The Christian who believes in that great court of appeal will be content to wait for the verdict of the King of kings. His judgment is just, His judgment is according to truth, and in those instances where we see it in operation in the Word, the person who would in human judgment have got away with the verdict is the one to be condemned. The publican was justified, the harlot uncondemned, the widow richer than all, the sinner forgiven, and if this is the case it were better to restrain our judgment lest we be found on the wrong side of the balances.

There is a reward for restraint in the Word, and it is very rightly called

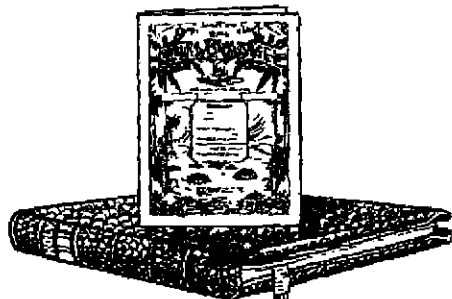
### THE CROWN OF INCORRUPTION

(I Cor ix. 25-27) It is given to those who strive and who are temperate, who fight foes and not shadows, who beat the enemy and not the air. With many a struggle the body is brought into subjection that the race may be run fairly and lawfully, and theirs is the incorruptible crown. Who is this perfect warrior who has such power to bridle the whole body? James the apostle gives the answer, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body" (James iii. 2). The ring is complete. The warrior who wins the crown must conquer the tongue, and the power that is going to enable this victory to be possible is in a real grasp of the reality of that event which shall happen when Jesus comes. Judge nothing, because the Judge Himself is at the door. The restraint that this knowledge will bring to bear upon rash judgment, senseless gossip, and hasty words, will not be a curb to limit usefulness but a check to wasted power. Many a Christian has lost blessing and usefulness because of the lack of it. The gas from the oil well has been running to waste instead of driving the valuable oil to the surface. Words have been the escape vent of human misjudgment, with consequent loss of power and blessing. Let the restraint of God be upon our tongues and then instead of curtailment, added power will be seen in fresh and more blessed activity in His service.

(To be continued)

### THE ACID TEST

A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him, "Friend, has thee felt in thy pocket for him?"



## FOURSQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD

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## Fasting and Power

THERE are no doubt many fervent Christian workers who have in times of great spiritual crisis given themselves to prayer and fasting. Pastor Hsi, the wonderfully used Chinese pastor was one of these. His method and his outlook at such times were so sane that for the benefit of those interested we quote the words of one who worked with him, in answer to an enquirer:

*Question* "Did not Pastor Hsi's constant fasting weaken him a good deal?"

*Answer* "No, strange to say, he appeared none the worse for it. He was of so spiritual a nature that it seemed natural. Even when travelling, I have known him fast entirely for two or three days, while pondering and praying over some difficulty in the work. As far as I remember, he did not even drink tea at such times. He used to be very silent, absorbed in thought or prayer. But he was wonderfully sustained by Divine strength. And if any reference was made to his being without food, he would smile so brightly and say 'T'ien Fu tih en-tien' ('The heavenly Father's grace'). He did not fast from an ascetic motive (let the reader specially notice this)

It was not to mortify the body, but simply to help him in prayer. He found practically that he could pray much better. At such times there was something about his presence that was indescribable; a solemnity without any sadness, and a realisation of Divine things that used to make me feel as if I were talking with someone from another world."

\* \* \*

## The Expense of Salvation.

SALVATION was an expensive thing—yet salvation is free! The expense was to the Saviour—not to the saved. C. G. Finney has a striking statement on this point. We have just been reading a book of sermons preached by him at Oberlin during the years 1845—1861. In one of them—"God's Love for a Sinning World"—he says:

"You are right in saying that you have cost Him great expense—but the expense has been cheerfully met—the pain has all been endured, and will not need to be endured again, and it will cost nore the more if you accept than if you decline. And moreover, let it be considered, Jesus Christ has not acted unwisely: He did not pay too much for the soul's redemption—not a pang more than the interests of God's government demanded and the worth of the soul would justify

"Oh, when you come to see Him face to face, and tell Him what you think of it—when you are some thousands of years older than you are now, will you not adore that wisdom that manages this scheme, and the infinite love in which it had its birth? Oh what will you then say of that amazing condescension that brought down Jesus to the rescue! Say, Christian, have you not often poured out your soul before your Saviour in acknowledgment of what you have cost Him, and there seemed to be a kind of lifting up, as if the very bottom of your soul were to rise and you would pour out your whole heart? If anybody had seen you they would have wondered what had happened to you that had so melted your soul in gratitude and love."

\* \* \*

## Advertise Your Meetings.

OUR READERS will notice on cover ii. of this and future issues a space for advertising local meetings. It is suggested that where the *Elim Evangel* is distributed locally, a rubber stamp be obtained to advertise the meetings. Rubber stamps of a suitable size are obtainable from the Elim Book Saloon, 7, Paternoster Row, London, E C. 4. Price for five lines (including address of hall), 4/6; for seven lines, 5/6. Stamp pad, 1/3. Postage, 6d extra. When ordering, please state that the stamp is for the *Elim Evangel* cover.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following anonymous gifts for Elim work abroad: Brighton, 10/-; Bath, 5/-; Lurgan (for Mr. Mullan), 30/-; Crusader, 10/-.

# What is a Revival?

By JOHN C. WILLIAMS

I WAS brought up in a home that was religious but was not godly. I never remember family prayers in the home, or my father ever speaking to me about things of God. I was left at twelve years of age to support myself. I started to work in a foundry as an apprentice, and at that tender age when most boys are still at school, I started to work for my daily bread, leaving home at five o'clock in the morning, and getting back about six o'clock at night. I do not remember much of childhood. Then I became connected with church, and in due course became a preacher. I preached

## MY FIRST SERMON

on my twenty-first birthday. It is possible to be active in the service of the church without having any knowledge of God, or of the redeeming grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. As time went on I became imbued with socialistic ideas, and preached democracy. In the furtherance of this plan, I had a class of five or six hundred working men on Sunday afternoons in a great industrial centre in England, where I then lived. We met under the flag of Christianity, and propagated the principles of Christian socialism. I believed at the time that there was a divine spark in every man, and that it only needed the right and proper environment for that spark to be fanned into a flame. I believed that the flame would so grow that the man himself should, by the process of a Divine evolution, develop after the image and conformity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believed that, and believed it sincerely, I preached it to these men

## WRITING UP THE SPIRITS WORKING

In the years 1904 and 1905 there appeared, from time to time, strange stories in the press as to extraordinary manifestations of Divine power taking place in Wales. I am a Welshman, and coming from Welsh stock this appealed to me. At that time I was writing a good deal, and I had a request from an editor of one of the magazines of the day, asking if I could go down to Wales and report on these scenes that were taking place, and give an unvarnished opinion as to what was the meaning of it all. So I arranged my business, and went down to Wales. A minister of the Gospel, and also a deacon, went with me. Like Moses, we stepped aside to see the great sight of a bush that was burning, and yet not consumed. The three of us went in a critical spirit. My deacon friend was an Englishman, and I said to him, "When we get there, we shall see that this is merely emotion, and we shall be able to trace it to its source. Let us three, independently, take notes, and at the end of each day compare our notes and thus make a judicial summary, and settle the whole thing."

I recognised everything but God. Not one of the three of us knew God; neither the minister, nor his deacons, for I was a deacon, too. We knew more or less by rote a great amount of mere formal creed and dogma; but of God the Father, of God the Son,

and of God the Holy Ghost, we discovered that we knew nothing. In the course of time we reached the revival; that is to say, the locality in which the revival was taking place, for by this time the revival had spread over nearly the whole of South Wales. We reached a little town in Wales about ten o'clock at night, and were going to stay with the mother of the minister, for she resided in that town. We went to her house and the maid opened the door for us. The minister asked for the mother, and the maid said she was down at the chapel. The minister rather crossly said, "Whatever is she doing at the chapel at this time of night?" The maid said, "I do not know, but there is a meeting going on in our chapel. I came away an hour ago, and it had been going on then for four hours. I never saw anything like it before." I was a business man, and I like to get things through, so I said to them, "This is what we have come to see, isn't it?" The minister said, "It may be, but I am not going to see any revival at ten o'clock at night." The deacon, who was an older man than either of us, said: "And I am too tired." "But, fellows," I said, "what have we come for?" I was afraid the revival would be all over before morning, and I wanted to get a chance to use my notebook and pencil, and here these two were arguing about its being

## TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

Anyway, I felt that I must go, for here was something that we did not understand. I said: "Whoever heard of a meeting going on for five hours, something is wrong about it, and we must investigate." They saw I was determined, and I said I thought they had better come along; and so we went.

We were like the spies who went to Canaan, who had already determined about the giants and the walled cities, and we were looking for what we expected to see. I will, however, tell you what we did see. We went into the schoolroom and found there a lot of young people. It was a Christian Endeavour meeting, and the children had started a prayer meeting. I do believe their angels always see the face of their Father. These children had begun to pray, and the minister had broken down listening to their prayers. Then their parents came to see where Johnnie, Mary, Martha, and little Billy were, and as they came through the door, they heard these children praying, and they sat down until at last nearly all the parents of all the children were there. We arrived about ten o'clock and the place was full. We listened to the little children praying, and the minister sat there in the midst of them with tears rolling down his cheeks. I had gone in with my notebook and my nice pencil to analyse God. I took it out, looked at it, looked at the minister, and thought, "What is he crying for?" and then I thought, "I have it! this is emotion."

I took my book, and was just ready to make a note, when the minister said to my friend who knew him

very well, as he had been a lad in the same Sunday school. "Brother, won't you say a word?" But my friend was in an atmosphere where his brain would not work, and his heart could not work, so he shook his head and pointed to me. He knew that I was trained in public debating, and I was always supposed to be able to get up at a moment's notice and speak on any subject from a potato to the hemisphere. The dear old minister looked at me, and said, "My brother, have you got a word from the Lord?" Well, now, if he had asked me to give an address I could have done it, or if he had asked me to preach a sermon,—but to put it that way, "Have you got a word from the Lord?" Well, I got up, opened my mouth, and stood there for quite a time with it open. Not a sound! Then I looked down and I saw these dear children, the oldest of them could not be more than fourteen or fifteen, all looking at me with their eyes wide open, wondering what the stranger was going to say.

#### SOMETHING GRIPPED THE HEART

of the stranger, and then the man who wanted to write about emotion began to weep, and all he could say was "Oh, children, pray for me!" That was the most eloquent sermon that I ever preached in my life. And before you could say anything those children jumped up, closed around me, got hold of my coat, hands and fingers, and said, "Yes, we will pray for you, O Hallelujah, we will pray for you." I looked down at them, and I was deeply moved, and said, "Well now, that is good of you; I am going to hear Evan Roberts, and I do not know what may happen."

And I did not. Things were happening so quickly that I did not know what might happen next. The meeting broke up, we went back, and I shared the room with my companion, who got precious little sleep that night. I got less, for I was up, and was praying, and I did not know what had happened. I know now. I was under deep conviction of sin, and I said to Mr. A—, "You have been to college, and you know all about these things, but I have sinned against God." He said, "I told you that

#### YOU OUGHT NOT TO GO

to that meeting; it was too late; I know you are tired. I was a railway man, and was accustomed to travelling ten to fourteen hours a day. How the world will try to find excuses rather than admit the work of the Spirit of God! So he said this, that, and the other thing, as I went through that long night of agony. I was up at five o'clock the next morning, and got those fellows out of bed, and said, "Come, there is a train at a quarter past six."

It was a dark January morning, and when we came near the place where I thought Evan Roberts was at work, we called a porter, and said, "Come here! Can you tell me where the revival is?" He just gave me one look, began to cry, and said, "I don't know, but it is *in me!*" It did not matter where you were. It reminded me of the days when even the bells of the horses shall have inscribed upon them, "Holiness unto the Lord." That is revival. It is revival when men in the street are afraid to open their lips and give vent to blasphemy that may be in

their hearts, because of the Spirit and the atmosphere around them. It is revival when sinners fall down, without any apparent reason; when they cry out for mercy at the street corner, when the whole town is overawed by the presence of God; when

#### EVERY SHOP BECOMES A PULPIT,

and every home becomes a sanctuary, and every hearth becomes an altar, and every lip is touched by the flame of God's presence. And that is how it was in Wales. Whosoever spoke, spoke with bated breath. It was as if men were walking in the corridors of the heavenly city, as if they were conscious of the presence of the omnipotent God, and walking softly and humbly before Him. We reached the place, and the station was a mile away from the village. I know nothing of how I covered that mile, but they told me afterward it was just like Bunyan running from the City of Destruction. When the Spirit of God put His hook into a man and begins to draw, neither seas nor continents, neither the eyes of men, nor the fears of the world can stop the march of that soul, until it finds peace. The drawing power of God was manifest that night and that day, and there in the dawn of that wonderful morning, there was

#### A MAN RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.

At last I came to the chapel, and outside I found a group of people, and said, "Where is Evan Roberts?" Mark you, I thought that he would be up at any hour of the day or night. They said, "We do not know."

"Well, where is the revival meeting?"—"Why, everywhere, of course."

And so I asked, "Is there a meeting here?"—"Oh! yes, there is a meeting on here, but you cannot go in!"

"Well, shall I have to go on to the next village? Is there any other chapel?"—"Oh, yes, there are other chapels, but they are all filled."

"But," I said, "it is only a quarter to eight in the morning."—"Oh, that may be!" they said.

"Well, when did this service begin?"—"Well, it really began at six o'clock last night." And so it was. Men forgot the ordinary vocations of the day. Miners forgot to go down to the pit, and when they did go down into the bowels of the earth, those men gathered together in groups, and prayed to Almighty God. That is revival when grace spreads over the whole community. Down there in the depths prayer was being made for China, for India, and for the whole world by these men who had just come out of darkness.

#### SATAN'S TEMPORARY VICTORY.

Some of the people came out of the chapel and we slipped in. My friends had overtaken me, and went in with me. We were standing just by the door. And there, all at once, the Devil came in. It was as if I had been led into the very wilderness. The Devil came and said, "Well, now, you are making a fool of yourself. What about that article you have to write?" I said, "Yes, of course, what about that article?" My mind began to work, and the flesh lusted against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the

flesh The thoughts of men and the carnal mind that is in us are against God, and there the conflict was going on At last it seemed as if the flesh won, and I became cold and cynical I began to analyse the whole thing from a fleshly standpoint, and it seemed as if the Spirit of God withdrew and my old self was left.

Then I began to make some notes, as the service went on. Oh, the singing and the prayers—first in English, then in Welsh, and then somebody would break out in French It seemed as if all the languages were there, but there was no confusion, there was no lack of harmony, because God was the Presiding Ruler of it all, and the Holy Spirit had charge of the meetings As it went on, my heart grew colder and colder, until at last

#### THE ENEMY WHISPERED,

"You are one of those that cannot be saved, this salvation, this grace, this power, is not for you It may be for others, but it is not for you" How I hate the Devil! How I hate him for his lies, for his caricature of truth, for the lifelong misery he has brought into the world! How I glory in the Cross of Jesus, in the triumph of Calvary that has put Satan under the feet of my Lord, in the liberation that comes to the captives who are imprisoned by Satan, in the glorious freedom that is the heritage of the children of God! That is the lie that the Devil told me, that I could not be saved Then somebody began to talk in Welsh. I had not heard any Welsh since I was eight years of age, but I listened and understood Then someone began to sing I cannot translate it in all the beauty and loveliness of its truth,—it was something about the Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary They sang that refrain over and over

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb that died for me

And I found myself singing, "The Lamb that died for me" All at once, I realised what I was saying, "The Lamb that died for me" God said, "This is

for you. For whom did Christ die, if not for you

#### THE DEVIL IS A LIAR;

he was a liar from the beginning" The truth of God penetrated through my conscience until there was something in my soul that gripped,—the Lamb that died for me The next thing I knew was that I was standing up, and my voice sounded through that great church, "Oh, people, pray for me!" The whole audience seemed to turn itself into a stream of intercession. As they prayed, I felt the power of God, and I knew it was God God does not have to educate us, we know by the witness of the Holy Spirit that we are begotten of God, and that we have passed from death unto life I knew it then, and I was overcome with the joy and the wonder of it

Oh, people, do not lose the sense of wonder! Unless you become as little children, you cannot see the Kingdom of God, and the child is full of wonder You can never have a revival if you lose the sense of wonder Do you wonder what God will do for you to-night? Did you come into His house hallowed by the prayers of His children, or as a matter of course as you would go into a store or into any other hall? Do you always come through that door, saying, "What will He do to-night?" "What will He say to me this morning?" "What has He for me?" as if no one else were in the world except you and your Lord? I have never lost that sense of wonder. I am always

#### WONDERING WHAT GOD WILL DO.

and he has done some strange things with me. At a time when most men retire into what they term a well-earned rest, at nearly sixty years of age, he took me out into the mission field, and landed me upon the borders of Russia, and then brought me back to London, and here I am in America I am wondering what He will do next, and where I shall go. I am sure only of this, that I shall never go anywhere without Him

(To be continued).

## Concise Comments and Interesting Items

**The Open Air Mission**, with the aid of the Mission's Gospel motor wagons and cars, was enabled, during the past year, to reach 1,319 towns and villages in Great Britain, and conduct more than 10,000 services, with an attendance of some 1,137,000 hearers In addition to this the Society's evangelists on the Continent visited 537 places in France, Switzerland, Holland and Italy, and addressed 1,567 services, at which over 200,000 people heard the message of salvation

**The Church Missions to Jews** say that a proportion of 1 in 200 of the total population of this country are Jews, and that 1 in 70 of the clergy of the Church of England is of Jewish birth

**An illustration** of fellowship in the spirit of the Cross of the Lord Jesus is provided by the Rev Charles W Posnett in the story of one of his Indian native evangelists

"When our enemies, who were determined to stop the progress of Christianity in his village, began to beat those who had asked to be baptised, Samuel stood in front of them, and said, 'Beat me, don't beat them'"

**The speed mania** has claimed yet another distinguished enthusiast Sir Henry Segrave set up the world's speed record on land in his famous motor-car the Golden Arrow On Friday, June 15th, he attempted to set up the world's speed record on water, in his motor-boat, Miss England II The attempt was made on beautiful Lake Windermere The attempt succeeded—but after the record of 98.76 miles per hour had been attained, and while a still greater speed was being attempted, tragedy came The boat suddenly shot into the air, turned somersault, and dropped with a crash on to the water again Sir Henry was still living when rescued, but died shortly afterwards It is not for us to criticise, but we are dedicated to another speed effort As Sir Henry Segrave was absorbed in his purpose, so are we absorbed in ours Our quest is the speedy conquest of the world for Christ

**The Keswick Convention** will this year be held from July 12th to 20th Mr R B Stewart is now Chairman of the Council Familiar names are among the speakers, although other familiar names are missing

# Four Bible Trees

By Mrs. HILDA BELLINGHAM (Croydon).

**L**ET us look for a moment at some trees mentioned in the Bible.

1. Genesis iii. 8. *Adam hiding behind a tree.* I can picture that scene in the Garden of Eden, how all was beautiful until Satan came and tempted the woman, and how she fell, and the man with her. God had placed them in this wonderful garden, had put everything in subjection under them, and had given everything into their hands—but one tree they were not to eat of. Satan, who is ever the deceiver, came to the woman because she was the weaker, and told her a lie. He said, "You eat from this tree, and you shall be as gods," but he should have said, "Ye shall know desolation and death, and I shall become the god of this world." And the woman yielded to this temptation. And in the cool of the day—the time

## WHEN THE LORD GOD WALKED

and talked with the man and woman—oh, how different was this evening—instead of joyfully meeting the Lord, and holding sweet communion with Him, they hid themselves, and *God had to seek them*—"Adam, where art thou?" Adam replied, "I was afraid, and I hid myself." How typical of the *fallen sinner* to-day. To-day the Lord of glory is asking, "Sinner, where art thou?" What is the response? It may be, "I am too busy, I am too occupied making my gold, I have too many home worries," or some will say, "I have neglected the Lord so long that I am afraid." The Lord Jesus is still seeking the sinner, so come out from behind that tree, and let Christ clothe you with His righteousness and honour.

2. Luke xix. 2-6. *Zacchæus up a tree.* This is a well-known story. He wanted to see Jesus, and being very short of stature, he wondered how he was going to see Him above all the crowd. And then a bright idea came to him—he would climb up a sycamore tree—and I can just picture him as he hurries to that tree—he did not want anyone to see him climb it, and I can see him seated up there in that tree, just holding the leaves apart, so that he could see Jesus. But Jesus sees him and calls him down to Him, and how quickly and joyfully Zacchæus comes down that tree to the Lord of glory. How typical of the religious sinner! He does not hide behind a tree as does the fallen sinner, but he climbs up a tree—the tree of his religion—

## RELIGION WITHOUT CHRIST,

a stumbling block. The Lord Jesus looks up to him and says, "Come down from that tree. Ye *profess Me*, but ye do not *possess Me*." What is the reply? Some say, "Yes, Lord, I will come down." But alas! some say, like the Pharisee of Luke xviii. 11, "My God, I thank Thee that I am not as other denominations, I am as good, and even better than my neighbour; I pay twenty shillings in the pound. I do my best."

Come down from that tree—the Saviour has already done His best for you. It is no longer Do, but Done. It is through the precious Blood that was shed on Calvary. Come down from that tree to the foot of the Cross, and look up to Jesus.

3. John i. 48-49. *Nathanael under a tree.* Nathanael was very doubtful about Jesus. He said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" but nevertheless he came to Jesus. And seeing Him, and hearing Him speak, he was convicted of his doubts, and convinced that Jesus was the Son of God. This is typical of

## THE CONVICTED ONE

—not necessarily an evil or bad-living person, but one just content to go on in his own way. Maybe an ordinary, sober-living, church-going individual. The Lord calls you: He says, "I saw you under that tree of your doubts, or the tree of your good deeds—done without Me indwelling you; or the tree of your unbelief—I saw you under that fig tree. What is the answer to this conviction of sin? Oh! how we all try to escape it. It makes us feel so very uncomfortable that we say, "I will never go to such-and-such a meeting again, I know that they were speaking of me!" Conviction! they were not, but God was. Do the same as Nathanael—come out from under that fig tree, and let God the Holy Ghost have His way with you. Own Christ as the Lord of your life, and let Him dwell within you, that He may say, "Behold, an Israelite indeed!"

4. Acts x. 39. *Jesus on a tree.* Jesus the Sin-Bearer—our Substitute. If the Lord Jesus had not hung on that tree, you and I would be condemned to eternal death. He was cursed in our stead. Galatians iii. 13 says, "Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree." Glory to Him, He hung on that tree instead of me, instead of you. Have you ever tried to picture what it must have meant for the Lord of glory to have left His home in the glory-land, where all was beautiful, to come down to this earth to die on the Cross, that ruined sinners might be made the righteousness of God in Him (II. Cor. v. 21)? Hallelujah! He was not ashamed to go all the way to Calvary for us. Oh, let us be strong for Him. Let us not be ashamed to own our Lord, to confess Him wherever we are. We are sometimes laughed at, derided, scorned, buffeted, called mad, etc., for talking about Him,—but never mind, for He has borne all this before you, and He was not ashamed to bear it for us. So let us go on in Him. Live for Him. Oh! may God make us all to be soul-winners, to be strong for Jesus, not ashamed to own Him, or to give our lives if the need arise, rather than lose Him, or to be ashamed to own Him—Christ on that tree, crucified, dying, but Hallelujah! now living at God's right hand in power, interceding for us.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.



# Whitsuntide Conventions

Glorious Gatherings at Clapham, Letchworth & East Ham—Baptismal Services

## CLAPHAM WHITSUNTIDE CONVENTION.

Despite glorious weather and countryside attractions, the attendances at the Clapham Convention meetings were excellent throughout Pastor Corry, Dean of the Bible College, was the Convener, and the ministry of the various speakers was greatly blessed

One of the outstanding features of the Convention was an illuminating study on the Second Coming of Christ, which Mr Hulbert delivered on the Sunday night His intimate scriptural knowledge and insight were an inspiration, and to many this important truth became clearer and dearer than ever before

Although the Birmingham campaign drew a large number away from Clapham on Bank Holiday, the Whit-Monday congregations were very encouraging On Wednesday evening Mr Hulbert took for his subject "The Three Appearings of Christ," and he plainly set forth the purposes of the Lord Jesus in His three appearings—on the first occasion to redeem us, on the second to represent us before the Father, and on the third, yet future, when He shall return to reign

The closing night of the Convention was a crowning time Mrs Kingston gave a beautiful exhortation to the saints, urging them to beware lest they misrepresented their Master to those around Mr J E Mullan, from the Belgian Congo, was the last speaker, and his African exhibits, including surrendered idols, evoked much interest

His poignant stories of bravery on the part of native Christians some of whom had been martyred, reached the hearts of all, and shamed the apathy so prevalent in "Christian England"

The missionary talk, with its joyous news of fettered lives emancipated by the Saviour, was a fitting close to a blessed Convention



Mrs. George Kingston.

## WHITSUNTIDE CONVENTION AT EAST HAM.

Although the beautiful weather took some away to the country and sea, and others went to Birmingham, quite a number gathered for the Whitsun Conventions

Under the convening of Pastor Le Tissier the Convention opened on Sunday morning with Pastor Hulbert's address on "Jesus of Nazareth—the First Message of Pentecost," a subject truly fitting to the day. The Sunday school children and the adults met in the afternoon to hear Pastor Le Tissier's message and at the evening meeting Mr Mullan gave an interesting account of the work of the Holy Spirit in the dark regions of the Belgian Congo Pastor Kitching gave the second message



Mr. P. H. Hulbert.

Although disappointment was felt at the sudden call of Pastor Le Tissier to Birmingham, Monday morning found the saints gathered again to welcome Pastor Fielding as the new convener, who also, on this occasion, was the speaker, his address being on "Prayer" All were again greatly blessed by the ministry of Pastor Hulbert in the afternoon, at which meeting a number came forward for prayer and anointing At the evening meeting, it was stated that a sister who had been deaf in one ear for many years had been healed by the Lord that afternoon Pastor Hulbert's message dealt particularly with the Lumb-like character of our Lord, and as he expounded thought after thought received from the Lord, the hearts of the congregation were truly blessed and uplifted

Mr Mullan came along again on the Tuesday evening, this time bringing with him some interesting articles from the Belgian Congo, and all eyes were indeed opened to the need of a powerful Gospel out there in dark Africa as they heard of the demon power and superstition which binds the poor natives On Wednesday evening Mr Mullan was again with us, together with Pastor Kitching, and on Thursday the last meeting of the Convention at East Ham, Pastor Hulbert delivered another powerful message full of blessing which was followed by Pastor George Kingston's inspiring address

## SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Letchworth (Miss D Phillips) The seventh annual Convention at Letchworth Garden City was eagerly looked forward to, as all previous conventions have been These meetings have become endeared to the hearts of the local Elim followers, because of their wonderful inspiration Others outside the town also make Whitsuntide the time for a visit, for they too are drawn as if by a magnet to the place where the fire burns Pastors W A Nolan, Pastor B J Russell, Mrs Stoneham, and Miss G Waymouth (from the Transvaal) were the speakers The presence of the Lord was wonderfully felt at all the meetings It is difficult to single out any one meeting as being better than others, for with such varied subjects as Divine healing, missionary work, and Sunday school work, in addition to the many messages on the Word, there was a feast for everyone We believe that a really definite work of grace was accomplished in the lives of many believers Eternity will shew the results

## BAPTISED IN A STREAM.

Boscastle (Pastor A Robins) We have received the following press cutting.

"At Lesnewth, Boscastle on Thursday afternoon, last week, nine brethren, who were members of the Foursquare Gospel Church, Launceston, were publicly baptised in a stream appropriately called 'The Jordan' The service opened with the singing of a hymn, then Brother F Dawe led in prayer.

"Pastor Alfred Robins then gave an address, explaining the scripturalness of the proceedings Each candidate gave a testimony to salvation, and stepping down into the water was immersed by the Pastor Two of the sisters who were baptised were 74 and 65 years of age respectively"



An Lastbourne "Spring-cleaning Band" photographed with Pastor J R Moore after putting the finishing touches to the work of spring cleaning the Elim Tabernacle

## BAPTISMS AT SALISBURY.

Salisbury (Pastor H O Bale) The following is from the local press

"The City Hall in Scots Lane, now known as the Elim Tabernacle, was the scene on Sunday evening of the first

baptismal service in connection with the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance in Salisbury. The hall was well filled, and Pastor H. O. Bale conducted the service, assisted by his wife. In his address he spoke of the history and value of baptism. At the platform end of the building was the baptismal tank, picturesquely surrounded by a rockery containing plants and flowers. Fourteen persons were immersed by the Pastor, eight men and six women, all wearing white clothes,

while the Pastor wore a black robe. As each person came up out of the water an appropriate chorus was sung. Mr. A. F. J. Ridout was at the piano, and a small orchestra also accompanied the singing.

"The Pastor said the work in Salisbury was growing steadily. He asked if any others were prepared to be baptised, and about a score held up their hands. These will be received at the next baptismal service."

READING: II. Kings xiii, 14-25.  
Sunday, July 13th, 1930.

## Sunday School Lesson By Pastor P. N. CORRY

MEMORY TEXT: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—Rom. viii. 37.

### PERILS OF HALF-HEARTEDNESS

#### TEACHER'S NOTES.

When serving as an apprentice to my trade, one of the senior buyers of the firm was always repeating one piece of advice: "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." His strongest condemnation for any boy who worked under him was "never sweat," and as a result everybody worked well with Bickerstaff, because he worked so thoroughly himself.

It is the same at school or at play, at sports or in any walk of life—people like to see boys and girls doing whatever work they have on hand wholeheartedly. The flabby, halfhearted fellow who, as C. H. Spurgeon said slips into the world, through the world, and out of the world like a bar of soap, is not the one to right wrongs, take any definite stand for righteousness, or remain firm when others slip away.

In the talk to-day you have such a character to deal with, and at the very start of the lesson it would be well to get from the children themselves what sort of a character they like best—the boy who is half-hearted, or the one who throws himself into the game or the competition with all his heart.

**Joash, the grandson of Ahab,** in his time of need and distress, seeks to the prophet of the Lord, who is lying at the point of death. He weeps and mourns that one who has been the bringer of so many victories was about to leave the staves of his earthly labours, and bequeath the helm of state to the trembling fingers of a king without much strength of character. Syria, the strong foe of the ten northern tribes, was gaining strength, and the king knew that before long the roving bands from Damascus would again be sweeping down upon the kingdom of Israel. In the far north of Palestine, above the lake of Galilee, and near the source of the Jordan, is a small lake called the Waters of Merom (Joshua xi 5, 7), and Aphek is to be found on the hills that guard the natural entrance into Israel. It was on the highway from Damascus, and years before, the Lord had given Israel a great victory over Syria at this place (I Kings xx 26-30). After the King of Israel had opened the window and shot the arrow to the east, the prophet promises a victory such as the last one at Aphek, and in the same place (II Kings xiii 17), but the fulness of the victory depended upon the wholeheartedness of the king. "Smite the arrows on the

ground," was the order, but in a halfhearted way the king only smote them three times, and then stayed his hand.

There was no zeal in his desire for victory, and the prophet's last words told him of his failure, and of the partial victory that should be the fruit of it. The last verses of the chapter tell of the fulfilment of this prophecy, but it is left to the following chapters to shew us that Joash could be zealous when fighting Judah, and one wonders if there was any real desire for a great victory in the heart of the king when the prophet spoke of destroying Syria. Halfheartedness was his character when fighting common foes, but extreme bitterness when fighting brethren.

The race of such fighters still exists in too many of the churches of Christ to-day. They bite and devour one another, but seldom accomplish much against the real forces of evil. The Lord Jesus Christ has died for us and is risen again, that we may be

#### More than Conquerors

(Rom viii 37) through Him. Against all the power of the enemy He has provided us with armour fit for the battle, and we know that in His strength we are well able to overcome (Ephesians vi). Romans viii tells us what forces are on our side. God is for us (verse 31) and surely such knowledge should make the weakest strong. The Lord Jesus has been delivered up for us (verse 32), and is now on the throne making intercession for us (verse 34), and what is more, the Holy Spirit maketh intercession for us (verse 26) with groanings which cannot be uttered. All that God in His True Being can do for us has been done or is being done at this moment, and by grace alone it is gloriously possible for every boy and girl in Sunday school and out of it to know not only His keeping power but His overcoming power. When wherein does failure come, and why? It is because there is lukewarmness. The only way of victory is for Christ to have full sway in heart and life, and for us to be willing to yield ourselves as servants to righteousness unto holiness. Then there is triumphant victory and no defeat.

Let us see to it that we are not of the following of Joash, halfhearted in fighting Syrians, yet full of zeal when it comes to fighting brothers. Rather, with our faces to the foes of purity, righteousness and God, let us be wholehearted for God, and prove the glory of His strength making us more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

## Children's Bible Educator

Commencing this week we will tell you the first letter of each name, so that every child can go in for a prize.

No. 1 commences with N; No. 2 with A; No. 3, G; No. 4, T; No. 5, P; and No. 6, C.

Each diagram represents the name of a person or place mentioned in the Bible. Children under fifteen years of age are asked to draw similar spaces on the back of a postcard and write in the names, making sure that spelling is correct. Put your name and address on and send in your answers as soon as possible to "Children's Bible Educator," Elim Publishing Co., Ltd., Park Crescent Clapham Park, London, S.W.4.

Answers to June 20th puzzle: Matthias, Nile, Jesse, Hoshua, Levi, Jael.

NOTE.—All answers should be posted by Saturday to the above office so as to arrive not later than Monday morning, July 7th.



# The Family Altar

Being the Scripture Union Daily Portions, with Meditations by Principal PERCY G PARKER

**Sunday, July 6th.** Genesis xlv 18-34

"Let thy servant abide instead of the lad" (verse 33)

Substitution! Judah for Benjamin Benjamin was condemned—Judah was free But Judah said, "Let me be condemned—let Benjamin free" There is a greater Judah—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Christ Himself There is a multiplicity of Benjamins We are the Benjamins We were condemned We were under judgment But Christ came forth He was condemned—now we are free At the Lord's Table we celebrate our freedom The bread and the wine speak of the life given—the blood shed We are in danger of getting accustomed to freedom We take our freedom as a matter of course It inspires us to no special praise Even salvation can lose its freshness But to-day our worship shall not be formal—it shall be fresh We will remember! We will remember our Judah who said, "Let thy servant die instead of the lad, the girl, the man, the woman" He died for me! Blessed thought! Blessed freshness! Blessed worship! Let us so dwell under the shadow of Calvary that the winds of the Spirit may freshen our spiritual lives as the cool winds of the autumn freshen our natural lives—after the sultry drought of summer

**Monday, July 7th** Genesis xlv 1-15

"And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren" (verse 1).

It was so with our Lord after His resurrection When Joseph revealed himself to his brethren, as one that was alive from the dead, he desired to be only in the presence of his brethren Strangers were shut out—they wouldn't understand When the Lord revealed Himself to the upper room company there were no strangers present—no Judas, no Pilate, no Caiaphas There are times when we do not mind the presence of strangers There are other times when we desire them not When the sailor husband meets his patient wife after months of long separation he does not want anybody else present There are meetings when we want to be alone We want to express our love without the curious gaze of others We are a little self-conscious, a little formal when others are present The best way to walk with the Lord in the midst of strangers is first of all to meet Him away from strangers When we meet Him in the air there will be no strangers present Let us frequently meet Him thus down here on earth

**Tuesday, July 8th.** Genesis xlv 16-28

"Joseph gave them wagons" (verse 21)

Why? Because they had a long journey and the load was heavy Thank God for wagons God never calls us to take a journey for Him without supplying the wagons The wagons that God supplies will carry us uphill as well as downhill, Wagons of grace meet us at every crisis on life's road Travel a journey in selfwill, and there will be no wagons Travel a journey in God's will, and the wagons are always there Has the Lord called you to be a missionary? The wagons will be ready when the time arrives for you to go forth Has the Lord called you to build a church or mission hall for Him? The wagons of finance will be there all right when His time arrives Has the Lord called you to train five or six children for Him? The wagons of strength and provision will be there all right When men ask us to do things they frequently forget the wagons God never forgets the wagons

**Wednesday, July 9th.** Genesis xlv 1-7, 28-34

"I will go down with thee into Egypt" (verse 4)

Jacob did not feel attracted to Egypt True, his sin was there and provision was there—but Egypt—well, it was a dangerous place to be in But Egypt lost its terror when God said "I will go down with thee into Egypt" Does the reader work in an Egypt—an Egypt of worldliness? That factory is a godless Egypt That shop is full of Egyptian deceit That house is peopled with Egyptian pleasure lovers That shop—that town—that market, all remind you of Egypt You shrink from going You would far rather keep away from such surroundings But God wants witnesses in the midst of Egypt's sin and sorrow Witnesses don't witness among other witnesses. True witnesses witness where there

is no other witness God wants witnesses in Egypt You hesitate but listen, "I will go down with thee into Egypt" That makes all the difference, doesn't it? Then fear not if God calls you to witness in Egypt His presence will surely be with you as you witness

**Thursday, July 10th.** Genesis xlvii 1-14

"What is your occupation?" (verse 3)

Dear reader, what is your occupation? Consider your Bible companions and witnesses, and get blessing from their lives Are you a shepherd?—Moses was a shepherd Are you a carpenter?—your Lord was a carpenter Are you a collector from house to house?—Matthew was a taxgatherer Are you a doctor, a herbalist, a nurse?—Luke was a physician Are you a fisherman?—so was Peter Are you a baker?—a little laddie who supplied five loaves to the Master was a baker's errand boy Are you a worker in some government position?—Daniel was a statesman Are you a clerk?—Ezra was a scribe Are you a lamplighter?—Aaron trimmed the lamps Are you a bill-attendant?—Samuel was a door-keeper Are you a dressmaker?—so was the virtuous woman of Proverbs xxxi 21, 22 Are you a commercial traveller?—so was Lydia Are you a tentmaker?—so was Paul Are you a farmer?—so was Elisha Are you a stayer at home?—so was Martha While working with your hands, glorify God in your trade

**Friday, July 11th.** Genesis xlvii 15-31

"Give us bread money faileth" (verse 15)

Sad is the position of one who trusts in money His money may take unto itself wings and fly away, or his money may fail to obtain that which he desires Simon Magus wished to buy the Holy Ghost with money—but money failed The bread of God cannot be obtained with the money of earth Salvation is without money and without price Healing is without money and without price Daily victory over sin is without money and without price God does not sell—He gives The poorest in the wealth of earth can be the richest in the gifts of heaven Earth's wealth does not buy heaven's wealth That wealth is for those who cry "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy Cross I cling" The poor can look around, and say, "Money faileth," but being rich in faith, they can unhesitatingly look up and add, "Give us bread" Natural bread and spiritual bread are held in the hands of God He always gives when there is humility to ask and faith to receive

**Saturday, July 12th** Genesis xlviii 1-11

"I had not thought to see thy face, and, lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed" (verse 11)

It was a bright eventide for Jacob A bright eventide! Have you ever longed for such? If you are spared, tell me, do you not want your eventide to be bright? I think you do I long for a bright eventide I want my closing years to be brighter and better than the morning and noontide years of my life But how shall we get a bright eventide at the end of life's day? I reply—by getting a bright eventide at the end of each twenty-four hours' day Let each day of twenty-four hours end in a bright eventide—and life's eventide will surely be bright Let each eventide find us right with God Let not the sun go down upon our wrath our waywardness, our faithlessness At each day's close, let us consider the day's journey Let us ask for the removal of every earth-born cloud that has risen Let us pillow our heads each night on the forgiveness of God Then in the eventide of life we shall be conscious that as the sun of natural life is setting, the sun of eternal life is rising It will come to pass that at eventide it will be light

There are critical times of danger After great services, honours and consolations, we should stand upon our guard Noah, Lot, David, and Solomon, fell in these circumstances Satan is a footpad; a footpad does not attack a man going to the bank, but when he is returning with his pockets full of money

# Questions and Answers

*In a Band of Hope questions were given on subjects from Scripture. Scripture prizes were given for the best answers. Is there anything in Scripture to condemn such prize-giving?*

We do not know of any Scripture that condemns the method of giving prizes to children. To give a child words of commendation is praise in speech. To give a child a book expressing commendation is praise in action. If words of encouragement are not wrong, why should a prize of encouragement be wrong? Methods are justified or otherwise by their fruits. We do not know of any case where a child has been

morally or spiritually hurt by receiving a prize. But we do know of many cases where children have been morally and spiritually blessed by the activities stirred up within them in their efforts to gain a prize.

*In reading Matthew xiii. 58, does it mean that Christ could not heal because of the people's unbelief, or because of the unbelief of the ones desiring healing?*

The passage seems clearly to imply that the reason why the Lord did not many mighty works there was because of the general unbelief of the many, but that He did some mighty works because of the individual faith of the few.

## My Responsibility Rested at the Cross

By a Student of Scripture

**A** MAN sits down to think. He rarely has time to think. The wheels of time hurry round. Day follows day, and night follows night, and so he whirls along, without time to think. He rises to have a quickly partaken meal before work, but how can he find leisure for thinking then? When the day's work is done, he wants his pleasure. He must have that, even though there be no time to think. And the majority speed thus along life's journey. They will have their cinema or their dance, their football or their fashions,—but there is no time for realities. There is other drunkenness than with wine, and a master of deceit is lulling men to sleep, that they may not have time to ponder their need.

But, last of all, a man sits down to think. He looks at his life, and asks, "What do I really possess?" Pleasures can only become a memory, and pain can more than blot them out. Riches can only be held a brief time, they make to themselves wings, and, in any case, they are not possessed in death. Men can build a house to stand, but cannot lengthen their own lives as they would. Death baffles them. They have no freehold to-morrow is uncertain. What do I possess? And what am I, the possessor?

Is this life all?—This life with its uncertainties and vanities? Am I only a child of a few days, to seek bubbles that break as soon as their beauty is admired? Am I living for nothing more? I want something real, something precious, something permanent—ah, more than some thing! Some One.

The thinking goes on. I cannot have yesterday again. I cannot recall one action. The foolish word that sped its way had some effect on one or two who heard it, and their after words and actions were, in measure, changed, and this change became, in time, a factor in a hundred other lives, and thus the ball set rolling cannot be stopped. I may call the effect slight, but that is only a question of degree. The ripples from the stone cast into the water become wider. I cannot be blind to this. I cannot call back the effects of one action. And one foolish word is not my only sin. An angry deed comes up in view. It provoked another's anger, and habits were influenced thereby. Possibly I had more to do with war than I thought I had. The results of one sin are incalculable.

The thinking goes on. Perhaps I am over-estimating but, no. An epidemic may be started by one case. How gladly are the thoughts that spring up. Responsibility is a solemn thought.

And you cannot quarantine sin. Oh, the responsibility of influence. And yet I cannot resign it. I am in despair. And if there is One who totals up my share in all the sins of others, I have no hope in His judgment. And there is One.

The thinking goes on! An awful sense of need becomes greater, and greater. What about omissions?

Their effect upon others is more than I can tell. It is only begging the question to say, "They are responsible for themselves." If I set a place on fire, I am responsible, and not only so, if the effects do not take place I am just as guilty. I have no escape. Thinking over realities is too much for me. What can I do?

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Timothy 1:15). Whence come these words, more than passing strange? I need Someone to deal with my desperate case. Can it be I have found that "Someone" here? My burden is an agonising sense of responsibility which I have never had before. If I could live a spotless life from to-day, the awful thought that I have already an investment in myriads of others' sins, still bearing interest, would appal. If one issues an unfidel book, and becomes a Christian, how he grieves over the work of evil still going on, even though he recalls the book. Memories and secondhand copies exist. And all my actions are of the same character. Responsibility, and a partnership in the guilt of untold millions, can only crush a man who has time to think,—until he is brought to the precious Saviour who, knowing the whole case, has met the whole need. None but God could apportion my share in others' sins none but God could judge me, and trace my guilt to its tenth generation, and more. But—oh the music of the Gospel—He has done this and laid my iniquity on my Saviour (Isaiah liii:6). The debt was exacted, and Himself answered,—answered for me. And mingled love and righteousness shine forth in the words, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions" (Isaiah xlii:22). I could trust no one else,—no one but my Judge Himself. But He is the very One who has paid the full penalty, and now welcomes me with a heart of love. I understand now why none but the Mighty God could come to deal with my case, and feel, beyond measure, the holy solemnity of the words, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The burden of my sins has been borne, every claim has been met, and now I want to live for Him to have time to think of His love, and to please Him, day by day. Riches—ah, there are riches in Christ, never to pass away. Pleasures—they, too, are to be found in Christ, and pleasures for ever!

Dear reader, is this Saviour yours, or are you still under the load of a terrible responsibility before God's throne, from which there will be no escape? Will you not heed this loving word of warning, and stop and think ere it is too late,—except to awake in dark despair! A living Saviour still welcomes. There is the open door of mercy, and, "Behold, now is the acceptable time, behold, now is the day of salvation" (II. Cor. vi:2). "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from every sin" (I John 1:7). Thanks be unto God for such a Gospel!

# Classified Advertisements

## REVISED RATES.

30 words (minimum) 2/6 per insertion and 1d. for every additional word Three consecutive insertions for the price of two Box numbers 6d. per insertion extra.

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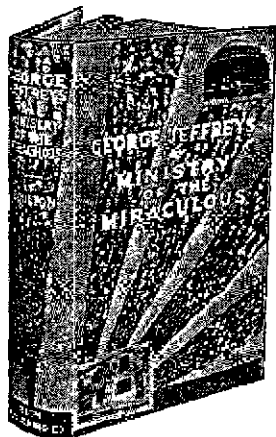
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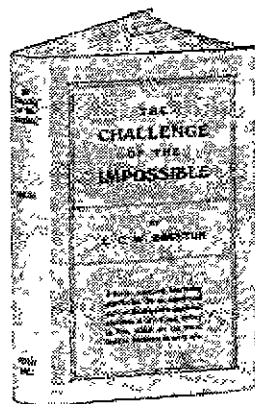
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