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AND THEY CAME TO ELIM
WHERE WERE TWELVE
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THREESCORE AND TEN
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TWOPENCE.

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with which is incorporated
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Editors { E. WOODROFFE HARE, B.A.
ERNEST J PHILLIPS.

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Christmas Conventions.

*" I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and
praise, with a multitude that kept holyday."*—Psalm xlii, 4

It is Christmastime! Only yesterday the bells have been chiming
out their sweet messages of peace, and thousands of saints all over the
world have found themselves gazing in silent rapture at
"The sweetest babe the world has seen."

In the little seaside town where we are stationed a small company
has gathered on Christmas morning for a Service of prayer and praise.
It is an open meeting this morning, and each one is asked to contribute
his or her quota of praise or testimony or prayer. But before we begin
the Service let us take a look round. What a strange little building
it is, to be sure! A veritable Upper Room, approached from the street
by a flight of steps and, at the head of the stairs, a doorway covered
with a green baize curtain, and behind the curtain—Ah! thereby
hangs a tale, and we almost hesitate to tell you, dear reader, what lies
behind, but it is all right, anyhow, for the doorway is blocked up now,
and there is no exit or entrance that way. Only sometimes the aroma
which finds its way through the boards tells all too plainly the truth
that there is a public-house next door. But the little hall, after doing
service as a cinema, a dance hall and auction room, could testify, like
many a one who gathers there, that all things have now become new.
A bright fire is burning in the stove, and bunches of red-berried holly
are tied here and there, while the texts are draped with greenery.
Fronds of ivy are hanging gracefully around that lovely text that adorns
the front of the platform, setting forth its message "I am the Lord
that healeth thee," in more than usual beauty.

But we must begin the meeting, for the people have gathered now.
We mount the platform and have just risen from our knees, when a
sister approaches and, with a word of greeting, hands us a motto-card
with one word standing out in bold letters. "Coming" She requests that
a similar one should be hung on the front of the platform, and we gladly
acquiesce. There it hangs, and all who come in are reminded that He
who came "as a little child to earth, long ago," will doubtless return
one long for His people.

Our hearts are strangely stirred as we begin to sing. Memories of
past Christmasses remind us that all the way He has led has been good.

Presently we rise to our feet, while the song peals forth.

“O come let us adore Him.

Christ the Lord”

Listen to them singing! How lovely it is! There is no trained choir to lead the music, and yet the strains are floating up to Heaven itself, for the Holy Ghost is inspiring us to adore Him, who stands in our midst, and our hearts are bursting with praise.

It is an open meeting, but we have, nevertheless, a little plan in our minds as to how things will turn out! The saints are seated now, and we are about to read a Christmas portion—but no! that song of praise can not be silenced yet. Again and again it bursts forth:

“Jesus we do adore Thee,

Christ our Lord.”

It is no good, we shall have to leave the Christmas portion for the Holy Spirit is leading on to worship, and “how can we help but adore Him whom everybody should know.” Such praises! Such prayers! And then hark! the Lord is speaking through the Gifts of the Spirit, and our hearts say “Yes, Lord,” as we hear Him calling us on to a deeper, fuller life in Himself. What a blessed time of the presence of God it is! And in the midst of all the Christmas joy we can see the tear-drops glistening in several eyes, as the memory of His great goodness melts our hearts once again.

But we must hasten on and leave our seaside town with all the hallowed memories of yesterday, and hasten to the scene of the Convention in the city. The world is keeping its Christmas to-day, and so are the Christians, but in what diverse ways! Before long we are in the tram and steaming off to Belfast. It is cold and there is a drizzling rain falling when we reach our destination, but it won't be long now before we are in the Tabernacle where the first of the three Conventions is held.

While we have been in our little Upper Room the Convention has already been running for two days. On Saturday night the people had met for a prayer meeting before going out for a rousing open-air Service in a busy thoroughfare. This was cut short by the rain, but not before the precious seed had been sown in many a sinful heart. Then on Sunday there was a wonderful time of heavenly worship, lasting nearly two hours, when the Bread and Wine were passed round. The first address of the Convention was a call to patient, energetic running the great Christian race, and the listeners were stirred to a more entire and whole-hearted consecration to the great Forerunner. Then there was the night meeting, when Mr. Leech had declared that he was a “bigot,” and encouraged others to be so too. He explained that a bigot was one who held tenaciously to what he believed to be right. Amidst a chorus of hearty “Amens” he urged everyone to be bigots for Salvation, Divine Healing, and the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. But we must return to the Monday morning, when we made our way to the Tabernacle.

The meeting is already in progress, so we slip quietly in at the back of the church. On one platform a brother is speaking earnestly on the subject of “The Three Samaritan Revivals.” The building is nicely filled, and the people are drinking in the Word. It is just a few minutes before we can throw ourselves into the meeting, for we are feeling a little bit “Mondayish” after the Christmas Services of yesterday. But presently we are following Philip to Samaria, and noting with interest the features of the third Revival, when suddenly a peal of laughter breaks out all over the congregation. An elderly brother by our side whispers that he has missed that one. We try to whisper it back to him, but without much success. But what was it that the speaker said? He was talking about Simon Magus, how he believed and was baptised, and how he had stood spell-bound, watching the Apostles lay hands on the Converts that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and when he saw that by the laying on of the Apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given,

he offered them money. Then the speaker began querying what it was that he saw. Most of us think we know, for we humbly claim to have received the Holy Ghost, as at the beginning—and then he made this statement. "I tell you, friends, Simon wouldn't have given a ha'penny for all that he might see of the power of the Holy Ghost in most of our churches to-day."

But you need not think that the service was spent in laughter. Far from it. In the midst was surely to be felt the presence of the Lord Himself, and saints were edified and love burned brighter for the One whom the Ethiopian eunuch received on the desert road that day.

The Service is over now, and soon we are gripping the hand of many a dear one whom we had not seen for months, until literally we have to request a gentle hand-shake, for someone has gripped with such warmth that our hand feels powerless to respond. Praise God for a hearty handshake! We feel the love of Christ behind it. But now comes a strenuous time for the members of the Elim Band.

Throughout the past months of the year we have received kindness upon kindness from these dear people, far and near, in the north of Ireland, and it is our turn now. An announcement has been made that refreshments will be provided for all friends from a distance who care to stay. Already the brother who has a reputation for "labours more abundant" has been attending to the boiling of several huge kettles of water, while some of the sisters have been spreading quantities of bread and butter. A table full of cups and saucers, a great can of milk, a large bag of sugar, and a tea urn form the rest of the preparation, and then the rush begins! Different members of the Band station themselves at chosen posts, and it is all we can do to keep up with the demand. Scores of men "besides women and children" are served, and still they are coming for more tea when suddenly there comes a lull in the proceedings. The supply of cups has run out, and now we are forced to rest for a few minutes. Everyone seems so happy for we are all trying to do something for somebody else, and the fellowship over a cup of tea seems heavenly. Sisters who have to stand the taunts of unsympathetic members of their family are now enjoying a peaceful meal, where they can talk freely about the Lord and His work.

But the empty cups are coming in now. "No, I won't have another cup, thank you," we can hear several saying, while all the time they would have liked a second one, but they are thinking of the ones still waiting patiently for their first cup, and so they refrain. Look! there is a brother with coat off and sleeves rolled up, bending over a big bath of water, while another stands beside with cloth in hand. There is no time to be lost, and the cups fairly flash in and out of the bath, and are very soon dried and filled with tea again. And so the work goes on, and everyone seems happily busy, till at last all are supplied, and the workers sit down for a hasty cup.

The next meeting will not be long now. Just time for a little fresh air, and then back again to the minor hall for a short time of prayer before the afternoon Service. It is a special baptismal Service this afternoon, and that always means extra work. The water is already running into the large baptistry, and the minor hall is curtained off, ready for the candidates. There are fifty-nine of them, so we must not spend too long on preliminaries. A hymn is sung, and there is a short time of prayer, and soon a brother is speaking on the subject of water-baptism. The word is clear and convincing and, at the same time comforting for the candidates. In the course of his talk, the speaker made reference to an old man whom he had met in his travels, who was fighting the question of immersion. In the meeting which he (the speaker) was taking they began to sing quietly:

"Where he leads me I will follow."

Over and over again they sang, but very soon the old man found he could not sing. There was a lump in his throat. Supposing the Lord were really asking him to follow through the baptismal waters, what

then? The struggle in that heart was fierce but decisive, and the old man soon found his way to the speaker and demanded immersion without delay. After relating this incident the speaker turned to his congregation in the Elm Tabernacle, and said: "Never again sing 'Where He leads me I will follow' unless you are willing to go through the waters of baptism."

The address is now over and, after a little singing, one by one the candidates rise before a crowded audience and declare their faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. The testimonies are varied. Many are in from country missions and assemblies, and they tell of how the Lord met and saved them; some, years ago; some, only weeks before. It is glorious to hear them! First the sisters and then the brothers, until at last they are at an end, and a chorus is being sung heartily, when there is a slight interruption. Someone is drawing attention to a bright-faced young man who has not been noticed. "There is one more," we hear, and soon the brother has given a brief word of testimony. "When did you decide to go through?" asks the Pastor, and amidst the praises of many voices the answer is soon returned. "During the address."

Now all is ready for the ceremony to begin. It is a solemn time for the candidates, and yet a glad occasion, and many a face is radiant as they thus identify themselves with their Lord. As each one stands in the water, and just before they are immersed a promise from the Word of God is read out to them, and then in clear, reassuring tones we hear the words: "Upon the confession of thy faith I baptise thee, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen", and they pass beneath the waters to ascend again in a moment for a walk "in newness of life."

Now all the sisters are through, and then the brothers begin. There they sit looking so full of buoyant life and hope—such rare promise for the Master! till finally the last one descends the steps, and then the ceremony is over. For a moment we see the Pastor, looking remarkably fresh after such an undertaking, standing on the top step of the baptistry, asking for volunteers for the next occasion. Several raise their hands in token of their willingness to obey the Lord in this matter as soon as possible, and then the Service is closed.

Behind the scenes the work begins in earnest then. The minor hall has to be cleared as quickly as possible for tea, and this is no small job. The place is swamped with water. Wet towels, damp clothes, and soaking gowns lie here and there, and the place is the picture of disorder. Shall we ever get it presentable again? Oh, yes, there are willing hands at work already. Soon the curtain can be drawn, and someone is moving forms and chairs, while another follows quickly with a brush. Outside one or two are working away with a mangle, and the water is wringing out of the gowns. In less time than one would have thought possible the place is cleared, and tea preparations have begun. Soon someone has struck up a song of thanks, and then the rush, the washing of crockery, and the general supplying of needs, until it is time for the night meeting.

We are a little bit worried this time for this is *the day* of the Belfast Convention, and to-night is a missionary meeting. Many have been looking forward to it, many have been praying for it, and not a few have been sacrificing for it. So it is a great occasion in every way. Have we not two honoured missionaries in our midst, fresh from the horrors of heathendom? And then, even more important, there is our dear sister, loved by all, who is to be our representative on that very field from which the missionaries have come.

The Service begins and soon we feel the missionary spirit in our midst. There they sit on the platform—Brother and Sister Burton—and we know there is to be a wonderful story of God's loving dealings with them. Miss Burton speaks first, tells of her clear call to the Congo, and of the wonderful and unexpected way in which God had

planned for her to go. She is so calm and peaceful that one could not imagine she had been through any great task for God, but the light of heaven illumines her face as she proceeds, and though they are both so silent about their sufferings for the Master, we happen to know a little of what it has meant to them. But, like them, we leave that side with Him who is not unmindful to forget, and we journey in thought to dark Congo with these devoted missionaries, and seem to understand just a little of what it must mean to those benighted souls to be visited by such messengers of the Cross.

But her address is over now and, without further announcement, Mr. Burton rises, stands by her side, and together they sing a little hymn. The tune is familiar but the words we do not understand, however, we can picture to ourselves the delight of the natives as they hear these dear old hymns sung in their own Luban tongue.

Time would altogether forbid a detailed account of the address that followed. Oh, that dark, sad picture of what sin has brought into the world! A land where Satan reigns, and immorality abounds, where might is right and weakness is despised—all this and more is the vision he brings before us. Then we leave the gloomy side and contemplate the sun rising, how the light came to Lubaland, and what God hath wrought. The story defies reproduction, so we will not attempt it, but a dramatic moment arrives when Brother Burton, describing the immense work which can be done by any Spirit-filled woman out there among her down-trodden sisters, suddenly requests Miss Henderson to rise, and asks that the congregation will all take her on their hearts.

We shall not soon forget that Service! There was a deep impression made, and we believe God will yet open the way for others to go forth at His bidding. At the close of the address an offering is taken up towards our Sisters' heavy expenses. The times are bad, and many are finding it hard enough to make ends meet, but without any further ado they poured out £77 to speed our sister on her way. Many are giving until they feel it, we know. God bless them! Thus ends the most memorable day of the Belfast Convention, and who can tell the ultimate issues?

It would be quite out of the question to attempt a description of the remaining two days of this Convention. Those who were present at the Services can unitedly praise God for sending dear Brother Burton amongst us. How we loved to sit under his ministry, as he took up one subject after another and thrashed it out in a way that was lucid and interesting, and, at the same time, inspiring. Difficult subjects, too, such as the question of guidance in the Christian life, and the study of the Scriptures! We shall not attempt to eulogise his ministry for we know that he himself would love above all that the Lord should be magnified, but we do wish to say that he took us step by step with the Word of God, ever making it the final authority, and drawing out our love for the Old Book. We hope in subsequent numbers to give our readers a chance of sharing some of these good things with us.

Thus we pass those happy days until, on the last night of the Convention, we gather to hear an address on the Hereafter. It is a fearful subject to take for the closing meeting, but in these days when every wind of doctrine is beating up against the Church of Christ, it is well to have clearness of conviction on such a matter. The Service begins at eight o'clock to-night, so the time allowed for speaking is somewhat limited, but after taking through the Scriptures on this topic we cannot fail to have a clearer grasp of the awful future that awaits the impenitent. On speaking to a sister, after the meeting, we remark that it seems rather a pity that the Convention should end with such a sad subject, but she quickly replies, "Oh, do you think so? It only makes me praise God the more when I see what we have been delivered from"; and we are reminded of the glad thankfulness expressed on so many faces as we sprang to our feet at the close of the address, and

sang the favourite hymn of the Convention.

“ When in His beauty my Saviour I see,
When I shall look on His face,
Tongue cannot tell of the joy it will be,
Saved by His wonderful Grace.”

Ballymena.

We found it hard to finish that Belfast Convention, and though Wednesday was the proper day to close, Services were held on Thursday and Friday, and we do praise God for news of souls saved and of saints filled with the Holy Ghost during these and the earlier days. But at last we have to separate—some going to their Assemblies for the week-end, and some to Ballymena for the opening of the Convention there. Again we return to our seaside Assembly for New Year Services. Memorable days, fraught with blessing, we trust, to those who gathered with us. But we must get up to Ballymena, if only for a day, so Monday morning sees another early start, and we are soon speeding northward from Belfast, and arrive at Ballymena in good time for the morning meeting. The Protestant Hall, a spacious building, has been booked for the Convention, but the morning and afternoon Services are held in the new Elm Hall. Once again there are the greetings, as warm as ever, from the dear Ballymena people, and then the Service begins.

We are favoured by the visit of Mr. Kingston, father of one of our valued workers, who has come all the way from Leigh-on-Sea for these meetings. There is a spirit of freedom in the meeting, surely the result of the presence of the Holy Spirit Himself. Praise is followed by prayer, and soon Mr. Kingston is speaking. We turn to the 3rd Chapter of II Kings, and presently he is warning us against unholy alliances telling us how the Cross came his way when he began to stand for the Truth we all love so dearly, and going on to say that he gloried in it. Touching the Irish Pentecostal work, he remarked that he found the same sweet fellowship among Pentecostal saints wherever he met them—the link which is so indescribable and yet so real, and which those outside the movement know so little of. And then he led us on to rejoice once more in the wondrous grace of God who worked for His people in spite of their sin. We saw once again the ditches digged in the valley, and the pure water streaming into them and overflowing all the land around—enough and to spare—and we almost caught a vision of the “roseate hues of early dawn” reflected in this new-formed lake which brought about the final defeat of the enemy. It was inspiring, and we love to sit at the feet of one who is obviously more mature in his experience than our usual youthful speakers.

The afternoon saw us gathered again for another time of fellowship, and this time we are cheered by a word from a dear brother from Scotland. Two years ago he had come across for the Belfast Convention, and had returned home filled with the Holy Ghost, to declare what great things God had done for him. We are glad to see him again though he looks somewhat wearied with the strain of life's toils added to the ready service for the Master. He tells us he has come over for a rest, but he knows that he will get a blessing in seeking to bless others, and we believe we all had a blessing that afternoon. Another speaker followed, and then we adjourn till the night meeting.

This time the Service is in the large Protestant Hall. It is to begin at eight o'clock, and before long hundreds of people are packing the place. We gaze down upon a huge audience, and look across to see a fine-filled gallery, too. It is an inspiring sight! Such crowds to hear the Old Gospel, and the story of God's wonderful love to a single soul, for there is to be a double event to-night. After singing and prayer, Mr. Leech rises, and the audience listens with close attention as he

extols the Cross of Christ, unmasking the subtle attempt on the part of many modern teachers to deprive the Gospel of the Blood, and declares Calvary to be the centre and ground of the Faith. Praise God for staunch adherence to the Truth in these days of apostasy.

Then follows a story the equal of which the Ballymena people have never listened to. Let us look for a moment at the speaker. There she stands, aristocratic to be sure, but withal a simple, fresh-looking Russian girl. Who would have dreamt that she had been through such scenes! She is with us to-night as a miracle of God's redeeming and delivering love and power. It is a marvellous story. The people sit spell-bound. It is as dramatically startling as any novel could be, but its reality makes it infinitely more impressive; and intertwined with the whole gruesome account of escape from the horrors of revolution there is the narration of God's saving grace in a story more arresting than we ever expect to hear down here. The hour is late when the speaker stops. A deep impression has been made, and in a few moments the meeting has ended and, with it, the second Convention, while close on a thousand people troop out into the night with a vision of Eternity stamped upon their hearts.

Lurgan.

There is only a day's interval this time between Ballymena and the last Convention. We have just time to rush back to our own Assembly for the Tuesday prayer meeting, and then off again next morning for Lurgan. Somehow there are extra expectations for this Convention. It is the first for Lurgan, for the work there is young but, praise God, it is strong also. A dear brother accompanies us to Belfast, and since we have some time to spare between the trains, we make our way to the Tabernacle, and together we have a little time over the Word, and in prayer.

It is over all too quickly, but we feel refreshed, for things have been moving rather quickly of late, and we cannot afford to lose our times of communion with the Lord. In a few minutes we make our way to the Great Northern Station where, to our surprise, we see such a number of familiar faces. One after the other we recognise them until there must be something like twenty people, nearly all members of the Evangelistic Band, off by the same train to take Lurgan by storm in the Name of the Lord. We are delighted to have the company, and very soon we are packing out two compartments. Most of us look a little weary with the exertions of the past days, but very soon the headaches are forgotten in the happy fellowship enjoyed as the train steams towards Lurgan. There are three strangers in our compartment, and we think they look a bit out of it, but presently two of them receive a Gospel leaflet, and before leaving each is spoken to about Eternal things. We trust we shall meet them in vonder land. Now we are only a few miles off Lurgan and we will make the train move faster by a burst of song

“Not the righteous, not the righteous
Sinners, Jesus came to save!”

we sing, and then the train stops at a station, and we continue:

“It is lovely! It is lovely!
All my sins are washed away.”

People pass the windows and gaze in with a curious expression on their faces of mingled interest and pity! But we sing on, all the more heartily, until the train moves again and presently halts at our destination.

This is Lurgan, a fan-sized market town with a good manufacturing population. The day is not too bright and the streets fearfully muddy as we trudge out of the station. Quite a party of us, with bags and cases and Bible-wallets—a queer-looking procession, no doubt! But we are happy all the same; we don't know where we are going to stay,

but we all make our way to the new Elm Hall, and deposit the baggage there. There a consultation is held. Many of the Assembly-members have opened their homes, and it just remains to arrange where each visitor is to go. Just how long that took we cannot say, for within about five minutes we are rushed into a children's meeting in a little room leading out of the main hall. We enter. The atmosphere is like the Black Hole of Calcutta, and we wish we could open that skylight, but it simply cannot be reached, so the only thing is to put ourselves into the hands of the Lord and go through with it. We have no prepared address, but we are looking to the Lord for a message, and meantime we will sing a few choruses. The children already know some, but we volunteer a few new ones, and finally teach them:

“Leave your home in Grumbling Street,
Come to Sunshine Square;
That's the place we all should meet,
All are happy there.”

They are delighted, but we must not spend all our time in singing for these are little hearts to be won for Jesus, and we will not lose the opportunity of sowing the seed. We pray while they stand for a moment in silence, and soon we have given out our text: “Ye are not your own for ye are bought with a price”; and then we follow with simple story to rivet in their hearts the message. Another chorus and a closing prayer, and we are out into the fresher air again, and, in another minute or two, off to our new lodgings with another brother. We long that some special blessing may rest upon this home. It is a humble home, but such kindness is shown us, a truly Irish home, too, so much so that we are a trifle embarrassed at the flattering remarks that are made about our appearance; but then, if the Lord will only use us here, we can afford to put up with a little of that.

Soon we are off to the first meeting in the Town Hall. It is a large building, and has been nicely decorated with texts. In the centre of the platform there hangs a large one with the words:

“The Lord is at Hand”

and often through the Convention the message of the soon-expected Advent is heralded forth. Together we assemble, as a band of workers, on the large platform, and look over the audience. It is quite evident that the Lord has been working in Lurgan, for we can see the faces of many lit up with the glory of God. It is grand! There is a lovely spirit in the meeting, and soon the Hallelujahs are hushed as we sit and listen to that moving message on Calvary. Was it ever so real before, and did we ever see it in clearer light? Hark! We can hear our sister speaking now as she quotes those much-loved lines, so in keeping with her subject:

“Was it the nails, O Saviour,
That bound Thee to the tree?
Nay, 'twas Thine everlasting love,
Thy love for me, for me.”

The message is delivered now, and in a short time the first meeting of the Convention is over, and the people are streaming home with many a resolve to cling closer to Jesus, while others would be awake that night and contemplate the Cross, under a deep conviction of their own sinfulness.

But how can we attempt to relate all the happenings of the Convention? Time absolutely forbids; but it was a precious season. We will skip over the next day and come into the Friday meeting together. Another huge crowd—larger than ever! And this time Pastor George Jeffreys is speaking. He is taking up the subject of the “Gift of Tongues,” for Lurgan has seen something of a Pentecostal revival, and there have been many adversaries. The saints must be established in the Truth, and gainsayers must be answered from the Word. It is a convincing message. There can surely be few out of that great crowd who could say in future that we were not on Scriptural lines. It was

a stirring moment when the speaker appealed to Bible-loving Ulstermen to stand true to the Old Book—cost what it might. There was a solemn note in the message, too, and as we sat and looked over that sea of faces we could not help feeling that there was a struggle going on in many a life. Brought face to face with the perfect Scripturalness of that which they had so vehemently opposed, what shall their next step be? Are they going to drop their opposition? And even so, can they remain neutral? No, they can hear a "still small voice," clearer than the speaker's accents, bidding them to be "filled with the Spirit." But the Cross looms large in that pathway. Is the cost too great? These and such-like questions are passing, we believe, through many a heart and mind. May God give them grace to follow His leadings.

Again we must curtail, and pick out one or two from the remaining meetings. There was a special missionary meeting on Saturday afternoon, and as we come together we remark several familiar faces from a distance. Friends have come from Portadown, some ten miles off, and others all the way from Armagh. It does us good to see them, and we know the Lord will not disappoint them. Soon the meeting begins. Our missionary-friends from the Congo have left us some days before. Brother Burton is even on the Atlantic, *en voyage* for America, while his wife gladly accepts the hard parting for Jesu's sake. We have two sisters speaking this afternoon. One is our soon-sailing missionary, Miss Henderson, and the other is Miss Pim, from Lisburn. Before long the meeting is in full swing, and we join in that sweet little chorus:

"Walking with Jesus, by His side I'll stay,

Walking with Jesus in the narrow way,

Travelling along together day by day,

I'm walking in the King's highway."

Over and over we sing it, and then the first speaker steps forward, and soon our minds are back with Ruth in Moab. We follow her to that parting-of-the-ways, when she once for all chooses to leave home and kindred and people, and comes to trust under the shadow of Jehovah's wings. We are reminded how "*They two*" went until they came to Bethlehem, and we know that when the Master calls us all to service, he ever adds His "Lo, I am with you always."

The first address is closed, and before long we are listening to an inspired message from Miss Henderson. We are moved. We know she will not be with us much longer, and yet she talks so simply of her dedication for dark Africa; of how God had accepted her, and at last brought her in sight of the goal. She does not assume a superior position because called to this privileged post, but tells us the Lord has a call for us all to serve Him. Are we going to answer the call? Have we had Isaiah's vision of the Lord, high and lifted up? Have we heard the voice saying, "Who will go for us?" In closing she reminds us, in those sweet lines, of the Shepherd whose heart is in the midnight lands, seeking the straying sheep, while at the same time thousands are caring for the well-fed flock at home. It was an impressive message that many will long remember, we know.

But we must hasten on to the last day. We can scarcely pause to describe the Breaking of Bread meeting with that crowd of young men in the front. Time fails, to tell of the sweet message which was so helpful to many on the Lord's joy in His people. How wonderful it was just to know that even then He was rejoicing over us with joy. Hallelujah! Very soon we were gathered in spirit round the Table, and our joy was mingling with His while we looked forward to that day so soon coming when

"He and I, in that bright glory,

One deep joy shall share

Mine, that He is ever with me,

His, that I am there."

Sunday afternoon was the crowning meeting from a numerical standpoint. Our young Russian sister was announced to speak, and

many had gathered to hear her story. We arrived on the scene about forty minutes before the time of commencement to find the place absolutely overflowing. Hundreds must have been turned away from that and the night meeting, and we shall know next time, D.V., to arrange an overflow meeting elsewhere. Anyway the hall was simply packed out! There were probably over fifty people on the large platform alone, while at the back of the hall the people were standing six deep in the space left behind the back seats. The gallery was crowded and the stairway leading up to it; while a perfect sea of faces gazed towards the platform. We estimate quite a thousand people. Again the wonderful story amidst rapt attention, and then we adjourn before the last meeting. This time tea is provided for a nice number of friends from a distance, and soon the people begin to pour in long before the time for the night meeting.

This time we have arranged for six strong stewards to help manage the crowds, and many late-comers were disappointed by a shut door. The meeting begins well in advance of the scheduled hour. It is to be a Gospel meeting, and the sister who gave the opening address is to speak again. She advances to the table with a message fairly burning in her heart, and it was a message, too. Over and over, with ever-deepening conviction, in the course of her address, she repeated the text: "The Holy Ghost saith To-day, if ye hear His voice, harden not your hearts." We cannot recall ever having sat under a more solemn appeal, and though there were no immediate, evident, results, we are confident that God's Word will not return unto Him void. After a little singing, a short after-meeting followed, and the last Convention was over.

Back to our lodgings we went, and about midnight opened the Bible to read a passage for the last family prayers, when, praise God, our desire was granted. Salvation did come to that house, and Jesus entered another heart that night. Next morning several of us assembled at the Town Hall to remove the decorations, and do other necessary work. It was a strange picture that met our eyes. There was our Russian sister sitting on the platform looking evidently wearied after the strain of yesterday's ordeal, while in the body of the hall members of the Band moved hither and thither, doing scraps of work that fell to their lot. We will give our sister her due by saying that her deserved rest was soon cut short by her own desire, and she was taking part with the rest in active manual work. There were chairs to be moved, texts to be taken down, collapsible forms to be dismantled, and parcels to be done up. If you ask who worked the hardest, that is an invidious question, but we still have a vision of the perspiration standing in beads on dear Mr. Kingston's face, while his son finds an unobserved corner in the refreshment room, and there plies away with a brush sweeping up the fragments that remain amid the dust.

Then followed a walk with baggage to the station, and when Belfast was reached the party might be seen dispersing, in different directions, for the work which lay before them. Some were booked for new centres, some would return to their own Assemblies, while others would soon be crossing the water for service in England and the Channel Isles. But all are carrying away sweet, inspiring memories of these blessed convention times, which will lead them to new lengths of devotion to their glorious Redeemer and Friend.

E.W.H.

Owing to pressure on our space, the usual page of Testimonies is unavoidably held over this month. The testimony of Miss Vera Ollsoff (who is at present assisting in the work at Belfast) appears, however, in this number.

The atoning blood paralyses the hosts of hell.

Satisfied in Him.

By PASTOR E. C. BOULTON.

"He who believes in Him will never be disappointed."

1 Peter, 2, 6 (Moffatt)

*"Thou O Christ art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."*

"NEVER disappointed!" What a blessed vision for those who linger in the valley of depression, feeling so utterly hopeless about everything. So many things have failed, many of which promised so much, and to-day the soul is left so empty, so hungry, so completely exhausted in its search for that which does not disappoint. Dear reader, are you in this unhappy condition? Then listen! "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be completely satisfied"—Matt V, 6 (Weymouth). Let down your pitcher of need into the depths which this verse reveals, and the result shall more than realize your dearest hopes. But remember:—

The temple of satisfaction is only entered by the portal of full surrender It is useless to seek admittance unless prepared to abandon yourself wholly to God, reservation in any particular will prevent the opening of the heavenly floodgates, and must eventually result in disappointment and disapproval. It means nothing else and nothing less than the enthronement of Jesus in your life, and this will ensure real spiritual enrichment and enjoyment. When He is established as Monarch, then love, peace, hope, and power will reign, and thus the life will become graceful, peaceful, and powerful.

Again, entire satisfaction involves entire separation from whatever conflicts with the Divine will This is a basal principle upon which the fabric of a life according to the pattern must be built. Every sordid, selfish motive must be relinquished if we are to live in vital union with Him, and this will always prohibit any fellowship with that lukewarm spirit which is prepared to enter into compromise with the world. Nothing unclean, unworthy or unlawful must be allowed to remain in the temple where He would dwell. "Holiness unto the Lord" must ever be the watchword of those who would company with Jesus. Admixture cannot be countenanced. "Come out and be separate" is a law that governs the life of all who live deep in God.

Furthermore satisfaction cannot be realized in overflowing measure apart from sacrifice, and the supreme sacrifice required is the continual offering of ourselves as 'living sacrifices' unto Him

*"Through death to resurrection life
From twilight into glorious day"*

The joy of faithful, fruitful service is only vouchsafed to

those who withhold nothing which His will demands in the form of sacrifice True love finds its deepest joy and fullest expression in giving, and thus should we pour out our lives constantly as fragrant offerings unto God.

Greatest and most vital of all questions is, "Do we give Him satisfaction," Can the Lord say of you, "In whom I am well pleased?" Can He joy over you with singing? If so, happy indeed are you, for this is the sublime summit of spiritual satisfaction. See to it that here and now without further delay you lay yourself upon the altar either for service or sacrifice

"Have Thine own way, Lord; have Thine own way.

Gladly my all on Thy altar I lay,

Take me and break me, make me Thine own,

In me Thy mighty power make known"

Items of Interest.

Pastor George Jeffreys officiated at a most interesting wedding ceremony in the Elm Tabernacle, Belfast, on January 18. The contracting parties were Mr. George Gillespie (one of the elders of the Assembly), and Miss Elizabeth Mawhinney, who was recently saved at a Sunday evening Service in the Tabernacle. Mr. Gillespie is one of the two brothers who at the commencement helped to firmly establish the Elm work in Ireland. The prayers and best wishes of all the Assembly are on their behalf.

* * * * *

A new baptistery has recently been built in the hall, at Lee, S E., and no doubt will be opened by the time this appears in print. Quite a number are awaiting baptism.

* * * * *

Prayer is requested on behalf of a series of prophetic lectures which are now being delivered by Mr. John Leech, K C., at the Clarence Place Hall, Belfast.

* * * * *

The special Evangelistic Campaign, to be conducted by Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, assisted by Evangelists R. E. Darragh and Miss Adams of the Elm Evangelistic Band, at the Methodist Church, Park Crescent, Clapham Common, London, will, D.V., commence early in February. This spacious building has been rented for a short period for holding Revival Services. The Missioners would welcome the prayers and practical sympathy of all the Lord's people, without distinction of sect or denomination. Their one desire is to see God moving in the salvation of souls, the healing of the sick and an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this needy district.

Bible Study Course.

By DR. W. R. G. PHAIR

Suggestions for Bible Study.—No. 2.

Scripture Genesis 1, 1 and 2.

It would not be right to pass from consideration of these opening verses without directing the careful attention of bible-students to that reading which places a long interval, or gap in the earth's history, between verses 1 and 2 of Genesis I.

Though an old interpretation and well known to many, it has assumed special interest of late years in view of the attacks made upon the authority of the Scriptures by the "higher" critics, and also by students of the sciences.

We are told in 1 Peter, iii, 15, to "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason," and this implies that a sound, logical argument or reason exists for every tenet of our faith—that is within our reach, and that we are expected to give a convincing answer to honest inquirers. Let us now see what "answer" this Scripture affords, both to those who ask, and those who attack, in the light of the reading referred to, which is, briefly, that.—

Verse 1 states the fact of the original creation of the universe at an indefinitely remote time;

Verse 2 opens the narrative of a re-creation after a period of desolation and ruin.

Before presenting some of the reasons supporting this view, the writer would say that his examination of the adverse literature put forward by higher critics and others has not revealed a single valid objection to it, although it has been greatly to their interest to overthrow it. Should any reader be able to present such an objection, the writer will esteem it a favour to be informed of it.

Among the considerations in favour of this reading are —

1. The Hebrew text allows it. Verse 2 may be correctly translated "And the earth became waste and void."
2. It is implied in the change of verb from (Hebrew) *bara* "to create out of nothing," in verse 1, to (Hebrew) *asa* "to form out of existing materials," in verses 7, 16 and 25; but this is not conclusive, since the word "*bara*" is not always confined to the above meaning, and re-appears in verses 21 and 27.
3. It accords with Isaiah, xlv, 18. "He created it (*bara*) not a waste" (Revised Version). Here the word translated "waste" is the very word used in Genesis i, 2.
4. It also accords with the general statement of Scripture (and with our inner conviction) that God has made everything "good" or perfect.
5. It accounts for the immense age of the earth, as plainly indicated by the testimony of the rocks. Thus geology can have all the time required for the formation of the earth's crust, without in any way interfering with the record in Genesis 1, and without having recourse to the expedient of regarding the "days" as "age-long periods"—an expedient which is full of difficulty.

The importance of this point will be understood when it is remembered that the recent advances of the theories of evolution and of the nebular hypothesis, together with the claims of geology, have of late years forced practically every pulpit in Christendom to "trim sails," and accommodate their preaching to the new doctrines.

6. Taking into account the fact that Satan is the "prince of this world," John, xii, 31; xiv, 30, xvi, 11; Eph., ii, 2, II Cor., iv, 4, and that he was present—a fallen angel—in Eden, to lead the first man away from God. The only reasonable conclusion is that his appointment to the dominion dates from some far distant time—before the creation of man; before Genesis, i, 2, before his fall—back it would seem to the original creation, the period of Genesis, 1, 1.

The fact of his fall, with what we can readily understand of its effect upon the realm over which he reigned, is sufficient to account for the earth becoming the scene of God's judgment, and being rendered "waste and void," as in Genesis, 1, 2.

7. Thus it accounts for the presence of death and of predatory animals, as shown by fossil remains on the earth, long before the fall of man.
8. To sum up. It establishes the Scriptural account of creation, bringing out the harmony which always exists between the truth of God in His Word, and the truth of God in His Works.

(To be Continued.)

Everything Jesus does is wonderful.

This account which appeared in the October number of "Things New and Old" was written by Pastor Sarby, but has been brought up to date, and is now reprinted here by kind permission of the writer—Ed

We hope that some day Miss Vera Ollisoff, a young Russian lady now in Ireland, will herself write the full details of the story, a brief account of which we have her permission to give in these pages. It is a story of the working out of redeeming grace in the midst of the horror of Bolshevism. It is not our purpose here to describe the latter, but the story of this eye-witness and sufferer reveals the truth of the worst of the accounts that have filtered through concerning the doings of this latest Moloch that is stalking through the earth. It has been her lot to see her own friends slowly cut to pieces with fiendish cruelty intended to prolong the agony of the death that otherwise would have been welcome, while on each temple Bolshevist pistols pressed ready to deal out death should her eyes venture to close upon the horrors enacted before her. That she is alive to-day and full of buoyant life is due to the mighty grace of God that hovered over her, and used these very evils to bring her to Himself. "Who through faith . . . obtained promises . . . escaped the edge of the sword . . . out of weakness were made strong."

Still in her teens when the War broke out in 1914, this young sister was the eldest in one of the many well-to-do Russian families in St. Petersburg. She was there in 1917, when the first surge of Bolshevism began to make itself felt, and leaving her mother to nurse the dying grand-parent, she removed, at her parents' desire in charge of her young sister, to a town in the Caucasus, her father being then on business in England. One letter from her mother reached her, and then silence until now—a common story in the history of these years of blood in Russia.

In the Caucasus life went quietly in the large house over which she presided, until news came that the dreaded Bolshevists were at hand. A remarkable foresight had led her, several days before, to draw from the local bank 300,000 roubles, and hide them in bottles in the earth in various parts of the spacious garden. The details of the first visit of the Bolshevist army to this Caucasus town, and their appearance at the house where she was, are too many to give here. Band after band of marauders visited the house, demanding money at the pistol point, wrecking old family heirlooms, and removing valuable furnitures where no money could be obtained. On one visit a quarrel arose in the dining room between the two Bolshevist leaders, each of whom claimed the house as his own, the quarrel ending in a duel which stretched them both at her feet wounded and dying. But for the hidden money in the garden, these days could not have been tided over. Even then, with servants turning Bolshevist, it was not easy to extract the money from the bottles when recovered for the sound of breaking glass would arouse suspicion. Here the device of tying string soaked with paraffin round the glass bottle and firing it—a trick learned in time of peace, sufficed to cut the glass without betraying the process.

All this time she was unsaved, indifferent to God's claims, and sceptical of the things of God, though used to the ritual of the Greek Catholic Church and the presence of missionaries under her father's roof. One of the latter, who had often sought to point our young friend to Christ, was staying at this time with her, but instead of turning to this counsellor for help in this time of need, Miss Ollisoff only saw a fresh peril in the sight of the Bible in the missionary's hands, and bade her put it out of sight.

The Bolsheviks at length departed owing to the arrival of the White Army, only to return again and yet again as the battle tide ebbed and flowed. During the quiet interval after their first visit, the first shaft of truth found its way into the heart of this Russian girl. At the suggestion of her young lady friend, who was ready to make fun out of everything in her reach, the plan was agreed upon one day to visit first a service held by some strange religionists and then a concert. There came a moment in that service when the preacher, Divinely led, pointed with convicting finger at Miss Ollisoff, and said with Spirit-touched lips. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." So powerful was the Word of God that not even the ridicule and jests of her friend could silence the conviction, and she returned from the concert to spend a night in her own room, wondering, as hour after hour struck, whether the time had come with each stroke of the clock for her soul to enter God's presence. But as the hour of five tolled out, conviction waned, and scepticism began to suggest that it was all imagination, and there was no God and no summons to appear before Him. But that message was for another if not for her, and two minutes later she was reading from the note hurriedly written and brought by a maid to her room, that the young friend who had scoffed at her conviction had that morning at two o'clock passed into eternity with these last words on her lips: "Tell Vera not to forget the words of the preacher, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

Needless to say, conviction remained in her heart, though alternating with times of indifference. A Bible was obtained, not without difficulty, for the proud young heart was not yet quite prepared to pay the price of open allegiance to Christ since she had not yet tasted of His love. It was in connection with this Bible, secretly acquired and covertly read, that a strange incident occurred, which to her own mind only divine ministry can explain. She could not find that verse which beat on her memory, search as she might through the pages of the Word of God. Again and again she looked for the verse, only at last to lock the Bible up in a box, the secret of the opening of which was only known to herself. Imagine the fresh stab it gave to her on going again to the box to find on opening the Bible the words underlined with red, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Who had underlined them so that they were the first to catch her eyes? Who but God?

Not even yet was the work deep enough to drive her to God, when during the vicissitudes of those months' bloodshed and torture was about her, and she was driven from her father's house, now occupied by Red soldiers, who revelled all night in the beautiful appanelled rooms on the costly wine found in the cellar. The climax came when, on the approach again of the White Army, the Bolsheviks decided before retiring from the town in face of the then superior force to number one hundred and fifty of the best-known people of the town for death. Her name was last on the list, and bidding goodbye to her young sisters, to whom she gave what instructions she could as to her procedure till then father could rescue her, she was taken to the prison where the rest of that ill-fated company were shut up. The sufferings of that band of Bolshevik victims cannot be described. Each morning fifteen of them were killed with every accompaniment of cruelty that their executors could devise, and each morning at six those whose time had not come were

made to witness the painful death of their fifteen comrades.

Only God knows what those days meant to our young friend, whose heart was continually wrung by the reflection that God had spoken to her, but she had not made haste to come to Him, and now her soul would be required of her, unready as she was. The last sleepless night came, and the remaining fifteen counted the hours and the minutes to the stroke of six. They did not know till afterwards how the White Army had intended to enter the town that morning at ten o'clock, four hours too late to save the lives of this remnant, and how an old friend of Miss Ollisoff, in the command of the force outside, was moved to lead his men five hours earlier into the town in the hope of saving some from persecution, not knowing that his purpose was inspired by the God whose grace was set upon this young life to make it His, and who was using even the terrors of the times to arrive at His end. At half-past six their prison doors were opened by an officer of the White Guards, and they were spared for re-union with their friends, and in one case at least for a life of testimony for Christ.

Not long after this, in the return of the tide of battle which again gave the Bolsheviks the possession of the town, Miss Ollisoff fled with her sisters to a peasant cot on the mountain, by the door of which the Red Guards continually passed to and fro. Here she was finally brought to Christ after five days and nights earnestly seeking Him, when her joy was so great that in spite of the presence of the Bolsheviks in the town, she departed to witness there of Christ. On reaching the place she found them gone, and her testimony to her new-found Saviour made possible and easy.

We do not feel that we ought to give any more of her story here, but we rejoice that to this day her confession of Christ is being joyously given wherever she goes, and with blessed results. An added interest in the story to the readers of this paper will be found in the fact that though warned of the teaching of the baptism with the sign of tongues, contact with those who were rejoicing in the fulness of the Holy Spirit convinced her of its reality, and she sought and received the baptism with signs following. The increased joy and power it has brought in her life in Christ is best evidenced by the radiance of her face, and the fervour of her witness. As she left the quiet sitting room in London where questions had elicited the foregoing, the remark was made that "it was wonderful." Not soon will the response be forgotten from the lips of the one so watched over and saved. "Everything that Jesus does is wonderful."

Evangelistic Band News.

As we go to press, shortly after the Lurgan Convention, special missions are being commenced at Portadown by Miss Thomson, and at Lashumbroocus, about five miles from Armagh, by Mr. Tweed.

Mr. Kingston is at present in charge of the work at Lisburn, Mr. Campbell, at Banbridge; and Mr. Farlow and Miss Kennedy, at Lurgan. Miss Dougherty is at Moneybane.

In County Antrim, Mr. Nolan is working at Ballymoney, Mr. Hamilton at Tullynahinion, and Miss Streight, at Cullybackey.

Mr. Henderson and Mr. Smith leave us. D.V., in a few days, for Leigh-on-Sea and the Channel Isles, respectively.

The present circumstance which presses so hard against you, if surrendered to Christ, is the best shaped tool in the Father's hand to chisel you for eternity. Trust Him then. Do not push away the instrument lest you lose also its work.

Gold = Or Better.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

This month I want to talk of something very precious. Wouldn't you be pleased to get a present of a silver watch or a silver brooch, or even a few silver coins, and you would be still more pleased if the presents were made of gold instead of silver, because gold is so precious and gold coins are so scarce now.

Still, dear boys and girls, don't you make the great mistake of placing too much value on silver or gold as so many people do nowadays. Remember the Bible says "The love of money is the root of all evil." After all, there is something far better than money. Let us look in Acts III., and we will see what it is. Peter says to that lame man "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee—in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."

Just think of it—a cripple of 40 years old who had never stood on his feet before! Is it any wonder that "he walked and leaped and praised God?" Now I am not saying that any of you boys and girls are cripples, but I do want to pass on to you Peter's words, for if you are still unsaved you are just like that poor man. You have never walked for God since you were born, and yet God made you to walk for Him and glorify Him.

In the next chapter Peter tells the crowd how the cripple was cured. He says it was "Through the name of Jesus," and isn't it wonderful to know that our Jesus not only saves the soul, but heals the body too. Never forget that there is something even more serious than lameness to be cured from, and that is your sins, their penalty and their power. Silver and gold will never heal that disease, and you cannot save yourself. Only Jesus can do that.

Wont you accept His invitation as He says to you "Come unto Me" for if you really come He will first forgive those sins of yours and then give you power to walk for Him. Don't be frightened by the devil into thinking that Jesus cannot help you when once He saves. He will hold you fast. Will you come to Him and get what is far better than gold?

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Ungodly People.

THE ONLY KIND GOD SAVES

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly his faith is reckoned for righteousness”—Romans IV, 5.

There is one fact to which I wish to call your attention, and that is, that God justifies ungodly men. He does not justify all ungodly men, but he justifies only ungodly men. Men think that because they have been ungodly and wicked, therefore God demands a change in their character before He receives them. This is not true. The fifth verse of the fourth of Romans definitely says that God justifies the ungodly who believe.

What then does God ask an ungodly sinner to do? First of all, to do nothing, that is, to cease from absolutely all efforts to save himself. For the verse says, “To him that worketh not.” A man is asked simply to accept God’s verdict about him;—that he is ungodly, unrighteous, and unable to save himself. And then, second, to accept the blessed news that God Himself has already reckoned his sins and ungodliness to another Person, that is, to Christ, His Son, and that, because the punishment of sin was death, Jesus has by God’s appointment died, has shed His blood, in the sinner’s place. The Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all.” (Isa. LIII, 6) Christ died for our sins—that is, instead of our dying for them. (Death here means banishment from God under a curse, and Christ bearing our sins was forsaken on the cross as accursed of God.—Matt. XXVII, 46, Gal. III, 13)

Now when an ungodly man finds these two great truths; first, that he is utterly guilty and unable to help himself, and, second, that Jesus Christ has already borne sin, by God’s appointment, in his place, and when this ungodly man just accepts these facts and trusts this Saviour, whom God raised from the dead, this ungodly man is saved then and there, that is, God forgives and justifies him on the basis of the price already paid—the shed blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Do you believe this? Or are you still trying to reform yourself—promising yourself that you will do better, and merit God’s favour thus?

Why do you not believe what God says. “By deeds of righteousness shall no flesh be justified in God’s sight.”

Listen to the Gospel. “To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reckoned for righteousness.”—Rom. IV, 5

This is good news indeed. *Every sinner in the world could have this salvation, if he were willing, this moment.* Let anyone who wants Christ claim Him at once. As a sinner, claim the Saviour God has appointed for sinners, as your very own Saviour, this moment. He sees your heart. Trust Him now as yours; and lo, He is thine!—SEL