

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *Elim Evangel* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_elim-evangel-01.php

THE
ELIM — EVANGEL
A
MONTHLY RECORD
of
SPIRITUAL LIFE AND WORK

Vol. 3.

May, 1922.

No. 5.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.

WINNING THE GYPSIES FOR JESUS.

BELIEVE YOUR WAY THROUGH.

PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS AT GRIMSBY

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

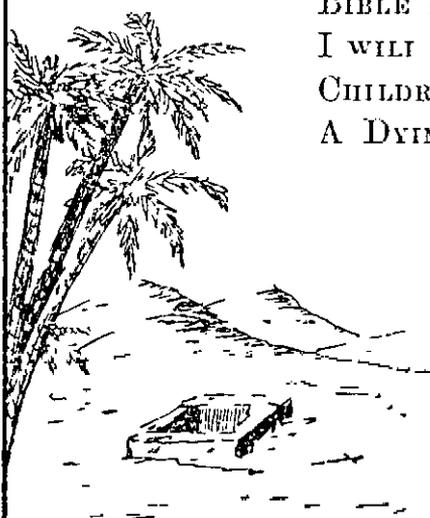
A PLEA FOR EXPERIENCE.

BIBLE STUDY COURSE

I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE HATH DONE

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A DYING OFFICER'S MESSAGE



AND THEY CAME TO ELIM
WHERE WERE TWELVE
WELLS OF WATER, AND
THREESCORE AND TEN
PALM TREES. — EX XV 27.

TWOPENCE.

ELIM Pentecostal Alliance

with which is incorporated
THE ELIM EVANGELISTIC BAND.

Founder - PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

President—JOHN LEECH, M.A., K C., DUBLIN

Secretary—WILLIAM HENDERSON, MONAGHAN.

Treasurer—R. E. DARRAGH, BELFAST.

PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS, BELFAST.

PASTOR STEPHEN JEFFREYS, DOWLAI.

PASTOR E. W. HARE, B A , BANGOR.

PASTOR R. MERCER, MONAGHAN.

REV. THOMAS HACKETT, M.A., BRAY (*Advisory*).

MEMBERS OF THE ELIM EVANGELISTIC BAND IN THE REGULAR WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

Pastors .—

GEORGE JEFFREYS (Belfast)

STEPHEN JEFFREYS (Dowlais).

R. MERCER (Ballymena).

E. W. HARE (Bangor)

G. FLETCHER (Newtownards).

E. J. PHILLIPS (Armagh)

R. SMITH (Merthyr).

W. J. THOMAS (Pontyates).

Evangelists :—

R. E. DARRAGH.

WM. HENDERSON.

FREDERICK FARLOW.

WM. CAMPBELL.

ROBERT TWEED.

Evangelists :—

GEORGE EVERY.

J. B. HAMILTON.

JAS. MCWHIRTER.

JOSEPH SMITH.

CHAS. KINGSTON.

WM NOLAN.

RD. YALE.

B. DAVIES.

MISS STREIGHT.

MISS ADAMS.

MISS THOMSON.

MISS KENNEDY.

MISS DOUGHERTY.

MISS OLISOFF.

IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

CYRIL E TAYLOR (Congo).

MISS HENDERSON (Congo).

N.B.—*Friends desiring to support the Foreign Missionary Fund should send their gifts to Mr. W. Henderson, 3, University Avenue, Belfast.*

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

GEO. KINGSTON (Pastor at Leigh-on-Sea).

E. C MORGAN (Assistant Pastor at Dowlais).

LIST OF CENTRES IN IRELAND.

Belfast.

Ballymena.

Cullybackey.

Portadown.

Lisburn.

Rasharkin.

Ballymoney.

Balnamore.

Moneyslane.

Eskylane.

Bangor.

Armagh.

Lurgan.

Tullynahinion

Annaghmore.

Ballytrone.

Banbridge.

Newtownards.

Ballygelly.

Tullyglush.

Balmoral.

Stranocum.

Lisdrumbrocius.

The Elim Evangel.

Vol. 3.

May, 1922.

No. 5.

Editors { E. WOODROFFE HARE, B A
ERNEST J. PHILLIPS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE for one year, post free—1 copy, 3s , 6 copies, 14s. ,
or 24s. per doz U.S A. or Canada · 1 copy, 75 cents ; 6 copies, \$3.50 ,
or \$6.00 per doz Pentecostal Assemblies may obtain the EVANGEL
in monthly parcels at 2s per dozen post free.

Subscriptions to be sent to the Evangel Secretaries, 53, Delhi Street, Belfast
All communications for the Editors to be addressed to 4, Central Avenue,
Bangor, Co. Down

Any article in this paper may be reprinted provided that a footnote be added .
" From The Elim Evangel, Belfast, Ireland "

Published on the First of each month by the Elim Pentecostal Alliance,
3, University Avenue, Belfast, Ireland

Editorial.

His Presence is Salvation.—Psalm xli., 5 (margin).

THE more we experience the blessed consciousness of the presence of God, so the more we realise that therein lies *the* secret of the whole Christian life. But as Tersteegen says " it is really true, the secret of God's presence is actually believed by few. But are you aware that if each one truly believed it, the whole world would at once be filled with saints, and the earth would be truly paradise? . . . What miracles of Divine strength, grace and love become the experience of the most miserable sinner the moment that with closed eyes, he sinks down into the depths of the heart of Christ and thenceforward watches at His gates, waiting at the posts of His doors."

To the writer of these words just quoted this was no mere theory, but a matter of actual experience, for he testifies at the same time that within his heart is the "*Eternal adoration, unceasing and undisturbed.*" What a blissful experience this must have been, and how far it surpasses anything else in the Christian life. Yet how often we are content with something so much less—some mere passing emotion, or perhaps an occasional hour of fellowship with others, or possibly even with a " name that we live," while all the time our hearts know but little of His abiding presence. It seems as if God can find but few hungry hearts to whom He can give a full measure of His promised presence. He waits to see a real longing desire in the hearts of His children, before he can thus appear to their joy. Even the Lord Himself, when speaking of this inestimable blessing, promises it upon certain conditions. " He that *loveth* Me shall be loved of My Father and I will love him and will *manifest Myself* to Him," and again, " if a man love Me he will *keep My words* and . . .

I feel in my heart they will tear themselves away in a moment or two, they can't sit quiet there. But sister is talking. Now she is looking straight at them.

"You poor darlings," she says. "I am so glad you are here. I am going to tell you all about Jesus. I will tell you—"

That is as far as she got. Some of the women start to curtsy, dropping on the floor in such a graceful manner that their skirts spread around them until they looked like little poppies in a garden of flowers of resplendent hue. Others throw kisses, and still others clasp their hands and bow their heads again and again.

As I look into Sister McPherson's face I see she is crying and laughing at the same time. Then, unable to stand it any longer, she holds out her hands and says, "Oh, I just love you, and Jesus loves you too."

That is all they need. Out of their seats they come. They kneel and make the sign of the cross, they kiss her hand, and, although sister herself did not know it at the time, they kissed her feet and the hem of her dress, and cried out their petition: "Tell us 'bout Jesus, lady," they cry. "Heal my baby, he so sick, lady. Please, lady, we come long, long way."

Back of me the choir is sobbing, front of me the gypsies are praying, holding out their hands appealingly to a little woman in the garb of a servant. Truly she is a servant now, a woman who loves the common people so much that, laughing and crying at the same time, she can look into the coal-black eyes of a gypsy band and say, "I love you, I love you, and Jesus loves you too."

I look at the audience. Is there a dry eye anywhere? Did Convention Hall ever see such a scene before? Oh, it must be that angels looked over the battlements of glory, and smiled when they saw the outstretched hand of a gypsy chief and heard the cry for Jesus that came from the heart of a gypsy maid.

It is very reluctantly that they take their seats, and the audience joins in singing, "Oh, how I love Jesus." None of the gypsies are singing, they do not know the hymn. They simply sit and watch, most of them with a hand raised in the air and an appealing look on their faces as their gaze is turned upward.

The sermon is over now, and Sister McPherson is praying. She is praying that God will touch the hearts of the people, and bring them to the altar to find peace and pardon and salvation at the feet of Jesus Christ.

The gypsy band needs no second invitation. The big, broad shouldered chief rises to his feet and starts toward the altar. In an instant every gypsy is headed for the altar chairs, and every last one of them—thirty-two in number—are praying for salvation and the coming of the Friend of the Gypsies—Jesus Christ—into their hearts.

By their sides kneel their white brothers and sisters, crying to the same Christ, blending their voices in a melody of prayer and weeping their way through to the same old rugged cross in the same old fashioned way.

It is a sight that one can never forget. Some things in life stand out above all others, some incidents stamp themselves indelibly on the brain, and the sight of those dark skinned Orientals, in all the gorgeous finery of their race, and with all the warm blooded impulses of their southern natures, crying for salvation, can never be eradicated.

That afternoon they vowed allegiance to another Monarch, they became citizens of a new county, they subscribed to the constitution

of a spiritual empire, and Jesus of Nazareth became a Gypsy King. The meeting is over now, and tears of joy on faces dark skinned have been wiped away. I am surrounded by a group of men, foremost among whom is the gypsy chief.

"We don't know much," he says. "We want to be saved, we want to go to heaven, yes, we believe Jesus can heal the sick. Mister, won't you teach us how to pray? Won't you teach us how to have faith? Mister, tell us what to do when the Holy Lady—"

"Oh, but you must not call her that," I remonstrated. I knew how Sister McPherson recoiled from any such titles and how she would feel if they called her that. But he came back at me quick as a flash, "Why not, she is Holy Lady."

"No, brother, she is—"

"Well," he interrupted, "is she bad lady?"

"No," I said.

"Then if she not bad, she holy lady. Everybody bad or holy—me all the time bad—now try to be holy. No more shoot craps, no more swear, no more gamble."

"That's right," I told him. "You try to be a real Christian."

It was this conversation that led me to call a special meeting for these gypsies at ten o'clock on the following morning, the purpose of the meeting being to teach them how to pray, how to look up in faith when they were anointed for healing, and how to walk with Jesus when they went back to Baltimore and New York, the towns from which they came.

What a prayer meeting that was! They filled the room where they were kneeling, they filled it with dark skinned forms, with prayer of supplication and shouts of joy. What simple child-like faith they had, what assurance they had that they would be healed.

I moved along the kneeling rows praying with each one individually, and at last we rose to our feet. The chief made a brief address in a tongue that was foreign to me, but I knew from the expression in their eyes that he was telling them of Jesus. I knew from the fingers that pointed upward that his story was of a land that is fairer than day, a land that sometime will be Home to a wandering gypsy band.

The hours soon sped by, and the time arrived for the gypsy service in Convention Hall. Only the gypsies were to be prayed for that night, only the gypsies were to move across the stage with uplifted hands in supplicating prayer, only the gypsies I say, yet who can see the potential possibilities wrapped up in those black-eyed gypsy boys who came into Rochester with a diseased body and a sin-stricken heart, but went back to their tribes with healing for the body and Jesus in their souls. Can I describe that scene? Can I tell it just as it occurred? It seems to me that no human pen could tell it right, only the keeper of heaven's books could really write the scenes that that night were recorded by him in the ledgers of the Eternal City.

First in the line comes the brother of the chief. He is a big fellow, broad shouldered and swarthy, but his heart is heaving and his eyes are filled with tears. I hand his card to Sister McPherson, and in a moment she is praying, "Jesus, bless this gypsy. Oh, Jesus, You saved his soul, touch his body now. Jesus, just one touch of your finger and it is done. Oh, Jesus, help him to pray. Take away this rheumatism, Lord, and oh, Jesus, restore this deaf ear." "Brother, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth receive your healing."

I am watching his face. Faith is there, not the passive hope that it might be done, but the active faith that takes the promise

and says, "It is done" Slowly he bends his once stiff joints, and a smile of radiant happiness comes over his face. He bends his back, his knees, his arms, and then he says something in gypsy language that I cannot understand, but I know it must be the gypsy equivalent to "Praise the Lord!"

His pain is gone, the joints bend freely the first time in years, he hears a watch tick with his deaf ear, and with a smile of satisfaction he takes a seat on the platform.

Healing after healing follows, shouts of joy come from the audience, tears are flowing freely, and the whole building is stirred as the power falls. Sister is happy, so very happy that Jesus is working in such a wonderful way. She is standing now holding in her arms a gypsy baby. She cuddles it close to her heart, and kisses it, and then kisses its mother, a beautiful young gypsy queen. That mother's head is thrown back, arms are outstretched in prayer, tears flow from those coal-black eyes and fall in large drops upon the stage.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," the evangelist is saying. "Mother, your baby is well. Jesus has touched your baby."

"Thank you, thank you," sobbed out the gypsy mother, as she clasped her baby in her arms as slowly the gypsy mother is led from the stage, and the great audience looks on with eyes of amazement at the scene that Jesus of Nazareth, invisible on the platform, has enacted before them.

But the line is moving along faster now, and in the row is standing a dark-eyed, black-haired gypsy boy. Because his ears are deaf his eyes are wide open looking with a gaze of amazement at the scene that is transpiring before him. His dark face is radiant with the light of expectancy and hope as he stands before Sister McPherson, and he strains his deaf ears to catch the words that leave the lips of the evangelist.

His deaf ears are anointed, and then in a moment the smile broadens into a grin, and the grin develops into a laugh as he turns around to the gypsies behind him, and says, "I can hear now, I can hear, I am healed."

Slowly Sister McPherson backs away from him, and says in a whisper, "Can you hear me now?" But his eyes are riveted on the grand piano, and he is listening to the strains of "My Faith Looks up to Thee," that is coming from the piano and the crying, singing choir. Test after test is given him, and the audience, becoming thoroughly satisfied that his ears are really opened, breaks into a cheer while sister clasps her hands and lifts her eyes in gratitude to the Christ who is working such miracles.

At this juncture of the proceedings the gypsy, who was suffering from rheumatism before he was anointed, is unable to contain his emotions any longer. There he is sitting with his great big frame in one of the choir chairs, his hands clasped in front of him, and his eyes turned upward toward heaven. Great big tears are coursing down his furrowed cheeks, and fall in large glittering drops on the floor.

"Pain all gone," he keeps saying. "No more hurt, praise the Lord, pain all gone."

A gypsy brother by his side evidently interrogates him, and asks him how he knows that his pain is all gone? And the chief immediately starts a little meeting of his own by jumping up on the stage and promptly dances a gypsy jig. The audience saw and wondered and applauded. Never before have I seen such radiant, happy faces as those of that gypsy band, who with the faith of a little

child in the power of Jesus Christ, came with their infirm bodies to Him on that glorious night.

Now sister is standing in front of a gypsy woman that is resplendent with dresses that are of all the colours of the rainbow. Magnificent shawls are draped around her shoulders, and her headdress is dazzling in its brilliancy. Row upon row of gold coins jingle around her neck as she approaches the praying woman in white. There she is with her large black eyes glistening because of the tears, gulping something back in her throat and standing with her hands outstretched toward heaven, calling upon Jesus Christ with all the emotion and passion of her race.

Sister is anointing her now, and then a cry of gladness escapes from her lips as putting her hands to her body she shouts, "It is gone, it is gone, all gone."

It seemed that the power of God so flooded the building that every gypsy in the line was healed.

The doxology has now been sung and the crowd is slowly wending its way through the doors, engaging in just one general topic of conversation, the things that their eyes have seen and the things their ears have heard, for this was the first divine healing service in the city of Rochester.

The gypsies stayed on the platform, reluctant to leave the great building, crowding around Sister McPherson eager to get an opportunity to kiss her hand or reaching for her hand, place it themselves upon their own heads in benediction.

Sister was radiantly happy, so happy that these romantic people had received the touch of Jesus in their physical bodies, but happier by far that they knew the meaning of the old rugged cross, some of them for the first time in their lives.

There is an old gypsy custom that gypsies always follow when travelling over transcontinental highways. Sometimes as the gypsy caravans come to a cross road they will take one road toward their destination and strew flowers along the highway that gypsies coming after them might see the road they have gone. Is it not significant that the following morning the gypsies should come with their offerings of gold for the Tabernacle and flowers of love for their dear white sister before they said their fond good-bye? The trails of the rainbow-hued women of Romany origin and the little woman in white of Caucasian blood must needs go in different ways. One will go on carrying the blessed message of Jesus in tabernacles from coast to coast, while the other will lead to country byways, to verdant meadows or rippling brooks and gypsy camps, but who knows that in the end the roads will meet again before the gate of that city, whose builder and maker is God—*The Bridal Call*.

"The Gospel Monthly."

The printer of the "Elim Evangel" announces that he can supply in tract form the Gospel and Children's articles (on the back cover of the "Evangel"), each month at the following POST FREE rates.—100 for 1s 3d, 200 for 2s 5d., 300 for 3s 6d., 400 for 4s 8d., 500 for 6s., or 1,000 for 11s. These are very suitable for house to house distribution and open-air work. For 8d. per month extra (for any number) your own meetings can be printed on the tracts (6 months' contracts only). Orders should be sent direct to F. B. Phillips, 10, Aldergate, Tamworth, Staffs. Send for sample.

“Believe your way through.”

By PASTOR E. C. BOULTON.

“He was . . . possessed by the conviction that God can perform whatever He has promised.”—Rom iv., 20. (A. S. Way).

“He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.”—Heb. xi, 27.

“Aye, all your need! If you will only let Him.
If you will only at His feet outpour
Your heart, and let Him take entire possession,
The Love Divine will meet your need, and more”

DEAR child of God, what is the burden of your soul at this time? What is it that presses so heavily upon your spirit? Are you o'erwhelmed by a sense of failure? Failure to witness for Jesus—failure to take a firm, fearless stand for Christ in the face of keen opposition and cruel criticism? Conscious, perhaps, that your light has been hidden when it was most needed to shine forth in telling testimony for righteousness and truth? And now as a consequence you have come under a cloud of condemnation which somehow robs your christian experience of its customary brightness and beauty. That cloud, the creation of the Enemy, can instantly be pierced by faith. On the other side lies liberty, victory, yes, all that you need at this moment. You must “believe your way through.”

Maybe it is sickness that has fastened upon your body. The medical verdict is decidedly unfavourable; the chances of recovery are remote; in fact, it is only a matter of time ere the disease proves fatal. What is to be done? Is there no way of escape? Yes! Faith has the key to the situation, and will release you from the chamber of sickness. “Believe your way through” to health!

You are conscious of a divine call to the Mission Field, but a thousand difficulties stand like huge mountains in your way. You are unknown; you have no financial resources whatever at your command; no influential friends to plead your cause. In the face of all this, says the Tempter, how can you hope ever to reach the heart of Africa or the interior of China? Dear tested one, there remains only one course open to you—throw yourself wholly upon God: He has purposely allowed your pathway to be thus hedged in, in order that He may the more wonderfully display His power. “Believe your way through!”

Perhaps it is the baptism of the Holy Ghost that you seek; that wonderful endowment of power for service. But the tarrying time seems so protracted, and you have grown so weary of waiting that you are in danger of giving up the quest altogether. Faint not! Press on! You are not far distant from the goal. “Believe your way through!” Soon you shall enter the promised land and sing the Canaan song.

Turn to Exod xv., and listen to the jubilant song of that marvellously delivered people! 'Tis a song of victory that they

sing. How came they in this blessed position? Hebrews xi., 29 answers our question. They "believed their way through." It was faith that deprived Pharaoh of his prey, and brought Israel into this triumphant place.

Again, turn to Dan. iii., and read there the account of the wonderful preservation of those three Hebrew heroes. How came they scathless out of the fiery furnace? What robbed the flames of their power? "They believed their way through,"—they saw God and were not confounded—their faith bore them unflinchingly through the fiery ordeal.

Can it not be said of all who have passed from trial to triumph, from grief and gloom to glory and gladness, from sickness and sadness to soundness and song, that they "believed their way through?" At one time there was not a ray of hope visible anywhere, but faith held on to its course, stedfast in its confidence in God. Everything pointed to the impossibility of the fulfilment of the Divine promise; all things were against—the Devil, our circumstances, even our christian friends were among those who shook their heads and said "how can this thing be?" And yet we believed, and to the astonishment of all, GOD DID IT. Hallelujah! So that many of our erstwhile critics were obliged to confess "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Yes, this is the surest and quickest way through all that challenges the Word of God in our lives. Perchance we have sought to reason our way through, but spiritual problems are not solved in this way; His "way of escape" is always by faith. Therefore believe God and thou shalt have power with God and man and shalt prevail! "BELIEVE YOUR WAY THROUGH"

"He brought me through the scorching fire,
Altho' the flame waxed hotter, higher,
Yet, lo! what did those flames for me
But burned my bonds and set me free!
Thus through it all I learned to sing
The power and wisdom of my King."

Pastor George Jeffreys at Grimsby.

By FRANK HORNER (Methodist Local Minister).

"And for your souls I will gladly spend my all and be spent myself."—II Cor., xii, 15. (Moffat).

THE above are the words of the Apostle Paul to the people of Corinth, but they exactly describe what we believe to be true of our dear friend and brother Pastor Stephen Jeffreys. His twelve weeks' mission here, commencing January 8th, revealed to all of us that he had the burden of souls. Never shall we forget the anguish upon his face when he witnessed crowds of people turned away nearly every night because of the insufficiency of the seating accommodation of the hall. Never shall we forget the love that poured from his soul as he pleaded with the Great Physician on behalf of the sick and lame. Praise God for sending him to Grimsby!

On Friday morning, March 31st, at 9.30, the London train

steamed out of the town station amidst cries of hallelujah and singing of "God be with you till we meet again" from a crowd of supporters who had come to bid him God-speed on his journey home to enjoy a well-earned rest. The talk then on almost everyone's lips was "What will his brother, Pastor George Jeffreys, be like?" Those who were expecting another Pastor Stephen would be disappointed, for never were two brothers so different, in features, in mannerism and method. However, the wonderful times of the last few weeks have proved that God has a use for *all* men and *all* gifts, providing they are laid upon the altar for Him. Thus our dear brother has done, and the same headline of scripture can be applied to him. I must suffice with a brief account of his mission here.

Services have been held every evening, and one has witnessed many conversions, baptisms in the Holy Ghost, and special cases of healing. The outstanding service during the campaign was the service held at the "Gaiety," a large skating rink, when about three thousand people listened intently to Pastor George Jeffreys for over one hour deliver in a scholarly, soul-inspiring style an address on "The Second Coming of Christ", much could be said about this meeting, but one has not the space. The Pastor introduced the idea of teaching a new chorus or hymn at the commencement of the mission, and it would do anyone good to see the crowds of young people trying to pick up the choruses after the services. The singing has "caught on" and helped largely to spread the influence of the meetings. The writer happened to be riding one day in a car down one of the principal thoroughfares when all at once the air was resonant with some of the beautiful songs, one of which was:—

Constantly abiding, Jesus is mine,
Constantly abiding, rapture Divine,
He never leaves me lonely, whispers oh so kind,
"I'll never leave thee." Jesus is mine.

I learned afterwards that one passenger's heart had been touched.

During the Easter festivities the Pastor gave addresses on the "Feasts of Jehovah," and proved in a wonderfully striking way how they were the shadow of the real substance we now enjoy. The 23rd of Leviticus became a chapter of real living pictures from beginning to end. There were three services on Good Friday, one on Saturday, three on Easter Sunday, and three on Monday. At the close of the Sunday evening service twenty-one souls decided for Jesus Christ. Hallelujah!

During the Easter services the Pastor was assisted by one of his band of Evangelists, Mr. McWhirter, who, like Peter, revealed his nationality by his tongue, Miss Butters, the Victory Hall Evangelist; and Mr. George Bell, a member of the Belfast Tabernacle, who gave some instructive messages. Mr. Douglas, who for years has held the Pentecostal Fort, which has been assailed and bombarded incessantly by the enemy, ably presided at the meetings.

The Revival is still going on. Where it will end we cannot say. The Skating Rink, accommodating 5,000 people, has been taken from Sunday, 23rd April, and in it the two brothers will hold forth together.

Items of Interest.

THE meetings at Clapham Common, London, have been continued every night since Pastor George Jeffreys left, and night after night souls have been saved, healed, and baptized in the Holy Spirit. For

several weeks Mr. Robert Smith, from Merthyr, was there, and the Lord gave great liberty. At present the meetings are being continued by Mr. Darragh, Mr. Henderson, and Miss Adams, who request unceasing prayer for the work.

* * * *

WRITING from the s.s. "Gaika," nearing the African coast, Miss Henderson, in a letter to her brother, says.—"We have been getting along splendidly, and are quite happy in Jesus. It seems so long since I left you all. Though we have gone through much since, we are closer to Jesus than ever before, and really more anxious than ever of His close presence. He is taking care of us, too, so do not be anxious about us. We are His more than ever now, and oh it is so sweet to be thrust completely upon Him." Our sister arrived at Cape Town on the 19th April, and should now be on her long journey up country. We praise God for answered prayer.

* * * *

A PENTECOSTAL CONVENTION has been arranged to take place at Grimsby during the Whitsuntide holidays. The speakers will, D.V., include Pastors Stephen and George Jeffreys. For further particulars write Mr. J. Douglas, Belmont House, 99, Welholm Road, Grimsby, Lincs.

* * * *

A PENTECOSTAL CONVENTION will, D.V., be held this month at Edinburgh, from 23rd to 29th inst., in the new hall of the Leith Pentecostal Assembly at Bonnington Toll. Amongst the speakers expected are Pastor A. E. Saxby, Mrs. L. S. Halley and Mr. and Mrs. H. Small. Intending visitors should write to the Convener, Pastor Donald Gee, 46, Park Road, Leith, Scotland.

* * * *

OWING to the small number of applications for rooms at Swanwick, the Convention arranged for last month was cancelled.

* * * *

A LETTER from Miss Winnie Andrews, of North Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, reports much blessing at Brother Smith Wigglesworth's meetings. Although at the time of writing he had only been there eight days, yet she tells of many conversions and healings that had taken place. A little girl of six years of age walked for the first time after being prayed for, a man suffering from rheumatoid arthritis was instantly healed, and walked and leaped and praised God. There are many other cases of which she writes. To God be all the glory!

* * * *

BROTHER COLES sends a message of greeting from Southampton. He refers us to No. 50 in Redemption Songs, asking that it should be a sustained prayer-hymn to remind us all of the blessed unity of the Spirit, which should bind all God's people into one. It will be remembered that our brother paid a visit to Belfast during a Christmas Convention some time ago. Our loving greetings in the Lord go back to him with this number.

* * * *

ANY Pentecostal friends passing through Taunton who could give a little help in ministering to the saints there would be most welcome. Special meetings might even be arranged by communicating with Mr. Vickery, 45, Winchester Street, Taunton, Somerset.

A Plea for Experience.

By PASTOR DONALD GEE.

" We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard "
" This is that. "—Acts iv., 20 and ii., 16

" EXPERIENCE "—yes, indeed; thank God for it! Is it not the great essential to setting any ministry, whether public or private, aglow with convicting power? Is it not the substance without which cleverest arguments, masterly doctrinal statements, and the finest eloquence remain but as an empty shadow, in danger of becoming and ending in mere words, nothing more?

No man possessed of a Scriptural experience need be afraid of an argument, he is beyond its reach. Any man rejoicing in a living experience of God in his life has a power independent of, and mighty beyond, all external training in logic or theology

We dare to press this glorious asset when we contend for the mighty truths God has made living to us since the Comforter has come and we have known what it is personally to " speak with other tongues " as the Spirit gives us utterance, and to rejoice in many another manifestation of His presence also.

It is true that we meet some who would discount the value of this line of argument altogether, who remind us that we must not live on experiences, but it is more true that the men and women who founded Christianity were those who had been set on fire and kept on fire by burning personal experience; and all down the ages ever since, revival has centred—not around the dust of doctrinal battlefields and the places of exact presentation of some orthodox creed—but the rather where valiant humble hearts have dared to venture their lives and their all on fresh discoveries of the glorious fact and boundless possibilities of a Living Christ in that acid test, but most convincing of all proofs—actual experience in the hurly-burly of life as all men know it. And in these experiences that are labelled " Pentecostal, " we humbly affirm that we have done the same, to God be the glory!

It would be the direst folly—an inevitable road to disaster and fanaticism—to put aside or even undervalue the absolute necessity of sound doctrine and an impregnable Scriptural basis for whatever is claimed on the line of experience. But the writer feels the more free to press experience for the moment because a sound doctrinal basis has surely been laid down and ably expounded by many a competent voice and pen.

Are we not almost entitled to smile at the cleverest arguments that these things are not for to-day, when we see the streets of Jerusalem receive their modern sequel and before our own delighted eyes the power of the same Lord Jesus making the lame to walk and the deaf to hear. How well we remember, when within a few weeks of the first experiences on these lines, a beloved and honoured friend in the ministry sought for two hours to persuade us that it was impossible to receive the gift of tongues

to-day—and we have rejoiced in its constant exercise for nine years!

Do those who oppose this manifestation of the Spirit to-day rightly measure all that is involved, if but ONE out of all the thousands of similar happy testimonies is proved to be true?

Facts are awkward things to dispose of after all. To the glory of God we can testify—yes, verily by thousands—to having received a mighty experience, an actual crisis in our Christian experience and in our lives that has ever since lifted all things to a higher level, has thrust us forth in testimony and service for the Lord Jesus Christ that was before undreamt of, has made us new men and women in a very real sense, has altered the current of our lives, has changed our whole vision both for this life and the next, has flooded the word of God with new meaning and power, and has made us taste as never before the exquisite fulness of obeying the supreme commandment to love the Lord our God with all our heart, all our soul, all our mind and all our strength. And all this came to us when, dissatisfied with our former Christian experience and sure there was something for us more satisfying, we came in sincerity of heart and purpose to our Father in heaven, asking for the fulfilment of certain definite promises in His Word, asking for a Baptism in the Holy Ghost like unto that received by the Early Christians and portrayed on the pages of our New Testaments—and with it came speaking with tongues.

We are not ashamed of it. We have no concern whatever to hide our testimony, or even to trim it to meet the requirements of those who (the very words were spoken to the writer recently) believe that "Pentecostal folk would be wonderful people if only they would give up tongues!" Our answer is that the Lord gave us "tongues" when He gave us the larger revelation of Himself in this fulness of the Spirit, and we will not grieve Him or insinuate any ill choice on the part of the Divine Giver by spurning or even hiding the gift.

And all this leaves on one side the absolute Scripturalness of it all.

We admit that there is room at the moment for study and teaching, sifting and ordering, where these mighty experiences of recent years are concerned, some of us realise the need and are busy at the task. Yet all this is in God's order; we suggest that He ever gives experience first—the understanding of it after.

Our little ones in the home delight us with their childish prattle and early speech—and all long before their heads are bothered as to whether the verbs are in the indicative or the infinitive mood, or nouns are in the nominative or the objective case!

We would suggest that those who have no personal experience of these things might well speak more softly at times.

How good if those who have experience will be emboldened by these lines to value it and unhesitatingly declare it the more.

Above all things let the God Who first gave us all that we know of personal Christian experience be the One in Whom we dwell ever more deeply.

Great activity on doctrinal lines is not always a sign of true spiritual growth; but a deeper daily experience of the hand of God in the life can only spring from larger knowledge of Him "Whom to know is Life Eternal."

Bible Study Course.

By W. R. G. PHAIR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BIBLE STUDY.—No. 5.

Scripture: Genesis I, 14—19

It is important in this passage to obtain as nearly as possible the exact sense of the Hebrew record. To illustrate this, let us read the verses in Robert Young's (Literal) translation.—

Verse 14 And God saith, "Let luminaries be in the expanse of the heavens, to make a separation between the day and the night, and they have been* for signs and for seasons,
15 and for days and years when they have become luminaries in the expanse of the heavens to give light upon the
16 earth"; and it is so. And God prepareth the two great luminaries, the great luminary for the rule of the day, and the small luminary, with the stars, for the rule of the
17 night, and God appointeth them in the expanse of the
18 heavens to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to make a separation between the light and the darkness: and God seeth that it is good
19 and there is an evening and there is a morning—a fourth day."

Now note the following points:—

1 The word translated in our versions "*lights*" (v. 14, 16), "*greater light*," "*lesser light*" (v. 16) is a different word from "*light*" in verses 3, 4, 5, and elsewhere in the chapter. There it is simply "*light*" (Heb.—*or*), here it is "*light-bearer*" (Heb., *ma-or*), or as Young translates, "*luminary*." Light is independent of the sun, or any other light-bearer, as pointed out in No. 1 of these studies.

2 In our versions a separate sentence is constructed at the end of verse 16, by inserting the words "*he made*" before the words "*the stars also*." This is not necessary, and has obscured the sense, affording a favourite point of attack by sceptics, while greatly mystifying the student. Read simply in its connection all becomes beautifully clear and simple, harmonising with other scriptures, as shown in 5.

3. The use of the English word "*set*" in verse 17 has fostered the impression that on this day the sun and moon, and probably also the stars, were first set in their present positions. The record does not say so. The Hebrew word is "*nathan*," the ordinary word "*to give*," or, as Young translates, "*appoint*."

4 There is nothing in the Hebrew record to indicate either that the sun, moon and stars were created on this day, or that they were then for the first time placed in the positions they now occupy.

5. The grand events of this day are referred to in other scriptures in language which is evidently a quotation of this passage. In these scriptures the foregoing points are brought out and amply

* "They have been" is the Hebrew form of fixed or determined future, equivalent to English "they shall be."

confirmed Thus in Ps. 136, 9, "The moon and the stars to rule by night," and in Jeremiah 31, 35, "Thus saith the Lord, which giveth (Heb. *nathan*) the sun for a light by day, and the ordinance of the moon, and of the stars for a light by night."

6 The appointment of the sun, moon and stars as light-bearers with respect to the earth is one of God's great gifts It may, and will be modified or withheld in His displeasure at a time of judgment (Joel 2, 31, Ezekiel 32, 7, Luke 23, 44, Matt. 24, 29, etc.) It may, and will be amplified and extended at a time of great blessing (Isaiah 30, 26), while eventually, for those who dwell in the glory of His presence who is light (I. John, 1—5, "above the brightness of the sun" (Acts 26, 13), it will no longer be required (Isaiah 60, 19, Rev 21, 23, 22, 5).

"I will Declare what He hath done."

I HAD been saved for seven years, when I took seriously ill with influenza and pleurisy and an abscess. I was attended by two doctors and a nurse for a few weeks, and they had no hope for me. I also took congestion of the lungs and chronic rheumatism I got completely helpless, and was not able to come out of bed I then lay for four months By that time I had come to an end of myself. I had got in touch with the Pentecostal people through one of my daughters, who had been attending the meetings I was visited by two of the brothers, and they pointed out to me that God was the Healer of the body as well as the Saver of the soul. I then obeyed James 5—14 I also stopped both doctors and had all medicines taken away from my room I completely trusted God for everything, and, praise the Lord, from that time forward I improved every day, and am now able to do all my housework

I attend the Pentecostal meetings, and, praise God, He has given me the blessed Baptism of the Holy Ghost "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." I am still telling to others the great things the Lord has done for me for spirit, soul, and body, whereof I am glad.

Nothing in me, but all in my blessed Lord and Saviour To Him be all the glory, for He alone is worthy.—M C (Ballymena).

PRAISE God for all His goodness to me and my boy I often feel I would like others to know what the dear Lord has done for my boy. It is just over two years ago when I had the news to say my dear Mother had passed away Jack, being very fond of his Grandma, took it very much to heart, and within a fortnight was struck down with a stroke and meningitis I shall never forget when I went to his bed and found him helpless and blind The doctor came in and out but did not have much hope for him One evening he was much worse and friends gathered around He said, "Mother, hold my hand, the Angels are nearer to-night, can't you hear the singing? Oh they are calling me, how lovely! I don't mind going" It was then that a beautiful smile came over his face and he stopped breathing. We all thought him gone I said "Anything but this, Lord but Thy will be done." Within two minutes he began to breathe The doctor called and ordered him into the hospital, and there he lay for over five weeks, and I must say he had the best treatment; if they could have cured him they would have done so. After doing their very best for him they gave orders for him to be sent home—a cripple on crutches, one leg drawn up. How my heart ached. A week went by—a very hard testing time—but I knew Jesus lived Bless Him It was then that I was led to seek God as his healer.

It was on a Tuesday morning, the week after he came out of hospital, that I asked God to heal him completely. It was tea-time of the same day, we were gathered around the table; I shall never forget it, for suddenly a most wonderful glory fell upon me. Oh, how happy I felt, I do not know whether the others present felt like me, but this one thing I do know. Jesus was in the room for my boy rose at that moment from the armchair, making a peculiar noise, and gradually walking straight. The next morning he was perfectly whole. Praise God Neighbours and friends wondered what had happened, but he calmly told them: Mother's prayers. He had not the slightest limp and still remains quite strong and well. He is now working for his living, and plays first cornet in the S A band. Jack was fifteen last Christmas Day. What the Lord has done for my boy and me He is willing to do for others.

Praise His Holy Name, Jesus lives and is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever—Mrs H. P. (Brixton).

Elim Evangelistic Band.

MISS KENNEDY conducted 'an eight days' mission at Ballytyrone, concluding 2nd April, and a time of blessing was experienced.

Mr Fletcher is now back at Newtownards and Mr. Campbell at Banbridge.

Miss Streight and Mr. Yale are at Belfast

Mr Kingston is at Armagh, while Mr Phillips is away in England

The mission at Bangor lasted three weeks, and it is with deep thankfulness to God that we can ask those of our readers who united in prayer for the meetings to rejoice with us now over the fruit gathered in. The attendance was splendid from the very commencement, and by the beginning of the second week results began to appear. Much prejudice was broken down, and, best of all, there is now a nice little company whose shining faces tell of the new peace and joy that has come into their lives. One or two of them have been saved from lives of utter failure, and are testifying to changed desires and renewed wills, and Jesus in their hearts. Special prayer is asked for the converts.

Special meetings were held at Belfast over the Easter holidays. These were convened by Pastor Mercer instead of by Pastor Pinch as previously announced, the latter being at Clapham Common. Though the attendance was not as good as at previous Conventions, owing to the state of unrest in the city, yet the Lord was present in all His power as the Risen, Exalted One, living in the power of an endless life. The ministry of the Word was much used in confirming the saints in the faith, and many received blessing and went away with a greater love and zeal for the Word of God. On Easter Monday thirty-one passed through the waters of baptism.

The Easter Convention at Dowlais was marked by much blessing. The power of the Lord was present to save and to heal. Many found peace in accepting Christ as their Saviour and others were healed. Amongst them was a man who for over six years had been going about on crutches; now he is walking the streets of Dowlais without a stick. A woman who had been blind in one eye for over two years can now see perfectly with both eyes. Truly He is still the very same Jesus!

A Dying Officers's Message.

A YOUNG officer who was well known as having led a careless, worldly life, was lying at the point of death in a hospital, when he was visited by a trooper of his regiment. After speaking kindly words of sympathy, Taylor received from the dying man, as he had received from hundreds of others, mementoes and messages for loved ones at home.

“ Promise me, Taylor, that when you get back to England, you will call and see my mother, and tell her all about me ”

“ Your mother, sir ? ” and the look of sorrow and regret on the dying face made him say gently : “ May I tell your mother that you died trusting in Christ, sir ? ”

“ No, no, ” was the answer given bitterly. “ She is a good woman and a Christian. It will break her heart, I know ; but no, *it is not true of me !* ” and he turned his face away.

That was the beginning. “ But Christ will receive you now, *just as you are.* Why not come to Him ? ”

“ Taylor, ” was the bitter answer, “ I have lived only for myself, and have given God no thought all my life. How could I be so MEAN as to turn to Him and ask Him to help me *now* when I am dying ? No ! it's too late. I couldn't come now ; *it would be so mean* ”

“ Wait a minute, sir. Look at it this way. Look at it from Christ's side. After all He has done for you—and He died for you—give Him the chance of reaping your soul. He has suffered enough for you. Don't cause Him still more disappointment ! Give Him at least the chance of saving you now, late though it is ”

The dying man's eyes opened in astonishment. This was a new way of looking at it—that Christ would be disappointed if he held back, and that he would be wounding Him still further—that was a new thought.”

“ Leave me, Taylor, and come again this evening. I must be alone, I must *think.* ”

And that evening, when the trooper went, there was no need to ask whether or not he had come. The light in the dying man's eyes told the tale. He had not disappointed Christ. The lost sheep had LET the Shepherd save him “ *to the uttermost.* ”

“ Tell my mother . . . her prayers . . . have been heard, ” he whispered

When back in England, Taylor did tell that mother, and found, as he expected, a saint of God, whose prayers had followed her boy and had been answered. You who read this may have a praying mother. Send her the good news that you have taken Christ as your Saviour!—*Selected.*