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

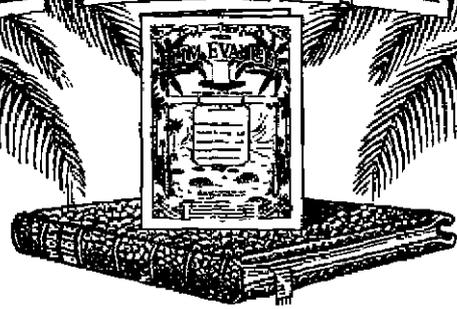
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Saviour

Jesus Christ

Healer

THE ELIM EVANGEL



FOUR SQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD.

Vol. VII. No. 18

SEPTEMBER 15, 1926

Twopence

Contents:

I CANNOT GET AWAY FROM GOD	11
IS THE LINK ON?	11
SPIRITUAL GIFTS	205
" KIDNAPPED	206
THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST	212
ITEMS OF INTEREST	212
THE BOURNEVOLTIV CAMPAIGN	216
THE LORD'S TABLE	217
WAITING UPON THE LORD	218
THE RICHES OF THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH	219
ELIM EVANGELISTIC BAND	220

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

Baptiser

The Official Organ of the Elim Pentecostal Alliance in the British Isles and printed and published twice monthly at the London headquarters.

Coming King

I Cannot Get Away from God

NOT many years ago, a young coachman was living with a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place, but there was one thing that troubled and annoyed him. It was that his old mother lived in a village close by; and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was that, whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ, and the salvation of his soul. "Mother," he at last said, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place, and go out of your reach, when I shall hear no more of such cant." "My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write, and could not follow him, and said to himself, "Anything for a quiet life." His friend got him a place in a gentleman's stables, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season. And true it is, that the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair the first day of his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead with the footman. "He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had he driven from the door, when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you

are saved." Had the question come to the coachman direct from heaven it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He felt simply terrified. "God has followed me up to Scotland!" he said to himself, "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!" And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the Garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story, so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new—it had become a real thing to him. It did not seem to him then to be the glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over he was so ill, from the fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing more.

For some days he could not leave his bed, but they were blessed days to him!

His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser, he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been, and now he felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love Him because He first loved us." He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he, who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of that God who had so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother, was to tell her of the glad tidings. "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul."—Sel

Is the Link On?

SOME time ago, in travelling, by an express train, I met with one of those little striking incidents which so frequently prove very suggestive and instructive to the mind. Owing to the opposition of two railway companies, our train had to travel under very high pressure in order to keep time, and every arrangement was made to avoid delay. When we arrived at the junction, from which the Bradford line branches off from the Main, instead of the whole train stopping to detach the Bradford carriages, a curious contrivance had been adopted, by which, while the engine was at full speed, the Bradford carriages were, in an instant, detached, and the main body of the train flew on at fifty miles an hour, leaving us, after the impetus had subsided,

standing on the line, as though the connecting chain had given way. Not being aware of the arrangement, we felt a little uncomfortable, and a young man, who sat opposite to me, put his head out of the carriage window and exclaimed, "Oh! we are left behind. I see the train flying round the curve." We could not imagine what had occurred, and, for aught we knew, some other train might come, in a few moments, and dash right into us.

It was a solemn moment, and I thought it right to improve it, by speaking to the young man about the immense importance of *having the link on*. I said to him, "What an awful thing it will be, my friend, to be left behind for ever—to find, when too
(continued on cover iii.)

The Elim Evangel

FOURSQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD

The Elim Pentecostal Alliance was founded by Pastor George Jeffreys, its Principal Overseer, in the country town of Monaghan in Ireland, in the year 1915. It consists of Elim Revival and Healing Campaigns, Elim Publishing Office, Elim Bible College, Elim Foursquare Gospel Churches, and this, the Elim Evangel, which is its Official Organ. It stands uncompromisingly for the whole Bible as the inspired Word of God, and contends for THE FAITH against all modern thought, higher criticism and new theology. It condemns extravagance and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the Old Time Gospel in Old Time Power.

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1926

No. 18

Spiritual Gifts

By HENRY PROCTOR, F. R. S. L.

THE word used in I Cor xii 1 is from *pneumatika*, lit. "spirituals," because it is not of gifts alone that the Spirit is speaking, but of three distinct classes of spiritual manifestation

Thus "there are

DISTRIBUTIONS OF CHARISMATA

or free gifts, but the same *Spirit*; of ministries but the same *Lord*, of inward workings but the same *God* that inwardly works all things in all" (v 4-6)

Here we have

- (1) *Charismata*, or free gifts of grace Our word charity is from Gk *charis*
- (2) *Ministries* or deaconships
- (3) *Energemata* or inward workings

Now in the first class are included (1) "gifts of healings," not one gift merely but a cluster of gifts (2) Prophecy, (3) Discerning (or distinguishing) of spirits, (4) Various kinds of tongues, again a cluster, of which we may possess one or more. (Paul says, "I speak with tongues, more than you all") (5) Interpretation of tongues A greatly needed gift, which should be sought after by everyone who has a gift of tongues "A man who speaks in a tongue must pray for the gift of interpreting" Let him pray that he may interpret, both for himself in private, and for others in public But "make the edification of the church, your aim in this desire to excel" (I Cor xiv 12, 13)

(2) MINISTRIES

are explained in v 28, as (1) Apostles, (2) Prophets, (3) Teachers, to which may be added from Eph iv 11, 12, pastors and evangelists All these need to possess the chief gifts of all, viz —

- (1) The logos of wisdom (*logos sophias*)
- (2) The logos of knowledge (*logos gnoseōs*)
- (3) Gift of faith which moves mountains, called "the faith of God and of Christ" (Gal ii 20, Rotherham)

(3) *Energemata*, OR INWARD WORKINGS

This includes the working of miracles, which are here called "inward workings of powers," and is

higher than any gift of healing, for as the greater includes the less, it will comprehend them all, and surpass them all

THE APOSTLES

in v 28, are not merely the apostles chosen as such during the earthly lifetime of our Lord, because it was when He ascended He gave gifts (*domata*) to men; giving some to be apostles, some to be prophets, some to be pastors and teachers. The credentials of apostleship are "signs and wonders and works of power," and to these Paul appealed in I Cor xii 12 "You had all the miracles that mark an apostle done for you." He, and probably other apostles also, possessed all the gifts of the Spirit, viz —

- (1) Wisdom (I Cor. ii 6) "Wisdom of God."
- (2) Knowledge (II Cor vi 6 and xi 6)
- (3) Faith (Gal ii 20) "The faith of God and of Christ"
- (4) Gifts of Healings (Acts xxviii 7-9)
- (5) Prophecy (I. Tim iv 1)
- (6) Discerning of Spirits (I Cor xii 13)
- (7) Miracles (Acts xix 11, 12).
- (8) Varieties of Tongues (I Cor xiv 18)
- (9) Interpretation (I Cor xiv. 13-15)

These were the "signs of a true apostle" the proofs of apostleship, and therefore would be possessed by all apostles in a measure

Those who possess the lesser gifts should "Covet (desire earnestly) the greater gifts, in order to "excel to the edifying of the church, not only for themselves but for others also For the growth of the whole Body of Christ, depends more upon the loving exercise of the gifts of the Spirit, than upon anything else Thousands are now being added to the Church, through gifts of healings, and through miracles and works of power The apostles did not depend upon eloquence, logic, or wisdom, "but on the proof supplied by the Spirit and its POWER (I Cor. ii 1, 4, 5)

“Kidnapped”

Sister McPherson's Remarkable Testimony, with a Foreword by Pastor George Jeffreys

To read the following account of our dear Sister McPherson's trials, is like reading an addition to the Acts of the Apostles. Kidnapping, plotting, false witnessing and persecution of the bitterest kind, seem to be the order of the day. Such can be expected from the enemy and worldlings, for is she not attacking, as no other Evangelist, his kingdom and their sin? Any suggestions of duplicity on her part by professing Christians can only be attributed to carnal envy. Her great gift of ministry and her achievements for the Kingdom, giving her a place unequalled as a revivalist by anyone of our day, could easily call forth jealousy from regions where carnality reigns. Elim friends rejoice that she is in harness again, and pray that she will yet attain heights hitherto not anticipated by her most sanguine friends.

In the late world war, when the battle was raging hottest, sometimes those in the front trenches delayed in sending communications to friends and loved ones left behind. How those in the homeland longed for news! How the days and weeks dragged by on leaden feet for those who could do little but wait!

While all is hurry and bustle in Angelus Temple, while the forces of satan are attacking and the shells are falling hottest, we must not forget that there are thousands all over the world who are waiting impatiently for some authentic news of the conflict. We know that you have had nothing but the wild press rumours and prevarications from all sources. We realise that not only our friends but the entire world is becoming sickened with the unsubstantiated reports and groundless stories.

We have written the following for the sake of those who want official news from the battle front, and we are appealing to our readers to assist us in reaching, by this medium, as many as possible.

In this present circumstance, the parallel of which has been unknown in the annals of our country, I have been called to stand before the world as a target of the missiles of every enemy or crank, of publicity seekers and evil-minded passers-by, but in the midst of it all, I stand and face the world unafraid for I have told the truth, I believe and trust in God and am assured that the truth will set us free.

Though witnesses have been brought from here, there and yonder to testify that they saw me in this place and that, to the time of writing everything that has been presented has been proved to be utterly false and foolish. Among all the wild rumours there has not been even a plausible theory advanced, and my own story stands alone—the only story there ever was, the only one there ever will be—the true story of that which has occurred.

HOW suddenly it all happened! One moment, sunlit skies, singing, preaching, thronging thousands of the dearest friends, bright plans for immediate extension of the Master's work.

The next—horror, wild fear, rough hands, the roar of a car, and I, prone upon the floor of that car.

It had taken me absolutely unaware, this sudden abduction and seizure by the hands of unknown plot-



ters. If anyone in all the world had ever been completely happy and busy, and their lives utterly full, it had been myself. For almost seventeen years I had preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. As a girl of seventeen, God had called me from the milk pail on a Canadian farm to a world pulpit. Leaving all, I had risen up to follow Him, and had borne His message around the world. Perhaps no other woman had ever spoken to the millions to whom it had been my happy privilege to tell the story of the Christ.

The largest buildings from coast to coast had been packed to the brim, and now, for the last three years, the crowning effort of it all had come in the building and organizing of the great work in beautiful Angelus Temple at Echo

Park, Los Angeles.

How proud I was of it all—the block of buildings, the Temple with the largest seating capacity of any fireproof church in America, the five and one-half story school building, just completed, the administration building, the training of hundreds of students who were pledging their lives as ministers, missionaries and evangelists.

Full? My life was brimming—overflowing. I ran busily from one duty to another—my lovely children, my great radio congregation, the school, the editing of my magazine, the *Bridal Call Foursquare*, besides preaching, planning and conducting the constant services.

Three times the Temple had been crowded to capacity on the Sunday before this terrible thing befell me. Monday night thousands stood in the street after the first audience was dismissed, waiting for the second service.

“You need a little rest, dear,” my mother had said.

‘ Why not slip away to the beach for a few hours ’
How I loved them—those rolling billows of the great Pacific! What rest, exhilaration and refreshment they always brought me.

Happily we sped along the highway, my secretary, Miss Emma Schaffer and I, laughing, talking, planning, thinking of future messages and sermons.

There it lay—the broad bosom of the sea, with the waves piling in upon the silver sands. It took but a moment to slip into a swimming costume. Then the plunge into the surf. Then stretch luxuriously upon the sand beneath the little beach tent to enjoy it all and drink in the fresh salt breezes from the mighty deep.

Ever pleasure could not occupy my whole mind for long. There were those Sunday sermons! I began to work on them, having brought my Bible, pencils and note-book with me. “Darkness and Light,” had been chosen for my sermon subject. It seems curious now, remembering what happened, that that phrase should have come into my mind when I began to plan for the Sunday services.

“Out of darkness into light.” And I, suspecting nothing, was about to plunge into a darkness more terrible than anything I had ever imagined. The darkness of suffering, of fear, of well-nigh despair.

Then, “into the light” I was to come back; into the blessed light of safety, of love and home.

It was even to be, that when I stumbled feebly desperately along that road, a light should be my first token of hope.

NEVER will a light look more glorious to me than the crimson glow of the flames that I saw against the sky, when, exhausted by the long miles across the desert, I saw far away in the night the red glow that they told me afterwards were the Douglas smelter fires.

I did not know what they were. But surely they meant human habitation—people, telephones, rest, shelter and safety.

And that little light burning over the door of the house in Agua Prieta, the one light in that dark street, silent except for the clamour of the dogs.

“Come,” it said to me. “Here are friends. Here is shelter. Here you will be safe in the light!”

But, as I sat there on the beach in the sea wind and the sunshine that May afternoon, turning the leaves of my Bible and writing notes for my sermon, I did not know. There were so many things to think of—happy things.

There was the meeting of that very night. I had forgotten to request some special music and some illustrations which should have been ordered.

Accordingly, I asked my secretary to telephone the city, as she had not gone in the water; and I plunged in for another swim.

STRAIGHT out I swam, ploughing through the billows, then toward the pier and back, hand over hand, laughing up at the seagulls that circled and dipped overhead. Oh, how I loved to swim!

Suddenly I heard my name called.

Turning, I saw a man and a woman standing at the edge of the water. Even in my brief hour of recreation, the call of duty was never silent for long.

Making my way to the shore, I looked into the faces of the couple solicitously, for both seemed under great nervous stress. The woman was visibly trembling and looked on the verge of tears.

“Oh, my baby!” she said. “My baby! She is dying. The doctor has given her up. Oh, Sister, come and pray for her! Won’t you? You will come!”

“We have her right here in the car.” This eagerly from the man, who stood twisting his hat in his hands.

“How did you know I was at the beach?” I inquired.

“We drove in all the way from Altadena with the baby. We went to the church and told your mother the story. She said you had gone to the seashore, but if we could find you, she was sure you would take a moment, under the circumstances, to pray for the little one. Oh, please hurry!”

“But I can’t go now. You will have to wait until I get dressed.”

“No! No! I have a coat here.”

Putting the action to the words, a large loose coat like a mackintosh was thrown over my shoulders. I slipped my arms into the loose sleeves, noticing with approval that it came well down toward my feet.

“Right this way. It will only take you a moment. Even if the baby should die, we will feel better to know that you prayed for her.”

A diagonal walk across the sand to the broad walk, between the couple.

“I will go on ahead. I am so anxious,” said the woman, speeding with apparent mother love up the street. Poor gullible me! I had not stopped to think that they had never been to mother. I had told several people out on the sidewalk where I was going and anyone could have easily followed me, before leaving the Temple, but that never entered my mind.

Walking by the side of the man, I soon reached a sedan. We approached the car from the rear. The door was open. A man sat behind the wheel. The woman sat in the far side of the back seat, holding a bundle of blankets or shawls, which I presumed to be the baby, in her arms, gently rocking and crooning to it.

“You had better step in,” said the man. “You can reach the baby better.” Only too glad to do



THE ELIM EVANGEL



this, being barefooted, I stepped on the running board, my weight thrown forward.

Then upon me, utterly unsuspecting, trusting in them, fell this terrible thing. Dear Lord, I have lived it through a thousand times since then. Shall I ever forget it?—the quick, strong shove, just beneath my shoulders, that threw me forward on my face and arms so that I fell to the floor of the car.

A smothering, suffocating mass of blankets over me—a hand holding something that felt like a sponge on my face—a sticky, sweet odour, a gasp, a struggle, a firm hand at the back of my head, the roar of a motor and it grew dark.

WHEN next my eyes opened, I was lying in a white iron bed, desperately nauseated. A woman was bending over me—the same woman who had pleaded the cause of a dying baby.

Dazedly, then with increasing alarm, I looked about me. My first thought was that there had been an automobile accident and I had awakened in a hospital. The room was strange. The blue and pink wallpaper was unfamiliar. The bed, the dresser, the cot, the chair, the boarded window—none of these I knew.

“What—where—why, you are the lady with the baby!” I finally said. “Where am I? What has happened?”

Without answering my question definitely, the woman, who later, when I asked her name, told me I might call her “Rose,” called two men from the adjoining room. One was the man who had accompanied her to the beach, and the other, the man who had sat behind the wheel of the car.

There they stood at the foot of my bed. One man rather heavy set, brown hair and fair complexion; the other tall, dark and slim. They answered my questions, but the answers seemed to freeze the blood in my veins.

What were they saying? Held for ransom! Why? Nonsense! Surely I was dreaming. One read of such things in the papers. They happened to others, but never could they happen to me! Was I dreaming? A nightmare?

“But it is ridiculous!” I protested. “I must go back! I have to address a great audience! My mother will be frantic! My children—the training school—it is examination time! My papers are all to be corrected. There is the radio—the people, the—the—Why, you must take me back!”

“Oh, you will go back, all right,” they said, “when we get what we want.”

DULLY I lay there and watched until the two men left the room. The woman, who was my constant attendant, who slept in the room with me, and who took what I suppose one would call good care of

me, under the circumstances, had left the room also for a moment.

Arising from the bed, I made my way to the window and gave shout after shout. It was but a moment until the three were in the room again and ordered me to stop that. Later I tried it again, but the man they called “Steve” and the woman held me and put a wad of white cloth in my mouth and tied it firmly behind my head. They removed it shortly afterward, and told me that if I called out again I would be gagged and stay that way.

Looking at the words after they are written, I shake my head and feel that it is all a mistake—that it could not, just could not have happened. It all seems too melodramatic, too far-fetched, too unreasonable and strange, but it did happen, and of all people in the world, it happened to me, whose well-ordered life was filled with incessant duties of ministering to the sinful, the sick, the dying and the needy.

Day after day, night after night, this one room was my habitation. I lost all track of day and date.

Hour after hour, day after day, I lay on the bed or paced that little room. My thoughts ran in an endless circle, the picture of my prison and my jailers was burned on my mind. I can close my eyes and see it all.

Where had I been taken in that car, while I lay unconscious under the smothering blankets? In what lonely, hidden place was I a prisoner?

There was running water in the house, but how much did that mean? That water might be piped from a well or we might possibly be on the edge of some town. There was neither comfort nor cheer in my prison room. Only the merest necessities. The furniture looked as if it had been used for a long time. There was a white iron bed, on which I had awakened from oblivion to realize the terror that had come to me. There was a cot, where “Rose” slept. There was an old dresser, varnished brown, and badly worn, with a mirror. I used to look in that mirror and wonder if it were my face that looked back at me.

I SAW my face growing thinner and the lines deepening. I saw that the face in the mirror never smiled. I saw that the eyes that looked back at me were dark, with weariness and despair.

I tried to cheer and comfort the woman in the mirror.

“You will get away somehow,” I told her. You must get away. I don’t know how. I don’t know when. But don’t give up. You have trusted in God all your life, trusted Him in joy and sorrow. He will not fail you now. Be patient. Be brave.”

Oh, how I longed for my Bible that had always been my companion and comfort. If I could have brought that, I thought, I could have sought shelter



THE ELIM EVANGEL

in its blessed words from the despair that was closing in on me—Over and over, I repeated to myself verses I knew.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou wilt be with me—Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me.”

That was my only refuge—my belief and my trust in those promises

Hour after hour I sat thinking—thinking

Where was I? What had happened? Who were these people? What had I, who loved all the world, ever done to them? Why, oh why, should this have come to me?

Many times my thoughts fled out over the unknown miles—home

What was happening there?

My mother—what was she doing? What was her sorrow? What could she think had become of me?

My children—what had they been told?

My friends, my people—what were they saying, thinking?

And I was alive! I was here—somewhere! Alive and helpless!

There were no electric lights—When night came,

Rose brought a kerosene lamp into the room.

Even that little thing strengthened the terrible sense of isolation—An electric light would have meant civilization, a wire leading somewhere, away from my prison to a place where I might find safety, a guide to lead me if I could escape.

I was alone, lost, helpless, cut off from everything I had known.

NOW and then, during those days that are not yet clear in my mind, the men came into my room to talk to me, to tell me of their demands for ransom which they expected to receive from my mother and the church as soon, said they with an oath, as they could “kill the drowning theory.”

Just as the room, the wallpaper with its blue stripes and pink flowers, are burned in my memory, so are the faces and the voices of my captors.

“Rose” was a woman perhaps in her late thirties. She was, I think, about five feet seven inches tall, and weighed probably one hundred and eighty-five pounds—not stout, but ample and solidly built. She had black, bobbed, fluffy hair, an olive complexion, dark brown eyes and rather full lips. Her manner was like that of a practical nurse—competent, matter-of-fact, and in her way, I suppose, kindly. She did not speak like an illiterate or ignorant person, and her dress was very plain.

She called me “dearie” in a gushing sort of way, the “dearie” that has no tinge of affection but is simply a manner of speech.

“Steve” was a tall man, perhaps six feet, although I think I was always lying on the bed when

he came in with “Rose” to talk to me, and it is hard to judge height that way. He had a fair complexion, medium brown hair and he was heavy set. I am not sure as to the colour of his eyes, but my impression is that they were light. There was nothing particularly distinctive about him, but I would know him again in an instant.

I never heard the name of the other man. He took only a small part in the conversation, and neither “Rose” nor “Steve” called him by name. He was also tall, rather slight and dark.

Though “Rose” was with me all the time, I saw comparatively little of the two men. I think “Steve” must have been away a great deal—perhaps as their link with the outside world. The dark man would sit in the other room most of the time.

I believe I would know all three of them again if they were brought before me.

CAME a time when the woman began to ask me about my Canadian home. We talked together during my days of captivity, talked about little unimportant things, for whenever I asked questions, she always answered “Dearie, we won’t talk about that now.”

One day she asked me casually if we ever had a hammock and what kind of one it was. She led up to it, I realize now, by saying the weather was warm and a hammock would be comfortable.

I told her we did have one, made of woven wire, fastened between two apple trees.

She asked me if I were fond of dogs, and I told her I was very fond of them. She asked whether we had kept one in Canada, what colour it was, and its name. I told her it was a black water spaniel, and its name was Gyp.

By that time the men had entered the room, and something in the way they winked at one another and the look of elation in their faces made me suspicious. One of the men asked something about our dining-room stove in the country, and whether we had a relative by the name of Wallace.

“Why do you want to know?” I asked. “Why are you asking me all these questions?”

Then they told me that my mother believed me to be drowned while swimming at the beach, and before they could get her to pay them ransom money, they must make her believe I was alive and well. They said mother had asked these questions.

When they said they were holding me for five hundred thousand dollars, I refused to answer the questions, saying that I would rather die than cripple the church to such an extent.

“Oh, your folks have plenty,” they scoffed.

“But not five hundred thousand dollars! No church could pay that amount.”



THE ELIM EVANGEL

"Why, you have multitudes there," they said, "and if five hundred people gave a thousand dollars apiece, it would be raised.

"I won't answer your questions—not one of them!" I exclaimed.

"You will if you know what is for your own good. You will answer them and answer them quick," said a gruff voice, and a strong hand fell upon my wrist. A lighted cigar butt was placed to first one finger and then another. There are still, at the moment of writing, scars on my fingers, though some weeks have elapsed.

Instead of shewing fear, somehow I had the presence of mind to keep perfectly steady, though I winced a little. Looking up into their faces, I said.

"Go ahead."

A little shamefacedly he desisted.

Practically all the time of my absence from home was spent in this one house. The man called "Steve" was absent a great deal of the time—presumably on trips concerning the working out of the ransom plot. Hour in and hour out, I paced the floor to and fro.

Dressed? Yes. The woman had given me clean clothing, too large for me—they may have been her own. Also she had given me shoes and stockings.

ONE night, after the man whom they called "Steve" had been absent for some days, he returned and the trio sat talking until late in the night. I caught snatches of their conversation, and deduced that they were angry, and that some plan to obtain money had failed.

Scraps of conversation drifted to me after I had retired. One of them was "Don't they think we know a d—dick when we see him, even if he is beribboned?"

They swore a great deal.

They did not hurt me again, after that one attempt with the lighted cigar. Nor did the men ever make any attempt to harm me. That danger was only suggested when they said that if my mother did not do what they wanted, they would sell me to Felipe of Mexico City.

One night, sometime after hearing the conversation about the "dick" I was asleep when "Rose" awakened me and told me to get up and dress. Evidently they had suddenly decided to move. I was blindfolded and taken out and put in the car. The right half of the front seat of the car had been folded forward. A narrow mattress, evidently the one from "Rose's" cot, had been laid upon the floor, and I was placed upon it, my hands and feet tied firmly but quite comfortably.

Then began a long trip. During the journey, I recall but one or two stops and these seemed to be in the country. One was to put in gasoline, which I believe was carried in an extra can. Only once

during the trip was I gagged. I remember that at the time there was a rumble as of some traffic, as though we might be passing through a town.

I was helpless, lying there with my hands and feet tied, in the bottom of the car. Oh if they would only have to stop somewhere near human habitation, even if they gagged me surely I could make some sort of disturbance that would attract attention. My feet were tied but I could kick the side of the car. But they did not stop where such a thing was possible. Once or twice the car slowed down, and I thought—"Now perhaps I can do it." But there was no sound of voices outside the car. It might have been in the country.

"Rose" and the dark man, whose name I never heard, were in the car. The man drove. "Rose" sat in the backseat. "Steve," I think must have gone in the other car with the camp equipment, for there was nothing like that in the car that carried me.

How long that day was! We drove on and on. Sometimes the roads were smooth, sometimes rough. I could not see out. My head was far below the level of the car windows.

The day passed and darkness had once more fallen. I was taken from the car, blindfolded and hurried into a room in some house or shack.

BY this time my nerves, which had held up for so long and of which I had always been justly proud, had given way, for among other things they had told me my mother had collapsed. I pictured her in all sorts of horrible conditions, possibly drawn with a paralytic stroke, or dying, and my children left alone. My case seemed hopeless, and for the first time, I began to feel despair and to feel that these people were not only plotting for money, but perhaps the devil, who is ever an enemy to the cause of Christ, to revivalism such as I had been preaching much to the confusion of the powers of darkness, had conspired against me that I should never more stand in my pulpit or issue the call for men and women to come to Calvary's fountain.

All strength seemed to leave me. I could not stand, but fell to the floor. I took no interest in my surroundings or my food. We had lived practically all this time on canned goods. A prolonged hysteria had fastened itself upon me. I was dimly aware that the men had gone and "Rose" was alone with me.

"Oh, it is so hot!" I complained at different times.

"Never mind dearie," she answered, "if your mother behaves herself and does what is right, you may be home next Friday night."

The men had gone, then, had they, to put on the final clamps? What would mother do? How would she raise the money? What would the people say or think? What would become of the church?



THE ELIM EVANGEL

Round and round my thoughts circled until my brain swam and my head seemed bursting

I cannot describe this second prison of mine very well. It was dark when we arrived, and before they took me out of the car and into the shack, they tied a handkerchief over my eyes. That is about all I know, save that the room where they kept me was small and the walls were dark. There was a window, but all it shewed me was a lonely stretch of desert.

"Rose," "Steve" and the other man brought in the camp equipment that they must have carried. As I remember, the cots were already in the room when I was taken in. Brown, khaki army cots and blankets. There was a camp chair. A pail and a dipper stood in one corner, and there was a big tin can that was my salvation when, in those frantic minutes before I escaped, I sought for something to cut the bonds that held me helpless.

It was terribly hot—dry desert heat. I was exhausted and the heat oppressed me frightfully.

"Oh, I can't stand it—it's so hot!" I moaned to "Rose" when it seemed now and then, as if I could not endure it another moment.

"Now dearie, don't worry," she would say, "It won't be long. It isn't as hot here as it is in Honduras."

Were they planning to smuggle me away somewhere else, I wondered. Honduras! Why should she speak of Honduras?

I was growing very weak from the heat and the endless worry. Most of the time I lay on the bed. It seemed to me that surely the end had come.

The men were there at first. They seemed anxious about something. They and "Rose" talked together a good deal.

A day or so after we reached that place—I cannot remember days exactly—the men went away. I heard the car start. I was left alone with "Rose." It was the first time both men had gone away and left me alone with her.

Then, it must have been Tuesday, the day I escaped—all days were alike to me by that time—"Rose" came in with a tin basin of water and washed my face.

I was very weak. All I could think of was my mother.

"Mother—poor mother!" I remember moaning over and over again like a child. I was thinking how she must be suffering. All those days with no word from me, all those days of anxiety and waiting!

I tried to get up and walk around the room a little, but I was too weak. My limbs would not hold me. Everything was whirling around me. I crept back to the bed.

"Rose" came to me. In her hand she held some strips of cotton cloth, flat strips, something like those you turn a mattress with.

"Now dearie," she said, (Oh, how I shrank from the insincerity of that incessant "dearie") "Dearie, I must go for provisions. I'll have to tie you for a little while. I'll soon be back."

"But I am so weak," I protested, "I don't believe I could stand or walk long."

"Yes, I know," she said, "but I'll have to tie you, just the same. We can't take any chances. I won't hurt you."

"Please tie my hands in front of me, then," I begged. "My arms and shoulders get so stiff when my hands are behind me."

"Rose" shook her head.

"Lie down on your side," she said. There was nothing for me to do but obey.

She tied my hands behind me. My feet were crossed and tied that way. The cloth was not tied tightly enough to hurt, yet enough to hold me.

"Rose" went out, and I heard a car start. The engine sounded like that of a small car with a light motor. There were no voices outside and I was quite sure that the men had not returned.

IT was the first time that I had been left alone. Possibly I was so weak now, not having felt able to stand for more than a few moments the last days, that she felt it safe to go for supplies.

At any rate, now was my great opportunity for escape, if only I was strong enough.

Could I make it? Desperation and hope lent strength to my weakened frame. I prayed with all my soul for power to thrust back the weakness that was upon me, for the mist to clear from my tired mind.

"Oh, give me strength—Lord give me strength!" I prayed.

My ankles had been crossed in the tying. It was impossible for me to walk, even with short steps. I rolled from the cot and across the floor. There, by the wall, stood a square tin can, like an oil can. The top had been cut away in such a manner as to leave a sharp edge.

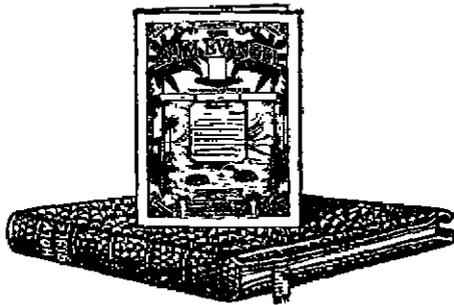
Lifting myself with difficulty to a sitting posture, I managed to turn my back to the can and press the bands that bound my wrists against the sharp edge. Awkwardly, but persistently, I sawed the bonds against its edge, until at last one strand parted. My wrists became chafed and bruised, but it was done, and in a moment my hands were free.

Loosing my feet and chafing my ankles, I stood up. I could walk. I reached the window and climbed out, and like the man in the Bible days, "I stood not on the order of my going."

I ran straight ahead—ran and ran—and was only stopped by a sharp pain in my side. The mist of

(continued on page 213)

THE ELIM EVANGEL



FOUR SQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD.

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The Blood of Jesus Christ

"**Y**E were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot"—I Peter 1, 18, 19

In this scripture we see God's estimate and man's estimate of what will avail for redemption compared. The Holy Ghost calls silver and gold corruptible. Man is wearing himself out trying to obtain corruptible things. Corruptible things will not redeem a soul.

One drop of the precious blood is worth more than all the gold in the universe. Blood redeems the world. Gold corrupts the world. God offers man redemption and he prefers corruption.

Redeemed by the precious blood! Angels cannot fathom its preciousness. It astounds heaven, and it confuses hell.

If you want to fathom the value of the precious blood, go to the Word of God. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The pouring forth of that precious blood cost God the most precious gift of heaven, namely, His only begotten Son, who was manifested on the earth, and whose blood was poured out on the earth.

To have a right apprehension of the precious blood you must have the Holy Spirit. It is a serious thing to reject the precious blood. How shall they escape who neglect so great a salvation. How shall they escape who tread under foot the blood of Christ?

God is exalted on the gilded cross seen on the spires of some of our churches, and the blood of Christ is trodden under foot on the threshold at the same time. The members confess they are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, knowing not that they are poor and naked. They are rich in themselves, and poor toward God.

Corrupt gold makes princes beggars, but through faith in Jesus' blood, beggars become kings and priests with God. The blood of Jesus Christ cleansing your heart can fit you for the abode of God.

You think you understand the value of the precious blood, but you never can. Eternity is not long enough to learn to appreciate its worth. Our song in eternity will be "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." And we shall reign with Him. Men and women in the world purchase favours by silver and gold, and get into high positions. The blood of Jesus can purchase the highest position in eternity, where we will live and reign with Him forever.

The power in Jesus' blood not only draws the believer from the earth, but links him to the throne. Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot! You also may be without blemish and spot as you trust in the efficacy of that precious blood.

Items of Interest

We have printed large numbers of this *Evangel* which contains a full account of Mrs McPherson's kidnapping and miraculous deliverance, and we suggest that our readers distribute it widely. Orders for extra copies should be sent in immediately, as we are anticipating a large demand.

* * *

By the time this appears in print, the new sections of the City and South London Railway will be opened, linking Clapham by underground with Balham, Tooting and Wimbledon, and also with the west end.

“Kidnapped”

(continued from page 211)

fear and haste that had clouded my vision cleared a little, and I took stock of my surroundings.

I was in a desert—rolling country, covered with growths with which I was not familiar, stretched far out for what seemed to be endless miles. By the sun, I would judge that it was about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Was I on the California desert, or in the region of Imperial Valley? But there was no time for speculation. Hurry! Hurry! At any moment the car might return and my absence be noticed.

Which way was I headed? That did not matter either. The main thing was to get away, anywhere. On, on I sped. The sun was blazing down hotly, but having on a long white cotton undershirt, I was able to turn my dress over my head and arms as protection from the burning rays.

Down through little gulleys, up over little knolls, on across level stretches of country, weaving in and out among the desert growth, stumbling sometimes, yet going on and on, ever on until the sun was growing low. No human soul did I see.

I SHOULD judge it would be about five thirty o'clock in the afternoon when, exhausted and thirsty, I determined to head for a certain dark hill which stood out above the rest and which I later learned to be Niggerhead Mountain. Possibly here there would be water or shelter.

When I reached the hill the moon was shining brightly and all the stars were looking down upon the desert. It was a beautiful sight, but I, who loved the heavens, was in no mood for enjoying their glory on this night. Stark terror had taken hold of me. I remembered many stories of people who had died in the desert, hopelessly lost, perishing for food and water.

To my unspeakable joy, from an elevation at the foot of the mountain, I saw in the distance a glow of light in the sky. What was it? Looking closely, I saw a cluster of lights, too low, too bright for the stars.

It was—it was a city of habitation! How far it looked—yet it was there! Thank God! I was not lost!

Could I make it? Yes, and I would!

Winding my way down, I found a road which shewed signs of travel. New courage and inspiration came to me. I pressed on. My feet, however, were very sore and tired. My knees and limbs trembled beneath me. I felt that I must needs spend the night in the desert and press on in the morning; but oh, I was so thirsty and my lips and tongue so dry.

How far had I come—ten miles or fifteen. It seemed to my weary, faltering limbs that it must have

been twenty. I had no way of determining the exact distance.

Many times I lay down, scooping up the sand for a pillow and laying my head upon the skirt of my dress—not a shade from the sun now, but a wrap to protect me from the chill of the night.

As I lay there looking up at the stars, I hoped that a traveller might pass that way and see me and pick me up, but I could not rest.

I had gone along the road for several miles—I cannot tell how far—when in the moonlight I saw, on my left, a little building.

It was the first sign I had seen of human habitation. I was terribly tired, but I almost ran toward the little building.

“Help!” I called. “Who’s there?”

There was not a sound.

I reached the door of the shack. It was open.

The hut was deserted.

I walked back and forth, peering in at the door, hunting vainly for signs of life. It seemed too cruel that there could be no one there, but it was true.

I went back to the road and started again. How much farther?

“You are on a road,” I told myself, trying to keep up strength and courage.

But I was tired, so tired. I had walked for hours under that blazing sun, walked and ran, afraid to look back, listening always for some sound behind me, some shout that would tell me “Rose” and the men had come back, discovered my flight, and were following me.

The night was terrifying but it was also a blessing. The night wind was cool. The heat of the sun was gone.

And then, I thought

“Suppose that they do find out that I have escaped. Suppose they follow me. They cannot find me in the darkness.”

I was so tired that I could not walk far at a time, and now I felt that I could not take another step.

But then I remembered something else, something that I had forgotten before, when my only thought was to get away from my prison.

Rattlesnakes! Gila monsters! Lizards!

They lived in the desert.

SUDDENLY it seemed to me that the night was filled with strange noises. I heard dry rustles in the sagebrush—here—there—all around me.

I tried to force myself to keep still, to rest. I knew the night wind was moving the sagebrush, that there were harmless little desert creatures which would not hurt me. But my imagination was running riot. I could not endure it. I got up and hurried on.

Again I hoped that a traveller would come along and find me—but I remembered that it was night,



THE ELIM EVANGEL

and I could not hope for that help until day came, and I could not wait for day.

Many times I lay down but always I crawled to my feet and started on once more—on toward these blessed lights

After more weary miles, I saw lights away off at my right. I shouted, but my voice sounded so little and thin in the vastness of the desert.

"Yo-o-o-o hoo-o-o-o!" I called "Help! Please help me!"

But no voice answered. There was nothing but the barking of dogs in the distance. It seemed to me at all times that I was walking in my sleep with my eyes closed. My eyelids were so heavy they refused to stay open.

"Yoo-o-o-o hoo-o-o-o!" I called again.

Dogs were barking! To my right a dark blotch outlined itself against the sky. Was it? Yes it was a building, and a large one, too. I pressed on toward it.

Finally, a man's voice was heard silencing the barking dogs.

By this time I had reached the high wire fence which later proved to be the line between Mexico and Arizona. As I stood and clung to the fence, trembling with mingled joy and exhaustion, a light was struck in the house which stood at the rear of the large building, and a man came to the other side of the fence. He peered through, and demanded

"What do you want?"

"I want the police," I answered.

"The police? What have you done?"

"Nothing, but I want the police. Have you a telephone?"

"What do you want the police for?"

On, on, question after question, until it seemed I would drop where I stood. I saw that I could not make him understand my plight.

"Have you an automobile?" I asked.

"No."

"A horse?"

"No."

"Will you get dressed and come with me to the village?"

"No. Have to work all day."

Then his voice changed to a more kindly tone.

"Won't you come in and rest until morning?"

"What is this place?" I asked.

"A slaughter house," he replied.

"Have you a wife? Are there any women in the house?"

"No, but you better come through the fence anyway. Then you will be on the American side. You are in Mexico now."

I took another look at the man and decided to stay on my side of the fence, for he had told me it was only a mile to the nearest house.

Only—a—mile, but oh, what a mile!

For years I have usually gone wherever my travels necessitated, in my car. Never have I walked at one time so many miles as I did that day and night, starting out at approximately noon or just before, and arriving at the first house of habitation between one and two in the morning—totalling nearly fifteen hours. What a day! What an experience!

HERE at last was a village. The small houses lined either side of the street. Passing the smaller ones, each of which possessed one or more dogs, who barked in all keys and tones, I pressed on, the only human figure on the street so far as I could see. Dogs of all sizes chimed in the general uproar. There was the tiny yip! yip! of the wee ones and the deep-throated ominous growl of the larger.

On I went until I came to a large house with a fence and a bushy hedge inside. It looked promising—like the home of responsible people. There was a wire running from the street to the house. Could it be a telephone? And, too, there was a light over the door.

I rattled the gate. Dogs barked here, also. Surely every Mexican must own half a dozen dogs. Surely here would be hospitality, friends and succour.

"Will you help me?" I called. My voice sounded strange, even to myself. "Will you please help me?"

"Who is it? Come in," said a man's voice in rather broken English.

I took a look at the tiny dog—the bark of the large one sounded from inside the house—and I made my way up the walk to the piazza.

"What do you want?"

"I want the police. Please help me. Have you a telephone? I want a telephone quickly."

"No, but there is a telephone just up the street one block, across on the other side."

"Oh, I wish you could help me."

Turning from the piazza, I went down the steps and started down the walk, saying to myself dully.

"One block—just—one—more—block—now. Just one—more—"

I wavered to and fro on the walk, reached the gate, partly opened it, then crumbled. The last I remember was that when I fell my head was lower than my body, and I was half in and half out of the gate. I do not know how long I lay there unconscious. The people had come out of the house, and they said afterwards that they thought me dead. When they saw life was still in me, they laid me on the piazza and covered me with blankets.

What kindly folk they were! I think the first word I spoke was "Water! Water!" Though the women had not been able to understand much English, they understood that word and pressed a glass to my lips.



THE ELIM EVANGEL

How good it was! My tongue was swollen and my lips were parched. I called for a second glass Water and the police were the two things I wanted most in all the world just then

I remember that when I awakened there by the gate, the man had lifted my head in his hands and was holding it very gently while the woman stroked my hands

"Senorita—senora," I heard him say through that mist of half-unconsciousness

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

How good it was to look into a kindly woman's face again. I thought of "Rose"—of her hard, cruel look that even her gushing "dearie" could not hide

How different was this woman's face, bent so anxiously over mine! How beautiful she looked to me!

They tell me it was two hours before I could speak enough to whisper the word "police," so that the man could understand. They thought I was dying when I fell there at the gate

The next faces I saw were Mexican, too, but kindly and anxious.

"Where am I?" I whispered

"Agua Prieta," answered one of the men

Agua Prieta. Where was that? In Mexico, surely, but where?

"Douglas—American city—over there," said one of the men

An American city! Then I was safe—safe at last!

"The police—I want the police," I whispered

"Senora, I am of the police," was the reply

I seized his hand and held it fast. Mexican, American, what did I care. Here were the police, law, authority, the power to protect me

AN officer never looked so good to me in all the days of my life. Sometimes I feel I will stop at every corner where there stands a traffic officer and shake hands with him, from now on until the day of my death

When I had revived a little—and there is nothing like relief and joy to drive away the mists of unconsciousness—these kindly folks sent for an American taxicab driver. He took me across the border, brought me to an American hospital and called an American policeman

This policeman told the hospital authorities that he would guarantee my bill, whoever I was. I was an American woman in need of care. That was enough for him.

At the hospital I had difficulty in persuading even one person to believe that I was Aimee Semple McPherson.

"Are you sure you are Mrs. McPherson?" they would ask

"Absolutely."

"Have you any proof of it?"

"No."

"Do you mean that you are Aimee Semple McPherson?"

"Certainly."

A man came in and looked at me closely. Then he paced back and forth across the floor, hands behind his back, and stopped at the bed and looked at me closely again. Time after time he repeated this, shaking his head

"Would you mind—" he finally said

"No, what?" I replied

"Would you mind—"

"No I wouldn't. What is it?"

"Would you mind blowing your breath in my face—just once?"

"Why no," I replied, not realizing what he might mean by such a request. I did not understand that since I had been found across the border they thought that I had been drinking and was imagining I was Mrs. McPherson

I did what he asked, and forever settled that idea

At last they believed me. They told me they would telephone to Los Angeles, to the police and to my mother

I lay there waiting, while the nurses, the dear kindly nurses, made me comfortable. Would they ever get the call through, I wondered?

And then at last, the men came back to my room. They had Los Angeles on the line they said. What should they say that would prove to those far away people who I was?

I told them little things about my girlhood that I knew no one but my mother would remember.

I told them to say

"The scar on her finger is from a cut she received when she was a little girl. The man who cut her in that accident was named Pinkston"

I told them about my pet pigeon, Jennie, and the cat named Whitetail.

But there had been so many rumours, so many sensational reports that I knew nothing about. So many times the word had come "She is here—she is there."

At last the men came back again

"Can you manage to come to the telephone yourself?" they asked. "If your mother hears your voice, she says she will know"

Could I? To speak to my mother? If that telephone had been a mile away, even a mile of desert road, I would have gone to it.

I could scarcely hold the receiver, scarcely control my voice.

"Hello, darling"

And back over those miles of wires came the voice I had thought I would never hear again.



THE ELIM EVANGEL

“Aimee! Oh, thank God! Thank God! Aimee!”

And in that Douglas hospital, clinging to the telephone, with the nurses smiling around me, I breathed the same prayer of joy.

“Thank God! Oh, thank God!”

IT seemed that the hours would never pass—that the morning and Mother would never come. When at last my mother and my two children arrived the terrible experience was all in the past and a new day had dawned.

WHAT scenes of excitement were enacted in Los Angeles and in Angelus Temple, I can scarcely tell. From all reports since received it is evident that it knew no bounds. Like balloons, with the ballast suddenly cut loose, hearts leaped out to the heights of joy, and yet in spite of weariness, weakness and a haunting memory of a terrible experience, I think there was no heart more happy and joyously singing than mine when at last our train drew into the depot.

What crowds! What shining faces! What singing of the praises of the Great Deliverer!

And the Temple! It was simply a bower of bloom! Friends and well wishers had fairly outdone themselves to make it a happy home coming and to express, by their floral offerings, the joy of their hearts that God, by His mighty stretched forth hand, had delivered one of His little children from the clutches of the enemy.

To one who has scarcely been out of a meeting since childhood, who has never had a Bible out of the reach of her hand in seventeen years, who fairly

lived in the atmosphere of revival—perhaps you can imagine what joy it meant to again be in the midst of the greatest revival since the day of Pentecost.

Though still somewhat weak in body from over exertion, loss of sleep and lack of food, I am stronger than ever in spirit and throwing myself into the work with the zeal and determination to carry on as never before, to give the enemy no quarter, to lift up Jesus that the world may see and come to His blessed feet, and to hold the fort until He shall return in the clouds of Glory to catch His waiting church away.

IF the enemy thought to kill the work of God by this persecution, he has certainly overshot his mark. The world, over a path already well beaten from the four corners of the globe to the doors of Angelus Temple, is hurrying to Los Angeles to see what it is all about. Even at what used to be the smaller mid-week services the Temple is now crowded out, necessitating overflow meetings in the new school auditorium. The altars are filled at every service, the baptistry is filled, and each week sees scores of people taking a definite stand for the cause of right and uniting with the church to stand shoulder to shoulder with us in the conflict.

We know that it is not our battle—it is God's. The outcome is in His hand, and His cause can know naught but victory.

Our business is preaching the Gospel and in the midst of it all we are calmly and steadfastly continuing with the work of calling men and women to repentance. Lifting our faces to Heaven we say humbly

“Thy will be done, Father. Take us through.”

The Bournemouth Campaign

Just as we are going to press, the following Night Telegraph Letter comes to hand. A full report of the Revival will be given in the next Evangel.—ED

ELIM CLAPHAM LONDON

TO EVANGEL READERS HALLELUJAH GOD IS STILL ANSWERING YOUR PRAYERS IN THIS THE SEVENTH WEEK OF PASTOR GEORGE JEFFREYS BOURNEMOUTH CAMPAIGN REVIVAL FIRE IS BURNING INTENSELY THROUGHS BESIEGE THE BIG TENT ELEVEN HUNDRED CONVERSIONS ALREADY MANY RECEIVED BAPTISM OF HOLY SPIRIT IN PUBLIC MEETINGS HEALINGS OF STARTLING KINDS WITNESSED PEOPLE TESTIFY TO HEALING OF BLINDNESS DEAFNESS LAMENESS GOITRE CURVATURE OF SPINE CANCER TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM TENT BEING MOVED TO ANOTHER PART OF TOWN PRAY ON

E BLACKMAN (PASTOR)

THE ELIM EVANGEL

*Elim Daily
Bible Readings.*

The Lord's Table

By
PASTOR E. B. PINCH

Selected portions of Scripture for daily reading with devotional comments.

October 1st. Friday. Genesis xiv. "God sent me before you to save your lives by a great deliverance" (v 7) In the overwhelming revelation of Joseph alive with power, the brothers recall all the incidents of that jealous and malicious rejection which had happened years before. How reassuring are the words of Joseph! No, "You sold me," but "God sent me." Shall we not find a correspondence in the language of Jesus? As we approach Him we do not hear Him say, "Your sin slew me," but "God sent me to save you."

October 2nd Saturday. I. Samuel xxii. "And Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hand" (v 14). A vigilant foe, a relentless enemy, a daily anxiety! Everyday Saul sought him, and every day God delivered him. And is not Saul a type of the flesh? And will not God grant to us a daily deliverance?

October 3rd. Sunday. Isaiah I. "The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary" (v 4). This holy art of encouragement and consolation, this gracious ministry of soothing and succouring, is not to be acquired in the schools of men. There must be waiting and tarrying in the divine audience chamber. Without this tarrying in order to receive the holy anction, although the words may be there, they will be but dry, bald, talking, wholly lacking the ministry of life.

October 4th Monday. Matt. xxi. "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (v 22). This is a most comprehensive promise. There are no divine limitations to the life of believing prayer. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Difficult tasks are only intended to be challenges to our faith like obstacles in a race.

October 5th Tuesday. II Samuel xix. "Why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?" (v 10). In the midst of national disaster, and at a time when the one in whom they had centred their hopes is lying dead on the field of battle, their thoughts begin to turn with new and ardent longing toward their absent and rejected king. Maybe the Lord will lead His church to-day through much disillusionment, and through bitter trials to the place where she will earnestly yearn for His return.

October 6th. Wednesday. Exodus xxxv. "And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing" (v 21). The stirred up heart and the willing spirit are essential accompaniments of all true service for Christ. In our spirits we must will with Him, and in our hearts there must be a burning passion. Nothing can be done in cold blood, or with calculating precision. "Lord keep our hearts rife!"

October 7th Thursday. Isaiah II. "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit, whence ye are digged" (v 1). It sometimes becomes necessary that the Lord should remind us from what He has redeemed us. It should beget in us a proper humility, a ready disposition to despise self, and a renewed and thankful acknowledgement of His surpassing grace.

October 8th Friday. Acts xx. "And Paul went down, and fell on him embracing him" (v 10). The disastrous fall of Eutychus, in the midst of Paul's sermon seems strikingly suggestive of the condition of many of God's children

to-day. "Fallen into a deep sleep" that are in great peril. Note the manner of Paul's dealing with him. There was no imperious aloofness, but Eutychus was raised from the dead by the warmth of loving contact.

October 9th. Saturday. Joshua xix. "According to the word of the Lord they gave him the city which he asked" (v 50). Of all the victories Joshua won, this was probably the greatest. Many a city had he taken, much larger than this little one, which he received as an inheritance. Nowhere is his greatness more truly seen. The last to receive his portion, despite his great services to Israel, his choice falls on a little city without note.

October 10th. Sunday. I. Samuel xxiv. "The Lord judge between me and thee and the Lord avenge me of thee but mine hand shall not be upon thee" (v 12). It is a great victory for any heart when one can commit their cause to the Lord and leave it there. Though opportunities for personal revenge may seem to present themselves (see verse 7), yet must we learn to trust Him who has said "Vengeance, is mine, I will repay."

October 11th. Monday. Nehemiah vii. "For he was a faithful man and feared God above many" (v 2). The character of Hamani is such as should commend the choice of Nehemiah. Faithfulness, and reverence for God are closely allied. Faithfulness is only possible in the life that reveres God, and a great and daily sense of God, produces faithfulness.

October 12th. Tuesday. Isaiah lii. "Therefore my people shall know my name" (v 6). God is to visit Jerusalem! How it speaks of His willingness to bless His church! She is to awake (v 1) and receive the glad message of the gospel (v 7), which shall bring her unspeakable joy (v 8), shall free her from bondage (v 11), and bring in Christ's kingdom (v 15).

October 13th. Wednesday. Matthew xxii. "All things are ready come unto the marriage" (v 4). The consummation of the age is the marriage of the King's Son. We are very near to the long anticipated moment. Yet the attitude of many of God's people is no better than that of those who were bidden in the parable. "They made light of it" (v 5). The form and the merchandise still claim all their interest, and they are still as ready as ever to persecute (v 6) those who declare the coming of the Lord.

October 14th. Thursday. John xv. "As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me" (v 4). What does it mean to abide? It implies satisfaction. You will abide in Christ all the while you find yourself completely satisfied in Him. Beloved! there is no need to go outside of Christ for anything.

October 15th. Friday. Acts xxi. "We kneeled down on the shore and prayed" (v 5). One cannot help feeling how independent prayer is of hassocks and cloisters. The seaside beach may be the ante-chamber to heaven. How delightfully informal, and how richly suggestive of that unbroken sense of the divine presence which has ever marked the true saints of God.

The continual manifestation of the Spirit can only come to us as we continually do God's will.

Waiting upon the Lord

But they that wait upon the Lord, shall change their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.—Isaiah xl. 31, margin

THERE is hardly one promise in Holy Scripture which, in order for its fulfilment, is not hedged round by some condition to be met by those who wish to realise the blessing attached to it

And this text with its four different "shalls," is no exception to the rule. The sole condition attached to this particular promise is, that they *that wait upon the Lord* shall have the fulfilment vouchsafed to them

The writer is willing to admit that he has until recently, always associated this condition in the past entirely with prayer, but notwithstanding the great and unique place prayer holds in the life of a Christian, he now sees that "waiting upon God" is not prayer in the sense of "asking and receiving." And unless this is clearly seen to be taught in this connection, much resultant blessing can be missed

That this may be more fully realised let us quote two other verses

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God" (Psalm lxi. 1).

The literal translation of this verse is "truly my soul is silent unto God" — an attitude of the soul of deep quietude, casting itself upon God. Again in another verse —

"These all wait upon Thee, that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season" (Psalm civ. 27). The same word used in an attitude implying both dependence and expectation silently reaching out to its God.

Then there is the waiting of obedience, as a soldier ready for any order, as expressed in Prov. xiii. 34 "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." So waiting upon God has been beautifully defined as "to be silent that He may speak, expecting all things from Him and girded for instant, unquestioning obedience to the slightest movement of His will"

Glorious blessings would seem to follow upon this attitude of *waiting*, because God says "they shall" four times over

Firstly, "Shall change their strength" The word is said to denote a change of garments. We give up, so to speak, our own strength which, at its best, is only weakness, and, in exchange, receive that unlimited strength which God is willing to impart to all His children, and it is the blessing promised to those, who "wait upon the Lord"

Dear fellow-reader, do you know this blessing in any measure? If not, wait silently upon God, and He will assuredly give it to you.

Secondly. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles" The eagle is said to be the King of Birds and to fly straight towards the sun, sometimes completely out of sight. He is said to be the most solitary of birds, sometimes very still but with reserves of power, able to rise above all storms in the tranquility of the Heavens.

So no Christian ever comes to know God's strength, who has not learnt to go alone with Him, and to rise on eagle's wings in all the strength they impart in a separating experience, such as saints of old, like Abraham and Moses had, and Paul the Apostle knew, who could write "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God" (Col. iii. 1)

The Rev. John McNeil tells a story of a captive eagle. A man had a young eagle which he put in the hen-yard with a clog on one of its feet, so that it could not fly, and there it grew. At last, when the man was going to move away from that part of the country he decided to liberate his eagle. He took off the clog, but the eagle went hopping about just the same.

So very early one morning he took the eagle and set him upon the coping of the wall, just as the sun was rising. The eagle opened its eyes and looked for the first time at the rising sun. Then, lifting himself up, he stretched his mighty wings, and with one scream launched himself into the upper air. He belonged up there all the while and had simply been living in the wrong place. So let us stretch the pinions of our souls; remember that we belong up there and rise until we are with the Enthroned One.

Thirdly and Fourthly Very briefly the blessings follow which read like an antichimax

"They shall run and not be weary"

"They shall walk and not faint"

After the eagle flights, we must come down and run and walk here upon this earth, because "it is only the man who comes down from the blessed interviews with God who can touch lives with the power of God" and it is only the inspiration of the upper air that enables us to run without weariness, or walk without fainting.

And the "walking" is the everyday of life in all its multitude of duties in the home, in the study, in the business, in the nursery, whatever our appointed task may be, but the promise is that we



THE ELIM EVANGEL

shall not faint under all its vexations and frictions, if we have learnt to know the God who worketh for him that waiteth upon Him (Luke lxiv 4, R.V.) because "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength" (Isaiah xl 29)

Lord make us truly to know those things which Thou hast prepared for them that wait on Thee, and teach us to wait, for, if we wait patiently for Him, our wills will be conformed to His will, and our desires, to His desires, so that He can give us the desires of our hearts —A E M.

The Riches of the Glory that Excelleth

The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to the saints, to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory—Col 1 26, 27

IN these days of increasing apostacy and infidelity, it is most profitable and necessary that the children of God should have an ever increasing knowledge of the riches that are ours now, by reason of Him who has come in to abide—Christ in you, the hope of glory. We often reach ahead to the promise of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you" (I Peter i 4), and pass over the riches of the glory which we have come into *now*, "for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's" (I Cor. iv 21-23). Just as much as things to come are ours, so also are the things present ours. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God" (I John iii 2), and with the knowledge of this wonderful fact should come the realisation that we now possess the necessary qualifications of sons of God, for He has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father (Gal iv. 6). Hallelujah! What possibilities are within the reach of us, yea verily, within us. We have come into the power of an endless life, with the Eternal God as the fountain head, His omnipotence the sea into which this river of life flows, and you and I the channel of this life-giving stream. Christ in you. What riches of glory are ours now! We are no longer in the image of man (Gen v 3), but are being "conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom viii 29) as "we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (II Cor iii 18). Before this excelling glory the thunders of Sinai are silenced, and the glory that transformed the face of Moses, fades, for we are not come to the mount that burned with fire, but unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, "as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" (II Cor vi 16).

Christ in you. What glory! The glory of the burning mount has come within us, transforming,

changing, burning away the condemnation, and we are now the sons of God.

But how many of us realise the abundance of the excelling glory within, or stop to consider the immensity of the life within? Christ in you. What the world needs to-day, amid its apostacy and infidelity, is a manifestation of the indwelling Christ in the gifts and graces of the Spirit. In I. Cor. xii we read of Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, Gifts of Healings, Miracles, Prophecy, Discerning of Spirits, Tongues, Interpretation of Tongues, being divided by the Spirit to every man severally as He will, but how few of us are conscious of the outward working by these wonderful gifts, of the Matchless Man of Galilee who has come to reign within. As he moves and works through us, the world sees again, Him who left the riches of glory for a manger cradle, and a cross of shame; they behold Him who by wisdom founded the earth, and by whose knowledge the depths are broken up (Prov. iii 19, 20), by whose faith the worlds were framed (Heb. xi. 3), whose hand brought healing to all that came to Him (Matt viii 16, 17), and who fed the hungry multitudes (Matt xiv 15-21), who prophesied of the perilous days in which we live (Matt xxiv) and was a discerner of spirits (Matt. xvii 14-21), and who now in his office of High Priest can understand and communicate with all kindreds, tongues, tribes and nations (Heb vii 25). Is He working through you my brother, sister, as He worked when He walked the earth? Can the world around you see the Christ within you, and smell the fragrance of Heaven's flowers as the fruit of His life within, Love Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness and Temperance, is being manifested in you? Are you being changed from glory to glory with an ever increasing knowledge of His image being perfected in you? If you can answer yes, brother, sister, then your corner of the world is so much the richer. If the answer is no, brother, sister, it means a deeper consecration, a richer love towards God, a more complete separation from everything that is not conformable to the will of God. "What fellowship

THE ELIM EVANGEL

hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate,

saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty (11. Cor vi 14-18) As we do this, we shall behold the glory of the Lord, and become charged into the same image, and each day will bring a fresh knowledge of the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is, Christ in you, the hope of glory.—R A R

Elim Evangelistic Band

Clapham. Much blessing is resting on the services at the Elim Tabernacle, Clapham, where Pastor and Mrs. Stoneham are in charge. Congregations are increasing, and quite a few have been saved and baptised in the Holy Ghost. Many testify to having been healed in the Thursday afternoon Divine Healing services, which were resumed last month.

Ilford. The new assembly is growing in numbers under the charge of Evangelist H. A. Court. A new branch of the Elim Crusaders was opened at



THE NEW ELIM HALL AT ILFORD

Ilford last month, and on September 5th a Sunday School was commenced. Both Gospel Services and Bible Readings attract large numbers, while the presence of the Lord is manifested at every meeting.

Hendon. Very successful services have been held for the past two months in the tent at Cool Oak Lane, Hendon. During August the services were conducted by Miss Thornley of South Wales, and souls were saved. The tent has now been removed to Sunningfields Road, off Church Road, where services are still being continued every night (except Saturdays), and God is already blessing.

Belfast. A correspondent writes—"At the Elim Tabernacle, Ravenhill Road, Belfast, it is 'Immanuel—God with us'." He hears our prayers and answers them. He hears the waiting ones asking for the Holy Spirit, and has answered abundantly. Calls for healing for the sick have received a generous response. 'To God be the glory!' Pastor Farlow and Miss Streight have taken up the ministry here in the power of the Holy Spirit, and with their accustomed faithfulness. With admonition and pleading they have pointed some to Him who was crucified, and many have been saved. Others they have wakened to a desire for the deeper things of Christ, and a closer walk with Him. This building, which was erected to accommodate convention crowds, is now full on Sunday nights. The Word of God, in its fulness, has taken hold of many strangers. Hallelujah! Pastor B. J. Lennon of Vancouver, B. C., who is here with his wife on a visit, conducted a week's mission of Gospel messages and songs. The attendance was good, and the addresses were received with marked attention. The open air services on Saturday nights at the corner of Templemore Avenue and Newtownards Road continue to attract the wayfarers to tarry, and hear an invitation to "Come unto Me, all ye that labour."

Belfast Sunday School. The Anniversary Services at the Melbourne Street Tabernacle was attended by scholars and friends in the Assembly Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion. It is a cause of much satisfaction to the Superintendent, Mr. McCleery, and the teaching staff, that, with God's guidance, and under the power of the Holy Spirit, they have made much progress during the past year. The roll is larger, despite the depletion due to the opening of two new schools. All glory to Jesus! The children sang heartily the praises of the 'Friend of little children.' Pastor Joseph Smith's address on the "penny" was well suited, and the speaker coined many helpful remarks from his subject. At the 7 o'clock service, a children's choir conducted by Mr. John Bell, led the praise, and was much appreciated.

(continued from cover ii.)

late, that there is no link connecting our souls with Christ. May I ask you this solemn question, 'Is the link on?' He looked very serious, and replied, 'Well, indeed sir, I am sorry to say, I have not thought so much about these weighty matters as I should'

I then went on to explain to him the simplicity of the link—that it was believing in the Son of God "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life" (John v 24) Here is the link—the precious, living, eternal link of faith This link can never be snapped No power of earth or hell can sever the believer from Christ In Him is life, and the soul that is linked by faith to Him partakes of His life—"Hath everlasting life" It does not say, "He shall or may have it at some future time." No; he hath now, and can never lose it The feeblest believer in Jesus is as safe as the blessed Saviour Himself.

Dear reader, let me ask you, as I asked my fellow traveller, "Is the link on?" What a vital question! How much hangs upon it! Your eternal destiny—your weal or woe for countless ages! In our case

the suspense lasted but a few moments, for another engine came down along the Bradford line and carried us off to our destination But, in the case of a soul not linked on by faith of Christ, it is a totally different matter There is no other arrangement, no other resource, no other hope, there is nothing upon which to fall back If there be so much as the breadth of a hair separating your soul from Jesus, there is no life. The carriage may be so close to the engine that the buffers actually touch, but, if the link be not on, there is no connection, and hence, when the engine moves on, the carriage will be left behind. So also as to the soul and Christ, there may seem to be great nearness, the buffers of mere profession may touch, but, if the link of faith be not on, there is no personal, vital connection, there is no life, no security We live in a day of immense profession Bibles are circulated in millions, and religious tracts in billions; and we have to thank God for it. But, oh! reader, think of the awful responsibility! Only reflect, for a moment, upon what it will be to pass into eternal fire from a scene of such accumulated privileges! Do let me urge upon you the need of immediate, close attention to the question, which stands at the head of this article, "Is THE LINK ON?"—C.H.M

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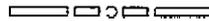
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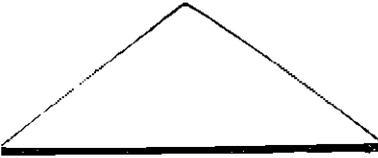
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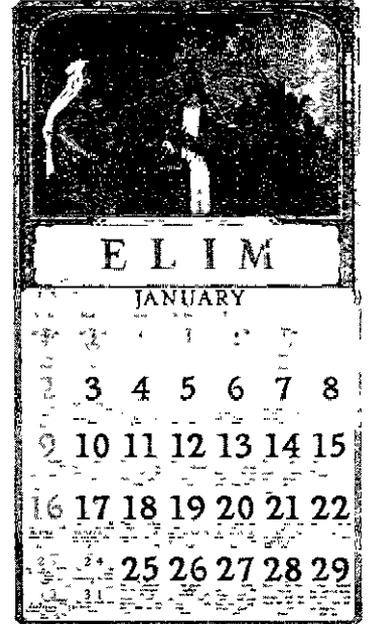
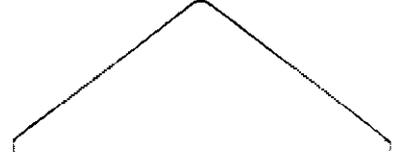
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