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# 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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## The Songs of Solomon

By PASTOR T. B. CLARKE

"And his songs were a thousand and five"—I Kings iv 32.

OUR subject is "Songs of Redemption." I have no place for secular songs in my satchel. There are so many redemption songs to be learned. To compare with worldly songs simply sets forth their superiority. Secular songs satisfy not redemption songs do. Shall we admit it by producing positive proof—songs that the saved sing. Our first enquiry shall be—

### WHEN AND WHERE DID THE SONG BEGIN?

It began at eternity's dawn. Can you say when that was? It began with God who knew no beginning. Real music is harmony, and heaven has never known a discord. So music began in heaven. All music is heavenly. Music has no association with the bottomless pit. Hell is not a place of harmony. The gilded rubbish that the world sings has no moral or spiritual standard. There was music in the Garden of Eden until the Serpent wriggled in. Then the harmonious song became a funeral dirge. The song began with God who is the only Author of song. The dictionary says music is "rhythmic order." This surely is characteristic of God, and it is from Him that real song flows. There is an added depth of meaning to our redemption song. Our first parents' funeral dirge is changed by God's promise of a Redeemer—the brightest Jewel from heaven's crown.

HOW the redeemed can sing! Right through all the sacred pages of the Old Testament. The Redeemer who should change the sadness into song, the gloom into gladness was foreshadowed, typified, then in the fulness of time He came. Heralded in song by the angels, His life on earth was one of song, for it was in harmony with the Father's will. Never any doubtful discords struck. It was a career of cadence—"Like the musical ring of a flowing spring, in the bright summer time." God could not bear His creation to be out of tune with Him, so He gave Jesus to redeem them, to restore the lost music and melody in men's souls.

It began in heaven. How must it begin on earth—how but in the heavenly way with the individual? For the whole earth will never be a song again until He shall come whose right it is to reign (Millennial

period). Already the armies of the Antichrist are gathering together, waiting for that man of sin to be revealed, the Son of Perdition (II Thess ii 3).

THE Song of Redemption must begin in the individual human heart. You must be able to sing "I have the glory in my soul." If sin remains unconfessed and unforgiven, there can be no song. Don't say you are filled with joy if you are unsaved, for I cannot believe you. It is a misnomer. A joyful unbeliever is illogical, as is also a joyless believer. God's word thereby would be contradicted. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psalm cxliv 15).

Christians alone can really sing. You cannot separate salvation from singing. The fact of being saved brings us into the heavenly choir. Earth kisses heaven. That we can sing down here proves there is singing up in heaven. "He hath put a new song in my mouth" (Psalm xl 2). Life becomes a psalm of praise, a song of salvation. When the Burnt Offering began, then the Song of the Lord began (II Chron xxix 27). Just the place where we disclaim all human ownership and plunge the knife into our deepest affections, there the song will begin. Let us notice

### THE NATURE OF OUR SONG

THE angels sing a glorious song but not a song like mine.

But when I sing redemption's story they will fold their wings, for angels never felt the joys that our salvation brings.

It is heavenly in its character, because from heaven. A song born in heaven reaches earth, and shall not we take up the strain, and send the echo back again? Redeemed souls only can sing redemption songs.

Praying and singing do well in consort. "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives" (Matt xxvi 30). "And at midnight Paul and Silas in prison prayed and sang praises to God" (Acts xvi 25). "Come before His presence with singing" (Psalm c 2).

Real music is but man in harmony with his Creator. Music is for worship, not worldliness. It is typical



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of the devil to use music in conjunction with his evil contraptions to bring about obedience to himself. Hell needs to rob heaven to make success of its enterprises.

## THE CONTINUITY OF SONG.

“**T**HEN let our songs abound.” All down the ages men have sung redemption songs. I sing because I’m happy—only sin can stifle our song. Singing as God sees and owns it is conditioned by the heart. If the heart is right, the life becomes a song. The spirit of song will proceed from the life of God that flows within you. Like Solomon, you may have a thousand and five songs. A song for every joy, a psalm for every sigh.

There are too many miserable Christians. Job speaks of God who giveth songs in the night (Job xxxv. 10). If God in the midnight of our experience changes our sighing into soulful mirth, then happy are we. If, as Christians, through days of sorrow we cannot sing, something is lacking. “Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance” (Psalm xxxii. 7). Note, dear reader, it is “*His song.*” Immediately you claim ownership the song loses its sweetness. “*His song shall be with me*” (Psalm xlii. 8). “The Lord’s song” (Psalm cxxxvii. 4). The song that Moses taught the Children of Israel was a song of deliverance and preservation. Read of it in Deut. xxxi. 19-22. The children were to be taught it, when they heard the children sing it, it should rebuke them, for their forgetfulness. We want the Lord’s song starting in the parent’s heart as well as in the children in these days.

## THE CONSUMMATION OF SONG.

**A** COMPLETE circle of praise. From heaven to earth and then back to heaven again.

His Name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.

Knit to heaven by song. The angels sing—the redeemed sing—a heavenly vocation, we are training for the heavenly choir. As the song of the lark is sweeter as it lessens the distance twixt earth and heaven, so the Christian, the higher he soars above the sordid, the sweeter becomes his song. Clearer atmosphere makes singing easier.

The theme around the throne is God’s Lamb. Our theme here is the same. Song in heaven, song on earth, song in heaven again. Strains of praise emitted from our souls die on the walls, but live with God. Heaven is richer for our tuneful praises and harmonious tongues. If you would sing the new song up yonder, you must practice it down here.

**T**HE grandest octave I know has only five notes in it. It is J—E—S—U—S, and yet it is the Divine compass, the Divine harmony, the Divine symphony. All the music and melody of heaven is hid in this Divine octave, and when the Holy Spirit is given liberty, with skilful fingers is produced in redeemed lives that which makes earth the ante-chamber of heaven.

Wonderful, wonderful Jesus,  
In my heart He implanteth a song:  
A song of deliverance, of courage, and strength.  
In my heart He implanteth a song.

## Reports from our Missionaries

Amongst the Mexicans  
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Thomas

**O**UR services continue to be fairly well attended, while our meetings in the open air attract numbers of listeners. The latter are the most encouraging part of our work at this time, for it is here that we have our largest congregations. The people are very slow in coming to the church, but they listen very attentively to us on the streets, and it appears from the looks on their faces that the Word of God is having an effect.

Recently we have been able to hold meetings in the homes of some Mexicans, in some cases where the people are unsaved, thus we have reached with the Gospel those who would not come to the meetings in the church. It seems so difficult to get these people to see the way of salvation, as they are so steeped in Romanism on the one hand, and indifference on the other, and for those who accept salvation it oftentimes means bitter persecution.

We have a woman attending our meetings who has recently been converted. About three weeks ago

she was present, and while at prayer was manifestly under the power of the Holy Spirit; we thought that she would receive her baptism that night. We did not see her again for some time, and on making inquiries learned that her husband and family, who are Roman Catholics, were opposed to her coming to the meetings. She desires to be baptised in water, but her mother—so we learned—has vowed that she will “disown” her if she takes this step. This woman had no Bible or Testament, so we took her a Testament and other helpful literature; a little while later her husband saw these and tore them up and burned them. We prayed much for this dear woman and her family, that the way would be opened for her to attend the meetings again and worship the Lord without fear, and that she should enjoy the fellowship of the saints.

Great was our rejoicing last Sunday evening when we saw this woman walk into our meeting and sit and worship with us and partake of the Lord’s Supper, which reminded us that our Lord was coming again to receive us unto Himself, when we would all



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be free from further persecution and suffering, and would enjoy Him to the utmost in a fuller and better way.

Our Mexican Christians were much encouraged at the clear answer to their prayers on behalf of their sister in the Lord, and are praying that not only will she be able to worship with us freely in the future, but that her husband and family will be saved also

## Delivered from Fever

James E Mullan

**I** DARE say you will be wondering why I haven't written to you for some time. The reason is that just about the time for writing the usual report, I went down with fever. So this report is going to be taken up with telling you a little of what it feels like to have malaria, and also what a glorious relief it is to be delivered from it by Christ's wonderful healing power.

"Fever!" What memories of agony that word brings to me now, as I recall those days of suffering. The fever commenced with neuralgia and a sore throat, and gradually developed until my whole body was racked with pains. I tried to fight against it as best I could, but on the Saturday I had to go to bed. I had no desire for food, and when I did attempt to eat anything, I vomited it almost immediately. Saturday night I was unable to sleep because of the pains and vomiting. On Sunday I was even worse, so much so that I had barely even strength enough to pray. I now felt so ill, that I thought it better to send for Mr. Cyril Taylor, who is my nearest neighbour, to come and pray for my healing. Sunday night passed and Monday came, and I seemed to be getting worse, with continual vomiting, even if I tried to take a drink of water. On Monday evening Mr. Taylor arrived. He told me that I had colic, but exhorted me to believe that God was going to touch me and heal me. He then left me for a time. When he returned, he told me that he had been having united prayer for me with the Christians in the village. These dear people had been praying incessantly for me since I took ill.

Mr. Taylor then prayed for me, and at once I felt much relieved. That night I perspired profusely. Next morning I was still suffering pain and vomiting, so I requested to be anointed with oil according to God's Word (James v). So the Christians gathered into the room with Mr. Taylor, and I was anointed, while the Christians poured out their prayers unto God for my healing. How the power of God descended! Very soon I was speaking in tongues, and I felt reviving strength and life was being given me by the Lord. I was conscious of His presence in a real way. And then, hallelujah, I realised that the pains had gone. The vomiting ceased also, and that day I was able to take some food for the first time for several days. My heart still goes out in praise

and gratitude to God for what He has done for me. I feel I owe a big debt of gratitude also to dear Brother Taylor, who untiringly and without sparing himself, looked after me night and day, as well as supervising the work, and conducting the various meetings.

Towards the week-end, Mr. Hall very kindly came over also, and Mr. Taylor returned to his station. Mr. Hall, who was kindness itself, looked after everything for me, and then, when I was a little stronger, he had me carried to Mwanza in a "machila" hammock. I was at Mwanza for a fortnight recuperating. The Mwanza friends were extremely kind to me, and we enjoyed much blessed fellowship together.

I returned to Kisanga a few days ago, in health and strength, and praising God for His goodness to me.

As a result of God's healing touch, my faith has been greatly stimulated, and I feel more desirous than ever to labour for my Master with all my heart and soul.

I should just like to tell you in closing of the blessed times we had in the meetings to-day. A large crowd had assembled for the Gospel meeting. I felt that the Holy Spirit was present in convicting power. One young man who has just recently returned from working in the mines for several years, got up and told how he had accepted Christ long ago, but had backslidden. He told them that he wanted to publicly confess Christ before them all and to return to Him, as he knew now there was no life like that of the Christian. He urged them one and all to accept Christ, as he believed that Jesus was coming soon for His children.

After the Gospel meeting we had the Breaking of Bread service. The Lord was present in power, and there was a real melting time in His presence. Three backsliders stood up to confess their sins and to return to Christ. Towards the close of the meeting, two young men stood up and expressed the desire to preach to the unsaved in any of the villages where God would send them, if He saw fit to use them. They felt a desire to see their fellows saved.

I do praise God for "the sound of abundance of rain" here. I covet the continued earnest prayers of God's people, for a mighty moving of the Holy Ghost that will cause thousands of these poor darkened souls to be saved.

## Itinerating in the Congo

Cyril E Taylor, B.A.

*"In journeyings often, in perils of waters"*

**S**TARTING off from Luamba and bidding farewell to my wife and infant son for over a month, I climbed the great 'Bt' mountain and dropped over into the plains beyond, with twenty of our young men and boys. Many of them have pro-

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fessed to believe, and about nine or ten can read and write, and four or five have received the Spirit. But what can so small a force accomplish in the midst of so many foes and hosts of idolatrous crowds?

After three hours of sweltering sunshine we got in to our first camp, and later during the evening we had a gospel meeting at which three stood up to believe.

Next morning we went to Kazadi Kituumpa to arrange for the building of a school. Here we found that the huts of the villagers had all been burnt down by the chief's men. We stopped for an hour for a meeting and then pushed on to Kapwasa. Here we have a teacher of the slow, thorough, steady type. Many times God has spoken to this fellow through wonderful dreams. Before the missionaries ever came to this district, God had already begun to work in his heart, and he has had wonderful dreams in which he has seen a huge rock in which there were four small tomblike doors of stone. He heard a great voice that resounded right down from the heavens. "Believe, believe in God, believe in God." Musomengo was singing away in his little hut, praising the Lord. Early in the morning Musomengo had gathered his meeting together, and then accompanied by a crowd of forty boys and girls begged me to stay another day at their village, asking whether their village was not worthy of a visit of two days. But there are many villages ahead, and we must press on across the Luvidyo river, and there to a point where three rivers practically merge into one. I heard a great noise like a huge tree falling into the water—swish! swish! Later a young man came into the village and said that whilst crossing the same stream with some women with some baskets they heard a tremendous bubbling and splashing as a huge crocodile had disappeared beneath the waters. We held a meeting in the village by the side of the chief's palace gates, at which four souls came out for salvation.

We stayed over the second day and visited the neighbouring villages of Kimba. On again in the morning to Kabanga, where we have two bright young teachers, and a fine lot of young men and boys attending the meetings. They have built their huts in a row together and are all so keen and enthusiastic over their studies and meetings.

Off again we went, moving to our next camp of Kanshisa. A long trail, through forest bush, several times losing the path; at last coming out of Kinombe by the side of the great Luvidyo swamp. Here they very gallantly carried me over; at first two took to their heels at the very suggestion of carrying such a heavy weight. However, after a little while four volunteered to help me over, two each taking a shoulder, and two a leg. Then we crossed the swamp singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" as heartily as we could under the circumstances. Here we had

good meetings and six stood up to believe. Whilst visiting around the villages, a fowl had flown on to a book belonging to one of the boys, and clawed off the pages. This caused a great uproar, which was most difficult to quieten. How easily is a strife stirred up in an African village, and sometimes it seems as if the embers of strife are ever smouldering, ever ready to break forth.

It is scarcely advisable to stay more than two or three days consecutively in the one village for this reason, and also for the difficulty of being able to get flour for one's boys. The chief in this village asked me to write him a letter to say that he had bought a helmet from Malemba, for he was afraid that it might be said that he had stolen it, and he wanted to wear it to visit other villages. A little group gathered around my chair after the evening meeting,



Mrs Cyril Taylor and Eustance

Their other child, Patricia, is just two months old

and said they wanted to ask some questions about the white man's country. Did the salt come out of the ground or did they make it out of leaves or grasses. Some of the ladies wanted to know what the European bridegroom has to buy for his wife.

In the morning we passed on to the village of Kansumba. I had visited this village over two years ago, when five men had stepped out to believe. Enquiries as to where they were, I was told that three of them had died.

The chief cooked me some *shimas*, pots of mush for our boys, and in the evening we gathered together for a gospel meeting, and later a breaking of bread with the Christians with us in the caravan. At the close of the gospel service, three stalwart men stood up to confess their acceptance of the precious message. Petelo and Joana, two believers from Kishisa, had come along with us, also the Kabanga teachers and Phidipa and Yosefa had followed us from Kabanga, and we had quite a happy time of fellowship. Joana returned again, and he was weeping and very broken as he prayed.



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In the morning we left for Kungé, passing the huge cathedral-like cave, full of bats and beautiful stalactite rock formation. We sang a hymn in the great underground fortress where they used to run away from the white man. As we entered Ngé the people seemed scared, and we noticed them disappearing in all directions at our approach. It is most beautifully situated in the side of a great hill, sloping down to a corner of the thick forest. A troop of black and white monkeys came up quite close to the village on two occasions while we were there, swinging from branch to branch in the tree tops so gracefully, and yet so tantalisingly. If you approach they chatter, and away they go swinging themselves by the tail.

A big leopard had been coming frequently to the village and carrying off the young goats, until one day a man shot an arrow and away he went right up the stream with the arrow in his side. They followed him up the ravine, and there he lay, stone cold, this beautiful creature with his long whiskers sticking out at each side. At the village there was a troop of Budyé dancers, about seventeen men and women, all painted up, wearing grass cloth, and singing and dancing all day and night their filthy songs and vile practices. The people give them whatever they demand in the way of food and beads and drink. This particular troop used to come out from their temple at intervals during the night, yelling out hideous noises and obscene language. Here only one young man believed, and bought one of Mr. Barton's school and gospel books. Wherever the Budyé dancers have a hold, there is always a great resistance to the gospel.

From Ngé we passed on to the village of Songe, and found our teacher Eladya holding the fort. A simple man of the forest—no brilliant scholar. They wanted to make a wizard hunter of him, initiating him into all their hunting medicines and services, but God had another plan for this young man. One day he was praying alone in the forest for blessing on his little flock, and a partridge got up from under his feet, and on looking he saw a nest of eggs. He set a string trap, and returned to the village, praying for God to give him some meat. On returning he found the partridge caught in the noose, and he picked up the eggs and placed them under a sitting hen. Another time a small species of antelope jumped right up from his feet.

In the morning, a middle-aged man brought his two little girls, who were suffering with haematuria, to be prayed for. They were very weak. We prayed in the school with the little company of believers, and the power of God filled the place, and it was revealed that the sickness had come as the result of the father's idols. The next day we rested and Eladya and Daniel went out hunting and came across

savage bull buffalo that had been wounded nearly a month before, and was now roaring about in the most savage condition. He had been seen several times and everyone was a bit scared about him, and as they were following him up they came across an old man who had mistaken them for this buffalo, and he immediately climbed up the nearest tree. They came up to the bull, but the gun jammed. I felt it was all in God's preserving care. Quite near here, close to the river an elephant was splashing, and some buffalos came down to wallow in the mud. One of the elephants, for no apparent reason kicked one of the buffalos, and smashed off one of its horns. The buffalo was found dead some days later minus one of its horns.

Eladya accompanied us to the Lufuku river. One of the boys dropped the basket of cooking utensils in crossing the weir bridge—a most hazardous experience—and one of the pots disappeared in the water. The bicycle was also dropped, the chain was strained and the chain bolt forced off. On arrival at the village was able to fix it up temporarily. We soon arrived at Lukalenge and found the son of the big chief Kabongo here with the state messenger. He quickly brought three fowls and eggs and a goat to sell. The boys enjoyed this immensely but the head man of the village had made a vow never to eat goat's meat. His wife had cooked some meat for my boys in her cooking pot and this caused a bit of trouble. The chief's son and the village counsellor were busy hearing a big case concerning the paying of tribute to a certain distant chief. This is where one gets the best chance of hearing the people speak their own language. About twenty old men squatted on mats, drawing away at huge calabash gourd pipes. The expressions were most interesting to watch. After dark we sounded the drum for the gospel meeting, and all came along. Several of our lads gave bright testimonies, and five young boys stood up to confess their sin and believe. We had some further talk with some of them, and some of our elder Christians have bidden them start a morning meeting, and leave off the drinking of beer for the dead, and taking part in other native ceremonies. In the morning we had another meeting with the five lads and they accompanied us to the next village about 15 miles on. It was a long day through very long grass. They most willingly helped to carry their Bwana over streams and swamps, each taking a limb, as we started singing a chorus. The sun was scorching and we were so glad to see some distant palms and banana leaves fluttering in the wind, sure tokens of our arrival at the village. *(To be continued)*

*Gifts towards the support of our missionaries abroad will be gratefully acknowledged by the Foreign Missionary Secretary, Elim, Park Crescent, Clapham, London, S W 4*

# Principal George Jeffreys at Hastings

AS we go to press, news comes of another revival—this time at Hastings. Over two hundred have been converted, and striking cases of healing manifested. One remarkable case is that of a man, a Salvationist, who suffered from eczema of a severe kind which he had contracted during the war, was prayed for at a Thursday afternoon meeting, and was healed. At a subsequent meeting the great congregation rejoiced when he held up his doctor's certificate which confirmed his freedom from the disease. As usual, a large percentage of men predominate in the meetings. Readers, pray on! The following press reports are from the *Hastings Argus*.—

## CAMPAIGN OF REVIVAL AND HEALING. OPENING AT HASTINGS

Ore Valley, at one time a beauty spot of Hastings, and now fast being spoiled by the builder, yesterday resounded with song—sacred song. Principal George Jeffreys commenced a few weeks' mission of revival and healing. It is notoriously difficult to open a campaign of the kind in a holiday resort, and those who have benefited by the ministry of the Pastor in other towns could not have expressed their gratitude in a more timely way than by spending the Sunday at his right hand on this new ground. There were with him trusted men over the age of the Elim Crusaders, and there were many of these young people wearing the blue and gold shield. For Elim is the name given to this body of splendidly bright, earnest, and mostly sweet-voiced young men and maidens, the title having a reference no doubt to the waters of healing, if it is not a significant but playful re-spelling of the Mile of extra service the Master enjoined upon his followers to give to those who need it!

### NEWS FROM BRIGHTON

Judging by the size of the congregations both afternoon and evening—rain fell sharply as the afternoon congregation was

Gathered Gold from  
the Treasury of Truth.

Thursday, September 1st. "Believing, ye rejoice"—I Peter i 8

Real faith in God is always the parent of unspeakable and imperishable joy. This is because faith sees things as they are and not as they appear to be. Faith arrives at a true valuation of things that are seen, because she judges them according to the eternal estimate. The enemy cannot foist the false upon true faith—her burning eye penetrates the thin film of veneer that seeks to deceive and delude the unwary and the undiscerning. And so Christian gladness is based upon nothing less than knowledge which comes through faith. We know, therefore we rejoice!

Friday, September 2nd. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose"—Romans viii 28

What a wonderful passage this is! What splendid conviction it reveals! Not merely 'some things' but 'all' things! Indirectly everything is in alliance to achieve the divine purpose in the lives of those who are the 'called' of God. The very weapon that is formed with a view to my discomforture and destruction shall become the ally of the Lord to work His will in my life. The flames that have been kindled to accomplish my ruin shall work out my salvation in a still larger

gathering—there are large numbers of people in Hastings waiting for such an opportunity as this mission of revival and healing affords. News of the kind of meetings had reached Hastings from Brighton, where a wonderful campaign was marked by the baptism of 300 people in the public baths and the establishment of a church in the building where Dr. Campbell was formerly a pastor. Some of those who were baptised on this memorable occasion joined the Pastor with their company and their prayers, and other followers came from so far away as Ilford and London, and towns to the west of Brighton.

## REVIVALIST CAMPAIGN.

### THE SECOND WEEK-END

Large Congregations attended the Revival and Healing Campaign in the big tent at Ore Valley Farm, Hastings, on Sunday and yesterday. The power of the Gospel preached by Principal George Jeffreys and the unmistakable evidence of the power of divine healing, have convinced all who have attended these meetings that the claim that "the age of miracles is not past" is based on true and living experience.

### WONDERFUL CURES

Many people have professed conversion and many are now able to bear witness of wonderful cures wrought in themselves. Yesterday the evidences of healing were overwhelming. Above all the happy, joyous atmosphere which is such a marked feature of the services, and the kindly spirit which animates the congregations tells also of another deep and subtle change.

Mr Jeffreys and his assistants preach no new message. They have got rid of formality and superficial dogma, and their faith is akin to that of the early Apostles.

The simple sincerity of the preaching of Mr Jeffreys is deeply spiritual and, at the same time, intensely practical. He surrounds the sayings of Christ with no mystical or metaphysical interpretation, but takes Him at His word. Not only Mr Jeffreys' faith but the faith of all who dare to believe, however timidly, is being honoured in a fashion, to dispute which would be a waste of time.

There are many Hastings people who are now able to speak gladly of new light and life and also of the concrete cures of ills which had hitherto been regarded as incurable.

# Morning Meditations

By Pastor  
E. C. W. BOULION

and more glorious freedom. Even the last enemy, death, shall but admit me into the presence of the King. Hallelujah!

Saturday, September 3rd. "For all things are yours"  
I Corinthians iii 21

No good thing will He withhold! He hath opened unto us all His good treasure. What a heritage! Then, O my soul, why art thou so poor and weak? Is there a need that He cannot supply? Is there a vacuum that He is unable to fill? And mark you 'all things are yours'! Canst thou believe this? If so, then He shall verify it all in thy experience this day. No longer shalt thou mourn or murmur at thy necessity, but down deep into the wealth of thy Father's fulness shalt thou go in quest of that which will for ever satisfy thy craving heart.

Sunday, September 4th. "Unto God would I commit my cause"—Job v. 8

How much energy we have spent and how much disappointment we have encountered in our efforts to handle our own case. What rest fills the soul when all is really handed over to Him! How skilfully He undertakes our defence against the adversary! No need of anxious care now! Hopeless of my position appears from the human point of view, yet He



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will not, cannot fail The battle is no longer mine, it is the Lord's I depend no more upon 'the arm of flesh' I hide myself in Him and the verdict is always victory

**Monday, September 5th.** "He that is faithful in a very little, is faithful also in much"—I Luke xvi 10 (RV)

We are always in danger of putting too great an emphasis upon the big and heroic things of life, and overlooking those of lesser magnitude. And yet oftentimes true Christian heroism finds a finer field of service and sacrifice amid the smaller circle of opportunity Its sacrifices without any hope of reward, it craves no guerdon of applause It finds its chief joy in the devoted performance of those tasks assigned to it by God Its goal, is to please the Lord No matter how limited the life, it offers scope for faithfulness

**Tuesday, September 6th.** "The anointing abideth"—I John ii 27 (RV)

What a tremendous difference the anointing makes to Christian ministry! How exceedingly precious is that little bit of service that we render 'under the anointing' What blessing follows that word of witness which we have given with 'the anointing' resting upon us And that song which we sang, how rich and resonant the voice as the 'anointing' came upon us Alas, how often our ministry lacks this precious seal of power! 'The anointing abideth' Then I may have this Divine illumination in all my service for Christ Not merely on special occasions, but always, and in every place O my soul, make sure that 'the anointing' is upon all that you undertake for God and man!

**Wednesday, September 7th** "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"—Gal vi 14

How foolish to the worldly mind is he that boasts in that which is the emblem of shame and reproach O Cross of Christ, how radiant thou art with heavenly love! Thou hast become the medium of freedom to the imprisoned race! From Thee streams an ever-flowing river of cleansing and healing! Thy rugged height has become to me the throne of mercy and grace! In Thee I find an Altar to which I may bring my poor, sin-scarred life! Here at this glorious crimson trysting place I may meet with God and learn afresh the sweet story of forgiveness, full and complete

**Thursday, September 8th** "Where the word of a king is, there is power"—Eccles viii 4

The authority of a word! And yet the empire of a king's utterance is limited—within the realm in which he reigns he may possess absolute power, but outside that realm, his word is no longer sovereign in its influence Not so with the Christ! "His reign shall know no end" The power of His word shall know no limit Why, 'even the wind and the sea obey Him' They recognise His Lordship and gladly acknowledge Him as Master of their restless activities Demons, diseases and death all give way before the word of the Lord Every knee to Him shall bow, and every tongue confess

**Friday, September 9th.** "I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope"—Hosea ii 15

What a miracle of mercy this promise contains! The place of humiliating defeat to become the place of gracious manifestation Where the vision of faith was sacrificed through disobedience, here God proposes to pour forth His blessing once more upon His people Be of good comfort, O my soul, for the Lord shall make the waste places of thy experiences rich in hope and fruitful in grace It is because of what He will do in thee that thus shall be possible It is what thou art that determines the character of the place where thou dost dwell The Valley of Achor shall become alive and aglow with possibility, when God hath touched thee

**Saturday, September 10th.** "David's place was empty"—I Samuel xx 27

What a significant sentence! How many suggestions it may make to the mind! I may apply to the prodigal in the land

afar, whose place in the home circle is vacant Or it may speak to us of that believer whose place in the ranks of those 'who overcome' is empty, empty by reason of unwillingness to pay the price of victory And yet again, may it not be applied to that soul who has heard the Divine call to the foreign field, and yet still lingers in the homeland? God hath a place for thee! See to it that thou dost quickly step into thy place in the purpose of God! Let it not be said of thee that thy 'place was empty'

**Sunday, September 11th.** "So Absalom dwelt two full years in Jerusalem, and saw not the king's face"—II Samuel xiv 28

How many of the King's subjects live amid the means of grace and yet never see the King's face! They come to the sanctuary Sabbath after Sabbath, and sit at the Lord's table, but they never see His face There is some shadow of self that shuts out that glorious vision Some secret sin that prevents them discerning the presence of the King at the feast Whilst others linger in the light of His countenance, and find 'His favour as a cloud of the latter rain,' yet they enjoy no such holy privilege O child of God, when didst thou last see the King's face? Hast thou seen it this day? Turn thine eyes upon Him now!

**Monday, September 12th.** "Costly stones, and hewed stones"—I Kings v 17

How costly are those stones which are destined to occupy a place in the temple which grace is now rearing The cost the life blood of the eternal Son How exceedingly precious they must be to Him who purchased them And then they are 'hewed' stones! Hewed by the hand of the Master Builder and Sculptor! Purchased when in their rough state, all unshapely and unsightly, but now being prepared and polished with a view to that position of honour which one day they are to fill O soul, 'be still and let Him mould thee'

**Tuesday, September 13th.** "There is none like that"—I. Samuel xxi 9

Blessed Sword of the Spirit, there is none like unto Thee! At all times thou art the only weapon that can stand me in good stead, and enable me to do valiantly in the fight against the forces of error When hard pressed by the foe, who thirsts for my downfall, it is thy trusty blade that shall force the enemy from the field Vain is the weapon of philosophy against the arguments of unbelief! The sword of church tradition is not made of material strong enough to withstand the accuser in the day of battle With thee, O Word of the living God, I am equal to all emergencies!

**Wednesday, September 14th** "And they stood every man in his place"—Judges vii 21

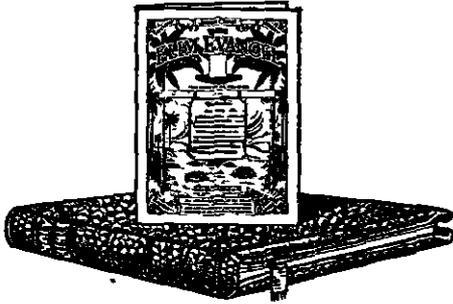
And herein lay their strength! Small as was their number, yet they were a company of men in 'their place' The place of God's choice! Because thoroughly adjusted to the Divine will, they were rightly related to each other There was but one plan of campaign, and each combatant was in complete sympathy and surrender to that plan This is always the secret of spiritual efficiency and miraculous ministry The place of God's choice is always the most advantageous one to occupy—it invariably gives us the whip-hand of the Devil

**Thursday, September 15th.** "Went on continually"—Joshua vi 13

Some of the greatest triumphs of the Kingdom have been realised by those who possessed very little in the shape of natural qualification, but they had discovered the value of doing things 'continually' They possessed the spirit of untiring hope and unwearying perseverance They pressed on in the face of almost hopeless difficulties They refused to give up They kept the goal in sight! Though they laboured in the night, they kept the thought of the morning ever before them They patiently endured as seeing Him who is invisible.



# THE ELIM EVANGEL



## FOUR SQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD.

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## Answered Prayed

"WHAT shall we have for breakfast, Captain? There isn't a crumb in the house."

"Put the kettle on to boil, put on the table cloth and set the table, and God will provide the breakfast," said the Captain to her Lieutenant, who had not been so long on the way and didn't have the faith in God that the Captain had.

The Lieutenant did as she was told, and when everything was ready for breakfast except the food, they knelt down and prayed. While they were praying, they were disturbed by loud knocking. They opened the door and there stood a farmer loaded with food of every sort. He had bacon and eggs and butter and bread, milk, cheese, chickens, flour, apples, potatoes, cabbages and other food supplies in abundance.

"What's the matter, girls?" said the good-natured farmer, "haven't you anything to eat? I haven't been able to sleep all night for the feeling that you girls were hungry, and I can't understand it."

When the wagon-load which he had brought had been all stored away, the farmer sat down and the Captain told him her story.

The officers before them had brought the Army into disgrace and the soldiers had all left, very few came to the meetings. The crowds at open-air were small and the collections were smaller. People avoided them as if they were lepers and they had been sorely tempted to ask their Divisional officer to close the corps and take them away.

They had, however, held on in spite of it all until the last penny was spent and the last piece of bread was eaten, and they were praying for their breakfast when God sent the farmer along.

The good farmer wept tears of joy and they all fell on their knees and finished the interrupted prayer with praise and thanksgiving. When the farmer left, the odour of bacon and eggs and toast and tea filled the kitchen, and, as they ate their first full meal for days, the Lieutenant confessed her lack of faith, and the Captain said that God had treated them even better than she had expected.

## In His Image

All summer long some sunflowers grew at my back door. Hardly were the two little seed leaves formed till they turned their faces to the sun, and followed him all day long. In the morning they had turned again, and greeted the sun as he arose. Day after day, as the plants grew, the heads of the sunflowers were always toward the sun. And morning after morning, they had turned again to greet the first rays of sunlight as they came over the horizon.

Duty called me away from home for ten days, and when I returned a change had taken place in my sunflowers. In each plant there was being formed a little image of the sun they had followed. Day by day, as they turned to the sun, this image grew more and more like that which they had followed.

Oh, my soul! learn a lesson from the sunflower. Turn thou to Jehovah. Worship in His holy presence. And even if for any reason He hides His lovely face, turn thou to the place thou hast met Him before and wait for His coming. And day by day, as thou dost turn to thy Maker and worship Him, there will be formed in thee an image, imperfect though it be, of the One thou hast worshipped.

The one concern of the devil is to keep the saints from praying. He fears nothing from prayerless studies, prayerless work, prayerless religion. He laughs at our toil, mocks at our wisdom, but trembles when we pray.

# A Spiritual Inventory of Stock

How Much of Heaven's Cash Have You on Hand?

An Address by PASTOR S. A. JAMIESON

**G**OD has given me a text which is not a popular one. I have read it many times and scarcely paid any attention to it, but this afternoon the Holy Spirit has given it to me "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith Prove your own selves." Paul is practically saying, "Examine yourselves and if you be in the faith prove it by your conduct." I am overwhelmed this afternoon as I think of this subject.

We find that business men take an invoice of their goods at the end of the year in order to find out their financial standing and whether they are able to continue their business the coming year. They examine their stock. God sends a message from His throne to you and me this afternoon and says, "Make an invoice of your spiritual stock." The greatest opportunity is the spiritual opportunity, the greatest weakness is the spiritual weakness, and the greatest, most potential forces, are the spiritual forces. Every one of them is related to the throne of God.

**G**OD wants us this afternoon to come in contact with that source of power and wisdom. George Whitfield once said that many Christians take it for granted that they are all right, but when God examines them, or they examine themselves under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, they find that they are almost spiritually bankrupt. You pride yourself that you are rich in the grace of God, but He also said that a man must also be rich in faith, rich in love, and rich in the truth of God's Word. Then God can do business with us. We are called upon to do business with the King, but we cannot do that if we are spiritually bankrupt, we must have something with which to do business.

Examine yourselves and see whether you are in the faith. If you are, then prove it by your daily life. Are you rich in faith this afternoon? Listen, if you please. The word "faith" is written in letters of fire, and the Holy Spirit comes to you and to me with three distinctive statements, which, if we measure up to them, will prove how strong is our

faith. It says, "All things are possible to them that believe." Beloved, if you have faith the size of a mustard seed, you would do far more than you are doing. Then you can draw upon Him and continue to draw, and it will never diminish. It also says that "without faith it is impossible to please God." If I am to please God, I must have a living faith in a living God. Then God says, "It shall be unto you according to your faith."

**I** CALL faith, heaven's money. How much of heaven's cash have you on hand this afternoon?

*Business men take an invoice of their goods at the end of the year in order to find out their financial standing and whether they are able to continue their business the coming year. They examine their stock. God sends a message from His throne to you and to me and says, "Make an invoice of your spiritual stock." The greatest opportunity is the spiritual opportunity; the greatest weakness is the spiritual weakness, and the greatest, most potential forces, are the spiritual forces.*

You cannot do business in the world unless you have cash, and you cannot do business with God unless you have faith. I stepped into an office the other day to speak to a man about his soul, and while I was there another man came in who wanted to make a deal with him. He had about £40, but the man in the office said, "I cannot do business with you. You must have about £1,000 if you want to do business with me." The reason to-day we are receiving petty blessings from God is because we have such a little cash stored up in heaven. You ask God for something and you do not get an answer. It is because your faith is weak. Let us get to the place where we will have a rich stock of faith.

How do you get faith. How do you get faith? By reading the Word of God. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." The man who reads the Word of God and keeps at it, will have a strong faith in the living God.

**F**RIENDS, what is your stock of divine love? Have you examined it? I regret to say that the actions of some men and women in the work of God to-day are practically revealing the fact that they have very little divine love. Can you say with the Apostle Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us?" How many in this congregation can say that they are absolutely constrained by God's love? Is your love strong enough to place God first and you take a secondary place? I do not care about professions unless I can see it in the lives. Paul places divine



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love above angels, principalities and powers—all these things, he says, cannot separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. So great is divine love in the estimation of Jesus that He made the statement that love is the fulfilling of the law. Do you know what that means? In the Old Testament God's most sacred interests were hedged about by law, but in the New Testament He committed them not to ordinances but to love. He said, "If you love Me, you will carry on the work I have begun." That soul that is filled with divine love is never at ease in Zion, because he has a vision, and that vision takes the soul into the presence of the living God. I want everyone in this house to get a genuine baptism of divine love. We all need it. If there is any bitterness in your heart, or if any have the spirit of criticism, you need divine love. Examine yourself, and the Holy Ghost will reveal to you whether you have divine love. If I have a harsh spirit or a spirit of fault-finding, I must confess I have the spirit of the devil and not the Spirit of God.

**WHAT** is your stock of grace? In the natural, when we feel badly, we want everybody to sympathize with us. We like to nurse our troubles, but God doesn't do things that way. Paul prayed to Him three times that He might remove the thorn from his side, but God refused to do it. He told him that with His grace he could honour Him more by keeping the thorn than by having it removed. If He keeps the thorn in your side, He will give you grace to bear it. I do not know of a greater thing that God has promised us outside of salvation than this *grace*. It is an ambassador, a ruler, a general, and when God says to you, "My grace is sufficient," He will make it good, and when that attribute is with you your heart will be aflame. We know grace has a throne, it has a sceptre, and its throne is the righteousness of Christ (Rom. v. 21). As long as you have the grace of God within you, you are well equipped for victory. Why should you bow the knee before the Antichrist spirit when you have the grace of God to take you through? With it you can climb up to the highest peak of God's majesty and glory. But you never, never will be able to live a life of victory except through the grace of God. The reason we lose faith in God, the reason we haven't much love, is because we do not have the grace of God in our hearts.

**WHAT** is your stock of the Word of God? People say they are hungry for the Word of God, but how little it means. Ninety per cent, of the people hardly spend fifteen minutes a day on the Word. You tell me you are hungry! I wish it were so. You have time to read the newspapers, you have time to read a book of fiction, but how much time do you spend on the Word? At the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ the soldier took his sword and pierced the side

of Jesus, and there flowed from that side "blood and water." In the hymn "Rock of Ages" it says "the water and the blood" but the blood always comes first. The blood cleanses the heart, and the water is a type of the Word. It is given to us to keep our lives clean. God cleanses the soul and places the Word in our hands. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word." "Thy Word," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

**T**URN with me back to the Book of Leviticus and we find there that the priests sprinkled blood seven times upon the leper that was to be healed. Then the leper had to wash himself (Lev. xiv. 7, 8). In the time of Moses, when the priests were ordained, Moses had to wash them from head to foot. After that they were to wash their own hands and feet. The priesthood is a type of the Church, and we as a church have to see to it that we keep ourselves clean, unspotted from the world. Take the laver in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus, it is a beautiful figure of cleansing. Its purpose was to reveal anything unclean, and when the priests went into the tabernacle they were to wash themselves before going to the altar to minister. Our Bible is the spiritual looking-glass of the soul, and as we read it, it reveals to us anything that is wrong in our lives. I was in the home of a sister not long ago, we talked an hour, and we prayed an hour, and she got real victory in her soul. She said, "Brother Jamieson, every time I open my Bible it reveals to me a certain sin that I must confess." I said, "The Holy Ghost knows how to place the spiritual looking-glass in the right position for you to see the stain of sin. Confess that thing, ask God to forgive you, and it will be washed away." She has the victory to-day because she obeyed. We keep our lives clean by obeying the Word of God.

There is a consecrated mother in Oklahoma. At the beginning of the war her son was drafted, and he was a saved boy. I heard that boy pray a number of times. It would melt you to tears to hear him. The mother's parting instructions to her boy were, "My son, your sins are under the blood. Your name is written in the Book of Life, and now as you wash your body every morning, wash your life with the Word." I was present at the time. A tear dropped from her cheek upon the Bible which she held in her hand, and a tear dropped from the boy's cheek and mingled with hers. He went, and God used him to save one hundred and fifty men. He washed himself every morning with the Word.

**T**HE greatest event in church history, the Protestant Reformation, started by Martin Luther nailing his ninety-five theses on the church door in Wittenberg. This event has not been repeated in the eighteenth



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and nineteenth centuries, but it brought forth a company of noble confessors. The princes of Germany, unlike those of to-day, sided with Luther and against the Emperor Charles V. Martin Luther started a fire all over Europe. They saw there was truth in Luther's stand. The Elector of Saxony, a man who refused the throne, was ready to sign the confession, but Melancthon took him aside and with his arm around his neck said, "Don't you do it." That great prince turned to Melancthon and said, "God forbid that you should exclude me. I am resolved to do what is right, not troubling myself about my crown. I am determined to worship and honour, and serve the Lord. He is more precious to me than all the crowns of Europe. I shall leave behind me the traces of my manhood, perhaps, but one thing is certain. The grace of Jesus Christ will take me to heaven." That prince when he took the pen between his fingers to sign the document in the village of Anhalt, said, "I am going to sign it in the presence of the representatives of the Empire. If my Lord requires it of me I am willing to leave all behind me and seek after an immortal crown. I would rather," that young man said, "renounce my subjects and lose my estate, I would rather make my living by cleaning the shoes of foreigners, than not sign this document that contains the fundamentals of salvation to every man and woman." He signed it

**GOD** is looking for people to-day with the courage and consecration of the Elector of Saxony. We are getting closer and closer to the end; the powers of Satan are increasing, and we will have to let go of everything and cling to the Rock of Ages. One thing is certain. The Elector of Saxony had a good stock of faith and grace and love, or he never could have stood true to God under the circumstances. Neither can you without these attributes. Laodicea is here. Apostacy is stalking through the land. Laodicea will not be accompanied by revival, but with judgments.

We have reached the last days, and God says to His people, "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Are you contending or are you compromising? That young man of Saxony said, "I stand for the infallible book and the infallible Christ." I stand to-day for the written Word and the Living Word. The trouble with many is that this Bible is not a living reality in our hearts. Brother Wigglesworth said to me when in this city, "Brother Jamieson, when I open this blessed Book, the fire begins to burn." Let the Word of God build within you a fire, and be a living thing.

**WE** are facing darkness to-day, we are facing apostacy, the power of the Antichrist is centralising. The liberal preaching that we have in the world to-day is simply the seed of the Antichrist which is being

sown, it is growing and developing, and destroying the very possibility of the atonement, and destroying the truth in the hearts of the people, and soon we can see the fruit thereof. Beloved, if the Virgin birth is a nonentity then God has not kept His Word. I received a letter recently urging me to preach the Gospel fearlessly, saying that the time is coming when people will not line up to the truth of God's Word. I exhort you saints to line up to the truth of God's Word, and in order to do this you must be rich in faith; you must have a faith that the world cannot move.

There are few real fighters in the Church of Christ to-day. We are told to fight the good fight of faith. When Joshua wanted to get the victory he left the wishy-washy people behind and took the valiant, the strong and courageous. Who was it that got victory on Mount Carmel? It was Elijah who boldly challenged the prophets of Baal. There are people to-day who like to share in the victories but do not like to do the fighting. Gideon wanted 32,000 men for his battle, but God said he had too many and cut him down to 300.

**THERE** is a difference between faith and obedience. Faith does not occupy the same realm that obedience does. The realm of faith is an invisible one. Light travels 185,000 miles per second, but faith travels faster than that. You cannot stop faith. It surmounts every obstacle. But obedience is visible. Noah believed God and was obedient. He began to build the ark. The spirit of obedience is confined to this world, but faith travels and knocks at the door of God's storehouse. I had a vision, in which I was in heaven. The angels were tying bundles the size of my little finger. "What are those?" I asked. "We have no credit," was the answer. "We get so little cash from the earth." All at once I heard a great shout, and they were wrapping a bundle the size of this room. "What is the matter now?" I asked. "We got a great cash order."

Let God examine you this afternoon. He will do a good work and will not spare you. If you are rich in faith, rich in love, rich in grace and rich in the truth of God's Word, then you can do business with God because you will have plenty of cash up yonder. We will need all the faith we can muster these coming days. I intend to stand on Christ the Rock of Ages no matter what the modernists say. We need to grow in faith, in love and in grace, and to be rooted and grounded in the Word of God in order to stand against the apostacy that is sweeping the church.—

*The Latter Rain Evangel.*

□ □ □

We feel that if God's children would really *pray up*, it would not be long until they would *pay up*. It is an almost universal rule that conscientious tithers are people of piety and Prayer.

Friend, take your measure —*Sel.*



## Praise Becoming to God's People

*"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous for praise is comely for the upright."*—Psalm xxxiii. 1

**A**LIFE of praise is the life the Lord would have His people live. It is a beautiful life—the only really beautiful life. Praise becomes the upright, those who live in the sight of the Lord and pass their life as under His eyes. These need no gaudy ornaments of worldly fashion and earthly make. Praise beautifies them with heavenly glory and bedecks them with rare jewels. The beauty of the Lord is upon them, and a halo of His character and Spirit radiates from them. Their lives shine and sun others, so that warmth and cheer come to other lives because of the spirit of praise in them.

**INGRATITUDE** is base. The thankless soul is mean and low. There is an expression about the thankless souls that makes them mean looking. Their faces look haggard, their brows are wrinkled, and they appear wretched and dissatisfied. All the artificial adornment and the sham decorations they can put upon themselves do not hide it. Real beauty is deeper than the skin, it flows, from the inner spirit.

In the Bible there are many more calls to praise than to prayer. The Psalmist calls upon everything that has breath to praise the Lord, and even things that have no breath are bidden to join in the happy song.

Yet praise is almost the rarest thing to be heard. The murmur of discontent fills the air these days, and the spirit of complaining and grumbling is very manifest. It seems as if almost every thing but man is praising the Lord. Listen every day, the darkest or the brightest day of the year, to the voices that fill the air, and you will hear strains of songs of gladness and rejoicing. We know that the whole creation is groaning during the reign of sin and death, and that the winds sigh in the minor key, the birds sing in the minor key and all the sounds of nature are in the minor key. All creation is looking for the manifestation of the sons of God and for its deliverance and so is groaning. But, yet, behind the groan we can detect the sound of praise.

**A WRITER** tells of cycling in the country with a friend. They were flying down a hill, through a wood. The friend stopped and jumped off his machine, and they both stood and listened. From the woods on either side there came songs of nightingales—one, two, three, four, five, six. Says the writer "It is marvellous how much music God can put into a little bird's throat. The forest seemed filled with song."

But it is not thus in the world. Nay, here we hear the voices of complaining and murmuring, of dis-

content and faultfinding, of displeasure and bitterness. Is it because the world is empty of beauty? Is it because there is no goodness manifest? Nay, verily not. "The earth is full of the goodness of God." The trouble is with the people themselves. They seem to have no eyes to see the beauty, and no sense to discern the good, and no ears to hear the pleasant. Their spirit is bitter and their heart is empty of the spirit of humility and praise.

**ALAS!** for God's people. How apt they are to im-bibe the spirit of the world and how ready they are to join in the murmur of discontent. The danger is that the flaws they see, and the discord which they hear, make them critical, censorious and discontent. They are apt to fail to discover the causes for gladness in their circumstances, and to miss the pleasant things with which they are surrounded, because of the prevailing flaws and discords. But when we stop to think, there really are numerous good and beautiful things surrounding us daily, why should we be disgruntled over the unpleasant? We should easily be able to overlook the one little thorn in such a mass of roses. This is the Divine injunction "Forget not all His benefits." Yes, here is the fault. We forget God's wonderful mercies, the countless blessings that flood our days with brightness and light up our nights with hope. An hour's discomfort, a single moment's twinge of pain, blot out the memory of a whole year of the best health.

God's people need to learn the lesson of thanksgiving. They need to learn to see the Lord in things and to praise Him for His goodness. Grumbling becomes them. It is the indication of a low spiritual life if nothing pleases them, and when they can see no good in people and circumstances. They can never come to anything beautiful until they learn to praise God in and for all things. They cannot do good work until they know how to praise the Lord. Only a cheerful workman can ever really do good work.

**LEONARD** da Vinci, it is said, painted with a lyre in his hand. Song was his inspiration. A sad man never does anything beautiful. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to his people, when they were discouraged. He knew that if they were discouraged and despondent, they would faint in their work. Gratitude keeps up the spirit, steadies the step and promotes patience and endurance.

The men who do great things for God are the men who have a cheerful spirit. Gloomy people cannot do great things: their vision is contracted and their heart fails them.

Carlyle says: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may,



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he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere

longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he marches to music." Let us learn the great lesson of really praising God, it becomes us.—*Sel.*

## Divine Healing in the Gateway Psalm

By LILIAN B. YEOMANS, M.D

**P**SALM I. is the "Gateway Psalm!" A wonderful gateway into a wonderful land! The Land of Promise Jesus said, "I am the door," and there is a sense in which the first Psalm is a full-length, life-size portrait of Jesus. No one else who ever lived measured up to the standard of that scripture.

O how blessed, how intensely happy, is the man. **THE MAN** (Behold **THE Man!**) "who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." To whom do these words, in their fullest meaning, apply but to our High Priest, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, out of whose mouth proceeded no guile? His delight was in the law of the Lord; He said, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of Me, to do Thy will O God!" He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. And He is like a tree, the Tree of Life, planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, whose leaf shall not wither. He is the Vine and we are the branches.

"*Whatsoever He doeth shall prosper*" Yes, He goeth forth conquering and to conquer. Abiding in this all conquering Christ we have all-round prosperity, which necessarily includes immunity from sickness. And that the Bible includes physical health in the idea of prosperity is evident from these words from the third epistle of John, and the second verse: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper, and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

It is the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus (see Rom. viii 2) which brings us into this blessedness, for spirit, soul, and body, this all-round prosperity. But do the righteous always prosper? Yes, in the true sense of the word, the Bible sense, they always prosper, even if for a time they are in heaviness through manifold temptations. For by prospering, the Bible means having everything in the universe tend towards and work together for their good, their welfare, not their temporal welfare only, but also their eternal well-being. Put your emphasis on eternal, but do not forget that we have the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that that is to come. God may send you disappointments, but if you could trace them along far enough you would find that they always end in augmented blessedness to the child of the heavenly Father.

The beauty and radiance of this blessedness is brought out more clearly by the force of contrast. Opposite to this glorious presentment, in all its glowing colours, we find the sad picture of the ungodly. "Not so, not so, not so." The very opposite in every particular of the first portrait. Not blessed, not free from sin, and the sad results of sin, sickness, and death. And these two typical men are shewn to be on two roads, leading in different directions, which will never meet throughout all eternity. One narrow and bright, known of God, permanent, growing brighter every moment until it is consummated in the heavenly effulgence of the New Jerusalem, where are gathered the congregation of the righteous. The other, broad, vague, covered with mists and shadows, leading to destruction, cut off suddenly, terminating abruptly in an awful precipice over the abyss of eternal doom. The way of the ungodly shall perish. This Psalm is also called the psalm of the "Two Ways." Which way are you on?

## Daily Bread

being the "Scripture Union" portions for 1927.

*Prayer before Reading* Open thine mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.—Psalm cix 18

| September | 1st, Thursday   | I Samuel i 1-18 |
|-----------|-----------------|-----------------|
| "         | 2nd, Friday     | " ii 19-28      |
| "         | 3rd, Saturday   | " iii 1-11      |
| "         | 4th, Sunday     | " iv 12-20      |
| "         | 5th, Monday     | " v 26-36       |
| "         | 6th, Tuesday    | " vi 1-10       |
| "         | 7th, Wednesday  | " vii 11-21     |
| "         | 8th, Thursday   | " viii 1-18     |
| "         | 9th, Friday     | " ix 1-8        |
| "         | 10th, Saturday  | " x 1-16        |
| "         | 11th, Sunday    | " xi 1-17       |
| "         | 12th, Monday    | " xii 1-9       |
| "         | 13th, Tuesday   | " xiii 10-22    |
| "         | 14th, Wednesday | " xiv 1-14      |
| "         | 15th, Thursday  | " xv 15-27      |

### MORAL SCAVENGERS

Refuse to keep company with talebearers. "From such withdraw thyself." They are spreaders of moral contagion. They are the worst foes of society. They are the moral scavengers of the universe. Avoid them as you would avoid the devil.—*A. P. Gouthey.*

## Items of Interest

Reports of our August Conventions will appear in the next issue of the *Elim Evangel*.

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Madame Karinskaya, the converted Russian prima donna, whose singing has been greatly appreciated during the past few weeks at our revival campaigns, London assemblies, and Bible College, sailed for the United States of America on August 6th. She is proceeding to California, where she will be engaged for some months in the service of the Master.

□ □ □

Pastor and Mrs. Charles Kingston went to Chicago for a few days, after leaving Indianapolis, and then to Detroit for two meetings, which the Lord blessed to the salvation of many souls. From there they went to New York and preached at the week-end services at Pastor Brown's church. The building was crowded for the evening meeting and about twenty raised their hands for salvation. From New York they returned to Montreal where, for a time, they are relieving Pastor Baker, and experiencing much blessing on the services.

□ □ □

We have encouraging news from Sydney, Australia, where Pastor J. Hewitt is in charge of the work. A large number have been saved and baptised in the Holy Ghost. Healing services are held every week, and at the last service one who was deaf received instantaneous hearing, while another suffering from an

internal complaint was anointed and the next day received a doctor's certificate stating that she was perfectly healed. She had previously been operated upon eighteen times and given up as incurable.

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On August 6th, at the Elim Tabernacle, Clapham, Mr. Frederick Bell and Miss Maud Batson were united in marriage by Principal George Jeffreys, in whose campaigns Mr. Bell has been assisting for the past twelve months. On the 16th of this month they sail for Canada.

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We have a number of other weddings to report. On July 18th at the Elim Tabernacle in Ravenhill Road, Belfast, Mr. W. J. Bell, one of the elders of the first Elim assembly in Belfast, was married to Miss Ellen M. McCambridge; the service being conducted by Pastor J. Smith, assisted by Pastor R. Mercer. Mr. Wm. Hoy and Miss Mary Kernochan were married in Elim Tabernacle, Ballymena, on July 13th by Pastor R. Mercer; and Mr. Douglas Gray and Miss Eva Broom in Elim Hall, Barking, on July 2nd, by the brother of the bride.

□ □ □

Two wedding services were conducted by Pastor Robert Tweed at the Elim Tabernacle, East Ham, on July 30th, when Mr. Arthur Vince was united in marriage to Miss Edna Welsh, and later Mr. G. D. Jackson to Miss Emily Ockwell.

# Souls Saved *and* Believers Baptised

Successful Campaigns—Large Baptismal Services—Remarkable Healings

**Battersea.** Prayer is asked for a campaign commenced by Miss R. Coleman on August 7th in a tent pitched in the Station Approach at Clapham Junction.

**Soham.** A tent campaign was conducted last month at Soham by Messrs. Channon and Bradley, and was the means of blessing in the district.

**Belfast.** Pastor R. Smith is conducting the services at the Elim Tabernacle in Melbourne Street, during the absence of Pastor J. Smith this month.

**Plymouth.** Two baptismal services were held last month when twenty believers were baptised. Souls continue to be saved, and on a recent Sunday night two sailors surrendered to Christ.

**Springbourne, Bournemouth.** The Lord continues to bless the work here. On a recent Sunday night the tabernacle was packed and there was an overflow in the vestry. Nine surrendered when the Gospel appeal was given.

**Hendon.** A baptismal service was held in the new Elim Tabernacle at Hendon on Thursday, July 21st, when 20 believers passed through the waters. The number previously arranged for was 17 but during the service three more came forward to be baptised, and others signified their intention

of doing so when the next opportunity afforded itself. Pastor R. Smith officiated.

**Lurgan.** A new branch of Elim Crusaders has recently been formed at Lurgan where Pastor Kelly is in charge. It is inspiring to see the Minor Hall full every Monday night with young members eager to learn more of the precious Word of God. A special topic is selected from the scriptures and expounded by the Crusaders, solos are rendered, the Word is read, and definite prayer offered for the Elim work in general.

**Southampton.** A baptismal service was conducted in the Public Baths on July 24th, when 51 candidates were baptised by Pastor F. E. H. Trevor, and 60 signified their desire to be baptised at the next opportunity. Such a large crowd had not been seen in the Baths before, even at the aquatic gala.

**Hull.** During the past month, two baptismal services have been held, in which Pastor Boulton immersed between twenty and thirty believers. An interested and appreciative congregation gathered on each occasion to witness these Christian disciples follow their Lord through the waters of baptism, each emerging into new blessing in the Divine life as a consequence of their obedience to His command. God's presence is graciously manifest in the midst from time to time. His Word at times, given through the gifts of the Holy Ghost, is very precious and powerful.

# THE ELIM EVANGEL

**Nottingham** A short campaign was conducted by Pastor W J Jeffreys and Pastor and Mrs E B Pinch at Nottingham last month. A good number accepted Christ during the services, and several testified to the healing power of Jehovah Rophi.

**Ystradgynlais** An open air baptismal service was recently conducted by Pastor Tom James. Hundreds of people lined up the roadside, watching the service. A remarkable case of healing recently took place, when a sister was healed of drinking diabetes. New ground has recently been opened up for the Lord at Crynant, where souls have been saved.

**Brighton** A baptismal service was held on July 14th, when nine brothers and sisters were baptised by Pastor J Lees. Six souls were saved at this service. The revival continues, souls being continually brought to the Lord, the building at times is insufficient to accommodate the crowds that seek admission. Prayer is asked for Lewes and Peacehaven, where meetings are shortly to be held.

**Wickford.** A revival campaign was conducted by Pastor and Mrs George Kingston and Mr E G Jeffreys at Wickford last month. Many were saved and there were outstanding cases of healing. A consumptive, given only three months to live, was saved and healed. The next day he went to work in London. A man, given up by the doctors, was brought to the meeting in a bath chair. He was saved and healed and is now riding a bicycle and working in his garden. His wife also was saved. An old lady was healed of double rupture. Others were cured of deafness and other ailments.

**Ipswich.** During the recent visit of Pastor William Jeffreys, much blessing was received at the Foursquare Gospel Mission Hall, Portman Road, Ipswich. Souls were saved, and bodies were gloriously healed. A young woman with tuberculosis of the knee, had been a great sufferer for many years, and had to walk with iron supports. After being prayed over, she immediately took off these supports, and walked. This dear sister had not been able to kneel for three years. It was precious to see her kneeling before the Lord, giving Him thanks. Praise God, He is just the same to-day! A man who was suffering with lung trouble, and had had seven different doctors, who could do nothing more for him, was instantly healed. Hallelujah! Others testified to blessings received. A young woman came out for salvation, and while being prayed with, was saved and healed of tonsillitis for which she was to go under an operation. Yes, "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." How we praise God for the precious Foursquare Gospel!

**Romsey.** A three weeks' revival campaign was recently conducted at Romsey, Hants, by Messrs Trevor and Goreham. A correspondent writes: "Each night Latimer Hall has been filled, until it was found necessary to seek larger accommodation for the Sunday services. The open air community singing service was one of the largest ever experienced in the town. Wonderful results have taken place. Over 120 have accepted Christ as their Saviour. The drunkard has been made sober; the highly moral become Christian. A remarkable case of spontaneous healing was realised at an evening service, when one who came in a bath chair walked home, leaving her chair behind. The work is still going on successfully, and an assembly has been formed with a good membership, and a Crusaders' branch opened. Souls are still being won for Christ."

**Ripon.** A successful campaign was held last month by Miss R Coleman in the Temperance Hall, Ripon. The campaign was preceded by a visit of a large party of Llim Crusaders from Leeds, who held services in the town on Saturday, July 2nd. Souls have been saved at practically every service, and the sick have been healed. A woman with a paralysed arm was saved and completely healed. Another, who came to the meeting in a bath chair was healed and walked home. These are only a few of the many cases which have occurred. The special children's meetings were a blessing, and the open air services conducted by the Evangelist in the Market Square each Saturday evening and throughout the week have attracted large crowds. Regular services are now being held at Ripon.

**Guernsey.** Two Llim Crusaders from Clapham, Messrs A Birkenshaw and T H Knight, who visited Guernsey last month, write their impressions as follows—

"As we drew near to the little Elim Hill, nestling among the greenhouses of glorious Guernsey, on the first Sunday of our visit, we heard them singing some of the choruses we love so well in London. How we felt at home at once, in the presence of the Lord, and of His saints. What a joy it was to minister to those dear children of God on that lovely southern isle. How they drank in the Word of the Lord, which is able to make them stand as testimonies in their Jerusalem, Vazon, and all over their island home. The work has been going on steadily for some years, and is now under the able leadership of Miss V E R Allen. The Gospel services are full; the Crusaders rally well together on Thursdays, and the prayer meetings and Bible studies are also well attended. As we stood in the open air meeting on Le Guet, Cobo Bay, over-



**Bermondsey Sunday School** This photograph of the Sunday School children with their teachers was taken outside our church at Bermondsey just before the school outing to Couisdon on July 16th. Mr Welham, the Superintendent, is seen standing under the notice board. The Sunday School has grown considerably since its commencement last October, and there are now 128 scholars.

Reports of our Sunday School work will in future appear in the "Young Folks' Evangel." We have reports from Belfast, Bournemouth, East Ham and Ilford, which will appear in the September issue.

The "Young Folks' Evangel" is published monthly (16 pages, illustrated). Order to-day from the Llim Publishing Office, 16, Clapham Park Road, London, S W 4. 1/6 per year, post free, or from your "Evangel" Secretary, 1d per copy.



# THE ELIM EVANGEL



looking the sea, and the people sat around on the grass to listen, it reminded us of our blessed Lord, who in the days of His flesh talked to the people by the sea. We praise God for such a band of people standing true to the Foursquare Gospel in Guernsey, and cherish many happy memories of our visit to Sarnia's sunny shores."

**Bangor Convention.** A correspondent writes as follows—"The 12th of July is here again. All Ulster is aglow with enthusiasm to meet together to celebrate the Battle of the Boyne. But the friends of Flim meet together to rejoice in a greater victory than the Boyne battle—the victory of a Christ who triumphed where William fell even over death and the grave. Three special services were arranged for the day in the Dufferin Hall at Bangor. Although we missed the presence of our beloved leader, Pastor George Jeffreys, yet we were privileged to be honoured with a visit from Pastor

Blackman of Bournemouth, who most sweetly unfolded to us the precious truths of Christ and His church. Several other speakers were present as well, from various assemblies in Ulster and also from England. On the 13th of July a baptismal service was held in the open sea. Thousands of people actually littered the banks and the beach to watch what, strangely enough in a Christian land, was looked upon as something extraordinary. The presence of the Lord was very real as the candidates one after another followed the Lord's example by being buried with Him in baptism. A glorious open air service was held on the sands by the workers and others. The convention closed with a final rally in the Flim Hall in Bangor. And indeed, like the marriage feast of Galilee, we could truly say that the Lord had kept the good wine until the last. We cannot praise God enough for His blessing upon these services."

## A Story of a Mother's Love

**W**HEN Hugh Allardyce left his Devonshire home for a situation in a New York bank his mother gave him her own loved and well used Bible, and with a parting kiss, said "Serve God, my son, and He will keep and bless you all the days." Hugh choked down a rising sob and said, "It is easy to promise, mother, I will say nothing, but I will try to act and do my best."

When the *Umbra* moved out of dock, the last sight seen on land by Hugh was the frail figure of a woman, whose sad face, with unshed tears in her eyes, made the young man long to be on shore again, that he might comfort his mother by saying, "Mother, dear, smile again, and I will promise you anything."

Time passed on, and for seven years Hugh had not seen his mother, promotion had come to him, and his mother rejoiced in his prosperity. No word in his letters ever referred to the parting advice of his mother. Hugh had long since forgotten them, but his mother never doubted the answer to her constant prayer that her beloved son would some day honour God in his whole-hearted devotion to Him.

**A**S Hugh sat in his office one hot noon a friend came in and proposed to carry him off in the lunch hour. "Where?" was Hugh's question. "Oh, to Fulton Street," replied his friend. "Queer place to go this time of day," said Hugh. "But perhaps you are bound for the fruit market?" "Yes, that's about it," said his friend. "Anyway you'll come?"

Hugh consented, and they took a car, and before long Hugh found himself entering, with dozens of city men known to him, the Fulton Street noon prayer meeting. He was annoyed, and resolved to leave as soon as possible. Presently his ears caught the words, "A mother desires prayer for her son who, after seven years, is farther from God, and gives no sign of early Christian training." This was surely himself. His mother must have sent this appeal from Devonshire. Blair, his friend, knew it, and had brought him there to hear it. He was furious, and wondered if every finger in the hall was pointing at him. But when the gentleman who read the request added, "The anxious mother is present with us in prayer," Hugh looked round expecting to see his own mother, he was disappointed to notice only city men. He listened to the short, fervent, pleading prayers of several, and felt sure they were on his behalf.

**H**E left the meeting quietly, and for the rest of the day was silent, thoughtful and unhappy. That evening, on entering his rooms, he saw the contents of a box of books he never used lying upon a table, and on top of all his mother's parting gift—her much loved Bible.

"What influence is this?" he said to himself. He felt powerless in the face of such a combination of circumstances

Undoing the clasp of the Bible, a letter fluttered from between the pages—a letter in the handwriting of his mother. He flushed with shame. For seven years this letter had lain between the pages of the Bible, perhaps needing an answer. How should he answer it? The letter commenced, "My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Remember the tender hours of childhood which you gave to God at my knee. Remember, He loves you, seeks you, saves you. Remember, I shall live only to pray for you. God bless you! Christ guide you! The Holy Spirit teach you! prays your mother."

**T**HAT was all, but it came just at the right moment to the heart of Hugh Allardyce, and he said "Here and now, O God, I give myself to Thee, to do with as Thou wilt, and to keep for evermore. That is the answer to my mother's letter. Amen."

A gush of gladness filled his whole soul, such as he had never known in all his successful business career, and he sat down at once to rejoice the heart of his darling mother whose picture he fondly kissed, and then wrote a letter to her telling her the joyful news of his conversion. He wrote "Mother, you have prevailed—you have won your son for God."

Next day, he was at the noon prayer meeting, and, giving no name or circumstances, he passed up a slip of paper stating "A son desires to praise God for a mother's prayers."

**H**E learned how the books came to be on his table. "The box was moved by the workmen who were repairing the radiator," said the landlady, "the bottom fell out through dry rot, and so I put the books on your table."

That was all. Very simple are the divine methods. What a great and wonder-working God we have, who makes no mistakes. What seeming trifles He can use to bring about wise results.

"What do you mean to do?" asked his friend Blair on hearing the blessed news. "Nothing," was the reply, "It is done. I am a new man in Christ. He has turned me right round."

And so it proved. Hugh (I have not given his true name) is now one of our merchant princes. Though years have passed, he is still true as steel to his Saviour, a shining light in the dark places on the mercantile world, a testimony to the efficacy of true prayer, an encouragement to every anxious mother, and a power for God especially amongst young men.

"You would be surprised," he wrote, "to hear that though I have not been to New York for some years, my heart, daily refreshes itself in God at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting"—M.B.G.