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# Elim Supplement.

Reports from Canada and U.S.A.

No 3.

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## Witnessing at Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, 30th August, 1924

The second Sunday of our Winnipeg campaign was a precious day of victory. God drew us to Himself in fellowship sweet. At the morning service a large crowd of the Lord's people assembled to listen to a message which from commencement to close was packed with rich thought, sound exegesis, and searching argument. The preacher drew a number of graphic word pictures from the Old Testament types showing how the idea of Divine indwelling was woven into almost every revelation which God had given of Himself. From the Tabernacle in the Wilderness we were led right on through various phases of Divine manifestation to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, which the preacher emphasised as the New Testament counterpart to that which transpired at the completion of the Tabernacle, when we read that the glory of the Lord filled the house which Moses had erected. Many a desire for the fulness of the Spirit was intensified, and many a soul for the first time became eager to become the temple of the Holy Spirit

On the Monday evening the service was devoted to the immersion of a number of believers who were anxious to obey the Lord's command to be baptised in water. Prior to the actual immersion of the candidates, in the course of a concise and convincing address it was clearly pointed out that water baptism was part of the Divine plan for the New Testament Church, that it was just as much an integral part of that plan as the Laver was part of the Divine specification for the construction of the Tabernacle. We saw also the sublime spiritual significance of this Scriptural ordinance. It must always

remain a test of obedience—a proof of discipleship. Emphasis was laid upon the sequence of the two terms, “BORN” and “BAPTISE.” “If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.” At the close of this service thirty of the Lord’s people rose to their feet in response to the appeal for others to follow their Lord through the baptismal waters.

The remainder of the last week’s meetings was devoted to a series of sermon studies upon “The Baptism of the Holy Spirit and the Gifts of the Holy Spirit.” Evening after evening the building was well filled with a company of earnest, eager people, to whom, in many cases, the messages came as an entirely new revelation. Many misconceptions were removed and light thrown upon delicate Scriptural problems. How conclusively the preacher proved from the Word of God that the supernatural gifts of the Holy Spirit had not been withdrawn—that the same Hand which had so freely bestowed them upon the early Church was still outstretched and filled with those very same Gifts. It was admitted that they had been largely lost to the Church in the growing apostasy which had followed the State recognition of God’s people by the Emperor Constantine, and the fact was deplored that the Gifts of the Spirit were still shut out of the Church through ignorance and unbelief. At the same time we rejoiced to learn that to thousands of Christian people in various parts of the world these miraculous Gifts were being restored.

Following each of these addresses an opportunity was given for those anxious to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit to repair to the prayer-room, where night after night a number received the Holy Spirit as the disciples did in the upper room on the Day of Pentecost. Hallelujah! As these seekers returned from the prayer-room it was easy to single out those who had received—there was a tell-tale light in their eyes—their faces bore that wonderful “upper room” expression which is unmistakable—there was a new note of gladness in their voices which spoke volumes as to what had happened. God had fulfilled His Word! They now possessed the greatest of all arguments with which to meet those who challenge the

truth of Pentecostal teaching, viz., an up-to-date experience of the Divine power. To those who question their experience they can now reply, "If this is not that, then what is this, and where is that?"

Whilst in Winnipeg we received a call from the local Penitentiary requesting one of the party to go and conduct a service for the prisoners. Mr. McWhirter gladly accepted the invitation and held a very blessed meeting. Many of the inmates were much moved by the earnest and eloquent appeal given; one could see upon some of the faces traces of repentance and desire for a better life. It was a pathetic sight to see so many young people in the morning of their lives already the victims of the blighting influences of sin, and to realise that unless Jesus came into their hearts they would in many cases perish in the



Sluice Gates and Bridge over the Red River, near Winnipeg.

vortex of iniquity towards which they were rapidly being drawn. Though no definite decisions were recorded, yet we trust that whilst that company of criminals sang

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come,

some of their number silently surrendered to Christ. What a joy it will be if in eternity we should meet those who through that simple Sunday morning service were led to the Lord!

The Divine Healing services during the Winnipeg meetings were specially blessed by God; several were wonderfully healed by the hand of the Lord. A profound impression was made upon the congregation when a sister rose to her feet and told how for forty years she had suffered from an affection of the throat, and deafness with pains in the head, and now she was completely delivered from this complication of complaints. She gave us a very practical demonstration of the reality of the work of healing wrought in her body, moving her loosened limbs with great freedom. In addition to the above troubles she added that for three years she had suffered with her eyes, and moreover she had been unable to raise her arms to fasten her own clothes or button her own boots. Now she was free! Hallelujah! This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our sight!

## From Canada to the States.

SAN JOSE, 8th September, 1924.

On the last Sunday of the Winnipeg campaign a splendid and powerful communion service was held, when about four hundred of God's people were gathered around the Lord's Table, many of them sitting there for the first time, newly-born souls admitted to this precious ordinance because of the redeemed relationship which now existed 'twixt God and them; taking their place of privilege at this blessed memorial feast. How gladly the King welcomes such guests to His Table! The trophies of His conquering grace! The spoils of His Calvary conquest! There was also present on this happy Sabbath morning those who had but lately taken Jehovah as their Healer; whose bodies, so recently racked with pain, now throbbed with Divine life. Like Lazarus of old they had been called from the power of death unto resurrection life, and were now sitting in blessed fellowship at the table of their Deliverer. During the two weeks' services about fifty in all were immersed in water. This in itself was a splendid triumph for the Lord. In some cases souls were born again, baptised in water and immersed in the Holy Spirit during the same campaign.

The farewell at the Station proved a touching scene. The faces of many of those who had come to see us off bore eloquent testimony to the character of the campaign just concluded. How they thronged around the carriage door, those dear, warm-hearted Canadians, eager to give us their parting benediction. "Come again!"—"Make haste and pay us a return visit!" were some of the cries that fell upon our ears, whilst others were too full for words. Somehow one realised how precious those dear people had become to us and what a strong spiritual attachment had been created. In spite of every effort to control one's feelings, as the train steamed out and we saw, probably for the last time, that company of consecrated saints waving us their final farewell, and heard them sing

God be with you till we meet again!

our eyes grew strangely dim with tears. What a joy to know that we shall meet them in the eternal morning!

What a journey now lay before us ere we reach the scene of our next campaign! Nearly three thousand miles of ceaseless travelling through four great Canadian Provinces and two large American States. What an education such a trip should prove! The early part of the journey takes us over hundreds of miles of rolling, trackless prairie land, the outlook being occasionally relieved by some straggling townlet or isolated cattle ranch. Each member of our party was on the *qui vive* to catch the first glimpse of the famous Rocky Mountains. What a prospect! Three hundred miles of unrivalled mountain scenery! To attempt a description of the majestic splendour of those towering and awe-inspiring heights baffles the pen of the writer. What a vision of surpassing natural beauty greets the eyes as frequently the railway reaches an altitude that enables expansive views to be obtained! Who could forget the grandeur of Mount Robson, the "Monarch of the Rockies," towering 13,000 feet above the sea level, with its summit perpetually mantled in snow and its brow encircled with a wreath of fleecy clouds? One cannot conceive of a more awe-inspiring and entrancing scene! Or the picturesque beauty of the rapid Falls as they come falling down those

rocky ledges which break their waters into a thousand shining fragments, making a beautiful veil of silver spray. What a pleasing and thrilling effect is produced as the railway winds its spiral course up the mountain side, ever and anon piercing some mountain that towers a thousand feet above. Or again looking down into the dizzy depths beneath, where magnificent rivers wind their way through sylvan scenery, the forest-clad mountain slopes presenting a unique picture of unspeakable magnificence. And so on we go on what seems an endless journey, until we reach the picturesque city of Vancouver, which is described as the "commercial metropolis" of British Columbia, with its lovely coastal scenery and splendid seascapes, which possess an irresistible charm to the lover of the beautiful. How one is tempted to linger to enjoy the Arcadian attractions of this charming city. But a few hours was all that could be spared ere we pursued our journey to California. Space prohibits the writer dwelling further upon the delightful scenery of that six days' journey. How we praise the Lord for His mercies throughout that long and sometimes trying trip. How sweetly He undertook! Again and again some glad surprise met us en route and thus the Lord intimated that He had gone before to prepare our path. Hallelujah!

'Tis just after sunset on the last day of the week that we reach the city of San Jose, a pretty little town situated in the heart of a perfect paradise of natural loveliness. San Jose lies about forty miles to the south of San Francisco, the scene of that terrible earthquake in 1906. This is to be the scene of the fifth campaign of our tour, and the first in America. A large tent, which is aptly described as the "Canvas Cathedral," seating about 2,500 people, is the place selected for the series of special services which we are announced to conduct in this city. Already we have discovered that the leader of the Lord's work in this place is a man with a large soul, a clear vision, and a fearless heart; one who possesses a deep spiritual intelligence. Dr. Towner quickly captured our confidence and won our admiration as a man of God who was prepared to risk everything in launching out upon the promises of the Lord. We were pleased to find that God had honoured

His servant in building up a big work which stands steadfast for the four-square Gospel. We anticipate a time of great blessing whilst in this place. The first services of the series were well attended, and augured well for the future of the campaign. We are believing that the Lord will draw the people of this city together to listen to the Word of God and that ere we close, this large "Canvas Cathedral" will be too small to accommodate the congregations. In the opening meetings one realised a wonderful anointing resting upon the ministry of God's servants. The very first meetings brought in the first-fruits of what we trust will prove a great harvest of precious souls. Already several have been remarkably healed, and this will speedily spread abroad amongst those outside and bring them to the place where God can meet them in mercy and grace. A well-trained company of Spirit-filled Christians compose the Orchestra, which is rendering valuable service. Their music and song is in itself a wonderful attraction.

## San Jose and Oakland.

SAN JOSE, 15th September, 1924.

The morning meetings, which are devoted chiefly to the ministry of Divine Healing, have proved seasons of gracious manifestation and revelation; Christ has been unfolded in the Word as the Healer, and we have seen afresh the "fulness of redemption" in its relation to sickness. Many a suffering saint has claimed victory and stepped out into liberty and newness of life. As the Holy Spirit has spoken into the heart of some sore oppressed child of God the wondrous fact that Jehovah is the "Great I AM," and that Jesus Christ is the "same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," so faith has risen in their soul and the fetters of fear have fallen off. Again and again in those blessed noonday services the Holy Spirit emphasised in various ways the glorious truth spoken by God of old, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." We saw that victory lay solely in believing the Word of God—in accepting the affirmation of Jehovah and not regarding

physical conditions. It seems to be characteristic of the present period that this Gospel of healing and health through the Atonement should be blazed abroad; the Holy Spirit is calling the attention of the Church to its heritage of healing and many are going in to possess this rich legacy of resurrection life in Jesus. Hallelujah!



Side entrance to the Canvas Cathedral, San Jose.

What marvellous manifestations of Divine power we saw in that dear old tent! How it resounded with peals of praise as the people of God sang their songs of salvation! Floating o'er the night air, borne by the gentle Californian breezes, went forth the sweet strains of spiritual song Listen! They are singing

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I have crossed the riven veil  
Where the glories never fail

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I am living in the presence of the King

Now it is :

Telephone to glory, O what joy divine!  
I can feel the current moving on the line,  
Built by God the Father for His loved and own—  
We may talk to Jesus thro' this royal telephone.

What a happy company they are! Faces all radiant with the "joy of the Lord"! Lost in the adoration and worship of Him Who now fills their lives with His victorious presence! How it reminded one of the Tabernacle in the wilderness—the place where God was wont to unveil His glory and make known His mind—the place where God's voice was to be heard. Here day after day

gathered a company of eager listeners, who had come with love-anointed ears to receive the message of the Lord; prepared to go forth from the place of revelation and translate into consecrated action that which they had heard. Exodus xl, 34, was daily realised in that precious revival rendezvous, pitched in the midst of so much godlessness—a tabernacle of testimony in a wilderness of worldliness.

The First Baptist Church of San Jose is a real centre of Pentecostal activity. It possesses a fine building commanding a splendid congregation of out-and-out children of God, the majority of whom are baptised in the Holy Ghost and fully on fire for God and souls. No opportunity is allowed to pass for drawing men to Christ, every conceivable method is employed to attract the attention of the perishing, making them seriously consider the claims of the Gospel. One is much impressed with the large number of young people who form part of his live church, many of whom are earnestly engaged in some of the many branches of church activity. Spiritual drones would certainly feel uncomfortable in such an atmosphere. One would scarcely credit that just over three short years ago this people and pastor were living in a state of lukewarmness—the church and the world were so sadly intermixed that you could hardly distinguish the one from the other. Now this is all changed! What wrought this drastic change? Why, three years ago the Pentecostal fire fell and transformed them into what they are to-day. Surely this speaks volumes for that which God is doing in these days in this wonderful “latter rain” revival! And yet, in spite of these very definite and convincing proofs, this work continues to be so much maligned and misunderstood. Here is a church whose whole vision and vocation has been revolutionised. Bless the Lord for the advent of a real Pentecost! It has not converted these people into a company of cranks, but into a devoted band of believers, all awake to their privileges and responsibilities; engrossed in doing the will of God, and permeated with the spirit of sacrifice.

The first week-end in San Jose brought a special request for some of the party to go over to Oakland, San

Francisco, to take the Sunday services, and so the writer and Mr. Darragh answered the call and spent a most enjoyable and fruitful day with the Lord's people at Oakland. In the evening meeting in response to the appeal a crowd of people came forward to seek the Lord, the altar being more than filled. Many were anointed in the name of the Lord, and immediately received the divine touch of healing in their bodies.

As we write, the fire of revival is taking hold of the people of San Jose in a wonderful way, and the spirit of the meetings is daily growing in intensity. One feels that the spiritual atmosphere, upon which so much depends, is such as to warrant our expecting anything to happen. Our great regret is that the time at our disposal is so limited, but this we know, that the Lord will complete the work which He has begun in this place. Would that space might permit of the full account of some of the stirring testimonies of those who have been saved and healed during this campaign.

## San Jose and Fresno.

FRESNO, *22nd September, 1924.*

The splendid results of the last week of the San Jose campaign certainly exceeded our expectations. Each evening a large procession of earnest seekers marched out to the altar—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy and sometimes as many as a hundred flocked out to the front when the call was given at the close of the service. To describe in detail some of those altar scenes would take a whole volume in itself. Parents and children, husbands and wives were among those who found the Lord during those wonderful days of revival. The two rooms specially set apart for those in quest of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and Divine Healing were filled to overflowing every night; in fact, there was scarcely sufficient room available for those who had to deal with the seekers.

The last week-end was an excellent consummation to one of the most remarkable and fruitful campaigns of the tour; the current of blessing grew stronger and swifter,

until on the last day it had reached the high water mark; God was indeed pouring out His Spirit in full measure, and one and all realised that they were being drenched with Latter Rain fulness. That large "Canvas Cathedral" was not only filled with people, but also pervaded with the presence and power of the Lord Himself. One could not listen to Dr. Towner's touching tribute to the work which had been accomplished without being amply rewarded for the service rendered. His words revealed the depth of his appreciation and the intensity of his feeling. Many were the beautiful testimonies given by those who had received blessing for soul and body—testimonies which bore the hall-mark of sincerity and simplicity, and which perhaps were the most eloquent emolument that evangelists could possibly receive.

At the end of the first week at San Jose, Mr. Darragh and the writer went on in advance to commence a campaign in Fresno, which is situated in the centre of the beautiful San Joaquin Valley, about two hundred miles from San Jose. Our first meeting here was certainly unique in character. We found that a large open-air service had been arranged in a lovely local park in the heart of the city. A fine covered-in platform capable of seating some sixty people was placed at our disposal, upon which sat the Full Gospel Tabernacle Orchestra; around the platform were seated about two thousand eager listeners, the whole being illuminated by electric lights which were suspended from the branches of the surrounding trees, creating quite a fairyland effect. Under such novel circumstances we enjoyed the privilege of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, one could not wish for a more attentive and appreciative open-air congregation. That evening's service will always stand out in our memory.

The first week's meetings took the form of a series of devotional Bible readings, upon which God set His seal in a wonderful way. Never did the writer realise a greater anointing resting upon the ministry of the Word; the message just poured forth with the freedom which accompanies any Spirit-breathed discourse. What a splendid response was given to the appeal for those who

wished to answer the call of God to closer and deeper fellowship with Himself! Many an idol was shattered and many a Jordan crossed, and not a few entered into the Canaan land of spiritual plenitude and power. Some severe struggles took place in the hearts of those who clung to the things which retarded their progress in the Divine life, but as they yielded, the victory of full salvation came. God did great things in those who thus



A Snapshot  
on an  
Ostrich Farm  
at  
Los Angeles.

Between Pastor George Jeffreys  
and Mr. McWhirter is  
Pastor W. Black  
(late of Armagh),  
Mrs. McPherson's Co-worker at  
The Temple, Los Angeles.

cleared the way of the Lord in their lives, giving Him room to work out "His rich purposes." Hallelujah! As we sang o'er and o'er—

Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way,  
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!

many a tear-stained face was raised heavenward, and from more than one ascended the glad cry, "YES, LORD!" Into such surrendered souls there rushed the rivers of His overwhelming love and grace.

Here we must pause a moment to mention the work in the San Joaquin Valley. In many ways it bears a striking resemblance to our own Elim Alliance work in the Homeland. God has certainly given to the brethren in this district almost unique success; already in the short

space of eighteen months they have succeeded in opening up at least thirteen good assemblies where the "Full Gospel" is being proclaimed week by week. All these branch assemblies have grown up around the Headquarters Church at Fresno, where a splendid and commodious Tabernacle has recently been erected, which has become a centre of great saving and healing activity. It not only has a strong senior assembly but also possess a healthy Young People's Church, which is quite distinct from the senior work, the whole of the services being conducted by qualified young people. We have not space to speak of this and many other admirable phases of this flourishing Full Gospel work. That the leaders of this enterprise are labouring under the power of a Divine vision is unquestionable, and God is speedily translating that vision into a beautiful and influential exhibition of His skill to perform the apparently impossible through the most unlikely channels.

From a natural viewpoint one could not find more congenial environment; the character of this country undoubtedly answers to the Scriptural description of the Promised Land. It is a land that is rich and fertile, upon which the sun smiles for twelve months in the year. The choicest fruit grows in abundance, and the most charming flowers are found in profusion. The supply of oranges and grapes is simply prolific. In fact, it is known as "God's Land" by the people who are privileged to live there. We were interested to discover that seventy-five per cent. of the world's raisin supply is produced in the San Joaquin Valley.

During the last few days of the Fresno meetings, the remainder of the party having completed the San Jose campaign, rejoined us. What a blessed and glorious finish up we had in this place! What splendid enthusiasm! The whole congregation seemed to rock under the power of the Holy Ghost as the Word of God was being delivered. One can almost appreciate the Scriptural account of what transpired at Jerusalem when the power of the Lord fell upon those who were assembled there, for we understand that "the place was shaken" wherein they prayed. So deep was the conviction of some

that they literally trembled in their seats, whilst upon their faces was written the agony of their minds. It was very hard to bring these services to such an early close, but circumstances demanded that we should move on.

## Back to the Homeland.

LONDON, 15th October, 1924

From Fresno a day's journey brings us to Los Angeles, where a few days of restful, recuperative fellowship are spent with some Pentecostal friends from the "Old Country." It was very hard to refuse the urgent appeals to tarry here for a time and hold a series of special campaigns, but to have answered every call would have meant extending our tour at least another twelve months. From Vancouver, Victoria, San Francisco, Rochester, Chicago, New York and various other centres came calls for campaigns, each of which had to be refused.

Space will only allow us to make the briefest possible reference to the few enjoyable hours which we were privileged to spend as the guests of the staff of the Southern Californian Bible School. The precious time of fellowship with the Principal, Rev. H. Needham, and some of his excellent and able co-workers, will long remain a fragrant and fruitful memory. The day of our visit happened to be reassembling day, when the students returned from their summer vacation. How refreshing it was to meet some of those bright, spiritual and intelligent young men and women who are thus seeking to equip themselves for the King's service at home and abroad.

Whilst in Los Angeles we also had the pleasure of taking a trip down to Long Beach to see Dr. Murcutt and Miss Luce, who are engaged in the work amongst the Mexicans. They were delighted to meet us again and gave some interesting news of their work.

We could not leave Los Angeles, which might be termed the Mecca of the Pentecostal Movement, without paying a visit to the beautiful Angeles Temple, of which Mrs. McPherson is the gifted pastor. Here we found a splendid work of revival in progress. It was a most

inspiring sight to see that large Auditorium filled with people and to witness the great number of souls seeking the Lord at the close of each service. We were gratified to learn that this successful Evangelist still stands steadfast for the foursquare gospel. Popularity has not affected the fulness of her message.

From California we continued our journey eastward across the United States, a distance of about 3,000 miles, passing through Salt Lake City, Chicago past the famous Niagara Falls, to Buffalo and New York, a most interesting and educative trip, occupying nearly a week. How



The Party outside the Elm Tabernacle, Clapham, the day after their return  
Wednesday, 15th October, 1924.

wonderfully the Lord has undertaken throughout! Mile after mile of mercy! Day after day of deliverance!

Upon arrival at New York we speedily sought out some of the Lord's people, finding a fine, flourishing Assembly at the Glad Tidings Tabernacle. A cordial welcome was given us by the leaders, Pastor and Mrs. R. Brown, who would insist upon our giving them at least one evening's service ere we sailed. And so our last night on American soil was spent in a rousing, red-hot Pentecostal meeting. A more desirable wind-up to our American tour could not be conceived. What a meeting it was! Taking the form of both welcome and farewell, one moment we were listening to words of loving welcome and anon we had to say adieu. At the close of the service dear Pastor Brown invited all the congregation to join hands and sing—

“ Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ”

And now once more we turn our faces towards the rolling waters of the Atlantic. October 8th is the day of departure, and the S.S. Aquitania the vessel selected to carry us across the deep, back to our beloved work in the Homeland. Again it seems we are destined to set sail under sunny skies, for the hour of departure finds the heavens clothed with a benignant smile, as though eager to offer us its parting benediction. The whole of the voyage home has just been all that could be desired. In every detail we trace God's gracious guiding hand. How much of the Divine can be found in a sea-trip like this—everything speaks of God—the starlit heavens declare His glory! The sparkling waters of the ocean forthtell His praise! “ Heaven and earth are full of Thee! ” Each and all proclaim the reality of the invisible and eternal God, Who—

“ Plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm. ”

The voyage home has been so full of precious tokens of God's preserving, providing care! Our hearts are overflowing with praise to Jehovah for His abundant faithfulness. His mercies have been multiplied! And now, after a journey of nearly 15,000 miles, we return with an enlarged vision of the possibilities which are ours in the Lord, and with an intensified determination to extend the Kingdom of God in our own land. We thank God for all the experience gathered and for all the profit gained as a result of these three months' travel on this vast Continent. In closing this, the last of these Reports, we should like to thank those who have so faithfully laboured in prayer on the behalf of the party. May God abundantly reward you all! The triumphs which have been gained have been made possible by your intercession.

—E. C. B.

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