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

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

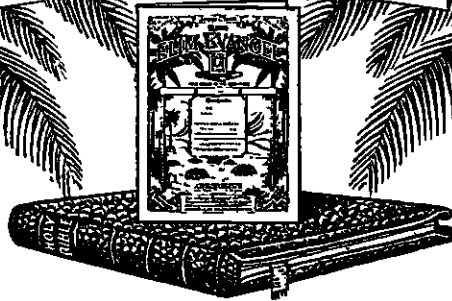
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THE

ELIM EVANGEL



FOUR SQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD.

Vol. X., No. 4.

APRIL, 1929

Twopence

Contents

' MADE NIGH "	49
ITEMS OF INTEREST	51
HEALED AFTER AN ACCIDENT	52
THE KING SPIRITUALLY REVEALED	52
JOHN HARPER—" THE ELIM EVANGEL "	55
A NEW BOOK	56
THE EDITORS' PAGE	57
" He's No Deid "	58
IN THE HEART OF THE BRITISH CONGO	59
IS HE THE SAM'L TO-DAY ?	60
HINDRANCES TO PRAYER	60
THOUGHTS FROM THE THRONE	62
BETTER THAN GOLD	63
TRUMPHANT TIDINGS	64
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR	64

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

Baptiser

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The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance was founded by Principal George Jeffreys, 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.

Vol. X.

APRIL, 1929

No. 4

"Made Nigh"

By PASTOR E. C. W. BOULTON

"But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ"
—Ephesians ii. 13

No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh,
Accepted in the "Well-Beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie

"MADE nigh" What music these words contain! What unplumbed depths of spiritual meaning they hold! What a storehouse of heavenly wealth they open to us! What a star bejewelled expanse of blessing they unveil! The loathsome and the leprous—the rebellious and the reprobate—the prodigal and the profligate—all "made nigh"

Let us briefly examine some of the links in the chain that makes us nigh to Him. If this union is to be of an eternal character, then it must be built upon a strong and substantial foundation; and seeing that it is a union into which Divinity enters it must rest upon that which is as enduring as eternity itself. We trust that as we proceed it will clearly be seen how gloriously real is the at-one-ment accomplished for us in Christ.

In the first place our text tells us that we have been

1 *Made nigh by blood*

TO some this may sound meaningless and to others empty. And yet we hasten to say that the whole trend of truth as contained in the Scriptures conveys this splendid thought. Someone has well said that the Bible is like a string of pearls on a crimson thread. Without blood there is no approach to God—our only access to Him is *via* the slain Lamb. No moral merit may be found sufficient to secure me acceptance with Jehovah—Calvary's flowing fountain is alone equal to this—through that crimson stream from the pierced side of the Man of Galilee all that defileth is dissolved—all that renders me unfit for the presence of God and unworthy for a place in His kingdom is removed.

To the Israelite the idea of approach to Jehovah through blood was most familiar. As he entered the temple to worship he would see blood upon the altar—blood upon the sides of the altar—blood in the bowls of the altar—blood flowing round the altar—all speaking to him so eloquently of atonement and re-

demption. Think of the marvel of redemption! Bought and brought nigh by Divine blood—"the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." Think of its inherent and essential virtue—the blood of God!

Before I can possibly enter into union with God the question of sin must be settled, sin prohibits all fellowship with Him; only as I can claim justification from guilt may I draw nigh to Him and find favour in His presence. But whilst the Word proves me guilty of transgression, the blood provides an adequate ground whereon God can justify me fully and forever from all that would make union impossible. Thus through the vicarious sacrifice of the Cross I who once dwelt afar off am now "made nigh." Brought from the far country into the banqueting chamber of the Father—out of the dreary desert of my original sinful state into the glorious new creation oneness with God. The awful chasm which separated me from God has been bridged by the blood of the eternal Son—across those dark and dizzy depths are flung the nail-pierced hands of Calvary—they reach out into my night of despair and lift me into the bosom of the Father, into the shelter of the Everlasting Arms. How precious that blood should be to every true believer! The blood that cleanses the polluted, pardons the penitent, and sanctifies the saint.

IT is said that only once in his career did Napoleon give way to pity. It was in October, 1806. Three weeks before, in the Battle of Jena, he had laid Prussia prostrate at his feet. He was now busy with the spoliation of Berlin. But the Prince of Hatzfeld had proved a traitor to him. He was arrested, and the death warrant had been signed. For two days he had languished in prison, awaiting the execution of the decree. His wife believed him innocent. For five hours she had stood without in the street waiting an audience with the Emperor. At last he came. With tears and entreaties she pleaded that her husband might be spared, for "she knew that he was innocent." Napoleon gazed with those terrible grey-blue eyes upon her tear-stained face, but said nothing. The suspense was awful. At last he turned to Talley-



THE ELIM EVANGEL

rand and held out his hand. Talleyrand gave him a letter. He handed it to the kneeling Princess. "Whose writing is that, madam?" The Princess eagerly scanned the lines, and, as her eyes recognised the signature, she let the paper fall with a pitiful cry. "Is that your husband's writing, madam?" But sobs were the only answer. Then for once he softened into pity as he said, "Talleyrand." "Sire," was the reply. "What other evidence have we of the Prince of Hatzfield's treachery?" "None other, Sire." "Princess," said Napoleon, tenderly, "put that letter in the fire yonder, then we shall have none!" The tell-tale sheet fluttered into the fire, and the last bit of evidence against the Prince perished for ever. So God blots out every trace of our guilt.

Then again let us remember that as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ we are

2 *Made nigh by birth.*

"TO as many as received Him, to them gave He power (authority) to become the sons of God." Here is our status as sons.—the Magna Charta of our spiritual emancipation and relationship. Birth certainly qualifies for nearness and brings us into union with God, the regenerate one now becoming a partaker of the Divine nature. The privileges of birth are manifold, but chiefly is that of access to the Father. Who shall deny or debar the son from the presence of the father? Is not the child a part of the family circle? Can he not lay claim to a name and a nature that identifies him with the head of the house? It cannot be over emphasised that the new birth does not merely mean the assumption of a new name, but it implies the possession of a new life—a life that makes union with God gloriously permissible and possible and actual, nearness which means likeness in character and conduct. Birth admits the believer into the inner life of the home, so that he may become a partner and participator in all its privileges.

Then further we are—

3 *Made nigh by betrothal*

HOW beautiful is this figure of Christ and His Church. No Scriptural metaphor suggests so forcibly the strength and sweetness of the spiritual relationship which exists 'twixt the Lord and His loved ones. Who shall share in the secrets of the Bridegroom but the Bride? Who shall enter into closer union with Him than her? Surely if any figure develops the thought of nearness, it is this one. So completely one are they in undivided and unmarried unity that naught can separate.

In the New Testament we discover several figures used to describe the Church of Christ. She is likened to a Body and also to a building, the former conveying the idea of unity and the latter that of strength and stability. But surely the highest and holiest inspired figure employed is that of the Church

as the Betrothed of the Lamb—His Bride-elect, suggesting the sublime thought of a love-union which may not be annulled, and the surpassing glory of which is yet to be declared and demonstrated. Betrothed unto Him means separation from all else, His alone in uttermost surrender; the bequest of ourselves without reserve or restraint. An entire separation from the spirit of the world with its pleasures and pursuits, its aims and ambitions. Drawn by His loveliness from all that hinders union of the deepest nature.

How wonderful that He should thus take such unworthy rebels into such close fellowship with Himself. It is said that amongst the several wonders of the lodestone this is not the least, that it will not draw gold nor pearl, but despising these, it draws the iron to it, one of the most inferior of metals. Thus Christ leaves the angels, those noble spirits, the gold and the pearl, and comes to poor sinful man, and draws him into His embraces.

Furthermore the child of God is—

4. *Made nigh by baptism.*

THE Baptism of the Holy Ghost is a wonderful means of making experimental this glorious spiritual union with the Lord Jesus Christ. Whilst it is the blood which makes us worthy and makes us nigh, yet it is the blessed Holy Spirit who comes and enables the Christian consciously to enjoy the fellowship of the Father and the Son.

Doubtless this nearness to God in many a Christian life is a matter of faith which is accepted as part of the inspired revelation, but which in so many instances is not continuously and consciously experienced until the Holy Ghost fills the temple of the believer's body. To so many Jesus is afar off—there is but a dim apprehension of His presence. Whilst the soul longs to walk in the blessedness of unhindered and uninterrupted communion, yet there are so many things that make this unreal in the life and testimony.

How many can bear witness that the advent of the Comforter made Jesus a tremendous reality in their daily service. In every detail of life He was there in power to guide and govern—to comfort and cheer. When He—the Holy Spirit—comes He reveals the glory of the Lord Jesus both *to* and *through* the believer.

Then may we not add that we are—

5 *Made nigh by the power of an irresistible attraction*

JUST as the sun constrains and controls the planets in the solar system, so Christ holds us to Himself by the exercise of His great love—the love of Christ constraining us to follow where He leads. Thus we see established a wonderful spiritual law of gravitation, Jesus Himself being the Centre of the soul.

What a difference it makes in service when we labour in the enjoyment of the Divine nearness. What



THE ELIM EVANGEL

a potent power in the hour of temptation when we realise that He is at hand—close by our side—walking and talking to us—at hand to counsel and cheer—to empower and embolden. And what a vital energy is thus supplied in the hour of conflict. The apprehension of His all-envirning presence shall lift you out of discouragement and defeat—out of selfishness and shallowness—out of mourning, murmuring, and meanness—into victory full and final. This blessed oneness with Jesus is the secret of a fruitful and fragrant life—His garments smell of myrrh and frankincense. In Roumania there is a certain valley where they grow nothing but roses for the Vienna market, and the perfume of that valley in the time of the rose-crop is such that if you go into it for a few minutes, wherever you go for the rest of the day people know you have been there. You carry some of the fragrance of it away with you. So it is with those who company with the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, they bear with them the sweetness of His presence.

In closing we would remember that those who have been "made nigh" by blood and by birth, will, ere long be—

6. *Made nigh by translation*

THIS will be the climax and consummation of nearness, when "face to face," with no "darkling veil" of flesh to dim the vision, we who have experienced His spiritual presence on earth shall enter into the enjoyment of His literal presence in heaven. The glory of that unveiling is almost upon us—the advent cry is rising within the hearts of the Lord's people,

and soon will be heard the ringing response from the skies, when He calls His own to meet Him in the radiant air. To be with the Lord must mean unspeakable blessedness—blessedness beyond our utmost thoughts. Love can find no more eloquent words to express both its desire and its prayer, than those found in the last chapter of Revelation: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." The witness and assurance of the imminence of His appearing, which the Holy Spirit plants within the breast of the believer, is the most wonderful thing in his life to-day.

We have tasted of the sweets of communion with our risen Lord down here—the days have held many a precious and gracious manifestation of His loveliness, but nothing that we have experienced in this life can compare with the wonder and the transport of that union to be. It will be a life of intensified and clarified communion. A nearness which shall yield exquisite rest—the rest of deep delight. Think of the rapture of being always in His immediate presence! His hand to lead amid the splendours of that surpassing glory! To unseal new springs of bliss and unveil fresh panoramas of truth! What a prospect for the child of God! Let us live in the inspiring anticipation of that glad and glorious moment. Let that last soul-thrilling message of the Master "Surely I come quickly," keep us on the tip-toe of expectation and enable us to occupy the "little while" between in consecrated ministry.

A word from the One to all our hearts the dearest,
A parting word to faith to make Him eye the nearest;
Of all His precious words the sweetest, brightest, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

Items of Interest

As we go to press for this issue, we are busily engaged in preparing for the great Easter Convention and Foursquare Gospel Demonstration in London. A full report will appear in our next issue.



The new term of the Elim Bible College commences on 13th April. Application forms may be obtained by intending students from Pastor P. N. Corry, Elim Woodlands, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.4



Visitors are received at the home of the Elim Bible College for short periods. Situated in what is probably the healthiest of London's suburbs, here spiritual fellowship and physical refreshing are uniquely combined. For terms application should be made to the Superintendent, Elim Woodlands, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S W 4



Commencing 20th April, the grounds of Elim Woodlands will be open to visitors every Saturday

afternoon from three until six o'clock, at which time a meeting for fellowship is held in the house. Tea will be provided at four o'clock. The inclusive charge will be 1/- per person if tickets are purchased in advance, or 1/3 if purchased on the Saturday. Tickets are obtainable from the Superintendent, or from Pastors or Evangelists in charge of any Elim Church in London.

Risen

I heard the following at a worship meeting. A little lad was looking in a window at Christ on the Cross. A gentleman looked over his shoulder and asked him why such a good man should suffer so. "Please sir," was the reply, "He suffered for our sins." The man was greatly pleased and commended the lad, and then went on his way. But the lad suddenly ran after him and pulled his coat jacket, and then said, "Please sir, I forgot to tell you that He rose again."

Healed After an Accident

At Principal George Jeffreys' Campaign

IN July, 1927, I had an accident which injured the base of my spine, making it impossible for me to continue my work. I received treatment from my panel doctor for about six or seven weeks and then went away for a rest to see if that would hasten the cure. But I grew worse, the pain being severe.

A friend who knew of my plight sent for me to go and spend a fortnight with her at Bournemouth, entirely free of expense. When I returned, however, I found it impossible to get into any position that would relieve me.

On November, 28th, 1927, the pain was so intense that I prayed for relief by death, as I could not rest in bed nor asleep. The next day I went to the afternoon meeting at the Lime Grove Baths Hall, Hammersmith. I felt so low that when I tried to sing I could only cry. When Principal George Jeffreys gave the invitation for any who wanted healing to come out for anointing, I went, and after he had anointed me I felt more peaceful, but the pain was still there. However, I went to my seat to await the evening meeting, and before that meeting started the pain had completely left me, and has never returned from

that day—now sixteen months ago. To God be all the glory!



Mrs. R. Bristow

He is not a disappointment. He is my all in all.
—(Mrs.) R. Bristow (Fulham)

The King Spiritually Revealed (Matt. xxi.)

By JAMES SALTER, F.R.S.L. (Congo Evangelistic Mission)

AS the four rivers of Genesis ii 10-14 converged in the Garden of Eden, so the nearer we get to the Garden of Gethsemane, and Golgortha we find the hitherto divergent four Gospel records flowing together from one common source. And yet, though running with one current, their waters are quite distinct. The Gospel-harmonist is faced with naturally insuperable difficulties. The writer has consulted a considerable number of these so-called harmonies, but not two of them are alike. We shall not attempt to add to the number, and in our dealing with this chapter, we purpose to keep to a general rather than a detailed exposition.

Thus far we have formed two or three subject headings sufficient for each chapter. In this one, we have selected seven such headings. They are (1) Behold, Thy King, (2) Bethany, (3) The Barren Fig Tree, (4) The Baptism of John, (5) The Two Sons, (6) My Son, (7) The Stone.

"BEHOLD, THY KING!"

Galilee of the Gentiles had seen quite a lot of Jesus. Tyre and Sidon had evidences of His visit. He had passed through Decapolis, and His presence in Samaria had produced a revival. He had visited

Bethany, and raised Lazarus from the dead. This had stirred a great deal of feeling, so that "the chief priests and Pharisees gave a commandment that if any one knew where Jesus was, he was to shew it, that they might take Him." Yet in spite of this warrant for His arrest, we see the Lamb of God tramping up the robber-ridden road to Jerusalem for the seventh and last time.

HE whose every word and work was in time and tune with the word and will of His Father, was, at a point in the road, brought to a halt by the echo in his soul of a five-hundred-years-old prophecy. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, shout, O daughter of Jerusalem. Behold, thy King cometh unto thee. He is just, and having salvation lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass" (Zech. ix 9). He therefore despatched two of His disciples to a near-by village with very precise instructions. Tied at a place where two ways met, they would find an ass, and its unbroken colt. The owner, possibly a believer, would, when they told him that "the Lord had need of them," recognise His Lord's authority, and straightway send them. This incident emits a spark of our Lord's



THE ELIM EVANGEL

Deity. The Old Testament says, "And every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break its neck" (Exodus xiii 13). Possibly the colt was as yet unredeemed and

JESUS AS JEHOVAH,

laid claim to it. "And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and He sat thereon." News of the recent raising of Lazarus from the dead, attested by eye-witnesses, and later verified by scores of people, had preceded Jesus to Jerusalem, this had been retailed among the huge multitudes assembling there for the Passover; so that when they heard of His coming, they took branches of palm trees, others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way, while all the crowd joined in crying, Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest." Matthew tells us that the whole city quaked or was agitated, and asked, "Who is this?" They were told, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth of Galilee."

PROBABLY no prior incident in the life of Christ was more weighty with meaning for Israel, than this one. It was a crisis. A very common teaching is to the effect that this was Christ's offer of Himself to the nation as their earthly king, and that, had they accepted Him as such, He would have set up a kingdom on earth at that time. Those who teach this tell us that the King was rejected, and the kingdom refused; that consequently both the kingship and the kingdom of the heavens have been deferred, and are in abeyance. Let us say at once, we disavow and disassociate ourselves from any such teaching. We do not believe it has a Scriptural foundation.

Let us survey this event. Old Testament quotations in the New Testament are often significant for what they omit, more than for what they use. For example, let us take Luke iv 18, 19. The 19th verse splits in two the second verse of Isaiah ix. In Luke we read of "the acceptable year of the Lord," but the words "the day of vengeance of our God" are omitted. There was a reason. The quotation in Matthew xxi 5 from Zechariah ix 9 omits the words, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, shout, O daughter of Jerusalem." Here also there was a reason for the omission. It was not the time for rejoicing and shouting.

We speak of this as a triumphal entry, but there is no exultation in Jesus. What must the multitudes who travelled with Him have thought, when as He was on the side of Olivet, and in full view of the city of Jerusalem. He wept over it. At the grave of Lazarus He had wept silent tears; here He wept aloud. All the shame of His mockery all the anguish of His torture, a few days afterwards were

powerless to extort from Him a single groan; or to wet His eyelids with one trickling tear; but here, all the pity that was within over-mastered His human spirit, and He not only wept, but broke into a passion of lamentation, in which the choked voice seemed to struggle for utterance.

A STRANGE MESSIANIC TRIUMPH!

A strange interruption of the festal cries! The Deliverer weeps over the city which it is now too late to save. "If thou hadst known," He cried—while the wondering multitudes looked on, and knew not what to think or say—"If thou hadst known the things which belong unto thy peace!"—and there sorrow interrupted the sentence, and when He found His voice to continue, He could only add, "but now they are hid from thine eyes! For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a bank about thee and compass thee round, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, *because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation.*" Personally we do not read into this story the offer by Jesus to assume the role of earthly King over Israel: consequently we see no rejection of Him as such. What we do read is that while the multitudes acclaimed Him as King, He assumed an attitude of positive indifference to their eager appeals, and remained studiously silent on the subject. He neither by word nor deed, acknowledged their doubtful compliment. Had He in any way inferred His acceptance of the title which the people gave Him, the Jewish rulers would have had a proven charge of treason, or insurrection against Him, and would not have needed to resort to subterfuge, and perjury to find an accusation against Him. A word from Jesus at that time would have been as a match to a powder magazine. The people, His disciples included, waited for this, but He never gave it. The common people not only heard Him gladly, but held Him in such respect that naturally speaking, they deferred His murder. The rulers repeatedly sought occasion to destroy Him, but feared the people. Gladly would the latter have crowned Him King. Joyfully would they have spilled their blood for Him. A word of encouragement, and they would have

RISEN AS ONE MAN

in insurrection, and rebellion against Rome. But, no, He had refused the kingdom from the Devil, and later from the well-fed multitude: so He again refuses to be their sovereign, that He may be their Saviour. He deliberately rejected the crown and chose the Cross. He may do the unusual thing of permitting public enthusiasm and acclaim, but He knew what was in man and was not misled by it.

ALTHOUGH from the beginning of His ministry Jesus preached the "Kingdom of the Heavens,"



THE ELIM EVANGEL

He never at any time or place laid claim to being its King. Relative to statements by the Magi, the multitude, Nathaniel, and Pilate, the Kingship of Christ is introduced; but referring to time prior to the crucifixion, the Holy Spirit Himself never refers to Jesus as King. In this age, the Holy Spirit on four occasions gives Christ the title of "Prince"—see Acts iii. 15, v. 31; Heb. ii. 10, xii. 2 (Captain and Author—Prince). Yet He is the King eternal, invisible, incorruptible, and is acclaimed in heaven as "King of saints" (Rev. xv. 3), before He reigns over all the earth from Jerusalem.

Behold, thy King—Meek. In His entrance into Jerusalem, Jesus considered not the functions of state, but the fulfilment of Scripture. No herald, no proclamation, yet simple and strict adherence to the word of God. For was He not accomplishing all that the Prophets had spoken? Wesley asks, "Was it a mean attitude wherein our Lord appeared? Mean even to contempt, I grant it. I glory in it. It is for the comfort of my soul, for the honour of His humility and for the utter confusion of all worldly pomp and grandeur." There is no suggestion of rivalry with Cæsar, yet to those who look beneath the surface, He is manifestly more of a King than any Cæsar. He has knowledge of every thing without a spy. He has power over man without a soldier. He has simply to say, "The Lord hath need," and immediately

HIS ROYAL WILL

is loyally fulfilled. Evidently He has the mind of a King, and the will of a King: has He not also the heart of a King? See how He bears on His heart a burden which weighs so heavily upon Him that He cannot restrain His tears. There is no kingly state, but was not His a kingly soul, who in such humble guise rode into Jerusalem that day? (Dr. Gibson) No, there was absolutely nothing treasonable or revolutionary about His action. How tame, and disappointing His "I am meek and lowly of heart" must have sounded to those looking for a "Warrior-Messiah"! Yet the Holy Spirit, writing of the King says, "In Thy majesty ride prosperously because of . . . meekness" (Psalm xlv. 1-4).

"Behold thy King—He shall speak peace to the nations" (Zech. ix. 9, 10). Entering the city with an unbroken colt was surely peaceful enough. It was the symbol of peace. Jerusalem meant "possession of peace." It may have been a play upon this meaning when Jesus said, "If thou hadst known—the things which belong to thy peace." But she failed to recognise the Prince of peace on His way to make peace by the "blood of His Cross."

JESUS entered Jerusalem in the same way as all the Patriarchs and Judges travelled. Until Solomon's time asses were in dignified usage. (It was one of the things in which he displeased God, when he intro-

duced a supply of horses from Egypt: see Deut. xvii. 16). Jesus will one day lead the armies of heaven on a white horse, to fight His people's battle, but now like the magistrates of old which rode on white asses, He entered Jerusalem as its Judge. It had filled up its cup of iniquity, and the Judge pronounced its sentence.

Significantly, Jesus would enter Jerusalem on Sunday, Nisan 10th. If we turn to Exodus xii. 3, we read, "Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month (Nisan) they shall take to them every man a lamb according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house." Thus on the day He entered Jerusalem every head of every house would be choosing and taking to himself a lamb. Now we hear the *Behold, thy King* turned into *Behold, the Lamb of God*. God had provided Himself a lamb, and here on the 10th day appears the Lamb for God's household. A few days later and the nation was to hear *Behold, the Man*.

FINALLY, the entry into Jerusalem may serve to remind us of the worthlessness of mere enthusiastic feeling in reference to Jesus Christ. How many of the same crowd were a few days later, shouting as loudly "Crucify Him," not this man but Barabbas? The palm branches had not faded where they had been tossed, before

THE FICKLE CROWD

had swung round to the opposite mood. Perhaps the very exuberance of feeling at the beginning had something to do with the bitterness of the execrations at the end of the week. He had not answered their expectations, but instead of heading a revolt, had simply taught in the Temple, and meekly let Himself be laid hold of. Nothing succeeds like success, and nobody is so quickly forsaken as the idol of a popular rising. All are eager to disclaim connection with Him and efface the remembrance of their "hosannas," by their groans around His gibbet (Maclaren)

Ride on! ride on in majesty
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry,
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed

Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp, ride on to die,
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin

Ride on! ride on in majesty
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice

Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die,
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign
—Henry M. Milman (1827)

John Harper—The Titanic—The *Elim Evangel*

IN the *Elim Evangel* of October 1st, 1925, appeared the following stirring account of Pastor John Harper of Glasgow, who was voyaging out to America to hold a three months' campaign in the Moody Bible Church, Chicago:—

A Soul-Winner to the Last

Four years after the *Titanic* went down, a young Scotsman rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Canada, and said, "I am a survivor of the *Titanic*. When I was drifting alone on a spar on that awful night, the tide brought Mr. John Harper of Glasgow, who was also on a piece of wreck, near me. 'Man,' he said, 'Are you saved?' 'No,' I said, 'I am not.' He replied, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The waves bore him back a little later, and he said, 'Are you saved now?' 'No,' I said, 'I cannot honestly say that I am.' He said again, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'; and shortly after, he went down, and there, alone in the night, with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert."

Two passengers were travelling from Exeter to Paddington. Previously they had not known each other. But they both knew the same Lord—and the Lord brought them together. Humanly speaking they were brought together because one had missed a train and was left stranded without ticket and luggage and friends. One of those travelling sisters was Mrs. C. N. Jackson, widely known as "Jim's Wife," the author of many beautiful and soul-stirring ballads. The other sister lent Mrs. Jackson a copy of the *Elim Evangel*. The result can be best expressed in Mrs. Jackson's own words, as contained in a letter sent nearly three years later—

"I hope you have not forgotten your fellow-traveller of October, 1925, to whom you lent a copy of the *Elim Evangel* in the express from Exeter to Paddington.

"I feel I owe you a debt of gratitude, for it was through your 'railway ministry' that I first heard of John Harper. His story haunted me—I may say—day and night. I wrote in many directions to verify it—to Ontario, Chicago, Scotland, London, and of our Lord's wondrous grace was unexpectedly put in touch with his own brother—the Rev. George Harper. Now, after two years, and more, I am able to send you this booklet—'The night a Ship went down.' You will see that, through the brother, I have been able to add valuable supplementary details to the story. From him I learned that Harper's last convert had described himself as being 'a careless, godless sinner,' at the

time of boarding the *Titanic*. I also learned that he declared he had heard Harper exclaim at the moment of sinking, those wonderful words: 'I am going down'... No! 'I am going up! I go up!'—which places Harper's 'Passing' on a plane I do not know paralleled outside the Bible.

"Furthermore, owing to George Harper's help and kindness, I have been enabled to preserve a short sketch of the life of this mighty servant of God, which is precious indeed for us, for his life shines with holiness as with the dew of the morning."

We have read that booklet, and thank God for it. It tells in vivid form the story of that strange triumphant night when the ocean giant—the *Titanic*—struck an iceberg in mid-ocean and sank. From the human standpoint that wreck was a tragedy. But it is still true that "God makes the wrath of men (and seas) to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restrains." Then John Harper was drowned—but, being dead, he yet speaketh. Many have been thrilled in spirit and driven to renewed service for Christ as they read his last act, as it appeared in many Christian papers.

We are glad that now "Jim's Wife" has perpetuated that glorious triumph.

The ballad deals with the realities of death and judgment, of heaven and hell.

It comes from the sea at midnight from a silent star-strewn sky.
It tells of the thing that matters when men and women die.

It is more a ballad for testimony, and revival meetings than for drawing-rooms.

Yet wherever a messenger of the Lord is on fire with love for drifting souls, in mission hall or lecture hall, or church, we trust the story of "The Night a Ship Went Down," will stimulate a multitude of hearts to renewed endeavour for Christ.

The ballad is published by Pickering and Inglis, 14, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, price 6d.; and can be obtained from the Clapham Bible and Tract Depot, 16, Clapham Park Road, Clapham, London, S.W.4.



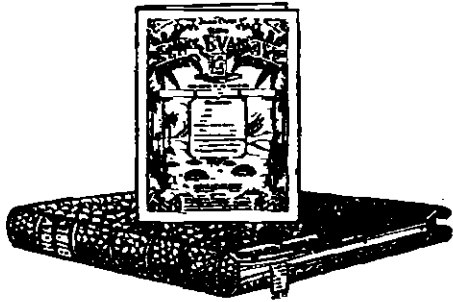
IN TIME OF TROUBLE

First He brought me here. It is by His will I am in this strait place, in that will I rest.

Second He will keep me in His love, and give me grace in this trial to behave as His child.

Third He will make the trial a blessing, teaching me the lessons He wants me to learn, and working in me the grace He intends for me.

Fourth: In His good time He can bring me out again, how and when He knows—MURRAY



FOURSQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD

The Elim Evangel

Official Organ of Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance.

Editor ... Ernest J. Phillips

Associate Editors Percy G. Parker and E. C. W. Boulton

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Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance

Founder and Leader Principal George Jeffreys.

The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance of the British Isles consists of the following branches—

- ELIM FOURSQUARE GOSPEL CHURCHES.
- .. FOURSQUARE GOSPEL MINISTERS AND EVANGELISTS.
- .. FOURSQUARE REVIVAL AND HEALING CAMPAIGNS.
- .. BIBLE COLLEGE (RESIDENT)
- .. BIBLE COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.
- .. PUBLISHING OFFICE.
- .. PRINTING WORKS.
- .. FOURSQUARE FOREIGN MISSIONARY BRANCH.
- .. CRUSADERS (YOUNG PEOPLE).
- .. FOURSQUARE GOSPEL TESTIMONY.
- .. OFFICIAL ORGANS—
- (a) ELIM EVANGEL. (b) ELIM FOURSQUARE CRUSADER.
- (c) YOUNG FOLKS' EVANGEL.

Gifts are urgently needed for the expansion of this work which has been so signally blessed by God. Readers of the *Elim Evangel* are asked to pray about this matter, and co-operate with us as the Lord leads. Gifts for any branch will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Elim Woodlands, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.4.

The Foursquare Gospel Testimony.

Join the thousands who stand for the Bible from cover to cover and declare Jesus Christ as Saviour, Healer, Baptiser and Coming King. Write for particulars to the Secretary, Elim Woodlands Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S W 4.

A New Book

By Principal George Jeffreys.

THE Foursquare Gospel family will be delighted to know that a new book has just been published entitled "The Miraculous Foursquare Gospel—Doctrinal." It is written by the beloved leader of The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance, and so comes with authority.

The four cardinal doctrines of the Foursquare Gospel are clearly stated. Christ is revealed as Saviour, Healer, Baptiser and Coming King. Those who have heard Principal Jeffreys speak know that his words are simple to understand, but powerful in effect. The same is true of this book. The language is not high-flown, but such that the common people can understand. There are a number of interesting photographs. These are clearly produced. The book is well printed, of a handy size, and does the publishers real credit. The cost is only 2/6.

Here is a sample of the beauty and simplicity of the book:

"We must also remember that the City of the New Jerusalem is a *foursquare* one

"Here we have God preparing a *foursquare* city for a *foursquare* people. The saints shall enjoy the fulness of salvation, for the former things are passed away, they are new creatures in Christ Jesus and there is nothing between them and their Saviour. They shall experience the fulness of health, for there shall be no more sorrow, tears, pain, or death: they shall live perpetually in the presence of the Great Physician. They shall drink of the fulness of His Spirit, for they freely receive the fountain of the water of life from Christ the Baptiser. They shall possess the fulness of joy, for they shall reign with Christ the King of Kings for ever and ever. How glorious a thought! There shall be no more curse, but the Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him. The curse and all that it entailed will have been removed, and the blessing of the fulness of God shall indeed be enjoyed by a *foursquare* people in a *foursquare* city."—P.G.P.

("The Miraculous Foursquare Gospel—Doctrinal," 2/6 (by post 2/10) Published by Elim Publishing Co., Ltd., Park Crescent, Clapham, London, S W 4)



When we say, "Lord, bring us near to Thyself," we pray for many things, which, when they come, will be bitter to our taste. At such times it is well to remember our Forerunner. He asked to be glorified, but before heaven was opened to Him and He received therein He had to pass through the Garden of Gethsemane and on the Cross to cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—Robert C. Chapman

The Editors' Page

Easter—1929.

The Grave that is Empty.

The grave is empty—Christ is not there
From the grave He has risen—God's glory to share
'Twas a message first stated by angels and men,
It brings happiness now—it brought happiness then

The Heart that is Full.

My heart is quite full—Christ is now there
From my life He has driven the bitter despair
That first Easter and this, now are widely apart,
But Christ is still living—for He lives in my heart

The Salvation Army

After the recent difficulties arising in the affairs of the Salvation Army we are delighted to read the following from the new General—General Higgins—given during a speech at Nottingham

We shall prize and protect the Booth traditions. There have been absolutely no secessions. We have not lost one of our 23,000 officers, and, so far as I know, not any of our soldiers or members are leaving us

This is not going to be a one-man concern any more. The temporalities of the Army will be vested in more than one. It may take an Act of Parliament. We really have no liquid assets

We may feel that the Army is imperfect in several ways. But God has used her. Therefore when God can use, who are we to abuse?

May the Lord preserve her in unity and bring myriads of souls into the Kingdom through this self-sacrificing movement

Wanted—Iron Saints.

Look at Joseph, behind prison bars because he refused to sin against the God he loved. What a test of faith as the prison doors swung to and the keys grated in the lock, shutting him away from liberty and honour into drudgery and loneliness! It was not a prison like those we are accustomed to see, dry and well built. The Hebrew word is a miserable hole, two or three little rooms crowded with prisoners, stifling air, no sunshine.

Can we doubt that Joseph's greatest trial was the agonising question, "What of the early dreams, what of the promised power? Were these truly of God? Or were they but the fevered ambition of my own brain? If they were of God, have I failed Him, that I should end my days in a prison cell? Have I missed some sign-post somewhere that He wished me to see, and have I come far out of the way of sunlight and prosperity?"

The smile of God broke into that prison cell and history unfolds the secret that this way, and this alone, was Joseph's pathway to the throne. There, the Psalmist tells us, the iron entered into the soul

of Joseph, and there in pain and suffering the boy was disciplined for great leadership.

God wants *iron saints*. Never more so than now. In these days of chaos and unrest, He must put His chosen ones through the tempering fires, but always there comes the glad afterward of power, service and joy.

Peter's Job Without Peter's Power.

The head of a language school in India had a great longing for power. He knew that he needed the power of the Holy Spirit. He knew that he needed the power of the Holy Spirit. When he first attended meetings where the Baptism in the Holy Ghost was believed in, he was very shy. He didn't like to sit next to anybody who said, "Praise the Lord." He would have liked to have run out, but he stayed just because he knew God was in the place. But one day he stood up and said, "I have come to the conclusion that we missionaries have *Peter's job without Peter's power*, and it behoves us to wait before God until we do receive that power." It was not long before he received the blessing.

Is it not true of many ministers to-day? They are attempting to do Peter's job without Peter's power. Oh, for a sweeping revival of Holy Ghost power among ministers and Christians workers generally!

Clouds and the Glory Cloud.

We should not be unduly influenced by remarkable clouds. At different times they assume startling shapes. But the following is at least of some interest and suggestion. It appeared in the *Daily Mail* of March 1st in reference to the aurora borealis seen during an electrical storm on February 27th.

Dr Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, describes the phenomenon, which he saw from his observatory at Sidmouth, Devon, as follows

At 9.35 p.m. the aurora became very brilliant, extending from N N E to N N W, and shot out shafts of light which at times reached as far as the zenith or overhead point. But the most remarkable object was what appeared to be a brilliant, luminous cloud extending nearly three-parts across the sky. I was in the dome with a telescope, when to my astonishment I saw a broad beam of light, very like a bright searchlight beam, extending near the western horizon almost over the zenith.

I thought it must be a very bright beam from a motor-car headlight in the valley below. But the beam did not reach the ground at all. It started near Jupiter and broadened out the higher it rose in the sky, ending in the constellation of the Great Bear. It was then in the north-east at about 45 degrees from the horizon.

The whole object was formed like an enormous comet, with its head or nucleus near Jupiter. It was of a slightly blue tint. As minutes passed the whole "cloud" moved slowly from north to south. It was transparent, for the stars, such as the Pleiades Group, could be seen immersed in it.

“He’s No Deid”

By G. F. PENTECOST.

I WAS conducting an evangelistic meeting in Aberdeen some years ago in the great music hall in that granite city. Finding it necessary to make some alterations, I had asked the committee to remain after the meetings were over one night. The gas was turned out, except upon and just over the platform. I was consulting with the committee in respect to some alteration I wished made for the better accommodation of the choir.

In explaining these matters, I had occasion to walk back and forth in front of the platform, which extended all the way across the hall.

Presently I noticed that I was being followed back and forth by a little girl, who kept at my heels like a little dog. Finally, I turned to her and asked, a little sharply.

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“Lassie, what do you want? Why are you not away home with the rest of the folk?”

Then, for the first time, I scanned her a little more carefully. On her face, none the cleanest, there were evidences that great tears had been plowing furrows through the dirt on her cheeks. Her eyes were large and hungry looking, and still suffused with tears. She was bare-footed, and bare-legged half way to the knees. Her clothes were of the poorest, “all tattered and torn,” her hair hanging in unkempt strings over her neck and partly over her face. An old, tattered shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders, and altogether she was a forlorn-looking creature, I should say about twelve years old—a child of the poor.

“LASSIE, what do you want? I repeated

Then the little lassie reached up on her tiptoes and whispered into my ear as I bent to catch her words.

“I want to get saved.”

Surprised and startled at the intensity of her whispered words, I drew back and looked her eagerly in the face, and repeated her own words for answer.

“You want to get saved?”

“Ay, sir, I do,” oh, so pathetically, and still in a whisper.

“And why do you want to get saved?”

Again on her tiptoes she reached up and whispered in my ear:

“Because I am a sinner.”

This was so satisfactory a reason, and by this time the child had so interested me, that I drew her to one side, away from the gentlemen who were standing by, that I might talk with her unreservedly.

“How do you know you are a sinner? Who told you so?”

“Because God says so in the Book; and I feel it right here,” laying her little dirty hand on her breast as the publican did.

“Well,” I said, “do you think I can save you?”

HITHERTO she had spoken in whispers, but now, drawing away from me, her eyes taking fire, and her whole tone assuming that of a polemic, her words rang out short and clear.

“Na, na, man; you canna save me. No man can save a sinner.”

And she looked at me as if much offended at the bare suggestion.

By this time my interest still deepened. I drew her down beside me on one of the benches, and, taking her little hands in mine, and speaking as kindly as I knew how, I said to her:

“You are quite right, no man can save you, much less I. Tell me why, then, did you come to me? I cannot save you. Who, then, can save you?”

Again she dropped into a whisper, and almost touched my ear with her lips. There was an infinite pathos in her voice as she said:

“Jesus can save me.”

“Yes, my dear, you are quite right. Jesus can save you. But tell me how can He save you? What has He done to save you?”

Again the lips to my ear, and again the eager whisper—if possible more pathetic and tender.

“Oh, sir, He died for me.”

I DO not know why I made answer as I did. Perhaps it was curiosity to know how the little waif, who had so hotly repudiated the idea of man’s ability to save, would answer.

“Then He is dead, is He? How can He save you if He is dead?”

The little thing sprang up from her seat, and those eyes, just a moment ago suffused with tears, flashed upon me. No whisper now, no timid putting of lips in my ear, but her voice ringing out as once before.

“He is no deid! He is no deid!”

“But you just now said He died for you. If He died for you, He must be dead. And how can a dead man save you, however good and loving He may have been.”

THE ELIM EVANGEL

She looked at me as in amazement, and, lifting her little bare and lean arm in striking gesture, she declared again :

"Man, Jesus is no deid. He died for me, but He is no a deid man. He is God's Son. Man, did you no tell us this vara nict that God raised Him from the deid? He was deid, but He is no deid noo. Oh, man, I want to get saved!" And her voice dropped into the old pathetic tones. Do not fash me, but tell me a' about it, and how can I get saved?"

I HAD preached that night from the text, "He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. Here was a little theologian who

had grasped the whole blessed Gospel with a clearness which I have only seen among Scotch children, all of whom, however poor, have been taught the Scriptures from their youth. Now she knew she was a sinner—she knew that only Jesus could save her. He had died, but God had raised Him from the dead, and now He was able to save all who come unto God by Him.

I need not say that the little one soon went away glad and rejoicing. And I heard her keep repeating: "He's no deid." "He died for me, but He is no deid." How often these words have come back to me! "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has ordained strength."

In the Heart of the Belgian Congo



The above photograph shews the house in which live out two missionaries in Ngoi-Mani—Mr and Mrs Cyril Taylor. They built this house themselves, most of the brick-laying being done by Mrs Taylor, with the help of young believers. The two figures just discernible under the eaves of the house are Mr and Mrs Cyril Taylor. In the foreground are their two children—Eustace (3 years 8 months) and Patricia (1 year 8 months). Both were born in the Congo, they have never taken quinine, and their health has been a striking testimony to many.

Mr and Mrs Taylor returned last month to their mission station from a much needed rest in South Africa, and they ask special prayer for their two children that God's hand may continually be upon them to preserve them as they return to the fever-ridden swamps of the Congo, and that they may grow up to be a blessing to many.

Is He *the* Same To-Day?

THE following comes to us in correspondence: "At a recent meeting, held in a town on the south coast of the local Free Church ministers, who met regularly to discuss religious work, opportunity was taken to discuss the work that was being done by the Elm Foursquare Church there. After various ministers had spoken to having lost numbers of members to the Foursquare Church, the discussion ranged itself about the question of Divine healing, and one after another of the ministers repudiated the teaching, and ridiculed the claims that the Foursquare Gospel makes on the Word of God. The founders and others all came in for wordy castigation, and the meeting agreed that there was nothing in the new movement, that they led people off the

mark, and were dangerous people to preach "Faith Healing," as miracles of healing were not now given.

A Jewish Rabbi was present, who did not speak until the end of the meeting. This Jew said 'Gentlemen, I am surprised. This Jesus whom you have been talking about, and profess to follow, spent, according to your New Testament, nine-tenths of His time going about healing the sick, and you have asked nobody to come here and remind you that you say He is just the same to-day.' There was a dead silence. One minister afterward said he never felt so flattened out in his life. In this day, it takes a Jew to stand up for Christ, among Christian ministers!

The Life of Prayer, Talk No. 10.

Hindrances to Prayer

By PRINCIPAL PERCY G. PARKER. (of the *Christian Workers' Bible Correspondence School*)

IN our first talk together on this subject we saw that answers to prayer are withheld because of

1. Lack of Salvation
2. Lack of forgiveness of others.
3. Lack of abiding in Christ.

Now for this talk we will notice one further hindrance. That hindrance is *sin*. Sin in the life is a barred door to the blessings of God. Sin hinders the lavishness of God. Sin restrains God's showers of blessing. Sin is responsible for the Sabara deserts in our lives. Let me give a few verses.

Isaiah i 15-17,

And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you, yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes: cease to do evil, learn to do well!

Isaiah lix 1, 2,

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear.

James iv 3-8,

Ye, ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God. Do ye think that the Scripture saith in vain, The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy? But He giveth more grace. Wherefore He saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded

THERE are three forms of sin among Christians:

1. Public Sin
2. Private Sin.
3. Secret Sin.

1. PUBLIC SIN.

Now what is public sin? It is sin that the whole world can see. I don't mean such obvious things as drunkenness, robbery, forgery, and such like. This is what I mean—it is embodied in the following verse

And He said to them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me (Luke ix 23)


This is our Lord's golden rule. It means daily denial of self. It means taking up our Cross and following Him. This is what the world expects. When we say that we are followers of Jesus, the world expects to see in us some of that wonderful sacrifice which characterised His life. If in the sight of the world we are not doing this, then we are guilty of public sin.

And when one speaks like this one cannot escape the challenge of two things

- (a) *Showy Dress*
- (b) *Smoking*

DRESS.

ONE night in the Midlands a lady stopped to see me. She was a professing Christian. But she was one of the most showily dressed persons I have ever seen. I am not quite sure of the number, but she must have been wearing seven or eight rings—very



THE ELIM EVANGEL

costly. It seemed that she had a bejewelled ring on every finger. In addition she wore valuable bracelets and necklaces. She was wearing enough value to support a foreign missionary for several years.

Yet she told me so pathetically that her Christian life was unsatisfactory. Especially she was not satisfied with her prayer life. I did not hide my thoughts. I definitely told her that she could not expect to have a satisfactory prayer life as long as she failed to follow her Lord in the pathway of simplicity, and self-denial. Yet she continued with her jewels, and, of course, continued with her unsatisfactory prayer life. The world will not tolerate show and fashion among the people of God. Neither will God tolerate it. Expensive fashion whether it is dressing the body or dressing the hair is an abomination to God. A showy outlook and a healthy uplook do not go well together.

SMOKING.

THEN passing on to smoking. I was walking up and down the Central Station at Glasgow waiting for a train. A minister was also doing the same. His clerical collar advertised him to everybody. He was a fine looking man. His very presence seemed to dignify the station. Several times I passed him, and each time rejoiced in the dignity he gave to his calling. But the next time—well!—*he had a cigarette in his mouth!* His dignity and his influence vanished like a flash. He was a poor advertisement for his Master who said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

Shortly afterwards I was riding on top of the car. Another minister and his two boys came and sat down near me. Fine looking minister!! fine looking boys! But in a moment or two the minister began fumbling in his pocket . . . and *out came his pipe!*

I believe in the dignity of the pulpit. I believe in the dignity of every Christian—not a superior dignity, but a gracious dignity. But when a believer gives way to any nasty, wasteful habit, then he not only loses his dignity, but he declares to the world that he is out of touch with Christ, and living in an atmosphere which hinders prayer being answered.

II PRIVATE SIN.

BY private sin I mean sin not known to the world but known in the private family circle. How can we best sum up this private sin? I suggest in the words

- (a) *Temper*
- (b) *Worry*
- (c) *Gossip*

I know a man with a great gift of ministry. He is quite a fine speaker. He is a great minister if not a gracious minister. A missionary friend of mine went to his house to tea. The host left the table for a few minutes. The wife said to the missionary

visitor, "Brother you don't know what I have to endure. *His temper in the home is something awful!*" Then she broke down.

Yet temper in the home is a frequent fault of Christian people. "Dost thou well to be angry?" can be asked of many an one since the time of Jonah. I wonder if it applies to any reader of these lines? Do you break into fits of temper? Do you bring strain and tears into the home circle through evil outbursts? Tell me—"Dost thou well to be angry?"

Then there is worry and gossip, and gossip frequently becomes slander.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CONFESSION.

HAVE you ever read what Queen Alexandra wrote when she was Princess of Wales? In the treasures of Belvoir Castle is a "Confessions Book," with a page filled in by Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales.

"My favourite Queen," she wrote, "is Dagmar, King, Richard Cœur de Lion, hero, Marlborough, poet, Shakespeare, artist, Rubens, author, Charles Dickens; virtue, charity; colour, blue, flower, forget-me-not; name, Edward; occupation, playing the piano; amusement, riding, *chief ambition, not to interfere with other people's business; chief dislike, slander.*"

Paul declared that one of his great ambitions was "to study to be quiet and to mind his own business" (I. Thess. iv. 11).

Very few look upon worry and gossip as sins. Yet they are and effectively prevent God answering prayer.

Then there is

III. SECRET SIN.

PSALM lxxvi. 18 says, "*If I regard (look at with favour) iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.*" Heart sins are sins which no one else knows anything about. Sins which we indulge in the inner realm of our beings. Hebrews xii. 1 speaks of "sin which doth so easily beset us." Practically every Christian has a besetting sin—some thought or action always trying to get the mastery. A besetting sin always knocking at our life's door is not our sin, but it becomes ours when we open the life's door a fraction and allow it to get a footing.

Who does not know what it is to be attacked by some feverish, intoxicating, lustful thought? Henry Drummond told us that he always had such a sin. It beset him in Scotland, and in England. and when he went to Africa and came out of his tent door he could see that sin before him. He never told us what it was. But it was there.

We may never be guilty of public sin or private sin, but if the Devil can get us to give way to secret sin then a victorious prayer life collapses.

SHALL we examine ourselves? Our prayer life is unsatisfactory. Our prayers are not answered. Are



THE ELIM EVANGEL

we guilty of public sin, private sin, or secret sin? If we are, then forgiveness and victory are necessary before we can mount up as eagles into the presence of God.

There is provision for victory—abundant provision. Listen to this:

The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death (Romans viii 3)

Free! Think of it No reason now why sin should have dominion over us! Free? Yes, free

in the risen power of Jesus Christ

It is said that Queen Victoria whenever she found dust on any furniture in any part of the house would write on it with her finger the royal initials "V.R.," and pass on.

Does our Lord see the dust of sin upon the furniture of our heart? Is His finger laid upon some dust laden spot? Then let us humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and from that humbling rise up to glorify Him in a life of victorious prayer

Thoughts from the Throne

A Weekly Message by PASTOR E. C. W. BOULTON

Sunday, April 7th.

"Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice, let them ever shout for joy" (Psalm v. 11)

Here is a command to praise which carries with it an inherent promise of blessing. The triumph of trust is always followed by the tribute of praise. The one issues from the other. The soul that really puts its confidence in the Lord must inevitably bring forth the fruit of gladness—the life of praise is built upon no other foundation. There are those who contend that godliness involves the life in gloom—that religion casts a sombre shadow over the soul—that the acceptance of the Christian yoke robs life of its laughter, and spells death to enthusiasm and enterprise. Let such but put their trust in the living God, and they shall speedily discover that herein lies the secret spring of all real abiding gladness. Confidence in Jehovah means that care has been lost, swallowed up in His boundless, uttermost provision. And what greater foe to joy can be found than carking care? If allowed to linger in the garden of the heart it will soon destroy every beautiful bloom of gladness, and mar every holy, mirth-provoking growth that sends its sweetness throughout the life. And moreover, trust in the Lord means that He has undertaken our cause against every enemy who seeks to do us harm. Though an host encamp against us, yet are we secure in the pavilion of His presence, though the mountains that surround us bristle with hostile difficulties, yet is our defence sure. And so we can raise our jubilant psalm even in the very face of the foe. Fear finds no place in our hearts—'stayed' upon Him they are gloriously care-free

Sunday, April 14th.

"The Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot" (Acts viii 29)

Blessed is the labourer in the Lord's vineyard who moves forward under the urge of a definite and distinct leading of the Divine Comforter. When we thus move at the bidding of God we shall find all needs met—each emergency anticipated. Who shall be able to withstand those who yield obedience to the command of the Most High? The issue of such service is assured—success is guaranteed. It is those who have heard and responded in uttermost surrender to the constraint from above who have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." They were irresistible, invincible, indomitable. To them all things were within the realm of possibility, they delighted in the endeavour that involved great risks and that offered great spoil. Such souls when they have once caught the command of the Spirit are prepared to venture all in order to execute the Divine will. What issues often hang upon our speedy response to the voice or the touch of the Holy Ghost! The drawing may be to some apparently trivial ministry—some obscure bit of service—some task that will keep us in the background. But as we yield to the gentle pressure of the Spirit of God we shall discover that there is far more than we imagined in the work undertaken

Sunday, April 21st.

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, but Thou art the same" (Psalm cii 25, 27)

What a comforting conclusion for the soul! So often are we painfully impressed by the transitory character of much that surrounds us—almost ere its beauty is born, the hand of time rests upon it, and there are traces of its decline. Our earthly joys spring up most quickly and promise permanence, but alas, we soon are made to realise that they are but passing and perishing, that each new-born joy has its grave. And yet in the midst of all this we may find that which is enduring. Turning our eyes towards Him who is "from everlasting to everlasting the same" we are confronted with a vision that lifts us from dark discouragement and despair to heights of gladness, that makes life musical and radiant. Here is One who remains unaffected by the flight of the years—the eternal "I AM." Stream after stream dries up and ceases to yield the sweet waters of satisfaction to our thirsty spirits. But here is a perennial spring whose waters never fail, and never lose their sweetness. Here are flowers whose bloom never withers—whose glory never fades—whose freshness is eternal. Their strength is continually renewed, and their fragrance is ever replenished. O my soul, rejoice that thou hast been brought into fellowship with a source that gives forth an unending supply—a fulness of supply that more than meets the desperate hunger and thirst of thy being!

Sunday, April 28th.

"When the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place" (Acts ii 1)

Here was unity that sprung from an overmastering and insatiable desire for the fulfilment of a Divine promise. They were caught in the glorious tide of heavenly quest. Each and all were utterly absorbed and possessed. For them there was but "one thing" in view—no other constraint was strong enough to divert them from the holy course. Is not this one of the vital secrets of real Christian unity? When souls are thus on fire with passionate desire for the promised outpouring there will be no room and no time for unworthy and undesirable pursuits. Every lesser interest will be swallowed up in this glorious master passion. Self-pleasing and self-seeking will be buried beneath these blessed waves of longing for the opened heavens. This was the harmony of a common purpose—they were agreed to lay aside all other things and gave themselves as one man to this wondrous business of bringing down the "latter rain" from above. Oh, that the Church of God would thus betake herself to the "upper room" and commence to seek and claim the promised power. She would speedily shed many of those things that now make for her spiritual disablement, many of those heart-rending differences that now play havoc in her midst would disappear. In the glorious rapture of that miraculous outpouring weights would fall off that long have hindered and hampered her in her work and warfare for the Master. A oneness of spirit and heart would issue from this blessed quest for the fulness Divine

Better than Gold

GOLD is always a subject of lively interest; and it promises to continue to be so, as long as human nature and gold remain as they are. Gold gets into the headlines of the papers with persistent frequency. It interests practically everybody, and it permeates human life in a way seldom realised.

Some time ago a scientific magazine announced that it would direct an attempt to convert quicksilver into gold by a method related to results said to have been achieved by Professor Adolph Miethe of Berlin. The next month Professor Miethe told members of a German scientific society that the process in question had no commercial value, as it would take "ten thousand freight cars full of quicksilver, treated by electric rays, to yield one gram of gold." World finance was evidently not going to be upset by artificial production of the metal. That is an interesting fact about gold. It is not only immensely valuable, but its secret seems to be jealously guarded by Nature, and man can use it but not make it.

NOR are men able to provide a working substitute for gold. When no less a scientist than Edison suggested, a few years ago, that "natural resources" might be substituted for gold as a monetary standard for the world-experience financiers promptly rejected the notion. Mr Edison had advocated the adoption of an "energy unit" instead of the usual standard gold unit. The reply of the bankers was that it would simply leave the financial world in a confused condition. They respected his inventive genius, but not his economic wisdom. A professor in a university finance department said "No doubt the work of the Creator could be improved upon, but nobody has suggested how to do it."

That men are as eager as ever to get gold was seen in the "frantic rush" occurring in New Mexico when placer-gold was newly discovered, and in the "extraordinary preparations" made "for the gold rush to the Cassiar field, in Northern British Columbia." And now come stories of a "gold cure" for tuberculosis from Copenhagen.

ALL this unique and irrepressible valuation given by men to gold is confirmed, or perhaps explained, by the Bible. Throughout the Scriptures this metal has a unique place and those who look to the Bible as the Word of God believe that He intends it to be so.

The Old Testament tabernacle was beautified in an extraordinary way by the precious metal. The Ark of the Covenant, kept in the holy of holies in the tabernacle and said to be the most perfect type of Christ in the Old Testament, was "overlaid with pure gold within and without," with a "crown of gold to it round about." The actual value of all the gold used in the tabernacle is estimated at about £170,000.

When God became incarnate in the babe Jesus, the first gift mentioned as brought to Him by the wise men from the East was gold. The works of the Christian, the Apostle Paul tells us, may be very valuable or very worthless, as he likens them to "gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble." Gold leads the list.

AND in that climax book of the Bible, the Revelation, the inspired description of "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God," includes the statement that "the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

If the Holy Spirit Himself, giving men the God-breathed words of Scripture, assigns to gold this pre-eminent place of God-created value, it is not strange that men are unable to reproduce this product of the natural world.

But the Bible tells us there is something better than gold. When a "certain man, lame from his mother's womb," asked Peter and John for an alms, Peter replied "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee, In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. . . . And he leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God."

It is that same Peter who wrote later, in his first Epistle, urging Christians to continue to trust Christ no matter what " manifold testings " they might have, " that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom having not seen, ye love, in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Faith in Christ is better than gold. And all who will may have this faith in Christ, as they accept God's Word " This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him "



Is it my ambition that in all my ways I may be like Christ? Am I seeking that men shall see in me the lineaments of Christ, the meekness, and gentleness, and patience of Christ; the holy obedience and love for the will of God of His own blessed Son? I may talk about the joy of being like Christ when He comes. It is mere empty talk unless I am seeking to be like Him now. Why need I talk of the joy of being with Him if I do not give Him five minutes of my company throughout the day?—J. R. Caldwell.

Triumphant Tidings from the Foursquare Front.

Showers at Springbourne—Scottish Successes—Captivated Crowds at Croydon

Hornsey. (Pastor R Smith) In the Zion Tabernacle, Pastors Corry and Gorman recently conducted a united Baptistal Service at which a number of the Lord's people were immersed. A packed Tabernacle witnessed this happy ceremony, and listened to the glowing testimonies of those who were thus following their Lord in the pathway of discipleship.

Portsmouth (Misses N Kennedy and E Thompson) Showers of heavenly power and blessing are still descending upon the saints in this go-ahead church. The Foursquare Gospel is flourishing in this centre under the fiery ministry of Miss N Kennedy.

Glasgow. (Pastor J Smith) Prosperity continues to attend the consecrated efforts of Pastor J Smith and his workers in Scotland. The Spirit of the Lord is at work amongst the saved and the unsaved. Extension is taking place in most branches of the Foursquare Gospel work. Prospects are good for the future.

Hull. (Pastor J R Moore) A vigorous and victorious work is being carried on in this church. A crowded hall—congregations enthused with Holy Ghost passion—souls continually seeking the Lord—such is the order of things in this thriving Foursquare Gospel centre.

Bridgwater. (Evangelist H Kitching) Much land is being possessed by the Lord's people in this West of England Foursquare Gospel Church. Week by week the Master is meeting the hunger of His people, and manifesting Himself in risen power and glory in their midst.

Croydon. (Pastor P N Corry and Miss A M Hanny) This all-on-fire church, under the leadership of its indomitable pastor, is making excellent headway. The people have caught the spirit of their leader and are out for exploits. Every session of the church's activities is throbbing with spiritual life and power. Crowds are captivated by the Foursquare Gospel message.

Armagn. (Pastor J McAvoy) Quite recently the Lord's work here has received renewed spiritual impetus by a special campaign by Pastor and Mrs McLintock, followed by a Convention. God's children from the surrounding centres assembled and spent a precious time in fellowship and ministry.

Eastbourne (Pastor P Le Tissier and Master Frank Allen) Blessed times of Scriptural instruction and soul edification have been enjoyed of late. Souls are still seeking the Lord for salvation, and wonderful seasons of heavenly outpouring are being experienced at the breaking of bread services.

Springbourne. (Pastor W Henderson and Miss M Manning) God has graciously visited His people in the special services recently conducted by Pastor Le Tissier and Master Frank Allen. Many a heart was laid bare beneath the searching truth of the full Gospel, many yielding to the Divine call and entering into life eternal.

Lurgan (Pastor J Kelly) The Lord has answered the faith and rewarded the efforts of His servant in this place, and souls have given themselves to Christ.

Knocking at the Door

ONE cold night a well-known minister was hurrying home along a street leading into Whitechapel Road, London, when he overtook a working man walking somewhat slowly, and carrying what appeared to be a Bible under his arm.

A few friendly words were exchanged, and the minister said, "Judging from the book you have with you, I should imagine you have been to some Christian service." "Yes," he replied, in a dejected and despondent tone, "I have." "I hope, then," said the minister, "you are a Christian brother rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ." "Ah, sir," replied the man, for the first time looking in the minister's face, "I wish I was, I wish I was. For six years I have been earnestly praying for mercy, crying to the Lord night and day, but the heavens are as brass over my head, sir. Others are happy, and speak of their peace and their joy in Christ, but I find no mercy." "Why, my dear man," remarked the minister, "you surely don't know what you are doing. You are knocking at a door that stands wide open and you are deaf to the voice that bids you enter."

Coming up to the next lamp in the street the minister said, "Lend me your Bible, and let us see what that

says." Turning to Isaiah, 53rd chapter and 6th verse, we read

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."
"What you are asking God to do, He has done, He hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. You might go on as you have been going on, crying for mercy, for another twenty years, and be no nearer rest. It is for you to accept and rejoice in the Almighty Saviour on whom all our iniquities have been laid. Let your praying be changed into praise and thanksgiving for the boundless mercy God has shown in making an end of sin. Rejoice, friend, rejoice! Christ is yours!"

There and then the long reign of darkness and gloom came to an end. Without knocking longer, the earnest, humble, troubled seeker passed through the open door into that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." He at once accepted Christ, and received at that moment "power to become a son of God," entering into the rest and peace and joy of an accepted child.

"Christ His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (I Peter ii 24)

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