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The Elim Evangel

AND
FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

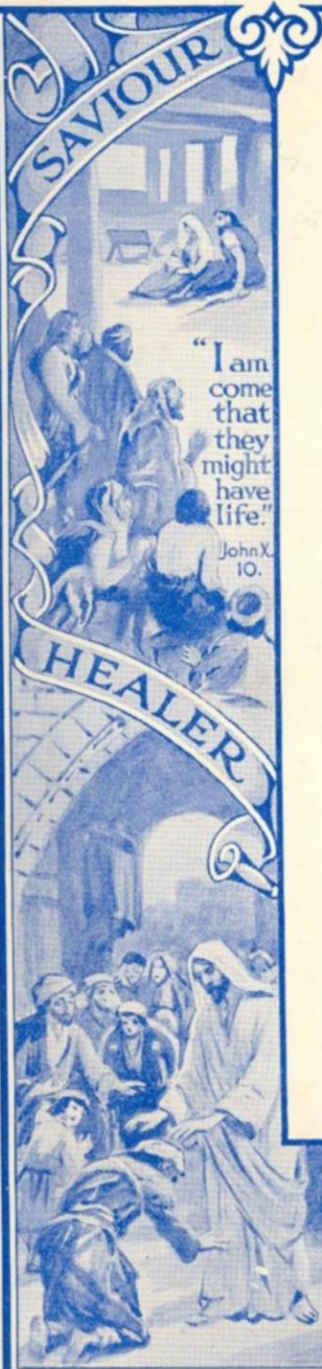
Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

HEB. XIII. 9.

Vol. XIV.. No. 29

JULY 21, 1933

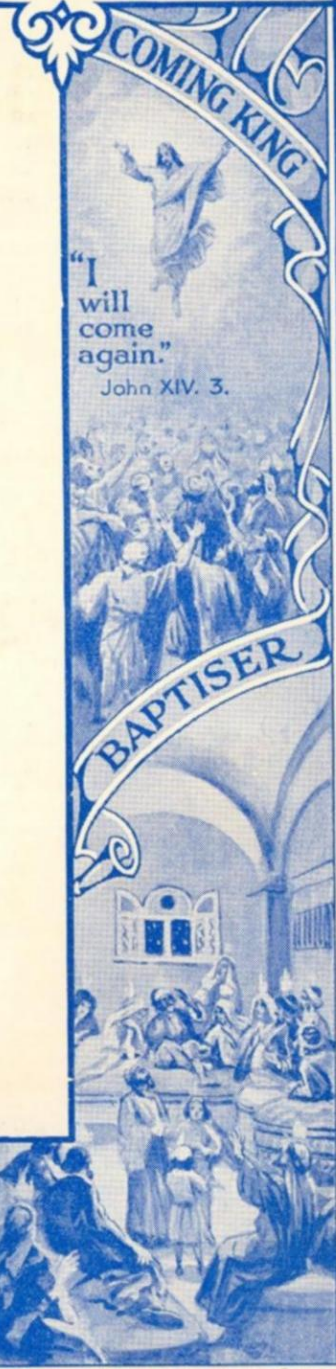
Twopence



"I am
come
that
they
might
have
life."

John X.
10.

The test of your
Consecration
is to be willing
to do what you
do not wish to do

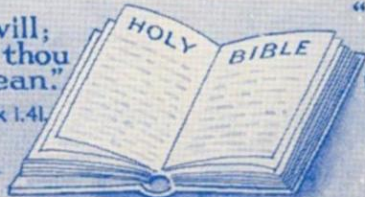


"I
will
come
again."

John XIV. 3.

"I will;
be thou
clean."

Mark I. 41.



"I will
send Him
(the Comforter)
unto you."

John XVI. 7.

The Elim Evangel

AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

Official Organ of the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance

Founder & Leader, Principal George Jeffreys.

General Headquarters: 20, Clarence Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.4

Secretary-General: Pastor E. J. Phillips. Editor: Pastor W. G. Hathaway.

Vol XIV.

July 21, 1933

No. 29

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at 6.30 p.m., in the Centre Transept,

at which

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will minister the Word

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BRIGHTON. August Bank Holiday Monday (7th) in the Dome at 3 and 6.30. Speakers: Principal **GEORGE JEFFREYS** and Revival Party. Elim Crusader Choir, conducted by Mr. Douglas B. Gray. The Convention will be continued by other speakers from 8th to 13th inclusive in Elim Tabernacle, Union Street, The Lanes (near G.P.O.) nightly, except Friday, at 7.30. Sunday at 11 and 6.30. Convener: Pastor James McWhirter. August 14-26. Summer Bible School conducted by Pastor P. N. Corry.

LONDON. August 6 and 7. Kensington Temple, Kensington Park Road and Elim Tabernacle, Central Park Road, East Ham. Sunday, 11 and 6.30. Monday, 11, 3 and 6.30. Speakers include: Pastor W. G. Channon.

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HULL. August 6-10. Elim Hall, Mason Street. Speaker: Pastor E. C. W. Boulton. Convener: Pastor F. G. Cloke. Sunday and Monday, 11, 3, and 6.30. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 7.30.

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The Elim Evangel

AND FOURSQUARE REVIVALIST

The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance was founded by Principal George Jeffreys, its present leader, in Ireland, in the year 1915. The Principal's campaigns have filled to overflowing the largest halls in the British Isles, and have resulted in many thousands of converts to Christ, and notable miracles of healing. The movement consists of Elim Revival and Healing Campaigns, Elim Foursquare Gospel Churches and Ministers, Elim Bible College, Elim



Publications and Supplies, Elim Bible College Correspondence School, Elim Crusaders and Cadets, Elim Foreign Missions, and Foursquare Gospel Testimony. 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 extravagances and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the old-time Gospel in old-time power.

Vol. XIV., No. 29

JULY 21, 1933

Fridays, Twopence

Divine Deliverance in Darkest Africa

By J. C. WENGATZ

THE Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." We quote this text glibly and often, but just how many of us in this rational age really believe any such thing? Divine deliverance in Old Testament times—oh yes, but in 1933? Who of us is not fond of telling of the wonderful deliverance of Daniel, but just what would we say if any one claimed to know of any such deliverance in this modern day? Has God changed? Or is it just that His people can no longer credit the simple fact of His protecting love and care? Listen then to the marvellous tale of an African Daniel who at the mercy of human lions put God to the test, and was as surely delivered and protected by Divine intervention as was the other Daniel in ancient Babylon.

Soxi was a voluntary slave of Chief Xa-Muteba. The Bangala tribe have a custom of

PAWNING THEIR CHILDREN.

Owing to need of money, a child is left in servitude for money lent. They are generally redeemed finally, but often only after years of virtual slavery. This happened to the subject of my tale when but a tiny boy. He was a lad of fifteen when the family came to redeem him. Having become attached to his master, he refused to leave him, and thus became from choice a love-slave. Faithful to an unusual degree, he soon became the Eliezer of the chief's household, everything, even to the family idols, being entrusted to his care.

God's first messenger (a native) to this Bangala tribe had been faithfully preaching the Word for six months without much visible fruit. Among those who never missed a service were Soxi and his wife. On a certain Sunday the preacher used the text, "Taste and see that the Lord is good," and challenged the listeners to put God to the test and prove for themselves whether what he had been telling them was the truth or not. As he finished, Soxi came to him. "Mesene," he said, "your words are good to my heart, but I do not understand how I can prove God whom I cannot see." "Just as you would prove me," explained the "Mesene." "You know what kind of

a man I am in the mission. And to find out whether I am the same outside the mission, you would walk with me on the road a week, and see if I smoke, drink wine, misuse my carriers, etc. If after a week you find me the same, have you not proved me? Walk with God a week and see if He has the power we claim for Him."

The following Sunday Soxi came eagerly. "Mesene, we are doing it, my wife and I. We are proving God and He does have power; but our pipes, they conquer us. We cannot walk with God and keep our tobacco, but what a fight. We throw away our pipes in the morning and hunt them up again at night. Is it we and not God who is failing? What shall we do?" He was encouraged to keep on until he won, but the following Sunday again

SADLY REPORTED FAILURE.

He was determined, however, and the third Sunday came with a beaming face. "Mesene," he cried, "it is true. God has power. This week we have not touched our pipes, and now we no longer want tobacco. I am but a child. Teach me, Mesene, how to walk always with God." He brought his idols and definitely gave himself to the Lord, received the assurance of his acceptance and went away happy, having told the old chief that he must now care for his own idols, as he was proving God and could have nothing to do with false gods.

The chief and the whole village were not only angry, but thoroughly alarmed. Not only would his departure from the ways of the tribe bring curses upon the village, but who could tell where it would stop. Others might follow him in his mad departure from the tribal customs and worship. He must be stopped, at all costs. A palaver of chiefs was called, and Soxi sent for. "You will die," they plead. "I am ready to die," he said, "but I am seeking eternal life. Listen to me. I am proving God. If I threw away my idols and trust Ngana Nzambi alone, and I die because of the wrath of your evil spirits, then the rest of you are excused from ever listening to the Words of God. But if, without idols and witch-doctors, God cares for me, then are the rest of you not obliged to acknow-

ledge that He alone is God and that all these things we have always trusted are false?" It was

A CHALLENGE AND A CONTEST

to the death between the true God and the prophets of Baal, and God accepted it as such, and proceeded most unmistakably to care for His trusting child who was proving Him, and to do it in such a way that it put to utter rout and confusion the false teachers of witchcraft and magic in all the villages round about. The results were as final and conclusive to all interested as was a similar test on Mount Carmel many centuries ago.

It is not to be wondered at then, that a long and terrible persecution followed for this first Xa-Muteba Christian. He had challenged the wicked witch-doctors to prove their power. At first they tried working Soxi almost to death. He would return from one hard trip, carrying for the Portuguese government, to find the chief waiting to send him the same day on another long, hard journey. Never was he allowed to rest until his pastor finally secured his release by paying his taxes for him and giving him permanent work in the mission. On one of these trips his malicious mulatto employer tried to force him to drink wine in the presence of white men who were making sport of black Christians. Soxi refused firmly in spite of kicks and blows, and so angered the man that he determined to turn him over to the government on some false pretext. That would doubtless mean for Soxi contract labour in St. Thome, a place that the African dreads more than death. On the two day's march back to the post, Soxi cried to God, "I'm proving you. You have protected me against my own people. Are you equal to Muene Putu (the Portuguese government)?"

When they reached the post, all was confusion. The white official had been killed while hunting the day before. No one had any time to give to a native carrier's case. And Soxi, saved again, threw himself full length on the ground to weep out his gratitude to the God who had again proved Himself powerful to care for His trusting child.

THIRTY WITCH-DOCTORS.

Sorcery, witchcraft and magic. Other things may fail, but these never in darkest Africa. Every trick of magic known to the witch-doctors was tried out on Soxi while the whole country hourly expected his death. Surprised at first when nothing happened, they were soon utterly astonished and finally filled with dismay and consternation while Soxi continued to rejoice in the God he was proving. In all, thirty witch-doctors were paid to try their magic and bring about his death: secretly at first, and then openly as their rage increased. His pastor feared for him. When magic fails, there are other subtle ways, and the reputation of the witch-doctor craft was at stake. Once he warned him not to go out hunting alone, fearing trickery. "But, Mesene," replied Soxi, surprised, "am I not proving God? Won't He care for me while I hunt food for my children?" The pastor was rebuked and ashamed of his own lack of faith in his God.

Time after time Soxi and his wife picked up the

charms that were left about their home, and brought them to the mission, rejoicing that they were no longer in bondage to fear of these things. Once their two children were near death's door with fever. And the villagers rejoiced, sure at last that their evil spells were taking effect. Soxi brought the children to the pastor for help and went to prayer. "My Father," he said simply, "I'm proving you. All I have is yours. But if my children die now, the witch-doctors will think they did it, and will think that God is not true. Let my children get well, and show them again that you are the true God and that these other things have no power at all." The children recovered, Soxi had again proved the faithfulness of his God.

UNKILLABLE.

And then suddenly and quite unaccountably the witch-doctors ceased to trouble him, and he was free from further persecution. They seemed to have given him up as unkillable, and the pastor had a great curiosity to know the reason why. Meeting the brother of the chief, who had been the chief agent in trying to bewitch Soxi, he asked him if they had at last found that it was useless to try to fight God. I give you his version of their final attempt against Soxi, as he told it and repeated it the second time, in the presence of all the workers at the Peniel Mission Station.

"Mesene," he replied reverently. "It's the truth. Ngana Nzambi is the only God, and our witch-doctors have no power at all against Him. We have proved it, and all our chiefs and all our witch-doctors know it at last. Listen and I will tell you what happened. When our medicine men failed so utterly, my brother (Chief Xa-Muteba) sent a distance of four days' march to bring doctor 66 (mentioning a witch-doctor well known by reputation to all this group of interested African Christians) whose fame you all know and one who never fails. We paid him about £25 in Portuguese money to come, and he was to have a cow when Soxi was dead. He came with all the paraphernalia he had, and when he had put the evil spell on the mission, all of us were afraid to come near it for it might kill any of us. We waited.

NOTHING HAPPENED

at all. Then one night we came, the medicine man and I, to see that he died that night in his bed. When we reached his house, imagine our terror to see a white man walking back and forth past his door. Who could it be? Canzamba (the pastor) isn't white. Is it the Portuguese officer (the only white man within thirty miles) guarding the mission at night? Impossible! We waited some time, then crept closer. It was the biggest white man we have ever seen, and he shone as one who carries a lantern. Back and forth he walked until we fled in terror to tell our people that it was no use. That mission is not in charge of Canzamba, as we thought, but of white men the like of whom we have never seen before. Since then, no one has dared speak a word against any of the people of God. We cannot fight God, and will never try it again. We made the doctor give us back our money since he was powerless, and four days after he got

home he took sick and died. Does that not prove that Ngana Nzambi is God and our doctors nothing?"

God had not only delivered His trusting child, but had indeed broken the hold of the witch-doctors over the people in Xa-Muteba. From that time on, they began coming to deliver up their idols and seek the true God. Soxi had proved God and God had manifested His power, so it was no wonder that when we went to Xa-Muteba to hold a revival, we found the people ready; so ready that we found the chief and seventy of his people converted during the ten day's meetings.

And Soxi? He is without question the most joyous Christian I have ever known, and the simplicity of his faith puts me to shame. When he heard from his pastor the story I have just told you, he said simply: "It is finished. I have been delivered from the lion's den, and from all the power of men and devils.

I am no longer Soxi. Call me Daniel." It is as Daniel that he is known to-day, and no man, not even the old chief himself, commands the respect in the community that Daniel does. His story is known far and wide, and the name of the Lord is magnified among the heathen.

I conclude as I began. Who did those two agents of the evil one, bent on destroying one of God's own, see that night? Does the Angel of the Lord still encamp round about them that fear Him to deliver them? Does He? Did King Nebuchadnezzar actually see the form of the Fourth walking in the fiery furnace? Was the contest on Mount Carmel real or only imaginary? And is the God of Elijah the same in 1933? Did God's power to deliver those that trust Him fully end with the apostolic age? Who has changed since the days of Peter and Paul—is it God or God's people? Let readers each answer the question for themselves.

Book Review

By Principal P. G. PARKER (of the Christian Workers' Bible Correspondence School)

Pentecostal Rays, by Principal George Jeffreys, (ELIM PUBLISHING CO., LTD., cloth boards, 3/6, by post 4/-; Pluviusin binding with marker, 5/-, by post 5/6).

IT was said of a well-known Bible teacher, who has recently passed Home, that it was sometimes necessary to use a dictionary in order to understand him. No one will require a dictionary in order to understand this latest book by Principal Jeffreys. It is packed with important teaching, yet it is presented in such a clear manner, with such powerful and simple language, that the youngest and the oldest, the educated and the uneducated, will easily be able to understand.

It is a book the Pentecostal movement, and the Christian Church as a whole, greatly needs. Extremists may find fault with certain parts of it, but the majority will thank God for such a sane, scriptural presentation on this vital subject of the baptism and gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Those who read it will have no doubt as to why the baptism in the Holy Ghost is one of the main items in the preaching of the Foursquare Gospel. They will discover the difference between the new birth and the gift of the Holy Spirit, between the Holy Spirit and the Spirit of Christ, between the opinions of men and the teaching of the Bible, between a balanced viewpoint on these matters and an unbalanced one.

The other day we spoke to four friends from across the sea. They were seeking healing for one of their number. Why? Because they had read Principal Jeffreys' book entitled, *Healing Rays*. We can see by faith large numbers seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Why? Because they have read the present book, entitled, *Pentecostal Rays*.

Once more the Elim Publishing Company have produced a splendid book in a splendid manner. Read it, recommend it, lend it, give it—above all, pray over it.

A Healing Experience

By Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D.

AT no period of the same extent since my residence in England had I, aside from my usual duties, done so much public speaking as during the months of July to November, 1884 (my 84th year). During a single period of twenty days, for example, I delivered just twenty full addresses. In the early part of November, I attended three Conferences—one at Maidstone, one at Tunbridge Wells, and one at Eastbourne. At Tunbridge Wells I delivered five full addresses in two successive days. On my return from this place, I took a chill. As a consequence of this occurrence, and of exhaustion from accumulated labours, my health broke down at once. My cough, together with the bronchial affection with which I had been afflicted for so many years, returned upon

me in its worst form. Such was the rattling and singing noise in my throat that, when in bed, Mrs. Mahan could not sleep with her face turned towards me. At length, I was attacked with excessive pains in my joints; skull, and breast bones. This state of my system continued for several weeks. One day, when

ALONE IN MY STUDY,

I fell asleep in my chair. While in this state, the weather being very cold—the fire went so far out that my room became quite chilly. As a consequence, I took an additional cold, and all my complaints took on their very worst form. During all the period referred to, we had made my complaints the subject of special prayer, and frequently received temporary, but no permanent, relief. The answer seemed to be, "You

must suspend labour, and rest awhile." After the last chill referred to, I retired for my night's rest, and lay for hours sleepless, and suffering as I seldom have suffered. At length, while in prayer, I found myself in a conscious *face to face* communication with my Saviour, and I then addressed to Him the following utterances, as nearly as I can now repeat them: "My dear Saviour, when Thou wast on earth, had one of Thy disciples been immediately before Thee, suffering as I am suffering, and from the same causes, Thou certainly wouldst have spoken the healing word, or put forth the healing touch, and made him perfectly whole. Now, as a personal Preserver, Thou art nearer to me than Thou wast to Thy disciples, and art as able to heal me as Thou then wast to heal any that came to Thee for healing. Wilt Thou permit Thine aged servant to lie here under Thine eye, suffering as he is suffering, and not let virtue come out of Thee for his healing?" The moment I had done speaking—in an instant—my cough utterly ceased, and all bronchial affections, together with the pains referred to, as suddenly and totally disappeared; *I was made whole*, and was conscious of the fact. After expressing my gratitude for the wonderful deliverance received, I fell into

A PEACEFUL SLEEP,

which was undisturbed by cough, or pain, or movement in the throat, until I awoke with a sense of the ineffable sweetness, infinitude, and beauty of the Lord, such as I had seldom enjoyed in my life before. The inner and outer man had alike been renewed. Since that ever-to-be-remembered moment, I have been free from my old complaints—cough and bronchitis—as I have not been for the same period and season of the year, for more than thirty years past. "By the grace of God, I am what I am." The facts above presented suggest several important reflections, to which the special attention of the reader is now invited.

1. Shall we attribute these facts to the action of natural law in the physical system, or to that of the imagination acting upon the internal organs? Shall we not rather attribute them to the all-healing "virtue" that was then and there invoked? Does natural law, or the imagination, cure old diseases of more than thirty years' standing, and that "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye?" Why do such cures occur nowhere else but in connection with one specific condition—"the prayer of faith?" Either upon scriptural or scientific grounds, but one answer to such a question is admissible, namely, "This is the finger of God!"

2. I would here notice a special form of experience which has been frequent with me during more than forty years past, and common, I believe, to all who "have received the Holy Ghost since they believed." I refer to periods of direct, open, and face-to-face

INTERCOURSE WITH CHRIST,

and with the Father in Him, such as that described above. While all such who continue to walk "in the light," are ever conscious of Christ's presence and love, they are only at special periods, in this direct and special "face to face" intercourse with Him.

Such periods are special eras in the Divine life—eras in which there is always an enlargement of the outflow from the inner sanctuary of the soul of "the river of the waters of life," a deeper entrance into "the fulness of God," and a renewed and sweeter assurance of our relations to Him as a hearer of prayer, than could have been previously enjoyed.

Occurring, as these periods most commonly have done, in my experience, when urging some special request at the Throne of Grace, in no single instance, during more than forty years past, has there been a failure to receive the specific blessing then asked for. In every case the response has been, "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken, for thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know thee by name." Not a few of the answers thus received have been so peculiar that I have refrained giving them to the public, though urged to do so by special friends. What sweet assurances do such prayers and such answers impart that God is to us in the blissful relation of a Hearer of prayer!

3. I will here notice an important misapprehension into which I was led, and continued for years, by the peculiar experiences above referred to. As such prayers uniformly pertained to events of a supernatural character—such as rain in time of drought, and healing of diseases—and as such prayers were invariably answered, I drew the unwarranted inference that it was only prayer in this one form that did avail in respect to such events. A re-examination of the whole subject at length corrected this important error. I saw, for example, that the condition of healing, as prescribed (James v. 15), was "the prayer of faith," and not faith when the mind is in

SPECIAL RELATIONS TO GOD.

We are required "always to pray," and always to "ask in faith," and are taught that "the prayer of faith" always avails. Since then I have experienced, and witnessed in others, healing just as instantaneous, in answer to "the prayer of faith," in the common, as in the special form under consideration. "Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering"—this is the only condition of prevailing prayer.

4. Prayer, to be effective in any form, I remark once more, must be addressed to God, and to God in Christ, not as a far-off, but as an immediate personal Presence. If, when you pray, reader, you think of Christ and your heavenly Father as "afar off," and not as personally "very nigh," you will seek Him where He is never found, and send your prayers where no answer will come from thence to you. Permit me, in conclusion, to ask you this question, Does Christ know you, and do you know Him as the Father knew Him, and He knew the Father, when He stood in the flesh? Does God know you by name?

I can count on the fingers of one hand all the men I ever knew who were actively hostile to Jesus, who blasphemed Him, who denounced Him. But by what arithmetic could I enumerate those in whose lives He is but an afterthought?—*R. Knight.*

Pentecost at Kashiokulu, Belgian Congo

Notes from a recent journal by Pastor CYRIL E. TAYLOR

WE had slept the night at the village of Nkwaya, and had awakened the next morning fully expecting to go on to Twite Dingile. But this was not to be, for upon my rising the Lord clearly laid upon my heart to go to the village of Kashiokulu. The rain soon came on. When travelling in the bush out here it is well, if possible, to get out of the village before the heavy rain begins, otherwise it will probably be found that the carriers do not want to move out from the cosy firesides of the huts. The way we travel in Lubaland is for the missionary to forge ahead with his cycle and cycle boy, leaving his men with his loads to follow. At the crosspaths we indicate the route taking by laying fresh leaves or a twig of a tree across the path not to be taken.

On this occasion it rained heavily for some time, and we began by following the new motor road from Madya to Kisenga, which badly needed clearing, as the grass was well over eight feet high, and almost impassable in places. We came to the village of Lungu, and here, as there was no chapel or rest-house, we halted on the village square, and gave them a brief Gospel message as they stood and listened in the pouring rain. One never feels happy about passing a village without giving them a message of warning, and bidding them seek forgiveness through the blood of the Crucified One.

Soon after this we left the motor road and reached Kashiokulu. I was wondering why it was that it had pleased the Lord to bring us round this way instead of by the direct route, and prayed that it might be made clear to me. At our first meeting on the Saturday night one young man received the Spirit, and came through into a clear new tongue, praising God. The next day being Sunday I decided to stay over and baptise a number of believers who had been

WAITING FOR BAPTISM

for some months, including some who had believed under the teacher supervised by Messrs. Mullan and Oman. On the Sunday afternoon it was very hot, as we went down for our meeting by the side of one of Lubaland's most lovely streams. As we began to assemble we sang some hymns whilst waiting for the others to come along. In all we must have numbered well over 150, besides a number of native women who came down with their earthenware pitchers to draw water. After singing and explaining to them carefully the significance of water baptism, we invited them in turn to give us a confession of their faith. After this the power of God became very manifest in our midst, and all around us the Spirit was falling. Some were speaking in tongues, prophesying, and magnifying God. It seemed as if Someone was pouring out the promised Latter Rain showers in our midst "for the waters were risen, waters to swim in" (Ezek. xlvii. 5); the desert was beginning to "blossom as the rose . . . the parched ground

becoming a pool." Then as we baptised them the Spirit fell upon them as they were being immersed in the water. There they were, dear souls who had been sitting in darkness receiving the promise of the Father as spoken of by the prophet Joel (Joel ii. 28). How it moved the heart with joy to see them in the water, filled with the mighty power of God.

I was tempted to think that some accident might take place, as some might not be able to swim; but no, they willingly submitted to be led up from the water, and continued on the bank praising and glorifying the God we adore. Ah, sometimes it's a hard job to get folks to praise the Lord, but here they were teaching us how to do it. Hallelujah!

Night was falling fast as we returned to the village for our closing Gospel service. So mightily were those dear people filled with the Power that all the way up to the village many of them continued praising the Lord. We started our meeting, a large number gathering round, many having come to see whatever was going on. It was all so new to them, but what a joy to tell them, as Peter did, that these men were not drunk or mad, but that it was a sign of the nearness of

THE COMING OF THE LORD,

and we exhorted them to believe and repent ere it be too late.

We sang and sang until we could sing no more, we were all so full of praise and song. God the Holy Ghost had visited Kashiokulu; the Latter Rain was being given, the prayers of God's dear saints in many lands were being answered. I then asked the teacher from Katunda Mako to give a message. He was deeply moved by it all, and then, after he had spoken, up jumped a young man full of the Spirit, prophesying and pointing us all to Jesus on the cross, and then lifted up into the glory, all so beautifully clear and plain that a child could have understood.

In the morning a man who had believed the day before came along with two big baskets full of *ntambwe* (lion) articles of witchcraft for killing folks. He confessed to having dispensed with his wife thus. Now in God's goodness he was here to confess his faith and burn his *bwanga* and satanic charms and fetishes. What a stir it made throughout the village.

After this we left for Kabunda, where we had another baptismal service. Here again, praise God, more of these dear people received also the precious baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, according to the book of Acts, standing as they were in the rain, as it was the only afternoon we had, and we were determined to see it through, wet or fine. This was repeated at Kalenda. Pray on that all these dear souls who have received the same precious experience as ourselves, and the same power for service, that they may be faithful and true witnesses unto Him (Acts i. 8), and be built up in the faith.

Nine Dead, one Living

By W. BARROW

THE experience of our life, if it has been of considerable length, and in touch with stern realities, may be of considerable value if reviewed in the light of our discoveries affecting its spiritual side. The writer arrived early in life at an experience enabling him to say without shadow of doubt, "My heart is fixed, Eternal God, fixed on Thee; And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me!"

It was my custom during years of young manhood to go annually for my holidays to Bonnie Scotland. Up there I was acquainted with a young man of similar age with whom I used to talk about life's problems, and I discovered that he held political and social views which in a marked degree were atheistical; whereas I held most dearly to the Christian ideal of faith in God and a real confidence in God's holy Word, the Bible, and also the knowledge and experience of the sanctuary as the place where God's people met together to worship and glorify Him. He, on the other hand, told me he had no need for Bibles, for parsons, or for churches, and he used to say that he believed that there had been

TEN GOOD MEN,

or, as he described them, ten saviours of the world, and that Jesus Christ was simply one of the ten good men who had made a mark upon the world down the ages. He was fond of holding forth in the market place of this northern town, and speaking of the advantages of the political and atheistical views that he held, while discrediting all others not in accordance with his ideas, especially the religious ideals.

The Bible had already, at that date, for several years proved itself to me as a sure and complete guide for my youth, and it was working out to my good with its wonderful directions and principles. To use Scripture language, it had been a lamp to my feet, and a guide to my path. The sanctuary I had already found to be a place where I could worship God and assemble with people of a like mind, and where I had found inspiration and encouragement from people who could testify to the reality of faith in God. It was there I found the truth that Christ was the Light of the World. I had already proved Christ's word to be true, that "He that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life"; and as regards parsons, as he described ministers of the Gospel, I had found several who were real towards God, and who had been a blessing to me by their wise counsel and example. I had found the sanctuary a place where I had obtained great spiritual blessings when I had followed David's example, and entered into its courts with thanksgiving and into its gates with praise.

I soon found that the things my acquaintance was preaching had no real uplift, and that he was completely earthbound. God was not in his thoughts, and he was minus the inspiration of Divine things that are so real to all believers in the Divine Book of God, the Bible. I felt sure he was doomed to ruin if he so continued. In fact, I used to sum up all he had to

say in the following words, "You are just beating the air, and chasing bubbles, so to speak."

On the other hand, true faith I found to be full of great blessing and inspiration. I could say first of all that no one had ever been made sad by

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

and that it was Good News, both for the life that now is, and the life that is to come. It made the power and wisdom of God available to all who would put their trust in Him and believe His promises. In addition there was the glorious example of Christ, who stood far above any man who had ever lived, and in this faith there was a mine of treasures, such as prayer, confidence and peace in God, and in addition, His holy Word to guide me. I knew without a doubt that I was on a good thing, sure and certain, for little is much when God is in it. All his teaching and arguments were man-made, whereas my own I knew to be God-given and therefore perfect. The fact was, unbelief was blinding his eyes to the truth, and is still doing so to many other such.

Ten, twenty, and thirty years passed by, and still he was chasing his bubbles, and I was certain that he would find that bubbles always burst, for Christ had said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

About three years ago I went north to Scotland, and walking into his little shop with its curios, antiques, etc., I noticed a picture of

THE LAST SUPPER

of our Lord Jesus Christ with His disciples, hanging on the wall. After our usual greetings, I ventured to say, "Fancy you, Jack, having a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ with His disciples upon the wall of your shop." To my surprise he said, "Haven't you heard the news?" I said, "What news?" He said, "You will remember all through those long years how I counted Jesus Christ just as one of the good men that had lived—I used to speak of the ten saviours of the world. Well, the news is this—that I have found after all those long years, that nine of these so-called saviours of the world are dead, and that only one is living, and He is Jesus Christ, and that He is my Saviour. I am now serving Him, and proclaiming His Gospel, have joined the church and have a class of boys to teach about these good things, and of the good example that they have before them in Christ Jesus for the whole of their life. It was my pleasure to go and speak to these boys of the reality and the value of faith in God, and of prayer, and of the wonderful and glorious things of the Christian faith."

So now he is off with the old dead stuff, and on with the new living reality of faith in God. He is now walking in the light, and has found the truth of Christ's word, "He that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," as countless millions have done. Christ's is the Desire of nations, the best Friend of all mankind. Christ died and rose again.

FAMILY ALTAR



The Scripture Union Daily Portions: Meditations by PERCY G. PARKER

Sunday, July 23rd. Luke v. 1-16.

"The people pressed upon Him to hear the Word of God" (verse 1).

Hunger for the Word of God lies hidden in multitudes of lives. Men and women do not simply want meetings when all meet together and have an enjoyable time. Such meetings leave a sense of unsatisfied desire. The human heart craves for a meeting with God. Fine singing, beautiful churches, eloquent addresses do not satisfy. Men want God. No wonder people pressed upon the Lord Jesus. He had the words of God. Every word He spoke was a word from God. As God He spoke the words of God. The life that sought God was satisfied with the words of Christ. It is true to-day. The words of our Lord are not simply wonderful words of love, they are wonderful words of God. We, too, will press upon Christ in order to hear the words of God. We will not linger upon the outside of the crowd, we will press near and listen. Then we will go forth and obey.

Monday, July 24th. Luke v. 17-26.

"We have seen strange things to-day" (verse 26).

Most of us are strangers to strange things. The routine of life is deadly monotonous. We get up at the same time, have our breakfast at the same time, reach the office at the same time, cease work at the same time, go to bed at the same time. All is deadly slow and ordinary. What do we want? We want a revival! We want a spiritual revival in which men and women are saved, healed, baptised, restored. A true revival is a tonic to spirit, soul and body. It is lovely to see God working. It is lovely to know that miracles are taking place in our own midst. Can we have such a revival? We can. The revival probably will not come the first morning after we begin to pray about it, but it will certainly come if we persevere in believing prayer. It is praying people who sooner or later find themselves in the midst of revival.

Tuesday, July 25th. Luke v. 27-39.

"He went forth and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom" (verse 27).

It would be a strange experience to Levi when he looked up and saw Jesus looking at him. It was a stranger experience still when Jesus began to talk to him. It was the strangest and most wonderful of all when Jesus said to him, "Follow Me!" Yet we can have those experiences to-day. The same Jesus who

spoke to Levi is speaking to us. He looks—He speaks—He says. "Follow Me!" What are we going to do? Are we going to respond to the look, listen to the voice, and obey the command? By Thy grace we will. By Thy grace, even to-day, we will look into Thy face and smile. We will listen to Thy voice and trust. We will obey Thy command and follow. Fellowship with Jesus on earth will bring fellowship with Jesus in heaven.

Wednesday, July 26th. Luke vi. 1-16.

"He knew their thoughts" (ver. 8).

Men know us by our words. Christ knows us by our thoughts. If our hands are busy others see. If our tongues are busy others hear. If our thoughts are busy others are ignorant. We seek to judge thoughts, and frequently our judgment is far astray. But what is impossible to man is a constant fact with the Lord. He reads our busy thoughts. He knows how thoughts whirl round in our deepest being. He sees how they jostle each other and fight each other. He knows how good thoughts and evil thoughts wrestle for the supremacy. Our thought life is an open book to the Saviour. Thoughts are only safe when they have behind them the compassionate love of Christ and an intense passion for the glory of God. It is good to check the character of our thoughts. Are we seeking only to love as Christ loved? Are we seeking solely to glorify God? If so, then we need not wince at the thought of our thoughts being known.

Thursday, July 27th. Luke vi. 17-35.

"Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh" (verse 21).

Will there be laughter in heaven? Sometimes attention has been called to the fact that it is never recorded that the Lord Jesus laughed—not even smiled. But these words shew that laughter has a place in the kingdom of God. God is a happy God. There is laughter in nature. There is laughter in men. Surely there is laughter in God. Yes, heaven rings with melody, it shines with contentment, it shouts with joy, and amidst it all, completing it all, glorifying it all, there must be laughter. Laughter that is pure, loveful, and buoyant. After earth's sorrows, after earth's persecution, after earth's losses and strains, heaven will be a place of irrepressible delight and irrepressible laughter. We get our times of laughter down here, but eternal laughter will eclipse it all. Listen. Blessed are ye that weep now—ye shall laugh!

Friday, July 28th. Luke vi. 36-49.

"And the ruin of that house was great" (verse 49).

It is pathetic to see a mansion reduced to ruins. It is even more pathetic to see a noble life end in failure. When a fine successful business man finishes up in a drunkard's grave, or a leading financier is disgraced and placed in prison, then sorrow touches every tender heart. But how much sadder is it to see a man of God become a castaway. When Judas the disciple becomes Judas the traitor, when Demas the lover of God, becomes Demas the lover of the world, then bitter sorrow fills the hearts not only of the failing ones themselves, but also of their friends. Save us, Lord, from collapse. Save us from ruin at the end of our days. May we not touch sin. May we ever build upon the rock of complete righteousness. Then the floods of life will not destroy us. The floods of earth will vanish, and we shall be left standing as eternal monuments of the power of God to keep those who build upon Christ and His righteousness.

Saturday, July 29th. Luke vii. 1-17.

"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (verse 9).

The Lord loves faith. If He can find faith then He is satisfied. Faith is simply the belief that God is able, and will perform that which He is able to do, if it is in accord with His perfect will. Faith is simply the belief that God is the great Worker who loves to work for those who are in a position to be blessed. God yearns for faith in His creatures. He knows that the creature is only perfectly happy as he harmonises with his Creator. Therefore for His own glory and for our good God looks for faith. God can do anything for a man who is full of faith. Trust in God whatever you do. As we look to God and say, "I will trust," God looks at us and says, "I will work."

THE BEAUTY OF CHRIST

I have seen a golden sunset
With its gaily coloured rays,
I have seen the mighty ocean
With its quaint enchanting bays;
I have seen a running brooklet
With the flowers on either side,
Flowers so tall and yet so stately,
Flowers that sought their face to hide;
I have seen the wondrous beauty
Of wild nature's mountain side;
Of a calm and peaceful valley
Where the sheep would roam and hide.

But the wonder of all wonders,
And most beautiful to me,
Is the beauty of my Saviour
Gracious, rich, and yet so free.
He's the fairest of ten thousand,
He's the Bright and Morning Star;
One that shineth in the valley,
And that brightens near and far.
Oh, the matchless, matchless beauty
Of the One who died for me;
I can only pray that something
Of His beauty shine in me.



EDITORIAL

A Missionary Furlough.

PRAYING friends interested in the forthcoming furlough of Pastor and Mrs. Cyril E. Taylor will be glad to hear that these faithful labourers for so many years in the Belgian Congo are due to leave their station, Ngoi-mani, in October next for England, and will pray for abundant blessing upon their visit home, and their hoped-for fellowships with friends new and old. A short journal from Mr. Taylor's pen appears elsewhere in the present issue.

Summer Holidays.

HOLIDAY time is upon us. We have heard Christian people say, that owing to being away from their spiritual homes holiday time has resulted in a measure of spiritual backsliding. It is a sad fact when this takes place. But should it take place? Decidedly we say *no*. Holiday time should be a period of spiritual and physical progress. The Israelites were trained to pitch their tents within sight of the Tabernacle. God was to be always in their vision. Likewise we should pitch our holiday tent within sight of some Tabernacle of God. The various Elim Homes with their nearby Foursquare churches are attractive centres. Why not let us cultivate the habit of getting together more during our yearly holiday?

Let us take our physical rest in an atmosphere of spiritual joy. The best holiday is not the one that most fully braces us up for the physical battles of life, but the one that most fully equips us to meet the spiritual battles of the forthcoming year.

True Tolerance.

My friends, be more afraid of the littleness than of the largeness of life. Let that be your rule about your people when you come to be their minister.

Never let yourself think, and never allow them to think, that mere intolerance upon their part, mere bitterness against those who differ from them or from their Christ, is faith,

Never discourage them from thinking. If they

are thinking wrong, do not try to stop their thinking, but teach them to think right.

Never doubt their capacity for the best faith, the profoundest experience, the largest liberty.

And as for yourself, let the same rule be master. Be more afraid of the littleness than of the largeness of life. Seek with study and with prayer for the most clear and confident convictions; and when you have won them, hold them so largely and vitally that they shall be to you, not the walls which separate you from your brethren who have other convictions than yours, but the medium through which you enter into understanding of and sympathy with them, as the ocean, which once was the barrier between nations, is now the highway for the never-resting ships, and makes the whole world one.

This is true tolerance. Into a deeper and deeper abundance of that tolerance may our Master lead all of us whom He has called to be His ministers.

A Contrast.

A TADPOLE in a mud puddle and an eagle soaring over the cloud-capped hills, see things in different aspects. And the worldling of this jazz-mad age and the student of the sure word of prophecy also see things differently. If the lover of pleasure will give himself a night off from the dance, the bridge table and the motion picture theatre and do some real thinking, and if he will consider the lawlessness, crime, and unrest that are generally prevalent today, he will truly not be very hilarious. But the diligent searcher of the prophetic Scriptures is filled with intense joy as he contemplates the plans and purposes of the God of all grace, and with heart full of worship he is compelled to cry with one of old, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!"—*Sel.*

The Reward.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

Pass on, pass on, ye raptured saints of God, in countless numbers, pass on into your rest, your home above. The God you loved, the Christ you owned, has come: your faith has won. The victory is yours—in Him alone. No other crowns your heads adorn, but what your faith has won. Pass on, pass on, ye hosts of God, pass on. For Christ has come, the Son of God. Your spotless robes in glistening light array; the light from Him shines on—the light of Him whose blood washed all your sins away. O Lamb of God!—such countless hosts pass on! Thy blood atoned for them. Thy love, Thy sacrifice were not in vain, dear Lord! I see the countless throngs around Thy throne, in glory now, and Thou, true Shepherd, 'midst the throng; Thy face, how sweet, how strong! The glory of Thy smile! The peace and love! How white Thy brow—that long since the thorns had crowned, but glory now. O saints of God, pass on!—*An Elim Crusader.*

Pilate's Final Gesture

A Sermon by Pastor H. W. GREENWAY (*Elim Tabernacle, Worthing*)

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just Person: see ye to it.
—Matthew xxvii. 24.

TRAGEDY! That in a word is the summing-up of the life of the Roman Procurator standing before us in this scripture, his thoughts occupied in retrospective reverie, gazing almost unconsciously upon the Person and scene occupying his vision.

His life has been a dramatic poem. His face is lined with the indelible impress of a life spent in debauchery and crime, and has an indescribable look of anguish. His conscience, long since seared by carnal lust, returns to throw its light upon a sinful past, like a flickering flame aroused from the dying embers by the breeze. His eyes are fixed upon the spectacle of tragic Majesty in tribulation. Somehow the convulsion within his own breast seems strangely out of harmony. If only he could step back to where his will had the same choice as before, when with weak mind he made the decision which resulted in this dilemma. But no, the past is gone, and can only be resurrected in the taunting review of eternal memory. The path of history can be retraced, but not retrod.

From the lofty height of six thousand feet the Lake of the Four Cantons, in Switzerland, looks like a huge cruciform sheet of glass, with its apex lost amid the distant rugged shore, and its foot buried in the base of the mountain. Years after the scene in the Gospels, Pilate looked down upon this painful reminder of a most shameful decision. Too well did he now understand the vanity of earthly fame and prosperity, and no longer could he bear the agony of existence in exile.

Tradition tells us that Pilate committed suicide on Mount Pilatus near the modern town of Lucerne. A small lake near at hand seemed to him the only solution to his problem of life, and as the waters closed over the body of this unhappy exile, the world saw the last of one of the great actors who were spot-lighted on the stage of time by their contact with Christ.

What was it that had caused such pitiable misery? Why this final act of desperation, as though he would drown the haunting memories that pursued him with mocking scorn? Perhaps some horrible crime constantly condemned, the

SHADOW OF A MURDER

which could not be unshackled from conscience. Not that he feared to shed blood, nor would hesitate to use the assassin's dagger. Oh no, the Roman was accustomed to killing, and not at all inclined to sympathise

with suffering, or to shudder at the thought of murder. The slaughter of men was only part of the policy adopted by the iron system called the Roman Empire, and it is not to be wondered at that her servants should be men of stony hearts. Yet the fact remains that some past action was to him a perpetual spectre so terrible that he was driven to a suicide's eternity.

It is true. There was a scene preserved in the vision of memory. There were voices that still drummed through his ears, dimmed it may be by time, but continuously reviving the same hideous thought. He had committed an outrage against God, for he had sentenced the Son of God to death after testifying to His innocence. It was a violation of justice: it was rebellion against heaven. Pilate had sat in judgment upon God Incarnate.

The scene which may have driven Pilate to this dreadful deed of self-murder is left on record by the Holy Ghost.

With what tragic beauty the sacred narrative portrays Jesus in the midst of the crowd. Buffeted, cursed, spat upon, treated with the grossest insolence by the scum of Jerusalem, derided by the soldiery, mocked by the Jewish hierarchy of priests and scribes, made the plaything of rulers; and yet through it all preserving the dignity and deportment that reflect the atmosphere of

A HEAVENLY COURT.

The Old Testament prophet in looking forward to this scene, says in simple and expressive words, "He is led as a lamb to the slaughter." The power of His submission was a greater force than that ever wielded by mortal Cæsars.

The moral struggle which took place on that fateful morning was triangular: between Accused, accuser, and judge. An intense battle was going on, for the soul of Judæa and the representative of Roman law strove each against the other. On the one hand an apostate community, goaded to fanaticism by envious priests, was seeking to assuage its hatred in the blood of an innocent victim; on the other hand stood Pilate, doggedly opposing the unjust demands of these frenzied human wolves. Had it not been for the part he played in this remarkable trial, there is no doubt that the name of this Roman Procurator would have been forgotten, save in the misty records of secular history. His character, badly as some have painted it, was not unusual. He was cruel in dealing with the subjects of his authority; he was impetuous when goaded to exercise legal power; he was avaricious by nature, and always sought for personal gain: but what was there outstanding in all these imperfections? He lived in an age when cruelty paraded as virtue; when it was necessary to be stormy, to cower the slaves of the Empire; when every man sought his own glory, and grasped for position.



Pastor
H. W. Greenway.

Tiberius, the ruling emperor at this time, was credited by a venomous Roman journalism with leading the world in barbarous acts of cruelty, and it is not to be wondered at that men of position under him should be void of sympathy. And yet the stoniest of stony hearts have some trace of superstitious dread, or could be melted in some degree by an act of kindness, or subdued in the presence of an overpowering personality. If we could have read the innermost soul of this governor we should have discovered an honest conviction persistently declaring the innocence of the dignified Prisoner. So great in fact was this impression, that three times he gave vent to his feelings in clear-cut terms, that he had examined Jesus, and found no fault in Him at all (John xviii. 38; xix. 4, 6). But Pilate not only made his personal opinion clear to the people; he also tried to escape from the embarrassing situation into which they were forcing him, for he shrank from such a wicked act. The responsibility was terrible to think of; and yet while he feared to sentence the Son of God, he shuddered at the power wielded by this tumultuous mob. To obey the dictates of conscience involved the fury of the system to which he belonged—the world. To suppress the silent claims of the mysterious Galilæan required an almost superhuman effort, for he found himself subject to the wrath of an invisible Deity of whom he had heard, but knew not—Jehovah. Two ways lay before him, and he feared to tread either, and in his dilemma he had recourse to four different attempts to rid himself of the obligation of decision—four gestures of a man driven to desperation.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT

was by an appearance of indifference to their claim for judgment—a gesture of evasion: "Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law," said Pilate, knowing full well that the Jews had no power to put any man to death and that if Jesus were judged in their ecclesiastical court, the worst they could do would be to pass sentence of excommunication or scourging. The immediate retort of the crowd is sufficient to prove their true motive in bringing the prisoner before the Roman bar of justice—to obtain legal sanction for his death. Nothing short of death will satisfy them. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," they cried, and Pilate knew this part of the criminal code only too well, but had feigned ignorance of their actual design. Such an easy escape from duty was denied him. The crowd, seeing through this assumed indifference, became all the more vehement in their accusations—"He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

The word Galilee was no sooner uttered than Pilate saw an easy way of escape, which would serve the twofold purpose of reuniting him to Herod, and of ridding himself of his dilemma. He would send Jesus to Herod. It would seem like an act of deferential courtesy, and he knew Herod had been seeking an interview with Christ. This despicable Idumæan Sadducee, whom Jesus had referred to as "that fox" (Luke xiii. 32), had always sided with the Jews in their political quarrels, and it was to be expected

that he would acquiesce in their demands upon this occasion. Herod, not hesitating to condemn, would rather take delight in the death of the One who had caused him so many fears. To Pilate it was

A GESTURE OF TRIUMPH

over his despised enemies. What cared he that another should have to take the responsibility he had thrown off—he would be free! He had again triumphed over the detestable Jewish rabble, and one can see the gloating sneer on the lip as he returned to the palace, while the cries of the people receded into the distance.

The joys of this victory were, however, short-lived. Only a brief time had elapsed before he again heard the din of the multitude drawing near, and knew by the threatening cries that it was no new trouble being stirred up in this turbulent city. They were bringing their Victim back to him, having failed to achieve the fulfilment of their infamous wish at the hand of Herod.

With an irritability only held in check by the accusing finger of the crafty priest, Pilate again comes out to listen to the floods of invective and hate levelled against this Man whom he has now grown to fear. The whole demeanour of the Prisoner has been one of patience, while His look is that of pity and not scorn; and Pilate was aware that his weak and vacillating mind was open to the penetrating gaze of Jesus. The judge had become the judged.

He would make another effort to free the captive. This time he appealed to the humanity of the crowd: a rather imprudent sentiment in face of such fanaticism. It was the annual custom to release a prisoner at the Passover, and as they were about to celebrate this feast at Jerusalem, he would offer Jesus to the people together with Barabbas, who was

A ROBBER AND MURDERER.

No mind with any sense of right and wrong could accept a felon in place of a defenceless Healer! Had Pilate underestimated the depth of the people's hate, that he should make such a gesture of respect to their sense of equality? What cared they who went free as long as they spilt the blood of the mighty Healer?—whose hands had blessed their children, and wrought deeds of kindness everywhere, and whose only guilt was His claim to be the Son of God; which fact He had indeed established by His own miraculous powers. This peculiar antagonism to the wondrous work of God is perpetuated to this day in the spirit of hatred still maintained among many who persist in rejecting the mighty works of God, and attributing them (as the enemies of Christ did in days of old) to demon power. Envy, hatred, and malice had formed a coalition, and even the release of a character like Barabbas was a blessing, if only it led to the accomplishment of their nefarious design.

Time was fast going by, and the crowd was beginning to assume a threatening aspect; this constant parleying which had been going on since early morning was driving them to desperation, and the mad scream, "Crucify!" was now the prominent word in their savage wailing. They were not to be tricked of their prey by this heathen idolater, and he himself knew it was dangerous to exasperate them too much;

they had suffered enough ignominy at his hands already. Their cries are insistent, and now sound in the ears of Pilate like a funeral dirge over his own soul. They were forcing his hands to perform

AN OUTRAGE

that horrified him, and that would incur the wrath of heaven; for even his own wife had warned him through her mysterious dream. He must take his stand now for good or evil. In despair he made his final gesture before the crowd. He called for a bowl of water, and washed his hands in sight of them all, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person; see ye to it." By their knowledge of the Law and its customs the people knew full well what this signified. An appeal was made to their own creed. Pilate had seemingly washed his hands of guilt, and disassociated himself from the deed about to be enacted (Deut. xxi. 6). To the thoughtless reader of Scripture it might seem that Pilate had delivered his soul of bloodguiltiness; and we must admit he certainly would have done, had he at this stage fulfilled the deeper meaning of this ancient custom. His next step in order to execute the rite was the release of Jesus; then would he have freed his soul from all blame; instead of which, we read, "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required." He had washed his hands, but his heart remained untouched. He had said in effect, "This crime has nothing to do with me," and immediately afterwards sent the innocent Christ to the cross. How empty this final gesture seems when we follow the story to its end! The washing of hands was but an effort to excuse himself before man and God; a piece of bluff. Jesus stood before Pilate, and one pressing question had to be answered, "What will you do with Jesus?" and Pilate spurned the Christ while professing to have nothing to do with Him.

Pilate is not alone in this attempt to extricate himself from the obligation which came to him: there are thousands to-day who are willing to acknowledge their belief in

JESUS AS A HISTORICAL FIGURE,

but refuse to prove that belief in a consistent way. To admit that Jesus lived and was the Son of God involves an acknowledgment of His sovereignty. If He is the Son of God, then by virtue of that fact He demands our obedience; and His first command to the sinner is "Repent!" Jesus claims our allegiance while the world urges a refusal of that claim, and we for the sake of a clamouring world, reject the Christ for what this may offer us.

You say you believe Jesus was innocent. So did Pilate! Three times he told the multitude how he had examined Him and could find no fault in Him at all. But does that not add to the fearfulness of the crime? Imagine the judge in our own land who, after he had received the verdict of the jury, "Not guilty," passed sentence of death upon the man in the dock: we would assign to that judge a place in a mental home. And yet we are doing the very same thing. We cannot believe in the innocence of Jesus without admitting the supernatural efficacy of His death, and the satanic agency which sent Him there. It was the

sin of the world that brought about the death of God's Son on Calvary, and we have sinned; all have sinned! We are implicated in that murder, and while we turn our heads in the other direction to tell the world we will have nothing to do with Christianity, our hands are stained with Calvary's blood.

Pilate feared political exile, but did not escape it by surrender to the whims of the world. Consent to sin is no remedy to save us from its evil result. He sought the favour of an earthly ruler, and found it to be a disappointment. If we have bowed the knee to

THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD,

our pleasure, alluring as it may seem, will be but a brief joy. To obey the demand of the King of kings may certainly cost us much while down here, but it is the right thing to do, for no man can free his soul from sin until he has been to the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon.

There is another picture given us in the Word of God even more striking than the scene of the unjust trial of Christ in Pilate's judgment hall. This time Jesus Himself is Judge, while gathered around the Great White Throne upon which He sits are assembled all those who in the days of their flesh have sat in judgment upon Him. Space is the only judgment hall on this occasion. There is no howling mob to accuse these prisoners: the silent record of the Lamb's Book of Life is the great witness against them now. Pilate again confronts Christ Jesus the Lord, but no longer has he the opportunity to wash his hands or free his soul. It is the last great Judgment, and his condemnation is complete. He sentenced Christ, knowing full well that he sent the Son of God to a most shameful death, and now he himself stands to be sentenced with the horrifying sense of his own wrong-doing. But Pilate is not the only one condemned at this final tribunal; there are millions more who like him have washed their hands of Christianity, and whose names are absent from the Book of Life. How terrible the words of Christ when He has to say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed."

Are we, in the sight of the world, washing our hands of Calvary's crime while indulging in the very sins which caused its awful suffering? Are we hurrying to this Judgment, conscious that we are in the same condemnation as Pilate? There is only one way whereby we can free our hearts, it is by accepting the Saviour, through whose blood we can be cleansed from every sin; for He went to the cross a willing Offering, that He might purchase our eternal salvation by the sacrifice of Himself. Then, and only then, can our hearts be cleansed as well as our hands.

May God help us to obey His command now, lest the angel of death call us beyond the place of repentance, and we awake to face the One whom we have spurned, unforgiven, unsaved, and meriting only eternal destruction.

ANONYMOUS GIFTS.

During the past week we have received the following gifts from anonymous donors, and to them we extend thanks in His name:

New Buildings Fund: F.E. (Clapham), 2/-.
Elim Foreign Missions: Ebenezer (London), 5/-; Hove Crusader (designated), 10/-; Plymouth sister, £5.

Great Scientists Reject Evolution

PRESIDENT Hadley of Yale University recently said of evolution, "It is not a universal science, because it is not a science at all."

President Emeritus of Harvard University, Charles M. Eliot has lately declared evolution is a hypothesis and not a science at all—"It is only a theory."

Prof. William Bateson of England, the greatest living biologist, at the head of the biology department of Cambridge University and President of The British Association for the Advancement of Science, says: "It is impossible for scientists any longer to agree with Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species. Varieties of many kinds we daily witness, but no origin of species." He further adds, "An organism cannot pass on to its offspring a factor which it did not itself receive in fertilization." And again, "If Darwin had known the truth revealed by the testing of Mendel's law, he would never have written his books."

Prof. Jos. Le Conte of the University of California says, "The evidence of geology to-day is that species seem to come into existence suddenly and in full perfection, remain substantially unchanged during the term of their existence and pass away in full perfection. Other species take their places, apparently by substitution and not by transmutation."

Dr. Virchow, the highest German authority on physiology and chemistry, says of creative evolution, "It is all nonsense. It cannot be proved by science that man descended from the ape or from any other animal."

Professor Winchell says, "The great stubborn fact is, that notwithstanding variations we are ignorant of a single instance of the derivation of one species from another."

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

is a scientific mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its methods and mischievous in its tendency."

Sir I. W. Dawson, in *The Story of the Earth and Man*, says of evolution, "It is utterly destitute of proof."

Dr. W. H. Thompson, former President of New York Academy of Medicine, says again, "Darwinism is now rejected by the majority of biologists as absurdly inadequate. It is absurd to rank man among the animals."

Professor Owens says, "No instance of change of one species into another has ever been recorded by man."

Professor Graas, famous palæontologist, "The idea that mankind is descended from any simian species whatever is certainly the most foolish ever put forth by a man writing on the history of man."

Professor H. H. Newman, in *Readings in Evolution*, "Reluctant as we may be to admit it, honesty compels the evolutionists to admit that there is no absolute proof of organic evolution."

Canada's great geologist, Sir William Dawson, says, "The record of the rocks is decidedly against evolution. . . . Palæontology furnishes no evidence as

to the actual transformation of one species into another. Nothing is known about the origin of man except what is told in Scripture."

PROF. VERNON KELLOGG

of Leland Stanford University says, "No indubitable cases of species forming or transforming, that is, of descent, have been observed."

Geo. B. O'Toole, in *The Case Against Evolution*, says, "There is no such thing as experimental evidences for evolution."

Dr. I. B. Warren of the University of California, says, "If the theory of evolution is true . . . there would certainly be known at least a few instances of the evolution of one species from another. No such instance is known."

Professor Grottewitz, "The origin of one species from another, the conservation of the useful forms, the existence of countless intermediary links, are all assumptions which could never be supported by concrete cases formed in actual experience."

Professor Louis T. Moore, "With all our striving we have never been able to produce a new species"

Sir David Brewster says, "We have absolute proof of the immutability of species, whether we search in history or in geologic times."

Professor Lionel S. Beale, one of England's greatest scientists, says, "There is no evidence that man has descended, or is, or was, in any way specially related to any other organism in nature through evolution or by any other process."

Professor Beale again says, "In support of all rationalistic conjectures concerning man's origin, there is not, at this time, a shadow of scientific evidence."

Professor Louis T. Moore of the University of Cincinnati says, "The evolution of man from the lower animals is purely a matter of guess."

More than a thousand great scientists are on record as rejecting the theory of evolution. Yet it is being taught in our tax-supported schools by ignorant teachers who are unaware that they are just furthering the unscientific propaganda of atheists and agnostics.

—T. H. N.

The best way for a preacher to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.

There is only one thing from God to which an unpardoned sinner has a right, and that is the forgiveness of his sins; but that right is based upon the blood of Christ, shed for sinners, and not on any merit in the sinner himself.

Sufficient unto the day is the grace of God, and we need none to-day for to-morrow. If we had it, we could not use it; for to-morrow's grace would not fit to-day. Why then try to borrow either to-morrow's trouble, or its grace?

G LAD OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST'S COMMAND

New Berean Enquirers—Earnest Pledges and Scriptural Faith

The love of the believer is judged not by words but by actions. Thus the frequent baptismal services held in the Elim churches bear eloquent testimony to the great-heartedness of the converts in this God-blessed movement. Only by the fervent and consistent exalting of Christ in all the services can the people be led into a closer walk with Him. This is the aim and object of every Foursquare worker, and we rejoice in the evidences of the seal of God upon their labours.

OBEDIENT BELIEVERS.

Kensington (Pastor W. L. Kemp). A glorious time was experienced at the baptismal service held recently at Kensington Temple, Kensington Park Road. Many were the expressions of gladness

and pleasure heard as the large congregation left the Temple after the meeting. A bright song service marked the opening of the evening's feast, and the singing all through the service evidenced an enthusiasm harmoniously blended with a deep reverence that could not but thrill all hearts. During the service the Ilford Quintette Party sang, "Burdens to Bear" with



Pastor
W. L. Kemp.

much blessing Pastor W. L. Kemp preached a powerful Gospel message from John iii. 3, "Ye must be born again." This sermon was moving and appealing from the beginning to the end, and was always pregnant with the insistent demand for the new birth. When the Pastor made an appeal for conversion, one after another in quick succession raised their hands, until eleven had publicly signified their acknowledgment of Christ as Saviour.

The candidates for baptism each testified concerning their salvation, and then proceeded to follow their Master and Lord through the baptismal waters. Prior to the immersions, Pastor Kemp quoted a separate promise from the Scriptures for each believer.

Seventeen sisters and six brothers were baptised. A mother and her two young sons, and also a young man of colour, were among the candidates.

BAPTISMS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Beeston, Nottingham. Many Beestonians were praying for a revival in this place, as there were so many starved hearts and not much green pasture.

Praise God for answered prayers. One day Mrs. W. G. Channon and one of the sisters in Beeston, after a long search, eventually secured a room in the Council Schools.

Since the formation of this branch of the Nottingham church in February, over thirty-five precious souls have come to the Saviour, many of whom have given their testimony and are now going on their way rejoicing.

The Thursday evening Bible studies by Mrs. Channon have been exceedingly blessed of God, and the Gospel services have been uplifting and freighted with power. The congregations are also steadily increasing.

Breaking-of-bread services are now held every Lord's Day. During these times of fellowship Mrs. Channon has taken up a series of studies on the 23rd Psalm, revealing a fresh vision of the glory and majesty of the Good Shepherd. Hearts are all aglow with the praises of God, each meeting brings fresh blessing for body, soul and spirit. A baptismal service was held in the City Temple, Nottingham, recently, when Pastor W. G. Channon baptised thirty-eight believers, including twenty candidates from the Beeston branch.

BARNESLEY BAPTISMS.

Barnsley (Pastor J. McAvoy). A series of studies on The Tabernacle in the Wilderness given every Thursday evening by Pastor McAvoy have proved very interesting and edifying to the congregation meeting at the Arcade Hall.

A large canvas has been beautifully painted by one of the brother members, under the direction of the Pastor, of the Tabernacle and its sacred furniture, the art of the covenant with the cherubim on either side, the golden candlestick, and the table of shewbread.

This helped the people to understand as every subject was taken.

Many beautiful types of Christ were brought forth. Christ was shewn concealed in the Old Testament and revealed in the New Testament.

Every detail was minutely explained, how God desired the Tabernacle to be built, that He might dwell in the midst of His people.

The preacher shewed how God desired to dwell with the children of Israel on their journey through the wilderness, and how through sin and unbelief the shekinah glory left them. But praise God, though the glory departed, it came back in Christ Jesus.

From these studies the saints have gathered much light concerning the love

of God, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the remission of sins by the shed blood of the Lamb.

The following is taken from the "Barnsley Chronicle":

The Barnsley branch of the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance held their third baptismal service in Zion Baptist Church, Pitt Street West, lent by the officials of that sanctuary, their kindness being deeply appreciated by the Elim Foursquare Gospel adherents.

The service was well attended, and the usual bright and hearty singing gave the impression that their religion seemed to be one of joy, even on such a solemn and sacred occasion. The special preacher was Pastor L. N. Knipe, of Glossop.

There were twelve white-robed converts, who testified to their faith before they entered the water to be baptised by Pastor J. McAvoy, the resident minister. As each one was about to be immersed, a scriptural promise was read by Pastor Knipe.

INSTRUCTIVE BIBLE STUDIES.

Glasgow (Pastor P. Le Tissier). The assembly at the City Temple, Bath Street, under the able ministry of Pastor P. Le Tissier, still continues to have times of much spiritual blessing from the abundant storehouse of our heavenly Father.

Recently Mr. S. Burke of Kilsyth gave the Gospel address on a Sunday evening, taking for his text, Jonah iii. 4, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Later Pastor R. Mercer of Greenock, at the evening service gave a Bible study on the question, Are there Modern Apostles in the Church To-day? He gave clearly and concisely from God's Word a stirring address, which made God's people eager to know more of the fulness and deepness of God's Word.

On the following Thursday evening, the City Temple saints had a special missionary meeting the speaker being



Pastor
P. Le Tissier.

Miss D. Ching, preceding which she gave an address to the Elim Cadets.

The Monday evening Crusader meetings are well attended, the various bands taking part from week to week, with much benefit and blessing to the young people.

The Tuesday evening prayer meetings in the church hall are hallowed times spent in the presence of the Master, where He hears our petitions, and we know that having heard He will answer. At the Thursday evening Bible studies God's people are enlightened and edified

in their study of the Holy Scriptures, and are built up thereby.

The two open-air meetings held on Saturday and Sunday evenings respectively are well attended, and the Gospel message is attentively listened to by the passers by.

Concise Comments & Interesting Items

The World Economic Conference! Whither? At the moment of writing this loudly trumpeted Conference threatens to end in miserable failure. It is announced that the Conference is fizzling out. It is supposed to have burst like a pricked bubble.

One discerning writer speaks of the tangle that has arisen. He says:

"By a somewhat strange coincidence, on the first morning of the Mildmay Conference, I had occasion to look in at what was generally regarded as the all-important gathering in London. Here I saw the representatives of the nations, their prime ministers, financial experts, and business specialists, in conference, perplexed and harassed at the state of the world's affairs.

"'We cannot go on like this,' they were saying: 'we have come to an impasse. Ruin and disaster, upheaval and revolution, are before us and around us.' And, in perplexity and difficulty, every man turned to his neighbour saying, in effect: 'Who shall shew us any good?'"

The same writer then goes on to contrast with this world political Conference a spiritual Conference that was being held at Mildmay in London. He says:

"From this confusion of tongues, I travelled to Mildmay, where a much less imposing gathering (to all outward ap-

pearance) was in progress. The speakers here did not minimise the difficulties which confront the world; indeed, it seemed to me that they were more intensely conscious of their reality than most of those who were at the World Economic Conference. But they were, at least, certain of the one way out of the tangle; and that is by the way of righteousness, by understanding of, and obedience to, the Word of God!

So I sat down in the great Conference Hall at Mildmay with a sense of relief and assurance, for here, I knew, were those who came with something more than lip service, to wait for light from God Himself for their own guidance, and that of others, seeking by prayer and the study of His Word, to discover the particular path in life which God wished them to follow."

Political chaos is overruled by God. This is our faith. This is our hope. In some way or other God is keeping His hand upon this rocking and rollicking world. Political movements are being steadily guided to their final end. That end will be the absolute necessity of the Lord Jesus coming and taking the spiritual and political control of the whole world. A perfect spiritual rule will surely express itself in a perfect material rule. Meanwhile our faith is being heartened by stories of individual conversion to the rule of Christ.

One such striking conversion is told by the Rev. Lionel Fletcher in a series of articles on "Life Quest and Conquest." He says:

"I knew of a father whose conversion was brought about by the fact that his son weeded his garden for him as his first act on the first Saturday afternoon, after he had come forward to confess Christ. He knew that his boy hated gardening, and loved football, and he knew that he had given up an afternoon of football to do that garden, because his father was ill. The man looked at the garden, when he rose from his sick bed, and joined his astonished son at the meeting to which he was going, and from that day went with his son to church on Sundays, and finally gave his heart to his boy's Saviour.

"'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me . . . in Jerusalem,'—that means where you live."

Anticipating the coming of the Lord one has beautifully written:

There's a break in the clouds over yonder
And the form of a coming One,
With a face all glorious and radiant
As the glow of a rising sun.
'Tis a long dark night we have waited,
With but few faint stars to cheer;
Now the Morning Star has arisen
And the day of rapture is here.

I know Someone who Loves You

E.P.G.

Moderato.

E. P. GRAHAM

mf I know Some-one who loves you, Some-one who is al-ways true;

rall. *p* Some-one who has died for you, *marcato.* *ff* Je-sus is His name.

COPYRIGHT—This chorus was written recently by Dr. E. P. Grahame, who has just concluded a successful mission in Rochester Church.

Bible Study Helps

GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.

1. Expectation (Isa. ix. 6, 7).
2. Revelation (Luke i. 11).
3. Adoration (Matt. ii. 11).
4. Ordination (Luke iii. 22).
5. Manifestation (John xvii. 6).
6. Appropriation (Eph. iii. 17, 19).
7. Consummation (Rev. xxii. 3, 5).

GOD'S LOVE FOR THE WORLD.

1. God's love for the world—"God so loved the world" (John iii. 16).
2. God's desire for the world—"on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke ii. 14).
3. God's Gift to the world—"a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 11).
4. God's call to the world—"whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).



ELIM CRUSADER PAGE

MOTTO: GOD'S BEST FOR US — OUR BEST FOR GOD



Notes & News

Wimborne. This newly-formed branch of Elim Crusaders, although not great in numbers, are rich in the blessing of God. On a recent Sunday two of the sisters ministered the Word at the evening Gospel service, and the Crusaders also took part in the mid-week service at Broadstone for which we praise God.—H.B.

Reading. We praise God for a company of young people able to testify to all in Reading that Christ fully saves and satisfies, and who can say from personal experience, "Jesus, Thou art everything to me."

God richly blessed us during the leadership of Pastor Farlow, several new members were added to our branch, and through his ministry many Crusaders were led into closer fellowship with our Lord.

We have already witnessed times of blessing in our Crusader meetings under the leadership of Pastor Kelly, who is now labouring in this part of the vineyard. "Forward be our watch-word, steps and voices joined, Seek the things before us, not a look behind."—G.M.B.

Ipswich. The blessing of the Lord is still falling upon our Crusader branch. Of late we have had some very interest-

ing and helpful meetings. The various working bands have taken charge from week to week, and by the Lord's help have given some very good programmes. Especially did we enjoy the last missionary service, when several letters direct from the field, were read to us. We were also privileged to have with us on this occasion a missionary from China, for the ministry of the Word.

It brings great joy to our hearts to see our branch flourishing under the preaching of the Word. Our Pastor, Mr. Chuter, is most enthusiastic, and his messages from the Word of God have been the means of making us more zealous for the Lord.

We have recommenced our summer village open-air services, and have already had some glorious times declaring the Gospel. The numbers that have assisted in these services have indeed proved to be very encouraging. Also the Saturday night open-air services on the Cornhill have been truly blessed of God, and well attended by the Crusaders. Crowds have stood around, and tracts have been distributed amongst them.

We rest in the assurance that our "labour is not in vain in the Lord."—H.M.C.

Stars Distant—Christ Near

Stars are very beautiful, and very far away. To look up into the heavens on a clear night and see the countless myriads of glitter-

ing stars is an experience that never grows commonplace. It is a wonder of wonders, placed before our eyes by the Creator as a continual reminder of the vastness of His created universe and the infinite reaches of His thought and power. But stars are very far away. *World Evangelisation*, the Prayer Bulletin of the World Dominion Movement, notes a statement by Sir James Jeans, whose book, *The Stars in their Courses*, is thrilling reading. He says that if Adam had sent an S.O.S. it would not have reached the nearest globular cluster of stars yet, and that from the second-nearest star-city light had to travel for 900,000 years to reach us. These facts and figures are staggering, quite beyond our comprehension. But the writer who comments on this quotes with it the following beautiful assurance:

I need not journey far, this dearest Friend
to see,
Companionship is always mine, He makes
His home with me.
I envy not the Twelve; nearer to me is
He:
The life He once lived here on earth He
lives again in me.

The Lord Jesus Christ, who created and placed the stars, ascended far beyond and above them in His resurrection body after He had lived and died on this earth; and just before He passed through the vast heavenly universe, going by that "second-nearest star-city," He said to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always." Our prayers are carried in His Name to the throne of God, which is a great deal farther away than that star-city from which it takes almost a million years for light to reach us. But our prayers in Christ's Name travel faster than light. God's assurance is: "He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him" (Psalm xci. 15). Better still for swiftness: "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isaiah lxxv. 24).



A Group of Reading Crusaders, with Pastor F. Farlow in the Front Row.

Classified Advertisements

REVISED RATES.

30 words (minimum) 2/6 per insertion and 1d for every additional word. Three consecutive insertions for the price of two. Box numbers 6d. per insertion extra.

All advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, Elim Publishing Co., Ltd., Park Crescent, Clapham, S.W.4

Advertisements should arrive MONDAY mornings for the issue on sale the next day week.

BOARD-RESIDENCE, ETC.

Holiday Apartments, etc.

ABERYSTWYTH—Ideal place for holiday; sea, country, mountains, record sunshine; fellowship at Foursquare Gospel Church, Guild Room, Portland Road, open all season; apartments. Apply Mrs. D. W. Evans, 6, Northgate Street B1394

BANGOR, Ireland—Ballyholme Private Hotel, Seachife Road; sea front, newly decorated and furnished, convenient bathing, boating, park, tennis, etc. own baking, excellent catering, also at White Hall, Portrush. Apply Miss Leyburn B1414

BANGOR, Ireland—Board-residence, apartments; very central, three minutes to promenade, bathing, assembly hall, and railway station, very moderate terms. Apply Mrs. Gray, "Erne House," Grays Hill B1424

BETH-RAPHA, Glossop, Derbyshire—Elm Home for spiritual and physical refreshment, situated near the Derbyshire hills and Yorkshire moors. Those desiring help concerning Divine Healing and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit are specially invited. Moderate terms. Apply, Superintendent (above address)

CHRISTCHURCH, Hants.—The Regal Cafe, lovely grounds, Crusaders catered for, apartments, board-residence, bed and breakfast; two minutes assembly, car for hire, forest rides; comfort, moderate charges. Mrs. H. Elmer, 17, High Street B1320

CHRISTIAN Workers' Holiday Home (Devon)—Principal Percy G. Parker's seaside home for rest, Bible study, salvation, healing, holiness, and the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Open from May to September. Summer Bible School, July 16th—Sept. 10th. Subject, The Second Coming of the Lord. Particulars from Mrs. Paiker, The Rookery, Lynton, Devon B1278

EASTBOURNE—Bed and breakfast. Apartments or board-residence. Near town, sea and station. Comfortable and homely. Terms moderate. Mrs. A. Ellender, 10, Hyde Road. B1410

EASTBOURNE—Board-residence, three minutes sea; terms 40/-, children under 15, 20/-, bed and breakfast 21/-, no vacancies July 22nd—29th, August 5th—19th; Foursquare. Mrs. D. L. Weeks, "Oak Villa," 4, Desmond Road B1431

HASTINGS—Board-residence 35/- Bed and breakfast 21/- Parties of Crusaders special terms. Mrs. Barnes, 28, St. Helens Road, B1407

HASTINGS—Large, comfortable bed-sitting rooms, bed and breakfast 21/-; home comfort, Christian fellowship, five minutes sea and assembly. Mrs. Adams, 16, Braybrooke Terrace B1393

HERNE BAY—Comfortable apartments, clean, cooking and attendance, quietly situated, bed and breakfast 25/- per week, or board-residence. Mrs. Turner, 3, Park Road B1384

HOLIDAY Home, 35/-, every comfort, Christian fellowship, near sea and station. Miss Job, 212, Victoria Road, Southend-on-Sea, East. B1406

HOVE—Board-residence, highly recommended, select neighbourhood, close to Tabernacle, and buses to all parts; near sea; with or without board. Mrs. Andrews, "Malmains," 37, Marmion Road, B1331

HOVE—Board-residence: quiet, comfortable and homely, few minutes sea. 40/- weekly, or 30/- each for two sharing double bed. Mrs. Cooley, "Beulah Cottage," 43, Erroll Road, West Hove, Sussex B1313

HOVE, Sussex—Bed and breakfast, other meals by arrangement, or homely apartments, bath and indoor sanitation, close to tabernacle, sea and shops, moderate charges. Mrs. Baker, 247, Portland Road B1314

HOVE—Board-residence, own catering if preferred; home comforts, central position on the sea front, between Hove and Brighton assemblies, specially recommended by pastors. Mrs. Griffiths, 19, St. Catherine's Terrace, Kingsway B1366

ISLE OF WIGHT, Shanklin—Recommended by Elim pastors and workers. Mrs. E. Burrows, "Elm," St. Martin's Avenue, Shanklin, I.O.W. B1306

ISLE OF WIGHT, Ryde—Cottage apartments or bed and breakfast; suitable for two ladies; central position, one minute from shops and assembly, five minutes from sea. Miss Pannell, 7, Anglesea Street. B1430

ISLE OF WIGHT, Ryde—Bed and breakfast, apartments or board-residence; one minute from assembly and town, five minutes sea. Mrs. D. I. Leder, 23, Victoria Street. B1429

LONDON—Clean homely apartments. Good food, liberal table, select neighbourhood. Full board sharing 30/-. Bed and breakfast 21/-. Near conveyances, no restrictions. Mrs. Howard, 40, Guernsey Grove, Herne Hill, S.E.24. B1411

LONDON, Clapham—Bed-sitting rooms, every convenience: full or partial board; bathroom fitted with geyser; near trams, buses and tube; very quiet; terms moderate. Perry, 40, Lillieshall Road. B1419

MARGATE—Board-residence, adjoining Promenade; bathing from house, terms May 30/-, June 35/-, July and August 40/-, September 35/- per week; recommended (stamp) Mrs. Green, Denmark House, 67, Rancorn Road. B1330

NORTH WALES—Lovely scenery, walks, drives, mountains, valleys, sea-bathing from house; comfortable home, terms moderate; reduction for parties of four or more. Mrs. Taylor, "Grange," Wynnstay Road, Old Colwyn. B1416

SHANKLIN—Thornbury Boarding House, quiet and restful, standing in large garden, ideal position, two minutes from lift, cliffs, Keats Green, and Chine; recommended by Christian workers. Aodry Miss E. Fyfe. Telephone 230 B1385

SPEND your holidays at Leigh-on-Sea; comfortable apartments, quiet, restful, Christian home; bed and breakfast 17/6, or board-residence; special terms parties. Mrs. Cutmore, 17, St. Clement's Drive. B1415

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