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The

Elim Evangel

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Fundamental, Pentecostal, Evangelical

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THIRTY YEARS A WATCH TOWER SLAVE

Written by William J. Schnell and made the basis of a Sunday evening address by
WALTER H. URCH, Minister of Elim Church, Dundee.

I HAVE never before given a Sunday evening address which was virtually a book review, and I should not contemplate making a habit of such a practice, but I am doing it on this occasion because I am persuaded that it will be profitable to do so.

Thirty Years a Watch Tower Slave is the main title of this book, but it also carries a sub-title, *The Confessions of a Converted Jehovah's Witness*. It has been written by William J. Schnell, a German who is now an American citizen.

In the foreword he says of his book, "It is simply the heart-felt story of a slavery so deep that it took me thirty years to get free. . . . The ink used to print may bring to view the words that make up this story, but its spiritual concept and ideas were written with my life-blood and with my feelings of torment and torture, experienced in a hell far more vivid to me than was the Inferno of Dante."

The title of the first chapter impressed me as being most apt:

"IT APPEARED SO HARMLESS"

That, of course, is characteristic of all spiritual and moral slaveries. In the first instance the Devil always presents evil with subtlety and never with blatancy. Many a man has been poisoned by eating food attractively presented and many a drunkard curses the apparent harmlessness of the first steps which led to his enslavement.

But this book is a reminder that slavery lies in the realm of religion as well as in the realm of morals. There are some people who are, by disposition, more religiously inclined than others: religious questions interest them and religious activities are necessary to

their happiness. This the enemy knows quite well, and he acts accordingly. To be religious is not necessarily the same as being a Christian, and to go to meetings does not necessarily ensure you of going to heaven. Our concern must not be for religious opinions, no matter how plausible, or how sincerely held, but for religious truth; and the fountain of religious truth is Jesus Christ, who declared, "I am the truth."

Here, in this first chapter, I read how William Schnell, at the age of twelve, and through the ministry of the local Lutheran Sunday school, was soundly converted. "I was," he says, "deeply stirred by a vision of Jesus our Saviour as evoked by . . . the parable of the Good Samaritan. . . . There came into my heart faith to believe in the wonderful provisions of God for me in Jesus Christ. I began to believe in sin and salvation. I learned with joy that for sinners like me Jesus had died on the Cross, and that His blood had washed away my sins and that, in His resurrection, death had been conquered for me. . . . In this momentous way I was born again." *Let this not be forgotten as we proceed.*

All this happened as World War I was dragging to its final stages—a time when, as the author says, many of his generation were being made pawns by forces which eventually led them to Communism, Atheism, or Nazism. He eventually fell victim to what he calls an even greater "ism" and became its slave for thirty years—the Watch Tower religion of the Jehovah's Witnesses.

In 1921 he and his family found themselves in Berlin, where one day they were visited by a Bible Student who left literature for them to read. This

led to the family, at that time spiritually unaffiliated, being linked up with what was then known as "The Berlin Bible Students' Ecclesia," where, he says, "we found a good measure of brotherly love." But he goes on: "Let me say here that the Bible Students' Ecclesias then were a far cry from the present meeting places of Jehovah's Witnesses known as Kingdom Halls. They were entirely independent of central control. They were consecrated Christians greatly concerned with 'making their calling and election sure' and in being transformed into the likeness of the Lord in their thinking, their living and their behaviour."

William Schnell, then a young fellow in his teens, goes on to tell how that *every afternoon he spent two hours* going from house to house telling people of God's purpose. "This was all done," he says, "by inner impulsion, not by organisation compulsion as now practised by the theocratic minded Jehovah's Witnesses."

It was at this time that in far-away Brooklyn, New York, momentous events in the history of the Bible Students' Ecclesias were taking place. Charles T. Russell was dead and the leadership had fallen to the dynamic and ambitious Joseph Franklin Rutherford, who for no apparent reason was known to his followers as "The Judge." Some time previously Rutherford had been committed to prison for alleged un-American activities, and at this time his wrath and desire for revenge against the clergy, whom he blamed as the chief instigators of his imprisonment, knew no bounds. Leadership in such circumstances would clearly be a sinister affair. This certainly was. It is here that the author records a most significant paragraph, which I will give you in his own words:

"The Watch Tower leadership sensed that within the midst of Christendom were many millions of professing Christians who were not well grounded in 'the truths once delivered to the saints,' and who would be rather easily pried loose from the churches and led into a new revitalised Watch Tower organisation. The Society calculated, and that rightly, that this lack of proper knowledge of God and the widespread acceptance of half-truths in Christendom would yield vast masses of men and women, if the whole matter were wisely attacked, and the attack sustained, and the results contained, and then used in an ever widening circle."

At this point the phrase so familiar to modern minds—brain-washing—first occurs in the book. Rutherford determined that old ideas had to be destroyed and old concepts had to be rooted out. This attack, by brain-washing technique, was launched with a pamphlet entitled *The Fall of Baby-*

lon the Great, published in 1919. According to Rutherford, Christendom was Babylon the Great, and Babylon was doomed. This pamphlet reached the homes of multitudes of people vaguely familiar with Christian doctrine, but certainly not grounded in it. The zeal and pertinacity of the Witnesses, combined with the plausibility of the pamphlet's contents, achieved a resounding success. Rutherford was (and we give him full credit here) a keen and discerning student of human nature. He knew how vaguely Christian doctrines were held in the minds of multitudes, and he was also fully aware of the incredible gullibility of human nature.

Like his contemporary, Adolph Hitler, Rutherford made use of hatred as one of the chief promoters of his work. From his point of view it succeeded. The Bible-loving people of the original Ecclesias were being transformed into a *church-hating people*, and the Watch Tower ways of thinking were being substituted for Bible ways of thinking. As a result, intolerance and narrow-mindedness reigned.

The next step, as Schnell points out, was the annihilation of individuality. Personal thinking was replaced by theocratic, or Watch Tower, thinking from the top down. It used to be the custom for the Witnesses to take round gramophones on which they played, to people willing to listen, messages from Judge Rutherford. The gramophones are now no longer in use, but anyone who has had any experience in speaking with the Witnesses will have been impressed by the gramophonic manner in which they have been addressed.

Another book appeared: *Millions Now Living Will Never Die*. Our author, commenting on this book, declared: "I put out as many as 1,000 copies of *Babylon the Great* in Berlin during the course of a single week and sold thousands of copies of *Millions Now Living Will Never Die*." The Watch Tower Society has been built on prophecy misinterpreted and foisted upon a gullible people who had not learnt rightly to divide the word of truth. For this the churches must bear a large share of responsibility. Doctrinal preaching has for years been out of fashion in so many quarters, and vague homilies, brief and inconsequential, have taken its place. The Witnesses never thrive on Christian communities grounded in the truth and fed upon the Word. They thrive upon those attached to modernistic churches, worldly churches and churches which have failed to proclaim the great doctrines of the faith.

At this point let us note how the Jehovah's Witnesses were developing as a movement. It had substituted hate for love as the energising factor in its
(Continued on page 518)



I WAS privileged to share a little part in the students' farewell service on their leaving Elim Bible College. Here was a company of dedicated young men who already have given evidence of their devotion and ability. I was interested to learn of their individual appointments to first pastorates. To me it is a great tragedy to have noticed over the years promising young men leave the ministry within a short period of leaving Bible College. Occasionally it may be for the best, if one judges he mistook his call. The understanding sympathy and faithful support from members and church officers will encourage a young man to give of his best, and be his best. A minister may make or break a church; equally, a church may make or break a minister.

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"If God lend thee wealth, exalt not thyself above thy fellow, for ye both sleep together in the end." A sister was so impressed by these words which appeared outside a local Jewish synagogue that she phoned to give me this quote. It has a worth-while message in each clause. I was reminded of a Presbyterian minister in an Irish country church during my ministry there. Among his "annuals" there was his favourite sermon on Solomon's words: "The rich and poor meet together," with the inevitable conclusion and climax that "death is a great leveller."

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The title page of this magazine emphasises that in theology we are fundamentalists. We are such as a movement, as are several other denominations and societies. In addition, there is, I believe, an increasing number of ministers in the Church of England

and other large denominations who also are fundamentalists. I am amazed by the regularity with which reference is made to fundamentalists by today's prominent religious writers. Their attitude is not necessarily one of acceptance or admiration concerning us, but an admission that we are on the map—not on the mat! ✧ ✧ ✧

Following a Saturday afternoon rally we conducted two open air services. At the request of a brother, the second one was held in the street where he lived. He wanted his needy neighbours to hear the Gospel, and himself gave a glowing testimony. Some youths, through malice or mischief, decided to go to their homes and bring the family pets to swell the audience—two barking Alsatian dogs. As one minister remarked, "Here in the East End district of London is a mission field in our midst." There is much utter paganism around us today.

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With a holiday in view I have been thinking of two words similar in sound yet opposite in meaning, and complementary to each other. Vocation and vacation are the words in mind. The most common meanings associated with them are "a divine call" and "a holiday." A minister needs both. The preacher is expected to exhibit a high sense of vocation in fitness and faithfulness. His vacation is helpful to this end. There is a time and need to obey the injunction "Come ye apart, and rest awhile." A holiday is not just to "get away from it," but for renewal of strength to "get back to it."

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The world watches with grave interest the events in the Middle East. To many Christians current happenings point to prophetic fulfilment relating to the Second Advent of Christ. We do well to remember that in that part of the world there has been a chain of important events over many years, and today we are possibly seeing a further stage, but not necessarily the final one. 1917 saw Palestine liberated from the Turks and a Jewish home established. 1948 saw the sovereign state of Israel born. Last year we had the Suez crisis. Today's events call us not only to watch but to work. "Occupy till I come."

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Some years ago Brigadier-General Frost wrote a book on prophecy entitled *The Muddle in the Middle East*. Apart from prophecy and politics I have noted another recent Middle East muddle. Described as a Christian, an Arab living in Nazareth was interned for his communist activities against the State. His wife, a Jewess, gave birth to a son, and when the father heard it he decided to name the baby Sputnik, in honour of the Russian satellite!

EDITORIAL

INDISCREET SPEECH

THE other day a group of people were discussing a certain individual when one of the company in exasperation remarked: "The trouble is, he is most indiscreet in the things he says. At times he lets his tongue run away with him." Unfortunately this has been true of many Christians all down the Church age—their indiscreet and intemperate speech has caused great harm to other people and untold damage to the kingdom of God.

It is a proven fact that a tremendous amount of harm is done among the Lord's people through indiscreet conversation. Someone speaks evil of another, the infection spreads, with the sad result that God's work is hindered and injured. Only a little matter at the beginning, but kindled into a mighty destructive element by indiscreet conversation. As speech forms such a very large part of our everyday life, we should guard it diligently. Remember, we may withdraw cruel words spoken in haste, but cannot remove the effect of such on the lives of others, therefore we should be careful regarding the things we say. Fire burns, and even when the wound is healed and the person free from pain the scar remains; so does uncontrolled speech leave its mark. In view of this, it is not to be wondered at that James declares: "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell" (James 3:5,6).

In view of the tongue, like fire, being destructive, he states that it, like the horse, needs to be bridled. Just as all the movements of the horse are controlled by the one who holds the reins, so Christians are to control the tongue. The unbridled horse will run away and the unbridled tongue run riot, but the bridled horse and tongue will obey. The psalmist said, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle" (Psalm 39:1).

James also refers to the helm-control of a ship. "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth." The helm, though so small in comparison with the other parts of the ship, is by

no means the least significant; rather is it the most important, for it governs her whole course, being the guiding and controlling power. The tongue is a very small member, but a proper command of it tends to the government of the whole man, for it is the tongue that expresses what is in the mind and the feelings of the body.

Christians must not lose sight of the fact that by diligent watching and continual yielding to Christ they can govern their speech, thus leaving no room for condemnation. They should endeavour to emulate their Master in this, for He was temperate in speech. His speech was unique, receiving from men the testimony, "Never man spake like this man." His speech was gracious, powerful, seasonable and beneficial, yet just as He knew the time and manner in which to speak, so He also knew when and how to keep silent. He was silent before the Sanhedrin in the presence of the chief priests who blasphemously accused Him before Pilate, and also before Herod, who was responsible for the murder of John the Baptist. All the way through His earthly ministry He exemplified these two graces, that of wholesome, seasonable speech and that of gracious, solemn quietness. Many of His followers are so unlike Him in this respect, for they oftentimes speak unwisely and seldom manifest the grace of a calm, quiet spirit. God can impart the needed strength and grace to enable His people to be true understudies of the Lord Jesus in this way.

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CHURCH NEWS

BEESTON SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

This happy group was taken in the grounds of the Beeston Elim Church on the occasion of the Sunday school anniversary. The guest speaker was "Auntie" Sunny Blundell, who has visited Elim mission stations; therefore the theme of the anniversary was based on missionary activities. The children were dressed in the various costumes of the countries they represented. A special item was given by the Bible class, depicting a medical mission station. After "dressings and treatment," a mock open air service was held by the medical staff, and the patients sang chorouses in Chinese. The scriptures were read by the missionary and translated into French by one of the natives.

Sunny Blundell gave some very exciting flannel-graphs, and also told her life story, giving an account of her conversion to Christ.

M. WILCOX (Secretary).

CAERPHELLY. FAREWELL SERVICE TO PASTOR AND MRS. L. REEVES

The farewell service of our dear pastor and his wife prior to the taking up of their new appointment at Norwich was well attended. Over 250 people, including friends from other local churches, gathered to pay tribute to both Pastor and Mrs. Reeves for



Beeston Sunday school scholars with Miss Sunny Blundell, back row, extreme right.

the splendid work they have done in Caerphilly. On the platform were nine ministers from other churches. Those in charge of the various departments of the church each spoke in glowing terms of the excellent work done by both Pastor and Mrs. Reeves in each department. Rev. Mills, of Bedwas, spoke words of tribute on behalf of the Ministers' Fraternal and presented Pastor Reeves with three books. This was followed by a moving tribute from the church secretary and the presentation of many gifts. Pastor and Mrs. Reeves responded with appropriate words, wishing God's richest blessing on the church in all its future activities.

D. J. THOMAS (Church Secretary).



Standing (left to right) Mrs. L. Reeves, Pastor L. Reeves, D. J. Thomas (elder and Church Secretary). Sitting on left is Pastor Mills, Baptist Church, Bedwas. With a handshake the Church Secretary is presenting Pastor Reeves with an envelope containing a cheque.



Women's Column

By Gladys Gorton

THE PRESENTATION

“YOU need to wrap it up in cellophane paper and tie it with ribbon” Mrs. — said. “You are a very wise woman and I certainly agree” I replied. No, she was *not* advising as to the best way to wrap a wedding present or a handsome gift. Can you guess what she meant without reading any farther?

I was inquiring about a family who lived near her and who were not saved. “We know they need the plain straightforward truth of the Gospel, but it’s the way you present it that counts isn’t it?” she said. I nodded. “It’s the Master’s method. Consider His parables. They are wrappings which contain a treasury of truth. Jesus said, ‘Be ye wise as serpents but as harmless as doves.’ Not a ‘bull at a gate’ idea, or like the butcher who though so earnest to witness and win someone for Christ blurted out to his customer as he sharpened his large carving knife, ‘Are you prepared to meet God?’”

Paul the Apostle was not only a scholar in the school of Gamaliel but he became an eager student in the school of the Saviour, and he soon learned *how* to present the Gospel of Christ to men. “To the weak I become a weak man, that I might win the weak. I have, in short, been all things to all sorts of men that by *every possible means* I might win some to God. I do all this for the sake of the Gospel; I want to play my part properly” (1 Corinthians 9:23—J. B. Phillips’s translation).

How could she win him for her Lord? She thought long and hard, then her chance came—at Christmas when she gave him a gift, a bottle of hair cream! That caught him! The happy outcome was that not only did he come to the Saviour but she became his wife.

He was cleaning the windows of a certain house. The strains of a record came to his ear. “Religious,” he snorted, but somehow the words of the soloist gripped him: “O love of God so great, so free . . .”

(Continued on opposite page)

Thirty Years a Watch Tower Slave (continued)

advancement. It destroyed individuality and liberty of private thought, and then it proceeded to substitute *works* as a basis for salvation instead of *faith*.

In 1924 William Schnell entered the German headquarters of the Watch Tower Society. “Little did I realise,” he writes, “that I was leaving Christian individuality behind and entering into a sort of zombie existence, half individual and half mass. I then and there became a cog in the machinery of one of the greatest subversions of the age . . .” From then on life revolved around charts and quotas, the cost of productions and the planning of policies. No wonder he says a little later on that, engrossed in these kind of things, “I lost sight of my first love.”

At this time great stress was being laid upon the *coming of the kingdom*. It had originally been predicted in 1914, but the failure of its emergence then left the Bible Students unperturbed; they merely switched the date and made it 1925. This new date was repeated unceasingly and the expectation was fanned by every publication. “In fact,” says our author, “it virtually made irrational crack-pots out of many of us.” He then goes on to tell how that in 1924 his father offered him a much needed new suit of clothes, but he declined as it was so near to 1925. Presumably new clothes would be unnecessary with the coming of the kingdom!

In 1925 a further development took place, when the Witnesses were divided into classes. There emerged the ruling class known as “The Faithful and Wise Servant Class,” to whom all the goods of the kingdom were entrusted, while at the bottom of the scale, the lowest stratum of the Theocratic Society, was the large subservient class called *Jonadabs*.

It must not be imagined that all the original Bible Students meekly accepted the changes which came when Rutherford took over the leadership. The fact is that between 1921 and 1931 almost three-fourths of the Bible Students originally associated with the society departed from them. Far from being dismayed by this turn of events, this is exactly what the Watch Tower hierarchy wanted. They had conveniently disposed of opposition—the remnant remaining was committed body and soul. This remnant was prepared to accept instructions, not directly from the Word of God, but from Watch Tower publications, which were alleged to be true interpretations of the Word of God. The class society simultaneously emerged: first the Faithful and Wise

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STORIES OF OUR GREAT HYMNS AND THEIR TUNES

By Douglas B. Gray, F.R.S.A. (Director of Music)



THE song "How Great Thou Art" has gained much popularity in recent years in this country although still unknown to many, and so far, maybe, has not the fame of "This is my story, this is my song," but it will last for a long time. Its lyric and moving melody combine to make a song of quality and musical completeness.

This song first appeared in the programmes and broadcasts of the London Crusader Choir during 1956, and very soon afterwards the choir was asked to make a recording of "How Great Thou Art." It still is very popular and has been used on radio in many parts of the world. Have you this recording? You should have!

Although known by these words in this country for the past few years, it was written in Sweden seventy-one years ago. Carl Boberg, a Swedish minister, editor and statesman, wrote the words. Along with other men, we are told, he was invited to a women's missionary meeting at a beautiful country estate. Suddenly a storm appeared. The sky darkened. Lightning flashed and a deluge of rain drove the visitors to cover. Shortly afterwards birds filled the air with their song, church bells sounded and the whole scene changed from storm to serenity. Such an experience inspired Boberg to pen some nine verses of the song. There have been one or two varied translations of the original words, but the translation that begins "Oh Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder" came through a more circuitous route. From Sweden the song went to the Baltic states and then into Russia. Mr. Stuart Hine, now living in London, came across the words and was much impressed, and in 1948 he translated them into English and soon had copies of words and music available in this country. "How Great Thou Art" has achieved great prominence. It is a spiritual song that well deserves such a place in our modern repertoire. Be sure you secure the hymn and the possession of the gramophone record as recorded by the London Crusader Choir. It is worthy of a place in any record library.

The hymn-tune *Strachan* (No. 341 in *Redemption Hymnal*) is but twelve years old. My recent experi-

ence of conducting a male chorus of 600 voices in the Royal Albert Hall, London, singing "Rock of Ages" to this tune was indeed something long to be remembered. It is a tune full of feeling and emotion, yet void of sentimental melodic meandering. Mr. W. Rogers, of Southampton, is the composer of this and many other fine tunes. How did this tune come into being? Listen to the composer's own story.

"Twelve years ago John Strachan, a young man in the Forces and stationed in Germany, was home [Glasgow] on compassionate leave. He had but four weeks to serve and was due to return to Germany, then quit the Army. Up early one morning and off to Leith to join his ship for Germany, he kissed his young wife goodbye at the door—'I'll see you in three weeks' time.' And so he left home to catch his train. Within minutes John Strachan was knocked down and instantaneously killed in the street." John was a member of the Glasgow male voice fellowship. An urgent appeal was sent to Mr. Rogers, of Southampton, for some suitable hymn as a memorial piece. And so the fine tune *Strachan* to the words "Till He come" was born. A fortnight later Betty Strachan gave birth to a lovely baby boy. How frequently out of life's shadows and fearful valleys there springs forth melody that surmounts to the peaks of majestic assurance, comfort and hope eternal. To this tune we invariably sing the words, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." Sing this hymn at your next meeting, and sing it often.

Women's Column (continued)

"What's that record you're playing ma'am?" he asked, as he took the money from her. Now this was just what she was wanting, for she had put the record on for this sole purpose, thus she was able to tell him the Gospel story. In her living-room he knelt and accepted Christ as his Saviour.

THOUGHT: Wrap God's message in a wise bundle of love.

"I To E"

NO matter where one lives in the Holy Land, mountains and hills are to be seen in one direction or another: the Lebanons in the north, the mountains of Moab in the east, and the central chain which includes such famous names as Tabor, Gilboa, Ebal and Gerizim finally mingling with the "mountains round about Jerusalem." Before Israel ever entered their promised land, Moses had described it in the classic words: "Jehovah thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks, of waters, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills." How David loved "the hills of home"! Hundreds of times he had explored their glens and traversed their tops. How often he

"Looked from the peak to the limitless distance,
Saw mountain and moor in the rain and the sun;
Tasted the limitless joy of existence,
Labour accomplished and victory won."

On innumerable occasions he had shared their solitudes, and listened to what they had to say as they declared the glory of God and showed forth His handiwork. Indeed, Sheriff Nicolson once remarked: "King David, among his other fine qualities, must certainly have been an accomplished mountaineer. If he had not been accustomed to go up and down rocky hills, he would not have sung the glorious strain

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who heaven and earth hath made.
Thy foot He'll not let slide. . . ."

It may be that he is now going through a hard and difficult time when the going is rough, when trials surround and enemies are not far away, going through what is often termed a "valley experience": but now that he is in the valley he recalls some of the lessons he learned when among his beloved hills, and he sings again:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes. . . ."

Lessons from the hills! Yes, they are there to be gathered by those with eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to understand. I dare say that before this summer is over hundreds of such seeing, hearing and understanding Christians will return from their holidays by the English lakes or in the Scottish highlands, among the "rugged hills of Wales," or by the mountains of Mourne and the glens of Antrim, greatly enriched in spirit as well as renewed in body.

DO THEY NOT SUGGEST THE PEACE OF GOD?

David had lived in a city with its noise and bustle, its hurry and worry, its strain and stress, and there were times when he just had to get away from it all, and off to the hills he went. Up and up he would climb until the summit was reached, and then he would sit down and relax. Just above the clouds sailed by in silent majesty; there would be the song of some bird far below, an eagle would sweep effortlessly over, and the wind would blow gently past. Then even the sound of the breeze would die away, and he would listen, like Elijah, to "the sound of a gentle stillness" (1 Kings 19:12, *Hebrew*), and in the peace of it all he would feel strengthened and renewed; but more than that, as he rested there those hills would speak to him of the peace of God.

This is a mad world with all its strain and worry, its problems, anxieties and fears. Life is being speeded up more and more, and its rush is eating into our system and invading our spiritual lives. We need to pray more than ever:

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;

By

(Minister of Elin C

e Hills..."

Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

We cannot always get away to the hills when we feel like it, but we can get away to the God who made the hills and enter into His peace. Dr. Norman Dunning tells us that in Samuel Chadwick's study hung a simple one-word motto. "Ataraxia"—a Greek word meaning "freed from anxiety," and Dr. Dunning goes on to say how characteristic it was of the man who had such a busy life and carried great responsibilities. I read recently of a climber who said that up there in the heights things seemed to fall into perspective and assume proper proportions; and how often as we go to Him in prayer does that happen and peace returns.

"Only a hill: Yes, looked at from below:
facing the usual sea, the frequent west.

Tighten the muscle. feel the strong blood flow,
and set your foot upon the utmost crest!

There, where the realms of thought and effort
cease, wakes on your heart a world of
dreams and peace."

We "lift up our eyes" and so find peace.

DO THEY NOT ALSO SUGGEST THE STABILITY OF GOD?

The hills are always there! They seem to laugh at passing years. How often we have looked at them and said, "If they could only speak, what tales they could tell!" Some years ago on B.B.C. Children's Hour was run a series of plays under the title "Hilltops of Britain," and I recall that at least two fairly

serious ministers used to listen to the most excellent work of Mr. L. du Garde Peache with great enjoyment. For the "hilltops of Britain" have seen Ancient Britons at worship, Roman legions conquering and building, Scottish clans gathering for Flodden and Culloden, and Roundheads and Cavaliers at each other's throats in England. They have seen our land in bad days and good, and are still there unmoved by passing circumstances and changing conditions.

Now, I am not going to say, "Troubles come." That may be left to the pessimist, like the man who grunted "The church is half empty!" and the optimist retorted at once, "Oh, no, it's half full!" So I repeat, I am not going to say "Troubles come," and for two reasons. Firstly, they sometimes don't! Troubles can be unreliable—there are occasions when we see them on the horizon, and in panic we make ready for them, and they fail to turn up! Secondly, when they do come, they invariably come—to pass. This is part of what David meant when he said, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." In other words, the troubles are temporary (2 Corinthians 4:17), but He is permanent; the troubles come and go, but "Thou remainest!" As Dr. John Hutton once said: "One day you are up and I am down. Another day you are down and I am up. On still another day you are down and I am down; but God is on His throne, and Christ is in our midst. And as we muse and muse, the fire burns."

In the midst of "all the changing scenes of life" He abides unmoved and unmovable, for

"Before the hills in order stood,

Or earth received her frame.

From everlasting Thou art God,

Through endless years the same."

Moreover, He abides whether we realise His presence or not. We had a holiday once in Callander, a lovely little Perthshire town dominated by Ben

iser

City Temple, Hull)

Ledi, a grand mountain nearly 3,000 feet high. I still recall the morning when I looked down the road towards the Ben, and there wasn't a sign of him. There was a clear view right to the foot, but to all intents and purposes Ben Ledi had gone overnight. We had breakfast, and then came out to see the last wraith of mist leaving his summit. Sometimes we may in our troubles *feel* forsaken, but He is there all the time. When David Livingstone set out for Africa in November 1840, he and his parents were up at 5 a.m. and the scripture he chose for family worship was Psalm 121. It is significant that the man who read these words before leaving his loved ones in Blantyre should also be the one who in after years referred to the Lord's promise "Lo, I am with you alway" in unforgettable terms; "That is the word of a gentleman of the strictest honour, and there's an end on't!"

FINALLY, DO THEY NOT SUGGEST THE PROTECTION OF GOD?

As David climbed the heights, and then surveyed the rugged cliffs and crags, how often he must have said to himself, "What hiding places!" And the days were to come when he would be glad to take advantage of those places of cover as he was chased up and down the land by a jealous, vengeful Saul. How safe one felt among those hills! To look for a man there would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, for it was so easy to hide in any one of a thousand secret places. For my own part, I have had the same feeling when, for instance, among the Cuillins of Skye, where a man could play hide-and-seek, lead his would-be captors a merry dance for long enough, and still not be discovered as he hid in his "secret place." Among the same hills two hundred years ago the hunted Prince Charlie said with relief, "I'm sure the Devil could not find me now!"

I have suggested it is possible that when David penned this psalm he was in need of protection from some danger, and there flashed into his mind the lesson impressed upon him years before by the hills, and his trusting soul said:

"My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made."

How full are the "Psalms of David" of references to the "secret place" and the "hiding place" to be found under the shadow of the Almighty. "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me." So safe, says David, that "the Devil could not find me!" In another psalm he speaks of being hidden from "the strife of tongues"—protected

from foes physical and spiritual who would harm the body and ruin the character, and from the Devil himself.

Dr. Alexander Stewart tells how with other friends he visited the subterranean passage in St. Andrews. After crawling some twenty yards along the tunnel they entered the larger chamber where the Covenanters had been imprisoned. Their guide, Dr. Hay Fleming, put out the light he was carrying, and struck up the 121st Psalm to the tune "French." Says Dr. Stewart, "How often as they sang those same words amid the horrors of their living tomb had the eye of their faith pierced through the darkness and seen the calm, silent hills of God rising in their majesty to the blue sky."

Well, their God is our God; He is "God the same abiding," so let us "lift up our eyes" and we will soon discover that uplifted eyes will mean an uplifted heart!

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Late News. As we go to press we have just heard that Pastor R. Blythen (missionary in Witbank, Transvaal) has been called home to be with the Lord. We deeply sympathise with his family.

Thirty Years a Watch Tower Slave (continued)

Servant Class, second the Mordecai-Naomi Class, third the Ruth-Esther Class. These compose the 144,000 celestial people of the heavenly calling and that number is now complete. Below them, and forming a much larger class, are the Jonadabs the hewers of wood and drawers of water. These are not regarded as the brethren of Christ, and they are not (to use Watch Tower terminology) Spirit-begotten. Most Jehovah's Witnesses today are in this class and are therefore not Christians.

By 1931 the Watch Tower Society had eliminated God's Word as a final court of appeal and had substituted its own books and magazines, all of which were described as "Food in due season." Finally, in 1938, the society promulgated what is called "The Theocracy," when every company of Jehovah's Witnesses voted away their autonomy in spiritual matters. The society was granted *sole rights* in appointing leaders, who are known as Zoneservants, and who are "the eyes and the ears of the society."

We might ask how those are regarded who, having seen the folly and error of their ways, have left the society. Mr. Schnell says, "Representatives of the society often say, 'It is impossible to kill them, as the law of the land does not permit that. But were God's law in effect, then they would be killed. The best thing to do therefore is to treat them as dead.'" "That," he says, "is how my family have been treating me."

Here I want to call your attention to the remarkable manner in which the Witnesses have discovered how to use the factor of persecution as a means of advancement. They have *never shrunk from persecution*; they have encouraged it. On page 101 of this book we read, "It now became the studied policy of the Watch Tower Society to make Jehovah's Witnesses hated of all men. . . . They hoped thus to put themselves in the position where they appeared to be martyrs for the sake of religion." The next sub-heading of this chapter reads, "IT WORKED." They gladly went to court and to prison, for they were making news, they were receiving publicity. They turned it all to good account.

☆ ☆ ☆

Please note. The remainder of this revealing sermon will be published next week, so keep this copy by you for reference.—EDITOR.

CHILDREN'S STRIP

Conducted by Bernard H. Norris

Hello again!

We continue our story of Ishii.

The prisoners were talking, and the latest one was reporting the current news. The biggest item was the murder of a young woman. Someone named Komori had confessed to the murder and then later said he confessed because the police tortured him. But the trial was held, and Komori was found *guilty*. It was this news that made Ishii turn pale!

That night he couldn't sleep. The next day he asked to see the governor, and there was a sensation when it was learned that Ishii had confessed to the crime!

It was *the* topic of conversation, and when another trial was held and Komori was again found guilty and Ishii innocent the papers could write of nothing else. The man who said he was innocent had been found guilty, and the man who said he was guilty was found innocent!

Sensation followed sensation when it was learned that Ishii had appealed against the verdict, and that a new witness had been found who could prove all that Ishii had confessed. Another trial was held, and this time Ishii was found guilty. The case was settled at last. Ishii was led away to the death cell. But God was moving, and Ishii had a visit from two American ladies, who spoke to him for a few minutes and left him a book to read. It was a copy of the New Testament. Ishii accepted the gift, put the book on a shelf, and that was that. He had no intention of reading it.

Ishii grew tired of just sitting, and one day took down the book and glanced through the pages, reading a little, but he soon put it down again. Another day he did the same.

A little later he once more looked at the book, and began to read the story of Jesus' trial, and how although innocent He had been sentenced and then executed. Ishii was thinking hard. Then, as he read on, he saw words which gripped him. And next week I'll tell you what they were.

That's all for this week, so cheerio and God bless you.

BERNARD.



THE FAMILY ALTAR
 and
ELIM PRAYER CIRCLE

Scripture Union Portions. Notes by H. L. Dawson
 (Minister of Elim Church, Andover)

Sunday, August 17th. Matthew 17 : 1-13.

Six days after Jesus had revealed to His disciples the suffering and subsequent death He was to endure, He took with Him the three selected disciples into a mountain and there He was transfigured before them. The clay vessel of flesh and blood was unable to hold back the Divine glory of the only begotten Son of God. His face shone as the sun and His garment glowed as light, when the rays of Deity burst through the veil of humanity. Accompanying the glory were three voices: (1) **the voice of the past** as Moses and Elias talked to Jesus of His coming death; (2) **the voice of the observer** as Peter in utter bewilderment uttered his impetuous suggestion; (3) **the voice of the Father** as out of the cloud God gave His regal commendation. "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Thought for today: Am I worthy of God's commendation?

Monday, August 18th. Matthew 17 : 14-27.

From the mountain of glory Jesus descended into the valley of sorrow, where a certain man kneeling before Him pleaded that He might heal his son of lunacy. "I brought him to Thy disciples and they could not cure him" complains this man. Jesus said "Bring him to Me," and rebuking the devil He healed the child. Later His disciples asked Him, "Why could not we cast him out?" Jesus replied, "Because of your unbelief." Unbelief stops up the well of blessing. It makes us impotent and ineffective in our work for God. If only we had faith, even faith as a grain of mustard seed, what a mighty change it would make to our service for Christ.

Thought for today: Do I deserve the Master's rebuke?

Tuesday, August 19th. Matthew 18 : 1-14.

Some of the most wonderful words of Christ were given in answer to questions put to Him by His disciples, and on occasions by His enemies, and what a human question this was: "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" To answer this question, Jesus called a little child to Him and set him in the midst, and then began to teach the doctrine of humility. What a mighty sermon, and it still needs to be applied today, for many are puffed up with pride—pride of position, of possession and of profession. God hates pride, but to the humble He gives grace. The promise is, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Thought for today: Are we humble?

Wednesday, August 20th. Matthew 18 : 15-35.

Today's reading reveals Christ's teaching on the subject of forgiveness. We also see Peter's ideas on this subject in his question to Jesus. It might be interesting to compile a list of men's ideas on this subject, but, whatever men may think, Jesus is always the final word of authority—to Him we must turn. And Jesus makes no limitations as to how many times we forgive one another. In the parable of the unmerciful servant He shows us that the measure of our

forgiveness should be the largeness and freedom of God's forgiveness to each of us. We would do well to heed the warning of verse 35 and banish from our hearts the unforgiving spirit.

Thought for today: Forgiveness is a godly virtue.

Thursday, August 21st. Matthew 19 : 1-12.

One of the great controversial subjects of our age is that of divorce; even churchmen do not agree on this point. Our highest authority is Jesus, and no matter how men try to justify their opinions one cannot get away from the fact that divorce was not in God's plan, but came as a result of man's weakness. Marriage was ordained to last throughout the lifetime of those who entered into this bond; it was the infusion of two lives in a relationship of affection to which God gave His approval, and no man has a right to undo that which God has joined together. Before we enter into marriage, or any other partnership, we must first wait upon God and seek His guidance.

Thought for today: "Marriage is an honourable estate."

Friday, August 22nd. Matthew 19 : 13-30.

The young man in our story was not merely seeking for life as are most young people of today; he was a thoughtful youth who had vision, and he sought more than life—he wanted eternal life. Life is passing, eternal life is permanent. He had the wrong idea as to how it might be obtained; he thought he must do something to merit this priceless gift, but he found eternal life is not bought by good works. Its price is not doing something, it is more than living a good moral life. What is this price? It is the denial of oneself, the yielding up of the heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. This young man was not willing to pay such a price and he went away sorrowful.

Thought for today: "Son, give me thine heart."

Saturday, August 23rd. Matthew 20 : 1-16.

Peter's question in the previous chapter, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?" is followed by this parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Here Jesus is teaching His disciples that the spirit of this question is wrong, for God is good and will reward us with that which is right. We are not to work according to the reward; the reward is according to the work. Some may work long, others much less, but each will be rewarded according to his faithfulness. Jesus shows that long service does not necessarily mean one is entitled to a greater reward. Some Christians do more for God in twelve months than others do in twelve years. No, it is not length of service that counts, but faithfulness.

Thought for today: Am I doing my best for Christ?

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Conducted by
National Youth
Secretary

youth page



A letter worth printing . . .

WEEK-END CRUSADER . . .

To the National Youth Secretary.

Dear Mr. Davies,

I am writing this on behalf of the Crusaders who attended the week-end camp, as it would be a sin not to reveal how mightily God visited us. Maybe other churches will adopt a similar scheme for their own districts, and have week-ends as we had, when we were literally separated from the world and its hindrances and enticements, and were so wonderfully blessed of God.

I can remember no other venture that our church has undertaken which has been so singularly and outstandingly successful in every way, and has proved such a stimulant to our Crusader group.

We were extremely fortunate in having such a beautiful camping site, a permanent camp of Canadian style chalets set amid unspoiled hills and woodlands. Then it was not camping in the general sense of the word, as all the rough edges were knocked off. Let me explain. We had an electrically fitted kitchen with aluminium utensils, proper beds and mattresses and good toilet facilities, in fact everything for comfort; and best of all the Comforter was there from the start.

A week previously hardly anybody was going to the camp, but on the Friday evening about forty-five arrived, and we later found out that several did not make up their minds to come until that very evening, even as late as 8 or 9 o'clock; truly the prompting of God.

From the very outset it was evident that God was blessing; even in an informal chorus session after supper everybody seemed so full of joy. Many were up at 5 o'clock the next morning, and what a glorious panorama of God's beauty awaited us as the sun bathed the Wytham hills, and the birds sang

His praises. Throughout the day, which we started with a prayer meeting, we felt so good at being so close to God. He seemed to have come among us in a special way. Tasks such as cooking and cleaning were done with joy and singing, and believe it or not the food at every meal was excellent. Good times of fellowship and recreation were enjoyed, and even the sisters became cricketers, while some of the hardier types went swimming in our own pool.

The first conference was a pointer as to how God would move, when we had a talk on "Christian Growth" by Pastor Gordon Wright, who came over with a group from Reading. In his own clear style he gave us much food for thought as he expounded this vital subject through the Scriptures. The discussion which followed was so full of life and ideas and suggestions; it was obvious that the Holy Teacher had been at work through His servant.

The afternoon saw the arrival of our main speaker for the week-end, Pastor David Hathaway from Harrogate, and surely he was sent by God, so full of Jesus, so full of power and the Holy Ghost were the messages we heard. No one who attended will ever forget the Saturday evening service, which started with such freedom and joy and ended with such a mighty challenge and call for consecration that many wept openly as they listened. Such was His presence that we had to reconsecrate our lives to His will, and what joy at breakfast next morning when we had a prayer-time so sweet that it was as if Jesus was sitting at the tables with us. The spontaneous praying and singing of the campers as they felt the glow of His love upon them was a joy unspeakable and full of glory. More glory was to follow as we were driven in cars to the City Temple in Oxford for morning worship. As Pastor Hathaway cried "I love Him, I want Him, I need Him," he

was just speaking the thoughts of us all as we once again tasted of His sacrifice and felt Him come among us once again.

The same minister guided us through a very profitable study on "Sanctification" in the afternoon and the Holy Spirit showed us again so much, and cleared up so many problems for us.

Would that we could go on and on at this camp; but alas, came the time to depart. It had been such a full day already, but more was in store for us as we again journeyed to the Oxford church. The singing still had that grand quality and there was such freedom as God's servant again brought forth the grandest story of all, "The Love of Jesus" to this sin-cursed world—a wonderful climax to a mighty and unforgettable week-end.

What are the results? Well, first everybody—and I mean everybody—wants another camp; our Crusader Band, so lacking of late, completely recharged and refilled with the Holy Spirit; lives reconsecrated to His service; a greater love of God and a greater love for each other; a greater desire to reach the lost; in fact so much was done for campers and minister alike that words are insufficient to describe it.

We give God all the praise and glory for this experience with Him and we thank Him for the willing

servants, Pastors Hathaway and Wright, through whom He worked.

Last of all, may I on behalf of Crusaders from Oxford, Erdington and Worcester thank Pastor Scrivens and Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, who did so much towards the organising and running of the camp, which God has proved to have been so worth while.

Yours in Him,

LEN GREEN.

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(Please pray for these services)

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Eric Ball (Piano)**

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(Crimond)
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(Elters)
Reverse side: Brian Winter and Bryan Gilbert with their guitars

Nella Coomer (Soprano)

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Naylor : Neal. On July 26th at Elim Church, Portsmouth; Albert James Naylor to May Beatrice Neal (formerly of Islington). Officiating minister, James McAvoy. C.918

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