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# The Elim Evangel

FOURSQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD

*The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance was founded by Principal George Jeffreys, in the country town of Monaghan in Ireland, in the year 1915. It consists of Elim Revival and Healing Campaigns, Elim Publishing Office, Elim Bible College, Elim Foursquare Gospel Churches, and this, the "Elim Evangel," which is its Official Organ. It stands uncompromisingly for the whole Bible as the inspired Word of God, and contends for THE FAITH against all modern thought, higher criticism and new theology. It condemns extravagance and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the Old Time Gospel in Old Time Power.*

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## The Stabilised Spirit-filled

By AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON.

*In this frank and illuminating article the writer gives a most graphic and instructive history of the Latter Rain revival, an inspiring prophecy as to its immediate future, and some very sound advice to all who have come beneath its blessed downpour.*

**N**INETEEN years ago the entire land was in prayer—for a revival. Thousands of earnest Christians prayed for the Lord to open the windows of heaven and send another Pentecost.

That prayer was answered.

Perhaps it was not answered at first just as they who prayed had expected. It is one thing to sit in church singing:

O Lord, send the power just now,  
And baptise every one.

It is quite another thing to see that power begin to fall and see men and women swept down prostrate at the feet of the Master, shaken free from their earthly entanglements and filled with the Holy Spirit according to Acts ii. 4.

But the power did fall, as it will ever fall where men and women really pray in earnest that He revive His work in the midst of the years. Churches were swept with revival flame. Cottage prayer meetings, where earnest hearts were assembled praying for an outpouring, were deluged. Outpost mission station and stylish cathedral alike in those early days felt the reviving showers. Thousands within a few months were baptised with the Holy Spirit and in each instance that baptism was characterised with the self-same manifestation of speaking with other tongues which had so distinguished the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible days (Acts ii. 10, 19, etc.).

The manner of the outpouring and the manifestations alike were so unpremeditated and unexpected, that multitudes of earnest seekers were swept into the Pentecostal experience before the Devil had a chance to do more than bestir himself, or the astonished worldly preacher had time to rise in his pulpit and denounce the miracles which attended this return to Pentecost and the religion of Apostolic days.

An Anglican church in England was swept. The power fell in Los Angeles, in Toronto, in Chicago, on Pandita Ramabai's work in India, and in fact around the world almost simultaneously. At first the recipients of the great blessing scarcely knew how to

term it, but a closer inspection of the word of the Lord uncovered almost forgotten chapters of the Day of Pentecost and the manner of the Spirit's outpouring.

In reply to the question, "What meaneth this?" the answer went from lip to lip:

"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel" (Acts ii. 4, 16). Many of the great churches banished those who had received the Baptism of the Spirit, declaring that they were making others to become dissatisfied with their erstwhile quiet experiences and that the day of miracles was past and the Baptism of the Spirit was only for those who lived in Bible days.

**T**HERE were those who declared that the whole multitude in every clime and city who had received the wonderful joyous infilling of the Spirit had become fanatical and were swept by wild fire. And indeed that was an exciting time! Many were prostrated under the power, others spake in tongues, others were healed. Some shouted aloud the praises of the Lord, and all alike gave up the pursuit of worldly pleasures such as the theatre, the dance, the novel, and the pipe. The old-fashioned, all-night prayer meeting was brought back into style and the lives of those filled with the Spirit of this revival was a living reproach to all those who lived ungodly!

Opposition and banishment seemed to hurt this revival not a whit more than the condemnatory attitude of the priests of the synagogue was wont to hurt the growth and spread of the teachings of the Master in the days of old.

Opposition was merely a fan that swept it world-wide.

Sweep it out upon one shore, it would roll in upon a thousand others.

Hearts which had been cold and hungry for many years had had a taste of old-time power and could never again be satisfied with the flesh pots of Egypt!

Well do I remember that winter just nineteen years ago when the news of it all came to our little town in Canada. I had been unimpressed with the coldness and apparent worldliness of the churches round about



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The "Christian" and the "sinner" were almost indistinguishable.

Each went to the same theatre, played the same game of cards; told the same stories, danced the same dances, belonged to the same lodges. Indeed there was little if any apparent difference between the "Christian" and the "sinner" except that one had his name written upon the church roll and that the other had not. My own heart was steeped with coldness and unbelief.

Then it came—that Pentecostal revival that swept our town!

The first breeze of the approaching rainfall came in the form of conversations about town. One of the most earnest of our Salvation Army workers brought the first news of it to our home.

"Have you heard?" she asked. "Have you heard about the Holy Ghost revival that is falling in Toronto, Canada?"

"DO you know that there are hundreds there who have fallen under the power of the Lord, as did Saul on the road to Damascus (Acts ix. 4); as Peter did upon the housetop (Acts x. 10); and as Daniel and John when they came in contact with the mighty power of the Lord (Daniel viii. 17; Rev. i. 17); and as did the three disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration (Matt. xvii. 6)?"

"Do you know that these people are speaking with other tongues even as did the hundred and twenty (Acts ii. 4); and as did the household of Cornelius eight years after Pentecost (Acts x. 46); and as did the people of Ephesus years later in Acts xix. 6?"

"You know," she added, "the Army used to have an experience somewhat similar and called it tongues of angels, and both the history of early Methodism and the life of Moody relate similar experiences in certain instances. And it seems that even as the bells upon the high priest's skirt were wont to ring when he went in and when he came out of the Holy of Holies, that these bells which rang on the Day of Pentecost after the Lord went into the Holy of Holies are ringing again now that He is to come forth.

"It stands to reason, too, that there will be a real Holy Spirit awakening before the Lord returns, even as there came a midnight cry and the virgins awakened and filled their lamps as told in the parable of Matthew xxv. 13."

I have never forgotten how I opened my ears and listened to that conversation in the kitchen of our Canadian farm-house. Here, it seemed to me, was the most genuine and real experience I had ever heard related, or of which I had read, outside the covers of the Bible. I determined that if ever these Spirit-filled people should come near our town I would go and hear them and decide for myself whether their experience was fanaticism and imagination, or whether it was real.

If it was real then there certainly was a God, and His power was still the same, and I wanted to find out all I could about it.

**DURING** those days we had been studying Evolution at high school and I had been reading Voltaire and other writers, and ridiculing the cold and lifeless services in our churches.

Yet the churches were filled with activity. There were bazaars, concerts, plays, and entertainments that did not even smack of the religious. There were suppers and festivals, and, of course, the regular morning and evening Sunday sermons.

Then it happened!

The revival campaign, conducted by an evangelist who had himself received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in the Bible way, was opened for a few weeks in our town.

I made my way to the meetings. What a sermon Robert Semple, the evangelist, preached!

His words were as burning fire! His utterance was inspired, eloquent, Spirit-filled!

Instead of the usual cold, lifeless sermon preached from notes, the words seemed to tumble out with the unction and force of a mighty river flowing from his innermost being. They reached out, took hold of the heart and shook it mightily. His text, I remember, was Acts ii. 38, 39. I have often said since that day that there is one thing certain about these "Holy Ghost meetings," one is sure to learn at least one thing about the Bible at the first service, namely, that there is a second chapter to the Book of Acts.

I learned it in my first meeting. The text was emblazoned upon my memory.

Repent, and be baptised in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

**HIS** sermon was divided into two parts. First it dealt with the born-again experience, preached with a reality with which I had never remembered hearing it, and secondly with the after experience of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, which the evangelist declared upon the authority of the Word was unto "even as many as the Lord our God shall call!" How he would ring those words out as though in defiance of all the unbelief and coldness of the day which relegated the miraculous to a bygone age.

In the middle of his message the speaker suddenly began to speak with other tongues. Only a short sentence, for he afterwards declared that with the Apostle Paul of old, he would "rather speak five words with the understanding than ten thousand words with the unknown tongue, that by his voice he might teach others" (I. Cor. xiv. 19).

But those few words were enough!



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The power of the Lord struck my sinful, unbelieving heart and never from that moment to this have I doubted for the fraction of a moment that there is a God. Truly in my case it was a "sign to the unbeliever" (I. Cor. xiv. 22).

Three days later, after a battle with mighty conviction which settled upon me, I was converted while driving home from school over the country roads alone. Making my way back to the services, I carried my Bible and asked the Christian workers if they would please mark for me, in my Bible, the Scripture references to this Baptism of the Spirit which they preached. This they kindly did and I returned to my home to pore over the references to which they referred me. Among the number were: Isaiah xxviii. 11; Joel ii. 28, 29; Matt. iii. 11; John vii. 38, 39; Mark xvi. 17, 18; Acts i. 5, 8; Acts ii. 4, x. 46, xix. 6; I. Cor. xii. 1-11, xiv. 1-40.

They bade me read also Matt. vii. 7-11; Luke xi. 1-13.

And my heart became so assured that this mighty and real experience was for every true believer, and my hunger for such a glorious experience became so acute, that I believe I would have started out to walk a hundred miles if at the end of that journey I would find a meeting where believers might be filled with the Spirit and where I might learn more of the blessed truths of God's Word.

Shortly after this the evangelist moved on to another town, for he was answering calls in many localities, and I was left with my Bible and my intense hunger after the fulness.

I would rise and pray in the night—wrapping the blankets about my shoulders. I would excuse myself from school and go down into the basement to pray for the Blessor. I would tuck my Testament inside my algebra where a novel once reposed and re-read the passages which had been outlined for me. I would excuse myself from school and attend the cottage prayer meetings where the fires were still burning brightly in the hearts of those who had received like gift.

**THEN** came the week when, having been snow-bound in the town, and being unable to return to my home in the country, I spent an entire week in prayer before the Lord, asking that He would empty me of self, search my heart and fill me with His Spirit that I might be endued with power from on high with which to serve Him.

Saturday morning came. I had prayed since Monday with the exception of those hours spent in sleep and eating, and with the dawning of that day came the answer to my prayer.

I was kneeling by the Morris chair in the parlour of the friend in whose home the prayer meetings were held, when the power fell. Like waves of glory it swept over my soul. The blessing of that hour beggars description. Like a leaf in the wind I was swept

down at the Master's feet, and trembled in His presence. Calvary with its crucified Lamb was more real to me than ever I had dreamed possible. The wounded hands, the bleeding side, the searching eyes that looked into my soul.

And then the vision of the harvest fields of life that passed before me! The river of death with souls going down to destruction without God and without hope in the world! The need of workers to throw a line and rescue them from death!

Who can describe such an experience?

Even as I had been all alone when the Lord saved me from sin, so I was all alone that morning when He baptised me, none other being yet awakened in the house. Suffice to say that my heart was broken in love and service before Him on that glorious, golden morning, and that when He came in, I spake with other tongues even as had the disciples and the believers in the Bible days, and it was as the sweetest music to my soul, for I knew that verily I gave thanks well (I. Cor. xiv. 17), and that though human ears could not understand me, in the Spirit I spake the mysteries of His glory and my soul was filled to overflowing in that hour (I. Cor. xiv. 2).

**SOME** years before this time my father had taken me to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, and I had stood entranced as I gazed up at the radiant Tower of Jewels which was adorned with an unbelievable number of electric lights. One evening, noticing my rapt admiration, my father asked me:

"Would you like to see where all this light, beauty and power comes from, dear?"

And I breathed rapturously:

"Oh yes! Please show me now!"

Step by step he led me down under the Niagara Falls to the power house where the great turbines were flashing and where the hum of engines generating power was heard.

"Here," he said, "is the secret of the glory of that tower."

I never forgot that experience. In the years which have followed my baptism on that morning of mornings, hundreds and thousands of souls have been converted in the meetings which the Lord has privileged me to hold. But the swelling crowds, the overflowing altars, the sick who have been healed, all these wonderful results are but the shining of the light. They are only the effect. The cause, the source, lies back there under the falling showers of His blessed Holy Spirit, those many years ago. There, in the Baptism of the Spirit, lies the secret of the power!

Since that day I have seen thousands filled with the Spirit. There are literally tens of thousands in every land to-day who have been so baptised, and each of these saints of the Lord are looking earnestly for His second coming, each believe in the separated life, and in the present-day power of a miracle-working Lord.



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Because the churches were, in many instances, cold, and because in other denominations so strong is the feeling against the outpouring of the Spirit, that ministers who preach upon the subject favourably instantly lose their ordination papers,—these thousands have worshipped in missions and in cottage meetings. They have been practically without an earthly head or leader, and have been bound together more by the bonds of service and by the fact of having been baptised in the one Spirit, than aught else.

**HERE** and there, because unshepherded and untaught, fanaticism has crept in and chaff has been sprinkled among the wheat. The ark of the covenant which had been intended for the tabernacle, the blessing which had been designed for the Church at large, had been turned aside into the threshing floor of Obededom or the smaller assemblies and households of faith.

In these smaller missions and unshepherded assemblies the power of the Lord fell upon many; and though there was much chaff, all recognised that the ark of the Lord was with the people. Though some became extreme and brought no end of criticism upon the work because of their unbridled emotions, not having some sympathetic Paul to set them in order according to I. Corinthians, chapter fourteen, the earnest Christian workers stood by the work because they recognised in this outpouring of God's Spirit the one and only answer to the apostasy of the day.

The principal difficulty seemed to be that these precious hearts leaned too much to manifestations, and not enough to the balanced side of soul-winning. They pulled too hard on one cord, though forsooth it was a good cord and needed emphasising.

Nevertheless, thousands who received their baptism during these last nineteen years, who would not for a long period of time brook any criticism of the work, have come frankly to acknowledge that the outpouring has not accomplished all that they would desire. It has not swept the world with the latter day revival which they had hoped. It is not gaining ground as they had expected. They have not gotten the ear of the world.

The blessed message of the spiritual fulness has gotten into a corner. It has run into a blind alley, as it were, and become centred in an upstairs hall or a basement mission in many or most instances. The cities at large, and the churches throughout the world have not heard the message, but have brushed those with the blessing aside and put them down as cranks or extremists.

And indeed this attitude has not been without foundation, for as we have explained, while there are thousands who have truly been filled with the Spirit in the old-time Bible way, they have been, because of the coldness of the churches, obliged to worship in the "household of Obededom" rather than in the

Tabernacle of Zion, and have put up with much well-meant but mistaken extremes which otherwise would have been unnecessary.

**PERSONALLY**, seeing the drift of the movement, and realising that there was no directing hand to set in order those who would shred wild gourds into the pottage, as did the well-meaning, yet nevertheless mistaken man in II. Kings, I worked independently in evangelistic campaigns throughout America. Everywhere I went, however, they who had been similarly baptised with the Spirit flocked to the meeting. In the meantime several leaders had offered to organise the world-wide body of believers, but their plan, while helpful from a missionary point of view, did not solve the problem or meet the need. There was no standardisation, no setting in order, no guiding hand.

Almost anybody could be ordained that asked for credentials, without regard to their training or balance.

At this time our meetings were being crowded to capacity in city after city, and thousands were clamouring for admittance. A great and very deep hunger was upon them all and the Lord began to show to me very clearly the middle of the road walk which He would have me chart and take for myself and my following in Him.

A balanced, foursquare, practical, sane, soul-winning middle of the road experience was what was needed.

On the one hand lay the church constituency, cold, formal, back-slidden, in most instances taking a negative stand toward the whole outpouring of the Holy Spirit, pouncing upon one who might have a counterfeit experience. For, of course, the Devil can counterfeit in his poor, cheap way the treasures of the Lord as easily as the magicians could cast their rods down and change them into serpents in imitation of Moses when he stood in Pharaoh's court (Exodus vii. 11). And looking at these occasional ungentle followers, they completely overlooked the ninety and nine per cent genuine workers. They forgot that the serpent which had been the rod of Aaron opened up its mouth and swallowed up the serpents of the magicians and that truth and sincerity ever triumph.


Cold, ritualistic, unbending on the one side lay the modern church, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.

On the other hand lay the missions, the Pentecostal folk, having been filled with the Spirit, having an insight into the deeper things of the Lord and yet not having the wisdom to put this power into practical usage or to present their splendid message acceptably to the ear of the world.

Splendid spiritual folk they were, yet many among them narrow in vision and extreme in manifestation; lacking the vision and the balance for successful, Spirit-filled soul-winning.

They had the power but knew not how to harness it.

We all know that lightning running loose is a danger



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and a menace to the community, but electricity harnessed and conveyed along insulated, regulated channels, spells light and heat and power.

FOR instance, one day I was preaching in a certain city to a crowded house. It was the opening service and much depended upon the success of the meetings. Throngs were among those assembled thousands who were slightly prejudiced.

Such prejudice must always be broken down before constructive work can be done. One must first be made to believe in the messenger and then in the message which he brings. I chose for my subject, the disarming theme of "The Need of a Revival and the Glories of Soul-Winning."

All went well until I gave my altar call. The people were melted; tears flowed down hundreds of faces. About sixty men and women rose and made their way to the altar, declaring that they were sinners.

Suddenly a woman, seated in the front row, threw back her head and began to scream, one long "Ooh-o" after another leaving her lips. She had a powerful voice and everyone turned to look at her. I was on my knees urging men and women to give their lives to the Lord. I remained where I was, for a moment, too horrified to move. It seemed that all the good I had accomplished in beating down the prejudice would be lost through that one woman.

The audience, which a moment before had been held by the love of God, stiffened. One said, "See, I told you so."

"This work is splendid just so far and then it becomes erratic and fanatical." The converts who were kneeling at the altar seeking Christ, startled, turned about, some of them rose to their feet in alarm.

I do not remember how I made my way down from that platform, but I went to the woman in question, laid my hand upon her shoulder and besought her to stop in the Name of the Lord.

She looked up at me with wide, startled eyes and then, with quivering lips, for she was a good soul, said,

"Why, Sister McPherson, you are quenching the Holy Spirit."

"Your spirit, perhaps," I answered kindly, "but not the Holy Spirit."

Someone was singing a chorus, and while they sang I went to talk to the woman, in mortal terror for fear she would start shouting again.

"What were you trying to do?" I asked her. "Why did you scream so?"

"Why, I was praising the Lord," she answered. "I was so happy at seeing people being converted."

"But, my dear," I protested, "do you not realise that you frustrated and put to an end by your unbridled action the very work that you rejoiced in? You have practically ruined the altar call. You took the people's minds completely off the Lord and centred

them upon yourself, by your outcries."

"I was praising the Lord," she insisted.

"Listen, sister," I tried another tact.

"Yes?"

"You do love the Lord, don't you?"

"I certainly do."

"Then, darling, imagine that the Lord were sitting right here in this chair in front of you. How your heart would flow out in love for Him as you thought of all His grace and glory. How you would want to praise Him and thank Him for His goodness. How would you do it, dear? Would you suddenly lean forward, bring your face close to His, throw back your head, close your eyes and scream?"

MY lady saw the humour of this.

"Why, n-no," she answered.

"Or would you make your voice sweet," I continued, "and adoring. Or would you say, 'My Jesus, I love Thee with all my heart and mind and strength. I worship Thee, Hallelujah?'"

"It is not that I am objecting to your praising the Lord, sister, but that I want you to say something sensible like 'Praise the Lord — Hallelujah.' Such an utterance could bring only a blessing and a spiritual uplift, whereas such sounds as you were uttering were those of which the Apostle Paul spoke in I. Cor. xiv. when he set the Church in order and said . . ."

The good woman saw the point immediately and became thereafter my official amen corner. The incident was soon forgotten in the blessing, sanity and poise of the coming service, as I emphasised the fact that the Lord has not given to us the spirit of fear, but of love and of power and of a sound mind.

I have been called to walk the middle of the road.

Upon the one side are the cold churches.

Upon the other side are the good but slightly over-balanced missions.

I found, at first, the middle of the road to be a lonely place, but the poise was never difficult to maintain. I had so much good support on either hand. The churches declared that I had too much fire and was too Pentecostal; and the mission-folk said that I was compromising, quenching the Spirit and not Pentecostal enough.

With one smiting me on the one side and one upon the other, I was able, without the slightest difficulty, to maintain a reasonably even balance.

When the Lord laid it upon my heart to organise the church of the Foursquare Gospel at Angelus Temple, the purpose of which was to create and foster a world-wide basis of fellowship and co-operation between Christian leaders who had received "like precious gifts" and to stabilise and conserve the great work which had been accomplished through the years since the outpouring multitudes swept to my side. I no longer walked alone.

Here was a middle of the road experience where



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one might maintain all the dignity, beauty and doctrinal soundness and foundation of the old Church, and yet retain all the manifestations and power of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit as outpoured upon the early Church in the pattern Book of the Acts.

Instead of pulling upon but one cord, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, we equalised our hold upon mankind by fastening four cords upon the bed which let the paralysed world through the roof to Jesus Christ.

**YOU** will all remember the story of the man in the Bible who was borne of four (Luke v. 19) and let down into the presence of the Lord by four cords.

These four cords to which we give equal emphasis and importance are:

First, Salvation from all sin through the born-again experience and the precious atoning Blood of Christ.

Second, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, which we believe is received to-day according to the Bible pattern set forth in the Acts of the Apostles.

Third, Divine healing, wherein the sick are to-day made whole in answer to believing prayer even as in days of yore, by the power of Jesus Christ, who is the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Matt. viii., Mark xvi.; James v. 14, 15).

Fourth, the Second Coming of our Lord as set forth in the word in I. Thess. iv. 16, etc.

Many there are who have had the vision of the baptism of the Holy Spirit but they have pulled upon this one cord to the exclusion of all others and consequently have not only become over-balanced on the line of manifestations, but have lost their passion for souls. Thus their ministry is limited and curtailed and the higher and most thoughtful type of people are unattracted, or even repelled.

Many there are who have the vision of Divine Healing but they pull over-hard on that rope, conducting what they term healing missions, and by preaching this truth to the exclusion of all others get the minds of the people centred upon the "physical" rather than upon the "spiritual" blessings. Thus the blessing of this glorious truth is lost.

Others there are who have the vision of the second coming of Christ. They preach that to the exclusion of all other messages and people become unbalanced and begin to set dates for the coming of the Lord and go to extremes. They forget the balance wheel that commands us to "Occupy till I come."

Still others preach Salvation only, and while their message is splendid, it does not take its recipients on to that endowment of power so needed for strong Christian service. Peter, for instance, denied His Lord and slept when he should have prayed before his baptism, but after the endowment for service he became an eloquent, fearless, flaming Evangel of the Gospel of his crucified Lord.

**THEREFORE**, we proclaim and advocate the Foursquare Gospel. Cutting no corners, we stand

uncompromisingly for the whole truth. Omitting the extremes of the well meaning but ungoverned enthusiast, we strive to be filled with the Spirit in all the olden Pentecostal fulness, having withal a bridle of spiritual understanding and common sense that will keep us poised in the middle of the road as efficient soul winners whose message will be one, the reasonableness and spiritualness of which will appeal to thoughtful, earnest hearts the world around.

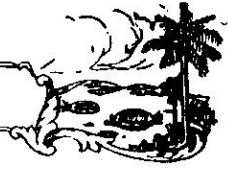
Into such fellowship thousands are coming. The landslide toward this movement is the most astonishing thing imaginable. New churches are coming in at the rate of one and sometimes more a day. The blessing is increasing upon this Gospel till words cannot measure or encompass it.

I am writing this article in my compartment in the train coming home to Los Angeles from a great revival in the Southland where the crowds were so immense that it was necessary to preach as often as five times a day to accommodate the crowds that stood without, pleading for admission. Sometimes they stood in the rain, refusing to be moved. This condition was repeated a few weeks ago in Oregon, where the Civic Auditorium, accommodating 6,000, was filled as often as three times daily to hear the same message. There seems to be no building on the continent large enough to hold the throngs who hunger for the old-time Gospel in the old-time way.

**THE** mighty spiritual pendulum which has so long swung to the cold and formal side is coming back to the revival side of the issue. And the hopes of nineteen years ago are being fulfilled at last. This work has not nearly reached its meridian, indeed, it is but well started, and there is no end in sight. Hallelujah!

To us all has come the glowing illumination that the highest mount of transfiguration experience, is only efficacious insofar as it fits its recipient for practical, soul-winning duty in the valley lands of life. We are not called to the mountain that we may build three tabernacles and lodge there, but that we may descend to the level of mortal man with the message of truth and glory. The experience in the upper room is not to fit us to remain there and talk in other tongues all day. It is to equip us for the preaching of the Pentecostal sermon that wins its three thousand souls to Christ.

The foundations are going more deeply into the Word each day. The love for God and souls is burning more intensely upon the altars of the sanctuary, the upper room is more completely filled with seekers after the fulness of the Holy Spirit, the gifts and the fruits of the Spirit are appearing upon the church vines, the altars are more crowded than ever with those seeking Christ Jesus as their Saviour, and ever increasing thousands are lifting their eyes and looking for that blessed hope, the glorious coming of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.



# More Modern Miracles



Mr. Henry Roberts.

## Healed of Rupture at Principal George Jeffreys' Alexandra Palace Campaign

**I** SUFFERED with rupture for years. Since 1916 I have worn a truss; I could not walk or work without it. I came to the Alexandra Palace to Principal George Jeffreys' Campaign, was prayed for, and was completely healed. I went and took off my truss and stayed to the evening meeting. I then ran nearly all the way home from the Palace to Wood Green. Praise the Lord for His wonderful works! I thank Him for all He has done for me.—Henry Roberts (Highbury).



Miss M. Milliken.

## Healed of Sleepy Sickness

**Given up by Doctors: Healed Three Years Ago**

**I** DO praise God for healing me of sleepy sickness. I had three doctors unable to do anything for me; I was removed to hospital where I lay for eleven months.

Doctors had no hope for me, and for some weeks I was delirious. I suffered severe pains all through my body, lost power of my right leg, and also my arm was affected, and I had to be laid on an air bed to ease the pain. For about four months I received a drug every night, and could not do without them.

But I do thank God that He heard and answered prayer, and He healed my body. I came out of hospital! The doctor gave me six weeks; he said I would be as bad as ever again. I am three years out of hospital now, I can do my usual work, and I give God all the glory.

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.”—Miss. M.) Milliken (Belfast).

## Chronic Ulcers of Stomach

**Healed at Principal G. Jeffreys' Hove Campaign**

**I** HAVE been a great sufferer for a good many years with chronic ulcers of the stomach, and have had long periods of starvation, the last being for eight weeks on two ounces of soda and milk every two hours. I was taken away to hospital, after this last period of starvation, for X-rays, which revealed how chronic it had really become.

The doctors decided that an operation was the only thing that could be done for me. This I would not have, so they brought me home again. Much prayer had been offered for me, and in a few months I was on my feet again. But my stomach never healed.

A friend told me that Principal George Jeffreys was holding Divine healing services at Hove, so I decided to go. I was anointed by him, and received a great deliverance.

Now I can eat anything I want to, without pain or sickness.

All glory to Jesus!—(Miss) Edith Hunt (Burgess Hill).



Miss Edith Hunt.



# THE ELIM EVANGEL



## FOUR SQUARE ON THE WORD OF GOD

### The Elim Evangel

Official Organ of Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance.

Editor ... Ernest J. Phillips.

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

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### Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance

Founder and Leader: Principal George Jeffreys.

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

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

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

You should subscribe to the "Foursquare Revivalist" and thus keep in touch with the revival campaigns being held throughout the land. One penny weekly, or 6/6 per year, post free, from the Elim Publishing Office.

## Items of Interest

Foursquare friends are eagerly looking forward to the visit of Sister Aimee Semple McPherson this month. There is much prayer and expectation for a great ingathering of souls.

Pastor T. B. Barratt of Norway, author of *In the Days of the Latter Rain*, is visiting England next month on his return from America. He will hold a number of campaigns in various parts of the country, full particulars of which will appear in due course in the *Foursquare Revivalist*.

During the past few weeks the following weddings have been solemnised:—On 27th August, Mr. Frederick Baxter to Miss Jessie Wilson, at Elim Hall, Grimsby, by Pastor J. T. Bradley. On 30th August, Mr. John J. Way and Miss Doris L. Groves (both Elim Crusaders), at Elim Hall, Portsmouth, by Pastor F. E. H. Trevor. On 8th September, Mr. W. Dines and Miss Wilkins (Elim Crusaders), at a Congregational Church (kindly lent), Reading, by Pastor L. C. Quest. On 13th September, at Elim Hall, Barking, Mr. Frank Apps and Miss Dorothy Rose Palmer, by Pastor F. G. Cloke.

The words and music of "Blind Bartimæus," which has become such a favourite since it was sung by Pastor P. N. Corry at the Queen's Hall, appeared in the *Foursquare Revivalist* of 28th September. This is one of a number of original hymns appearing in its pages.

## ? Questions and Answers ?

*How do you explain Matt. x. 23: "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another: for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man be come?"*

This verse has reference to the future coming of the Son of Man to judgment, after the Great Tribulation.

The Gospel of the Kingdom will be preached to all the nations before "the end come" (Matt. xxiv. 14), but they shall not have traversed all "the cities of Israel" before His coming to the Mount of Olives.

*Why in Luke xxii. 36 did Christ command His disciples, or at least advise them, to buy a sword, and in Matt. xxvi. 52 rebuke them for using it?"*

The command in Luke xxii. 36 was not made in reference to His being taken in the garden (Matt. xxvi. 52), but with reference to their future life, when they should make preparation for long journeys and great dangers. For they were not merely to preach the Gospel among their own countrymen, but to "Go into all the world" (Mark xvi. 15), where they would find innumerable perils.

## The Editors' Page<sup>v</sup>

### Salvation by Patriotism.

**T**HIS doctrine was well ventilated during the war. That it is contrary to Scripture every Bible student knows. Salvation is by faith in Christ resulting in the new birth. A pathetic memory of the war has brought the same doctrine into prominence. On 8th August a great British pilgrimage to the battlefields of France and Flanders reached its climax in the Service of Remembrance at the Menin Gate, Ypres. There were 13,000 pilgrims, including the Prince of Wales, and Dr. Lang, the Archbishop designate of Canterbury. Dr. Lang in his address at the Menin Gate is reported as saying:—

“The bodies of the dead rest quietly in those ‘corners of a foreign field which are for ever England,’ and their souls are in the hands of God. *IT IS WELL WITH THEM.*”

Our greatest sympathies go out to those who lost loved ones in the war, and we can well sympathise with every tender and appreciative memory. But loyalty to God must for ever cause us to protest against the assertion that death on the battlefield makes it well with the soul. If that were so Calvary would be unnecessary. Death on the battlefield would be a sufficient substitute. No! No!—God has only one way of salvation. It is in His Son. There is no salvation in any other. “I am the way,” He declared, “no man cometh to the Father but by Me.” It is a sad pity that the new Archbishop should be so vague on the first fundamental of the Gospel of Christ.

### Airplanes and Locusts.

The recent airplane manoeuvres over London have demonstrated the awful possibilities of wars of the future. One London paper thus reported:—

“London, already partly in ruins—happily only in theory—by 200 tons of explosives rained upon it in Monday’s raids, was last night once more the centre of hostilities in the great air war.”

The manoeuvres have revealed that there is no adequate defence against air attack. The situation is seen to be so serious that the removal of military headquarters to secluded places away from the City is openly proposed.

This gives additional interest to an article appearing in the *Daily Express* giving the view of a distinguished French savant, M. Louis Baraduc-Muller who, after many years of study, has come to the conclusion that the scourge of locusts which John saw in his vision and described in the ninth chapter of the Book of Revelation was actually the modern military airplane, and the sting of the locusts was the high explosive and gas bombs which the airplanes drop. “John has

cleverly chosen the locust in describing the airplane, as there is no flying insect that resembles it so closely. ‘Crowns as it were of gold’ (v. 7) refers to the sunshine falling on a turning propeller. Verse 8: ‘And they had hair as the hair of women,’ the smoke from the exhaust. ‘And their teeth were as the teeth of lions,’—the two struts of the landing carriage. Verse 9: ‘And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron,’—the light armourplate used to protect the motors. ‘And the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots, of many horses running to battle’—the noise of the motors.

“If we modern people had never seen an airplane, and did not know how it was made, we probably would not be able to give any more precise description than John himself.”

### The Golden Pen and the Golden Age.

The majority of the leading nations of the world gathered together in Paris on Monday, 27th August, and signed a Peace Pact, outlawing war! The nations represented were (1) United States, (2) Belgium, (3) France, (4) Germany, (5) Great Britain (India, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Irish Free State), (6) Italy, (7) Japan, (8) Poland, (9) Czecho-Slovakia. Others were added later.

The national representatives signed with *the same gold pen*. It was an extraordinary and historical gathering. The French representative said in an impressive speech before the actual signing took place: “*In an instant the telegraph will announce to the whole world the rays of a great new hope. I now propose gentlemen, to bid farewell to all the evils of war.*” There can be no doubt that with sincerity the nations of the world desired that the Golden Pen should bring in the Golden Age. An age in which there is to be no war. Students of Scripture will know that the Golden Age will only be brought in by the Golden Ruler—the Lord Jesus Christ. The world may do its best to bring in the Millennium—peace pacts and covenants may be drawn up in abundance, but what is needed is a Person who has such power that He is able to put down material forces with spiritual forces—who is able to outlaw war because all power belongs to Him in heaven and earth. Such an one can only be found in God’s Son from heaven. When He comes there will be no crying peace when there is no peace,—no preparing for war at the same time as outlawing war. When the Prince of Peace comes then the Pact of Peace will be an unbreakable pact. Meanwhile let us be grateful for the measure of international peace and use the surface peace that is given in our time as a vast opportunity for Gospel witness to all nations.

# Principal George Jeffreys at Exeter

## Scenes of Revival

By EVANGELIST JAMES McWHIRTER.

**W**ILL heaven be more beautiful than Devon? The moors and meadows, the hills and valleys, and crystal sea on either side constitute a paradise "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

No place can better refute the doctrine that man's morality is determined by his environment. Exeter is the capital of Devon and gate of the west. No mean city. Here Principal George Jeffreys' Revival and Healing Campaign has been fighting its way to success. Yes, *fighting*—as pioneers of truth have always had to fight. Mr. Jeffreys is following in the train of the founders of every movement that has kept the revelation of truth progressive down the ages.

It has been a fight, too! Through a hide-bound ecclesiasticalism and priest-craft of which our Divine Lord was the greatest foe. Through the ignorance of prejudice and the heartless lukewarmness of Laodicean Churchianity. Through the jealousy and miniature popery of small sects. But all this makes the victory more gratifying and glorious.

A gentleman at the Civic Hall—who is not a professed Christian—said to me in a confidential and sympathetic manner: "The people who were in this hall before you (a Christian Convention) have been giving it to you." At this I smiled, and replied: "They were only advertising us. You know the parable of the prodigal's return; well, institutionally, the elder brother is in the dumps because the youngster is getting such a hearty reception!"

When Principal Jeffreys and revival party entered the city they knew no one locally, nor had the influence of any society behind them, but they had a promise—the promise of a living Saviour that "these signs shall follow them that believe." Thanks to the power of an unchanging Christ, the promise has been in performance. Hundreds have been converted, many remarkable healings, have taken place, and great numbers of Christians have been endued with the Holy Spirit's power for service.

At the close of the service yesterday a lady came to me, her face radiant with joy. She said: "I have been to my doctor this morning, and he has given me an A.I. Certificate." She had been prayed with the week before for some illness of long standing. Then she was looking so downcast and depressed, but to-day she is a hundred per cent, representative of a living faith. She is now giving glory to God. But the Pharisees are sore displeased!

There is no power on earth can stop the soul-thirsty and heart-hungry masses—"the common people who

heard Him gladly"—flocking to hear a message that is practised as well as preached in the promised power of Christ's commission. This campaign is another chapter to the book of the Acts of the Holy Spirit.

Bible scenes are being re-enacted daily. Whole families are being converted. Wayward sons and erring daughters of heart-broken parents have been arrested, gripped, and saved. Saved from vice to virtue, from lust to love, from self-seeking to self-giving.

It is harvest-tide. Golden sheaves of a ripe harvest are being garnered in every service. Good men and women come to the meetings with an empty profession and leave with a brimful possession.

Illusive pleasure haunts are being deserted for a pure and lasting joy in Christ's service.

*The following report is from the "Exeter Express and Echo" of 18th September:—*

### REVIVAL AND HEALING.

#### Principal Jeffreys' Mission at the Civic Hall, Exeter.

There have been many evangelistic campaigns conducted in Exeter in the past, but it is doubtful if any of them have created a deeper impression than that conducted by the young Welshman, Principal George Jeffreys, who is now holding a "Revival and Healing" Mission, at the Civic Hall. He arrived in the city just over a week ago and commenced his campaign at the Barnfield Hall. So successful were his preliminary meetings that more spacious accommodation was found necessary, and so the Civic Hall was engaged. The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance, which Principal Jeffreys founded in 1916 in Monaghan, an Irish country town, stands, to quote the "Elim Evangel," "uncompromisingly for the whole Bible as the inspired Word of God, and contends for the Faith against all modern thought, higher criticism and new theology. It condemns extravagance and fanaticism in every shape and form. It promulgates the old-time Gospel in old-time power."

One of Principal Jeffreys' co-workers puts the aims of the Foursquare Gospel Alliance in the following words: "We want to get at the masses, who to-day, are outside the Church—the 99 per cent, who are beyond the pale of religion."

Going to one of Principal Jeffreys' meetings is a bright affair. There is plenty of singing to captivate hymn tunes, led by the Principal and his comrades.

Last night, in a brief address based on "The Gift of Eternal Life," the missionary said eternal life was God's gift to the unbeliever, but the gift of the Holy Spirit—a totally different matter—was His gift to the believer. In other words, one was a gift to the world and the other to the Church. People had unfortunately substituted sanctification for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit was given by God to empower them for service, and they must use those powers to get back, not only to Calvary, but to Pentecost. Some people, declared Principal Jeffreys, had an idea that the Church was to be a weak kind of thing; it was not. The Church was not as they imagined just holding its own against the enemy, but it was on the march. "And," he added, "as we draw to the second advent of Jesus Christ, we find the Church getting, not only back to Calvary, but to Pentecost."

The Life of Prayer, Talk No. 4 (continued)

## Submissive Prayer

By PRINCIPAL PERCY G. PARKER.

**W**E are still on the subject "How to Pray." It will be well to recollect the main features of our past talks.

*First Talk.* Our subject was "What is Prayer?" and we saw that prayer is addressing God with the voice and with the thoughts. Only a thought—and it reaches God. A thought in the heart reaches God faster than a sentence addressed to man.

*Second Talk.* In this talk we commenced the consideration of "How to Pray," and saw that we must pray thoughtfully and earnestly. We must be ready to pray unto tears, unto fasting, yea, even unto prostration upon the face. It is the *hot*—boiling hot—boiling-over prayer which reaches God. The prayer of white-hot intensity from a righteous man is the prayer which God loves to honour.

*Third Talk.* This was our last meditation and we stressed the fact that successful prayer must—simply must—be in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ's Name is the sweetest Name that ever sounds in God's ears. It is the one Name that has never grieved His heart. It is therefore the key to the heart of God, it is the sash which opens the window of heaven, it is the rent veil into the Father's presence, it is the ladder between heaven and earth—up which the cries of men ascend; down which the supplies of God descend.

The gates of heaven are never shut to the Name of Christ. The storehouse of heaven is never bolted to the Name of Christ. Abraham's name was great—so were the names of Moses, Samuel, David, Paul—but Christ's Name far exceeds them all. Well may we sing:—

Take the Name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sunshine and of woe,  
It will joy and comfort bring you,  
Take it WHEN TO PRAYER YOU GO.

Our present subject is still "How to Pray," and the item which we are to emphasise is:—

**Pray Submissively.**

**T**HE best book on prayer is the Bible. The best example of prayer is Christ. It is from Him especially that we get our thought. Our Lord was in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was a garden of material beauty; it was a garden of spiritual sorrow. The Lord was anticipating the anguish of the Cross. His soul was exceeding sorrowful, nigh unto death. So great was the agony that it threatened to bring about His premature death. He therefore prayed to God about it, but He prayed in perfect submission. Notice the Scriptural presentation:—

"Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me.

And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt" (Matthew xxvi. 38, 39).

He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done. And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words" (Matthew xxvi. 42-44).

See how perfectly Christ submitted His will. There was not a moment's clash between the will of the Son and the will of the Father. Our Lord's meat and drink was to do the will of the Father who sent Him.

SOME PRAYER IS POSITIVELY DANGEROUS. Some prayers if answered would ruin the pray-ers. Answered prayer—or rather, prayer answered with a "yes"—would frequently blight the life of the asker.

**John Ruskin.**

**JOHN** Ruskin, when a little boy, sitting at table, wished to touch the tea-urn containing the almost boiling hot tea. Several times he stretched out his hand to touch, but each time it was pushed back. He was told not to touch. But still he persisted. At last his mother said, "Let him touch." He touched! His fingers were badly burned! He never wished to touch again. The lesson had been learned. Henceforth he knew that to persist in desiring to do a thing contrary to his mother's will was harmful to himself.

The Israelites had to learn the same lesson as John Ruskin. In the wilderness they lusted. They desired things outside the will of God—they impatiently desired them—then they faithlessly demanded them. The result is strikingly summed up in Psalm cvi. 13-15:—

"They soon forgot His works; they waited not for His counsel; but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness and tempted God in the desert. AND HE GAVE THEM THEIR REQUEST; BUT SENT LEANNESS INTO THEIR SOUL."

**S. D. Gordon.**

**S. D.** Gordon tells the story—I have come into contact with a similar one—of a child, dying, passing away into the arms of Jesus in its innocent days. The mother was overwhelmed with grief. She lost control of herself, and cried out, "He shall not die, he shall not die." She was told that there must be submission to the will of God. "I will not submit," she cried, and then passionately prayed that God would spare her child. He did. And that child grew up to break his mother's heart! The mother in the case about which I was personally informed said in later years, "I wish he had died when he was young."

I have some plans of a mission hall in my possession. I never see those plans without gratefully thanking God that one of my most earnest prayers of earlier

days was never answered. My early work for the Lord Jesus mainly commenced with a cottage meeting. This grew so much that we took the Day-school for our Sunday services. Then the thought of a mission hall of our own took shape. A piece of suitable land could be bought. The plans were actually made for the building. To have built would have meant the borrowing of many hundreds of pounds, and I should have been bound to the place until the debt had been paid. It would have disturbed the whole plan of God for my life. It would have kept me at business and kept me localised for many years. In His wisdom and mercy my prayer was not answered and the Mission Hall never built. How glad I am!

Oh, be careful of your prayers! Do not impatiently pray. Do not make rigid and persistent requests for things which in your shortsightedness may appear golden to you. The wrong companion may poison your character. An unsuitable husband or wife will dwarf your usefulness. The attractive situation may only be an angel of light to keep you from the mission-field. To live in the wrong house, the wrong street, the wrong city, may sour your life, mar your influence, and ruin your children. One of the most importunate prayers should be: "O God, do not answer my unwise prayers. Not my will, but Thine be done. Overrule for me. Give me Thy best and that will perfectly suffice!"

## The Untainable Member

JAMES no doubt knew what he was talking about when he said: "The tongue can no man tame."

Perhaps he had suffered from the venomous poison which lurks under the lips of human kind. At any rate, if he has not, others have suffered because of the activity of the small member. It seems to be the last to yield to treatment to-day. We can control our rages of passion fairly well, we can accept the doctrines of the church, we can even pray and testify, but the tongue certainly is a problem.

Here is the person who uses it for vilification. He chooses his victim, and by sly use of speech, he proceeds to tear apart a character which has taken years, perhaps, to be built. The sly inuendo creates the false impression; a busy tongue carries it a little further, and still busier tongues carry it to still readier ears until finally the work is done, and the victim finds himself ruined in the eyes of his fellowmen. Where does it work? In the shop, office, store, street, and even in the church!

It causes untold trouble. It leads to lawsuits, enemies and to backslidings. It supplants the Spirit of the Father and removes the love of Christ. Mind you, we are not saying that there are not times when we should speak. Rather, there are times when

How earnestly we should pray:—

*Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine; and take away  
All now that makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.*

*Deny my will along life's way,  
If in my folly I should pray  
For things that rob me day by day,  
Of Thy "Well done."*

**The Leader of the Pilgrim Preachers.**

I WAS greatly interested to hear about Mr. Luff, the leader of the Pilgrim Preachers. I am told that, comparatively, he asks God for very little. Yet he needs much! He needs much wisdom, knowledge, money, hospitality, spiritual power and a hundred and one things. Yet he asks little—but he praises much. Why does he ask little? Because he depends on the promise: "No good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly," (Psalm 84, 11). Here is a wonderful secret:—Walk uprightly in the home, the office, the shop, the school, the market-place, the Church, anywhere and everywhere, then we can depend on God's unfailing supply. It will not be according to our wisdom, but according to His. With the loving heart of a perfect Father He will discriminate for us and give to us those things which are most suitable. Submissive prayer is not always easy, but it is always best. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us (I. John v. 14).

we might refrain from it. It is not the extent of the vocabulary which produces the evil, but the "quick turn over." It seems that the tongue is always ready and works automatically. It drives on relentlessly, and friend and foe do not escape its damaging thrusts.

Happy is the man who can sit and listen and not feel that urge to speak. He may not be a power in the conversation, but he has contributed nothing that will tear down. He has spared his friends. He has refused to condemn. He learned that when nothing good can be said nothing evil need be said.

Jesus was kind. When Peter could easily have been rebuked Christ gave him a special invitation to a conference. When Thomas could have been reprimanded, he was given consideration and proof. When those who crucified might have been cursed, they were forgiven.



"Thy words are sweeter than honey to the taste and far more refreshing than the morning dew. Lord I seek Thy ways and Thy will. Thou art more precious to me than silver or gold. Thou art my life, my joy, my all in all."

# Thoughts from the Throne

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

Sunday, October 7th.

"God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction" (Genesis xli. 52).

How utterly past finding out are Thy thoughts, O Infinite Wisdom! Out of the womb of want and weakness Thou bringest forth the wonders of strength and beauty. Upon the bare branches of affliction and agony Thou makest the fruit of gladness to flourish. Thou turnest the dreary and desolate land into a place that resounds with song. Thou causest springs of spiritual satisfaction to break out in the lonely wilderness, and forth from the cold, dark tomb of sorrow. Thou commandest hope to arise with healing in its train. Blessed Shepherd of my wandering feet, Thou didst find me in the far country of famine, seeking to appease the inward hunger with that which only turned to bitterness in my mouth; Thou didst call me to Thyself, healing the wounds of disappointment that bled so fast, and with Thine eye hast Thou led me, until to-day the place of narrowness has become the scene of nativity; Thou hast brought me into Thy banqueting house; Thou hast fed me upon the finest of the wheat, and now beneath my erstwhile weary head is the bosom of Thy love and about me are the Everlasting Arms. Thou hast wiped away the tears of tragic remembrance and removed the humiliating traces of failure and fear. My Valley of Achor has become a veritable plain of praise from which ascends the love-offering and the burnt-offering of grateful, gladsome adoration. The season of sorrowful sowing has been long and weary, but at last the time of reaping has come, and the precious harvest sheaves are being ingathered.

Sunday, October 14th.

"Thou . . . for Me . . . I for thee" (Hosea iii. 3).

What a picture of reciprocated love! Of utter and entire separation! Of consummated heart union! Of perfect abandonment! All barriers swept before the irresistible tide of Divine conquest—resistance a thing of the past—doubt and fear buried beneath the billows of eternal grace, and the soul and its sovereign Conqueror absolutely at one. The life wholly held in the Divine embrace, from which no destructive or seductive force can wrest it or lure it. How perfectly these words portray "safety, sufficiency, and satisfaction!" No "dread alarms" can disturb the repose of the life thus utterly merged in God. No poisoned dart can penetrate the shelter of the soul. It dwells secure in its hidden retreat. God is the fortress, the stronghold, the rock of defence. And then how completely satisfied is such a soul! Jehovah Himself has fully met every possible demand—each Spirit-born cry and craving of the inner life has found its abundant response in God. The Divine ocean has poured itself into the surrendered being; all the yielded channels of the life have been filled to overflow with the victorious presence of the heavenly Satisfier. The barren has become beautiful, and the desert has become a delightful land. O my soul, art thou only and forever "for Him"? Has His will made of thee a prisoner? Or dost thou still desire thy freedom? Hast thou renounced all thy rights and sunk thyself for aye in Him?

Sunday, October 21st.

"What wilt thou?" (Judges i. 14).

Caleb's question inspired confidence and invited faith; it was a challenge to trust. Behind that question was a willingness to bless, a desire to enrich. And not only willingness but allied therewith was ability to bless. How often has God confronted us with some such glorious challenge as this. Across the path of our dire and desperate need He has thrown some wondrous possibility of supply. But alas, we have often faltered and feared to enter into the promised wealth which lay at our very feet. Our unworthiness laid its chilling hand upon our hearts, and we hesitated, and let the golden-laden opportunity pass by. Or we took sparingly of the abun-

dance that so graciously was offered to us, and thus, though God would fain have filled us we remained empty. Believer, what wilt thou? What dost thou lack? Wherein is thy need? For what does thy heart hunger? What is the goal that thou wouldst reach? Is thy ministry mean and meagre, and the souls to whom thou dost minister weak and sickly? Is it a living message that thou dost lack? "Jesus is thy message!" Make Him the centre of your Gospel—it will then contain the drawing energy which will make men unable to withstand His grace. "Shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" No good thing will He withhold! Take thy empty life to Him and see if thou shalt not soon find thyself inundated with blessing.

Sunday, October 28th.

"What is man that Thou shouldst set Thine heart upon him?" (Job vii. 17).

Surely such a subject must provide us with eternal astonishment. That God should give a second thought to man is beyond human conception. And yet what comfort this thought contains! Shall God set His heart upon us and not possess the lives for which He longs? Who is he that shall say Him nay? Or who is he that shall withstand the Lord in His purpose? What a glorious destiny must await those upon whom Jehovah hath set His heart. So great is His desire towards us that we learn He sent His only begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins, that thus we who were afar off might be made nigh, we who were rebels by nature and practice might be brought into this intimate redemptive relationship with Himself. Who can measure such grace? Or who can fathom such love? Is it not altogether beyond us? We may but dimly—through a glass darkly—apprehend the exceeding glory of this revelation. At present, bit by bit, it is breaking upon our Spirit-filled consciousness, and we are entering more deeply into the possession and the enjoyment of its wondrous meaning. Life is being glorified by the radiant light which is shining from the throne of truth. If God hath thus set His heart upon us, then how carefully we should guard that which belongs to Him, lest it should become disfigured or dishonoured in any way.

## Life's Shop-Window

I EXPECT we all realise the importance of advertising. If a manufacturer wishes to sell his goods nowadays he has to make them known. Therefore he makes them attractive, displays them attractively, and advertises them as much as possible. It is only by doing this that he can sell his goods to the public.

It has not, perhaps, occurred to some of us that our lives are all advertisements—advertisements for Christ! We are striving to live godly lives, and we—and what is more important, our religion—are judged by the results. In this way, then, we are either good or bad advertisements for our religion, and for Christ.

It is, therefore, up to us to see to it that we are really *good* advertisements, to dress the shop-window of our lives *attractively*; and not go about clothed in drab seriousness, hugging our religion to ourselves. Let us show that we have the "Pearl of Great Price" within—and let us show others how to find Him.—W.H.H.



# The Faith of God

By HENRY PROCTOR, F.R.S.L.

**I**N Galatians ii. 20, Paul speaks of the faith of God and of Christ and in the margin of Mark xi. 22, there is a command of Christ to "Have the faith of God," with which command there must be an enabling for—"It is God who produces in us both the will, and the execution, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight" (Heb. xiii. 21). This is the *faith* which moves mountains (Mark xi. 23). *God's own faith.*

How then can we distinguish between the faith of God and our own faith?

The faith of God calls things that are not as though they were, or as Weymouth puts it—"Makes reference to things that do not exist, as though they did exist" (Rom. iv. 17).

God has faith in His own purposes and in His own promises, and *acts* and speaks as if they were already fulfilled.

The faith of God speaks thus to Abram, "No longer shall your name be called Abram but *Abraham*, for the father of a multitude of nations have I made thee" (Genesis xvii. 5).

The prophecies are many of them written on the same principle, as in Isaiah: "Unto us a child is born . . . a son is given . . ." "He was wounded for our transgressions; was bruised for our iniquities. . . ." "He hath borne our sicknesses and carried away our pains," and in the Psalms (xxii. 16-18), "They pierced My hands and My feet: I may tell all My bones; they look and stare upon Me. They part all my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture." The circumstances attending the crucifixion are put in the present or past tense.

"I gave My back to the smiter, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from the shame and spitting" (Isaiah l. 6).

The transition from his own faith is ably put by Dr. A. B. Simpson in "Himself": "I was trusting in myself, in my own heart, in my own faith, I was asking the Lord to do something for me, because of something in me, not because of something in *Him*, so the Lord allowed the Devil to try my faith, and the Devil devoured it like a roaring lion, and I found myself so broken down, that I did not think I had any faith—God allowed it to be taken away until I felt I had none.

"And then God seemed to speak to me so sweetly saying, "Never mind My child, you have nothing but I am perfect Power, I am perfect Love, I am Faith, I am Life, I am the preparation for the blessing, and then I am the Blessing too. I am all within and all without, and all for ever. It is just having the *faith of God.*" You have to take His faith, as well as His life, and healing and have simply to

say, "I live by the faith of the Son of God." The faith which Abraham exercised was not his own faith, but the *faith* of God. God found in him a Friend with whom He could share His own faith. He believed God, taking no account of circumstances which were all against him, "His own body as good as dead, and Sarah one of the most unlikely women on earth to have a child. She had been barren in her young days, and now her very womb was dead. "But Abraham waxed strong in faith, giving glory to God, and when all hope was gone Abraham still hoped on." Nothing can discourage, damp or destroy the *faith of God* for, the Divine *faith* is *eternal*; it is part of the Divine existence, and when the Divine and human faith all brought into perfect harmony the Divine character of the one is communicated to the other.

We are often asked why some pray on for years and are not healed? This is one great reason. It is necessary to lay hold on the *faith* of God, which does not wait to see, but knows that the thing is done, and praises God for the answer, without any feeling and without any sign, just as Abraham did. This is the sacrifice of thanksgiving: the fruit of lips which make confession to His Name. The Name to which all authority has been given, in heaven and on earth, praising God for deliverance

### In the Furnace,

as did the three Hebrew children, and Paul and Silas

### In the Prison

at Philippi. The faith of God is quite independent of circumstances or feelings. It takes God

### At His Word.

"So, I tell you, whatever you pray for and ask, believe you have got it, and you shall have it" (Mark xi. 24, Moffat). It can sing even in the midst of the fiery furnace:

Praise God I know I'm healed,  
I thank Thee, blessed Lord  
That Thou hast made me fully whole,  
According to Thy Word.  
My Christ has set me free,  
And I am free indeed,  
He keeps me safe from every ill,  
He is my Friend in need.

A poor sufferer who had had two operations and had been entirely given up by the doctors, whose prayers brought no relief, was enabled to get up and get about, by adopting the attitude of praising God, by singing these two verses at every opportunity, even in the midst of pain, to the tune of "Soldiers of Christ, arise." The *faith* of God changes mere hope into triumphant victory, and this kind of faith



# THE ELIM EVANGEL

is especially necessary to those who would be used in working miracles, as Dr. Simpson says, "If I had to pray for anyone, I would not depend upon my own faith, at all. I would say, 'Lord, here am I, if You want me to be a channel of blessing to this one, just breathe into me all that I need.'"

So let us have the faith of God,  
A faith without alloy,  
And deaf shall hear the word of life,  
The dumb shall sing for joy.

(Tune: "A Little Ship").

But we should not only praise God, but should act as though we were well. Of this Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery gives an example of the case of a lady who was obliged for many years to use crutches, because one foot was so disabled that she could not step upon it. One Sunday morning, as she was going

slowly and painfully to church, the promises came forcibly to her mind, and she was impressed to pray for the healing of her foot. Immediately the thought came to her, "If I really believe that God has answered my prayer, my foot is well, and I can walk upon it as upon the other." She pressed it firmly to the ground, in spite of the most crushing pain, and tried to walk rapidly along, without the aid of one of her crutches. Paying no regard to the pain, which for a few minutes was intense, she said constantly, "I am healed according to God's promise." Before she reached the church, her foot ceased paining her, and she realised that it was as whole as the other."

We recommend this little book to all sufferers. It is called "The Prayer of Faith," by C. J. Montgomery.

## The Only Means of Unity

"NEITHER pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word: that they all may be one; as Thou, Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John xvii. 20, 21).

No humble soul can look on the world of division in the religious realm without a sense of sadness, for he that truly follows Jesus longs for that fellowship of love and brotherly unity which Jesus bought for us and brought to us in the Holy Spirit.

But unity of the Lord's people is only possible by the Cross. He that does not accept His full death at Calvary cannot be one with his Lord or his brother. So long as we have rights we will defend them; so long as we own things we will protect them; so long as we know things we will contend for them; so long as we hold to things we will strive with the one who lays hands on them; so long as we live, the carnal spirit will be more or less unyielding, suspicious and self-saving; and these things, this kind of life, just in the measure of its existence, breeds confusion, division, heresy and every evil thing. Self will live for itself and in a measure be separate from every one in heaven and earth. But when we come to see of a truth, that before God we have no rights, that nothing belongs to us, that we possess nothing and know nothing aright, that we died at Calvary and can no more say, this is mine and that is yours, and I will not allow this and that; when we see really as it had taken place in Christ, that the life in Adam was fully condemned and crucified with Christ at the Cross, when we see this and accept it, then it is that the new life, the life from the dead, the Lamb of life from heaven, begins to work and live and be seen and draw and attract and bless and

shed abroad light and unity. He that does not come to know this as an experience will not know the blessed unity of the Spirit. *Even "gifts" may divide.* A blessing, a gift, a manifestation of the Spirit in your life will not unify. If you will look at these too much, they will separate, for you can become contentious in what you have received. But you *yourself* going to the Cross and ceasing to be; you *yourself* coming to an end in death with Jesus and accepting the Word of God as your only life and rule for spirit, soul and body; this alone will unify. You must be separate from the old life to have the spirit of unity. The Cross as an experience is our only means of unity. If you consent not to the Cross, you may be zealous and teach doctrines and theories and talk blessings and start Pentecostal works and be overpowered at times with blessing in your work and in your life, but in time you will see shameful division and strife. Dead and risen indeed with Him in experience, His strength, His wisdom and meekness, and love and *Lamb* spirit is ours; we have nothing to save and nothing to build; we are in Him and of Him and like Him. A man will fight for his own. But when he has nothing and is nothing, there is no fight. The Cross has slain us and our all; let us drink the cup and cease to be, that Christ may be and draw men to Him.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from thee;  
I lie in dust; life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.



—D.W.G.

If we really mean to bring the blessing of the Gospel before the attention of our friends, we can write it in our letters, speak it with our lips, adorn it by our lives. Some people do all three.



## Campaign Converts and Conquests

Crowds at Croydon—Pentecost at Portsmouth—Wanderers Won at Wimbledon.

**Reading.**—A further open-air baptismal service has recently been held in connection with the Church here, when between thirty and forty believers were immersed. This makes the second open-air baptismal service within the past few weeks. Evangelist L. C. Quest conducted the service.

**Portsmouth.** Splendid results are being registered at this flourishing Foursquare Gospel Church. Every branch of the work is in a prosperous condition. Believers are being baptised in the Holy Ghost week by week. Miss N. Kennedy is in charge.

**Beverley.** Pastor J. R. Moore has recently conducted a ten days' revival campaign in this old-world Yorkshire town. Several souls accepted Christ during the campaign.

**Croydon.** God continues to work in this centre. Hundreds of hungry souls gather week after week, eager to feed upon the Word of God. The hall is packed at the Gospel services, whilst the breaking of bread meetings are just brimful of blessing.

**Dowlais.** A week's Crusaders' Campaign was recently conducted by Pastor E. C. W. Boulton, when the whole church realised much spiritual uplift. The Bible Readings given proved a source of real inspiration to the Lord's people.

**Hastings.** The work in this assembly is making excellent progress under the leadership of Pastor W. L. Kemp. Souls are answering the call of the Gospel and stepping out of

bondage into blessing. Others are receiving glorious touches of healing power in their bodies.

**Canning Town.** A revival and healing campaign, conducted by Pastor B. J. Russell, in the large Public Hall, has yielded rich results, over fifty souls being won for God. Amongst this number were several backsliders, brought back into fellowship with God.

**Wimbledon.** God's power is being enjoyed in the services here—quite a few souls have decided for Christ of late. At present Pastor E. C. W. Boulton is ministering at this church. The saints are full of faith for the forthcoming winter's work.

**Kilsyth.** A three weeks' revival campaign by Pastor and Mrs. C. Kingston was concluded last month. Pastor Andrew Murdoch, whose report of the campaign appeared in the "Four-square Revivalist" of 21st September, described it as one of the most blessed campaigns he had ever been privileged to witness at Kilsyth. Many were saved—four in one family alone—and others were healed and baptised in the Holy Ghost. Prayer is asked for Evangelist H. O. Bale, who is now ministering here.

**Plymouth.** A baptismal service was held on 13th September at the Elim Tabernacle in Rendle Street, when twenty candidates were immersed by Pastor W. L. Taylor, who is enjoying a very fruitful ministry at Plymouth. Recently sixteen souls were saved in just over a week.

## What Shall it Profit?

By P. H. HULBERT.

**W**HAT shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Mark viii. 36).

The most solemn part of a man's life is its close. Our life is but a day: birth is our sunrise and death our sunset. It is a solemn thing to live; it is a solemn thing to die. Of the two, to die is the most solemn. Dying is the ebb of time and the flow of eternity. We no sooner begin to live than we begin to die. The seeds of death are sown broadcast in these bodies of ours, and yet, all men consider everyone mortal but themselves. The most uncertain thing is life; the most certain death. Over forty million die every year, and nearly seventy every minute. Man's days are spoken of in the Bible as being swifter than a weaver's shuttle, a hand's breadth, a vapour, like the grass that to-day is, to-morrow withered. That is why our Saviour asked the solemn question, What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

No one has ever been able to answer this question. Christians may be charged with being narrow, but there is nothing narrow in the solemn question asked by the Saviour. He knew the value of the world and He knew the value of the soul, so he sets the world on one side and the soul on the other, and asks us to strike the balance on this great question of profit and loss. No man has ever gained the world. Many have gained

a large portion of it, but they have not been satisfied.

Listen to the words of some great men and draw your own conclusions. Alexander the Great, who gained a large part of the world by conquest, was seen weeping. He was asked why. He replied that it was because there were no more worlds to conquer. He was not satisfied. Some crave for fame. Sir Walter Scott rose to the pinnacle of fame. He spent his life writing fiction, but when he came to die he wanted fact. He said: "Bring me the book." "What book?" "There is only one Book—the Bible." Colonel Ingersol at the graveside of his brother said, "Life is a narrow vale between the peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, but the only answer is the echo of our wailing." Not much comfort in his creed. Man was made to enjoy God. Man will parallel God's existence. He will live as long as God lives; but where? If you should gain the world and lose your soul, the loss would be so tremendous that we could drape the heavens with sackcloth. Your gain would be temporary, your loss eternal. You may estimate something of the value of your soul, if you will just consider the great price paid for its ransom.

Think for one moment that Christ paid the price in drops of precious blood. Don't risk losing your soul even if you could gain the world. Trust the Saviour NOW. TOMORROW may be too late. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved (Acts xvi. 31).