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“I Cried, He Answered”

CHAPTER I.

PRAYER FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE SICK.

Given Up to Die.

My older boy had been given up to die. The doctor said that he would never regain consciousness. I was sent for. The boy was lying in a stupor on his grandmother's lap, looking like a corpse. I prayed earnestly for God to spare the child's life, I arose from my knees and told my wife that she need not worry, for God had assured me that He would heal the boy. He awoke quite bright in the morning and had no recurrence of his trouble and today stands five feet, nine inches tall—a picture of health.

E. L. B.

Lunacy Cured.

In a revival an evangelist preached a week on the subject, “Are the days of miracles past?” During the week he called for a day of fasting and prayer. During the day the revivalist was asked to step into a side room. Several women gathered round him, and weeping said that they were convinced and had banded themselves together to pray for a sister in the lunatic asylum who was pronounced hopeless by the physicians, that the family and church sorely needed her, and that they would never cease praying until she was healed. That very week she was restored to her right mind. The physician said it was entirely unaccountable to him.

T. T. M.

Healed of an "Incurable" Internal Disorder.

My aunt was critically ill. She had been taken to one of the leading hospitals in Chicago. Prominent physicians were baffled with her condition and, after several months, said they could do nothing farther. There was an internal disorder which could not be diagnosed. She was a very earnest Christian, and when pronounced incurable, and removed to her home as such, she commended her case to the Lord, and sought His healing power. What man could not do, in that he is weak, God did, and my aunt, who was then in middle life, was cured almost as quickly as I can write this message of praise and testimony, and lived on to a ripe old age. She never had a recurrence of the disorder.

P. W. S.

Hearing Restored.

While a pastor in Illinois, one day a sharp noise, almost like the snap of a small revolver, startled me and I found that the drum of my left ear had broken. I was sent by Dr. Boynton to one of the best ear specialists in Chicago, who would give me no hopes, saying that a puncture of that size seldom healed. I made him ten visits, and he said the ear was no better except in general appearance. I had told Dr. Boynton that I wanted God to heal me and asked him to pray for me. I asked the prayers of others also. I prayed daily for several weeks for healing. After the tenth visit to the doctor I went to my room in the Moody Bible Institute and had an especially earnest time in prayer. I retired, resting my case assuringly with God. When I awoke next morning my hearing was entirely restored, seeming more acute than before.

E. L. B.

Public Prayer for a Sick Son.

Doctor Brown declares that he has realized large dividends on his investments in Christ through prayer. Recently word

came to him that his son, who lives in a distant state, had been well nigh fatally injured in an accident. Several days would be required to reach the bedside of the injured man and the mother started on the journey. Telegraph messages came daily to the father reporting the serious condition of the son. On prayer meeting night he was in his place at the church, and some friends noted his sorrow-lined face, found out the cause, and asked that they might be permitted to publicly pray for the son. This fellowship proved to be a great comfort to the father, as the boy, his doctor and nurse were remembered at the throne of grace. Almost immediately the telegraphic bulletins showed improvement.

A. E. M.

Prayer of Faith Offered 500 Miles Away Effectual.

I got a telegram that my sister, five hundred miles away, was to undergo an operation that afternoon, and that there was but one chance in a hundred that she would survive. I prayed for three hours and got the assurance that she would live. Next morning I was called over long-distance telephone, and the operator said it was a death-message. I refused to believe it. They were calling for me to come on next train, saying that she was better and wanted to see me. My mother wrote me a letter which I got next day, saying that at 5:30 p. m., the day I prayed, sister opened her eyes and said: "Mother, Buddy prayed for me and God told him I might get well." She went immediately into a state of coma, and the physician said she had spoken in the delirium of death. She seemed to be dying all night, but at 6 a. m., next morning she looked up, and asked for water; then said: "Send for Buddy; he prayed for me and I am going to get well." That was nine years ago and she is living today.

L. E. F.

Optic Nerves Restored.

It was while at the Bible Institute (Chicago) in 1898 that I had serious trouble with the optic nerve, so that I was unable

to study or read more than perhaps five minutes continuously. The retina of the eyes became so exceedingly sensitive that even the light was painful.

I was excused from all class work, and for the first time in my life began to think of calling upon God for divine healing. I had heard Dr. R. A. Torrey speak on this subject in the class room; so I went to him and asked if he thought God would be pleased to intervene in my case. Dr. Torrey said he was sure that if I would take my stand on the promise in James 5: 14-16, God would heal me.

Accordingly we arranged that at Dr. Torrey's home he would anoint me that day at noon. At the appointed hour, together with Mrs. Curtis, we went to the home of our friend. After the anointing and prayer, I went directly to my study and took up all my class work.

N. R. C.

Healed of a Painful Affliction.

In the year 1916 I learned that, according to Galatians 2: 20, it is our privilege to work and pray and live by "the faith of the Son of God." I immediately proceeded to make a practical use of this new-found truth.

While visiting a noble Christian woman of advanced age I was asked to pray that she might be healed of an affliction that had caused her much suffering. She had not been able to sleep for a number of nights. Her faith was being tested most severely. Many years before she had been healed in answer to prayer, but now she was unable to prevail with God and her mind was considerably perplexed. I gave her some instruction on taking Christ for our faith and she began to grasp this precious truth. We prayed and God answered. A few weeks later I received a letter from her daughter telling the good news that her mother had been restored to a normal physical condition. Jesus Christ is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption, that is, *deliverance* (1 Cor. 1: 30).

C. G. U.

A Child's Life Spared.

When our first-born child was four months old he had gained only about one pound in weight, and looked almost like a skeleton. Many in the community thought he would not live, and the doctor's wife wished me to prepare my wife for the worst by instructing me to tell her not to set her hopes on raising the baby. But we believed in taking everything to God in prayer, and we did not give up hope. Soon after he began to improve and continued to grow stronger until he was nearly a year old, when he was laid low with a severe attack of pneumonia. Looking from the human standpoint, there seemed to be little hope of his recovery. However my wife and I believed that with God nothing was impossible and we brought the case before Him in prayer. He graciously spared the life of our little boy, and today he is healthy and strong (now almost five years old). In times of extremity we know that God does not fail those who put their trust in Him.

J. D.

Healed After the Physicians Had Given Up.

Some ten years ago my physician had given up hope of my recovery, as I had been practically an invalid for ten years. Then I said, "Lord, I am ready to come, but if you will heal and keep me well, I will work for you." I had not fully surrendered to Him before. The Lord not only healed me, but I have not spent two weeks in bed since.

Shortly after this I heard Dr. Gray, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, and felt the need of more funds to work with, and the Lord heard me for this, and where I had five or ten dollars per month I now have from fifty to seventy. I prayed also that I might know His Word, and I now teach from two to five Bible classes each week.

I was once praying for money to buy Bibles for a class, and while praying the door bell rang and a gentleman gave me ten dollars.

Before I learned the secret of power in prayer I was much hindered by poor health and discouraged by the enemy.

MRS. J. H. P.

In an Hour of Failing Strength.

After a long period of constant speaking, twice a day, I began to feel my nerve force slipping away. Each day there was a perceptible increase of nervous exhaustion, and I was almost confident after each service that I should be compelled to give up all engagements. But "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." One afternoon, when I felt worse than ever, and was doubtful whether I should get through with the service, instead of going to pieces I found myself completely rested and refreshed when the meeting was over. Then I learned that special prayer had been offered for me that morning by the friends who had invited me to the place.

A month later I lunched with a friend in St. Louis, an elect lady to whom God has given the ministry of prayer. At the table she told me of a prayer meeting in Detroit at which special prayer had been offered for me and of the great blessing that had been given. I inquired about the time of the meeting and found that it was the very hour in which I was so lifted up in Philadelphia.

G. E. G.

A Child's Prayer Is Effectual.

My earliest recollection of answered prayer was when I was about five years old. My younger sister had typhoid fever, the doctor said, and I remember he looked very serious, and that my mother was crying. Whispered conversations and a word I could catch from one and another impressed me that there was danger.

Very well do I remember going alone, and asking directly for what I wanted. The definiteness of that prayer remains clear in my memory, although forty years have passed since then.

There was no preface, or working up to the point of asking, I simply said: "O Jesus, please make my sister well." I expected an answer and to receive what was asked. It was no surprise to me that she grew better, has fully recovered, and is living today. I told no one of what I had done, either at the time or afterwards. It seemed to me it was a private matter between Jesus and myself. Of course, I now know that such praying is in harmony with His revealed will (Matt. 6:6).

R. U. Y. F.

Delivered from Pneumonia.

I was pastor of a village church. A woman of our congregation was apparently near death with pneumonia. She had several small children, and her husband was not a professor of religion. The entire community was deeply interested, and especially the church. The mid-week prayer service was devoted entirely to prayer for her. People who were not able to attend the service prayed for her at home. Many spent the entire evening on their knees in prayer. We prayed that she might be spared for the sake of her children and her husband, and that whether it were the will of God to spare her life or not her husband might be led to Him through this crisis. The doctor and nurse were praying Christians, and were uniting with the rest of us as they worked and watched with her. To their trained vision every indication pointed to death, and they were ready to say that it was God's will to take her away. Suddenly, without reason that the doctor could account for, she began to breathe differently and every symptom improved. She had a satisfactory convalescence, and is today a happy, active Christian. The husband has since been led to Christ, and now exerts the influence of a strong life to the advancement of the kingdom. The children are already giving promise of lives of piety and usefulness.

W. G. O.

Infant Snatched from Death's Door.

We had been married for some years. Our heart's desire was for a child of our own. With hearts full of joy and grati-

tude we finally welcomed a son. He was born in one of Chicago's hospitals, and a few days after his birth became very ill. The physicians of the institution, as well as our family doctor, quietly and sympathetically conveyed to me their despair, our own doctor saying significantly, "We have done all human effort and medical skill can do. We fear the boy cannot live. Prepare for the worst, but keep the sad news from the child's mother."

Was God mocking us? Were we not active and faithful Christians? Had we not prayed for this child? Could God take him from us? With these and many other questions, a group of four or five Christians laid the matter before God, arguing our case. This prayer group prayed between nine and ten at night. Early the next morning the nurse at the hospital met me in the long passage way and said, smilingly, "Oh! the most remarkable change came over your boy last night about 9:30. His temperature went down; he slept very well through the night, and this morning we know he will live." He had a strenuous struggle with death, but today he is a stalwart, bright, Christian youth, whom we expect later to "preach the Gospel."

E. L. R.

An Operation Averted.

In the winter of 1913 I was holding a series of evangelistic meetings in Calumet, Mich. My family lived in our home in Pontiac, same state. A letter came from my wife saying that our little daughter Ruth was very sick, and this was followed by a telegram carrying the news that three doctors had been in consultation and had decided to perform a serious operation on a date a few days hence. I was greatly exercised, but, as we were right in the midst of a great "break" in the meetings, I could not bring myself to decide to go home.

While giving my little sweetheart anew to the Lord, the suggestion came to me: "Telegraph father." My father knows how to "pray through." I at once telegraphed the facts to him at Wilmot. He received my message the day before the date set

for the operation. On that day I received this telegram from my father: "I have heard from heaven. The doctors will not operate on Ruth." I anxiously awaited a letter from home, and it came two days after, saying that the doctors came ready to perform the operation but found Ruth so much better that they decided to postpone it, and that Ruth was sitting up in bed on the day the letter was written.

The cheerful little lassie is with us now (1917), and the operation remains "postponed," there being no evident need for it.

B. F.

"Not One Chance in a Thousand" for Recovery from Typhoid.

In May, 1914, my wife returned home from a surgical operation in a local sanitarium. Nine days afterward she developed fever. The physician said at the beginning that her health being already in a weakened condition, it would be very difficult for her to recover. The third or fourth day the physician said he thought it was typhoid, and asked for another physician to be called for consultation. The two agreed on the diagnosis of typhoid. The physician suggested an additional nurse and warned me that there was not one chance in a thousand for recovery.

I went to the Great Physician, and laid before Him the five children and His own cause, which I believed was at stake. It was my first all-night in prayer, I pleaded the Lord's promises. About daylight I received assurance of definite intervention, and a short while afterward I went into the sick room in confident hope and faith. The nurse met me with an astonished expression, and said that a most wonderful thing had happened,—*"The fever is gone, and your wife is resting quietly for the first time."* A slight temperature came that afternoon, but it did not shake our faith. There was no more temperature after that, however, and in three days she was sitting up, and she is still well and strong.

There is not the slightest shadow of a doubt as to Divine intervention in this case. M. E. D.

Peaceful Submission to Surgeon's Knife.

In the summer of 1913 Mrs. E. was taken to the hospital to undergo a serious operation. Before leaving the home, and again at the hospital the afternoon preceding the operation, we prayed together and definitely committed her to the care and keeping of our heavenly Father.

At a little before three o'clock the next morning she awoke and could not return to sleep. A great fear took possession of her heart as she thought of her coming operation. What if the thread of life were snapped while she was on the operating table, and seven children left behind without a mother? Ought she to take the risk? The fear became agony. Then she reached for her Bible lying on the little table by her bed and opened it with a prayer for some special promise. The Spirit of God immediately directed her eyes to Psalm 56:3. Reminding the Lord that her trust was in Him, she asked Him to rebuke the spirit of fear and fill her heart with His peace. The deliverance came quickly, and in a few minutes she was asleep again. At nine o'clock she was wheeled into the operating room, the surgeon felt of her pulse and said, "Well, surely here is the pulse of a Christian, for you are just as calm as if you were being wheeled out to breakfast."

The sequel to this experience of Mrs. E. was the fact that two saints living in different parts of the city and unacquainted with each other, yet both friends of Mrs. E., were awakened that morning at three o'clock, and both upon awakening felt at once the impression that they ought to pray for Mrs. E. This was remarkable, as neither of these friends were in the habit of awakening at that early hour. It is needless to add that they both at once remembered her before the throne, and had the satisfaction of knowing later that their prayer had been marvelously answered. The operation was successful, and Mrs. E. was spared to her husband and her children. R. L. E.

A Child Delivered from Chronic Bronchitis, Following Whooping Cough—the Worst Case of the Kind.

Our little boy a year and a half old was very sick with chronic bronchitis, following a severe case of whooping cough. Afterwards, the physician, who was of unusual ability and very successful with children, told us that this was the worst case of the kind he had ever had in a very extensive practice, and that he doubted being able to bring the little fellow through. The mother and I both had special experience in nursing, and were giving every care possible. The doctor was coming two and three times a day.

I said one day to the mother, "What shall we do? The doctor and we are doing everything possible. Must we take him to another climate?" Like a flash came the "still, small voice." "You are trusting too much to your experience in nursing and the good care being given and the fine doctor you have. Bring him to Me." We had been praying about it often, and had thought we were looking to God for the help needed.

An errand called the mother from home for a little while, and stronger still and sweet came the tender drawing: "Just bring him to Me." I took the little fellow up in my arms and literally "brought him to God" in prayer, not so definitely for healing itself, as that I the father was just taking him and the whole case directly to God and resting it all there. It was this, and not a question of doctors and medicine vs. faith healing; just bringing the little sufferer in his extreme sickness to God and leaving all with Him. Sweet peace and rest came at once into my heart.

I put the baby down, remembering that the doctor had said, "If his fever is still up at two o'clock, give him another dose of oil." I did so, for his fever was up and had been for days and days, while the child steadily grew worse. The case was now God's, and I went about the Sabbath's work. That was the last medicine he had or needed. His fever was gone almost immediately, he was resting, and in a few days he was well and hearty after weeks of severe sickness. J. W. A.

A Sick Child Recovers.

This incident is a leaf from the experience of a pastor in one of the hard fields of a great city. The mother of the child in question was a Christian, having been converted a short time before the illness of the child which threatened its life. Indeed, its ailment was pneumonia and this was made the more dangerous because it followed a long, stubborn case of whooping cough. Several of the older children were in the Sunday-school, but the father was an unbeliever. He was a good-natured, care-free, indulgent parent, inclined to laugh off everything of a serious nature. He was a salesman, and his business drew him in daily contact with the rough element of the stables and livery barns throughout the city. He was a moderate drinker, though in the eight or ten years of our acquaintance I never knew him to drink to excess. All the effect religion ever seemed to have was to amuse him. He attended church regularly with his wife because of his Scotch training, but he was perfectly indifferent to all the appeals of the Gospel.

However, when the child became dangerously ill and was given up by the doctor, nurse, relatives and neighbors, and a gloom had settled down on the home, while the child was hovering between life and death, I paid the family a visit. I found the father in tears and the mother almost heartbroken. Naturally, I was sympathetic, but was at a loss to know what to do. I was glad to see the father in a serious frame of mind and took the occasion to speak to him closely about his relation to Christ. I do not know why, but while I was talking to him I was prompted to say: "If I pray for this child and God allows this crisis to pass and recovers the child from its illness, would you take that as an indication of God's goodness to you, and also an evidence that He wants you to turn from your sin and live a Christian life? I am not certain that the Lord has caused this shadow of death to fall upon your home in order to bring you to repentance; but He sometimes uses such means when other measures fail. Now what do you have to say to my proposition?"

After a little while he replied, "What you say might be true

and if the child should get well I would consider it an act of providential favor and I think I would be willing to be a Christian."

With this understanding I began to pray and I had not proceeded far in my prayer before there came upon me such a powerful unction, that I felt instantly my prayers were being heard, and before rising from my knees I had the assurance that faith had prevailed and the child would recover.

The child did recover and as far as I know is still alive and well, but it was full four days before any kind of a change was noticed. Those were days of testing, but faith never faltered; that my prayer had been heard and in due time would be answered, I had not the slightest doubt. While all others expected nothing but death, and talked of the impossibility of the child's recovery, I had the courage not only to expect but to talk of its full restoration to health, although I had to do this against appearances and the judgment of the doctor who was an old practitioner and a skillful physician.

Sure enough, at the end of the fourth day, a change for the better was noticed and the child was snatched from the gates of death where it had been hovering for several days. The father was deeply impressed by the evident answer to my prayer, but did not immediately surrender his life to Christ. He has since joined the church and, as far as I know, is living a consistent Christian life.

C. P. M.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jeremiah 33:3).

God's promises are given not to restrain, but to incite to prayer. They are the signed check, made payable to order, which we must indorse and present for payment. Though the Bible be crowded with golden promises from board to board, yet they will be inoperative until we turn them into prayer.—*Meyer*.