

# *The Price They Paid*

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## Begin in Me

This booklet has a definite objective. It has seemed plain to us for long that there are in the Scriptures certain clear principles of spiritual action. These, when fulfilled, are the life-line along which God brings His grace and power to bear on a situation, whether for revival, for the melting of hard hearts, the salvation of souls, or the sanctification of carnal Christians. Defeat, frustration, lack of power or fruitfulness, have no place in the experience of God's servants whose hands have been taught to war and their fingers to fight with the weapons that are not carnal, but "mighty through God".

Within the past two years this conviction has been strikingly put to the test on one of our W.E.C. Mission Fields. A succession of letters has given intimate details, so that the Lord's dealings, the outworking of these laws of a spiritual harvest, can be clearly seen. No names will be mentioned, but the letters, from one and another, so linked together that they tell their own story.

The first, from a lady missionary, came in late 1940:

My heart is full of joy to see God working here in a wonderful way. A Christian Sadhu came and took meetings for the Indian Church about ten days ago. This man is full of power and the Holy Ghost. The first few days I frankly envied him his freedom of spirit, his absorption in God, and the hunger of my heart was increased as I saw in him what I longed for myself; and then, how I don't know, God came and filled me in a new way. The most wonderful thing to me about this new blessing is that I feel free of circumstances, I have only one circumstance now – God; only one set of values – those of Eternity. So much I've had as light, but, Hallelujah, now it's life.

Prayer is utterly new; never have I known such boldness in coming to the Throne of Grace, such confidence in presenting petitions, such Holy Ghost joy. Four of us had a prayer meeting for three hours last night, apart from a couple of hours over the Word. Five hours of revelation and holy joy. I feel that I am a real crusader at last. I've been in bondage, how and why I don't quite see, but anyway now I'm free and my life is hid with Christ in God in a real way. Glory!

God is stirring in the hearts of several Indian Christians; things are getting put right, just as there has been the same straight dealing of the Spirit amongst ourselves. But isn't the crowning beauty that this blessing to my soul has come through an Indian! Praise God.

I believe God's work has got to go to the death before it will be raised to the newness of life. Wrong attitudes can't be patched up. They've got to be nailed to the Cross until Calvary love takes their place.

God is asking us to look steadily, until the sight burns up within us that which is even more subtle than self-love – Mission love. I believe that my greatest failure has

been that I have made the Crusade an idol; I have willingly sacrificed all that has been dear to me because I had a vision of seeing the Lord using the Crusade in a mighty way, souls coming through, churches formed. I knew we needed a Pentecostal blessing such as the Moravian Church had – and there lies my sin, I didn't seek that first. I did seek it, because I needed it so desperately in my own life, but not consistently, and I let work and service take the place prayer should have had.

Now I see this much more clearly, and I know that the failure of so many Missions and missionaries is not because Hinduism is too hard for the Lord, nor because there is "something about India which makes it a hard field," as is often said, nor because the language is hard, or the climate undermines the health and spiritual life, nor is it the ignorance of the illiterate masses. The failure is due to the lack of personal Pentecosts in the lives of missionaries and of outpourings of the Spirit in groups. I've been in India for three and a half years. After six months I realized I needed a deeper blessing and for three years I've been praying for it and seeking it. In that time I've visited over a dozen Mission Stations of various Missions and I have hoped and hoped to meet a soul who could be God's messenger to me, but I have turned away disappointed again and again until this Indian Sadhu came here, and then at once I recognized in him the thing I was after – an absorption in God, a holding lightly of the things of this world because the unseen was more real to him than the seen, a love, passion and courage born of the Holy Ghost.

The thirst I had had for years God suddenly satisfied; how can I praise him enough, and yet I want more, more of the Life of Christ, more of the Holy Spirit, more of God.

From a man of this same company came this letter: I'm so happy in Christ that I'm laughing out every time I think of His name. God has sent a long-prayed-for revival. My own part in the prayer dates from London days, when I saw a glimpse of the "River of Life." I saw it again when I was called to India. Once or twice I was conscious of actually being carried along in it. Since then the river has passed through dark tunnels and jungles, and I have climbed out of it to wander in the trackless waste through which it flows. Then I began to catch glimpses of it shining through the mists and the trees, and at last I've plunged in again, in fullness of blessing and Holy Ghost revival.

It was not long after I came to India that I shamefully wandered into judging and slandering other missionaries and got simply lost in the tangle of conflicting thoughts and strife of tongues. What strangers faith and love were in all this! I lost sight of them completely, and my prayer for revival developed into a mere fanatical prayer of words and condemnation of those whom I thought were responsible for the dry heavens. My eyes turned missionwards instead of out toward the unevangelized. As I saw, I became; I fell into personal sin in various respects and I ceased altogether to pray for revival.

Then something happened. While living alone I got desperate, God showed me first that my life was practically prayerless except for my anemic morning and evening "devotions." I saw the need for intense and persistent intercession, so I "gave myself to prayer." Then followed deep conviction of personal sin and backsliding. One thing after another had to come out, and my heart was completely broken as time after time I saw His wounds and heard His Royal Pardon. I marveled at His longsuffering, and trembled in case He should ever leave me in anger at last. I felt this fear until I saw His crowning glory. He is the Lamb. He was wounded once, but the scars last for all eternity, and the

love that gave Himself will never change. This is the truth I realized, that nothing in Christianity is merely a bare principle; it is Jesus Christ, the Person. When prayer got dull, I got paper and pen and wrote my heart to Him, and often before I had finished a page, I was broken down. I came to love Him, love Him more than life, and nothing but tears would come. Then followed open confession of wrong, and more humbling. He was very gracious when I felt the sting of shame. Since then I have thanked Him for revival, and he has gone on dealing with me. I personally believe that any Christian activity that lacks “revival” power is not activity in the Spirit. We see many reasons for the lack of such power, such as lack of faith, difficult circumstances, hard hearts; in fact, anything to keep us from seeing the real issue – sin. There are no such things as difficult circumstances and hard hearts when God wants to do some work. That was the Word He gave us.

Then I came to the hills. Here God taught me a principle of prayer and relationship with others through an incident in Praying Hyde’s life. While praying for an Indian pastor, he was just about to remind the Lord how cold the man was, when it seemed a Hand was laid on his lips and a Voice said, “He that toucheth him toucheth the apple of Mine eye.” Hyde was horror-stricken and sought cleansing from his sin of judging. Then he asked God to show him what things were lovely and of good repute in the brother concerned, and soon he was praising God for the man. At that very time, miles away, the pastor had a great spiritual uplift.

Amid repeated failures I have walked in this light ever since. He taught me not to join the accuser of the brethren. As I prayed, I was not to breathe before the Throne that my brother was so-an-so and such-and-such, nor even to harbor such a thought. I was to join with the Saviour Who shows His wounds, and loves and loves, and hopes and hopes to all eternity. Now I was wading in the River at last.

Still more humbling was in store before the River could lift me and carry me on. Sadhu M. came along in the Lord’s leading. In the first meeting I saw he was free in Christ and full of the Holy Ghost. The next meeting of importance to me was the prayer meeting. During the day the Lord had struck me with a sudden conviction of having last year spoken slanderously against P.S., the Indian language teacher’s wife. At first I thought of speaking to them both together, but my courage failed me. Then during the meeting I called P.S. aside and confessed. Still there was no peace and I knew it was Mrs. P.S. I had wronged. There was nothing for it but open, public confession, as the thing had been said openly. P.S. first confessed to talking against the mission, and then God helped me to confess. That was the beginning of a number of confessions, the result of which was a glorious reconciliation and renewal of love between Indians and missionaries.

## Undiscovered Self

### **There is a hymn which says :**

There is a hymn which says:  
“Baptize us with Thy Spirit, Lord,”  
Out of the depths we cried  
No tongues of fire came down; it seemed  
Our prayers, in silence, died.

But, “though it tarry, wait for it,”  
Not lightly God imparts  
His mighty blessings; grace and power  
Need long-prepared hearts.

Say, canst thou drink of that dark cup,  
Where tears of anguish flow  
And, e'er the baptism of fire,  
Be first baptized in woe?

Before the voice of God doth speak,  
“As man speaks to his friend,”  
A great strong wind perchance may break  
The rocks, and mountains rend.

Still wilt thou stand before the lord  
And for His promise wait?  
The earth may quake, and shattered hopes  
Leave thy life desolate.

Within thy heart His fire must burn,  
Consuming all the dross;  
Till, midst the ashes of a world,  
Stands nothing but the Cross.

Then, in the calm, “a still small voice”  
Shall speak, yea, speak to thee;  
Wrapped in the mantle of God’s truth,  
And power thy lips shall be.

The letters from India fully bore this out. The cry for revival increased, yet the answer was deeper and deeper purging. A few months later, the lady again wrote: The last month we have had the most wonderful time over the Word and in prayer, during the hottest part of the day, the time when the recognized thing to do is to sleep. We have no interruptions and are free to wait on the Lord as He leads, usually for two or three hours. We are having united prayer for revival. The Lord is raising faith and expectation. Another missionary who has worked in this city for some years said a short while ago, “The place is impossible”: and the Lord made us take up the challenge in prayer. In fact, whenever we hear that word now, we run to the God of the impossible, and from our safe shelter beneath the blood cast the challenge back at the enemy of souls.

Then came this: The Lord has been dealing deeply with me and has opened up to my horrified gaze whole tracts of the self-life which I had scarcely realized existed.

I have seen how much of my service and sacrifices (so called) have been mingled with self and so much have been quite unacceptable to the Lord. It has been just grim to trace that proud, grabbing self-life through these years on the mission field. If I had walked steadily with the Lord and if I had known the Throne Life and been dead to self, then the story of these years would have been different. I’ve been fighting on the level instead of reigning in Christ, and all because of uncrucified self and the blindness, which it brings.

Since the blessing received last year things have been very different, praise God, but even so I can see now that I really failed to die . . . it looks as if some tracts of my soul were dealt with and cleansed, while others were left lying fallow. I can only marvel at God’s mercy, that He has allowed me to enjoy such precious times with Himself when I had some of the grave-clothes still on. I suppose it’s because I wasn’t consciously quenching the Spirit, and so Calvary covered them.

I’ve failed grossly in not bearing up other Crusaders before the Lord: often I have found it easier to criticize than pray and have indulged in that damning sin. The poverty of my prayer life, especially before last year, has been disgraceful. There was so much inward warfare that I wasn’t free to war without: sometimes I felt it would drive me crazy.

With all this painful and humiliating uncovering of self, Jesus became more and more precious as I saw in Him my cleansing, my righteousness, my life, my all. Praise Him! Well, Hallelujah, this is casting up the stones to prepare the ground for the Lord’s rain of blessing, the first step to revival.

As I side with Christ against my own flesh I can rejoice to see the nails go into the thing. Hudson Taylor’s “Exchanged Life” chapter has been very precious to my soul. Like McCarthy I hail a new day with trembling, but yet with trust. I have sipped only but of that which fully satisfies.

It appears as if God withhold Himself. It appears as if He is so hidden, is so unwilling to be found, that man cannot reach Him till he gets to the point of desperation,

till he cries, like Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Ask. Press on farther, seek. Press on farther still, knock and it shall be opened unto you. God appears like that unwilling friend in the parable who called out from his bed, "Trouble me not," to us who can yet only see spiritual truths as trees walking. But the real fact is that it is God who will not let us go till He can get his grace through to us. It is God who will not let us go, until He can share His world's burdens with us, until He can bestow upon us the unspeakable privilege of His travail for a lost humanity.

Between us and Him, between us and the consciousness of His indwelling presence and power, a realization of the burning fire within which first melts us and then the sinners around us, lies "wall upon wall of gross flesh." It is that which has to crumble and dissolve. It is for that reason that strong crying and tears are first needed, not to draw Him down from on high Who has already come, but to remove all that which prevents the imprisoned splendour of His presence within from radiating forth.

But "if it tarry, wait for it; for He that shall come will come, and will not tarry," not one moment longer than is necessary to deal with the flesh, the evil heart of unbelief, and the opposing hosts of demons.

And so He came to them in India.



## Travail, then Birth

A year later this lady missionary wrote again: -- As you know, over a year ago the Lord started a few of us praying for revival, and that prayer became more intense and intelligent as time passed and we received more light from the Lord on the subject. Another landmark was when the Lord led me to obtain Finney's *Revivals of Religion*. On arrival here we continued in daily prayer for revival, the Lord leading us to concentrate on the little group of nominal Christians. Then Sadhu M. arrived, stayed for a fortnight and held a series of meetings for the Indian Church, but no evident result though we felt God must be using his powerful messages. Just before he left, the devil made a powerful attack, which threatened to stop effectively all possibility of revival; but in the darkest hour the Holy Spirit, in a wonderful way, enabled us to hold fast to the promises and crown Jesus King of the situation by faith. After M. had left we continued the meetings in the Church, but everything was still as lifeless as could be.

This led us to search our own hearts to see why the Spirit was being hindered. The Lord thus led us to give up all meetings (except Sunday Services), and nearly all gave up language study too, letters, etc. being laid aside, that we might give ourselves wholly to prayer and meditation on the Word and study of revival. We had one or two united meetings a day (13 Crusaders present): in the afternoons we read Finney or some other such work: in the evening studied the Word; and in both sessions we had ample time for prayer. Finney's chapter on how to get revival, *i.e.*, to break up the fallow ground, broke me up and others too. Some of us went through a private list of sins of omission and commission and wrote down all we could think of under the various heads. That led to the most thorough overhaul by the Holy Spirit I have yet had (and I have been through some pretty severe ones before!). For four days most of us were on the "ash pile" and our united meetings ended in confessions and weeping. The Spirit dealt with us in a wonderful way. We declared a total war on our own flesh (1 Kings 10:42) and some of us covenanted together to exhort one another that we might be helpers of one another to that end.

The end of the time of conviction and humbling was a fresh entering into Romans 6 and a taking by faith that our lives were hid with Christ in God, and we were freer to continue in prayer for revival. We felt that there must be something done in us as a Crusade before blessing would flow in our work. The devil of course was busy and opposed us in various ways, some days it would be hard to pray and others there would be wonderful liberty. Goforth's *By My Spirit* fed the flame of desire for revival and of faith for it, and Finney continued to minister to us; also there was a deep desire in, I think, all hearts for personal blessing.

The Word the Lord had given me before the meetings began was Luke 5 and Ezekiel 47. "Launch out into the deep" was ever before me, and I knew I had not got out into the midstream where foothold was lost and one was in the current of His blessing.

I think we all had ideas as to how the Lord would meet us and He conformed to none of our plans, but come he did to do a new thing in our midst.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> day, a Saturday, we decided to hold a half night of prayer. The devil attacked us much and prayer was difficult, but we held on until at about 1:30 a.m., the Lord told us that we had got to stop looking at our feelings and put aside all our pet ideas and receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. We then exercised "cold" faith and just took God at His Word and left the meeting with considerably less emotion than we had felt at many others!! (We have sometimes talked about it since and laughed to think what a good lesson the Lord gave us!)

The next morning, Sunday, the Crusade awoke to "newness of life"; we had a testimony meeting among ourselves and many shared their experiences, and it was a blessed time. Also that morning came the second part of the Lord's Word in Luke 5: "Let down the nets." They went down and a soul was saved, the first of many.

It has been most interesting to watch the little Indian Church come to life; now there is a nucleus of a dozen born again ones, who are beginning to realize their unity in Christ and are acting as a body. This last week they had to judge gross sin in the Christian community and it was a joyous surprise to us to see how they handled the situation in the Spirit.

The Lord has shown us that the key to the Indian situation is the revival of the Indian Church.

This little community is inter-related with the other Christian communities in these hills and we expect to see all three revived. They are amazingly corrupt and we have realized that it is so much waste of time to work among the heathen, while those who bear the Lord's Name are profaning His Name among them. In the villages the heathens say, "Look at the Christians! Are gamblers and adulterers like them going to heaven?"

## An Unvarnished Narrative

Then a young American Crusader described his experiences:

### 1. BARRENNESS

Two days later after we arrived here, there also arrived a Christian Sadhu. He had been with the Mission here last summer and had been a real occasion of blessing to the missionaries. He came again now to conduct daily evangelistic meetings. There is a little native church here of about 20 members, a result of work some years ago. There have been only one or two that could be called “saved” at all, the rest in very bad shape and bringing a terrible reproach to the name of Christ. Well, we had meetings daily for two weeks, without visible results. Only four or five of the older missionaries carried the burden of the meetings along with the Sadhu. The rest of us were busy with language study.

Then quite suddenly, the Sadhu left. We all decided to continue the meetings anyway. The attendance was only a half dozen of the dead Christians or less each time. So D. started in with the preaching. The morning after the Sadhu left, the Lord told me to join along with the others and take a hand in the meeting, as a definite commission from God. I hadn’t done so before this. Now it was God’s will for me. Those of us who had a burden for fruit and revival worked in prayer and faith as best we knew how to produce them. We laboured in active, declarative faith for these souls but nothing came. There were about a dozen convicted folk. But somehow they just wouldn’t come through to salvation. It was like this: “The children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth.”

We carried on this way for a week, D. preaching and the rest of us praying. Pray and work and believe as we tried, there was still lacking that power to push things through. Then God showed us two things. First, that this commission to see revival in this place was a Mission commission, for all to carry, and not just half the missionaries. Second, that we lacked the spiritual power and faith to produce results, and that we had better stop the meeting, turn upon ourselves for reviving and filling before trying to go after the Indians. So that night, D. called a meeting and laid the score before us: “We have a Mission commission to produce revival here, turn people from darkness to light, and we are *not* producing the goods. Now what are you going to do about it?” We all saw our individual responsibilities in this united effort and took it up. Also we saw whether we liked it or not we could not have success in the shape we were in, but needed to get a new and higher place with Christ before we could fulfill our commission here in India. D. has been out here seven

years, some others three to four years, the rest of us one month to a year. D. was thoroughly tired of just preaching in the most devoted way and sacrificially, and yet not getting any fruit. One week of concentrating on the meetings convinced me that I wasn't where I ought to be. Others came to the same conclusion. We have all produced a measure of fruit in the homelands, but not out here. There is no background here, no atmosphere, no helps in the natural here; just one deep pit full of chains, slime, bondage, and the boldest and strongest powers of Satan I have ever seen, out of which we are to lift human souls. We must come to a new place of power and authority in Christ if we are to see fruit and glorify our Master.

So we quite the meetings and started having two prayer meetings a day for us missionaries. We prayed that God would cleanse us of sin and self, fill us with the Holy Spirit and send revival to this place. But that wasn't enough. God showed us that if we wanted revival, we would have to pay the price for revival. He said, if you want to bring up a load of fish you must launch out into the deep of utter separation to this one thing. You must sanctify yourselves in the Old Testament sense of separation unto a work of God. Nice things, good things, ordinary duties, etc., must be set aside, if you want only this one thing of revival. You can't have this plus a lot of other things. Then, we began to deliver ourselves up to death, to give ourselves over to this one thing. It was God's will; we must obey. Two lady missionaries living down in L-----having some meetings and running a dispensary closed up everything, and came up into a house on the mountain here so they could give themselves over entirely to private prayer and waiting on God and join on our two daily united prayer meetings. D. closed his dispensary up here and set aside all the Mission business and correspondence that he could. Most of us quit language study altogether, on which we had been spending hours every day. No evangelistic efforts were attempted, except one Sunday service. God spoke to me and said, "The life I have called you to will require a walk separated from the natural and set free in the spiritual, in heavenly places, dealing with the Throne, the Blood, the Spirit, how to work in harmony with them, and how to ride forth with JESUS to the overthrow of Satan and his powers in the world. I want to give you a little example of what your future job will be like, by commissioning you to see revival here. Now cut off all the things of the natural and give yourself over to the spiritual things entirely. Launch out into the deep and come up to be with Me." So I entered a vow of separation unto the Lord until He would send revival. I put my watches in the drawer, so as to be as free from the bonds of time as possible. I put away my books and papers, cleared off my desk, wrote a note to E. saying that I would write to no one till God released revival, wiped my slate of everything, took my Bible in hand and jumped out into the invisible. And so, as God dealt with us in different ways, we gave ourselves over to obtain revival.

## II. GOD'S HOUSE-CLEANING

Then God began to do His house-cleaning in us. We knew this had to be. We asked for it. And God sent it. Never in the past have I been led of the Lord into such a season of just cleansing and mortification of the flesh. For eight solid days the Lord held us on Job's ash pile and showed us sores and infections, and the rottenness of

our human natures. There was nothing else to pray about or talk about or read about or deal with. That was *the* thing that had to be handled, before we could move on to anything else. In our afternoon meetings, we read from Finney's *Revivals of Religion*, God directing us to those chapters where he goes after the sin the church lives in and Christians that hinder revival, on prevailing prayer, on the prayer of faith, and unity in prayer. Truly it is the most devastating stuff I have ever read and it cut us wide open. We also read from Goforth's *By My Spirit*, which made further occasion for conviction. Then in our private devotions and prayer we laid ourselves before the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and other passages of Scripture, asking that God would utterly cleanse us and do away with all sin in us. Our meetings became confession meetings. There was confession to each other, to people through letters, God clearing up much back sin as well as present flesh.

God showed me that in a very subtle way there had crept into my heart and actions a pride of God's grace in my life and work in me. The foulest sort of robbery of God; trying to share His glory and think myself to be somewhat righteous in myself. I did not want this but there it was. That was what I was made out of. I further saw that in my discernment and even prayer life for others I was mixing a fleshly judgment of them. Then besides that, I found myself woefully attached and even *lusting* after the natural. Several letters came from the U.S.A. which God forbade me to open because I had cut myself off from all unnecessary things of the natural. I lusted after them, lusted after news, after the people in the U.S.A., after things innumerable, after other books, after talking with people about any old thing, after going places and doing things. Now these are all fine, good things. I found that although I had given up things in leaving U.S.A., I had taken up other things out here in their place, a most subtle thing that comes on so unnoticed. I found myself not nearly so devoted to the LORD JESUS as I thought. Now God had put me in a place where I had nothing else to do but be with JESUS in heavenly places. Get up at 6:00. Spend one hour with the LORD. Breakfast and a shave, make my bed, and then nothing to do until bedtime but pray, read the Bible, attend the meeting and be with JESUS. Then I began to fast the noon meal too, because God saw that I lusted after food and craved to quit praying when 12:00 came round, and watched for it. Surely a great privilege and the grace of God to be set into such a life. I was all for it and thanked God.

But I have never known in myself such a lusting of the flesh against the Spirit before. It just tore in me all day long. I would spend a few hours of grand fellowship with the Lord, and then a letter would come and I would be thrown into a time of fighting. Stand as I would in Romans 6, there would come shooting into my heart and mind, in the midst of prayer, some lusting after something of the natural. The Lord let me just see my natural self in the raw and wouldn't give relief for a season, so that I might know for a certainty that in me was *no* desire after God and *no* ability to be holy or righteous. I simply found that I couldn't stay in the presence of God and in prayer or the Bible for more than a few hours, but simply had to drop down to something of the natural and satisfy a craving in me for it. I knew the only place and life of power was at the centre of the universe before God's throne, and I wanted to live there eternally, so that I might better glorify JESUS. But I found myself woefully and sinfully attached to the natural with a lust that I simply couldn't break

myself. I, of myself, was of the earth, earthy. Yes, by power of will, I could leave off opening a letter, miss a meal, cease writing letters, cease studying language, etc. Yes, I could cut them off, but I, of myself, could not cease lusting after them with a lust that disrupted my walk and work with God in heavenly places. Now, I have written much on this point because I want you to mark well the nature of the human heart and to mark also the purpose of God dealing so with me: to teach me and start me out into a life of being set free in the spiritual, which is necessary for producing fruit out here.

Yes, I have known a measure of separation in the past and do thank God that He has given me a heart that is ready to obey Him on any point, but never before has He put me in such a spot where I could see experimentally in myself the terrifically strong attachments of the human heart to the natural. I have every bit of respect now for Sadhus who can sit in meditation for months on end in solitary confinement. May I interject here, that I believe most deeply that the Central Asian Front will only be cracked by those who will pay the price and obtain the grace of God to live continually and consistently in “heavenly places” and “wrestle a good warfare against Satan and his host in heavenly places” . . .

I have only one record in my diary of those eight days. It reads, “Days of the mortification of the flesh.” And so it was with all of us. Then, when God had done His cleaning out work, and it seemed that I must die if He kept His sword on much longer, then he reached out and lifted us up into the forgiveness of Jesus. That was a great day. Praise God.

### III. THE BATTLE FOR REVIVAL

But now the real battle for revival began. Now we were set free from ourselves to pray for others and to pray for revival power. We spent two weeks at this, still in what one might call “solitary confinement,” as a group. After cleansing there must be filling. We had discussions on what we meant by the “filling of the Holy Spirit.” Did we want Pentecost with all the gifts of tongues and mighty deeds? Were we to wait for some certain descending of the Spirit upon us before we would go out and preach again? Were we agreed in what we were praying for? Did we believe we could have revival *now*? Were we ready to stay on the hill all winter and not go down to the plains, if it took that long to see revival come? How foolish were we ready to look in order to get revival? So, we died all over again to times, plans, methods, etc. and said, “We want the book of Acts and are ready to stay here till we get it.” God caused me to give up to Him all my plans, ambitions, possessiveness, and longings after Nepal and its work.

We saw that there were three possible things hindering revival power: (1) sin; (2) lack of desire; (3) lack of “receiving” faith. God cleansed out our sin and gave us a witness that we were forgiven and accepted. Then he called us to separation and seeking only JESUS and revival here, and gave us only one desire. Now, as we prayed for power and for souls, we entered into such a fight of faith as I have never entered into before. I can best describe these two weeks of prevailing prayer by quoting from my diary: “*Sunday*, Studying much in the Word, seeking for the basis for the faith that the divine will move the natural. Our faith is not yet equal to the job.

By much prayer and Bible Study, one's *faith* and *life* grows and one climbs to a higher level where one is able to handle a bigger job, such as revival. This is a very big job requiring deep, solid, thorough preparation in faith and life . . . Discussions on the Throne Life . . . Pressing the battle heavily all day long in hardness, laziness, and unbelief in me—even right during the Hindi service . . . *Monday*. All morning (for four hours solid) during my private prayer time I was in terrific dullness and inability to pray. Fought it all morning . . . *Tuesday*. Time with the Lord much freer today. On my knees from 8:00 to 1:15 . . . *Friday*. Heavy prayer all day. In the prayer meetings every prayer is a toil and a struggle to get out, as if a blanket were laid over us . . . Warring intensely against Satan and his hosts . . . We were coming to the conclusion that these terrible attacks of dullness and unbelief that we are all having come from the devil, and I mean the *Devil* and not the flesh. Not so. We must resist these attacks of the Devil at once . . . Standing against the Devil. Getting assurance in the Spirit that victory is close. The clouds are breaking. Wrote out on paper the COVENANT that God has made with us. In that I stand. The immutable God says so with His immutable Word. Hallelujah . . . *Friday*. No dinner. Got guidance from the Spirit that we must step out into the fullness and power of God by *faith*. Was exercised much in prayer that we might all see this and do it.”

We were all assured that we were clean of sin before God and that in that regard there was nothing holding up things. And so day after day we sat before God asking Him to pour out His Spirit upon us, or fill us, or empower us, and not moving a finger to receive it by faith. As a group we were unwilling to take it by faith, but insisted that it must drop on us from above at God's good time and that we would surely know when it had come, and had better stay on our knees till it came. Then on Saturday, September 20<sup>th</sup>, we decided that we would stay on our knees that night till God blessed us, so we could go to the meeting on the morrow in power and see fruit. We were getting tired of this waiting and getting nowhere.

Our meeting started at 7:00 in the evening. We stayed on our knees till after midnight, longing before God for His filling, some pleading for God to send His Spirit, and waiting for something to happen to us. We knew that God in Christ was standing over us with outstretched hands to take us up, and here we sat reaching up and asking Him to take us. Then God rebuked our unbelief. And one by one, we confessed our unbelief, bound it and cast it from us, and just took His fullness by cold faith. Some died hard to this way of getting the filling of the Holy Spirit. There was one verse that we all laid hold on especially: “Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God” (Col. 3:3). Being very ashamed of ourselves we laid hold on the truth of what God said in that verse, the devil, the world, and the flesh notwithstanding. Then assurance of his indwelling power came. We went to bed that night for a few hours of sleep half afraid that it would be all gone by morning. But hallelujah! There was a new fountain of life springing up in us and we kept letting it run.

Then God launched us out into a real life of being priests and kings in heaven. We weren't fooling around anymore with ourselves and wasting any more time on ourselves. We had entered in our rest. Now we were free to go after the battle without. And we went after it with a vengeance. God showed us a whole string of texts that led us out into a most bold and active prayer life. Read Acts 26:16-18; John 20:21, 23; Matt. 16:19; 18:18; 12:29; Eph. 6:12; 2 Cor. 2:14; Rom. 8:37, 1 Jn. 3:8;

Rev. 12:11; etc. Consequently, as priests, our work was: to offer ourselves as an acceptable sacrifice, offer a contrite heart, offer a sacrifice of praise, and with Jesus continually make intercession for souls before God by the Blood sacrifice. Then, as kings we were to dispense life by *turning* people from darkness to light, *remitting* their sins, *loosing* God's salvation for them, and *binding* all the works and power of Satan on them. So we donned our armour and rode out with JESUS, conquering soul after soul and binding all the power of Satan. We were very aware that our wrestling was not with flesh and blood, but with Satan and demons and all their power and influence. So we went after him in the name of the Lord. We asked the Lord to expose Satan so we could get after him.

Well, we just tore through that first week of release and found at the end that over 15 souls had been definitely saved. My, it was real life! The second week, we dealt with four demon-possessed cases. The first was a woman with violent fits, a perfect picture of Luke 9:38-42. She had several very strong demons. We dealt with her in the regular Sunday service, and the Lord cast the demons into the bottomless pit at our word spoken in Jesus' Name. We spent some time talking to the demons for the benefit of the Hindus listening in, exposing them and their names and works to the people. There were demons from some well-known gods in these parts. It was a marvelous demonstration to the people that the LORD JESUS CHRIST is the *living* Saviour and not just the talk of preachers. And so God is laying bare His arm. Another was a lunatic woman who was also possessed. God cast out the demons and we prayed for her healing. She is getting better. Then a man who gets severe seasons of possession when the demon comes into him and he leaves his work, hikes off to the woods, mad, and can't say a word to anyone. We prayed that God would make the demon come out of him as we dealt with him, and it did, putting him in a terrible state of insensibility and fits. God cast these demons out, too, at our word in Jesus' Name. The fourth man was a milder case. We took two days off in that week to march around the Mount here to all the houses and cleanse them of all demons and influences of demons, so that the Mount might be free and clean for the Holy Spirit's influence. We found many of the servants and watchman in the various houses were very grateful. And so the battle rages. Souls getting saved right along. The raw Hindus are the tough nuts to crack. They lose everything if they accept Christ. Praise be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

I exhort you all earnestly to stop and definitely give God the glory for all of this work that He is doing. It is His grace throughout. I rejoice that God has lifted me, too, along with these Indians out of the horrible pit and set my foot upon the Rock. Now I want to live in everything for JESUS only. I exhort you all afresh to sanctify yourselves to enter into the heights and depths of a life lived in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. We must drink deep of the blood and death if we would know the deeps of the fountain of divine triumph. The work is much harder out here than in the U.S.A. You and I cannot prepare too well to enter into this spiritual warfare that God has so graciously let us into . . . I pray God will daily cause you to walk in heavenly places and learn to fellowship with God, Jesus, the Blood, Angels, Church, the Throne and the True Tabernacle. That is true reality. Hallelujah to the Lamb. We are *not* in full revival--still only moving up to it. These are the first drops I am telling



you about here. Rivers are coming. God is good and leading on. 2 Cor. 2:14; Ps. 37:4; I am just barely beginning to learn.

## The Cross Cuts Deep

Another lady missionary takes up the story:--When we first started praying for revival the Lord used Finney's *Lectures on Revivals* very much, especially the chapter on breaking up the fallow ground. Finney suggested taking pencil and paper and jotting down sins which the Lord brought to mind which had not been truly confessed and forsaken. He said this was necessary before the Lord could revive us or anyone else through us. It was not long before we began to see that there were depths of sin in our hearts of which we had no idea. God began to crush us with grief over things which we had easily taken for granted before. Things were confessed which had been ignored for years. Sin became absolutely intolerable as the Lord brought to light one thing after another. It was a real Romans 6 experience. We realized that we needed the Holy Spirit in all His fullness. In order to fill us completely God must first empty us completely, and this is what He was doing.

As the work went on we began to have such a thirst after God, such a longing after His fullness. We sought promises in the Word on the fullness which we claimed. One verse which kept recurring to me was, "Blessed are they for which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED." Well, we were hungering and thirsting. Satan did not leave us alone by any means. We had plenty of inward battles, chiefly lack of desire to pray, and the tendency to be talking about purely natural visible things when our hearts hungered after the heavenly invisible things.

There came a night when we felt the Lord was waiting to give us of His fullness. We had communion together and it was a sacred time. I felt I was actually partaking of Christ and His presence in the room was so real that I just had to open my eyes to see if He were not standing by the table showing His hands and side. That afternoon I had given myself over to the Lord as completely as I knew how. I had separately placed in His hands my time, my money, my affections, my talents and I knew He was taking them. That evening I had deep assurance that His fullness was to be mine.

Do you know that hymn:

"Saviour, I by faith am touching  
Thee, the source of every good;  
Virtue now, by faith am claiming,  
Through the cleansing of Thy blood."?

We touched and received. What our hearts were hungering after He had started to supply. We were filled with joy and assurance. We knew we were entering into a new life with Christ. I knew that I had far more of Christ than I had ever had before. I knew the Lord wanted to give far more as soon as I was ready for it.

We haven't always walked in the heavenlies from that day to this. Satan has been hot on our trail and has tripped us up time after time; but we have not been content to stay down, we have been in misery until we have confessed to God or man or both.

Then the Lord took our eyes off revival as such and turned them to the Cross of Christ. He gave us a good long look at the Cross until we could hardly stand the sight of what our Saviour bore for us. Our hearts were melted within us every time we looked. What stands out in a new light is that unless we are daily crucifying self we are continually crucifying Christ afresh. Another thing the Lord keeps before us—fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, being made conformable to His death (Phil. 3:10). I am convinced we shall know this experimentally as the Lord leads us on. The Cross cuts deep.

I became very conscious of the presence of Christ. I just knelt and adored Him, the Lamb slain for me. I kept saying to myself, "He's alive! He's alive!" I felt as if I had truly worshipped Christ for the first time in my life. From that time on there has been a new sense of fellowship with Christ, a new desire to pray, and a new understanding of the Word.

As the days went on the Lord applied the Cross to our hearts. It was amazing to us that the more things we confessed and repented of the more things the Lord was able to bring to light which had to be confessed and handed over for crucifixion. We found it a never-ending process.

We were directed to Malachi 3:10, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," and found that one tithe was worship and praise of Christ. The Lord brought our past lives into review before us, and we saw how continually we had denied Him fellowship, praise and love, for which He is longing. We spent a good deal of time in those days just worshipping and glorifying the Lamb upon the Throne. Our eyes were continually brought to focus on the Cross. As Mrs. Penn-Lewis writes, "The Cross leads to the Spirit, and the Spirit leads to the Cross."

Then the Lord showed us that there were other ways of glorifying Him. Romans 4:20-21 spoke to us; "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." We saw that God wanted us to believe firmly in His Word and glorify Him in this way. A fresh promise of revival given us at this time was John 7:37-38; we stood upon this promise in faith alone, in the conviction that rivers of living water would surely come if we "staggered not" in unbelief.

One morning I was reading the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapters 5-8, of Melchizedec and how he was both king and priest, and that Christ is a king-priest after his order, and we also. It brought into harmony for me the life of authority and of prevailing prayer. As *priests* we are to *prevail in prayer* with God, and as *kings* reigning with Christ we are to speak the *word of authority*. The two go hand-in-hand. As king-priests we cannot live one without the other.

The Lord now showed us a different angle of the Throne-life, the dark background of the picture. Up to this time the glorious possibility of commanding situations in accordance with God's leading had captivated us. Now we saw the reality of *suffering*. "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him."

In 1 Corinthians 4:8-16, we have a good example of true and false Throne-life. To all outward appearances it was the Corinthian Christians who were reigning but in reality it was the apostles who were being made a spectacle, ill-treated, made the

“offscouring of all things,” who were reigning. And then, as though to confirm this, we saw the picture of the Lion-Lamb in Rev. 5:5-6; “Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah . . . and I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the Throne, a Lamb as it has been slain.” The Lion and the Lamb are inseparable! There is no reigning without first suffering. We asked the Lord anew to lead us into the Throne-life which would mean fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, and being made conformable unto His death.

Mrs. Penn-Lewis’ little book, *The Conquest of Canaan*, was a great blessing to us. We saw that just as the priests stood firmly with the ark in the midst of Jordan until the people were clean passed over, so we were to stand just as firmly for the Indians until they were clean passed over Jordan—not content to see them just saved, but safely across Jordan into Canaan, strongly abiding in the holiness of Christ.

The picture of the Captain of the Lord’s host given in the book of Joshua, chapter five, was very helpful. Aside from the visible conflict, although linked with it, is the invisible conflict. The Captain of the Lord’s host goes before with drawn sword, routing the hosts of darkness. We, too, are conscious of wrestling with principalities and power, and of the Captain of the Lord’s host within us vanquishing the hosts of darkness about us. We are especially aware of this when brought face to face with a situation that demands immediate prayer and action. Knowing for a certainty that our Captain is leading us forth against some spiritual Jericho, we are not obsessed by the visible but attack Satan, holding over his head the victory which Christ won over him on Calvary.

Victory now in Jesus’ Name;  
Victory over the foe we claim,  
All the legions of hell must flee  
Before the Victor of Calvary.  
Jesus has died for man to win  
Victory over self and sin,  
Victory in temptation’s hour,  
For He has crushed the devil’s power.  
Victory over the foe we claim,  
Victory now in Jesus’ Name.  
And as we claim Christ’s victory,  
Standing with Him at Calvary,  
Victory in our lives today  
And in the lives for whom we pray;  
Hosts of darkness must flee before  
Him whom earth and heaven adore.  
Jesus our Lord, our Life, our Light,  
Sending us forth in His great might,  
Over our conquered foe we claim  
Victory now in Jesus’ Name

We literally claim Christ's victory, "standing with Him at Calvary," and can see the hosts of darkness flee before Him. In many prayer meetings we have had glorious liberty in prayer, receiving faith to ask largely. Then we have gone forth to find that the victory is already ours, the spoils\* awaiting us.

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\*As a first fruit of this moving of the Spirit in the hearts of missionaries, about thirty souls have come out for Christ in a district where no souls have been saved for 50 years. Revival blessing has also reached members of neighbouring communities. But the missionaries regard this as the mere "droppings" of blessing and continue to seek God for a far greater work of His Spirit.

THE  
WORLDWIDE EVANGELIZATION  
CRUSADE

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Founder: C.T. STUDD*  
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**OBJECTIVE** The evangelization of the remaining unevangelized parts of the world in the shortest possible time.

**DOCTRINAL** (Commonly called “The Five Smooth Stones”)

**BASIS**

1. Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of the Trinity.
2. Absolute belief in the full inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures.
3. Vow to know and to preach none other save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.
4. Obedience to Christ’s command to love all who love the Lord Jesus sincerely without respect of persons, and to love all men.
5. Absolute faith in the Will, Power and Providence of God to meet our every need in His service.

**STAFF** A total of 300 workers and probationers on all fields and home bases.

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**MOTTO:--** “If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great

for me to make for Him.”