

## The Ministry of Prayer

Joseph H. Smith

"Ye are a royal priesthood" (1 Pet. 2:9).

Notice that we move at once into a broader circle than that of praying for our own needs, namely, that of ministering to others by praying for them. The highest function of man is prayer. The highest prerogative of man is that of prayer.

Prayer is a law of the universe, as truly as is gravitation. It is not an incident, an accident, or an intrusion, but a part of the economy of God. By this law God plans to conjoin the spiritual with the material in the universe. By this law, also, He plans to harness up man with Himself in the accomplishment of His plans for the world.

God is not responsible for all that happens in this world. He is not responsible for the fact that many of us are not as happy nor as useful as we might be. He has made His great plans, but He is not responsible if work is not accomplished for which we have not prayed. "He . . . wondered that there was no intercessor." (Isa. 59:16). "And I sought for a man among them that should . . . stand in the gap before me for the land that I should not destroy it: but I found none" (Ezek. 22:30).

Consider the story of Abraham's intercession for Sodom and Gomorrah. God told Abraham, His friend, of His plan in order to move Abraham to intercession. Who knows what a sparing of the people for further chance for repentance there might have been had Abraham kept on praying!

We must not let the sound of the warnings in prophecy defeat us in our praying. The policeman blows his whistle, and the automobliist his horn in warning, not that men may cease their watchfulness and efforts for their own safety and that of others, but in warning that there may be added efforts in this direction. Thus the prophets sounded their warnings. What if some great disaster to a community, a church, a home, or a soul, results because we have not prayed? We are enjoined to pray, in order that conditions may be the best possible for the people in this world.

Not only is prayer our highest privilege but it is the imperative support of all our ministry. Paul exhorts us to pray for all rulers, and for those in places of authority. Spurgeon was preaching with great unction and effectiveness, and some one sought to know the secret of his effectiveness. It was found in three hundred men of his church on their knees praying for him. All the advancing interests of His kingdom are as dependent upon prayer as sight is upon an eye, or hearing upon an ear.

The highest ministry, the most forceful ministry, the most necessary ministry, is the ministry of prayer. The greatest, the broadest, the deepest, the highest service that we can render is the service of intercessory prayer.

Where is the "man in the breach," where the "man in the gap" to bring things to pass still in our great church? Where are those who know how to pray for our President, for our Governors, for our Country in this time of trouble and need?

Both for Country and for Church, let us contribute this to patriotism, our prayer until our loved country is under the sweep of a great, old-time revival. No ministry of finances, no mobilization of other forces will accomplish this, but prayer will.

## THE HILLS OF GLORY

A young Scotch girl who was taken ill in this country, knowing that she must die, begged to be taken back to her native land. On the homeward voyage she kept repeating, "O for a glimpse of the hills of Scotland!" Before the voyage was half over it was evident to those who were caring for her that she could not live to see her native land.

One evening just at the sun-setting, they brought her on deck. The west was all aglow with glory, and for a few minutes she seemed to enjoy the scene. Someone said to her, "Is it not beautiful?" She answered, "Yes, but I'd rather see the hills o' Scotland."

For a little while she closed her eyes, and then opening them again, and with a look of unspeakable gladness on her face, she exclaimed, "I see them noo, and aye, they're bonnie." Then, with a surprised look, she added, "I never kened before that it was the hills of Scotland where the prophet saw the

### PLANNED

Things just don't happen to us who love God,  
They're planned by His own dear hand;  
Then moulded and shaped, and timed by his  
clock;

Things just don't happen, they're planned.

We just don't guess on the issues of life,  
We Christians just rest in our Lord,  
We are directed by His sovereign will  
In the light of His holy Word.

We who love Jesus are walking by faith,  
Not seeing one step that's ahead;  
Not doubting one moment what our lot might  
be,  
But looking to Jesus instead.

We praise our dear Saviour for loving us so,  
For planning each care of our life,  
Then giving us faith to trust Him for all  
The blessings as well as the strife.

Things just don't happen to us who love God,  
To us who have taken our stand;  
No matter the lot, the course, or the price,  
Things just don't happen, they're planned.

—Esther L. Fields

horseman and the chariots, but I see them all, and we are almost there." Then, closing her eyes, she was soon within the vale. Those beside her knew that it was not the hills of Scotland, but the hills of Glory that she saw.

Perhaps there are some fair hills toward which you are now looking, and for which you are now longing, and you may be thinking that life will be incomplete unless you reach them. What will it matter if, while you are eagerly looking, there shall burst upon your vision the King's country, and the King Himself comes forth to meet you and to take you into that life where forever you shall walk with Him in white because you are found worthy? "For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward!"—Evangelical Christian.

For whom have you prayed today?  
For what have you prayed?  
How much have you prayed for others?  
Have you had answers to prayer today?  
—Heart and Life.

## Possess Your Soul In Patience

"He opened not his mouth," (Isa. 53:7)

How necessary it is at times for people to refrain from retaliation and to say nothing when they are criticized, although they may be tempted to say a lot. It takes much grace to bear a misunderstanding rightly and to receive an unkind judgment in a spirit of holy sweetness. I think we have all been tested along this line.

Nothing tries the Christian more than to have some evil thing said about him. If we could but know the blessings that lie hidden in our trials, we would say, like David did when Shimei cursed him, "Let him curse; it may be that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day." May God give us more of the spirit of Him "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself."

Some people are easily turned from the grandeur of their life-work by pursuing their own grievances and enemies until their lives are turned into a petty whirl of warfare. It is like a nest of hornets. You may disperse the hornets, but you will get badly stung and will get nothing for your trouble, for even their honey is not worth a search; so why worry? What is the use of fretting? It never made anyone strong, and never did help anyone to do God's will. Worry spoils lives which would otherwise be useful and beautiful. The Lord does not want us to be over-anxious. How we do need grace to be quiet and calm in soul—to "be still, and know that I am God." He deserves our confidence, and He is the One who will never fail His own. Let us not be cast down, but let us look up, for our redemption draweth nigh.

Dear heart, say not, "Where are the swallows gone? They are dead!" They are not dead, but have skimmed the great sea to a far-distant shore—but they will return by and by. Say not that the flowers are dead; that the winter has killed them and that they are gone. Ah, no! Though winter has coated them with the ermine of snow, they will again push up their heads under the rays of the sun, and be alive again very soon.

Say not, dear child of God, that the sun is quenched, just because the clouds have hidden it. Oh, no, he is behind them, brewing summer for thee; and when he appears again, he will have made the clouds fit to drop April showers—all of them mothers of the sweet May flowers.

Remember, dear heart, when thy God hides His face and we seem to be forgotten, He never leaves the crucible. He is standing in the shadow watching o'er His own. He hath not forgotten thee, but is tarrying a while to make you love Him better.

Let us wait patiently for Him, for waiting exercises our grace; waiting tries our faith. Wait on in hope, for though the promise tarry, it can never come too late.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint," (Isaiah 40:31). — Selected.