

THE Watchword

*"On your walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen;
All day and night they will never keep silent
You who remind the Lord, take no rest for yourselves,
And give Him no rest until He establishes and makes Jerusalem a praise in the earth."*

Isaiah 62:6-7

XXV

The purpose of this newsletter is to encourage prayer and passion for a true revival of Apostolic Christianity.

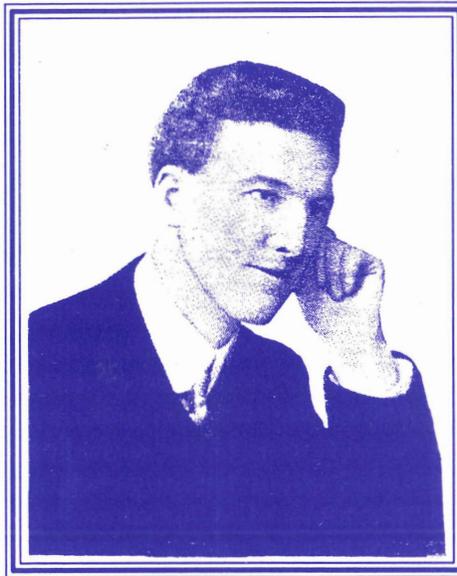
The following material is offered in the hopes of provoking zeal and providing a vision of what the church could be if we would fervently pray.

PRAYER MAKES HISTORY

The seeds of revival are always nurtured in the hearts of the humble. And so it was with the great Welsh Revival of 1904. It was in a young coal miner named Evan Roberts that God imparted a burning vision for spiritual revival. Evan Roberts did not possess the gifts of a great intellect or eloquent speech, but simply a burning passion for Jesus. While other young men were sailing boats in the bay, young Roberts was faithfully attending prayer meetings.

Though only 26 years old, Evan Roberts had no time for youthful entertainment and pleasure. *"Day and night without ceasing, he prayed, wept and sighed for a great spiritual awakening . . ."* Roberts writes, *"for ten or eleven years I have prayed for revival. I could sit up all night to read or talk about revivals."* Eventually Evan Roberts was turned out of his lodging by his landlady who thought that in his enthusiasm he was possessed or somewhat mad. *"He spent hours praying and preaching in his room until the lady became afraid of him, and asked him to leave."*

The role of Evan Roberts in the Welsh revival was anything but conventional. Often he would simply lead the people in prayer or read the Scriptures. Then at other times he sat silent, while, one after



Evan Roberts

another, people confessed their sins or gave testimony of Christ's victory and power. There were also glorious times of worship which lasted literally hours. Roberts merely gave humble instruction from time to time and let the Holy Spirit do the rest. He was a constant example not of how to preach, but of how to be led by the Spirit.

The Welsh revival was a mighty invasion of the Spirit; God's Kingdom radically manifested on earth. *"The earnings of workmen, instead of being squandered on drink and vice, were now bringing great joy to their families. Outstanding debts were being paid by thousands of young converts. Restitution was the order of the day. The gambling and alcohol business lost their trade and the theaters closed down from lack of patronage. Football during this time was forgotten by both players and fans, though*

nothing was mentioned from the pulpits about it. The people had new lives and new interests. Political meetings were cancelled or abandoned. They seemed completely out of the question since nobody was interested. The political leaders from parliament in London abandoned themselves to the revival meetings. The man-made denominational barriers completely collapsed as believers and pastors worshipped their majestic Lord together." One of the outstanding features of the revival was the confession of sin, not among unsaved alone, but among the saved. All were broken down and melted before the cross of Christ.

Throughout the revival, Evan Roberts constantly stressed the necessity of dealing honestly with sin, complete obedience to the Holy Spirit, and the preeminence of the Lord Jesus Christ. Evan Roberts was instrumental in bringing healing to an entire country because he cared and wept and prayed. He embraced the broken heart of God and offered it back up through prayer and intercession. As a result *"wherever he went, hearts were set aflame with the Love of God!"*

References Used -

"Invasion of Wales by the Spirit"
by James A. Stewart

"The Great Revival in Wales"
by S.B. Shaw

"I Saw The Welsh Revival"
by David Matthews



The Church **WITHOUT** The Spirit!



The Church is the Body of Christ, and the Spirit is the Spirit of Christ. He fills the Body, directs its movements, controls its members, inspires its wisdom, supplies it's strength. He guides into truth, sanctifies its agents, and empowers for witnessing. The Spirit has never abdicated His authority nor relegated His power. Neither Pope nor Parliament, neither Conference nor Council is supreme in the Church of Christ. **The Church that is man-managed instead of God-governed is doomed to failure.** A ministry that is College-trained but not Spirit-filled works no miracles. The Church that multiplies committees and neglects prayer may be fussy, noisy, enterprising, but it labors in vain and spends its strength for nought. It is possible to excel in mechanics and fail in dynamic. There is a superabundance of machinery; what is wanting is power. **To run an organization needs no God.** Man can supply the energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm for things human. The real work of a Church depends upon the power of the Spirit. The Presence of the Spirit is vital and central to the work of the Church. Nothing else avails. Apart from Him, wisdom becomes folly, and strength weakness. The Church is called to be a "spiritual house" and a holy priesthood. Only spiritual people can be its "living stones," and only the Spirit-filled its priests.

The Church always fails at the point of self-confidence. **When the Church is run on the same lines as a circus, there may be crowds, but there is no Shekinah.** That is why prayer is the test of faith and the secret of power. The Spirit of God travails in the prayer-life of the soul. Miracles are the direct work of His power, and without miracles the Church cannot live. The carnal can argue, but it is the Spirit of God that convicts. Education can civilize, but it is being born of the Spirit that saves. The energy of the flesh can run bazaars, organize amusements, and raise millions; but it is the presence of the Holy Spirit that makes a Temple of the Living God. The root-trouble of the present distress is that the Church has more faith in the world and in the flesh than in the Holy Ghost, and things will get no better till we get back to His realized presence and power. The breath of the four winds would turn death into life and dry bones into mighty armies, **but it only comes by PRAYER!**

*by Samuel Cadwick
"The Way To Pentecost"*

The Apostolic Church

"And when they had prayed the place was shaken where they were assembled together." Acts 4:31

Here you will find an account of the model church - the Church as Jesus would have it be. Note for a moment the characteristics of that Church. *"And when they had prayed the place was shaken . . ."* These people knew how to pray. That is evident. **Their Church was in truth the House of Prayer.** There was great unity within that Church. They were *"of one heart and one soul."* They were concentrated as well as consecrated. They gave of their substance freely. They were generous souls within that Church. There was great grace there also. And surely there was great power. *"And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus."* Note the five great fundamentals which go to make up the model Church of Jesus Christ: Prayer, Unity, Generosity, Grace, and Power. If you want your Church to come up to the Apostolic standard, it must possess all these characteristics.

In the model Church, the people will love to pray. They will love that more than anything else. They would rather go to a prayer meeting than to a place of entertainment. When the Church of God uses the Apostolic standard, it will be a praying church; that will be its chief characteristic. These people prayed! When they prayed, something happened. Some of us would be surprised if anything striking happened as a result of our prayers. But, you see, I am speaking of the Apostolic Church; the sort of Church you say you would like to have in your locality. I am speaking, not of a Church which had grown conventional and cold, but of a conspicuous, outstanding, convincing, converting Church.

Do men and women enter Sunday after Sunday and say, *"I am in the place of Prayer - there is the quickening atmosphere of Prayer all about me"*. Do they realize that the spirit of unity exists there? Are they conscious of the generosity, the grace, and the power of those whose names are on the Church Roll, and who worship there Sunday after Sunday? I want to tell you something else you would be doing, if you were like the members of the first Apostolic Church. You would come to Church every Sunday morning a little earlier in order to meet in prayer with your minister, and that would have a mighty effect upon the day's services, upon the

preacher and upon the congregation. Another thing you would do is watch carefully the spiritual life of the Church, guard it at every point, stimulate it by prayer and by godly conversation and see to it that nothing is allowed to enter the Church to pollute the spiritual atmosphere or to smother the promptings of the Holy Ghost. There will be no converting power within your Church, no building-up and strengthening of Christian graces of character, if the spiritual atmosphere is violated. **You must see to it that all its windows are open to the winds of Heaven, that the breath of God may have full play.**

*by Gipsy Smith
"Real Religion"*

the Morning Watch

Daily Prayer Times

Monday thru Friday;
6 to 7am (auditorium) Saturday;
8-11am (prayer room)



Our Cottage Home

The Fruit of A Father's PRAYERS

by John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides

Our cottage home consisted of a "but" and a "ben" and a "mid room" or chamber, called the "closet." The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of a dining-room, kitchen and parlour, besides containing two large wooden beds. These were big airy beds, adorned with many-colored quilts, and hung with beautiful curtains, showing the skill of the mistress of the house. The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six "stocking frames." The "closet" was a very small apartment between the two, having room only for a bed, a little table and a chair, with a small window shedding light on the scene. This was the Sanctuary of that cottage home.

Three times daily, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and "shut the door;" and we children understood by a sort of spiritual instinct that prayers were being poured out there for us, much like the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice, pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip in and out past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy communion. The outside world may not have known, but we knew, where that happy light came from dawning on my father's face. It was a reflection from the Divine Presence of God.

Never, in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more

near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof. Though everything else in my Christian experience were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up again in that Sanctuary Closet. I can still hear the echoes of those cries to God, pushing back all doubt with the victorious appeal, "**He walked with God, why may not I?**"



Somewhere in or about his seventeenth year, my father had passed through a crisis in Christian experience, and from that day he openly and very decidedly followed the Lord Jesus. At this time, he began that blessed custom of Family Prayer, morning and evening, which my father practiced without one single omission till he lay on his death-bed, at seventy-seven years of age. Even to the last day of his life, a portion of Scripture was read, and his voice

was heard softly joining in the Psalm and his lips breathed the morning and evening prayer. **None of us can remember that any day passed without family devotions.** No hurry for market, no rush for business, no arrival of guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar, while the High Priest led our prayers to God for himself and his children.

Our place of worship was the Reformed Presbyte-

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rian Church at Dumfries, a full four miles from our home. The tradition was that during forty years my father was only prevented three times from attending the worship of God. Once by snow so deep that he was baffled and had to return; once by ice on the road, so dangerous that he was forced to crawl back on his hands and knees; and once by a terrible outbreak of cholera. All travel between the town and the surrounding villages was publicly prohibited. The farmers and villagers, suspecting that no cholera would make my father stay at home on the Sabbath, sent a deputation to my mother on the Saturday evening, and urged her to restrain his devotions for once! **Each of us, from very early days, considered it no penalty, but a great joy, to go with our father to the church;** the four miles were a treat to our young spirits, and occasionally some of the wonders of city life rewarded our eager eyes. We had special Bible readings on the Lord's Day evening, and the Shorter Catechism was gone through regularly.

Oh, I can remember those happy Sabbath evenings; no blinds drawn and



shutters up, to keep out the sun from us, as some scandalously affirm; but a holy, happy, entirely human day, for a Christian father, mother, and children to spend. There were eleven

**"Whatever
Fire
The Father
Kindles,
The Children
Gather
The Wood"**

of us brought up in a house like that; and never one of the eleven, has been heard, or ever will be heard, saying that the Sabbath was dull or wearisome to us. But God help the homes where these things are due by force and not by love! The very discipline through which our father passed us was a kind of religion in itself. **If anything really serious required**

to be punished he retired first to his closet for prayer, and we boys learned to understand that he was laying the whole matter before God; and that was the severest part of the punishment for me to bear! I could have defied any amount of mere penalty, but this spoke to my conscience like a message from God. We loved him all the more, when we saw how much it cost him to punish us. And in truth, he had never very much of that kind of work to do upon any one of all the eleven. **We were ruled far more by love than fear.**

His long and upright life made him a great favorite in all Christian circles far and near within the neighborhood. At sick-beds and funerals he was constantly sent for and much appreciated. This appreciation greatly increased, instead of diminishing, when the years whitened his long flowing locks, and gave him apostolic beauty. His happy partner, "Weejen," died in 1865, and he himself in 1868. In this world, or in any world, all their children will rise up at the mention of their names and call them blessed!



ALWAYS REMEMBER

The Watchword is a free monthly publication designed to awaken the Church to her need for humility, repentance and revival. We gratefully welcome your prayers and financial support as the Holy Spirit leads. Please feel free to make copies of the Watchword for your family, friends and ministry use.

Hidden In Him Prayer Watch

A truly prayerful and consecrated life unto God can only be established by faith.

It is by trusting in the finished work of Christ that we are empowered to produce the fruit of love and righteousness.

*"For whatever is born of God overcomes the world; and this is the victory that has overcome the world; our faith."
(1 John 5:4)*