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PROVIDENTIALLY, GOD-SENT WATERS
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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Digital Edition 12/08/2000
By Holiness Data Ministry

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PART I -- THE INTRODUCTION

Job 38:28 "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?" Yes indeed!
"the rain" has a Father, a Sovereign God who gave birth to the existence of all water -- in all of its
forms: dew, steam, vapor, mist, clouds, rain, hail, sleet, snow, ice, streams, rivers (above and
below ground) ponds, lakes, floods, and oceans.

Furthermore, in all of their forms, the waters always obey God, their Father, doing his bidding however, whenever, He wills: Job 12:15 "Behold, he withholdeth the waters, and they dry up: also he sendeth them out, and they overturn the earth."

James 5:17-18 Elijah "prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

When Elijah first prayed, and it rained not for the space of three and one-half years, it was nothing more than the clouds obeying their Father's command: Job 26:8 "He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them."

It is not said that there were no clouds during that three and one-half year drought, but merely that it did not rain. Perhaps many promising clouds crossed Israel's skies during those 42 months, but during that space of time, no matter how huge and numerous the clouds may have been passing over Israel, and no matter how much moisture and rain they contained, God bound up the water within those clouds. Gravity couldn't pull it down, men could not pray it down, and no bolt of lightning could puncture and rend those clouds to release their rain! Elijah prayed, but it was GOD who locked up those clouds. Elijah prayed again, but it was GOD who let his prayer bring and rend those clouds sending down that long-awaited, but mighty torrent of rain -- all of this designed, in part, to teach Israel that God is in Sovereign control, of the elements, and of all else.

Job 26:10 tell us: "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end." Not even the vast oceans and the mightiest waves thereof can disobey the command: of Him "Who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth... And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" (Job 38:8, 11).

Yes, as declared and demonstrated in the Bible, God can and does control and restrain the waters. Furthermore, beyond Biblical history He has also demonstrated this power throughout the succeeding centuries. One such demonstration of how the Father of the rain can hold it back is found in hdm0621, "John Easter, That Mighty Man of God," compiled and edited by Duane V. Maxey. Easter was a powerfully anointed Early American Methodist:

"When Mr. Easter came to Brunswick Circuit, there was very little appearance of religion in our neighborhood. Upon his coming, a revival took place, and in the course of the year about two hundred and fifty joined the Church within ten miles of where we resided, and about eighteen hundred were added in the circuit. Mr. Easter possessed an uncommon degree of faith. It was objected to him that 'instead of praying, he commanded God, as if the Lord was to obey man.'

"The following is a specimen of what I was an eyewitness. While preaching to a large concourse of people in the open air, at a time of considerable drought, it began to thunder, a cloud approached, and drops of rain fell. He stopped preaching and besought the Lord to withhold the rain until evening, to pour out his Spirit, convert the people, and then water the earth. He then resumed his subject. The appearance of rain increased, the people began to get uneasy, some moved to take off their saddles; when, in his peculiar manner, he told the Lord that there were 'sinners there that must be converted or be damned,' and prayed that He would 'stop the bottles of

heaven until the evening.' He closed his prayer and assured us in the most confident manner that we might keep our seats, that it would not rain to wet us; that 'souls are to be converted here today, my God assures me of it, and you may believe it.' The congregation became composed, and we did not get wet; for the clouds parted, and although there was a fine rain on both sides of us, there was none where we were until night. The Lord's Spirit was poured out in an uncommon degree, many were convicted, and a considerable number professed to be converted that day."

Here was a fine example of God's power to restrain the waters. However, it is the special emphasis of this compilation to show the other side of the ledger -- viz., how God has often sent water (in streams or rains) in answer to believing prayer and in accordance with His Sovereign will. In the Scriptures we also find examples and declarations this, but I will not here endeavor to list all of these examples nor all of these declarations. I will, rather, give below a number of extra-Biblical, examples from the HDM Library of what I will term, "Providentially, God-Sent Waters," preceding these accounts immediately below with only one Scriptural promise of such.

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PART II -- THE STORIES OF PROVIDENTIALLY, GOD-SENT WATER

Isaiah 41:17-18 "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the LORD will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

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01 -- SHE TOOK HER BUCKETS TO THE WELL

The following story is Chapter 9 of hdm0016, "An Irish Saint," ("Holy Ann" Preston) by Helen Bingham.

"He gave them drink abundantly, as out of the depths." -- Ps. 78:15

One of the most remarkable answers to prayer in Ann's experience was that in which she obtained water in a dry well. This incident has been told and re-told scores of times, with all sorts of variations and additions. I was most careful to get the full particulars and surrounding circumstances taken down as Ann narrated it. The event occurred in the long, dry weeks of summer. During this period the well at their home was usually dry for two or three months, and the boys were compelled to haul water in barrels from the well about half a mile away. This was very hard work, and especially when they had to provide, not only for household needs, but for the stock as well. One evening at the close of the day Ann was sitting in the kitchen with the boys around her, telling them some of the remarkable ways in which her Heavenly Father had answered her prayers

When she had just concluded one of these narratives, Henry said, "Ann, why don't you ask your Father to send water in that well, and not have us boys work so hard? I was down in the well

looking at it today, and it is just as dry as the floor." This was thrown out to Ann in a half-joking, half-earnest way, as though to challenge her faith. He little dreamed of the serious way that Ann would take it. When she got up into her little room that night she knelt in prayer and said, "Now, Father, you heard what Henry said tonight. If I get up in class meeting and say, 'My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' the boys won't believe I am what I profess to be if you don't send the water in the well." She then continued to plead that the water might be sent, and finally, rising from her knees, she said, "Now, Father, if I am what I profess to be, there will be water in the well in the morning."

When she came down the next morning Henry was out preparing to go for the water as usual. To his surprise and great amusement he saw Ann take up the two pails and start for the well. He watched her from the kitchen window as she hooked the pail to the windlass and began to lower it. If she had done it the night before it would have gone with a bang to the bottom, but after a while there was splash, and still down the pail went, and Ann began with difficulty to wind up the windlass again, and at last put the pail upon the well-stand full of water. She repeated this, and with both pails full of clear, sparkling water, she walked up to the house. And who could wonder that there was a little air of victory as she set down the pails and said to Harry, "Well, what do you say now?" To her surprise he simply answered, "Well, why didn't you do that long ago, and have saved us all that work?"

Meditation upon that question, thrown out so thoughtlessly by this young boy, might yield some very profitable results. How often we go hungry and thirsty, suffering the lack of all sorts of needed things, when a full supply might be ours! "We have not, because we ask not." Years after a friend visited the well and was told that from the time referred to the well had never been known to be dry summer or winter.

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02 -- SHE TOOK HER UMBRELLA TO CHURCH

This story is from hdm0072, "Present Day Parables" by J. Wilbur Chapman.

"O, Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee all flesh shall come." -- Psalm lxxv. 2.

There had been a drought for weeks in America, and the farmers had arranged to gather in the little prairie church and plead for rain. Men of God they were, and the crops were languishing, so they resolved to petition the Almighty that he should send rain. The day was appointed, and the Sabbath dawned on which in their little church they would have public prayer to God for rain. The minister, a good man, was astonished, that cloudless summer morning, to see on the way to church one of the smallest of his Sabbath school scholars carrying a big family umbrella. Oh, what a size it was. The morning was hot and blistering; there was no sign of rain. Aye, but that little heart had heard the intimation given that prayer was to be made for rain, and in the simplicity of her faith she came prepared for the answer to that prayer. The minister had no umbrella; he was dressed in summer costume; and, as he patted the little girl on the head, he thought that in her childish innocence -- though in reality it was her superior faith -- she had made a mistake. The service proceeded, the prayer ascended. Look at those clouds as they gather and roll up on the horizon.

What is the meaning of that lightning flash of the torrents of rain that are pouring down on the roof of that prairie church? The little girl has the best of it. The minister was glad to go home under the little girl's despised umbrella; and as she sheltered the pastor in his summer costume, do you think that her faith was justified and greatly strengthened? Ah, man; many a time you have been laughed at for carrying a big umbrella in a time of drought. Pray on, though the skies be as brass. Pray on in times of trouble. "O, Thou that hearest prayer" -- it is true, it is true about God; and all flesh shall come to him that heareth prayer. -- Christian Scotsman.

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03 -- HOW GOD-SENT RAIN FLOATED LOGS TO THE PLACE OF DELIVERY

This story is from hdm1530, "The Happy Alleghenian -- The Story of Clifford B. Barrett" by M. L. Rhodes.

In the spring of 1879 I had a large fleet of lumber, containing about seven hundred thousand feet, that was stuck in the Ohio river two hundred and fifty miles below Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My family was with me on the raft and we waited about two weeks for a rise in the river; but the river got very low, and there was no sign of a flood. Finally, packing our goods, we went home, to Panther Rock, Forest county, Pennsylvania, leaving two men in charge of the raft. We reached Hickory, a small town a few miles from our home, on Friday evening, and found that it was the beginning of Presiding Elder R. W. Hawkins' quarterly-meeting. Rev. J. Barnhart was the preacher in charge and Brother Barrett was in attendance. The quarterly-meeting was a time of refreshing and power. On Monday morning, with my family I started for my mills at Panther Rock. Brother Barrett, who had learned the circumstances in connection with my raft, immediately afterward retired to the barn of Brother Keister to pray. Climbing into the hay mow, he asked God to send rain to take my lumber off the bar and permit me to deliver it to Louisville, Kentucky, and return in time for the coming camp-meeting to be held at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, the following August. After spending about two hours in prayer, he went out in search of Brother Barnhart. When he found him, both went to the barn and remained there a long time, during which several seasons of prayer followed. Finally, Brother Barrett sprang to his feet and exclaimed, Glory, glory! Hallelujah! I see Brother Tobey's raft gliding down the Ohio as if it were in a river of oil.' I knew nothing about the praying for a flood at that time.

That Monday night it began to rain. Tuesday I went to Tionesta; it still rained. Wednesday I went to Pittsburgh, and the rain continued to fall moderately. Taking a boat at Pittsburgh, I arrived that evening at the place where my raft was tied. Just as the boat came in sight of the raft, it was swinging off the bar. The line held it, and it swung to the shore; but the river did not rise another inch. There I was, four hundred miles from home, with a water-soaked monster of a raft, and only two men to run it. I needed twelve more men, experienced river men, and a pilot. The next day, Thursday, I spent with my two men fixing up the raft and getting ready to pull out. About nine o'clock in the forenoon a passenger steamboat came up the river, and to my surprise on board stood my favorite old pilot, Jim Martin. I hailed the boat, went out with a skiff, and took him off, and before night from different directions my men continued to come until my crew was complete. Friday morning we started on low water; some places there was not an inch to spare; and the weather was hot and the crew 'green,' which made conditions still more unfavorable. On Saturday

afternoon we landed in a good eddy, where we stayed over Sunday. The following week we tugged on against wind and low water, and landed again on Saturday evening for the Lord's day, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. If the river had fallen four inches, and it was probable that it might have done so, we could not have floated over Buzzards' Roost, four miles below us, the following Monday. My crew were restless and sulky, and they blamed me for refusing to run on Sundays. But that hay mow prayer had moved the arm that holds the skies, and about four o'clock Sunday afternoon a black cloud appeared in the southwest; and on Monday morning we sailed forth on four feet more water than we had when we tied up on Saturday. And we finally ran into Louisville without a mishap, on twenty-five feet of water, -- a veritable fulfillment of Brother Barrett's vision in the hay-loft.

I consider that one of the most remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer, in all its details, that I ever knew. It shows how God will control even the elements and the actions and course of wicked men and send them where He will; for He sent those men to me on that memorable Thursday in answer to the prayers of His humble, obedient servant.

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04 -- FIRST CAME EARTHLY RAIN -- THEN HEAVENLY RAIN!

This story is from hdm0131, "Life of John S. Inskip" by William McDonald and John Searles, and shows how that while God did answer prayer for earthly rain, He saw, and poured out upon His people what was much more needed also -- a spiritual cloudburst of Heavenly Rain upon the Oakington meeting:

The Oakington meeting, which immediately followed Hamilton, was in some respects the most remarkable of any held up to that time. The grounds were new, the weather oppressively hot -- a furnace could not have been much more uncomfortable. And yet it seemed to produce no perceptible effect upon the meeting. Nothing seemed so much needed at the opening, as rain. The people asked for rain.

Father Coleman had earnestly prayed that heaven would "kindly mitigate the heat, and send rain." The prayer was answered and the opening service was broken up by a copious shower. Still the heat continued, until it seemed utterly unendurable. One writer, in speaking of the close of the fifth day of the meeting, says: "Never did the sun go down upon a grander scene than was witnessed at Oakington, at the close of this week. Some of the tents were so exposed to the burning rays of the sun that the occupants could not remain in them in the middle of the day; but they were uncomplaining, and sought a better shade in the woods, reading the Scriptures, meditating, and praying, when not engaged in the public services. God's ministers, working under an outward pressure which it seemed human nature could not sustain were marvelously helped. They preached with the thermometer above one hundred degrees, with mental clearness, propriety of utterance, and far reaching power. The people were in high spirits; no wearying, no sign of exhaustion; closing up the week with a courage which said: 'We are well able to go up and possess the land.'"

The Sabbath at Oakington was a most trying day, on account of the intense heat; but a day crowded with gracious victories.

A scene in the morning love-feast, will never be forgotten by any who were present. As the sweet and soul-inspiring testimonies came from hundreds of hearts all aglow with perfect love, such as: "As at Manheim two years ago, so at Oakington, Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb," -- Rev. W. E. Boole stepped to the front of the stand and said: "In all probability, at this very hour they are proclaiming the dogma of papal infallibility at Rome; and I propose that we, here and now, proclaim Jesus the only infallible Head of the Church, the true, the only Saviour of men, and that we crown Him King Eternal, Lord of all." The proposition was electric in its effects. Every heart was ready. He proposed that we sing one verse of

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," etc.

No sooner was the request made than that vast crowd sprang to their feet, and poured forth such a volume of song as earth has seldom heard. Not content with one verse, they sang the second, and the third and so on to the end. Such was the deep and mighty feeling which filled every heart, that they could not be content with singing the hymn once, but commenced it again, with vastly increased spirit and power, so that Heaven seemed to unite with earth in paying joyful homage to the world's Redeemer.

One should have seen Mr. Inskip as he entered into this grand service. He shouted, he sang, he gesticulated, in such a manner as he only could do. We doubt, if taken as a whole, that scene has ever been duplicated or ever will be.

The sermon which followed this remarkable service, was preached by Mr. Inskip, and greatly was he aided in proclaiming entire sanctification. All through that day, not only at the main stand and tabernacle, but in outside places, sinners were arrested by the earnest words of God's servants, who pushed the battle to the gate. Thus the work went on for ten days, and concluded as usual, with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, an altar service, a procession, a final hand-shaking, closing with the benediction.

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05 -- GOD-SENT, EARTHLY RAIN BROUGHT GREAT SPIRITUAL REFRESHING

This story was told by Freeborn Garrettson and is from hdm0013, "The Life of Freeborn Garrettson" by Nathan Bangs:

"I crossed the river and went to my appointment, which was at J. More's on Broad Creek. The people assembled, from all quarters; and many came out, some from afar, who were enemies to the way. I had scarcely opened my mouth when my burden dropped off, and in an uncommon manner the Holy Scriptures were opened to me; and the flame ran from heart to heart. I felt as though I had almost faith enough to remove mountains. One thing was noticed, not only by my friends, but likewise by those who were enemies, -- there had been a great drought, so that the vegetable creation hung in mourning; and it was thought by many they would lose their crops if it continued much longer. In a particular manner I was led to pray for rain; and a few minutes after the congregation was dismissed, the face of the sky was covered with blackness, and we had a

plentiful shower. This greatly surprised and convinced the people. I was now happy enough to see the prosperity of the young converts. While the Lord was plentifully watering the earth, I collected the family for prayer; and we had a great time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. My soul was so happy while the Lord was uttering his voice in thunder, that it seemed as if I saw, by an eye of faith, the blessed Jesus, and the glorified company around him, in exalted strains, singing and shouting His praise. And this joy continued with me till some time in the night; I then sweetly rested in the arms of my Lord.

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06 -- OVER TWO FEET OF GOD-SENT WATER IN BEVINGTON'S WELL

This is one of the many marvelous stories from hdm0015, "Remarkable Incidents and Modern Miracles Through Prayer and Faith" by G. C. Bevington:

While I was at my home at Ashland Heights, Brother White came over for water [from Bevington's well] ... this well was the only one that was near there, so numbers of people came to get water. I would give them tracts and talk salvation with them. "Well," a neighbor said, "Brother Bevington there is a spring down the hill; and you had better send these people down there, as your well will soon go dry. Too many are drawing from it, and it always goes dry in the summer." Well, the water soon got roily; but still the people came; and it was suggested that I put a sign out asking them not to get any more water until it rained. Well, I thought that was all right, and went so far as to write up the sign. I got the tacks and the hammer, and started out to put the sign up; but when I got part way out to the gate, a voice said, "Where are you going?" Well, I was startled and looked around, really expecting to see someone behind me; but there was not a person in sight. I just stood there, and again the voice said, "Yes, where are you going?" I tell you that settled it. I tore up the sign, dropped on my knees, asked God to forgive me for venturing that far into the realms of Doubting Castle, and began praising Him for rebuking me. Just as I got off my knees, here came three women with large buckets, so I got a small bucket and gave it to them to draw with, as the large bucket would get but little, and I availed myself of the opportunity of going in to get some more tracts and talking salvation. One of them had never been there, and I felt that God sent the message home to her, as she had four precious children to train. Being let alone they would not need any training for hell as they had the thing in them that would land them there without any human help. Well, they had a time getting their three buckets full, but I just kept sweet. I said, "Lord, send them on. I would rather pack water from the spring ninety rods away than to miss an opportunity of warning those lost mothers."

The day passed. I went out in the evening with a two-quart bucket, let it down and got it half full of roily water. I said, "Well, Amen, I can go to the spring," so I started off with two buckets. I had two hills to climb, and was impressed to leave one bucket, and did so. I started to the spring, and, lo, the voice said, "Bevington, where are you going?" Well, I knew the voice; hence never looked around, but instantly turned and went back into the house, and had somewhat of a struggle in getting where I could easily praise the Lord for rebuking me, as I had to have water. I was then thirsty. I prayed my way through the darkness, got up, and then the neighbor came in with a quart of nice cool water that she had gotten some distance from home. Well, I began to see that God wanted to send water into the well though there was no rain nor signs of rain, and the well

had always gone dry at that season and remained dry for three, four, or often five months, they said. I got down and began praising God for stopping me and for sending in the sister with the water. I had been in the habit of taking a good drink just before retiring; and there was where Satan had confused me, as he had kept saying, "What are you going to do for that cool drink that always helps you so?" I had to tell him it was none of his business what I was going to do about it; so I had a struggle for three hours over it, but got the victory.

I retired, claiming two feet of water in the morning, which had not been since we lived there, and I told the neighbor that we would have at least two feet of water in the morning. She was a dear woman, a member of a church, but knew nothing about God answering prayer. She looked at me, puzzled, and said, "Brother Bevington, what makes you think that? I have never known of there being two feet of water in that well. When there comes a freshet it leaks out." The well was seventy-two feet deep. "Well," I said, "we will have it." She said, "I see no signs of rain." I said, "I do." Well, that puzzled her more than ever as the firmament was decked with brilliant stars. I went to bed, praising God for two feet of water in the morning, so that I could have plenty for the neighbors.

I had a two-quart bucket that I drew out with the windlass and, without thinking, in the morning I started out with this two-quart bucket. But there it was again. I had to be rebuked again. It seemed that the bucket spoke up as did Baalam's ass, and I dropped it, as if it were a hot poker, and stopped, and said, "O God, forgive me! Oh, forgive me!" and felt the touch. I went to the well, let down the large bucket, gave it the usual time to sink, started to draw it up, and felt by the pull that it was full. I shouted, "Oh, glory!" Out came this neighbor. I said, "We have our two feet this morning." She came over by the time I had the bucket up and out, and there it was full and as clear as a crystal. I just stood there weeping for joy. She ran into the house, got a cup, took a drink, and said, "Well, that is a marvel. Your God surely has answered your prayer." She broke down, and we both stood there by that well, weeping. She said, "Brother Bevington, that is something new to me; but do you really think there are two feet?" I said, "Yes." "Well, please measure it." "No," I said, "I would not do that, as it would be displeasing to God." "Well, may I?" "Certainly." So she measured it, and found there were two feet and nine inches of water, and that amount was kept up all summer and fall.

Now I have left out what, to me, was the cream of it. Satan bothered me, tormented me all he could all night. He woke me up to notify me that it had not rained during the night. "Well," I said, "I am not looking for rain; I am after water, rain or no rain." While I was dressing, he just poured in his logic and came near drowning me; but I rallied. I got dressed, dropped on my knees, as prayer is generally the best weapon I can use; but I seemed to make a slow progress for the heights. I jumped up, and said, "Mr. Devil, I have two feet of water out there!" But that seemed to have no effect on him, whatever. I said, "I will see what our calendar says." I struck a light, and referred to the daily Scripture on the calendar. Now listen, what was there: Isa. 33:16, "Bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure." Oh, how I did rejoice. Think of it, that after all that struggling, God had that very passage there on the canvas for me, for my special use. I tell you I have never been without a Scripture calendar since. Oh, God answers!

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07 -- A CLOUD-BURST IN ANSWER TO FINNEY'S PRAYER

This account is from hdm0024, "The Way of Holiness" by Samuel Logan Brengle:

For many days there had been no rain in Ohio, the fields were parched and brown, and everything cried out for water. The people were anxious, and knew not what to do. One Sunday, before his sermon, Mr. Finney prayed for rain. One who heard that prayer reported it after twenty-three years, and said it was as fresh in his mind as though he had heard it but yesterday. Finney told the Lord all about their great need, and among other things said, 'We do not presume to dictate to Thee what is best for us, yet Thou dost invite us to come to Thee as children to a father, and tell Thee what we want. We want rain. Our pastures are dry. The cattle are lowing and wandering about in search of water. Even the little squirrels in the woods are suffering for the want of it. Unless Thou dost give us rain our cattle must die, for we shall have no hay for them for winter; and our harvests will come to nought. O Lord, send us rain, and send it now! Although to us there is no sign of it, it is an easy thing for Thee to do. Send it now, Lord, for Christ's sake!' And the Lord sent it. Before the service was half over the rain came in such torrents that the preacher's voice could not be heard; so with tears of wonder and joy and thanksgiving, they sang,

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

Finney took God at His word, and dared to ask for what he wanted. He used to say, 'Lord, I hope Thou dost not see that I can be denied.'

* * *

This account of the same story is from hdm0943, "Life of Charles G. Finney," by By A. M. Hills:

"The summer of 1853 was unusually hot and dry, so that the pastures were scorched, and there seemed likely to be a total failure of the crops. Under these circumstances, the great congregation gathered one Sabbath in the church at Oberlin as usual, when, though the sky was clear, the burden of Finney's prayer was for rain, In his prayer he deepened the cry of distress which went up from every heart by mentioning in detail the prolonged drought, in about these words:

"We do not presume, O Lord, to dictate to Thee what is best for us; yet Thou dost invite us to come to Thee as children to an earthly father, and tell Thee all our wants. WE WANT RAIN. Our pastures are dry. The earth is gaping open for rain. The cattle are wandering about and lowing in search of water. Even the little squirrels in the woods are suffering from thirst. Unless Thou givest us rain, our cattle will die and our harvests will come to naught. O Lord, send us rain, and send it now! Although, to us, there is no sign of it, it is an easy thing for Thee to do. Send it now, Lord, for Christ's sake. Amen."

He took a text, and began to preach; but in a few minutes had to stop for the noise of the rattle and roar of the storm. He paused, and said, "We would better stop and thank God for the rain." He then gave out the hymn:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys!"

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08 -- NAPOLEON DEFEATED BY GOD-SENT RAIN

This account is from hdm0431, "God in History," by Elmer Ellsworth Helms:

Napoleon will fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock in the morning and by two o'clock all will be over. And it would have been, for Wellington can not win without Blucher, and Blucher could not arrive until five o'clock. But Napoleon didn't fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock, nor seven, nor eight, nor nine, nor ten, nor eleven. For all the night God sifted His rain down through the sieve of the trees and the ground was so soft Napoleon could not use his artillery, and he can not win the battle without his artillery. And Blucher did come at five o'clock, and Napoleon lost. Who sent the rain at Waterloo? Who sent the rain at Piave?

Job asks a very interesting question, "Hath the rain a father?" And the Book says, "Jehovah caused it to rain grievously upon the earth." "And Jehovah sent thunder, lightning and rain." "He maketh a deluge of rain." "The Lord God sendeth torrents of rain." One hundred two times the Book speaks of God's dealings and doings with the rain -- His rain.

Napoleon was right. "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Only Napoleon forgot that God stables His battalions in the skies.

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This version of the same story is from hdm0049, "Revival Sermons" by Beverly Carradine:

If a spiritual history of this world could be written about the present times, it would be found to read like events narrated in the Bible, and God seen to be busy pulling down, setting up, overturning, overthrowing and having His way with men and devils just the same as ever. What the combined nations of Europe could not do against Napoleon, God did with a soft, noiseless white army of the sky, called snow, which he sent into Russia to meet and overcome the army of the man of ungovernable ambition. The victory at Waterloo was not so much due to Wellington and the arrival of Blucher, as to a heavy rain that prevented certain heavy artillery and thirty thousand men from coming to the relief of the man whom God had determined to humble, and did it with snow and mud.

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09 -- TWO DIFFERING INTERPRETATIONS OF "CARTWRIGHT'S FLOOD"

This story is from hdm1557, "The Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, The Backwoods Preacher":

An incident occurred at this sacramental meeting worthy of note. The ordinance of baptism was desired by some, and some parents wanted their children baptized, and the brethren desired me to preach on or explain the nature and design of Christian baptism. I did so on the Sabbath. There was present a New Light preacher, who had settled in the grove, and was a very great stickler for immersion, as the only proper mode. That afternoon there arose a dark cloud, and presently the rain fell in torrents, and continued almost all night; nearly the whole face of the earth was covered with water the streams rose suddenly and overflowed their banks. A little brook near the house rose so rapidly that it swept away the spring house and some of the fences. Next morning I was riding up the grove to see an old acquaintance. I met Mr. Roads, my New Light preacher, and said, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," he replied.

Said I, "We have had a tremendous rain."

"Yes, sir," said he; "the Lord sent that rain to convince you of your error."

"Ah said I, "what error?"

"Why, about baptism. The Lord sent this flood to convince you that much water was necessary."

"Very good, sir," said I "and he in like manner sent this flood to convince you of your error."

"What error?" said he.

"Why," said I, "to show you that water comes by pouring and not by immersion."

The preacher got into this mad fit because I had satisfied one of his daughters that immersion was not the proper mode of baptism, and she had joined the Methodists; and I am told that this flood to this day is called "Cartwright's flood" by way of eminence; and though it rained hard, and my New Light preacher preached hard against us, yet he made little or no impression, but finally evaporated and left for parts unknown, His New Light went out because there was "no oil in the vessel."

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10 -- GOD-SENT RAIN PUT OUT A FOREST FIRE TO KEEP A HOLY FIRE BURNING

This story is from hdm0837, "My Life Story," by Amos L Haywood:

A wicked Swede and wife who came to the meetings had a very smart little boy about five or six years old. I think he was an only child and they almost worshipped him. The father, mother, and little boy came nearly every night. The little boy sat on the front seat and listened very intently. The next day after he had been to several services he took the Bible stepped up on a chair and waved his arms, as he had seen the preacher do, and began to shout and preach about some solemn subjects such as hell. He would say, "Oh, ye sinners if you don't repent you will all go to hell." The parents were frightened nearly out of their wits. They did not dare to stop him, it was so awful and unearthly. He kept it up day after day until they could stand it no longer, came to the altar and sought the Lord. God seemed to take different ways of convincing the people that God was with us, and in the services. We went out in the country to dinner one day. They had been having a terrible forest fire for days all over the north country. They had had a long dry spell. Some of the buildings were threatened including the one where we were eating dinner. The people were very much excited and worried. They asked us if we would not pray God to send a rain and put out the fire. We started home after dinner and prayer, and before we had gone far it began to sprinkle, then rain, and then pour. It kept it up for days until all of the fires were put out all over the north country. We did not take the credit, we left it with the Lord. Thus closed a very unusual meeting in the northland of Michigan. We organized a society, nineteen joined the church and we won a great victory...

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11 -- "IT'S COME! IT'S COME! I KNOWED IT WOULD! I PRAYED FOR IT."

This charming little story is from hdm0956, "Five Hundred and One Sermon Illustrations," compiled by W. G. Heslop:

A boy aged four years heard his grandmother say, "My flowers will all be burnt up, and we shall have no strawberries." A few minutes afterwards he was seen kneeling in one corner of the room, with his hands to his face, and was overheard praying thus: "O Lord! send down rain, so that grandma's flowers shan't be burnt up, and so we shall have plenty of strawberries." He then went to his grandmother, saying, "Your flowers won't burn up, grandma. We are going to have rain." "How do you know?" "Oh!" said he, "I have been praying for it, and it will come." He seemed to have no doubt about it. The next morning he came downstairs and went to the back door to see if it rained. According to his prediction, the rain was falling upon the thirsty flowers and the perishing berries. As soon as he saw it, he joyously shouted: "It's come, it's come, I knowed it would! I prayed for it."

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PART III -- THE CONCLUSION

God-Sent Waters Often Require Faith as Well as Prayer

The above fact is seen in these words from hdm0523, "Sam Jones' Anecdotes and Illustrations:

Faith is like a washerwoman praying for rain and then tightening the hoops of her tubs and setting them out [under the eaves] where they will catch water. There's many a fellow whose hoops are loose and HIS TUBS ARE BOTTOM SIDE UP and yet he expects God to fill them. God can't fill these tubs unless they are put in proper position to receive what he grants.

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God Sends Water (Earthly and Heavenly) Through Courageous Men of Faith:

Exodus 17:9 "And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men..."

This final item is from hdm0963, "God's Standard," by Duncan Campbell:

"Choose us out men" is still God's method. Such men may have been in the mind of the one who penned the words:

"Give me men to match my mountains,
Give me men to match my plains;
Men with empires in their purpose,
Men with eras in their brains.
Give me men to plead for nations,
As Elijah on his knees,
Who, in hours of death-like stillness
Wait to catch the heavenly breeze;
Give me men of faith and vision,
Stripped of every earthly gain,
Till across the fissured valleys
Black will roll the clouds of rain."

"From the very beginning of things God has purposed that His people should be the communicating means of His blessing to the world," said someone. That, of course, implies that the one who would be a channel of blessing must recognize that God is sovereign and that it is his responsibility to carry out His instructions." Yes, it is sanctified men of courage, faith, and prayer that "The Father of the Rain" uses as channels through whom He sends forth His waters -- both earthly and spiritual -- upon a parched, soul-thirsty world, and it is through such that He fulfills that eternally refreshing promise in Isaiah 44:3: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."

In the Holy City, God-sent Spiritual Waters shall forever gush forth as "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Rev. 22:1), and the final invitation of the Bible is an invitation to drink from that God-sent, ceaseless stream: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

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THE END