

### A Story of Winningness to Sacrifice and of Divine Protection.

I was sitting alone, except for my secretary, late at night, in the private room of the Tabernacle in Melbourne which I had built, and in which I preached.

A large meeting had just passed out, and a large number of candidates for fellowship had been spoken with and sent away.

I was seated with my secretary.

I remember lifting up my hands and saying, "O God, it has been so sweet to sacrifice to Thee! Now that the night is far spent, I want to give Thee all the strength that remains. Use it."

Then I turned to dictate to my secretary, who had his pencil in hand. I stopped because I heard a voice. That Voice said, "Rise! Go!"

"Did you hear anything?" I asked my secretary.

"Why, sir, no," he replied.

"I am fanciful, George, I think. I heard a voice very distinctly."

I did not tell him what it said.

I proceeded again, saying, "Now, George,"

I just got the words, "Now, George," out when I heard the Voice say, more distinctly than before, "Rise! Go!"

I took a turn up and down the room.

I had heard that Voice before, many years since. I had heard it. I knew it.

"George," I asked, "did you hear any voice?"

"No, sir; there was no voice," he answered again.

"Perhaps it is a memory, a thought," I said.

I began again, "Now George"—"Rise! Go!" came the Voice, very loudly.

"Did you hear anything?" I asked, the third time.

He replied that he had not.

It had thundered in my ears.

"I will obey," I decided.

"George," I said, "I heard a Voice say, 'Rise! Go!' You go and turn out the gas at the meter."

There were several hundred lights in the Tabernacle, and when the gas was turned off from all the Tabernacle, and there was only a light in my room, of course there was a great deal of gas in the pipe. I made it a rule not to turn off the gas in my room, but turned it off at the meter, and let it burn out in my room, so that there would be no flowing gas in the pipes in case of fire.

I was not going to be in a hurry, but I was sure this

time.

A man that is going to obey God does not need to make haste unduly.

I said, 'you go. I will pack up this valise, and we will take the work home. I will tell you what instructions I have for you when we get home and have had a little supper.'

He went and turned off the gas at the meter, at the far end of the Tabernacle.

By the time he had come back I had my overcoat on.

It was a very dark night; rain had been falling.

My shadow was cast upon the window. Anybody who was watching in that back lane could have told that I was there.

### A Murderous and Dastardly Attack of the Devil.

I had done something to make the Devil angry, many things in fact.

I had been smashing the liquor traffic, and smashing rum and Rome and rebellion against God of every kind.

I had kept at it for a long time; had always been at it.

When my secretary came back he put on his coat and we walked out the back way, and went down the back lane.

We went home, and had just reached home when a terrific explosion shook all that part of Melbourne.

Some thought it was an earthquake.

Everything was dark, nothing could be seen, and there was no more noise.

The next morning, Mrs. Dowie and I came up to that Tabernacle to have our Divine Healing meeting, and I saw what would have been my grave.

I could not get in by any of the back doors.

I had to go around to the front and enter that way, and at last force my way in.

I found that the chairs were broken, and the doors were off their hinges.

There I saw my desk, where I had been sitting, blown into what seemed a million pieces, some of them so small they were dust.

I sent for the police, who put a cordon around the place. We found the traces of the dynamite.

There had been a hole bored, in the early part of the night apparently, or previously, and the dynamite had been placed under my private room, upon a piece of iron so that the explosion would go upward.

## LEAVES OF HEALING.

As I looked, I said, "None of these things move me, I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received in the Lord Jesus."

I never felt so happy in my life as that morning when I knew that the previous night my life would have been gone but for the Heavenly Voice.

Some day I will tell you a story nearer home.

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