

# Something is Missing

by Leonard Ravenhill

Source: <https://youtu.be/1R6dO0Wdv1A>

From David Brainerd, one of America's greatest saints. He was dying of tuberculosis. **It's not how long you live; it's how you live that matters.** Here he's racked with consumption. His body weighs about 85 pounds. Did that little man dying there? A man that lived with the Indians. A man that has never got a decent meal, he ate berries. He slept with the Indians. They let him sleep in a wigwam or a beaten up building. He says, "I never get a decent meal, but **Oh God is so real.**"

When he coughed, he spit blood in the ground. When he sneezed, he sprayed blood in the ground. This is an American! **See that every one of our young preachers gets a copy of the "Life [and Diary] of David Brainerd" to stir them to action, to stir them to sacrifice, to get their focusing straight.** They're not living for the eternity; they've become professional preachers. They are happy to go along and preach in a nice place. Get their eyes on eternity. Therefore, they must read David Brainerd. Did David Brainerd as he prayed there dying, gasping for breath? Did he ever dream a young man in England, a young Baptist by the name of Carey would read that biography and he would send him to India?

He could really say what we sing: "God help us, I lay in dust life's glory dead. **Put your so called faith and love into action. Lay in dust your pride, forget it.** Who cares whether you wear designer clothes or not? Who cares whether you have the best ring or anything, the best car? It doesn't matter.

**You should have a prayer meeting in your church every morning and the pastor should be there to lead it.** It's his business. He should be an example, not a talker. **If you don't have a praying pastor, forget it.**

When I pastored a church in England in my twenties, that was in 1934, we had seven prayer meetings a week. We had a half night of prayer, Saturday night. Do you wonder people lined up outside the church to get a seat? Do you wonder the glory of the Lord filled the place? Do you wonder we never had a sports program in any period at all? We had thralls of young people, dozens of them, and about five different parties went out to our street meetings. I didn't have to urge them or whip them. They call to light, they were ablazed.

**No church is going to have revival with a prayer meeting one morning a week or one night a week.** This is the time for blood, sweat and tears. If fellows can lose all their rights and go up to,

what do you call it, West Point? Listen, if they can do it, dear God can't we do it? What is struggling up in that little church for? Because it never hurt you to go. Because nobody fasts, nobody prays, nobody weeps. Your preacher is dry eyed, he talks. How in God's Name do they do it? I don't know.

**Why do you weep while other people are laughing? Why do you fast while other people are having a whale of a time?** It's stupid, it is, except in the light of eternity it isn't. **You see, you have to account for your time.** So here you got three: You live 24 hours a day, you work 8 hours a day, you sleep 8 hours a day. What do you do with the other 8? Put that into years: You live 60 years, you sleep 20 years, you work 20 years. What did you do with the other 20?

As I have said to you, **if I could push the door of Heaven and you could peep into it for 5 minutes, you'd never backslide, you'd change your lifestyle, you'd change your conversation style.**

Listen, **you and I are supposed to be eternity conscious.** How can you go to a fashionable church where nobody weeps? All this is got to end. Can you imagine in eternity?

It will not make much difference friend, a hundred years from now: "If you live in a stately mansion, or a floating river scow; if the clothes you wear are tailor made or just pieced together somehow; if you eat big steaks or beans and cake a hundred years from now. It won't matter what your bank account or the make of car you drive, **for the grave will claim all your riches and fame and the things which you strive.** There's a deadline that we almost meet; no one will show up late. It won't matter, all the places you've been, each one will keep that date.

**We will only have in eternity what we gave away on earth. When we go to the grave, we can only save the things of eternal worth.** What matters friend, the earthly gain for which some men will bow for your destiny will be sealed you see a hundred years from now."

Is not something? It won't matter if you live in a stately mansion or a floating river scow. What kind of clothes? It won't matter. **The only thing that will matter is if we're clothed in righteousness.**

John Wesley, fasted, prayed, he made money, he built schools, he built orphanages, he printed bibles, he printed Methodist hymnbooks. Is a dying thief can have the same reward? What about that job God gave you and you gave it up? Disgusted or discouraged. I'll tell you what, **we're not going to be the same in Heaven.**

They, not one, they were stoned, they were sawed asunder. According to tradition, Isaiah was hung this way with his feet strapped up there and sawed down the middle. Not with an electric

saw, get it, over with a wooden saw. He was sawed in pieces. They were stoned. How long did it take them to die? They were sawed asunder. They were destitute, and that means **they were totally void**. They had no clothes except rags, they had no food except scraps.

You know, all these guys have gone down the drain, do you know why? Let me tell you how to backslide, why they backslide. **They all backslide in the place of prayer**. Because they're cold there, in the place of prayer, because they are failing in the place of prayer, they lose the presence of God. **It's time for you to tighten up your prayer life.**