

Desiring Revival

DESIRING REVIVAL, GOD'S WAY

A QUOTE TO PONDER

The true man of God is heartsick, grieved at the worldliness of the Church, grieved at the toleration of sin in the Church, grieved at the prayerlessness in the Church. He is disturbed that the corporate prayer of the Church no longer pulls down the strongholds of the devil. - Leonard Ravenhill



From Desiring Revival

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"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." So goes the age old wisdom of God as stated in Proverbs 16:25. One cannot look at the repeated acts of Nature and question the faithfulness of God to establish order and predictable events seen in the natural realm. We can predict an eclipse years ahead of the intended time with pinpoint accuracy, up to the second. When we thus see the handiwork of God, we are reminded of God's grand declaration, "For I am the Lord, I change not" - Mal. 3:6.

When we consider such a declaration in this changing world, we are forced to consider another declaration by God that we ought to pay close attention to. God declares, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." - Gal. 6:7. This principle of sowing and reaping is a familiar one, but do we understand the implication of that in relation to our beloved Nation?

Reuters in March of 2024 stated that roughly 80 million (a quarter of the population) Americans describe themselves as being born-again. In a Nation where sin abounds, the lifestyle of perversion being the law of the land, the ability to think has given way to utter chaos of stupefying laws being passed in the name of equality and justice, and more, are telltale signs of decay. Yet to state that 1 out of 4 are born-again in a Nation going to Hell in a handbasket seems surreal. And what is the church doing about it?

We seem to be busy with seeing how many members we can have for our building project, sharing a feel-good message that denies Gospel foundations like repentance, regeneration, Lordship of Christ, and fruits of salvation. John Calvin stated, "When God wants to judge a nation, He gives them wicked rulers." Would to God the church realizes the place we are in and repent of our evil ways. Do we see His frown upon us?

Suppose there was a Nuclear War that blew up half of the United States, will that wake us up? What does God have to do to show our bankruptcy? We are blind when we can read the book of Acts and compare that power to what we have today though none of our deacons are in jail for their power of witness, the community around not impacted by us or by our scheduled "Revival" services, the world asking "where is their God?" and not seeing any conviction of sin where on the day of Pentecost they saw people crying out in conviction even before the sermon was over and three thousand people got saved from one man preaching one message without a Bible. We only have a form of godliness when we can have service after service, conferences, and such, and not see any supernatural moving's of God where the people leave in awe of God instead of talking about lunch or the Superbowl, while we look to our politicians for help, unable to stem the tide of sin that is overtaking our beloved land, and we can be content about our miserable condition, having no

desire to repent. We are that lukewarm church when we don't have a weekly all-night prayer meeting with focused prayer for God to come and be honest with the congregation when He did not visit us in our services, instead, we only talk about our dependence upon God while denying it by our actions. We are naked before God when we can talk about our church programs, outreaches, soul-winning, and such, though the members have no spiritual depth in holiness, being entertained in our services, going to the altar at every service and leaving unchanged, thinking financial gain is a symbol of God's approval. We are a harlot church when the church can be acceptable to the lost and not be arrested of their lost condition or agree with the preacher and shake his hand on their way out knowing they are going to Hell. We are an abomination to God when our denomination or school of thought produces a big head and a shrunken heart to produce a mechanical religion that knows what to do and can explain away anything.

What is our excuse for the pitiful nature of what we call as serving the supernatural God that made the heaven and earth, but like the prophets of Baal, we make a racket though there is no move of God in conviction of sin and communities changed by the power of God? How long will God put up with us?



The Book of Acts was never meant to be a closed book for it never ends in a final farewell. It was supposed to be a pattern for future generations to see their own generation and see if they are seeing the "greater works than these" that Jesus promised (John 14:12). It is a declaration of the Church militant to take up the mantle in fervent succession to see God declare to a lost and dying world the picture of what God can do in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

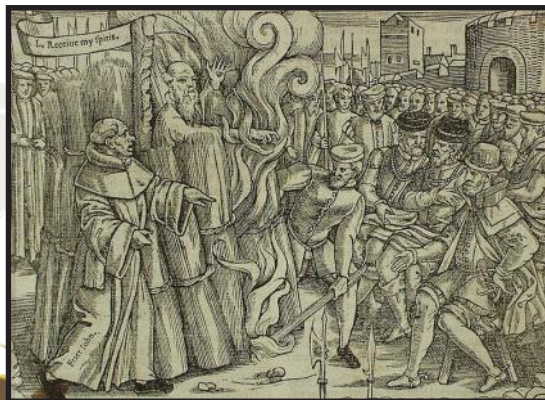


CONVERSION OF THOMAS BILNEY

He was a gentle, little man who had an enormous impact for God. He came across Erasmus's 1516 Greek New Testament (and new Latin translation) at a time in his life when he was desperate for peace with God - searching for how a mere man can be right before God? (Job 4:17). One day "being lured rather by the Latin than by the Word of God" he was reading Erasmus's New Testament and he came to 1 Timothy 1:15 ("It is a true saying and worthy of all men to embrace, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief"). "This one sentence," he wrote, "through God's instruction and inward working, which I did not then perceive, did so exhilarate my heart, being before wounded with the guilt of my sins, and being almost in despair, that immediately I felt a marvelous comfort and quietness, insomuch that my bruised bones leaped for joy!"



A portion of Thomas Cranmer's Final Speech, before being burnt at the stake (March 21, 1556)



(because of writing a letter of submission to the Pope and to the authorities to save his life from being put to death)

... And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life: and that is, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth. Which here now I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be: and that is, all such bills, which I have written or signed with mine own hand, since my degradation; wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished. For if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned. And as for the Pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his false doctrine."

* * * *

Fire being now put to him, he stretched out his right hand, and thrust it into the flame, and held it there a good space, before the fire came to any other part of his body; where his hand was seen of every man sensibly burning, crying with a loud voice, 'This hand hath offended.' As soon as the fire got up, he was very soon dead, never stirring or crying all the while.



Hudson Taylor | Abiding in Christ

But how to get faith strengthened? Not by striving after faith, but by resting on the Faithful One.' As I read I saw it all! 'If we believe not, He abideth faithful.' I looked to Jesus and saw (and when I saw, oh, how joy flowed!) that He had said, 'I will never leave you.' 'Ah, there is rest!' I thought. I have striven in vain to rest in Him. I'll strive no more. For has He not promised to abide with me—never to leave me, never to fail me?' And, dearie, He never will! But this was not all He showed me, nor one half.

As I thought of the Vine and the branches, what light the blessed Spirit poured direct into my soul! How great seemed my mistake in having wished to get the sap, the fulness out of Him. I saw not only that Jesus would never leave me, but that I was a member of His body, of His flesh and of His bones. The vine now I see, is not the root merely, but all—root, stem, branches, twigs, leaves, flowers, fruit: and Jesus is not only that: He is soil and sunshine, air and showers, and ten thousand times more than we have ever dreamed, wished for, or needed. Oh, the joy of seeing this truth! I do pray that the eyes of your understanding may be enlightened, that you may know and enjoy the riches freely given us in Christ."

...The sweetest part, if one may speak of one part being sweeter than another, is the rest which full identification with Christ brings...I am no better than before (may I not say, in a sense, I do not wish to be, nor am I striving to be); but I am dead and buried with Christ—aye, and risen too and ascended; and now Christ lives in me, and 'the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' I now believe I am dead to sin. God reckons me so, and tells me to reckon myself so. He knows best. All my past experience may have shown that it was not so; but I dare not say it is not now, when He says it is. I feel and know that old things have passed away. I am as capable of sinning as ever, but Christ is realised as present as never before.

The branch of the vine does not worry, and toil, and rush here to seek for sunshine, and there to find rain. No; it rests in union and communion with the vine; and at the right time, and in the right way, is the right fruit found on it. Let us so abide in the Lord Jesus.

excerpts from rootedthinking.com



*Yours faithfully in Christ,
Hudson Taylor*



ANN JUDSON

FIRST FEMALE MISSIONARY FROM AMERICA

from *Giants of the Missionary Trial* by Eugene Myers Harrison

There are some lives that grip our heart to shame us of our shallow following after Christ when other have tread heaven and hell to spread the Gospel. Such is this excerpt regarding the wife of Adoniram Judson, eventually dying in Burma with her 3 children.

Surely he would have fallen and perished under the weight of his cross, except for the tender, persistent, beautiful ministrations of Ann. As often as possible she bribed the jailer and then, under cover of darkness, crept to the door of Judson's den, bringing food and whispering words of hope and consolation. Finally for three long weeks she did not appear; but, upon her return, she bore in her arms a newborn baby to explain her absence. An epidemic of smallpox was raging unchecked through the city and little Maria was smitten with the dread disease. Due to the double strain of concern for her imprisoned husband and the suffering baby, Ann found herself unable to nurse the little one. Tormented by its pitiful cries, Ann took her baby up and down the streets of the city, pleading for mercy and for milk: "You women who have babies, have mercy on my baby and nurse her!"

Near the prison gate was a caged lion, whose fearful bellowings had told all that he was being starved against the day when he would be turned loose upon some of the prisoners. But the lion died of hunger before the plan was executed. Thereupon, plucky Mrs. Judson cleaned out the cage and secured permission for her husband to stay there for a few weeks, since he was critically

ill with a fever.

One of the most pathetic pages in the history of Christian missions is that which describes the scene when Judson was finally released and returned to the mission house seeking Ann, who again had failed to visit him for some weeks. As he ambled down the street as fast as his maimed ankles would permit, the tormenting question kept repeating itself, "Is Ann still alive?" Upon reaching the house, the first object to attract his attention was a fat, half-naked Burman woman squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals and holding on her knees an emaciated baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to him that it could be his own. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object that, at the first glance, was no more recognizable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness and the body shrunken to the last degree of emaciation. The glossy black curls had all been shorn from the finely-shaped head. There lay the faithful and devoted wife who had followed him so unwearily from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses and consoling him in his trials. Presently Ann felt warm tears falling upon her face and, rousing from her stupor, saw Judson by her side.



Hugh Lattimer

Hugh Lattimer once preached before King Henry VIII. Henry was greatly displeased by the boldness in the sermon and ordered Lattimer to preach again on the following Sunday and apologize for the offence he had given. The next Sunday, after reading his text, he thus began his sermon:

"Hugh Lattimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life, if thou offendest. Therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease. But then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest—upon Whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, Who is all-present and Who beholdeth all thy ways and Who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care that thou deliverest thy message faithfully."

He then preached the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sunday—and with considerably more energy.



Whenever God begins something, we have the assurance that He will finish it. Nothing will stand in the way of Him accomplishing His purpose in this world and in our lives. What God starts, He finishes, and nobody can hinder Him. Sure, delays will happen. Just remember, God is in charge of the delays as well as the progress. - A.W. Tozer

Richard Baxter



Baxter's most fruitful ministry was his 17-year pastorate at Kidderminster (broken up by a five-year chaplaincy in Cromwell's army). At Kidderminster he saw virtually the entire town of 2,000 people converted, most of whom were not previously pursuing the Christian faith. Over time, the number of converts was so overwhelming it was impossible for Baxter to meet with

them all. A visitor walking through the streets on a Sunday during this period might hear the singing of psalms and rehearsals of the day's sermon echoing from countless homes. "I preach'd, as never sure to preach again, And as a dying man to dying men!"

DesiringRevival.org

We are in a bloody war. "Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas?" - Isaac Watts

JOHN HYDE | THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST

John set sail for India after graduation in October, 1892, with mixed ambitions. To be sure, he wished to rescue the perishing among India's millions, but he also hoped to make a name for himself, to so master the languages necessary that eventually he would become a missionary of fame. When he went to his cabin, he found a letter addressed to him in a familiar handwriting. It was that of a ministerial friend of his father, one whom the young man greatly admired for the depth of his spiritual life. As he read, he was startled. "I shall not cease praying for you, dear John, until you are filled with the Holy Spirit." Clearly the implication was that he was not so filled. He confessed later:

"My pride was touched, and I felt exceedingly angry, crushed the letter, threw it into a corner of the cabin, and went up on deck. I loved the writer; I knew the holy life he lived. And down in my heart was the conviction that he was right, and I was not fitted to be a missionary . . . In despair, I asked the Lord to fill me with the Holy Spirit, and the moment I did this the whole atmosphere was cleared up. I began to see myself and what a selfish ambition I had. It was a struggle almost to the end of the voyage, but I was determined long before the port was reached that, whatever the cost, I would be really filled with the Holy Spirit."

When he arrived in India, John attended a meeting where, in no uncertain way, the fact was emphasized that Jesus Christ is able to save from all sin. When one of the listeners, at the close of the service, approached the speaker with the pointed question, "Is that your personal experience, that Jesus can save from all sin?" John was extremely thankful that he had not been asked the question. He acknowledged to himself that, although he had been preaching such a Gospel, experimentally he was a stranger to its power.



Plainly there was no side-stepping the spiritual issue now confronting him. Without the baptism with the Holy Spirit experienced by the 120 at Pentecost in the upper room in Jerusalem, he was a complete failure. He retired to his room, saying to God, "Either Thou must give me victory over all my sin, and especially over the sin that so easily besets me, or I shall return to America to seek there for some other work. I am unable to preach the Gospel until I can testify to it's power in my own life."

John was now where God wanted him. In simple faith, he looked to Christ for the deliverance from sin for which his heart was craving. He said later, "He did deliver me, and I have not had a doubt of this since. I can now stand up without hesitation to testify that he has given me victory."

LET CHRIST COME



There was an old preacher in Wales over two-hundred years ago who was invited to preach at a preaching convention held in a little town. The people had assembled in the thousands, but the preacher had not come. So the local minister and other leaders sent a maid back to the house where the preacher was staying to tell him that they were waiting for him and that everything was ready. The girl went and when she came back she said: 'I did not like to disturb him. He was talking to somebody.' 'Oh', said they, 'that is rather strange, because everybody is here. Go back and tell him that it is after time and that he must come.' So the girl went back again and again she returned and reported, 'He is talking to somebody.' 'How do you know that?' they asked. She answered: 'I heard him saying to the other person who is with him, "I will not go and preach to those people if you will not come with me."' 'Oh, it is all right', replied the ministers. 'We had better wait.' And they did wait. And eventually the preacher came and he preached in such power that as the result of that one sermon within the next six months, one thousand people roughly were added to the membership to the churches in the whole area.

(from a discourse by Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones)