

“

When the cry of sin reaches Heaven, judgment from God will fall

”

desiring **R**evival

OCTOBER - DECEMBER / 2022

Volume / 08 Issue / 04

Recovering the high view of God



From Desiring Revival

We see the sad state of Israel who were unwilling to see the real danger she was in when God in mercy sent His messengers to warn Israel. We see God's declaration of Israel in Zechariah 7:12, "Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts." The signs around us declare with no uncertain sound that the judgment of God is inevitable for America because sin will be judged.

Suppose someone says that many have preached in prior years on the coming destruction and though we have seen various judgments of God such as giving us over to uncleanness, acceptance of lies, removal of His manifest presence, wide acceptance of shallow forms of evangelism, having a form of godliness, a nation in decline, and such, (Romans 1:18-32) though we have seen such, we have not seen judgments such as what Sodom experienced. Suppose that is our attitude towards the increasing wickedness in America. What should we consider? There is a cry of sin that reaches heaven

when it gets filled to the brim, and God will intervene with Divine justice unto destruction or with Divine mercy to send an outpouring.

The cry of sin came from the blood of Abel, from Sodom and Gomorrah, from Nineveh where God showed mercy when they repented of sin and evil, from Israel in Canaan who polluted the land with blood (Psalm 106:35-40), and from the Jews in the New Testament where Jesus said that the blood of all the prophets will be required from that generation (Luke 11:50-51), and it was fulfilled in AD 70 when Titus plundered Jerusalem and utterly destroyed it. If the warnings from the past have not been heeded in America and we have continued our downward trend, how much closer are we then to the judgment of God? and if we repent of our ways would we see mercy extended in Divine intervention?

And this call to repentance is not to the lost but rather it is to God's people who are the only ones who are called to be salt and light. We have lost our savour and have allowed the world to impact us rather than us impacting the world. The time is now for the church to call sin as sin, repent and put away uncleanness in our midst, and seek the Lord while He may be found, to call upon Him while He is near, in wrath to remember mercy, that we may rejoice in Him.



Helpful Books to Consider



Revival

Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones

Dr. Lloyd-Jones deftly draws principles from the lives of Old and New Testament characters as well as expounding some of the great prayers of the Bible. Clearly and forcefully, he presents a masterful exposition of the circumstances accompanying revival in the past, why each generation needs it, and how it will come about today. We must come to the sovereign God, for-sake our sin, and wait upon Him for this special, essential outpouring. God, bring us revival!

Why Revival Tarries

Leonard Ravenhill

This is a no-compromise call to biblical revival and spiritual excellence that expounds on the disparity between today's church and the church of Acts.

Rock Of Ages

Augustus Toplady



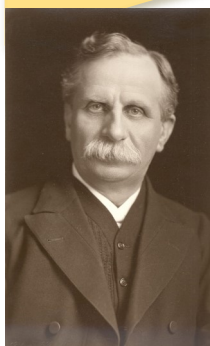
Toplady, Augustus Montague, the author of "Rock of Ages," was born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740. His father was an officer in the British army. His mother was a woman of remarkable piety. He prepared for the university at Westminster School, and subsequently was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. While on a visit in Ireland in his sixteenth year he was awakened and converted at a service held in a barn in Codymain. The text was Ephesians ii. 13: "But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The preacher was an illiterate but warm-hearted layman named Morris. Concerning this experience Toplady wrote: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous."

A short time before his death he asked his physician what he thought. The reply was that his pulse showed that his heart was beating weaker every day. Toplady replied with a smile: "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory." To another friend he said: "O, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. . . . My prayers are all converted into praise." He died of consumption (Tuberculosis) August 11, 1778.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,
Thou must save, and save by grace.
3. Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY GHOST AND WITH FIRE

Samuel Chadwick (1860-1932) was born in the industrial north of England. At the age of 21 he was appointed lay pastor of a chapel at Stacksteads, Lancashire. He found the congregation self-satisfied, but Chadwick threw himself into the work with great optimism. Soon, however, his sermons were exhausted and nothing had changed. Staring defeat in the face and sensing his lack of real power, an intense hunger was kindled within him for more of God. At this point he heard the testimony of someone who had been revitalised by an experience of the Holy Spirit. So, with a few friends he covenanted to pray and search the scriptures until God sent revival. One evening he was praying over his next sermon, when a powerful sense of conviction settled on him. His pride, blindness and reliance on human methods paraded before his eyes as God humbled him to the dust. Well into the night he wrestled and repented, then he got out his pile of precious sermons and threw them on the fire! The result was immediate – he was baptised with the Holy Spirit and with fire [Luke 3:16].



"I could not explain what had happened, but it was a bigger thing than I had ever known. There came into my soul a deep peace, a thrilling joy, and a new sense of power. My mind was quickened. I felt I had received a new faculty of understanding. Every power was vitalised. My body was quickened. There was a new sense of spring and vitality, a new power of endurance and a strong man's exhilaration in big things."

The tide turned. At his next service, seven people were converted ("one for each of my barren years"), and he called the whole congregation to a week of prayer. The following weekend most of the church was filled with the Holy Spirit and revival began to spread through the valleys. In the space of a few months, hundreds were converted to Jesus, among them some of the most notorious sinners in the area. The pattern was repeated over the next few years as Chadwick moved to various places. 1890 saw him in Leeds, where the power of God was so strongly upon him that the chapel was full half an hour before the service began, and police had to control the crowds. Chadwick records: "We were always praying and fighting [the devil], singing and rejoicing, doing the impossible and planning still bigger things. The newspapers never left us alone, and people came from far and wide." Within a few years, the chapel had to be demolished and a substantial Mission Hall built.





Quenching the Spirit where He takes flight, never to return again

D. L. Moody recollects

I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in my Church, I closed the meeting one night by asking any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great joy, a man arose who had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it, and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way."

"What's that?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man [naming a friend of his] had been here tonight I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him."

"But," said I, "You have got to come out boldly for the Lord if you come out at all."

While I talked with him he was trembling from head to foot, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next, and the next; the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks; it seemed as if he came to the very threshold of Heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for his hesitation, except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him.

At last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone. Six

months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him; and I prayed with him.

Contrary to all expectations he recovered. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house.

"You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again."

"Mr. Moody," said he, "I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian."

"But you don't know yet that you will get well."

"O," said he, "I shall be perfectly well in a few days. I have got a new lease of life."

I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last he said, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ."

"If God has not Grace enough to save you in Chicago, he has not in Michigan" I answered.

At last he got a little irritated and said, "Mr. Moody, I'll take the risk," and so I left him.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter.

"My husband," she said, "has had a relapse; I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die."

"Does he want to see me?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says his damnation is sealed, and he will be in hell in a little while."

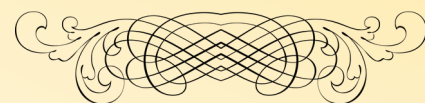
I went in, and he at once fixed his eyes upon me. I called him by name, but he was silent. I went around to the foot of the bed, and looked in his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?", and at last he

fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said:

"Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a little while."

I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees, he said, "You need not pray for me. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless; they need your prayers, but you need not pray for me."

I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if Heaven above me was like brass. The next day, his wife told me, he lingered until the sun went down, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along for an hour he would say again those awful words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He lived a Christless life, he died a Christless death - we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, and bore him away to a Christless grave.



J. B. Phillips on the first few chapters of the Book of Acts.

"This is the church of Jesus Christ before it became fat and out of breath by prosperity. This is the church of Jesus Christ before it became muscle bound by over organization. This is the church of Jesus Christ where they didn't gather together a group of intellectuals to study phycho-sematic medicine, they just healed the sick. This is the church of Jesus Christ where they did not say prayers, but they prayed in the Holy Ghost."



The Layman's Prayer Revival of 1857-9

The 1859 Revival was one that affected virtually the whole of the UK, and in terms of the actual numbers converted was probably the greatest revival we have ever had in this country. The amazing thing is that whilst most people will be fully aware of the Methodist Revival, the 1904 Welsh Revival, and the 1949 Hebrides Revival, very few people will be even aware that there was such a revival in this country at that time. I think that it is sometimes referred to as "the forgotten revival." It is also sometimes referred to as "the layman's revival."

For the origins of this revival, we need to go back to 1857 in the USA. Although there had been a moving of the Holy Spirit in Canada before this time, the event that appears to have been the catalyst for the spread of this revival was a prayer meeting commenced by a Jeremiah Lanphier, a layman with the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. Noticing that the businessmen in that city were looking downcast at the economic state of the country at that time, he decided to hold a midday prayer meeting on the 3rd floor of the church in Fulton Street for one hour, each Wednesday. At first he was the only person present, but after ½ hour a further five men joined him. The second week twenty businessmen turned up and then forty the following week. They then agreed to meet every day, and on the first day, 100 men turned up, many of whom were not Christians. After 3 months every room of that church was filled with men praying, with others on the outside kneeling together praying because they couldn't get in the church. A further church nearby was opened for prayer, but that also became filled. A theatre was then hired for this purpose, and on the first day, half an hour before the announced time, it was packed to capacity, again with men on the outside praying because they couldn't get in. Within six months there were 150 prayer meetings like this going on somewhere in New York City, with 50,000 gathered for prayer. This also became a means of outreach and appeals were made for people to receive Christ, and no less than 25,000 businessmen were converted. It was not uncommon to see a hundred people come down the aisle of a church at invitation time confessing their sins openly, and receiving Christ into their life. Soon a common mid-day sign on business premises read "We will re-open at the close of the prayer meeting." As

time went on the movement spread to the whole of the USA and Canada, and there were actually places where not a single person was left unconverted. Along the East Coast of America there was a zone of heavenly influence that affected even ships coming in from abroad, who knew nothing of the revival, but when they came within a few miles of land God got hold of people on board the ships and in some cases the whole of the crew got converted. Thirty captains of vessels like this were converted. During the period 1857/8 no less than one million people were converted in the USA. If such a revival were to hit America today the equivalent number of conversions would be somewhere in the region of eight to nine million people.

News of the revival soon hit these shores, and the first place to be affected was Ulster, and a mighty revival hit that place in 1859 with somewhere around 100,000 people converted which as a percentage of the people in that country was quite staggering. About the same time and quite independently Wales also was affected and a revival brought again around 100,000 people to Christ. The revival arrived in Scotland in the north of the country and as time went on it spread down south, until it arrived in England. Around 300,000 people were converted in Scotland. The revival in Ulster, Wales and Scotland, however, was somewhat different in character to that of most of England. In the former the revival was more spontaneous, and most of the conversions occurred during the year of 1859. In England, however, the initial move was not quite as dramatic as in the other parts of the country, but within two years something different happened which resulted in large numbers of people coming to Christ. God raised up a large number of evangelists who travelled the length and breadth of the land preaching the gospel, and many thousands of people were brought into the kingdom by this means. By 1864 no less than 600,000 people were converted in England, bringing the total in the UK to over one million people. Even parts of Southern Ireland were affected by the revival, including Dublin, Cork, and Kerry. The latter place was most blessed and the move there was known as "The Kerry Revival." Even ships travelling from Dublin to Holyhead were influenced by the move, with revival services being held on board, and many people being converted.