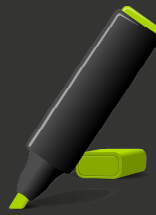


## From Desiring Revival



I was in New York in November of 2018. As I was walking by Times Square, I was struck by a scene that seems to be almost a stand still moment. In between those bright lights, people, cars and activities in that cold late evening, I looked at a little boy who was fascinated by a window display in a shop and stood captivated by it. He had a hand that was outstretched up and intending to hold his Dad's hand. His Dad was by him and was getting something done. But the little boy was oblivious to the fact that his Dad was not holding his hand, or where he was, in the middle of a bustling city, but he was enthralled by the lights on this storefront an all that it had to offer to arrest his attention.

In a flash it seemed as if the Lord was saying, that is the picture of the Church in this generation. She is captivated by this world with all the lights and entertainment that she does not even realize that she has left her Father's hand. Standing powerless and paralyzed by theory and theology while the world perishes around her. She is powerless to stop the tide of sin, powerless to change her community; while her ministers and evangelists run around with cookie cutter formulas for "revival".

Let us seek God for an outpouring of His Spirit in this generation as we step into 2019. We desire God to do it, standing on the shoulders of all the prayers of those who have gone before us who wept and prayed for revival. People like Leonard Ravenhill, David Wilkerson, Duncan Campbell and a host of others. May God do it as an answer to Prayer for their sakes and for His glory alone.

“The reason why many are still troubled, still seeking, still making little forward progress is because they haven't yet come to the end of themselves. We're still trying to give orders, and interfering with God's work within us. - A.W. Tozer

## Neglect of Duty

There was a man in an insane asylum who used to say over to himself in a voice of horror, "If I only had." He had been in charge of a railway drawbridge, and had received orders to keep it closed until the passage of an extra express train; but a friend came along with a vessel, and persuaded him to open the bridge just for him, and while it was open the train came thundering along, and leaped into destruction. Many were killed, and the poor bridge tender went mad over the result of his own neglect of duty. "If I only had!"

- D.L. Moody

## REMEMBERING ROSALIND GOFORTH



Rosalind Goforth (1864-1942) and her husband Jonathan (1859-1936) were Canadian Presbyterian missionaries to China and Manchuria (1888-1934). Rosalind lost five of her ten children during her missionary service. Surviving the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, Rosalind and Jonathan were also greatly affected by the Revival Lectures of Charles G. Finney in 1904, and went on to experience a Chinese extension of the Korean revivals after Jonathan visited Korea in 1907. Those Chinese revivals were documented in Jonathan Goforth's book, *By My Spirit*. Both took part in the Keswick meetings (1910), following their participation at the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, Scotland. Troubled by the liberal tendencies of the Presbytery, i.e., the fundamentalist-modernist controversy, the Goforths left the Home Board (1917). Free to evangelize where they chose, the Chinese Christian warlord, General Feng Yu-hsiang, invited Jonathan to minister to his troops (1919). Jonathan became totally blind in 1933, and when Rosalind became ill in 1934, they decided to return to Canada for good. Rosalind authored a biography of her husband, *Goforth of China* (1937), and an autobiographical sketch of her own experiences, *Climbing - Memories of a Missionary's Wife* (1940).



## EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK "HOW I KNOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER"

- ROSALIND GOFORTH

I do not remember the time when I did not have in some degree a love for the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. When not quite twelve years of age, at a revival meeting, I publicly accepted and confessed Christ as my Lord and Master.

From that time there grew up in my heart a deep yearning to know Christ in a more real way, for He seemed so unreal, so far away and visionary. One night when still quite young I remember going out under the trees in my parents' garden and, looking up into the starlit heavens, I longed with intense longing to feel Christ near me. As I knelt down there on the grass, alone with God, Job's cry became mine, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" Could I have borne it had I known then that almost forty years would pass before that yearning would be satisfied?

With the longing to know Christ, literally to "find" Him, came a passionate desire to serve Him. But, oh, what a terrible nature I had! Passionate, proud, self-willed, indeed just full was I of those things that I knew were unlike Christ.

The following years of halfhearted conflict with sinful self must be passed over till about the fifth year of our missionary work in China. I grieve to say that the new life in a foreign land with its trying climate, provoking servants, and altogether irritating conditions, seemed to have developed rather than subdued my natural disposition.

One day (I can never forget it), as I sat inside the house by a paper window at dusk, two Chinese Christian women sat down on the other side. They began talking about me, and (wrongly, no doubt) I listened. One said, "Yes, she is a hard worker, a zealous preacher, and – yes, she dearly loves us; but, oh, what a temper she has! If she would only live more as she preaches!"

Then followed a full and true delineation of my life and character. So true indeed was it, as to crush out all sense of annoyance and leave me humbled to the dust. I saw then how useless, how worse than useless, was it for me to come to China to preach Christ and not live Christ. But how could I live Christ? I knew some (including my dear husband) who had a peace and a power – yes, and a something I could not define – that I had not; and often I longed to know the secret.

Was it possible, with such a nature as mine, ever to become patient and gentle? Was it possible that I could ever really stop worrying? Could I, in a word, ever hope to be able to live Christ as well as preach Him?

I knew I loved Christ; and again and again I had proved my willingness to give up all for His sake. But I knew, too, that one hot flash of temper with the Chinese, or with the children before the Chinese, would largely undo weeks, perhaps months, of self-sacrificing service.

The years that followed led often through the furnace. The Lord knew that nothing but fire could destroy the dross and subdue my stubborn will. Those years may be summed up in one line: "Fighting [not finding], following, keeping, struggling." Yes, and failing! Sometimes in the depths of despair over these failures; then going on determined to do my best – and what a poor best it was!

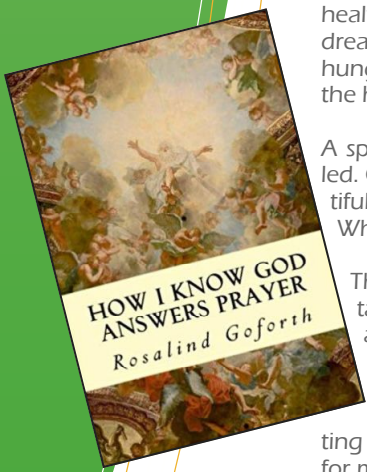
In the year 1905, and later, as I witnessed the wonderful way the Lord was leading my husband, and saw the Holy Spirit's power in his life and message, I came to seek very definitely for the fullness of the Holy Spirit. It was a time of deep heart-searching. The heinousness of sin was revealed as never before. Many, many things had to be set right toward man and God. I learned what "paying the price" meant. Those were times of wonderful mountaintop experiences, and I came to honor the Holy Spirit and seek His power for the overcoming of sin in a new way. But Christ still remained, as before, distant, afar off, and I longed increasingly to know – to find Him. Although I had much more power over besetting sins, yet there were times of great darkness and defeat.

It was during one of these latter times that we were forced to return to Canada, in June 1916. My husband's health prevented him from public speaking, and it seemed that this duty for us both was to fall on me. But I dreaded facing the home church without some spiritual uplift – a fresh vision for myself. The Lord saw this heart-hunger, and in His own glorious way He fulfilled literally the promise, "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness" (Psalm 107:9).

A spiritual conference was to be held the latter part of June at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, and to this I was led. One day I went to the meeting rather against my inclination, for it was so lovely under the trees by the beautiful lake. The speaker was a stranger to me, but from almost the first his message gripped me – Victory Over Sin! Why, this was what I had fought for, had hungered for, all my life! Was it possible?

The speaker went on to describe very simply an ordinary Christian life experience – sometimes on the mountaintop, with visions of God; then again would come the sagging, and dimming of vision, coldness, discouragement, and perhaps definite disobedience, and a time of downgrade experience. Then perhaps a sorrow, or even some special mercy, would bring the wanderer back to his Lord.

The speaker asked for all those who felt this to be a picture of their experience to raise the hand. I was sitting in the front seat, and shame only kept me from raising my hand at once. But I did so want to get all God had for me, and I determined to be true; and after a struggle I raised my hand. Wondering if others were like myself, I ventured to glance back and saw many hands were raised, though the audience was composed almost entirely



HOW I KNOW GOD  
ANSWERS PRAYER  
Rosalind Goforth



## How I know God Answers Prayers - Contd.

of Christian workers, ministers, and missionaries.

The leader then went on to say that life which he had described was not the life God planned or wished for His children. He described the higher life of peace, rest in the Lord, of power and freedom from struggle, worry, care. As I listened I could scarcely believe it could be true, yet my whole soul was moved so that it was with the greatest difficulty I could control my emotion. I saw then, though dimly, that I was nearing the goal for which I had been aiming all my life.

Early the next morning, soon after daybreak, on my knees I went over carefully and prayerfully all the passages on the victorious life that were given in a little leaflet. What a comfort and strength it was to see how clear God's Word was that victory and not defeat, was His will for His children, and to see what wonderful provision He had made! Later, during the days that followed, clearer light came. I did what I was asked to do – I quietly but definitely accepted Christ as my Saviour from the power of sin as I had so long before accepted Him as my Saviour from the penalty of sin. And on this I rested.

I left Niagara, realizing, however, there was still something I did not have. I felt much as the blind man must have felt when he said, "I see men as trees, walking." I had begun to see light, but dimly.

The day after reaching home I picked up a little booklet, *The Life That Wins*, which I had not read before, and going to my son's bedside I told him it was the personal testimony of one whom God used to bring great blessing into my life. I then read it aloud till I came to the words, "At last I realized that Jesus Christ was actually and literally within me." I stopped amazed. The sun seemed suddenly to come from under a cloud and flood my whole soul with light. How blind I had been! I saw at last the secret of victory – it was simply Jesus Christ Himself – His own life lived out in the believer. But the thought of victory was for the moment lost sight of in the inexpressible joy of realizing Christ's indwelling presence! Like a tired, worn-out wanderer finding home at last I just rested in Him. Rested in His love – in Himself. And, oh, the peace and joy that came flooding my life! A restfulness and quietness of spirit I never thought could be mine took possession of me so naturally. Literally a new life began for me, or rather in me. It was just "the Life that is Christ."

The first step I took in this new life was to stand on God's own Word, and not merely on man's teaching or even on a personal experience. And, as I studied especially the truth of God's indwelling, victory over sin, and God's bountiful provision, the word was fairly illumined with new light.

The years that have passed have been years of blessed fellowship with Christ and of joy in His service. A friend asked me not long ago if I could give in a sentence the after-result in my life of what I said had come to me in 1916, and I replied, "Yes, it can be all summed up in one word, resting."

Some have asked, "But have you never sinned?" Yes, I grieve to say I have. Sin is the one thing I abhor – for it is the one thing that can, if unrepented of, separate us, not only from Christ, but from the consciousness of His presence. But I have learned that there is instantaneous forgiveness and restoration to be had always. There need be not times of despair.

### THE DEEPER WORK OF GOD

Today, we may be desiring or be in anticipation on seeing God work on the externals, such as in a service or "revival meetings" etc. But when we see the Scriptures we see that God's work often were hidden before the "spectacular". Before Elijah was brought before Ahab and saw the great victory at Mt. Carmel, Elijah was unknown and hidden away. Before John the Baptist thundered "Repent" he was hidden in the backside of the desert for 30 years. God's working in secret is much more important than His work that is visible for all to see, and it goes much deeper than what we can see evidenced on the outside. Let us desire that deeper work of God this year in 2019, that He may reign sovereign in our hearts before He comes in majesty and power in our community and into our circumstances.



### Rules for Self Discovery



1. What we want most;
2. What we think about most;
3. How we use our money;
4. What we do with our leisure time;
5. The company we enjoy;
6. Who and what we admire;
7. What we laugh at.

- A. W. Tozer

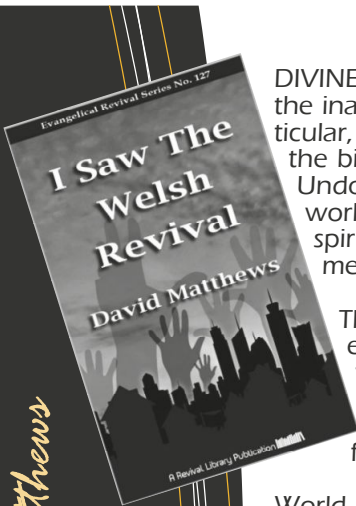
Seek ye the Lord  
while he may be  
found, call ye upon  
him while he is near:  
- Isaiah 55:6



We are most  
vulnerable when  
we are victorious

He hath shewed thee, O man,  
what is good; and what doth  
the Lord require of thee, but  
to do justly, and to love mercy,  
and to walk humbly with thy  
God?

- Micah 6:8



## Reminiscences of the Great Welsh Revival

DIVINE MOVEMENTS have their birthplace in the heart of Deity. But whenever God predisposes the inauguration of a period of blessing intended for the up-lift of humanity, His Church in particular, multitudes of His chosen ones throughout the earth, become mysteriously burdened with the birth-pangs of a new era. Intercessions are stained with the crimson of a splendid agony. Undoubtedly at such a time, God's people pass through their Gethsemane. Throughout the world there are now many thousands of devout Christians yearning passionately for a great spiritual awakening, convinced that only a mighty effusion of the Holy Spirit among the tormented nations can produce the turning point in the history of this distracted planet.

These reminiscences are sent out in the prayerful anticipation that earnest Christians may experience a strengthening of the faith, knowing that, although the "vision may tarry," it will surely come. Every unbiased person must turn away in despair from endless discussions and abortive conferences, arranged often with a full fanfare of trumpets, concluding in "smoke" and confusion. They only demonstrate that the ailments afflicting humanity from age to age are entirely beyond the capacity of human ingenuity to heal.

World cataclysms frequently have resulted in great awakenings of a moral and spiritual character. History proves that national calamities, such as wars, epidemics, droughts, famines, and pestilences are themselves but precursors of better times. Heart-breaking distresses, permitted by God, have been known to lead multitudes into the valley of humiliation. Humanity is sorely afflicted with an enormity of piled-up sorrows. Wistful longings are created in the hearts of the most concerned Christians for a speedy repetition of past history. What of present-day omens?

During past European wars, when fears of invasion created sleepless anxiety in the hearts of the inhabitants of Britain, evangelists of the Whitefield-Wesley type traversed the country with their flaming evangel, asking "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." So great was the moral impact upon the character of the people that the course of British history was changed. George Frederick Handel composed his deathless oratorios at the time when the football of Napoleon on the continent of Europe made the nations tremble. Following immediately upon the tragic days of the South African War, Wales experienced one of the greatest revivals in the history of the Church since apostolic days. David Lloyd George, Earl of Dwyfor, then Prime Minister of Britain, frankly confessed, after World War I, that "nothing less than a great spiritual awakening among the nations could possibly enable the leaders to iron out the appalling difficulties harassing their minds day and night." Nourished and reared in the atmosphere and tradition of revival, he knew what he was talking about.

The Welsh in past generations experienced spiritual quickenings almost in every decade. Wales earned the envious title, "The Land of Revivals," in addition to "The Land of Song." As in the Book of Judges, so in the history

of this little nation, God raised up men of inflexible conviction and great audacity. They went into "the high-ways and byways" with the divine message consuming their very souls. They called upon the people to repent "in dust and ashes." Names such as Vavassor Powell of Radnor, Griffiths Jones of Llanddowror, William Williams of Pantycelyn, Howell Harris of Trevacca, Rowlands of Llangeitho, Christmas Evans of Anglesea, John Elias of Llanfenni, are forever enshrined in the heart of the Celt. Richard Owen of North Wales, whose spiritual torch was kindled in the Moody-Sankey meetings, roused his compatriots to a deeper consecration. He himself burned out completely at the early age of forty-one. He preached to crowds that would give him no peace.

Perhaps the name of Evan Roberts is the most fascinating of all our honoured revivalists because of both world-wide publicity and strange happenings reported to have occurred in his meetings. From the ends of the earth, men and women in all ranks of life, representing different religions, came to Wales to witness personally the strange phenomena. Some criticized, and carnally minded sceptics scoffed. People thronged the churches day and night, far beyond the registered capacity of such buildings, without any decrease for months on end. Mr. W. T. Stead, the intrepid editor of Review of Reviews, followed the revivalist for a whole week, attending every service. Writing to one of London's periodicals, he declared in all seriousness that he "could find no trace of the devil in Wales at the present time."

In all Wales, songs of praise raised in ceaseless chorus from the burning hearts of countless thousands were heard in homes and churches and even in the coal mines. There are few, if any, parallels with this mighty outpouring of religious fervor, bringing a whole nation to its knees at the foot of the cross in adoration and praise. It was a fearfully glorious sight, an awe-inspiring spectacle which can never be erased from the memory. Thousands found in all circumstances of life testified in later years that at this crucial time they were "transplanted from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son."

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Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. - Isaiah 55:7

