



REVIVAL FIRES

Ultimate Collection

Edited by Micael Grenholm

This booklet contains accounts of many times where the Spirit of God moved in groups of people and in churches to produce 'Revival', an awakening of devotion and service to God.

Many of these accounts show how Christians had to be truly 'revived' in their faith and practice before the fire of God could spread like a forest fire among the unsaved.

May these texts inspire you to seek God more intensively and thirst for His power and peace.

All of these texts come from the website of the Jesus Army: http://www.jesus.org.uk/ja/mag_revivalfires_date.shtml. Many of them appears in the booklet *"Revival Fires; Stirring accounts of Christian revivals around the world"*, which can be bought on <http://www.jesuspeople.biz/shop/books/revival.html>.

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Pre-1600s

FIRE IN THE DESERT

In the 4th Century, an astonishing movement of revolutionary Christianity was started - in the desert

IN OCTOBER 312, the Roman Emperor, Constantine, claimed that the Christians' God had helped him crush his enemies and secure power at the Battle of Milvian Bridge. This marked the end of persecution and the apparent promotion of the Church to a privileged position in society. "Christendom" was born - the Church was wedded to the political power of the day. In reality, Christendom was a dreadful deception. The Church for the most part abandoned its call to be a countercultural embodiment of the Kingdom of Jesus - which He had described as "not of this world". Empire and Church were mingled. The proclamation of the gospel was largely drowned out in the clamour of the marching feet of imperial armies. "Love your enemies" morphed into "slay the barbarian". Some, however, resisted this development. Men such as Antony, Pachomius and Macarius and other Desert Fathers forsook wealth and influence and moved to the desert. Here they formed visionary communities which demonstrated the need for God's people to be an alternative culture to the violent, power-hungry world system.

Radical pioneer

Antony was a true pioneer, whose influence is still felt today. Born in Egypt about AD 251, his parents died when he was young, leaving him a small fortune. One day he heard a Christian quote Jesus' words: If you would be perfect, go sell all you have, give to the poor, and come follow Me (Matt. 19:21). They cut him like a knife. He sold his estate and became the disciple of a godly pastor.

Yet his heart grew restless. He didn't belong to the world he saw around him. He felt a strong pull to the desert beyond the Nile. Here hot and cold, flood and drought engaged men in a daily, physical battle for life itself. To Antony, this mirrored the human soul in its battle between flesh and spirit, love for God and love of self. Here too was a pioneering adventure, where only the real would make it.

So Antony went to live alone in the desert. Friends sent food every few days; the rest depended on his survival skills. His experiences were later dictated to a follower - and what reading they make! He fought boredom and guilt, sexual temptations and hunger for possessions. He gives graphic accounts of battles with demons, but also of sweet times of intimate communion with Jesus. He also learned the importance of manual work for focussing the mind; he wove reed baskets and sold them in town.

Gradually his reputation spread, and men came to the desert to be near Antony. Reluctantly, in AD 305, he left his solitude and spent six years drawing these disciples into a community of hermits. In time, some 5,000 were with him. They lived alone or in pairs in the week, then came together on Sundays for worship, fellowship and mutual support. He taught them the foundational

principles that he had based his own life on: love, patience, celibacy, gentleness and humility. Hate all peace that comes from the flesh, he taught. Gain your brother, and you have gained God. Offend your brother, and you sin against Christ.

Finally, Antony withdrew deeper into the desert, where he lived to be 102. He appeared only twice: to strengthen persecuted brethren in Alexandria, and (at 101) to preach against a dangerous heresy. His burial place was kept secret, since he feared men's idolatry. Today, Antony is acknowledged as the father of the monastic life; the man who broke the mould and let passion for Jesus create a new, living 'wineskin' for the Holy Spirit's life.

Father to thousands...

PACHOMIUS was born in Egypt about AD 291. As a young man he was press-ganged into the Roman army. One day some Christians showed such care to his unit that he determined to find Jesus himself. He was converted in his twenties. In AD 318, he was walking in the desert when he felt God prompt him to found a monastery at that very spot (an old Roman fort called Tabennisi). So he and a friend did just that. Numbers grew rapidly, and in time there were seven monasteries for men and two for women, several numbering over a thousand souls! There were major differences between Tabennisi and the collection of hermits that St Antony had formed. This was a carefully structured organisation where the brothers lived together at all times, followed a Rule (set of precepts) and had their set jobs and ministries for the good of all.

The monks lived in communal houses according to the work they did (carpentry, basket-weaving, etc.). Each house held around 40, and there might be 30 houses to a monastery - a large undertaking! There was a senior leader (abbot) over the whole monastery, and leaders for each house. At weekends the whole monastery met for worship and the bread and wine; in the week they met together in their houses. They wore a simple white tunic and shared two simple meals a day - unless they chose to fast. Their crafts and industry were such that they had their own boats on the Nile to ferry goods to market.

Pachomius was a gifted leader. What he built was not equalled for 1,000 years. He was a deeply spiritual and loving man. He spoke in tongues and saw frequent visions, but kept his monks focussed: The greatest vision you can have, he taught, is of a pure and humble man. His leadership style was to insist on the same basic rules for everyone, for the sake of self-discipline, while encouraging brothers to go beyond it according to their zeal and strength. Spiritual fatherhood was a key issue for him. He taught that a leader must be a man of scripture, prayer, humility, service and miracles. In all his communities it was a rule that leaders should serve: lay tables, answer the door, and tend the sick. He led the way himself. He truly loved the monks as sons, frequently addressing them as 'my little children'. No wonder he became father to thousands.

Underground healer

Macarius was born in Egypt in AD 300, of Christian parents. He had a soft conscience and strong sense of

justice. He was called the "aged youth" in his village, because he had great spiritual wisdom even in his twenties. For a while he worked as a camel-drover, but in 330 he withdrew to the desert and sought out St Anthony to disciple him.

He relocated to Scetis, south-west of the Nile Delta, and at first lived as a hermit. But soon other men were joining themselves to him and a community began. It was particularly active in healing ministry. People from far and wide made their way to the desert to be prayed for by Macarius. According to his biographer, there was an average of five or six healings a day. He always had other monks with him, to learn healing. He also taught them to use spiritual gifts of words and discernment. Sometimes Macarius withdrew - with the help of an underground passage to a remote cave - because he heard the praise of men.

Another mark of his community was fatherly humanity. He urged full renunciation of money and property on all the monks, but at times broke his own rules out of love. Once he travelled to Alexandria in person to buy some sherbet to soothe the throat of a young brother who had fever.

The third characteristic was Macarius' stress on the Holy Spirit. Every Christian should pray to be filled with the Holy Spirit, because it is the Spirit who transforms us and stamps us with Christ's image, "as a gold coin is imprinted with the king's image and is then fit for the royal treasury".

Macarius was deported for a time, but returned to Scetis, where he died in his nineties.

AIDAN AND ALOPEN, APOSTLES

Aidan was a fiery Irishman, Alopen a refined Persian. Both were monks, both gifted communicators. In AD635, both were, entirely independently, commissioned and sent to start churches: one at the North-West frontier of civilisation, the other in the far East. Aidan became the Apostle of northern England, Alopen the Apostle to China. Despite their extraordinary linked destiny, they never met or even knew of each other. Article by Trevor Saxby

Aidan: Apostle of the North

BRITAIN AT THE turn of the 600s was a battleground of warring tribal kingdoms, most of them pagan. A Christian prince named Oswald was sent to the Celtic monastery on the Scottish island of Iona for his own safety. In 634 he felt ready to deliver his kingdom, Northumbria, in the north of England. He defeated the invaders and was crowned king.

One of his first acts was to ask Iona to send someone to convert his pagan subjects. An envoy was sent but returned saying that the Northumbrians were obstinate barbarians, beyond redemption. At this, an Irish monk named Aidan spoke up: it was foolish to expect pagans to accept the strict rules of a Celtic monastery - they must be met on their own level, with grace and humility. For this, Aidan himself was appointed for the apostolic mission to re-evangelise the north of England. It was AD 635.

Aidan established his base on Lindisfarne, an island off the east coast, which became known as Holy Island. From here teams went out with the gospel, planting

churches and establishing centres at Melrose, Jarrow and Whitby. By the time he died in 651, Northumbria was almost wholly evangelised.

Aidan succeeded by developing key relationships with those who helped to expand the work and by wise and creative planning. He didn't do all the work himself - at first, he couldn't even speak the language but needed interpreters. He appointed and trusted many workers. Other noted Celtic saints, Hilda, Chad and Cuthbert, built up important ministries under his covering. But Aidan was a communicator. He could empathise. Any gifts he received from the wealthy, he gave to the poor. This included a fine stallion given to him by the king. The king was furious, but Aidan replied: "Is the son of a mare more important to you than a son of God?" The humbled king knelt and asked forgiveness. Aidan's primary witness was through the genuineness of his life. He refused personal gain, showed no partiality (rebuking kings when they needed it), and practised rigorous self-denial. If the king came to Lindisfarne, he had to eat the same food as the monks and beggars. Aidan's approach was "Do as I do", not "Do as I say", and because his life was open to all, people gladly followed and the Church was built.

Alopen: Apostle of the East

IN ANCIENT TIMES, China was better known in the West than one might suppose. For centuries a trade route called the Silk Road had linked China with Persia and the West. Arab and Persian merchants settled in China, and Chinese envoys reached ancient Rome. But by the 5th and 6th centuries, tribal wars had shut the Silk Road and made China a closed empire.

The arrival of the T'ang Dynasty (AD 618-877) changed all this. The Chinese army crushed the rebels and a golden age of Chinese culture began. The capital, Chang-an (modern Xi'an), was the largest walled city ever built, with two million inhabitants. The reopening of the Silk Road in 632 brought a new cosmopolitan flavour. The Emperor, T'ai Tsung, tolerated all religions and encouraged the discussion of foreign ideas.

The Church saw its opportunity and took it. In 635, the Assyrian archbishop Yeshuyab sent an apostolic team, led by a learned and wise monk named Alopen. They accompanied a traders' camel train and arrived at Chang-an.

Alopen had done his homework. He knew the very formal Chinese culture and the need to avoid open war with the Buddhists. So for three years, he and Chinese converts worked on the first Christian book in the Chinese language: The Sutra of Jesus Messiah. A sutra was the way Buddhists presented their teachings, as a series of discourses. Alopen was playing them at their own game.

Much reads strangely to Western ears: Jesus is "the Heaven-Honoured One", the "Master of the Victorious Law", who has sent "the Pure Breeze" (the Holy Spirit) from "our Three-One". But the Emperor was pleased with what he read and in 638 made a decree: Alopen's religion was "wonderful, spontaneous, producing perception and establishing essentials for the salvation of creatures and the benefit of man". The Emperor commanded that a Christian religious centre be built from public funds in the Western merchants' quarter of the city.

From this base, with a core of just 21 Christians, the gospel spread out into the land. Four regional centres

were built and by the time of the next Emperor, Kuo Tsung, there were churches in ten provinces. Alopen was made bishop (or in the quaint Chinese, "Spiritual Lord, Protector of the Empire") and the Church was able to put down firm roots in China - which it would need when persecution was unleashed by Empress Wu in 690.

MONK SHOWS WHAT FRIENDSHIP REALLY IS

Trevor Saxby explores the stirring insights of a 12th century Yorkshire monk.

WE LIVE in an age of relationship break-down. People dream of finding their "soul mate", but all too often it proves to be a mirage. Where can you turn for sound advice? Maybe the last person you'd think of would be a 12th century celibate monk! But Aelred's book, *Spiritual Friendship*, is as courageous and relevant today as it was in the 1150s.

"It is a great consolation," writes Aelred, "in this life to have someone you can unite with in an intimate affection; someone in whom your spirit can rest, to whom you can pour out your soul, who will bear with the weariness of your anxieties and search out with you the answers to your problems."

Aelred spent his whole life exploring the subject of brotherly love. As a young man at the royal court he felt a strong attachment to friends and happily spent hours in their company. Then he joined a monastic movement called the Cistercians, which was growing fast in western Europe. They had energy and vision, and enjoyed praising God. Their founder used to say "The best way to know God is to love Him", and love was the flavour of all they did.

Aelred's ability to love and to join people together was soon noticed and he was made abbot of a monastery at Rievaulx in Yorkshire. By the time he died in 1167 it had grown amazingly, to 600 members.

Aelred taught and wrote about friendship. He saw that love can be a woolly concept. People claim to have it, and to have friends, but in reality it is all shallow and self-centred. Daringly, he changes the well-known "God is love" to "God is friendship".

The way God relates to us through Jesus is the model for all relationships. Jesus, our pattern in all things, had His friends, like Martha, Mary and Lazarus; one is referred to as "the disciple whom Jesus loved" (John 21:20). Even the marriage of man and wife is modelled on the love-bond between Christ and the Church (Ephesians 5:32).

So, if we are to love one another in the way Jesus meant, love must go deep. We must become true heart-friends. Once chosen, such a friend deserves the best we can offer.

"One must care for one's friend, pray for him, grieve for his faults, support him when he is feeble, console him in sorrow, restrain him when he is angry, and correct him with love," writes Aelred.

Aelred teaches that we grow closer to God through such quality friendships, for we sense more of His own heart. On the other hand, "anyone without a friend is abandoned indeed". Aelred admits that even friendship must be tested, to see if it is truly "new creation" and not simply old-nature emotion. He encourages the brothers to delight in each other's company and to show affection (in all modesty). But he also stresses that friendship

takes effort. After all, God might lead us to someone very different from ourself. Aelred flags up four key qualities: loyalty, discretion, patience and right intentions, all of which can be learned through the Holy Spirit and by practice.

Today, relationships are an "in" topic. "How-to" guides come and go. But probably none can match the inner honesty, happy warmth and visionary hope of this 12th century Yorkshire monk.

FRANCIS XAVIER: WILD SOUL-WINNER

"Sometimes I can hardly use my arms after baptising entire villages, and I lose my voice completely with all the preaching." So wrote Francis Xavier, one of the most remarkable soul-winners in the history of Christianity.

Article by Trevor Saxby.

FRANCIS XAVIER was born in a castle in 1506, son of a Spanish aristocrat. As a boy he already showed the passion and courage which would mark his later years. He was also deeply spiritual. At university in Paris, he met Ignatius Loyola, who was planning to found a new missionary movement in the Roman Catholic Church. Xavier encouraged him and in 1534 was one of seven men who made a pledge of lifelong loyalty and service to Christ - a covenant which they kept to death.

Xavier was ordained by Loyola. He had always been excited by stories of the Indies. His heart burned to take Jesus to lands where He was hardly known, so he volunteered for service in India. In 1541 he left Europe, never to return. He would only have 11 years before his early death, but in that time he and his team planted churches in India, Malaysia, Indonesia and Japan, and led (by some estimates) almost a million souls to Christ.

On arrival at Goa he found Europeans living lives that disgraced Christianity, and locals hungry for truth. He plunged into the work. He rebuked godless Western merchants and got the bishop to pass orders restraining their activities. He visited hospitals and prayed for the sick.

One of his most successful methods was to begin a children's work, teaching them about Jesus. "Give me the children until they are seven," he used to say, "and anyone may have them afterwards." He knew that by then children could give their heart to Jesus for life. Many adults were won to the faith when they saw the new joy and love for God in their children.

What contributed to Xavier's amazing fruitfulness? First, a lot of tough work and hardships. In his letters we read of months spent learning languages; of frequent tropical fevers; of dangers from pirates and bandits; and of journeys through waist-high snow, his bare feet leaving trails of blood. Always his followers could hear him praying for souls and for the building up of churches.

Alongside this, Xavier was a man of power in the Holy Spirit. He burned with love for Jesus. Sometimes he appeared to "drift off" in a trance; he had visions of Jesus. He had an accurate prophetic gift, foreseeing storms, dangers and political events. He spoke in tongues, and on a few occasions actually preached in a language he had never learned.

Most of all, Xavier moved in miraculous power gifts. Many demons were cast out. In Malaysia he prayed for a girl who had been dead for two days, and she was restored to life. Other raisings of the dead took place when he and his team prayed. There are hundreds of recorded healings from blindness, deafness, ulcerated limbs and tropical fevers.

This power opened people's hearts wide to the gospel. Xavier wrote to Loyola of his heartache that the harvest of souls was immense but that European Christians were too fearful or self-satisfied to come and help reap it. "Again and again I have thought of going around the universities of Europe and crying out: 'What a tragedy! How many souls are being shut out of heaven, thanks to you!'"

Finally, worn out by fevers and his many labours, Francis Xavier died, aged 46, while awaiting permission to enter China. His body was not transported home to rest in some ornate cathedral. It was buried simply in his beloved Goa, among the people he had won for Jesus.

1600s

GOD'S TROUBLE MAKER

Quakerism was born in the fires of revival. In the first of two parts we look at George Fox, the movement's founder

George Fox was born in 1624 in Leicestershire, England, the son of a weaver. His parents were devout churchgoers and one ancestor had been martyred for his faith under Queen Mary.

Fox records how from an early age he was disgusted with all religious hypocrisy and longed for a Christianity that would consume his whole being.

Apprenticed to a shoe-maker, George could not settle, but drifted around the country in a search for God. He sat in orchards and read the Bible, which convinced him that the only true church was the gathering of reborn people. He found no biblical grounds for special buildings, Sunday religion and paid clergymen.

At the age of 23 he finally found salvation through Christ, and with it an experience that today we would probably call being baptised in the Holy Spirit. He saw a vision of heavenly glory, an ocean of light and love flowing out to cover an ocean of darkness. He felt himself made pure within, knew the inspiration and revelations of the Holy Spirit, and was overwhelmed with a longing to save the lost.

This new life, allied to a bold and outspoken nature, was very volatile! He often wandered into a church service and addressed the people after the vicar had ended the sermon. He then fearlessly declared the narrow way of following Christ. Frequently he was set upon by the congregation, beaten, put in stocks, even stoned: but always one or two who had received his words would rescue him, and so he slowly built up a band of followers. On several occasions his wounds were miraculously healed.

Within a short time he had been imprisoned three times.

At one of his trials he had urged the court to "tremble at the word of God", and the judge scornfully termed him a 'Quaker' - the name by which his followers have been known ever since.

In 1652 George was in Lancashire when he felt led to climb Pendle Hill. At the top he had a divine vision of thousands of souls coming to the Lord. He set off in the direction shown in the vision and, as a result, came into contact with the Westmoreland Seekers (in present day Cumbria). These were groups of Christians disenchanted with denominational churches, who met together to pray and study the scriptures.

One sermon was preached to around a thousand of these Seekers at Firbank Fell, and a plaque there declares this to be the birthplace of the Quaker movement.

Margaret Fell, wife of a local circuit judge in Cumbria embraced the Quaker cause together with all her family. In later years, after the judge's death, she became Fox's wife. Swarthmoor Hall became the first centre of the movement and the place from which it sent out its first missionaries abroad. It is still a Quaker centre today.

Wherever he went, there was turmoil. The 'common people' heard him gladly, but many of the gentry and clergy did all they could to oppose. At Ulverston, for example, a churchwarden urged the mob to seize Fox. He was kicked and beaten inside the parish church! - and then whipped by constables outside, before being turned over to the crowd, who beat him unconscious.

It is characteristic of Fox that he did his best to wash off the blood, walked three miles to a friend's house where he arrived scarce able to speak. He had no interest in bringing the ruffians to trial.

Other Quaker evangelists endured terrible suffering for the sake of the gospel. They were beaten unconscious, flogged and imprisoned. Quakerism was born in blood. But the more they were persecuted, the more they were sought out - especially by the poor.

George Fox records in his journal that during his imprisonment in Carlisle in 1653 (when he came near to being hanged), the rich came to gawp and triumph, while vermin-infested beggars and thieves showed him love. In time, many of these poor, uneducated folk were transformed by the Holy Spirit into valiant missionaries for Jesus Christ.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: George Fox and the Valiant Sixty, E. Vipont (Hamish Hamilton. London 1975)

THE VALIANT SIXTY

Death, imprisonment and persecution did not quench the zeal of an explosive group of sixty early Quaker missionaries

Most of the first group of Quaker missionaries were weavers, tailors, serving-girls or shopkeepers. Many of

them were in their twenties, some their teens, a handful over forty. Few had any real education, let alone theological training. They relied on the infilling of the Holy Spirit the 'inner light' that Fox knew and preached - and burned with faith and zeal for Christ. This group became known as the 'Valiant Sixty'.

Their main targets were London, Bristol and Norwich, at that time the three largest cities of England. Teams consisting of one more experienced and one younger pioneer were sent to each city. Other teams went here and there as they felt guided.

Everywhere they proclaimed new birth in Christ and turned people from lifeless religious traditions. They invariably caused uproar.

John Camm had tuberculosis but laboured in Bristol until he had no strength left. On his arrival in the town he had been attacked by the mob, but by the time he died in 1656, the meetings had grown so large that they had to meet (summer or winter) in an orchard.

Richard Hubberthorne, undersized and rather frail, was put in the stocks at Cambridge (a town where two Quaker women had also been publicly flogged) and jailed at Wymondham in Norfolk. He never reached his destination of Norwich and it was left to 18 year old George Whitehead to pioneer the work there in the face of implacable hostility.

Elizabeth Fletcher was from a more comfortable background than many, but left it all when she was filled with the Holy Spirit. With another sister she was set upon by a gang of students at Oxford and so badly beaten that she never fully recovered. After a brief service in Ireland, she died of her injuries, aged 19.

George Harrison was a fearless evangelist. He once ran after John Lilburne, a well-known political figure, and told him he was too proud for God's grace. The mortified Lilburne said later that he felt he had been boxed on the ears; he repented and became a Quaker! Harrison, however, soon afterwards died a martyr's death, beaten up and stoned by the mob at Haverhill.

In the new colonies of America it was worse: the death penalty was used against Quakers. Any ship's captain landing them in Boston faced heavy fines. Nevertheless Dorothy Waugh, a Quaker serving-girl, felt the Lord call her to go. Nobody would take her. Undeterred, she found that another Quaker owned a small vessel, so she gathered some companions and set sail. With no seafaring experience and in a craft not intended for Atlantic crossings, they nonetheless reached America and began a work there.

Mary Fisher went one stage further. She felt the Spirit prompt her to evangelise the Sultan of Turkey, whose armies and pirate fleets terrorised Europe. She duly set off for Smyrna but was sent back by the British consul, who thought she must be mad. Mary persevered and set off, alone and on foot, to Adrianople. The grand Vizier, amazed at her audacity, arranged an audience, and the servant-girl from Welby preached the gospel to the entire court. The Sultan was not convinced, but Mary, her mission accomplished, refused lavish presents and walked home.

The ranks of these first pioneers thinned fast.

Hubberthorne and Burroughs died of disease in London's Newgate Prison. Howgill died in jail at Appleby. Soon there was only a handful of the original Sixty left, mostly in prison. William Dewsbury spent nineteen years in Warwick jail. And yet soon after they fell, new ones arose. These were often friends they had won through their preaching and pain, men and women who now carried the torch forward.

The noted Puritan, Richard Baxter, gave the Sixty a grudging tribute when he wrote of how, in an age where many Christians were cowed by fear and met in secret, "many turned Quakers because the Quakers kept their meetings open and went to prison for it cheerfully."

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'TORONTO' IN THE CEVENNES

An outpouring of the Holy Spirit in France in the late 17th century shows how God's power must be handled with care

The late 17th century were dark days for the Protestants of France. The Roman Catholic king had passed over 300 laws restricting their personal and religious freedom. In 1685 he revoked the law by which Protestants were protected, which meant they could now be persecuted and killed at will. Many were. All over France, church buildings were destroyed; house-meetings were raided; men, women and even children were put to the sword.

On top of this, all pastors were banished from the realm and fled to places like Holland and England, so the estimated 150,000 Protestants who remained were deprived of experienced spiritual guides and had to teach themselves the word of God. They withdrew to the wild Mediterranean hills and met in caves, seeing themselves as God's prophets of old, ministering to Him in the desert.

Godly souls exhorted the people to corporate and personal repentance. Tears flowed, and penitent hymns were written.

Then, in 1688, the Cevennes area of southern France received an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. A girl of sixteen, Isabeau Vincent, knew states of ecstasy, in which she would quote scriptures that she had not learned. She knew shakings and swoonings. She would sing, pray and even preach in her sleep. At times she would prophesy, not of future events, but to exhort the believers to endurance, repentance and a transformation of life by God's word and the Holy Spirit.

The effect was electric! By the end of that year, over 60 people in that village had received a baptism of the Holy Spirit with gifts and ministries, particularly prophecy.

News spread through the area that the power of God had been poured out, and many came to catch the fire. One visitor at that time records:

"On every hand you may find blessed souls who fill the hearts of their hearers with a fear of God, with hope, and with deep repentance. They are both men and women, and of all ages, from the most simple youths of 15 or 16 to a woman of 65 whose zeal for the Lord could break the very rocks. They all have a most pleasing appearance, resembling angels in beauty when the prophetic inspiration moves them. They read I Corinthians 12-14 concerning the gifts of the Holy Spirit. They advocate generosity to the poor, and they rebuke all worldly pleasures."

One who arose as an able leader in those early days, Gabriel Astier, would organise the meetings in such a way as to allow the Holy Spirit the maximum freedom to move. He urged people to prepare themselves by prayer and fasting. Sometimes he would follow an unusual inspiration; once he got the entire congregation to keep praying aloud the single word "Mercy!" until they knew God touching them within. There would then be spontaneous outbursts of joy, handclapping, shouts, and people falling over backwards without ever hurting themselves.

Among the signs recorded by a visiting Calvinist pastor were:

- Believers being guided to the location of secret meetings by bright lights in the sky;
- Visions of angels, and hearing them singing;
- Words of knowledge regarding situations and people; sometimes everything a person was thinking would be revealed and declared;
- Discernment of spirits, particularly to unmask informers or traitors;
- Powerful gifts of prophecy and preaching, including ministry by children;
- People touched by the anointing with sensations of heat around the heart, and heavings of the stomach.

It was not long however, before the revival hit serious difficulties. Much of this could be explained by a state of shell-shock among the Protestants, who were seeing their farms destroyed, their women abused, and their menfolk killed or sent to row on the slave-ships. Added to this was the absence of mature spiritual leaders. The survivors had learned to move in the Holy Spirit's anointings, but had not grown in maturity, wisdom and character to match the miraculous things they were experiencing. The result was an overbalance on signs, with disastrous consequences in some areas.

Certain prophecies became more fanciful and predictive of times and seasons, for example that the world would end in 1699. Outward manifestations were encouraged and copied, as if there was some merit in the outward sign itself rather than the truth and life it conveyed. Worse still, a few persecuted churches began to take up arms against their oppressors. Whilst these 'Camisards' as they called themselves, had some military success, they began to claim the Spirit's guidance for whom to kill and what to burn. Gradually they were rounded up and cut to pieces by the royal army.

Man's lack of wisdom and maturity contributed in great measure to the decline of what was really a genuine and deep move of the Holy Spirit - a warning we do well to heed in our day. In its day, however, the revival among the French Protestants of the Cevennes brought much blessing and fruit, and good things did continue in some

areas. One eye-witness woman records:

"We knew many wonderful happenings during this outpouring of the Spirit of God. A zeal for pure godliness; a despising of the world and its vanities; a spirit of reconciliation and love for one another; an inner consolation, hope, and heart-felt joy. We hated evil and loved good, and we tasted the excellent fruits of the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. Those who received such gracious touches left behind all their old, corrupt ways, and became upright and godly, leading exemplary lives."

Source: Henri Bosc, *La Guerre des Cevennes*, facsimile reprint, 1985-1993; Hillel Schwartz, *The French Prophets*, 1980; Anon, *The Protestant Prophets with the Account of Various Marvels* 1707.

1700s

MULTITUDES THRONGED TO HEAR 'FROM HEAVEN'

Nathan Cole, an eyewitness, recounts the rush to hear George Whitefield in the 18th Century Great Awakening in America

Now it pleased God to send Mr White-field into this land; and my hearing of his preaching at Philadelphia, like one of the old apostles, and many thousands flocking to hear him preach the Gospel, and great numbers were converted to Christ, I felt the Spirit of God drawing me by conviction. I longed to see and hear him and wished he would come this way. Then on a sudden, in the morning about eight or nine o'clock there came a messenger and said Mr Whitefield is to preach at Middletown this morning at ten o'clock. I was in my field at work. I dropped my tool that I had in my hand and ran home to my wife, telling her to make ready quickly to go and hear Mr White-field preach. I then ran to my pasture for my horse with all my might, fearing that I should be too late.

I with my wife then mounted the horse and went forward as fast as I thought the horse could bear; and when my horse got much out of breath, I would get down and put my wife on the saddle and bid her ride as fast as she could and not stop or slack for me.

We improved every moment to get along as if we were fleeing for our lives, all the while fearing we should be too late to hear the sermon, for we had twelve miles to ride double in little more than an hour.

And when we came within about half a mile of the road that comes down from Hartford, Wethersfield, and Stepney to Middletown, on high land I saw before me a cloud or fog arising. I first thought it came from the great river, but as I came nearer the road I heard the noise of horses' feet coming down the road, and this cloud was a cloud of dust made by the horses' feet.

I could see men and horses slipping along in the cloud like shadows, and as I drew nearer it seemed like a steady stream of horses and their riders, scarcely a

horse more than his length behind another, all of a lather and foam with sweat, their breath rolling out of their nostrils every jump. Every horse seemed to go with all his might to carry his rider to hear news from heaven for the saving of souls.

It made me tremble to see the sight, how the world was in a struggle. I found a vacancy between two horses to slip in mine and my wife said "Law, our clothes will be all spoiled, see how they look, "for they were so covered with dust that they looked almost all of a colour, coats, hats, shirts, and horse.

We went down in the stream but heard no man speak a word all the way for three miles but every one pressing forward in great haste; and when we got to Middletown old meeting house, there was a great multitude, it was said to be three or four thousand people, assembled together. We dismounted and shook off our dust, and the ministers were then coming to the meeting house. I turned and looked towards the great river and saw the ferry boats running swift backward and forward bringing over loads of people, and the oars rowed nimble and quick.

Everything, men, horses, and boats seemed to be struggling for life. The land and banks over the river looked black with people and horses; all along the twelve miles I saw no man at work in his field, but all seemed to be gone.

When I saw Mr Whitefield come upon the scaffold, he almost looked angelical; a young, slim, slender youth, before some thousands of people with a bold undaunted countenance. And my hearing how God was with him everywhere as he came along, it solemnized my mind and put me into a trembling fear before he began to preach. For he looked as if he was clothed with authority from the Great God, and a sweet solemnity sat upon his brow, and my hearing him preach gave me a heart wound.

By God's blessing, my old foundation was broken up, and I saw that my righteousness would not save me.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: The Spiritual Travels of Nathan Cole.

THOUSANDS WEPT IN SORROW AND JOY

The awakening work of the Holy Spirit in the 18th century was not confined to America, England and Wales. Scotland also had its powerful revival...

The parish of Cambuslang in Strathclyde (now almost a suburb of Glasgow) numbered around 200 families, mainly farmers and miners. It had been without a minister for some years, but in 1731 it received William M'Culloch, then aged forty. He had grown up in Covenanter country, surrounded by martyrs' graves, and longed for God to move again upon the land. His labours almost ended in despair. The congregation was in such poor spiritual health that he did not feel it right to celebrate Communion for three years.

Over the same period he became deeply aware of his own unfitness as an instrument of the Lord. A saintly colleague urged him to devote himself to intercessory prayer for a deeper work of God's Holy Spirit.

News of the 'Great Awakening' in America gave impetus to such prayer and to a closer study of the Bible. Then, a devastating hurricane followed by months of famine in 1740 brought the people to brokenness before God.

The next year George White-field arrived in Edinburgh, preaching the gospel with such power that many cried aloud. Fourteen from Cambuslang found their hearts "melted down and overboiling with tears". Back home the thought of revival consumed them day and night.

In February, 1742, M'Culloch sent the people home, charging them to "fall on their knees before God, and with all possible earnestness, as for life itself, to beg of Him His Holy Spirit to renew and change our hearts and natures, and to take no comfort in any thing till we get it".

They were not kept waiting long. Within days a young woman cried out in the church: "Christ says to me He will never leave me or forsake me!" The effect was electric, with many weeping and others crying aloud for joy, and M'Culloch needing three hours to counsel the enquirers.

There was now no holding back the Holy Spirit's work. Whole households fell under conviction of sin. People would burst into tears in the street.

One young woman, noted for her timidity, preached under the anointing of the Holy Spirit to a large crowd with compelling power. A visiting minister wrote of how some that were previously notorious sinners had now the meekness of the Lamb. On Tuesday, July 6 1742, White-field came to Cambuslang at midday and preached at two, six and nine o'clock. For about an hour and a half there were scenes of uncontrollable distress, like a field of battle.

Many were being carried into the manse like wounded soldiers. "Such a commotion was surely never heard of especially at eleven at night," he wrote to a friend. "It far out-did all I ever saw in America."

All night in the fields could be heard the voices of prayer and praise.

News spread far and wide, and by the time of Whitefield's next sermon in July the crowd numbered upwards of 20,000.

Whitefield wrote to John Cennick "Such a universal stir I never saw before. The motion fled as swiftly as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen the thousands bathed in tears; some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning and others crying out and mourning over a pierced Saviour."

During these and other gatherings men and women trembled and wept and some sank down as dead. Joy as much a part of this work as was sorrow over sin. Many believers found themselves so moved by a

sense of the Saviour's love as to be lifted almost into a state of rapture. The phrase 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' occurs frequently in the Cambuslang records and undoubtedly depicts the experience of many, among both the new converts and the established Christians.

The results of the revival were considerable. M'Culloch himself, limiting his estimate to his own parishioners, speaks of over five hundred genuine conversions, but hints at hundreds more among the many visitors. Within seven years it was estimated that church attendance in the Glasgow area had risen to 35 percent of the population. From Cambuslang the flames spread to other places, with well-documented moves of the Holy Spirit at Kilsyth, Muthil, Torryburn and Nigg.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Based on The Cambuslang Revival, by A. Fawcett: Banner of Truth Trust. London 1971.

POOR MAN'S PREACHER

John Wesley, the great revival preacher is seen as the man who turned a nation back to God.

John Wesley began by preaching in churches where he was invited, but the power of his words meant that invitations soon dried up! In April, 1739 he went to Kingswood, Bristol, where his friend, George Whitefield, had begun a work among the poor miners. With wonder he witnessed huge crowds of dirty, ragged people, some unwashed from the mines, drinking in the word of life, their tears making white channels down their grimy faces.

This marked the turning point in Wesley's ministry. He surrendered his pride over preaching outside a church building, and heralded Jesus to 5,000 poverty-struck miners. From then on, Wesley was ready to preach Christ in any place and in any way.

By nature John Wesley was learned and stuffy, but from this time onwards his heart regularly yearned with God's compassion towards the destitute and the underprivileged.

In his extensive diary this heart of compassion often shines through. For example, in 1742, we read: "Ever since I came to Newcastle, my spirit had been moved within me by the crowds of poor wretches that loiter here. So much drunkenness and swearing, even among little children, I had never heard before. I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town, and began to sing a Psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon increased to four hundred. They stood and gaped at me in astonishment, so I told them I would preach again at 5 o'clock.

"At 5 o'clock the hill was covered from top to bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together and I knew only half would be able to hear my voice. After preaching, the poor people pressed around me out of pure love and kindness, and begged me most earnestly to stay with them a few days."

A year later, also near Newcastle, we read: "I had a great desire to visit a village of coal-miners that has always been in the front rank for savage ignorance and wickedness. I felt great compassion for these poor people, the more so because all men seemed to despair of them.

"I declared to them Him who was 'bruised for our iniquities'. The poor people came quickly together and gave earnest heed to what I said, despite the wind and snow. As most of them had never claimed any belief in their lives, they were the more ready to cry to God for the free redemption which is in Jesus."

A beautiful work of the Holy Spirit was done among the poor that day, and Wesley's heart was knitted to them. Within weeks he was referring to them as "my favourite congregation."

The Methodists were severely persecuted. Houses were pillaged, women abused, preachers beaten and chapels demolished. Yet even in the darkest times, Wesley's heart yearned for the poor to be saved. At Bolton in 1749 a large mob broke into the house where he was staying, intent on "dashing out his brains." Trusting in God's protection, he went among them and stood on a chair to preach.

"My heart was filled with love," he wrote, "and my eyes with tears." He preached on 'All things are ready; come to the marriage feast', and so many were won by the Lord that next day, "We were able to walk the streets unmolested, none opening his mouth except to thank and bless us."

Wesley made it his custom (and that of his fellow-preachers) always to visit the poor and the sick himself and not simply to send aid. In every town where a large church had been planted, Wesley would always appoint seven or twelve men with the special task of visiting and caring for the poor. And this was not only spiritual help, but also the giving of food, clothing and coal for the winter.

The fruits of the revival were immense, not least among the poor. Wesley could write of many places: "The streets do not now resound with cursing; the place is no longer filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, fightings and bitterness. Peace and love are there."

When, many years later, a young preacher visited a poor part of Cornwall, he remarked to a miner what an upright people they seemed to be. "How did it happen?" He asked. The old miner bared his head and said, "There came a man among us. His name was John Wesley."

Source: The Journal of John Wesley.

THE SADDLEBAG PREACHERS

Mounted and with Bibles in hand, the Methodist Circuit Riders carried the Gospel to the American frontiers

"Rooted and grounded in love, settled and established in sound doctrine, but in everything else he should be

as moveable as a soldier on the land or a sailor on the sea." Such was the philosophy that motivated a group of America's hardest frontiersmen - the Methodist circuit-riding preachers.

Circuit riding took its precedent from the examples of John Wesley and George White-field, both of whom carried their ministries from city to city. Wesley said, "The world is my parish," and the early Methodist itinerants showed every evidence of having captured his spirit. The Methodists were the fastest -growing churches in post-revolutionary America and a key to their success was a dedicated group of circuit riders, sometimes known as saddlebag preachers.

John Wesley's plan of multiple meeting places called 'circuits' required an itinerant force of preachers. A circuit was made up of two or more local churches, sometimes referred to as 'societies' by Methodists. These travelling pastors were responsible for caring for these societies. Ranging far and wide through villages and wildernesses, they preached daily or more often at any site available be it a log cabin, a barn, the local court house, a meeting house or an outdoor forest setting. A typical circuit could be from 200 to 500 miles in circumference and it would take a circuit rider about four weeks to complete the round.

Educationally and socially, the early Methodist preachers were cut from the same fabric as the farm and artisan families who made up the bulk of their audiences. Most of them had nothing more than a common school education and they received a paltry salary. In addition to sheer poverty, they were often placed in the worst accommodation; and yet no matter how crowded, smelly, filthy or insect-and-disease-ridden the cabins, they were bound by the very nature of their calling to accept their lodgings without complaint.

The early circuit riders preached and travelled at a gruelling pace. Peter Cartwright (1785-1872) wrote in his autobiography: "A Methodist preacher, when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college or Biblical Institute, hunted up a hardy pony and some travelling apparatus. He went through storms of wind, hail, snow and rain: climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swollen streams, lay out all night, wet, weary and hungry slept with his saddle blanket for a bed and his saddlebags for a pillow."

Not only did the preacher face physical hardship, but often he endured persecution. Another rider, Freeborn Garrettson, wrote "I was pursued by the wicked, knocked down and left almost dead on the highway, my face scarred and bleeding, and then imprisoned." It is no wonder that nearly half of the circuit riders died before they were thirty.

Francis Asbury (1745-1816), set the pace. Born in England, he was ordained a Methodist minister and volunteered as a missionary to the American colonies in 1771. By 1784 John Wesley had made him Superintendent of the entire American Wesleyan societies. A man of total dedication and a tireless worker, he travelled 270,000 miles and preached 16,000 sermons during his 45 year career on the circuits.

Wherever Asbury went, new churches were formed, new circuits laid out and hosts of preachers raised up to carry the Gospel to remote villages. Concerning slave

owners who would not free black slaves, he announced without hesitation, 'God will depart from them.'

Asbury never married and often recommended that his circuit riders give themselves to celibacy because of the extreme hardship and solitary nature of the life. It is not surprising that one contemporary called early Methodism 'a boiling hot religion.'

Between 1770 and 1820, American Methodists increased in number from fewer than 1,000 members to more than 250,000 and rose from a dozen ministers to more than 4,000. Largely as a result of the zeal and passion of these 'saddlebag preachers', radical Christianity was firmly planted at the frontier of the infant United States of America.

Source: Bob Jones University, www.bju.edu/faith; John Wigger: Christian History magazine.

'A FEW SUCH AS HIM WOULD MAKE A NATION TREMBLE'

William Grimshaw's fervent and determined preaching and pastoring inspired remarkable revival scenes in the Yorkshire village of Haworth

The picturesque village of Haworth in Yorkshire is today a literary shrine. Every year thousands of pilgrims make their way to the parsonage where the Bronte sisters wrote their famous novels.

But seventy years before Patrick Bronte took up his Yorkshire curacy, Haworth saw astonishing scenes of revival. Often a vast crowd - upwards of 6,000 people - would gather in the churchyard and stand in biting winds to hear preachers like George Whitefield and John Wesley.

God's instrument in this awakening was the Curate of Haworth, William Grimshaw, the man of whom John Wesley wrote: "A few such as him would make a nation tremble. He carries a fire wherever he goes." Under Grimshaw's ministry, not only did the congregation in the tiny village grow to over 1,200 communicants, but also the whole of the surrounding area experienced revival.

The son of a farm labourer, Grimshaw was born in Brindle, Lancashire in 1708. He entered the Church of England at the age of 23. He was appointed Curate of Todmorden, where he lived for 11 years, during which time a real change came over him. He began to be convicted about his way of life and the lack of spiritual light within his own soul. The death of his wife, Sarah, which left him a desolate widower with two young children, appears to have been a powerful means of drawing him to God. By the time Grimshaw left Todmorden and took up the curacy of Haworth, he was a changed man, on fire for God. At Haworth, he found a people who, according to Grimshaw's friend, ex-slave trader turned hymn-writer, John Newton, "had little more sense of religion than their cattle and were as wild and uncultivated as the mountains and rocks which surrounded them." The harsh climate and primitive sanitary conditions in the village meant that life expectancy was little more than 25 years.

However, Grimshaw's fervent preaching of Christ, followed by house to house visitation, soon saw a marked change in the spiritual climate, and after five years the number of communicants had risen from twelve to over twelve hundred. According to Grimshaw: "My church began to be crowded, inasmuch that many were obliged to stand out of doors. Here, as in many places, it was amazing to see and hear what weeping, roaring and agony many people were seized with at the apprehension of their sinful state and the wrath of God."

Although an educated and able man himself, Grimshaw adapted his style to the rough, uneducated people of his parish, using the 'market language' of the day.

Grimshaw's labours became known to other evangelical leaders, and soon men like Whitefield, John and Charles Wesley, Henry Venn and Newton visited Haworth, preaching to huge crowds in the graveyard.

Grimshaw, arranged his converts in 'classes' of about a dozen members - a forerunner of the modern 'cell church' pattern - where people would meet together during the week for prayer, Bible study, with Grimshaw making a regular round of the classes to check that they were being run in an orderly and scriptural fashion.

Grimshaw was also a man of tremendous prayer. Since the early days of his spiritual awakening, he maintained the practice of praying four times a day. In the pulpit, it was said he prayed "like a man with his feet on the earth and his soul in heaven. He would take hold of the horns of the altar and not let go until God had given him the blessing."

Loved and revered by his people, Grimshaw was feared by the ungodly. They were more afraid of him than of the justice of the peace, for "his reproof was so authoritative, and yet so mild and friendly, that the stoutest sinner could not stand before him."

His ministry soon led him far beyond the bounds of his parish. He was instrumental in bringing the light of the gospel to places as far apart as Newcastle and Sheffield. And all this was achieved on horseback, travelling in all weathers over inhospitable countryside, often sleeping rough and with only the plainest of food to sustain him.

But his extra-parochial activities brought persecution, often from the ungodly clerics of the day. Labelled 'Mad Grimshaw' by his enemies, he and his coworkers often faced abuse and violence from the mobs. His most violent opponent was George White, a drunken Lancashire clergyman. Not content with issuing the most libellous statements about Grimshaw, White stirred up a mob that viciously attacked John Wesley and Grimshaw when they went to preach in Colne, stoning both the preachers and the crowd who had come to hear them.

Grimshaw's punishing schedule was finally beginning to take its toll on his sturdy frame when a virulent epidemic of typhus fever broke out in Haworth in 1763. Many fled the village, but such a consideration never occurred to Grimshaw, who believed his duty lay with his sick and dying parishioners. He preached his last sermon on March 20 but succumbed to the fever himself soon afterwards and died on April 3.

One of his letters sums him up: "When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy - my greatest grief that I have done so little for Jesus; and my greatest joy that Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be: Here goes an unprofitable servant."

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PRAYER!

The recent 24-7 Prayer Initiative is nothing new! Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians did it over 250 years ago after a special anointing of Holy Spirit power

No one present could tell exactly what happened on that remarkable Wednesday morning. It was 13 August, 1727, at the specially called communion service in the Moravian community at Herrnhut, Saxony.

The disgruntled community was deeply divided and critical of one another. The majority were from the ancient Moravian Church of the Brethren. Other believers attracted to Herrnhut included Lutherans, Reformed and Baptists.

The leader, a young German nobleman, Count Nicholas Zinzendorf, pleaded for unity, love and repentance. He visited all the adult members of the community and drew up a covenant calling upon them "to seek out and emphasise the points in which they agreed" rather than stressing their differences. On 12 May 1727, they all signed an agreement to dedicate their lives, as he dedicated his, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of them decided to set aside certain times for continued earnest prayer.

On 16 July, Zinzendorf poured out his soul in a prayer accompanied with a flood of tears. His prayer produced an extraordinary effect. The whole community began praying as never before.

On Wednesday, 13 August, the Holy Spirit was poured out on them all. During the communion service, loud weeping drowned out the singing. An inner anointing flowed through all those present with inexpressible joy and love as they all shared the bread and wine, knowing they were baptised into one Spirit. As one eye-witness wrote:

"All were touched in a singular manner by the efficacy of the Word of reconciliation through the Blood of Christ, and were so convinced that their hearts were set on fire with new faith and love towards the Saviour and likewise with burning love towards one another. They embraced one another in tears and grew together into a holy union among themselves."

Another commented: "It is truly a miracle of God that out of so many kinds and sects, we could have been melted together into one."

Zinzendorf was 27, which was about the average age of the group. He had learned the secret of prevailing prayer for several years and actively established prayer groups as a teenager.

In the Dusseldorf Gallery of paintings he had been deeply moved by a painting of the crucifixion over

which were the words: 'Hoc fed pro te; Quid fads pro me?' (This have I done for you; What are you doing for Me?) His life motto became, "I have one passion: it is Jesus and Jesus only."

The Moravian Brethren had sprung from the labours and martyrdom of the Bohemian reformer, John Hus. They had experienced centuries of persecution. Many had been killed, imprisoned, tortured or banished from their homeland. This group had fled for refuge to Germany, where Count Zinzendorf offered them asylum on his estates. They named their new home: 'Herrnhut' - 'the Lord's Watch'. From there, after their baptism in the Holy Spirit, they became evangelists and sent out 100 missionaries in the next 25 years.

The children, also touched powerfully by God, began a similar plan among themselves. The children's prayers and supplications had a powerful effect on the whole community.

That astonishing prayer meeting beginning in 1727 went on for one hundred years. It was unique. Known as the 'Hourly Intercession', it involved relays of men and women in prayer without ceasing made to God. That prayer also led to action, especially evangelism.

Herrnhut became a spiritual centre visited by people from all parts of Europe, seeking to be saved or to be baptised in the Holy Spirit and with fire. John Wesley was among them, and his comment captures the spirit of the place: "I am with a Church in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who so walk as He walked... I would gladly have spent my life there; but my Master called me to labour in another part of the vineyard."

Source: Power From On High by John Greenfield, published by Marshall, Morgan and Scott; Renewal Journal 93:1, Brisbane, Australia.

"AN OCEAN OF DIVINE LOVE"

Almost 300 years ago, the Holy Spirit moved in amazing power in eastern Germany

THE 1720s were a time of upheaval and uncertainty in central Europe. Many were discontent with a lukewarm Church, but felt powerless to speak out for fear of violent persecution. Then a German nobleman offered safety and religious freedom on his estates in Saxony. Nicholas, Count Zinzendorf, had loved Jesus since he was a child. Now, in his mid-20s, he felt God tell him to do something for poor and persecuted brethren. His invitation drew hundreds of believers from all manner of denominations and he let them build homes in his woodland. However, this motley crew proved to be deeply divided on points of doctrine and stayed in their cliques. Suspicion, envy and bitterness were never far below the surface.

Grieved in spirit, the count visited each family, pouring out his heart and pleading for unity and repentance. In May 1727 he drew up a Covenant of agreement to devote their lives wholly to the Lord and His service. Amazingly, every head of family signed it.

Next the Holy Spirit led the whole group to prayer. The first spur was practical: in a nearby village, a young woman was awaiting execution for murder. They interceded for her and tried to visit her, but were denied. At her public execution, Zinzendorf and the whole fellowship knelt in the mud and wept.

The second spur to prayer was the need for God's power to bring deep unity. Throughout the summer, the community interceded, Zinzendorf often leading the way with tears and loud cries. Groups met in homes to pray and confess their sins. Spontaneous nights of prayer were a regular occurrence.

Zinzendorf brought before the whole group the story and the Rule of Life of the United Brethren, a Christian community that had shared their lives and possessions in nearby Moravia 250 years earlier. Everyone was stirred by their brotherhood vision and their zeal for souls and this became the heart of their intercessions to God.

Throughout July, the sense of urgency grew. A visiting preacher fell to the ground during the service, crying out to God for a new move of His power. In the prayer meetings, many would kneel or lie prostrate, weeping before the Lord. Zinzendorf recorded later:

"Everyone desired above everything else that the Holy Spirit might have full control. Self-love, self-will, and all disobedience were removed under the blood of the Lamb, and an overwhelming flood of grace swept us all into a great ocean of Divine Love."

A Holy Communion service was planned for the middle of August at the church in nearby Berthelsdorf.

Everyone came with a deep sense of personal unworthiness and a dependence on God's mercy.

During the service, the Holy Spirit descended in power, filling the whole company. Tears, shouts of joy, hugs and loud praise filled the air.

"Great signs took place in our midst", the count recalled. "From that time, scarcely a day went by where we did not behold His mighty workings among us. We returned home from this meeting with peace and joy in our hearts, and over the next days we learned to love." From that day on, they called each other 'Brother' and 'Sister', in living reality.

What had begun as a disjointed group of misfits was forged in the fire of the Spirit into a united body with a vision and a purpose. Seventy-seven adults committed themselves as intercessors to pray for the salvation of souls worldwide. The children also were moved by the Spirit to hold prayer meetings. A Prayer Watch (an unbroken prayerchain covering twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week) was started, which went on for a hundred years!

With this mighty prayerbacking, the 'Moravians' (as they were called) sent teams of evangelists everywhere from Labrador on the Arctic Circle to South Africa, planting churches and building communal settlements - half a century before William Carey, the 'father of modern missions', began his work in India.

One lasting fruit was the impact made by one missionary team (on board ship in a furious Atlantic storm) on a discouraged young man named John Wesley. The founder of the Methodists caught his flame from the fire of the Moravians.

1800s

HUGH 'STOKED' UP THE OLD FIRE

Hugh Bourne, a shy carpenter from Stoke, was the unlikely leader of a movement that brought a new spiritual awakening to the nation

The Methodists, under the dynamic leadership of men like John and Charles Wesley, had brought new life to the Church in the United Kingdom and greater moral fibre to the nation. The Wesleys had taken the gospel to the people, preaching in fields and market squares, and planting churches.

Yet, with time, the flames had dimmed a little. Mass open-air gatherings had stopped and outdoor preaching had largely given way to more traditional meetings in chapels.

This was not enough for Hugh Bourne, a quiet and shy carpenter from Stoke. He had found new life in Jesus and then joined the Methodists in 1799. From the very outset he was filled with a burning desire to see souls saved - not just in ones and twos, but hundreds.

So he just spoke of Jesus to everyone he met. When one of his converts, (a local drunkard and blasphemer), joined Bourne in witnessing to some coalminers, four of them came under such conviction that they cried aloud to be saved.

Together, they poured out their hearts to God and the miners were saved!

This taught Bourne two important things: that Jesus saves prepared hearts without any 'Minister' involved; and that loud earnest prayer carries power with God.

He began regular prayer and gospel meetings. People flocked to them, and soon no building could house their numbers. So they began meeting on a hill called Mow Cop, near Stoke.

One eye-witness of these meetings recalls: "They were wonderful sessions of spiritual wrestling, with faith and power. With great heart and voice the people laid siege to heaven, and the noise could be heard a mile away!"

When meetings were happening, local residents felt the presence of God in their cottages, and came to new life in Jesus. One violent lunatic, who had to live chained up in his brother's house, was prayed for one day at the Mow Cop meeting over a mile away. As the people prayed, the man fell to the ground at the sound of the worship, and was delivered from demons and regained his sanity.

Meetings were often so noisy and unconventional that attempts were made by local leaders to restrain the people. They made it clear there should be no loud praying, no shouts, and no cries of "Send the fire!"

Yet the Holy Spirit was not to be muzzled by man. The whole plan broke down at the first meeting when one man fell to his knees and cried out after an oppressive and lifeless time, "Lord, bind the devil!" he repeated it

twenty times. Shouts of "Amen!" and "Glory!" thundered from all over them once more.

Hugh Bourne was a reluctant speaker. He had to be begged to preach his first sermon, and did so with his hand over his face because of his shyness! His vision was mainly personal evangelism which spread the gospel far and wide, predominantly among the working class.

But it was the large meetings that carried the revival power of the Holy Spirit. They were soon common in many locations in northern England, and became known as "Camp Meetings", since many people camped overnight, ready for the next day's meetings.

The works of power were very obvious. At Leicester, several thousand people met on a hill. As the preacher spoke on God's judgment, it is recorded that "many ran away, while others fell upon each other in heaps".

At Mow Cop in 1807, Bourne arrived at 6am to find the meeting had already begun! By noon there were four preachers speaking simultaneously to the vast crowd. Songs of joy, cries of distress, and shouts of victory mingled, and the awesome presence of God was everywhere. The meeting continued for over four days!

It was all too much for the Methodist mother-church. In 1808 they expelled Bourne and his movement so they took the name 'Primitive Methodists' (meaning, as in the early days of Methodism) and continued what God had begun. Persecuted by mobs, by landowners and by clergymen, they travelled the land for many years, spreading the power of the Holy Spirit far and wide and bringing thousands of souls to Christ.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: The Romance of Primitive Methodism by Joseph Ritson (Publ. E. Dolton).

THE GOSPEL THAT CHANGED A NATION

The work and influence of Hans Nielsen Hauge is largely unknown outside his native Norway, but its social, economic and political impact was far-ranging

It was a Damascus Road experience for the 25 year-old farmer as he ploughed the fields. Hans Nielsen Hauge (pronounced 'Ho-ger') suddenly felt an overwhelming experience of the real presence of God that gave him a burning love for Jesus and for mankind. He wrote later of this transforming moment in his life:

"My mind became so exalted that I was not aware of, nor can I express, what took place in my soul. Now it seemed to me that nothing in this world was worthy of any regard. My soul was possessed with something supernatural, divine, and blessed... I wanted very much to serve God. I asked Him to reveal to me what I should do. The answer echoed in my heart: 'You shall confess My name before the people; exhort them to repent and seek Me while I may be

found and call upon Me while I am near; and touch their hearts that they may turn from darkness to light."

It was 1796. Convinced that he was called to witness to others, Hauge firstly shared the gospel with his seven brothers and sisters, bringing them to the Lord and then preached to the local villages. After this, he set out on the road to speak of Jesus. He developed a pattern of walking many miles every day, holding three or four meetings in villages and reaching large numbers of ordinary people. Many came to saving faith in Jesus as a result and then they themselves went out to preach the gospel. A grass-roots revival began to spread among the numerous poor folk. Hauge, a humble and practical man, was full of shrewdness and initiative and felt that he wanted also to educate and equip the common people. For him, running a business and preaching went hand in hand. He began a business in Bergen in 1801 and saw the possibilities of securing a sound economic base for his gospel activities. He started mills and factories in places, creating jobs for people and taught them how to make a living for themselves. New agricultural tools were developed, literacy rates rose and businesses were started under his influence. A new confidence led to greater economic freedom as Christians were challenged to rebuild society.

Moreover, Hauge encouraged representatives of the rural population into politics, launching what has been described as the first democratic Norwegian 'folk movement'. He also published many books and pamphlets which spread his views widely.

He gained many followers, but also many enemies. The law in Norway forbid lay preachers to preach the word of God and this was used by priests and bishops to persecute him. Articles against Hauge and his followers appeared in the press, they were charged with offences, chased out of churches, beaten and imprisoned.

Altogether, Hauge was arrested ten times. He once spent nine years in prison waiting for his case to be heard! The prosecutor wanted him to receive a life sentence, but by then he had gained so much public support that it was changed to a sentence of two years hard labour. Hauge appealed and was given a fine instead! Ironically, the authorities freed him on one occasion because they needed his expertise in a project to extract salt from the ocean!

Persecution ruined his health in his later years and he was confined to a farm in Eastern Norway bought by his friends for him. But his home became a centre for Christian life with many visitors. Physically broken, but spiritually alert, both spiritual and political leaders came to him for advice.

Some of his followers held important positions, politically - three of them took part in the first Norwegian Parliament in 1814, when Norway became independent from Denmark after 400 years of Danish rule. The whole nation felt the effects of the Haugean influence - spiritually, politically and financially.

Hauge's last words were: "Follow Jesus!" He died, his face radiant with joy, exclaiming, "Oh, You eternal, loving God!"

This article has been extracted from Jesus Life magazine, published by Jesus Fellowship

SHOUTING METHODISTS!

Some early Methodists were known for their noise. But was it all just emotional excess or a genuine release of the Holy Spirit?

One name commonly applied to early nineteenth century Methodists was "shouting Methodists" - a name Methodists were glad to accept and make their own.

What was meant by the term, "shouting Methodists"? At the very least, it meant that Methodists were a noisy lot, interrupting the preacher with ejaculations of "Praise the Lord," "Hallelujah," and "Amen." Alexander Campbell declared that the Methodist church could not live without her cries of "Glory! Glory! Glory!" And he reported that "her periodical Amens dispossess demons, storm heaven, shut the gates of hell, and drive Satan from the camp."

But Methodist noise was not limited to ejaculations. Singing and clapping, groaning and crying, praying and exhorting, contributed to the din. In one Methodist hymn book, dated 1807, the initial impression of a convert is reported:

The Methodists were preaching like thunder all about. At length I went amongst them, to hear them groan and shout.

I thought they were distracted, such fools I'd never seen.

They'd stamp and clap and tremble, and wail and cry and scream.

It is clear that "shout" was a prominent part of the Methodist vocabulary. Nowhere is this more evident than in the refrains of their spiritual songs. "Shout, shout, we're gaining ground," they sang. "We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down." The word would appear in casual conversations. An aged person, for example, would rejoice at being still able "to shout," and a death would be recorded: "She went off shouting."

What did it mean to "shout"? "Shouting" was never mere noise. "Shouting" was neither preaching nor exhorting. Exhorting was a noisy performance, but the word had a technical meaning that was not broad enough to include even the "action sermon." Nor was "shouting" praying, not even when praying became a din as a congregation sought to "pray down" a sinner or to contend in prayer for the souls of the penitent. "Shouting" was praise or, as it was often called, rejoicing. Both its practice, including the clapping of hands and its meaning was partly shaped by Old Testament texts (for example, Joshua 6:5-20; 1 Samuel 4:5-7; Psalm 32:11; Isaiah 42: 11-13). Initially, "shouting" was probably no more than uttering ejaculations of praise. But it quickly became, in addition to these ejaculations, a type of singing, a type of song, a "shout song," or just a "shout."

If a "shout" was an ejaculation of praise and a song of rejoicing, it also became the name of a religious service, a service of praise, a praise meeting. People spoke of going to a "preaching," of going to a "class meeting," and of going to a "shout", a praise meeting. "When we get home," they sang, "we'll have a shout in glory."

Finally, for some, a "shout" became a dance, a shuffling of the feet, a jerking of the head, a clapping

of the hands, and perhaps an occasional leap. Most often it was a circular march, a "ring shout." Thus Webster's Third New International Dictionary defines "shout" as "to give expression to religious ecstasy, often in vigorous, rhythmic movements (as shuffling, jumping, jerking) specifically, to take part in a ring shout." The term "shouting" suggests confusion, and this was the initial impression one gained of Methodist meetings. Devereux Jarratt, a Methodist himself prior to the separation of 1784, reported of a Methodist gathering in 1776 that "the assembly appeared to be all in confusion, and must seem to one at a little distance more like a drunken rabble than the worshippers of God." The development of a specialised vocabulary with highly technical meanings, on the other hand, suggests that there were patterns of group activity in the midst of the confusion, a degree of order and method in the apparent madness.

Source: Winthrop Hudson, *Encounter*, Winter 1968, Volume 29 This article has been extracted from *Jesus Life* magazine, published by Jesus Fellowship

REVIVAL NOT SURVIVAL

Charles Finney believed and showed that it was essential for a church to keep revival fires blazing to succeed in her mission to the lost

The only reason young Charles Finney went to church was because he fancied a girl in the choir! But as a proud and gifted law student he had already begun to study the Bible and seek God. One morning he determined to break through to God whatever it cost. He knew a strong sense of his own sin, fearing he could drop into hell that instant. He then felt an inner prompting telling him to accept God's mercy, "I will", he replied. "Or die in the attempt!"

So he went to a nearby forest and, trembling and on his knees, gave his life to God. Immediately his heart overflowed with a deep passion for Jesus that was to characterise his life's work.

On returning to his office where he worked as a legal clerk, he began to pray. Suddenly, the Lord Himself was there with him! "I saw Him", Finney records, "as I would see any other man." He fell at His feet and wept.

When he got up he was powerfully baptised in the Holy Spirit. "I felt something like a wave of electricity going through and through me. It seemed like the very breath of God, and it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. I bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over and over me until I cried out 'Lord I cannot bear it anymore.'"

Small wonder that from this moment revival followed Finney around. His boss was so awed in Finney's presence that he ran to the woods and gave his life to Christ.

The next day Finney went to the church prayer room. He found it full of people, even though no meeting had been announced - God had brought them together. As he entered, the power of God came over the meeting, and

people fell to the ground, confessing their sins.

In 1824 Finney became a travelling Presbyterian preacher in rural New York state. Wherever he preached, the power of God was with him. Once he went to a cotton mill and just stood there in silence. The whole workforce began to weep under the hand of God.

In one village where no Christian had ever preached, the locals were hard and resented his presence. But when he preached Christ, a sudden fear fell on them. "If I had had a sword on each hand, I could not have cut them down as fast as they fell," he records. He left them in order to get to another engagement, but when he returned he found that the meeting had gone on all night, and the 'slain' had to be carried out of the building so that the school could start!

The climax of his early labours was in the town of Rochester, where ten per cent of the population came to the Lord. In 1830 alone 1,200 converts joined churches there. Years later, it was estimated that 80 per cent of those converts were still following the Lord. Amazingly, while Rochester trebled in size during this time, the actual number of crimes was three times less than before the revival started.

But there was opposition. One pastor threatened to use cannons to stop him entering his town! Another denounced his ministry from the pulpit - and died in his bed shortly afterwards. Several times straw effigies of Finney and his intercession leader, Nash, were burned in the streets. A man came to a meeting hiding a revolver, intending to shoot the revivalist, but he fell to the floor under God's power and was saved!

In later years Finney became pastor of a New York church, from which he made trips abroad. Twice he visited Britain and here, too, the Spirit was outpoured. Then he became lecturer at a college in Oberlin until his death in 1875.

His series of lectures on revival has inspired many ever since and it is estimated that in his lifetime over half a million souls were saved.

Source: *Charles Finney Autobiography*, Bethany Book House 1979; *Winkle Pratney, Revival*, Whitaker House 1983.

DANIEL NASH

The importance in revival of the often hidden intercessors is seen in the ministry of Daniel Nash. He prayer-shadowed the great evangelist, Charles Finney, for seven years

"I have known people who prayed till they were soaked in sweat on a cold winter's day. I have known people who have prayed for hours until they were totally drained of strength because of the agony of their souls. I have worked with a man of this calibre." *Charles Finney*

While Finney was preaching to the masses and seeing remarkable conversions, a humble man was prostrate in a house nearby, in intensive prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The story of the almost

unknown Daniel Nash is the story of a very powerful prayer ministry. So important was Nash to Finney, that, a few weeks after Nash's death, Finney went back to an ordinary pastoral ministry.

Daniel Nash was born in 1775 at an unknown place in the USA. No one knows what happened to his life before he was 40. What we know is that at the age of 40 he became the pastor of a Presbyterian Church and during his first year there around 70 people were saved in something of a mini-revival.

But he withdrew after being voted out of the church. The rejection from those he loved wounded him deeply. Also, as a result of a serious eye infection, he spent several weeks in a dark room where he could not read or write. The broken preacher began to pray earnestly and so began one of the greatest prayer evangelism ministries ever.

When Finney came to Evan Mills in New York to start his evangelistic work, Nash joined him in a partnership which was to last until the death of Nash, seven years later. Their aim was to go to the lost ones where no one had previously preached the gospel.

The foundational thought behind their work was that before you can evangelise an area, it needs to be prepared through prayer. Daniel Nash would quietly enter the town where Finney was intending to preach, and find two or three people who would pray with him in unity. Together they would pray intensively that God would work in the lives of the people in the town. Often it took three to four weeks of prayer before Finney could come.

Finney recounts one episode; "When I came to a town to start revival, a lady contacted me. She said, 'Brother Finney, do you know a Father Nash? He and two other men have been staying with me for the last three days, but they haven't eaten anything. I heard them groaning, so I looked in and saw them prostrate. They have been lying like that for three days. I thought something terrible must have happened, but I was afraid to go in and didn't know what to do. Could you please come and see if they are all right?' No, that's unnecessary, I said. They are only travelling in prayer."

Nash didn't just pray before Finney came. While Finney was preaching, Nash and other intercessors were in a separate room, praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the preacher.

Finney clearly saw that the important thing in fruitful ministry was powerful prayer which meant that the Holy Spirit came on the assembly with such conviction that the conversions were real. Remarkably, up to 80 percent of the converts made during his preaching remained believers.

With many conversions, it was not surprising that these two men were persecuted. False accusations were sent to the newspapers. Meetings were disturbed by noise - stones were thrown at the building or shots fired outside. On one occasion, effigies of Finney and Nash were hanged and burnt before a great crowd of people. The enemies of revival counted Nash as an equal to Finney in the work. They feared and hated his prayers at least as much as Finney's preaching.

Nash used to have a list of people whose salvation he prayed for daily. Even several times a day he would pray for the same people and he got results. As Finney said, "He concentrated entirely on praying for people who were so hard that they could not be reached in any other way."

A longer version of this article first appeared in the Norwegian magazine, *Levende Ord*: used with permission.

HAWAII'S GREAT AWAKENING

The little known evangelist, Titus Coan, was a key to the 19th century revival that swept Hawaii and produced the largest church in the world.

TITUS Coan was born in Connecticut in 1801, the child of a devotedly religious family. His cousin was Asahel Nettleton, an evangelist of the Second Great Awakening in New England, USA.

He gave his life to Jesus in 1829, during a revival in his home town. In 1830 he met Charles Finney and after two years' study at Auburn Theological Seminary had a brief stint as a missionary in Patagonia.

In 1835 he married and took his bride to Hawaii, carrying a passion to bring the gospel to the native people. He would remain there for the rest of his life.

As soon as he had learned the local language, he visited on foot every one of the 16,000 people of Hilo and its surrounds, on the island of Hawaii. Love was the driving force of his life. His kindness and generosity soon opened the door to the natives' huts and hearts. "When my mouth was opened to speak of the love of God in Christ, I felt that the very cords of my heart were wrapped around my hearers and that some inward power was helping me to draw them in, as the fisherman feels when drawing in his net with fishes."

He used his medical knowledge to good effect, providing remedies for common diseases, and he also gave vaccinations. He effortlessly seemed to combine the roles of preacher, pastor and magistrate.

In 1837 the slumbering revival fires broke out. A tidal wave hit Hilo with the result that massive damage was caused and 13 people killed. To Titus this was God speaking to the people to be ready for Him.

In the following two years, there was not an hour, day or night when an audience of 2,000 to 6,000 would not rally to the signal of a bell. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. Almost 6,000 converts were added to Titus's church so that it became the biggest single congregation in the world. No one was admitted to membership until they proved over a period of several months that their repentance was sincere.

He also had a thorough follow up system to keep track of new believers. He noted down names of converts and information on them and he would in future tours check up on each person and update his notes.

There was a tremendous emphasis on prayer. The prayer was united and verbal, each one expressing themselves individually but all out loud together. This

kind of praying was unique in the 1830s, at least among New England missionaries.

Repentance over sin was expressed openly. On one occasion the sound of a man's tears, Titus records, "was so loud and his trembling so great, that the whole congregation was moved as by common sympathy. Many wept aloud, and many commenced praying together. The scene was such as I had never before witnessed. I stood dumb in the midst of their weeping, watching multitudes, not being able to make myself heard for about twenty minutes."

Loud crying for mercy, shrieks, falling down and wailing were not unusual in the meetings. As one convert put it: "The two-edged sword is cutting me to pieces!" There was also a tremendous hunger for God's word. What helped to encourage this was the distributing of the Hawaiian language New Testament. Queen Kaahumanu was given the first copy of this on her death bed in 1832.

Quarrels were made up, drunkards reclaimed, adulterers converted and murderers revealed and pardoned. Thieves returned stolen property and sins of a lifetime were renounced. On one Sunday alone 1,705 people were baptised.

The revival made a major impact on the nation. The Christian faith was established in the law code of 1846 and the native church became so strong that it sent out missionaries to other local islands.

Coan's wish was "to die in the field with armour on, with weapons bright." God gave him his wish, for in the midst of a revival, in 1882, he suffered a stroke and died praising God. He had served the Lord for 47 years in Hilo and had received 13,000 members into his church - the largest number by any pastor in his generation.

Sources: www.sendrevival.com.

A NORTHERN LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

It was the defining moment in the life of Laestadius. 1844. As a visiting clergyman, he had just finished preaching a sermon, when a simple peasant woman, Milla Clemetsdotter, approached him. 'Mary of Lap-land', as Laestadius himself called her later, opened her heart to him, sharing her own spiritual experience of new birth. Convicted of his lack of genuine knowledge of God, she led him into a real and deep forgiveness of sins and personal faith in Jesus.

He was now a transformed man with a new mission. Back in his local parish of Kaaresuvanto (northern Sweden), he spoke these stirring words from the pulpit: "By the grace of God, the gospel must be preached to penitent, hopeless souls that bow to repentance." This was the start of a revival movement in the far north of Scandinavia that was to extend even to North America.

Lars Levi Laestadius was born into a family of clergymen in Jäkkvik (present day northern Sweden). After entering Uppsala University in 1820, he was ordained in Härnösand Cathedral in 1825 and became a clergyman in Kaaresuvanto from 1825 to 1849.

Laestadius had a lifelong interest in nature and gathered thousands of plants, continuing his scientific activity after his ordination. His own herbarium contained 6,500 plants and at least four plants bear his name.

After the transforming experience of 1844, his sermons received a new passion and power. Fire ignited fire and new streams of revival life began to flow. Many in the church were gripped with a sense of urgency after hearing the anointed preacher and were eager to share the gospel locally. Nearby villages were stirred by the new awakening and real conversions began to take place.

People from other parishes began to gather in Kaaresuvanto. Laestadius now spoke with conviction and authority: "It is love which causes a pardoned sinner to hate the former works of Adam. The love of Jesus requires him to forsake drunkenness, vile language, greed, vanity, worldly joy and anger. And the same love requires and forces him to speak of spiritual matters whenever the occasion is granted."

As the revival grew stronger, Laestadius called repentant laymen to help him in his work. Organisation of the work was hampered by a Conventicle Bill passed in 1726 forbidding devotional meetings conducted by lay preachers, but the word of God still spread by word of mouth amongst villagers.

Laestadius stressed conversion and personal experience of salvation. A person must receive a new heart and therefore the law must be preached without mercy. As he said, "The bear cub must first be awakened before it can be killed."

He also employed three other channels as aids for his work: a temperance movement that had started before the awakening; a village prayer tradition and the school system.

The new converts were empowered as workers in the harvest. Public confession of sins became one of the features of the movement, with those under conviction feeling impelled to put right any wrongs committed.

His direct and coarse language - used to reveal to people their sins - shocked folk, initially, but the saltiness of his sermons made people come back for more. Laestadius also emphasised the reality of receiving the Holy Spirit on conversion, causing great joy and zeal in the hearts of converts.

The nomadic Sami (or 'Lapp') people brought the awakening that had begun in Kaaresuvanto with them to the Norwegian coast, and then quickly over a wide area of northern Finland and Sweden. From there migrants took the movement to North America and there were Laestadians established in Russia as well.

By remaining within the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Finland, the Laestadian movement was able to extend its influence far and wide - while preserving its singularity and individuality. Among his last words, he wrote, "I believe the great Conciliator and King who was crowned with thorns, will not reject me."

Sources: apostolic-lutheran.org and laestadius.net

'THE PARSON'S CONVERTED!'

The unlikely beginnings of the powerful Cornish revival of the 1850's was a quiet parish church and an 'unsaved' vicar

There cannot be many clergymen converted during one of their own sermons, but this was the happy fate of William Haslam! Ordained in 1842, he was initially

more concerned with church decor and starting an orchestra than with finding the power and honour of God! But God had plans for Haslam. No sooner was he installed in the parish of Baldhu, Cornwall, than God led him through a time of soul-searching. He sought solace among the rituals and trappings of the vicar's life, but found none. He grew increasingly desperate and turned to a friend who told him of repentance, new birth and the living water of the Holy Spirit. They knelt and prayed, but Haslam felt nothing.

That Sunday, Haslam felt too troubled to preach his morning sermon but seeing the people already gathered, he decided to go ahead. As he spoke on the text, "What think ye of Christ?", a light seemed to dawn in his heart, and he saw all that Christ had done for our redemption. A parishioner sprang up, crying, "The parson's converted!" And the church erupted in cries of "Hallelujah!"

Haslam's own account of what happened next is graphic. "On the Monday after my conversion, our weekday service was filled to excess. I was just telling of how God pulled me out of a desolate pit, when someone gave a shriek and began crying aloud for God's mercy. This was followed by another, then another, until preaching was impossible. I cannot tell how many found peace that night, but there was great rejoicing."

A series of midweek meetings started in a cottage, and there, too, the mighty power of God was felt, with people falling prostrate in conviction of their sins.

At one service in the church, many fell down, crying for mercy. Haslam continues: "I gave out a hymn and went among the 'slain of the Lord.' After about an hour, someone suggested that we should go to the school-room, as it was getting dark. The men and women in distress of soul were carried there, praying as they went.

"When I reached the place, I found it impossible to get in, for all was full and a crowd hung about the door. I finally climbed in through the window and stood on a table."

The heat of the room and the noise of the people was such that Haslam could not preach. He went among the people, and as each found peace and began praising God, they were asked to leave and make room for others. In this way the meeting went on until ten o'clock, when Haslam left.

It continued uninterrupted all night and all the next day, and so on for eight days!

Haslam went daily to see how they were getting on, noticing many strangers who had not been there before, but had been drawn by the Spirit of God. Yet all alike were too absorbed in God to heed Haslam's presence.

At first Haslam could not fully accept the uninhibited shouting of praise and loud cries of repentance but after a while came to terms with what the Cornish called "wrestling in prayer." Revival was a noisy business and the Holy Spirit worked in "holy chaos."

The revival touched all walks of life. Haslam began 'Drawing-Room Meetings' for more well-to-do enquirers, many of whom were touched by God's power. The cottage meetings for ordinary villagers continued for

some years and open-air preaching reached large numbers.

One spectacular example was at Mount Hawke in 1852. Haslam preached on John 3:16 - "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life." He records: "A mighty power of the Spirit of the Lord came upon the meeting and several hundred fell on their knees simultaneously. The strange thing was that the power of God appeared to pass diagonally through the crowd, so that there was a lane of people on their knees, six to eight feet wide, banked on either side by others standing."

The fruits of the revival were many and lasting in that part of Cornwall. Haslam records that young children in the Sunday schools would all start crying at the mention of God's love. Notorious local sinners were converted and became soul-winners. Many Christians received prophetic dreams and visions, some being led by specific words from God to meet previously unknown seekers of God. There was also evidence of healings.

Lastly, and perhaps above all, there was a deep and all-pervading joy which attracted others like a magnet, to seek Jesus for themselves.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: From Death to Life by Rev W Haslam, reprinted by Good News Publications 1976.

DISTILLERY, BARS CLOSED IN ULSTER REVIVAL

Trembling, shaking and falling were some of the characteristics of the 1859 Ulster Revival - but the most dramatic effect was of social change

The Church in Northern Ireland in the 1850's was in a state of general slumber. One minister complained that he could not even persuade his own church to meet together for prayer. Yet in 1857 news crossed the Atlantic of revival in the churches in America. The consequences of this were far-reaching.

Four young men covenanted together to pray to God for revival. At first little seemed to happen, but as prayer continued, a new awareness of God came over the people. Ministers who previously had little to do, now found themselves flooded with enquirers. Conversions began to happen and there was a freshness and urgency in prayer. One pastor reported, "There is a network of prayer meetings over the whole district. Never has there been such a time of secret and public prayer, or such a burning earnestness for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and for the conversion of souls."

Early in 1859 remarkable things began to happen. A young man fell on his knees in the middle of a crowded market in Ballymena, crying, "Unclean! God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

In Coleraine, so many people turned up to a prayer meeting that the building was in danger of collapsing. So the crowd met outside, and the Holy Spirit moved

on them so strongly that hundreds fell in the mud, many of them crying aloud for God to have mercy upon them and their land.

From these beginnings, God's river began to flow through Northern Ireland. People of all ages and classes earnestly sought salvation and the power of the Holy Spirit. It was not uncommon at this time to see three or four prayer meetings in progress at the same time in the same street, the rooms so full that some people had to crowd round the windows outside. Conviction of sin spread far and wide. One pastor recorded, "I have seen anything from one to a dozen persons struck rigid by the Spirit of God. Strong men have staggered and fallen down under the wounds of their conscience."

In many places, other business was neglected whilst people looked to their souls. Everyday conversation centred around Jesus Christ. One visitor records that some families had not been to bed for two nights, such was the excitement in the air. One delighted minister wrote, "Humble, grateful, loving, joyous converts are multiplied. The Spirit has descended in power."

One particular feature of this revival was the work of God among children and teenagers. They proved very open to the new work of the Holy Spirit among them. Some held meetings of their own, with boys of 14 preaching the gospel to attentive crowds of their friends.

Often in these meetings, children would swoon, fall down, tremble, shake and weep. Some adults were inclined to dismiss this as juvenile "sickness", yet one young boy responded to this accusation by saying, "Don't call this taking ill - it is the soul taking Christ!"

The fruits of revival were considerable. Not surprisingly, the quality of life in Ulster was radically changed. In Coleraine, a magistrate declared that he only had one case brought before him in three months.

The Maze horse race, which normally attracted up to 12,000 gamblers, now drew only 500. A large Belfast whiskey distillery was put up for auction through lack of trade. In Connor, the landlords of the local inns were converted and closed their bars. Most of all, an estimated 100,000 souls (a significant percentage of the population of Ulster) were swept into the churches by this wave of God's power.

This article has been extracted from Jesus Life magazine, published by Jesus Fellowship.

Useful Sources: Great Revivals by Colin Whittaker, pub: Marshalls, 1984.

The '59 Revival in Ireland, Revival Publishing Company, Belfast.

A COMMON PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT UNITES ALL CLASSES IN ULSTER

An extraordinary incident sparked off a spiritual awakening in Dundrod during the famous 1859 Ulster revival. This extract comes from an eyewitness, Rev William Magill

I had been in Belfast the day previous, and had leaned over the prostrate bodies of men and women labouring under strong conviction of sin. I had heard, for the first

time in my life, the sighs and groans of breaking hearts and witnessed, with a feeling of wonder and awe, the mental agony and the terrible struggle of souls wrestling with 'the principalities and powers of darkness.' When the battle was won, I heard with almost equal wonder the shout of victory, like the pealing of a trumpet on the field from which the enemy had fled.

I came home filled with strange thoughts, cherishing high hopes, and breathing earnest prayers that the Lord would come over the mountains and visit my people. I expected something and was not disappointed.

When dressing on the following morning, I observed a man approaching the manse, and the thought at once arose in my mind, "This man is perhaps coming for me - the work is begun."

It was even so. I was soon on my way to his house. He told me as we went, that one of his daughters, after returning home from the prayer-meeting, had fallen strangely ill - that she was up all night, and had raised the whole family to engage in prayer with her and for her. He feared that she was 'going wrong in her mind'.

Before reaching the house, I heard her voice in loud and earnest continuous prayer. When I opened the door and looked in, I saw her mother and two sisters, all on their knees and in tears. In the centre of the group, was the 'stricken one,' with her eyes upturned to heaven, and face covered and seamed with tears. Her arms were extended to their utmost length, as if to grasp some distant and coveted object, and then brought together with violence as she clasped herself as if in mortal agony. From her lips there burst forth words of fire, as living streams from a burning mountain: "O Christ, help me! Lord Jesus, save my guilty soul! O thou quickening Spirit, come! Oh, create in me a new heart and give me a heart of flesh!"

I stood riveted on the spot, witnessing in silence this exciting and wonderful scene, for I never heard such prayers before. She exclaimed, without rising from her kneeling posture, 'Oh, here is my minister! Come pray for my guilty soul!'

I knelt beside her and prayed, her voice accompanying mine all the time with beautiful and impassioned prayer. Such asking, seeking, striving to enter the 'kingdom,' I had never heard before.

The struggle was soon over. She rose up, and began the song of triumph! What a change - a perfect transformation! Her eye, as she sang, was lit up with strange and unearthly fire. Her voice, was no longer tremulous and plaintive, but now rang like a trumpet; while her whole face was covered with a smile, such as we might suppose an angel to wear. Her sister was similarly transformed.

The Lord had begun His work. The news spread from lip to lip, and house to house, over the country. It roused the people, and old and young, men and women, husbands and wives, little girls and mothers with infants in their arms, ran to witness the strange doings, and to hear the wild, wondrous, but heavenly words that flowed from the lips of these plain country girls.

That evening, under the clear, open sky, hundreds of all ranks and ages met to unite in prayer. Farmers and farm-servants, men, women and little children, Roman Catholics and Protestants of various names, knelt together on the hard ground, forgetting or overlooking for the time every mark of distinction, in the common awe which all felt, and in the earnest prayer which all offered to God.

A psalm was sung, a word of exhortation was given, and prayer offered up, and the benediction pronounced, but the multitude stood still. Another psalm was sung, and the converts rushed in among their friends and neighbours, shouting, pleading and with heaving hearts, and sparkling eyes, and beaming countenances, and in strange sweet tones, told of their new-born joys. The multitude heaved to and fro like a ship in a storm; and like drunken men in the streets the men staggered and fell with a shout or a deep sigh. Tears were shed, and groans, as if from dying men, were heard. Prayer and praise, tears and smiles mingled together.

It is pleasing to record that of all the converts in Dundrod, though numbering upwards of 200, no evil thing can be said of them.

Source: www.revival-library.org.

BELFAST REVIVAL MEETING LED BY 13-YEAR-OLD BOY

Ulster, 1859-60. A clergyman came to see if it was really true that the Holy Spirit was working through children

The meeting was held in a loft on the outskirts of Belfast. A clergyman arrived to find the steps crowded with children, and he helped some of them up. A mother who saw him exclaimed: "Oh no, here's a minister! He'll stop the wee ones." But he assured her that he had come to learn. She told him the meeting had been going on every evening for two months, from 7.30pm till ten. The oldest of the leaders was 13. The minister counted 48 children squatting on the floor, eager and reverent. When one of the candles fell on to a boy's head and singed his hair, there was no stir, not even a titter; he quietly picked it up and put it back.

At the far end of the loft were benches occupied by 70-80 adults, but it was the children who led. The leader was a boy of thirteen, who prayed with power and conviction: "Show us our mountain of sin, so we can feel You are our Saviour from them. Though we are slaves to Satan, yet You, Jesus, can set us free for ever! Loose the bonds of sin, O Jesus, our Deliverer! O Lord, teach us truth and purity. Search all our thoughts, examine our hearts, show us all the things that are hateful in Your sight! We pray You to burn out all our inmost sins and wicked thoughts, against You and against each other. Burn them out, O pure Jesus, but save us in the burning."

A boy of twelve then tried to teach from Matthew's gospel, but got stuck on the long words, so exhorted instead: "Won't you come to Jesus and be baptised in the Spirit? Oh, come away from the devil and come for Jesus! Prepare the way of the Lord! How many of you are in hell? You know you don't feel free from the devil. Jesus wants to come for you."

And so it continued, the boys speaking one by one in orderly fashion. One needed practical help - his parents could not afford to pay the next week's rent. The children all got out their pocket money and the sum was met.

Then the clergyman got a shock because the girls began to pray. This offended his traditions but he let the Spirit move. A girl of 17 prayed fervently for the conversion of her family and for forgiveness for all her ingratitude to God. Another, much younger, declared: "I do love Jesus, and I'm not afraid to say what a Saviour I've found!"

Then a small girl of about ten arose, frail in body and clothed in rags. Trembling with the Lords anointing, she raised her hand and proclaimed Jesus crucified for our sins. The power fell instantly. A teenage boy slumped to the floor. Many began to weep. Two or three 12-year olds lay prostrate on the floor. Cries filled the air: "Mercy! Jesus, can You save me? Help, I'm finished!" Others felt the touch of God's mercy and sang loud praises, tears streaming down their beaming faces.

Finally, well past ten o'clock, the gathering ended with a favourite hymn, "Ye sleeping souls arise", and a very inspired clergyman returned to his hotel praising the Lord.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: Revival in Belfast, The Meeting of the Wee Ones, Anon, pub: Dublin 1860.

IT ALL STARTED WITH A NOON PRAYER MEETING!

The greatest spiritual awakening known in the USA was triggered by the most unlikely of people!

On 1 July 1857, a quiet and zealous businessman named Jeremiah Lanphier gave up his business and took up an appointment as a City Missionary in downtown New York. Lanphier was appointed by the North Church of the Dutch Reformed denomination. This church was suffering from depletion of membership due to the removal of the population from the downtown to the better residential quarters. The new City Missionary was appointed to visit people in the immediate neighbourhood with a view of increasing church attendance among the floating population of the lower city.

He began by distributing leaflets, inviting people to a noon prayer meeting for New York businessmen. Only six people turned up for the first one, held on the third floor of the Old Dutch Reformed Church on Fulton Street.

The next week brought 20; the third week was attended by between 30 and 40. The meetings were so encouraging that it was decided they should meet daily and a week later, "over 100 people, many of them not professors of religion, but under the conviction of sin and seeking an interest in Christ" were attending.

By mid-November, the two lecture rooms had to be used, and both were filled. Within six months, these noon time prayer-meetings were attracting 10,000 businessmen who were confessing sins, getting saved and praying for revival.

A Boston journalist gives a picture of what the early meetings were like:

"The meeting is begun at twelve o'clock precisely, and it closes exactly on the hour (1pm). The room is full and crowded, and the interest appears to increase from day to day. It began with a modest meeting held once in the week. But attendance and benefit seemed to demand the more frequent observance of the privilege. Any one comes in or goes out as he pleases. It is the rule of the place to leave at any moment. All sects are here: the formal, stately Churchman and the impulsive Methodist who cannot suppress his groan and his 'amen'; the sober, substantial Dutchman and the ardent Congregationalist, with all Yankee restlessness on his face; the Baptist and the Presbyterian, joining in the same chorus and bowing at the same altar. Not one woman is present, and the singing from 200 male voices is really majestic."

As the noontime prayer meetings increased, attended predominantly by the male workers of the city, the effect in the city was tremendous. Many ministers began having nightly services in which to lead men to Christ. A chain reaction of church after church began to hold morning, afternoon and evening meetings for both prayer and counselling for those concerned about their souls.

Ships coming into New York harbour came under the power of God's presence. On one ship a captain and thirty men were converted to Christ before the ship docked. Four sailors knelt for prayer down in the depths of the battleship, 'North Carolina', anchored in the harbour. They began to sing and their ungodly shipmates came running down to make fun, but the power of God gripped them and they humbly knelt in repentance.

"Do you have to stop business at noon and go to a prayer meeting?" A customer from Albany asked a New York City merchant. "Yes, I must. Why don't you go with me?" The customer went with him and received Christ. He returned to Albany and started prayer meetings there.

When the news spread that there were daily prayer meetings where sinners were welcomed, prayed for, and encouraged to turn to Christ, some hardened criminals were saved. Many thousands forsook crime and became devoted followers of Christ. Crime and vice drastically declined. Wealthy people generously helped the poor, whom they regarded as their brothers and sisters.

The same scenes were soon reported all over the nation, from New York to California, Florida to Maine. It affected judges and college students, businessmen and housewives. At times, schools had to close in order to pray and seek God.

In Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, 4,000 were meeting. An elderly philanthropist named John Crozer, wrote in his diary, "I have never, I think, been present at a more stirring and edifying prayer meeting, the room quite full,

and a divine influence seemed manifest. Many hearts melted, many souls devoutly engaged."

Under this third "Great Awakening" in the USA, it was the layman who moved out to evangelise. Though largely ignored by secular historians, this revival was considered the greatest of the awakenings experienced by the USA with a million converts added to the churches and a further million church attenders revived within two years.

Links: www.gospelcom.net www.smithworks.org

This article has been extracted from Jesus Life magazine, published by Jesus Fellowship

THE 'DEAD' SPRANG UP SHOUTING!

Maria Woodworth-Etter's 8,000 -seat gospel tent was often too small to contain the masses that flocked to hear her preach

The first place at which we stopped was Willshire, Ohio. I was requested to hold some meetings, which I did for sixteen days. I never saw the power of God so wonderfully manifested. There had been trouble in the church for a number of years. Some of the best members had left, and the church had lost its power. I felt impressed that God was going to restore love and harmony to them.

I visited those families, and on the third day all was resolved. All who were present came to the altar and made a full consecration, and prayed for a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. That night it came. Fifteen came to the altar, crying aloud for mercy. Men and women fell and lay like dead.

I had never seen anything like this. I felt it was the work of God, but did not know how to explain it, or what to say. I was a little frightened, as I did not know what the people would think of me, as I was the leader of the meeting.

While the fear of God was on the people, and I was looking on, not knowing what to do, the Lord revealed wonderful things to me in a few moments.

"This is My slaying power. I told you I would be with you and fight your battles. It is not the wisdom of men, but the power and the wisdom of God that is needed to bring sinners from darkness to light."

Those who were lying all over the chapel as if dead, after lying about two hours, all, one after another, sprang to their feet as quick as a flash, with shining faces, and shouted all over the chapel. I never saw such strong conversions, nor heard such shouting. They seemed light as a feather.

The ministers and old saints wept and praised the Lord with a loud voice. They said it was the Pentecost power; that the Lord was visiting them in great mercy, and that there was victory coming.

It is now twelve years since that meeting. The Lord had poured out the Holy Ghost as He promised, with signs and wonders following. Many times I have stood before congregations of thousands, preaching or

singing, when the Holy has fallen on them, and swept over, wave after wave, till the multitude would sway back and forth like the trees in a forest or grain in a storm. Many of the tall oaks would be laid prostrate over the ground, and many were converted standing, or sitting on their seats.

Many shouted, others wept with a loud voice. Other times power would sweep over the place in melting power. In a few minutes nearly everyone in the congregation, saints and sinners, would be weeping. The solemnity of death would rest upon the people; you could not see a movement or hear a sound. The people were held by the power of God. These outpourings were always followed by hundreds coming to Christ.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Source: A Diary of Signs and Wonders, by Maria Woodworth Etter, pub. Tsula: Harrison House.

'I AM THE TRUTH YOU ARE SEEKING'

A very unusual revival in Damascus in the 1860's started without a single Christian being directly involved!

Abd el Karim was a leader of one particular sect within the Islamic population of Damascus. He had a longing to know God more, and so did several others from the mosque. In 1860 they began holding special times of prayer and reading the Qur'an. As time passed and no new move of God came, they began to grow uneasy, dissatisfied with their faith and its apparent lack of answers. Their dissatisfaction turned to desperation. Then one night one of their number had a dream. In it he saw their group at prayer, and a glorious shining figure appearing to them. They were all terrified and cried out: "Who are you, Lord?" "I am the truth you are seeking," the figure replied, "I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

When the dream was shared with the rest of the group they were greatly afraid. They knew only too well that any Muslim converting to Christ would be killed. And yet they all agreed that to know God was their heart's desire and so they continued the prayer meetings, asking God to confirm His word.

One night they all had the same dream of Jesus. They awoke with joyful cries of "I have seen Him!" and with one accord they all gave their hearts to Jesus Christ and felt the Holy Spirit fill them. Great was the joy in those meetings, and soon word got round that God was doing a new thing. In a short time their number had grown to 250 men.

The Muslim authorities realised that something had to be done, so they arrested fourteen of the leaders. Abd el Karim, as the main leader, was found guilty of blaspheming the prophet Mohammed and was martyred. The rest were banished to Libya, their wives and children left destitute on the streets of Damascus.

Yet the love of Christ had taken root in many hearts in the city through the witness of these men and women, so the wives and children were taken in and cared for by new converts. Some sold what possessions they had and shared the proceeds with their destitute fellow

believers.

The Lord raised up new leaders, too. Ahmed el Sahhar was a soldier, but also a man of deep prayer. One day he, too, saw a vision of Jesus Christ in glory and was converted on the spot. He ran into the barracks dying: "Jesus Christ is my God!"

Appalled at such blasphemy, the Muslim soldiers seized Ahmed, filled his mouth with dirt, bound him with a chain and began to beat him.

Then Jesus spoke to him: "Break your chains!" He flexed his muscles and the iron chain broke. So they brought stronger chains, but the same thing happened - and twice more! At such a show of Christ's power the soldiers fled in fear.

Ahmed was given a speedy discharge from the army and returned to Damascus a free man. He strengthened the new flock there and witnessed fearlessly to Christ. The numbers of converts grew steadily, and by the end of 1870 there were over 4,000 men (as well as women and children) meeting together for prayer and worship as a church of Jesus Christ, frequently attended by signs and wonders.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Source: The Revival of Christianity in Syria, Anon, (London, 1872).

PRAYER FUELLED MARY'S MISSIONARY FIRE

"I am going up-river to a fierce tribe of cannibals, and everyone tells me they will kill me. But I fear no hurt. Onward! I dare not look back!"

THIS WAS typical of the missionary, Mary Slessor (1848-1915). She knew about hardship, having grown up in the slums of Dundee, Scotland, her father a hopeless alcoholic. At 11 she was working 12-hour shifts in a factory. Her Christian mother led her to Jesus and taught her to pray. All this formed character in Mary: feisty, Jesus-loving, compassionate, prayerful, and no stranger to tears.

In 1876 Mary felt God's call to Nigeria. She sailed for Calabar but found that she wasn't at home in traditional missionary nursing and school-teaching. Her heart ached for the jungle tribes, whose lives were dominated by bloodshed and witchcraft, and where women were treated no better than cattle. So, often alone, Mary walked barefoot through snake-infested jungle. In each village she preached Jesus and built a small wooden church. With angry tears she forced chiefs to stop the mutilation of girls. Her heart bled for the many abandoned babies, so she rescued all she could and brought them up herself. For a time, she even lived in a chief's harem, so she could reach his wives with the gospel. Once she stood between warring tribes and refused to move until they laid down their weapons; then she had tea with them! She became a revered figure in the area, feared by witch-doctors and loved by the oppressed. They called her Ma, the spiritual mother of thousands. But the cost was high. She witnessed scenes so horrifying that

"had I not my Saviour close beside me, I would have lost my mind." An outbreak of smallpox killed hundreds of her converts, including chief Edem, her main supporter; she dug his grave herself.

What sustained Mary Slessor was prayer. "I find praying is harder work than doing," she wrote, "but in it lies the dynamic to advance God's kingdom." She knew failures: she prayed for years for her father, but without result. She also knew prayer had to be shared. "I have no idea how and why God has carried me to so many places and made hordes of people submit to me, except that waves of love and prayer have kept coming from Scotland."

Mary likened the process of prayer to the newly-invented radio: the air-waves buzz with messages from our ever-speaking God, but we must tune in by carefully nurturing a heart-relationship with Him, or we will not receive from Him.

In later years, almost blind and hardly able to walk, she wrote: "My heart is singing all the time to Him whose love and tender mercy crown all the days. I can testify with wonder-stricken awe that God answers prayer: for physical health; for overcoming mental strain, errors, and dangers; for provision of food at exactly the right hour. My life is one long, daily record of answered prayer. It is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe, and it makes life a million times worth living."

'STRANGE, BEAUTIFUL, THINGS'

Signs and wonders were a feature of the work of the early Salvation Army, as recorded by William Booth's son, Bramwell

According to Salvation Army Commissioner, Elijah Cadman, "Strange, beautiful things happen when God has His own way with a man or woman." All my life I have been interested in what are sometimes spoken of as bodily manifestations, though I have had a considerable degree of misgiving.

One of the earliest instances of this happening was in the course of a mission to Cardiff by Robert Aitken - not a Salvation Army mission. In the course of this mission some opposition and ridicule developed and Mr Aitken was specially attacked for certain remarks he had made on retribution. I was walking up the street one day when I saw Mr Aitken approaching. A number of men, on seeing him, flocked to the door of a public house and jeered at him as he passed, one of them offering him a pot of liquor. Mr Aitken turned sharply round on this poor fellow, and said to him in his deep voice, but with extreme tenderness, 'Oh, my lammie! How will you bear the fires of hell?'

At those words the man instantly dropped on the pavement. He fell like a piece of wood, apparently losing all consciousness for the moment. One or two people assisted him, Mr. Aitken looking on, and presently there on the side walk he came to himself and sought the mercy of God, afterwards, as I learned, becoming an earnest Christian man.

At other times, I saw the extraordinary breaking down of ungodly persons in the presence of God. I have seen men in our meetings, who were raving and blaspheming when the service began, suddenly broken down as though some physical power had laid them prostrate on the floor, and, after a time of silence, weeping and penitence, they were confessing their sins and imploring the mercy of God.

One case is recorded in my journal of January 16, 1878, of a meeting following our half-yearly Council of War at Whitechapel, when nearly all our evangelists were present.

"At night Corbridge led a Hallelujah Meeting till 10pm. Then we commenced an all-night of prayer. 250 were present until 1am, 200 or so after. A tremendous time. From the very first Jehovah was passing by, searching, softening and subduing every heart. The power of the Holy Ghost fell on Robinson [he was a North Country pitman of especially powerful build] and prostrated him. He nearly fainted twice. The brother of the Blandys [two evangelists of ours] entered into full liberty, and then he shouted, wept, clapped his hands, danced amid a scene of the most glorious and heavenly enthusiasm. Others, meanwhile, were lying prostrate on the floor, some of them groaning aloud for perfect deliverance ... It was a blessed night."

My own course, and the course adopted by most of our leaders in the presence of those influences, was, while never opposing or deprecating them, to take care to have the subjects of them immediately, or at any rate as soon as it was possible, removed from the public gathering. This rapid removal from the open meeting was a wise thing. It effectually prevented any vain or neurotic persons from drawing attention to themselves. But it is important to remember that we seldom had any cases that were not entirely sincere. I must have heard hundreds of testimonies to the wonderful help received during or in consequence of these visitations ... In a certain number of cases we had remarkable revelations occurring during the period of unconsciousness. These were, however, relatively few in number, for though I heard of many who had been conscious of remarkable things, they did not, as a rule, seem anxious to say much about them. There was a kind of restraint upon them.

One of these cases was a woman called Bamford, an Officer from Nottingham. After a visitation of this kind, which came upon her during an 'All night of Prayer' in which she lay for nearly five hours unconscious, and during which her countenance was most evidently brightened, she gave a picture of something she had seen, relating chiefly to the felicity of the redeemed. It made a profound impression upon my own heart, and, I believe it afterwards helped her to win hundreds of souls for God, for she constantly referred to it in her work as an Officer.

Nor can I dwell at any length upon equally well authenticated instances of Divine healing. The Army has ever had in its ranks in various parts of the world a number of people unquestionably possessed of some kind of gift of healing. If extravagances have gathered around the subject in some quarters, they ought not to be permitted to obscure the central fact, which is that the healing of the sick by special immediate Divine interposition, in answer to prayer and faith, has undoubtedly occurred.

Excerpts from *Echoes and Memories* by Bramwell Booth - London, Hodder and Stoughton 1925.

PREACHER BURNS HIS SERMONS - THEN CATCHES FIRE HIMSELF!

Samuel Chadwick was zealous for Jesus, but God had more in store for him: the power of the Holy Spirit's fire!

Samuel Chadwick was born in the industrial north of England in 1860. His father worked long hours in the cotton mill and, when he was only eight, Samuel went to work there, too, as a means of supporting the impoverished family. Devout Methodists, they attended chapel three times on Sunday, and as a young boy, Chadwick gave his heart to Christ. Listening to God's word week by week, he often felt the inner call to serve Christ. It seemed impossible, as he was poor and uneducated, but in faith he made preparations. After a twelve-hour factory shift he would rush home for five hours of prayer and study.

At the age of 21 he was appointed lay pastor of a chapel at Stacksteads, Lancashire. It was no dream appointment! The congregation was self-satisfied.

Yet Chadwick threw himself in with great optimism. He had been trained to prepare well-researched and interesting sermons as the sure way to bring in the crowds. He recalled later:

"This led unconsciously to a false aim in my work. I lived and laboured for my sermons, and was unfortunately more concerned about their excellence and reputation than the repentance of the people."

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 set fire to them! The result was immediate: the Holy Spirit fell upon him. In his own words:

"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 sermon seven souls 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 baptised in 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. The river of God moved strongly, and 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."

Opposition was swept away and within a few years the chapel had to be demolished and a substantial Mission Hall built.

Always a man of the people, Chadwick would spend his Saturdays mixing with local workers. Once, when his wife was away, he teasingly invited anyone who was lonely to come for Saturday tea. He expected about a dozen. Six hundred turned up! Yet God had catered: one church member was a baker and had been awoken by the Lord with the order to bake for all he was worth!

The final phase of Chadwick's life was spent as Principal of Cliff College, a Methodist training school for preachers, and it was here that he wrote his famous book, *The Way to Pentecost*, which was being printed when he died in 1932. In it we read:

"I owe everything to the gift of Pentecost. For fifty days the facts of the Gospel were complete, but no conversions were recorded. Pentecost registered three thousand souls. It is by fire that a holy passion is kindled in the soul whereby we live the life of God. The soul's safety is in its heat. Truth without enthusiasm, morality without emotion, ritual without soul, make for a Church without power.

"Destitute of the Fire of God, nothing else counts; possessing Fire, nothing else matters."

This article has been extracted from *Jesus Life*, published by Jesus Fellowship.

You can find links to "The Call to Christian Perfection" and "The Way to Pentecost", by [Samuel Chadwick](#) for free download at the [Jesus Army Library](#).

1900s

A CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE

After the missionary activity of the 19th century, it was native Chinese believers who carried on the torch of revival into the 20th century

China has been fertile ground for the reviving work of the Holy Spirit. The 1908 revival in Manchuria and Honan under Jonathan Goforth produced many converts, among them John Sung. He had come to the Lord after hearing his father speak about the sufferings of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. Although only aged nine, he fell to his knees, along with many others in the congregation

confessing his sins. Sung recalled that he wept so much that it soaked right through his jacket! After a time studying in the West, he was back in China, preaching with authority and fire.

Wherever he went in the 1920s, Sung experienced mass conversions. His passionate love for Jesus and for holiness won through, melting the hardest hearts. He was so eager that he would sometimes leap into the crowds as he spoke! Healings and deliverances blossomed and many churches were revived.

Another of God's anointed instruments was Pastor Hsi. He had been a follower of Confucius and an opium addict and his wife had demonic problems. But God invaded his life as he read Mark's Gospel. He was converted and filled with the Holy Spirit, finding instant freedom from addiction. His wife was powerfully delivered and soon he was out evangelising. He was given the nickname Hsi "Sheng-mo" ("Conqueror of Demons"). Under his ministry many people were awakened in their faith and a large number of new churches were planted.

Watchman Nee, whose books have brought life and inspiration to millions, was another whom God used to fan the flames of revival. Many claimed they could see the crucifixion re-enacted before their eyes as Nee spoke. Converts would restore stolen property and rebuild broken relationships. Seekers came in their thousands. At the height of his ministry, Nee was the travelling apostle for a network of churches containing millions of members.

Yet God's breathings of new life were not limited to famous preachers. Often revival would break out spontaneously among ordinary peasant folk who sensed their own fruitlessness. They cast themselves on God in desperate prayer for holiness and a new baptism of fire. In many places throughout China small, localised revivals of great power broke out through the fervent prayer of two or three old ladies.

One eye-witness of such a revival records: "It began in a small Bible class, where the heathen women unexpectedly started to confess their sins, and spontaneously found new life in Jesus. Others, including pastors, followed, also publicly confessing their sins. Lives were transformed, opium addiction broken and idols put away. Enmities that lasted for years were put right. Hopeless individuals have become humble men and women of prayer, and great soul-winners." In 1930, Western missionaries were beginning to say that the door was closing in China. Anti-foreigner feeling ran high and many missionaries had to leave. War with Russia, then with Japan, followed by civil war between Nationalists and Communists, shut the land off from outside Christian aid. Many feared that the church would not survive.

Yet God had used the first four decades of the century to instil in His faithful ones a deep hunger and thirst after "power from on high". They had known revival and they knew how to pray for a revival. They wanted and expected revival. So the Chinese church entered the Communist era anointed. Anointed for burial, certainly, for unnumbered millions were martyred. But also anointed with the Holy Spirit for endurance.

It is small wonder that today the Church in China is

growing at a rate of thousands every year and now numbers an estimated 20 million!

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: Colin Whitaker: Great Revivals, Marshalls 1964.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

Music, song and worship were at the heart of the 1904 Welsh Revival

The 1904 Welsh Revival is one of the best documented and best known revivals of all, and certainly one of the most powerful. Over a period of two years, the fire of the Holy Spirit swept over the whole principality, and was carried by visiting pastors to Norway, Japan, America, India, South Africa and Korea, where further revivals broke out. At its height, churches stayed open for 24 hours a day, with souls praying earnestly to God. Coal-miners rushed home at the end of a gruelling day to wash themselves and get to the chapel as quickly as they could. Hopeless drinkers and gamblers were powerfully converted and became soul-winners. Doubters and atheists were cut to the heart, sometimes physically unable to move until they cried to God for mercy.

The effects of this wonderful outpouring of God's power are well known. Many thousands of souls were saved. Rough pit-workers prayed together before their day's work. The horses that pulled the carts, accustomed to being sworn at and cursed, could not understand the new kindness and clean language they were getting, so stopped working!

Crime fell almost to nothing; policemen complained they had nothing to do. Dance-halls were deserted; several pubs closed down through lack of trade and whole rugby teams got converted and cancelled their fixtures!

The man especially used by God in the revival, Evan Roberts, was only twenty-six, but he was a man of fervent prayer and radiant joy. His personal pentecost began when God led him to agonise in prayer over the state of the church and his own soul. As the burden intensified, he cried out, "Bend me! Bend us! Bend the church and save the world!" He would weep and sweat until he almost felt he was bleeding.

Yet when the Holy Spirit filled his heart, he radiated a relaxed happiness. The Welsh were by nature sober, Bible-based believers. Now Evan Roberts smiled when he prayed, and laughed when he preached. One American visitor wrote: "Evan Roberts stood in the pulpit and led the music, his face irradiated with joy, smiles and even laughter. What impressed me most was his utter naturalness, the entire absence of solemnity. He seemed to be bubbling over with sheer happiness, like a jubilant young man at a baseball game."

The Welsh are also a very musical people, and worshipful singing was a feature of the revival. As the Holy Spirit moved, it was common to find part of the congregation singing a hymn in rapturous awe, while others were on the floor crying in agony for God's mercy. An eye-witness recalls: "Such marvellous

singing, quite unrehearsed, could only be created by the Holy Spirit. No choir, no conductor, no organ - just spontaneous, unctionised soul-singing. Once the first hymn was given out, the meeting ran itself. There was no leader, but people felt an unseen control. Singing, sobbing, praying intermingled without intermission."

Singing was a fruit of the revival. Many of those powerfully filled by the Holy Spirit recorded their experiences, especially of how they trembled, laughed and sang for hours afterwards.

Evan Roberts himself felt singing to be of massive importance for the release of God's power. When a Londoner asked him one day if the revival could ever reach the capital, he smiled and asked, "Can you sing?"

Onward march all-conquering Jesus!

Here is an English translation of a hymn by William Williams which was much used during the 1904 Welsh Revival

Onward march all-conquering Jesus!
Gird Thee on Thy mighty Sword!
Sinful Earth can ne'er oppose Thee;
Hell itself quails at Thy word.

Thy great name is so exalted,
Every foe shrinks back in fear.
Terror creeps through all creation,
When it knows that Thou art near.

Free my soul from sin's foul bondage;
Hasten now the glorious dawn!
Break proud Babel's gates asunder;
Let the massive bolts be drawn!

Forth, like ocean's heaving surges,
Bring in myriads ransomed slaves;
Host on host, with shouts of triumph;
Endless, countless as the waves.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Useful Sources: Eifion Evans: The Welsh Revival of 1904, Evangelical Press of Wales; David Matthews: I saw the Welsh Revival, Moody Press.

'FACES AGLOW WITH A DIVINE RADIANCE..'

Eye-witness account of a meeting led by Evan Roberts, Trecynon, Wales in the Welsh revival of 1904

The prim congregation breathed heavily and deeply. But the young minister in the pulpit remained absolutely silent.

They observed however, that his body shook perceptibly as tears coursed down his pale cheeks.

Then a strange stillness fell upon the people. It soon broke when one of the proudest of that assembly fell on her knees in agonizing prayer and unrestrainedly confessed her sins, creating consternation among other proud, self-satisfied, respectable members. Others followed rapidly. How the elders gasped! All over the chapel, men and women, young and old, kneeling in the pews and aisles, claimed "the blessing". Mount Seion,

for once, became a veritable Valley of Baca.

Immediately upon the cessation of those burring confessions, extempore hymns were sung. How the people sang! That service continued all day. Mr. Roberts reiterated the cry, "Obey! Obey! Obey the Holy Spirit!"

When evening came, the other churches had received the news. The neighbourhood seemed to have assembled in this one place, striving to enter the building where "the revival" was. The crush was terrible

When I reached the chapel there were hundreds clamouring for admittance. A generous deacon, who had been there for fourteen hours without a break, offered me his chair.

Confronting me and surrounding me was a mass of people, with faces aglow with a divine radiance, certainly not of this earth. One section of the congregation was singing, "Oh! the Lamb. In another part of the building scores were engaged simultaneously in prayer, some were wringing their hands as if in mental agony, while others who had received "the blessing" were joyous in their new-found experience. With awe and fear I gazed upon the scene.

A young woman with a beautiful countenance and an exquisite voice challenged, "What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard Him and observed Him." She clapped her hands for joy. A Presbyterian minister, his countenance pale as death, stood and recited: 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Underneath the gallery, a young man stammering, drew tears from all eyes as he cried, "W-w-w-what in-must I d-do t-to be s-s-s-saved?"

When this spiritual tumult was at its height, there came a sudden calm. Evan Roberts was on his feet. He looked straight down at me. Our eyes met for a few seconds. I solemnly avow that those eyes searched me through and through. They burned like coals of fire. In a split second, my innermost soul seemed to be laid bare. I feared and I shook. The lustre on his countenance eloquently proclaimed the abundance of grace overflowing his heart. Had there been a cover nearby, I would have sought it.

Will anyone forget it? I think not. The fadeless scene has only deepened with the passage of the years.

What was the secret of this movement? It was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer. The meetings were full of the spirit of prayer. Evan Roberts was often in an agony of prayer, and he drew floods of prayer from the people. He observed that the success of a meeting in saving souls, was in proportion to the spirit of fervent prayer in that meeting.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

"IT IS THE SPIRIT ALONE WHICH IS LEADING US"

One century ago, Wales was gripped by one of the most powerful movements of God in history. In the first of a two-part series, we consider the origins of the Welsh Revival, and profile the key leader, Evan Roberts (1878-1951).

WALES has periodically been a land of religious revivals. Griffith Jones, Hywel Harris, Daniel Rowland, William Williams (the 'Welsh Charles Wesley') led earlier awakenings in the eighteenth century. The 1859 revival was reported around the world. The land was set ablaze by the Moody-Sankey meetings in the late 19th century.

But nothing matched the spiritual intensity and social transformation produced by the Revival of 1904-5. This was a divine intervention that drastically changed life in churches, homes, mines, factories, schools and even places of leisure and entertainment.

In February, 1904, in a meeting in New Quay, the earnest, sincere words of 17 year-old Florrie Evans, who simply stated: "I love Jesus with all my heart," were electrifying. Person after person arose and made full surrender to Jesus. The news of the service spread throughout the area as young people testified in other churches.

When, seven months later, Seth Joshua, from the Forward Movement, visited West Wales, he found a remarkable 'revival of spirit.'

That same month, Evan Roberts was returning to Newcastle Emlyn to prepare for the Christian ministry. Roberts came from Loughor, a village between Swansea and Llanelli. Now aged 26, he had been praying for thirteen years for the power of the Holy Spirit. When he became a collier, at the age of 12, the Bible had been his constant companion and prayer his continuous recreation. While a young coal miner, a page of his Bible was scorched during an explosion underground. The page that was burned was 2 Chronicles 6 where Solomon prayed for restoration. This desire for revival became his passion.

As a result of his long and persistent yearning after God, he had a life-changing encounter with God in the spring of 1904. This was the launch pad for his later ministry: "At one o'clock in the morning, suddenly I was awakened up out of my sleep, and I found myself with unspeakable joy and awe, in the very presence of Almighty God. And for the space of four hours I was privileged to speak face to face with Him as a man speaks face to face with a friend. ... it was every morning for three or four months. I felt it changed my nature. I knew that God was going to work in the land, and not this land only but all the world."

At the close of that early morning meeting at Blaenannerch, Seth Joshua prayed, using the words, "Bend us", and in the 9 o'clock meeting those words burned in the heart of Evan Roberts. He fell on his knees, with his arms on the seat in front, and his tears felt like blood gushing from his face. After two terrible minutes, he cried out, "Bend me! Bend me! Bend me!"

Afterwards he wrote: "It was God commending His love that bent me, and I not seeing anything in it to

commend. After I was bent a wave of peace filled my bosom... I was filled with sympathy for the people who will have to bend in the Judgement Day, and I wept. Afterwards, the salvation of souls weighed heavily on me. I felt on fire to go through the length and breadth of Wales to tell about the Saviour, and had such a thing been possible I was ready to pay God for being allowed to go!"

At a meeting held during his first week back at Loughor, he made known the four things that he considered necessary for revival:

- Confession of known sin
- Removal of everything doubtful
- Entire commitment to the Spirit
- Public confession of Christ

The meetings continued in the second week and on Sunday, 13 November, Evan Roberts began a lengthy first tour through Glamorgan. He was consumed with a passion to see Wales transformed by Jesus.

Simultaneously, revival was breaking out in many other places and spreading like wild-fire all over Wales.

In the next fourteen months, Evan made four prolonged journeys throughout Wales, seeing remarkable conversions. Also, hundreds of overseas visitors flocked to Wales to witness the revival and take it back to their own lands.

Amazing happenings repeatedly occurred in meetings. Young men and women testified fearlessly; others were bowed in prayer; some sang songs of Zion or traditional hymns. Tears, sobs and songs of praise were intermingled, continuing until the early hours of the morning. A key note was simple spontaneity. There were no hymn books – folk had learned hymns in childhood - no choir, for everybody sang; no collection and no advertising.

Evan Roberts was ready to be totally radical and obedient to the Holy Spirit. James Ogden, an English visitor, commented on a meeting in Merthyr Tydfil.

"Evan Roberts stood up, said something in Welsh, and immediately every window in the place was smashed. It appeared Evan Roberts had told those who were near windows to break them: the cool air was admitted and the crowd outside could see inside, and took part in the singing. The Revivalist said that the salvation of one soul was of more importance than the fabric of the chapel... Evan Roberts never prepares an address, but speaks as the Spirit gives him utterance... Another striking fact was that two-thirds of the congregation consisted of men, and nearly half were young men..."

His spirit was often a joyful one. He would walk up and down the aisles, swinging his arms and clapping his hands, jumping up and down at times and always smiling warmly at each new arrival. He often played down his own importance. "This movement is not of me, it is of God. I would not dare direct it ... It is the Spirit alone which is leading us."

Evan Roberts' work was essentially that of a catalyst, moving quickly from meeting to meeting, spreading the fire and leaving others to continue the blaze. He was not so much a Bible expositor or an eloquent preacher (as in previous Welsh revivals) but a man with a

burden. God had sent him to warn, exhort, invite and plead lovingly. Underlying this was a great compassion. He was heard to cry out on one occasion, "How can I repay Him for the privilege of going through Wales to proclaim His love?"

But the revival took its toll on his health. By early 1906, he was feeling the effects of nervous exhaustion and beginning to show signs of more strained behaviour. Criticism of him and his methods grew and he began to suffer from depression.

Advised not to engage in any more public ministry, he devoted himself to intercessory prayer and writing. He accepted an invitation from Jessie Penn-Lewis to spend some time at her home in Leicester. He made this his base for several years, actively interceding and collaborating with Jessie Penn-Lewis on a book, 'War on the Saints', which had a wide readership. However, within a year of its publication, Evan Roberts had denounced it, telling friends that it had been a failed weapon which had confused and divided the Lord's people.

From the mid-1920s, Evan lived in Brighton and the south of England, eventually returning to Cardiff in 1928. He was involved in a series of prayer meetings at Gorseinon, where many were reminded of the Revival days. He lived in Cardiff until his death in 1951, expressing himself increasingly through his poetry, most of which is still unpublished.

Sources: www.welshrevival.org. N.Gibbard: On the Wings of a Dove (Bryntirion Press). R.Ellis: Living Echoes (Delyn Press). Eifion Evans: The Welsh Revival of 1904 (London: Evangelical Press). David Matthews: I saw the Welsh Revival (Chicago: Moody). B.P.Jones: Voices from the Welsh Revival (Bryntirion Press)

"THE DYNAMITE IS WORKING!"

In this second part of an account of the Welsh Revival, Jesus Life looks at the dramatic spiritual and social impact of the Revival throughout Wales – and beyond!

"IN WALES today all is spontaneous. The dynamite is working, explosion follows explosion, and already scores of thousands of rough, hard stones have been loosened from the quarry of corrupt humanity... Is it to be wondered at that there is tumult and confusion? Better the confusion of the city than the order of the cemetery..."

This was the assessment of Jessie Penn-Lewis, the wellknown writer and speaker who founded the Welsh Keswick Conference and the 'Overcomer' magazine, written in the heat of the Revival.

The 'dynamite' impacted society in remarkable and far-reaching ways. Judges were presented with white gloves signifying no cases to be tried. The police became 'unemployed' in many districts as crime fell drastically. One story is told of policemen who closed their station and formed a choir to sing at the Revival meetings! Long standing debts were paid, and family feuds were healed.

Alcoholism was halved. The bars were deserted; dance halls, theatres and football matches all saw a dramatic decline in attendance. Gamblers and others normally untouched by the ministry of the church came to Christ. Public confession of sin and stubbornness became commonplace in meetings as the Spirit of conviction spread through gatherings.

In many places, shop keepers closed their businesses in order to hurry to chapel for meetings that might continue for many hours (though some, like miners on shifts, were able to 'come and go'). "This is the finger of God" revivalist speaker, Gipsy Smith, reported: "It is the Acts the Apostles up to date."

So many miners had been converted that pit ponies stopped work because they could not understand what was being said to them, so used were they to being sworn at and receiving blows! Revival prayer meetings before shifts became commonplace with hymn singing and testimonies, and there were frequent 'underground' conversions. Remarkably, industrial production spiralled upwards.

"Everything sprang into new life. It was the young people who responded with the greatest alacrity to the challenge of absolute surrender and consecration to the service of the Lord... With ever-increasing momentum, the movement advanced, creating unprecedented excitement among the churches and the secular institutions outside..." (David Matthews – 'I saw the Welsh Revival')

National newspapers also reported the events. The Times in London observed that "The whole population had been suddenly stirred by a common impulse. Religion had become the absorbing interest of their lives." Local newspapers, like the Western Mail, daily carried reports of revival happenings and messages, including numbers of converts from different towns and villages!

Lloyd George, who later became British Prime Minister, saw one of his political rallies taken over by the Welsh Revival. He was deeply impressed as one girl prayed in the presence of 2,000 people. He became a firm supporter of the revival, longing for the effects to reach the political, social and economic life of the nation.

Some of the characteristics of the revival could not have been anticipated - the role of women, for example, who were inspirational in the gatherings and testimonies and often became the mainstay of the ongoing prayer life of local chapels. Women were also active in outreach, social and pastoral care:

"Young women knelt with vagabonds of the road who had casually turned in for a night's lodging... they visited the homes also and cottage meetings became the vogue. In this way the influence of the revival was felt in the poorest dwellings... Monetary assistance was promptly given to dress neglected children and feed half-starved families... This was not the exclusive influence of any one locality. Cities, towns and villages throughout Wales felt the same..." (David Matthews).

Within the church, many who had counted themselves Christian knew life-changing experiences. There was also a new unity of purpose felt across the denominational divides. For some years afterwards, throngs of people filled all types of churches to capacity.

Remarkably, within six months, an estimated 100,000 souls were converted to Christ. Notable among these converts were George and Stephen Jeffreys, who later went on to found the Elim Movement; and David Powell Williams, the founder of the Apostolic Pentecostal Church. It also had a profound impact on Rees Howells, intercessor and founder of the Bible College of Wales.

However, the ripples in the pond spread far and wide. Many came from other nations to witness personally what was happening. Some criticised and others scoffed, but the majority were deeply touched and carried the Holy Spirit power back with them to their own nations.

The Revival was the farthest reaching of all revival movements. In time, it affected the whole of the evangelical cause in India, Korea and China, renewed revival in Japan and South Africa and sent a wave of awakening over Russia, Africa, Latin America, parts of Europe and the South Seas.

We leave the last word to one reporter on the Revival: "Today the dynamic is working. Is it a marvel that there are explosions? And where there are explosions is it a marvel that there is confusion? Out of the chaos will emerge the cosmos; out of the confusion, order and beauty and life... (S.B.Shaw)

Sources: www.welshrevival.org. N.Gibbard: On the Wings of a Dove (Bryntirion Press). R.Ellis: Living Echoes (Delyn Press). Eifion Evans: The Welsh Revival of 1904 (London: Evangelical Press). David Matthews: I saw the Welsh Revival (Chicago: Moody). B.P.Jones: Voices from the Welsh Revival (Bryntirion Press). J.Penn-Lewis: The Awakening in Wales and Some of the Hidden Springs (1905); J.Stewart: Invasion of Wales by the Spirit through Evan Roberts (CLC 1970)

SCOTTISH CHAPEL CATCHES WELSH FIRE

Joseph Kemp was at one time the pastor of Charlotte Chapel in Edinburgh. During the 1900s the church underwent a local revival. His biographer records:

Soon after the Welsh Revival broke out (1904), Joseph Kemp went to Wales, where he spent two weeks watching, experiencing, drinking in, having his own heart searched, comparing his methods with those of the Holy Ghost; and then he returned to his people in Edinburgh to tell them what he had seen.

The evening he returned from Wales was memorable. A large meeting was in full swing when he walked down the aisle of the chapel. The people listened eagerly as he told of his visit and the effect upon his soul. After telling the story he tested the meeting, asking if there was a man willing to be saved. About five seats from the front a man rose, saying, I want you to pray for me. This man was the first of hundreds who were saved during the revival in Charlotte Chapel.

The people were now on the tiptoe of expectancy for a revival. A Conference on January 22nd, 1906, addressed by several workers who had visited Wales, lasted from 3.30 p.m. until midnight. From that day it was felt that the fire of God had fallen; and as far as Charlotte Chapel was concerned, God answered prayer and reviving had come. By the end of 1905, the church

had been praying one whole year without so much as one solitary break. Night after night, week after week, month after month, the prayer meetings went on increasing in number and intensity. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the prayer passion that characterised those meetings.

In Joseph Kemp's own words: "The people poured out their hearts in importunate prayer. I have yet to witness a movement that has produced more permanent results in the lives of men, women and children. There were irregularities, no doubt; some commotion, yes . . . After the first year of this work we had personally dealt with no fewer than one thousand souls, who had been brought to God during the prayer meetings."

The meetings on the Lord's Day were marked by earnest outgoing of the soul to God in prayer, and a passionately expressed desire for the salvation of men, all of which told of the dealings many had had - Jacob-like - with God alone. It was, however, at a late prayer meeting, held in the evening at 9.30 p.m., that the fire of God fell. There was nothing, humanly speaking, to account for what happened. Quite suddenly, upon one and another came an overwhelming sense of the reality and awfulness of His presence and of eternal things. Life, death, and eternity seemed suddenly laid bare.

Prayer and weeping began, and gained in intensity every moment. As on the day of the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people. (Ezra 3:13). One was overwhelmed with the sudden bursting of the bounds. Could it be real? We looked up and asked for clear directions, and all we knew of guidance was, "Do nothing." Friends who were gathered sang on their knees. Each seemed to sing, and each seemed to pray, oblivious of one another. Then the prayer broke out again, waves and waves of prayer, and the midnight hour was reached. The hours had passed like minutes. It is useless being a spectator looking on, or praying for it, in order to catch its spirit and breath. It is necessary to be in it, praying in it, part of it, caught by the same power, swept by the same wind. One who was present says: "I cannot tell you what Christ was to me last night. My heart was full to overflowing. If ever my Lord was near to me, it was last night."

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: Revival Digest.

WAVES OF PRAYER LIKE ROLLING THUNDER

In the year 1901 Pandita Ramabai's work at Mukti was enjoying much blessing. Twelve hundred converts were baptised in two months, but some of the workers continued to cry to God for greater blessing

News of the Welsh Revival of 1904 stirred Ramabai and she started daily prayer meetings for revival in India. In June 1905, 550 church members were meeting twice daily to pray for revival. The answer came suddenly. One of the girls received

the Holy Spirit, and was so transformed that soon all the girls in that compound were on their knees, weeping and confessing their sins.

Helen Dyer, who was involved at the time, wrote: "The next evening, while Ramabai was expounding John chapter 8 in her usual quiet way, the Holy Spirit descended with power, and all the girls began to pray aloud so that she had to cease talking. Little children, teenage girls and young women all wept bitterly and confessed their sins. Some saw visions and experienced the power of God and other things too deep to be described. Two young girls had a spirit of prayer poured on them in such torrents that they continued to pray for hours. They were transformed with heavenly light shining on their faces.

"Such repentance, such heart-searching, such agony over sin, such tears, as they cried for pardon and cleansing and the baptism of the Holy Ghost! Then a baptism like fire within came upon them. They seemed to have their eyes opened to see 'the body of sin' in themselves.

"Then came a strong realisation of Christ's work upon the Cross; then peace, followed by intense joy. It often took a soul hours to pass through all these experiences. The Lord used the Word greatly.

"The work went on and a spirit of prayer and supplication for a revival in India was poured out like a flood. The spirit of prayer possessed the people. "Waves of prayer go over the meetings like rolling thunder; hundreds pray audibly together."

Ramabai wrote: "You will rejoice to know that the revival is bearing fruit. Some seven hundred girls and women have given themselves to prayer and study of God's Word, that they may go to the places where God sends them, to give the Gospel. They are already visiting the villages around. About sixty go out daily by turns. The Lord is strengthening and developing them."

This revival continued for over a year, and it was a great blessing to Christians all over India.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: The Revival Movement magazine.

WHERE THE TALL HAD TO BEND LOW

The following is part of an eye-witness account by Frank Bartleman, a leader in the Azusa Street revival of 1906-9. Brother Seymour was one of the other leaders involved in this powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit which streaked across America like Wildfire

Brother Seymour generally sat behind two empty shoe boxes, one on top of the other. He usually kept his head inside the top one during the meeting, in prayer. There was no pride there. The services ran almost continuously. Seeking souls could be found under the power almost any hour, night and day. The place was never closed nor empty. The people came to meet God.

He was always there. Hence a continuous meeting. The meeting did not depend on the human leader. God's presence became more and more wonderful. In that old building, with its low rafters and bare floors, God took strong men and women to pieces, and put them together again, for His glory. It was a tremendous overhauling process. Pride and self-assertion, self-importance and self-esteem, could not survive there. The religious ego preached its own funeral sermon quickly.

No subjects or sermons were announced ahead of time, and no special speakers for such an hour. No one knew what might be coming, what God would do. All was spontaneous, ordered of the Holy Spirit. We wanted to hear from God, through whoever He might speak. We had no "respect of persons". The rich and educated were the same as the poor and ignorant, and found a much harder death to die. We only recognized God. All were equal. No flesh might glory in His presence.

He could not use the self-opinionated. Those were Holy Ghost meetings, led of the Lord. It had to start in poor surroundings, to keep out the selfish, at His feet.

They all looked alike, and had all things in common in that sense at least, the rafters were low, the tall must come down. By the time they got to "Azusa" they were humbled, ready for the blessing. The fodder was thus placed for the lambs, not for giraffes. All could reach it.

We were delivered right there from ecclesiastical hierarchism and abuse. We wanted God. When we first reached the meeting we avoided as much as possible human contact and greeting. We wanted to meet God first. We got our head under some bench in the corner in prayer, and met men only in the Spirit, knowing them "after the flesh" no more.

The meetings started themselves, spontaneously, in testimony, praise and worship. The testimonies were never hurried by a call for "popcorn". We had no prearranged programme to be jammed through on time. Our time was the Lord's. We had real testimonies, from fresh heart experience. Otherwise, the shorter the testimonies, the better. A dozen might be on their feet at one time, trembling under the mighty power of God. We did not have to get our cue from some leader. And we were free from lawlessness. We were shut up to God in prayer in the meetings, our minds on Him. All obeyed God, in meekness and humility. In honour we "preferred one another".

The Lord was liable to burst through any one. We prayed for this continually. Some one would finally get up anointed for the message. All seemed to recognize this and gave way. It might be a child, a woman, or a man. It might be from the back seat, or from the front. It made no difference. We rejoiced that God was working. No one wished to show himself. We thought only of obeying God. In fact there was an atmosphere of God there that forbade any one but a fool attempting to put himself forward without the real anointing. And such did not last long. The meetings were controlled by the Spirit, from the throne. Those were truly wonderful days. I often said that I would rather live six months at that time than fifty years of ordinary life. But God is just the same today. Only we have changed.

Some one might be speaking, Suddenly the Spirit would fall upon the congregation. God Himself would give the altar call. Men would fall over the house, like the slain in battle, or rush for the altar en masse, to seek God. The scene often resembled a forest of fallen trees. Such a scene cannot be imitated. I never saw an altar call given in those early days. God himself would call them. And the preacher knew when to quit. When He spoke we all obeyed. It seemed a fearful thing to hinder or grieve the Spirit. The whole place was steeped in prayer, God was in His holy temple. It was for man to keep silent. The shekinah glory rested there. In fact some claim to have seen the glory by night over the building, I do not doubt it. I have stopped more than once within two blocks of the place and prayed for strength before I dared go on. The presence of the Lord was so real.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: 'Azusa Street', by Frank Bartleman (Logos International).

WHEN THE FIRE OF THE LORD FELL

The Pentecostal movement in the UK had small beginnings in an Anglican Church

The incredible growth of the Pentecostal movement is one of the most significant events in the church in the 20th century. The modern 'tongues' movement began in Topeka, Kansas, on the last day of 1900, and now numbers hundreds of millions.

In 1906 a revival had broken out in Los Angeles, at a converted livery stable in Azusa Street. There had been many other spectacular revivals over the years, one was going on in Wales at the same time. But what marked this out as unusual was that people were speaking in tongues. Many believers came to Azusa Street to receive this 'Baptism in the Holy Spirit', and from these small beginnings the Pentecostal movement began to grow.

In 1906, Thomas Barratt, a British born and educated Methodist minister from Norway who was in America, began to hear stories about the happenings at Azusa Street. He never actually went to the meetings himself, God dealt with him in his room in New York as he fasted and prayed. He wrote: "I was seized by the Holy Power of God throughout my whole being and it swept through my whole body as well." He had to hide his face in a towel to avoid disturbing his neighbours as he shouted his praise.

Barratt returned to Norway, and was soon seeing many people speaking in tongues. Word of what was taking place began to spread and before long invitations were coming in to speak in a number of different countries. One of the invitations was from Alexander Boddy, an Anglican minister from Sunderland. In March, 1907, Boddy travelled to Norway and saw scenes of which excited him even more than those he had seen in Wales during the revival there.

Boddy was not new to seeing the Spirit at work; he had previously written a book on the laying on of hands and had conducted healing crusades. He was also a leading

figure in the Pentecostal League, a holiness movement which was very strong in Sunderland, regularly holding meetings in the vast auditorium of the Victoria Hall.

At the end of August, Barratt came to Sunderland to start a campaign of meetings in the church hall at All Saints, Monkwearmouth. The meetings were quite small and were overlooked by many for a while. The Sunderland Echo was giving plenty of coverage of Pentecostal League meetings, at which Alexander Boddy was still speaking in September, along with its founder, Reader Harris and leading light, Graham Scroggie. Gradually, word began to filter out that something strange was occurring. The first report in the Sunderland Echo on the meetings was highly descriptive: "It is no uncommon spectacle for one of them [ie the people present] to throw themselves on the ground in a paroxysm of weeping, while others gabble and utter what appear to be unintelligible sounds."

The reporter comments that the meetings are the one theme of conversation in the neighbourhood.

Although the meetings have become known for speaking in tongues, they were also tremendous times of prayer and praise, with solid Biblical preaching. The meetings were conducted in two sections - the second was intended just for people who were pursuing the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and onlookers were discouraged from attending this meeting, which often went on late into the night. Speaking in tongues was actually quite rare in the meetings. Thomas Barratt reckoned he had only heard about 25 or 26 people speak in tongues in the Sunderland meetings during the first month. Even more surprisingly, he claimed that he had only spoken in tongues four or five times himself.

It is interesting that Boddy began to receive letters from people who had spoken in tongues in earlier years, but found that they had been accused of being mad and thrown out of their churches.

The publicity in the paper served to attract more people to the meetings. Within a few days other newspaper reporters were beating a path to the little hall, wanting to investigate reports that the vicar's daughter had been speaking Chinese. One incidental effect of all these visitors was that the offerings were increased sufficiently to pay off the outstanding amount still owing on the recently constructed church hall.

Afterwards, a much quoted inscription was placed on the wall of the hall:

September 1907 When The fire of the Lord Fell It burned up the debt

Among those who came to Sunderland were Smith Wigglesworth (he spoke in tongues for the first time on October 29 after being prayed for by Mrs Boddy), Stephen and George Jeffreys, John and Howard Carter and numerous other people who would become leaders of the Pentecostal movement which would later sweep the world.

Boddy began to host a regular Pentecostal convention in Sunderland and publish a magazine Confidence.

After the war Boddy's influence began to wane as the Pentecostals were squeezed out of the existing denominations and began to organise their own. In 1922, Boddy retired from Monkwearmouth to take on the much more sedate country parish of Pitlington in County Durham where he continued to minister until his death in 1930.

Source: www.vision.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk This article has been extracted from Jesus Life magazine, published by Jesus Fellowship

GOD HAD THE ANSWER TO CHINESE HATRED

The movement of 1908 in Manchuria sent a wave over every province of China. Permanent moral and spiritual transformation resulted

In his hut in Honan province, China, Jonathan Goforth was troubled. It was 1906 and he could look back over 13 years labour as a Presbyterian missionary. The local people were still trying to rebuild their lives after the Boxer uprising six years earlier, when thousands of Christians had been wiped out. Those who remained were consumed with sorrow and a thirst for revenge, and the task of evangelism seemed harder than ever. He had laboured much with little to show for it and he ached to see God move. The question of finding the reviving power of the Holy Spirit became such an obsession with him that his wife began to fear for his sanity.

He began to seek God with earnest intensity, and God responded by opening his eyes to unrepented sins. He was deeply convicted of resentment towards his fellow missionaries and hurried to seek forgiveness and make reparation. His overriding desire was to be pure before his Lord.

But he persevered, finding that God opened up new possibilities: "Gradually the realisation began to dawn upon me that I had tapped a mine of infinite possibility."

Things soon started to change because now he was different. Congregations fell under the Spirit's conviction - and so on occasions did his helpers, who were too smitten themselves to help the awakened sinners! Entire congregations would start to pray, then melt into weeping.

After a visit to Korea, he became aware that revival did not depend on some anointed leader. Here he experienced churches which had covenanted together to pray daily for fire from heaven, and not to rest until it came!

At a meeting in Manchuria he held for missionaries, he poured out the longing of his heart for revival. The meeting ended, but nobody moved. They all sat in silent prayer for nearly ten minutes, then someone started to sob, and for the next few hours there was a public confession of sin and reconciliation between brothers.

In 1908 he was back in Manchuria, holding meetings at Mukden. The pattern was the same: an acute sense of sin and impurity, leading people to confess and be reconciled, and then the Holy Spirit falling in especial

power.

One eye-witness, a doctor, had come to the meeting with opinions against "revival hysterics", but felt God's hand so strongly that he wrote: "The people knelt for prayer, silent at first, but soon the voices gathered in volume and blended into a great wave of united supplication that swelled until it was almost a roar, then died again into an undertone of weeping. The floor was wet with pools of tears. The very air seemed electric, and strange thrills coursed up and down one's body.

"Then began the public confession of sins. It was not so much the enormity of sins disclosed that shocked one, it was the sight of men forced to their feet and, in spite of their struggles, impelled to lay bare their hearts."

The revival spread throughout Manchuria and into Shansi and Honan provinces. It touched all alike. Children would literally write under conviction, confessing to lying or thefts. Church elders would tear up their letters of appointment, crying out that they were unclean men.

And although the meetings were such awesome times of uncovering, they attracted large crowds. The Chinese called these times of conviction the Little Judgment, where God could deal powerfully with their souls and thus save them from eternal shame at the Great Judgment.

The fruits of revival were apparent too, because after the conviction came the powerful anointing of God's love. Drug addicts were set free, demons cast out and sicknesses healed. The legacy of hatred and grief from the Boxer uprising was melted by the love of Christ. And for several years the work of the Holy Spirit continued in the region, rebuilding the Church in power.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Source: Goforth of China, R. Goforth (Marshalls, London, 1937) By My Spirit, J. Goforth (Marshalls, London, 1929).

PENTECOST COMES TO SOUTH AMERICA

Dr Hoover was an American missionary with a vision for God's reviving work in South America. But not even he could have foreseen the extent of God's blessing...

On the first night of a week of prayer commissioning Dr Hoover's new church in Valparaiso, Chile, a strange thing happened. The whole congregation, numbering more than one hundred, broke forth simultaneously in audible prayer. It was a thing that had never happened before. The prayer lasted ten or fifteen minutes and was described by an eye-witness as "like the sound of many waters".

Following this, Dr Hoover and four others met every day at five o'clock to pray for spiritual awakening. This early morning meeting, after a month or so, was made general and became an important feature of the revival.

During the annual Methodist Conference, held early in February 1909, one of this group of five spoke on the Sunday evening. He called the members of the official board to occupy the front seats at the beginning of the service. After reading from the second chapter of Joel, he said: "You and I are responsible for the condition of this church and we must repent and get right with God even if it takes all night" During the night of prayer one of the congregation saw a brazier of coals within the altar. Others felt the hand of the Lord on their heads as they prayed at the altar.

These all-night prayer meetings continued week by week. Consciences were awakened and repentance, restitution and reconciliation became the order of the day. Members went as far as Santiago (about 30 miles away) and other places to make peace, pay debts which they had forgotten or disregarded, or to return goods or money stolen years before.

Various supernatural occurrences began to take place. In a testimony meeting a sister laughed for an hour, a delighted, half-quiet laughter which she was unable to control. She had to retire to a farther corner of the room so as not to disturb anyone. Another fell and began to sing most sweetly. She said the angels were teaching her to sing.

On another occasion a woman, a young lady and a girl of twelve were lying on the floor in different parts of the prayer room. with eyes closed and silent.

Suddenly, as with one voice, they burst forth into a song in a familiar tune but in unknown tongues.

After a verse or two they became silent; then again suddenly, another tune, a verse or two, and silence. This was repeated until they had sung ten tunes, always using the same words and keeping in perfect time together as if led by some invisible chorister. Later on, during the same service, a lad stood with his eyes closed giving a message of repentance, when suddenly he said, "Oh see what a lot of doves! Lord, send more than You did last Thursday. See, one fell upon a brother! I don't know him; he is new." At that moment he spoke, a new brother began praying with cries and tears.

Another lad, filled with the Spirit, said: "See the Lord with His pierced hands! And His feet, too!" Then bursting into desolate weeping, he said, "And yet people will not believe!"

These are but illustrations of a multitude of marvels that occurred. People began to fall under the power of the Spirit in their homes, or at work, on the street, anywhere. People looking at such in the church would be taken with a trembling and would hurry out lest they fall.

These amazing scenes brought constantly increasing crowds of curious ones and the congregation grew by leaps and bounds. by September, the same year, the congregation (beginning with about 300) had reached the astonishing figure of 900 to 1000.

*This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: *With Signs Following*, by Stanley Frodsham (Gospel Publishing House, Springfield Missouri)*

'BE SILENT!' SHOUTED ANDREW MURRAY

It took a humbling experience for Andrew Murray to see how easily man can try to stop God's work of revival

ANDREW MURRAY'S family had emigrated from Scotland to South Africa, where his father was to pastor a church. It was a godly family where prayer was normal and hymns were sung around the house. Most of all, Andrew's father prayed for revival. Every Friday evening he would read to his family accounts of the great movings of the Holy Spirit in history. Then he would go to his study and pour out his heart with tears to God for a similar outpouring on South Africa.

These experiences marked young Andrew deeply, as did a visit to Germany to hear Johann Blumhardt, who had a ministry of signs and wonders. Here, Andrew saw healings and deliverance from demons, and grew up convinced that greater power was available to the Church than she realised.

In time, Andrew himself became a pastor, and flung himself into his duties. He rode many miles, preaching and baptising, and won the loyal affection of his parishioners. Yet after a time, Andrew grew dissatisfied. He wrote: "When I look at my people, my peace forsakes me. I am forced to flee to the Master to seek a new and more entire surrender to His work. My prayer is for revival, but I am held back by the increasing sense of my own unfitness for the work. I lament that awful pride and self-complacency that have till now ruled in my heart. O that I may be more and more a minister of the Spirit."

Desperate

God was humbling Andrew Murray and making him thirsty for the living water that was soon to come. Yet there was an obstacle. The young minister still felt instinctively that the Holy Spirit had to move through the preaching of the word, and therefore only through the pastor. God was to humble him by sending a revival that Andrew himself did not initiate, and, in fact tried to stop!

The churches in South Africa were at that time desperate for more leaders. They searched in vain, so sent to Europe for volunteers. They also called a conference at Worcester, Cape Town, in 1860, to consider the issue of revival and to begin united prayer for a move of the Spirit.

God did not keep them waiting long. One Sunday, a preacher invited people in his congregation to pray out what was on their heart. A black girl of about fifteen responded and cried aloud for God to visit His church. "While she was praying," wrote the pastor, "we heard a sound in the distance, which came nearer and nearer, until the whole hall seemed to shake. The entire congregation began to call on God, and the noise was deafening."

At this point Andrew Murray arrived, to find scenes of chaos in the church. Not recognising this as the revival he had so longed for, he went to the front and shouted: "People, be silent! God is a God of order, and this is confusion!" Nobody took any notice. All were too

absorbed in God.

Andrew left, angry and confused. Meanwhile, the church came alive. Old and young, black and white, flocked to the meetings. Before long, there were three prayer meetings a day, and people were upset if they finished too early. The meetings would begin with quietness, then prayer, whereupon the same noise of a rushing wind would be heard. Some fell down under the anointing of the Spirit while others poured out their hearts to God in loud repentance.

Finally, God remembered Andrew. At a Bible study he began to pray, then let others pray. Immediately the sound of the wind was there and the Holy Spirit came upon the gathering. Andrew was about to quieten the people once more, when a visitor came up to him and said: "Be careful what you do! I have come from America, where revival has been moving. This is precisely what I have witnessed there. This is the Spirit of God." Andrew Murray needed no further confirmation. He humbled himself and let God have His way.

God's awakening power moved throughout the region. It was not confined to towns and villages. Even on remote farms and plantations, people were suddenly gripped with conviction of sin and a longing after Jesus. Lives were changed and holiness became popular.

Even opponents of the revival had to admit to the amazing changes that took place in previously godless people. Where once the churches had not been able to find one young man ready to be a leader for God, the revival raised up fifty in Andrew's area alone! His own parish recorded more conversions and changed lives in one month than in the whole course of its previous history.

Looking back on those days and the humbling lessons God taught him, Andrew later wrote: "If only we did not so often hinder Him with our much trying to serve, how surely and mightily would He accomplish His own work of renewing souls into the likeness of Jesus Christ."

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Useful Sources: Absolute Surrender (Andrew Murray, Lakeland, 1962),

Andrew Murray, Apostle of Abiding Love (Leona Choy, CLC, 1978).

FISHERS OF MEN

The year 1921 was a time of economic disaster for the fishing communities of north-east Scotland. But the despair of the fisher folk led them to turn to God

The early years of this century had been a boom time for the fishing industry of north-east Scotland. Almost 90 per cent of the working population earned their living landing and processing herring. But it was all soon to change. The 1914-18 war robbed the herring fleets of their European customers. The government could only underwrite the losses for two years beyond that. Fishermen could not get a living wage and many faced bankruptcy. Fishermen tied up their boats and went on strike, but without any effect.

Despairing of any human help, the fishing community turned to prayer. Being of staunch Calvinist stock, they saw the severe problems as a sign of God's anger at their complacency. They began to repent of their sins.

God caused two very different streams to flow together and create the torrent of revival. One was a mission to local villages by an itinerant missionary, Fred Clark. It was traditional preaching of the gospel. The other was a wave of renewal centred on East Anglia where a converted barrel-maker, Jack Troup, was preaching powerfully.

Clark's preaching reached the women and children of the area while the fishing fleet was away. The men were convicted by Troup's sermons when they landed in East Anglia. After the fleet finally returned to Fraserburgh and Peterhead in the autumn, awakened husbands and sons were reunited with awakened wives and daughters.

Jack Troup was guided in a dream to travel up to that part of Scotland and people flocked in their hundreds from this thinly populated region to hear him. A newspaper reporter from Aberdeen noted: "Without saying a word he raised his right arm and everyone in the hall, even those in the street, knelt down and prayed. Within a minute sounds of sobbing came from every part of the hall, and a woman's voice cried, 'O Lord, forgive and forget!'".

Then Troup preached. He had, said the journalist, the noisiest voice he had ever heard and did not need a microphone! Some cried out under conviction, others shouted hallelujahs, and many streamed forward to commit their lives to the Lord. "Then," said the reporter, "came a perfect tornado of unsuppressed prayer, the voices so mingled that only here and there could the voices be distinguished."

"After the meeting I saw seventeen boys and girls kneeling in prayer in the street, and 200 fishermen down by their boats on the shore, listening as parables were read and explained to them. After each explanation the men knelt down together on the shore and engaged silently in prayer, wringing their hands, their bodies swaying to and fro."

Local churches of every denomination were mobilised to 'pull in the nets'. All along the Moray Firth congregations swelled. The Salvation Army alone claimed 600 new converts that year. It was estimated at the time that throughout the region some ten thousand souls were saved through the 'fishermen's revival'.

Some converts told of coming under such conviction of sin that they fell to the ground, but the majority came to the Saviour with quiet joy. A few conversions made the headlines: noted drunkards, a gang of local Peterhead thugs, even some who had initially opposed and mocked the revival.

What is perhaps most striking is the background of the converts. "They are," says the reporter, "predominantly young men aged 15-25; some of them had previously been notorious characters, but the majority had simply been indifferent to religion."

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#),

available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: The Fishermen's Revival, J.LDuthie (History Today, vol 33, 1983).

MIRACLES BRING PENTECOST

Fire spread through much of South America as a result of this 1950s revival

The question that burned in evangelist Dr Miller's heart was "Where is the God of Elijah?" Numerous gospel rallies and tent missions had very little fruit to show for all the labour. An American, based at Mendoza, he earnestly cried out to God over a period of several weeks.

Self-examination showed him his fears and unbelief, his fleshly loves and his longing for approval. With many tears he surrendered to God again and again. He finally knew a powerful filling of the Holy Spirit.

He called people together to wait upon God. Nothing happened for many nights and then a young woman said she felt a strange prompting to bang her fists on the table.

When she did it, a rushing wind swept through the room. All heaven broke loose as the company praised God.

A fountain had been opened which could not be stopped. The Mendoza church doubled in size, then doubled again as hundreds were converted and baptised in water and the Spirit. There were signs and wonders, too. Uneducated peasants received visions of things to come. Teenagers were given words of knowledge about the sins of church elders.

Meanwhile in 1952, as American evangelist Tommy Hicks was praying, he received a vision of Argentina and its need. Three months later when the word was confirmed in a prayer meeting.

Now sure of God's will, he flew to Buenos Aires. During the flight, the name 'Peron' kept coming to his mind. It didn't mean anything to him.

"Why, that's the President of Argentina," he was told. "God wants me to talk to him," thought Hicks, as the plane approached Buenos Aires airport.

The president had been suffering from a most persistent and disfiguring skin disease - an incurable eczema. It had become so noticable that Peron would not allow himself to be photographed.

Tommy Hicks, an evangelist from the USA was requesting permission from Peron to hold a salvation and healing campaign in the city, believing God had told him to hire a large stadium. The president, interested asked "Can God heal me?"

"Give me your hand", replied Hicks, and prayed. Before the astonished eyes of all present, the Argentinian leader's skin became clean as a baby's!

The eczema disappeared! Permission to hold the campaign was assured.

Hicks gained an audience with the president after dealing with an aggressive security guard in the same

way. He prayed for the guard to be healed -and he was!

Huge traffic jams blocked all roads leading to the gigantic Huracan stadium in Buenos Aires during the most electrifying gospel crusade Argentina has ever seen.

Many thousands travelled by any means available from as far away as Brazil, Chile and Bolivia. People were saved, healed and delivered from evil powers daily.

The blind saw, the deaf heard, cripples were walking. Ambulances full of sick passengers were driven to the meetings and went away empty!

A boy of three had been unable to walk without heavy steel braces on his legs. When the crowd prayed, the boy's mother took off her son's braces in faith. The child began to walk unaided! Delighted, he ran up and down. The ecstatic crowd shouted cheered and wept for joy. Faith rose in many hearts and miracles began to happen spontaneously all over the stadium.

A doctor who knew the child's case was so overcome when he saw the miracle that he fell down, grabbing Pastor Hicks by the knees. "I want this Christ; I want to be saved."

Thousands, unable to get into the packed stadium thronged surrounding streets and heard the message broadcast through loudspeakers. Many slept in the stadium in spite of the winter cold to be sure of a good seat for the next service.

The crusade which began in Atlantic stadium soon outgrew the 25,000 capacity. But when Tommy Hicks announced that the campaign was due to close, there was a huge uproar. "Let it go on!" the crowd chanted for a quarter of an hour.

It sounded like the the roaring of a restless sea. What could the authorities do in reply to such a demand? The meetings went on - and increased in attendance!

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: Cry for me Argentina, by R Edward Miller (Sharon Publications, 1988).

FIRE IN THE CONGO

Extraordinary power was poured out in the Congo jungle

The former cricketer turned missionary, C.T. Studd, had pioneered a gospel work in the Congo in 1914. By 1953 there were many mission stations, but there was still a great need for the power of God to be demonstrated. Many converts still lived sinful lives and showed little desire for real holiness. The missionaries gave themselves to prayer. At a conference in Lubutu, in what was then the Belgian Congo, some African evangelists had a sudden hunger to find God. They went into a house for their usual prayer meeting and the Holy Spirit fell upon them with mighty conviction. They cried out, shaking all over, confessing their sins and worshipping Jesus.

One missionary continues the story of what continued to happen elsewhere "On the Tuesday night in Opienge, Peleza, the wife the chief elder, woke people up with her loud praises. They flocked to the house and saw her shaking violently and thanking Jesus. She said she had seen a brilliant white light and heard a voice saying—"I want to do a great work here, but there is much hardness, If you want to light a good fire, do you lay the wood in the ashes?"

"No, Lord," she replied, "You must clear away the ashes first." "That is right," said the Lord. "I want a clean place for My fire." A week later at a prayer meeting one evangelist broke down weeping and confessed to beating his wife. There was silence, and then the leading elder threw up his hands, shaking and crying "Thank You Jesus!" It was like an electric current. People fell down weeping, crying for mercy, while others leaped around shouting hallelujahs, falling, jumping, crying, singing, confessing, shaking and laughing! It was the same the following Saturday. The missionary continues: "The Holy Spirit came down in mighty power, sweeping throughout the congregation. We saw a marvellous sight, people literally 'drunk' with the Spirit. Elders and evangelists reeled around, shouting 'I'm filled! I'm filled!' The Lord convicted many of sin. They would call out a name and cry for forgiveness for some wrong done. Evangelists confessed to me their critical thoughts. Children, some in agony of soul, confessed to thieving."

As in the New Testament, the Holy Spirit gave visions and dreams. Many claimed that a white light used to visit their homes, others had visions of the second coming. One evangelist saw a great column of smoke ascending and forming a vast cloud. He was told that the cloud was the prayers of the Spirit-filled believers, forming a mighty weapon in God's hand for revival. Another saw the fruit trees in blossom and heard the Lord say: "Don't harm the blossom if you would see the fruit." He interpreted it thus: "Don't resist the first work of the Holy Spirit Who brings revival, if you later on want to see a harvest of souls."

At one meeting some visitors from England heard everything that was said in English, even though it had been spoken in Swahili. An African woman also said that when the missionary prayed in English she understood what he said, even though she knew no English. One or two tried to resist the reviving power, but they, too, fell to the ground and began confessing their sins. The fruits of the revival were abundant, as the missionary makes clear. "Preaching is such joy now — the people are so teachable. The simplest word is new again. We knew the doctrine before, now we know the power. Many have regained their first born-again experience. Even our church business meetings seem bathed in oil, there is such oneness of mind.

"A new experience in praying has come to us. Everyone prays at the same time. There is amazing power in such meetings — such a taking hold of God's promises. There is no confusion. It begins like the sound of a rising wind and continues in a low roar until the prayers begin to die away, then it descends to a stillness. Some stand, others sit or kneel. The Spirit leads the meeting, and we don't know what is going to happen next."

Looking back on the revival now, those involved agree that it was particularly lasting and widespread, and so preparing the church for the terrible persecutions of the

later Simba rebellion and the Civil War.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: This is That, pub. CLC.

REVIVAL IN THE CONGO!

Jack had just returned from the south where he had seen revival. He opened his Bible and began to speak. Suddenly the building began to shake ...

Some years ago we interviewed veteran missionary, Helen Roseveare about the 1950's revival in what was then the Belgian Congo. Here are some extracts from her remarkable account.

What was your background before you went out to Africa?

I was saved when I was a medical student - I wasn't very bright, so medicine was a real slog! I did no reading apart from my Bible and the next thing I knew I was out on the mission field! I was a good solid Anglican type, totally unprepared for the revival that came.

What led up to the Congo revival?

Basically, years of committed prayer that became increasingly desperate. Both senior local pastors and missionaries had been praying regularly with a real burden.

What can you remember of the first experiences you had of revival power?

The first day revival came to Ibambi, the actual building shook. We were sitting in the Bible School hall. It was seven o'clock on a Friday night. Jack Scholes, our field leader, had just come back from a trip in the south and he had seen revival down there. He stood up to speak about the revival and started to read from scriptures. Suddenly we heard a hurricane storm. It was frightening!

And not what you expected?

No! None of us stopped to think that this was strange because you don't get hurricane storms in July (we have them in February or March). We heard this hurricane coming and the elders began to take the shutters down - the shutters are not very strong and fall in and can hurt people. We looked out and it was moonlight and the palm trees were standing absolutely still against the moonlit sky. It should have been pitch-black and stormy. Then the building shook and the storm lanterns down the centre of the building moved around. There was a terrific noise and a sense of external power around. We were all frightened - there must have been about five whites and 95 Africans present. You could sense fear all around.

How did you respond?

Jack stood at the front and said to us - "This is of God, just pray - don't fear and don't interfere." It was as if a force came in and we were shaking. There was no way you could control it and some were thrown to the ground off the benches as if someone had hurled them down! But no one was hurt. Everyone ceased to be conscious of anyone else.

What was the strongest sense you had around you at the time?

Conviction of sin. People began to confess publically what you might call 'big sin' (and these were all Christians). They spoke of adultery, cheating, stealing, deceit. One friend, whom I thought too good to be true, was crying out to God for mercy and confessing her sins. I couldn't imagine she'd done anything wrong!

Sounds amazing! How long did all this go on for?

We didn't leave the hall that whole weekend! Most of the time God was dealing with our sins. Some needed help from the pastors who moved around with much wisdom and encouragement. Then joy struck the repentant sinners and the pastors moved on. It was remarkable what discernment was given to these uneducated pastors. I remember they discerned that one lady's confession wasn't real and they urged her to confess what was really inside her.

Anything else to note about the revival moving of power as God's work continued?

Yes! There were amazing visions from people which were often based on Old Testament scriptures - even though they didn't have the Old Testament! I remember one woman standing up with her arms upraised and her face radiant, talking about wheels within wheels and eyes within the wheels and patterns and above it all a great rainbow. It was straight out of Ezekiel. She spoke of the glory and began weeping when she said she saw the glory was in the midst of the Bible School and then it went out of the hall, across the courtyard and into the forest. She broke down, crying, "It's because of our sin, our sin!"

How did you feel about this?

The white people just sat back and watched at first and the Bible School students held back. It was all right for the village people, but not for us! But God broke into the Bible School. We were soon broken down as well.

It was irresistible!

Yes! There were also amazing visions of hell and people would break down weeping because of unsaved relatives. They carried exhausting prayer burdens. What started off as a ten minute prayer meeting lasted three hours. We didn't discuss anything, we spoke with God. There were waves of outpoured prayer. Some went off at 4am on one occasion and walked twelve miles to a village, compelled by the Holy Spirit, to share the gospel. Many were saved as a result.

FIXED AND FIRED!

Rebel soldiers were fixed to the spot ...

The fire that wasn't a fire ...

Helen Roseveare continues her personal account of the 1950's revival in the Congo.

Did the revival continue after those early days of God's powerful presence?

Yes, it was amazing. In the years following the initial work, revival blessing came in waves.

But I still wasn't being revived myself! I was frantic - there was a coldness in my heart. I was saying the right things, doing the right things and being the right things, but somehow I was outside all that was happening.

So how did that change?

I spent a long weekend crying out to God. There was little of victory in my life. I was frustrated, hurt and empty, knowing the right answers but getting nowhere.

On the Saturday night I went to one of the pastors and his wife and said, "Please help me!" His response was clear although he was very gentle - "We can see so much Helen and we can't see Jesus. Everything revolves around your vision, your work, what you will do."

I knew he was right. That was all he said, but somehow Jesus was there. I spent the following ten days in the presence of the Lord, broken. It was wonderful.

Rebel soldiers frozen**What else was special about the effect of God's workings in those days?**

One example. There were a number of what we called 'fixations'. During the rebellion of 1964, three rebel soldiers came to my house. The middle soldier was the commander and the one on the right had a spear and the other one had a gun slung over his shoulder. They demanded money from me and when I refused, they got mad and the commander told the one on the right to strike me down. He raised his spear to drive it through me and I just put up an arm to ward off the blow.

Suddenly I realised that nothing had happened. The man's arm was raised and he was standing there a yard away from me with real hatred in his eyes - I've never seen such hatred, wanting to kill me. But he was rooted to the ground and couldn't move! The three were 'fixed' to the spot.

I said to them that my God in me is greater than their god in them. I then backed through the door and crumpled in a heap. But I pulled myself together and made them coffee and took them some John's gospels and talked to them about Jesus. They listened and then left.

The fire that wasn't a fire**And there were other miraculous signs and wonders?**

Yes. I remember one time I was visiting the sick wife of one of the evangelists. I was driving through a dirt track and came to the top of a hill and then suddenly saw this forest fire.

The fire was at the village where we were going and it lit up the whole sky. We walked the last few miles but as we got closer I was struck that there was no noise! That was strange. Forest fires have an enormous roar, louder than a plane.

As we got closer there was also no heat! As we entered the village one house was ablaze which was the pastor's house - but there were no people about. Again that was strange because everyone would have been out to beat the fire.

Suddenly, there was this terrifying sense of awe. We went into the 'blazing' house with flames everywhere

but nothing was burned.

The people inside were praising the Lord as the pastor's wife had died and gone to be with Jesus. The Shekinah glory had truly come down on them.

How did the rebellion in 1964 affect the movings of the Spirit?

The rebellion came twelve years after the revival first hit us. It was a terrible and appalling time when a quarter of a million people were murdered out of a population of 15 million. Many of them were Christians. The revival made us ready for all this and carried us through the suffering. We didn't mind what happened to us because our hearts were so rooted in Jesus.

What do you feel caused the fervour of revival fire to cool down?

I think over the years the effect of western materialism was damaging.

We lived a very simple lifestyle. All the money that came to me as gift money I divided equally between the team - it made no difference whether it was my house boy who cleaned the house and cooked my meals or me who did the surgery and cared for the women having their babies or the motor mechanic who kept the ambulance. We were totally equal servants.

But when they got radios they found out how the rest of the world lived and wanted more. Also, salaries with differential scales came in with independence.

Any big lessons for us to learn out of all this remarkable visitation of God?

You can't live forever on the mountain top. You have to come down into the valley to do the work. You must never look back on the blessing - you must always look on. We contain the treasure of the Lord Jesus. It doesn't matter about the beautiful thin china ware or the cracked old earthen pot - what matters is the treasure within. The key thing is that God and God alone is glorified.

In a recent conversation with Jesus Life, Helen Roseveare added these few reflections on the revival, 40 years on: "The revival was wonderful: I hope that I still live in the joy of it and that it burns for ever in me. It's true that the manifestations were there, even that they shocked us and changed us. But the lasting effect of revival was not to make us seek for more manifestations, but, rather, a deep desire for a holy life.

"Revival gave us all an urgent desire for, a hunger to seek the fruit of the Spirit (rather than merely manifestations). The Spirit taught us to be more gentle, more patient, less judgemental. He worked in us a deep desire to manifest the fruit (Gal. 5:22) in our lives, and so to be more like Jesus. The gifts, in comparison, were a bit on the periphery."

ISLAND WAS GRIPPED BY THE AWESOME PRESENCE OF GOD

A small village in the Hebrides was the unlikely starting place for a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit

The young pastor continued to pray earnestly, his trembling voice rising in anguished tones:

"Lord, Your honour is at stake. You're not doing what You promised! I challenge You to pour Your water on this dry ground!"

Suddenly the huge granite building vibrated like a leaf and the old farm where the group were praying visibly shook.

This was just one incident from a significant movement of the Holy Spirit in the islands of the Hebrides during the middle of the last century.

It started in Barvas village (twelve miles north of Stornoway) on the island of Lewis. Two old women, one 82 and the other 84, received a dream from God which showed that revival was coming and their church was going to be crowded again with young people. Although a religious society, at this stage not one young person went to the church.

Church members began to face the real lack of spiritual life and gathered together three nights a week for the next three months, seeking God. One evening, God moved powerfully on this group, as they were praying in a barn, kneeling in the straw. Suddenly, the awesome presence of God swept in and a divine power was let loose.

The minister then invited the well-known Scottish preacher, Duncan Campbell, to come to Lewis for a ten day mission. At first he declined, but his other plans were scrapped and he agreed to come. The ten days turned into two years!

At the end of his first meeting in Barvas parish church, a group went to a nearby cottage for a night of prayer. God broke through again during this time and they lay on the floor, prostrate and speechless. Duncan Campbell recalled later,

"We left the cottage at 3am and as I walked along a country road I found men and women on their faces, crying to God for mercy. There was a light in every home - no one seemed to think of sleep."

The church was crowded when Duncan and others gathered there the next evening. He counted 14 buses that had come from every part of the island, parked outside - even though no one could discover who had told them to come. Most of the people were unsaved. Some were so distressed with their sins that they were unable to make it to the church doors. Duncan tried to preach, but gave up as his voice couldn't be heard above the cries of repentance.

This pattern went on for five weeks and then the revival spread to neighbouring parishes.

Many were finding Jesus, but three quarters of these did so outside meetings! God was working in the fields, on the roads, in cottages, anywhere. Duncan, himself, would travel around in his car from parish to parish, preaching in halls, churches, hillsides, barns and roadsides - wherever people gathered.

Two key features of the revival were the overwhelming presence of God and a deep conviction of sin. The whole community was gripped by a godly fear and all types of people found salvation.

A farmer, on his knees, cried out on one occasion of the Holy Spirit's searchings: "O God, I feel that hell itself is too good for me!"

Another man, feeding sheep in a field, started to tremble and then to weep. He couldn't understand what was happening but soon became conscious of his sin and cried out for God's mercy. A veteran of Dun-kirk, he had seen three vessels go down under him, but had never trembled or wept like this!

"Lord," he cried, "if it's my surrender You want, You have it now!"

A technical engineer, who had no interest in religion, was sitting at his controls, when he saw a fly playing near to a light bulb. He was suddenly faced with a question - "How near am I to being burned?" God moved on him and he slumped to the floor and called on the name of Jesus.

Fishermen out in their boats and labourers on the peat banks, would suddenly stop working and make for the church. During the meetings, the Spirit would sweep through the gatherings causing some to fall "like corn before the scythe" and others to lie under the power of the Spirit for two or three hours.

Before the revival, the Stornoway area had one of the highest drinking rates in Scotland, and 'bothans' (illegal and unlicensed drinking places) flourished. After the revival, one publican commented: "The drink trade on the island is ruined."

As a result of the revival, the churches were filled with young people and many entered the ministry or became missionaries abroad. Drinking houses closed and the main topic of conversation became man's need of salvation.

Duncan Campbell was clear as to the cause of this remarkable movement of God:

"A God-sent revival is ever related to holiness ... It takes the supernatural to burst the bonds of the natural... Only God can make a whole community God-conscious."

IS IT HAPPENING AGAIN?

The current worldwide move of the Holy Spirit is touching the lives of many thousands. But is it similar to the 'Jesus Movement' revival that swept through parts of the USA in the 70s?

You don't have to look far. It's coming back. Long hair, flared jeans and tie-dyed T-shirts. Hippies and Sixties music. A re-run Woodstock Rock Festival. Things are 'groovy' again and it's no longer 'square' to say "Peace, man!" There certainly are marked similarities between the late 60s, early 70s and the mid-90s. A generation of young people, born at the time of the Second World War, was restless for change. Turned off by the materialistic American dream and sickened by the horror of the Vietnam War, teenagers turned en-masse towards alternative lifestyles.

There were plenty to choose from. Eastern religions, with their accent on inner peace and passive meditation, gained a wide following, helped by publicity from the

Beatles. Many experimented with witchcraft, Satanism and black magic, often with disastrous results (such as the gruesome Charles Manson murders). And the drug culture seemed to offer just what young people were looking for: the chance to 'drop out' of a defective society and inner revelation.

"Acid rock", announced Timothy Leary, a pioneer of LSD, "contains the hymns and chants of the turned-on love generation." His message of peace, love and drug-induced mind-expansion drew a whole generation, as to a new god.

The Woodstock Rock Festival of 1969 summed up the mood. 400,000 people converged on a village in New York State, drawn as if by some magnet. Drugs and sex were freely available, but the overriding sense was of a massive people's movement; of a generation united in hope.

However, the dream went sour. The ideals were right, but everything foundered on sin in the human heart. Rock stars overdosed on drugs or committed suicide. 'Free love' led to the horrors of abortion. Spiritual seekers found themselves demonically oppressed after occult rituals. Young people wrecked their bodies and blew their minds on drugs. Many died; others landed in psychiatric institutions.

Yet there was another stream flowing through this 'turned-on' generation - a Jesus Movement. The same radical longings that plunged many into drugs were causing a widespread interest in Jesus Christ. After all, He was a man of peace and love who 'bucked the system', welcomed the masses without prejudice and had spiritual power! So while so me might wince at Him being called 'Guru Jesus -the Soul Man', thousands of youngsters from coast to coast were seeking Him sincerely.

As one seeker from the time testifies: "I was brought up on the streets of Los Angeles, I had my hair down to my waist and I'd been on hard drugs for five and a half years. But one day in a field I prayed to Jesus. 'Lord', I said, 'if You're going to come into my life, then You're going to have to be as powerful and radical as the drugs that are flowing through my veins!' I didn't want to groove on stained glass windows, - I wanted to be a radical dynamo for God! I wanted people to think I was more 'stoned' after I was saved than before! I wanted people to come up to me and ask what I was on!"

Everywhere Christians of every persuasion sensed that God was preparing a huge shoal of fish to be landed. Protestants and Roman Catholics, Evangelicals and Charismatics, all stepped up their prayer and outreach.

In many cities, coffee bars sprang up, some seating 400 people, and they were full every night. Gospel tents and Christian music festivals drew thousands from Texas to Florida. Church attendance multiplied, but not at the traditional services. Those open to the Holy Spirit's innovation began special, unstructured meetings for the young, where they could sing, hug, weep and pray their way to Jesus.

And find Jesus they did, in their thousands. The Jesus Movement was on the map and attracted widespread

media attention. Mass baptisms of hairy, hugging Jesus freaks in the Pacific Ocean made for good photography! Reporters across the land sat in meetings surrounded by young people lost in prayer, gently weeping, or hugging one another. They might have found the testimonies quaint ('It's wild, man!' 'Jesus is so heavy!' 'He's so beautiful, man!') but most were convinced of the genuine nature of this young people's awakening.

Everywhere the revival flames burned. In Tennessee, an evangelistic festival planned for one weekend, went on for 35 nights. A middle-of-the-road Methodist chapel in Kentucky found its Sunday service turn into 12 nights of meetings, with hundreds of young people converging from miles around to give their hearts to Jesus. And at the nearby college at Asbury there was a powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

"I have never witnessed such a mighty outpouring of God upon His people," wrote one witness while it was happening. "The scene is unbelievable. I sit in the middle of a contemporary Pentecost. The altar has been flooding with needy souls time and time again. Release. Freedom. Tears. Repentance. Embracing. There is a sweet spirit in this place. 28 hours have passed. God is so present that no-one can escape Him. The altar is filled. Simply amazing... The marvellous experience of perfect love."

The fruits of true conversion were everywhere. A love for the poor and the elderly; a hunger for worship and studying the Bible; a reverence for God and a desire to be holy. Spontaneous lunchtime prayer meetings for workers. School kids marching for Jesus down the high street of their local town. An outburst of creativity for Jesus in art and music. 'God Squads' and 'Lost Soul Patrols' working among destitutes and the addicts of America's slums.

Above all, there was a delight in being the Body of Christ, joined heart to heart. A joy at togetherness, at being God's family and at 'going with the flow' of the Holy Spirit's life. To these young people, sharing was natural, so all over the nation Christian communes and community houses sprang up.

There was, however, one major obstacle to the Jesus Movement. This was the middle-class ethic of existing churches. To them the revival among the freaks and 'acid-heads' was a huge culture shock. The new converts wanted life, stability, growth in Jesus, but all too often found themselves rejected by churches they visited.

"We went in with our long hair, and our bell-bottoms banging," recalls one convert. "We hadn't learned how to behave in church. If we were happy, we just shouted 'Jesus! Hallelujah!' And they didn't want that. They told us to sit somewhere away from the rest of the people. They said Christians shouldn't smoke and that we should tidy ourselves up. We were open to the church, but the church wasn't open to us. They blew it!"

It is certainly true that some of the fruit of God's revival was lost through the self-righteous response of affluent middle-class Christianity. Many converts were turned off by an inflexible church that refused to accommodate itself to a new work of God.

The churches that did bend before God's wind, however,

and open their hearts to these unlikely new believers, prospered. Congregations swelled to hundreds, sometimes thousands and networks of new churches were established across America that are still bearing fruit today.

The same challenge faces churches today. Will they be ready to flow with God's Spirit of revival, however painful, and welcome those He has saved, or will they remain irrelevant, judgmental and narrow? The vital choice is ours.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).

Source: E. Plowman, *The Jesus Movement*, Hodder 1971
W. L. Knight (ed) *Jesus People Come Alive*, Coverdale 1971

Katherine Terry, "We were at Woodstock", *The Telegraph Magazine* 30 July 1994

'I HAVE NEVER WITNESSED SUCH OUTPOURINGS OF GOD..'

Asbury College USA 1970

For some time before the revival a small group of students had been involved in a vigorous devotional discipline. It included getting up half an hour earlier than usual each morning for prayer, Bible study and to plan specific ministries during the day. Many of these persons had entered into more meaningful experiences with God, and their witness was having an effect on others. In addition, various groups, large and small, had been meeting at different times to pray for spiritual awakening. All of this had contributed to an air of expectancy on the campus. A few students were even stating prophetically that a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit was imminent.

February 3, 1970: I sit in the middle of a contemporary Pentecost. A few moments ago there came a spontaneous movement of the Holy Spirit. I have never witnessed such mighty outpouring of God upon His people. The scene is unbelievable. The altar has been flooding with needy souls time and time again. Witness is abundant. Release — freedom. There are tears. Repentance — joy unspeakable — embracing — spontaneous applause when a soul celebrates. A thousand hearts lifted in songs of praise and adoration to a mighty God. Forgiveness — expression of hidden guilt and resentments. God is convicting His children. No sheer emotion. No psychology to get people to the altar. Singing — shouting. The song: "How Great Thou Art."

Two close friends are making their way to the altar. Fill their cups Lord. Give them victory. 12.30 p.m. Pointed toward God. He never fails. A brother and sister at the altar. Friends, couples, room mates at the altar. Thirteen hours have passed. 11.00 p.m. "What a Friend We Have In Jesus." Thirty nine at the altar. Fourteen hours have passed. Midnight. A new day is about to dawn.

February 4: Three hundred — four hundred people present as the new day dawns. Romans 8v38-39. An unusual manifestation of joy right now. Victory. The president of the senior class has been filled with the Holy Spirit. 12.50 a.m.. I'm thinking of Paul in prison at midnight. Fifteen or sixteen hours have passed. I've lost count. How beautiful is the congregation singing of "Blessed Assurance". Jesus is indeed our very own this night. One is saying: "The impossible is possible."

Exactly twenty-six hours have passed. The altar has just been flooded with souls. There is a sweet, sweet spirit in this place. Twenty-eight hours have passed. God is so present that one cannot get around Him. Prayers for a boy who is losing his sight. Forty-one people at the altar, Four hundred — five hundred people here in Hughes. How strange it seems to sit in the middle of so glorious a sight. Human pride is a big stumbling block. A great crowd at the altar.

February 5: 9.50 a.m. Forty-eight hours have passed. Almost 1,500 people here in Hughes, the altar is filled. Several people are waiting to give their witnesses. Some are witnessing to the clear, beautiful experience of God in their lives. A loving God who picks people out of the low places in life. A marvellous sight — supernatural. This is the way God planned it. An amazing sight: forty-eight hours have passed and the altar is still being flooded with weary, souls. Simply amazing... 1 John 4v14-17. The marvellous experience of perfect love.

A word of challenge to the preachers from Dean Reynolds, "Guard your call to preach with holy jealousy." (Ephesians 2v16-21.) Sixty hours have passed. Incredible. We've just sung "All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name." It seems as if we are at the feet of our Lord. There is a spirit of broken selfhood. The Old Ship of Zion is sailing along. Heaven must be in grand jubilee.

We've just sung "Amazing Grace," "Ten thousand years. . ." Such rejoicing. Such rejoicing. Brotherly love abounds. After midnight. Running to the altar. "Blessed Assurance." Electrifying moments. A grand jubilee. We are in the presence of God. Awe — wonder — love — an unspeakable sense of His nearness.

February 6: Revival has its high moments. Moments of exaltation. And its quiet moments when the Holy Spirit hovers over people. On this Friday morning there is a very precious spirit here in Hughes. It is quiet. God is working very beautifully in hearts this morning. There is no fear, no anxiety, the Spirit is working very quietly.

10.30 p.m. "And Can It Be." Forty-two souls at the altar. I have just seen a couple arise from the altar after three and half hours of prayer. They are victorious. The laying on of hands at the altar. Intense sobbing at one end of the altar.

February 7: 8.20 a.m. on this Saturday morning. The altar is flooded with seekers. 106 hours have passed. A report of glorious victory. "When we all get to Heaven what a day of rejoicing that will be. When we all see Jesus, we'll sing and shout the victory."

11.15 p.m. 700-800 people in Hughes. I don't know that I've never seen the altar area so crowded. As Saturday faded into Sunday, I remember the singing from Hughes Auditorium: "All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name."

HE IS BEING CROWNED, HALLELUJAH!

February 8: 12.30 p.m. A great crowd at the altar. I saw a beautiful sight a few moments ago when an entire family made their way to the altar. I see a man who drove all the way from New Jersey at the altar. All is well.

8.40 p.m. The revival goes on and on. Thirteen souls at the altar. 1,500-1,600 people present here in Hughes, people from many states. Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray, "In Fathomless Billows of Love". Indeed, God has been doing just that since Tuesday morning at ten o'clock.

Source: 'The Asbury Revival — One Divine Moment', by R. E. Coleman, Spire Books, 1971.

A LIGHT SHINES IN THE DARKNESS

Malaysia is divided into two sections: the west occupies part of the peninsula at the southeastern tip of Asia and the eastern section part of the island of Borneo.

Ethnic groups include the Malays, Chinese and Indians. Among the aboriginal tribes are the famous ex-head-hunters. One of their customs was that, when a youth reached maturity, he had to bring back the head of an inhabitant of a neighbouring village. This practice continued until Christian missionaries arrived.

The revival which came in 1973 was characterised by many signs and wonders with the power of God coming down in remarkable visitations.

A new move of God began in a high school among young people in a place called 'Bario'. This group used to get together at night to pray for hours after class. They were inspired by the book, Like a Mighty Wind about the Indonesian Revival and believed God could work among them also. They prayed, 'God, if You did it in Indonesia, You can do it here, also.

When the answer came from heaven, they were overwhelmed by deep repentance, accompanied by crying. Conviction was such that even small things appeared great in their eyes. Impoliteness or arriving late to class was seen as something terrible before God.

At first the teachers were very put out. The students spent all night praying, even though they would soon be having their final exams. The Holy Spirit then began convicting the teachers until they also started to cry out to God. There was a spirit of reconciliation around and many wrote letters to others asking for forgiveness.

The young people who went back to their villages at the end of term, took the fire of the Spirit with them and this affected other tribes. God gave them words of knowledge for members of their family, describing their sins and exhorting them to repent. Often they would indicate where they kept some fetish or article related to Witchcraft. The revelation caused the family members to fall on their knees and cry out to God. The young men and women would remain in the village

from morning to evening, often for several days, till the whole tribe turned to God.

During this revival, there were many miracles. On one occasion, the Holy Spirit indicated that this group of young people should go to a village. While travelling through the forest, in the midst of dense vegetation, phosphorescent, transparent light appeared in front of them, illuminating their path. Wild animals did not bother them, and the light moved before them.

In every little village where these ignited hearts went, the fires of revival would spread.

On another occasion, God told a group of young people to visit a certain village. To get there they had to travel at night through the forest along dark paths. The Spirit of God told them to gather branches or leaves. When they broke a branch off a tree it became light in their hands. Those who saw such a miracle thought that when they arrived at the village the tribesmen would be impressed. Much to their surprise, however, when they arrived, the light vanished.

In the town of Bakelalan, people started to fall under the

power of the Holy Spirit and speak in other tongues during a meeting. One woman, who was the wife of the tribal chief, was about to have a baby. She fell under the power and remained like that for two days. When she came to consciousness, she gave birth to a healthy boy!

Often, after experiencing the conviction of the Holy Spirit and repentance, the people were flooded by waves of tremendous joy. They began to jump and shout and laugh.

Sadly, however, when some of the missionaries saw this, they said, 'This is not God.' The missionaries did not accept this move of God and stopped it. In the words of one eye witness, speaking several years later: 'Only now, do I understand the joy and laughter as I see again what God is doing in our midst. What we experienced then was snuffed out by the missionaries.'

Revival began with a group of 20 or 30 people, but it became so large that today it can be read about in government archives.

1990s to Present

'MIRACLE' OIL BRINGS HEALING



Some of the Jesus Army in London

During a Jesus Fellowship 'covenant band' (a small group meeting) in London recently, a mysterious oil appeared on the hands of three of the four women present while they were praying and worshipping. They laid hands on the other woman in the group and the oil began to appear on her forehead and on her hands also. One of them attempted to wash the oil off with copious amounts of water only to find that the oil appeared again.



Oil on the finger tips

The next day, during lunch time the same four women began to pray for Ruth, a young woman who had had severe pain in her neck for the previous two months. The pain was so bad that Ruth had become housebound and was on large amounts of morphine to control the pain.

As they prayed they watched her face change from the chalk-white colour they had become accustomed to to a normal healthy rosy glow. Ruth found a large degree of healing and was able to run and dance about and later to walk around the block. At the same time, another woman who had become deaf in one ear through an ear infection was healed when she felt oil dripping into her ear.

The most powerful effect of the experience was an anointing to pray for others, and in particular to intercede for people in the housing estate where they had been meeting in Sharon's flat. In the month since that evening, two residents of the same block of flats

have come to Sharon's door in tears, wanting to find faith in Jesus.

CHINA: "IT'S TIME TO TAKE THE LAND!"

At the present time an amazing revival is sweeping through China. All the marks of a true revival, considered by any yardstick, are there. Here is an account by a Western Christian of a prayer gathering in Henan province.

It is pitch dark and the temperature is below zero. There are about seventy of us. Your body would welcome sleep in a warm blanket, but you are excited by the prospect of being with God. First we sing choruses of love for Him, love for one another, and the vision to reach the nation for God. The come words of knowledge; there has been bad feeling between members of the group and God will not move unless there is reconciliation. Everyone is in tears; all are hugging each other and confessing their coldness of heart. This goes on for some two hours.

Then comes a prophecy: 'It is time to take the land. Be strong and bold, for I will build My Church. Make war on the powers of darkness. Call on Me and ask for the heathen.' Some dance and clap their hands, others are prostrate in humility before God. Then all rise, hands lifted and joined together, and begin to engage their foe. This is not petition, it is proclamation. They know God will do it.

You find the Spirit is praying through you. Someone gives out a beautiful picture of the Holy Spirit working through the whole state, village by village. Everyone prays, and suddenly everyone can see the same picture! God gives you names of people and places you have never heard of before. But you know it is from God, so you speak it out. Everyone is doing the same; it is like gunfire.

Eventually the whole group breaks into a crescendo of worship. You sense the enemy has been bound. God is glorious. We give ourselves to the call. 'Lord, I am willing to die for You,' cries one. All begin to weep, falling on their knees on the frozen soil. The prayer rolls down the mountain like an avalanche. Soon it is 4.30 am and you have to return - for the daily prayer meeting at 5.30 am.

Source: Hong Kong and China Ministry Report.

CHINA: CRIPPLED OLD WOMAN HEALED

70,000 become Christians in only 4 years.
Report from Josef Brueschweiler

Mrs. Chang hadn't had anything to laugh about for a long time. Her arms and legs had been crippled for 21 years, constraining her to her bed. One day, she told her son, the eldest of her 9 children, 'Son, I can't stand the pain any longer. Take me to the hospital.' Her son strapped her to his tricycle and pedaled the 60km (40 miles) to the nearest hospital.

The doctors could not help her; some of her organs were already dying. 'She should die at home with her family,' they recommended. A Chinese Christian nurse was walking down the corridor. When she reached Mrs. Chang's bed, the nurse stopped and secretly gave her a copy of the Mark's gospel, saying 'Read that when you get home.'

When Mrs. Chang arrived home to her family, she told her son to read from the book. He began 'This is the good news of Jesus Christ!' Suddenly, Mrs. Chang's bones started to move - she was healed! She soon gave her life to Jesus and became a committed Christian.

On her way to the well, everyone asked her, 'You are Mrs. Chang. Which doctor healed you? We want him to treat us too!'. Mrs. Chang invited them to her home, and told a large group of women 'This is the good news of Jesus Christ!'. In only 4 weeks, all 600 of the village's inhabitants had decided to follow Jesus.

Unfortunately, the police arrived soon, after hearing of the new 'sect', beat the villagers, shot their animals, burned the crops and left, believing that that would be the last they heard of Jesus. They were wrong: in only 4 years, 70,000 people in the region have become Christians as a result of the villagers' steadfast testimony.

Source: Josef Brueschweiler, AVC, fax (+41)-32-3554248, reported in the [DAWN Fridayfax](#).

A LIFE SENTENCE FOR "SISTER QUAN"

The moving story of a courageous Chinese House Church leader. By Dan Wooding

It was on a fateful day in September 1983, when Sister Quan, a courageous house church leader from Henan Province in China, received her "life" prison sentence for her Christian activities. However, after a harrowing imprisonment, she was eventually released from prison and immediately returned to active leadership status in the house church.

Now Sister Quan has agreed to tell her story to Open Doors, the ministry that was started more than four decades ago by Brother Andrew, the Dutch-born author of the best-selling book, "God's Smuggler."

A "WHOLE" CHRISTIAN

Sister Quan's family members were all (and the living ones still are) Christians. Quan is not her true name, but her story is true. As is common for these types of interviews, the name is changed for her protection. The name Quan means "whole." "As I listened to this dear sister in the Lord share her experience and saw the expression in her face and eyes, I watched her cry with tears of love and joy when she prayed, beam with a smile of pride when talking about her children, laugh when recalling all the crazy methods she used to keep her Bible hidden in during her long prison stay and share honestly about an experience that I couldn't have even imagined," said the Open Doors coworker who interviewed her at a secret location. "One of the many things that gripped me was that even with all

she'd been through, she was emotionally 'whole'. Her relationship with the Lord had sustained her through everything and she had experienced His healing even as she had gone through the deep dark valley."

The Open Doors researcher discovered that in the summer of 1983, one of Sister Quan's older sisters became ill and finally died. "It was a hard time for the family," he said. "Then, just a few days after the sister died, the police came and arrested almost all the family members -- brothers, sisters, and older relatives -- all but two of their family were arrested. For over one month they were questioned and then the sentencing took place in September 1983. "After the sentencing, her husband and mother-in-law were then executed by firing squad. Sister Quan was given a sentence of life in prison. (At that time her son and daughter were ages one and four.) Her younger sister was sentenced to 15 years. Her other sister and two brothers received two, three, and four year sentences. The remaining ones also received various sentences.

"At that time, all the leaders in their church were arrested. Sister Quan and her two younger sisters were sent to a women's prison hard labor camp in their province. The two brothers were sent to two separate prison labor camps."

In 1983 many Christians in their area got into trouble with the police. At that time, the excuse of the police was "idolatry" or "mysticism/superstition" since they didn't understand Christianity.

The Chinese secret police (PSB) told those they arrested, that they were being held, "because you have blind worship/ superstition" -- but they did not say it was specifically for being a Christian.

At that time when evangelical Christianity was growing in Henan Province, a "sect" called "The Shouters" was also growing.

"The Shouters seemed to be very brave and bold," said the Open Doors staffer. "In the early 80's, the activities of the Shouters became 'excessive' according to the government. Also the state-sponsored Three Self Patriotic Movement (TSPM) church had been formed by that time -- so any leaders who wouldn't join TSPM in the area were caught and arrested -- whether or not they were a Shouter. The government was trying to 'clean up' the society. In 1983 and 1984 this was called the 'anti spiritual pollution campaign.'

"This was at the same times as Sister Quan's family's arrest---they were house church leaders, but they actually were not a part of the Shouters' group."

HARD LABOUR

Sister Quan said during the interview that life in the prison labor camp was hard, stating that the PSB would use different methods to try to pressure Christian prisoners to deny their faith. "The prison was not a place fit for people to live, yet I could feel that God was with us, so that was the only way we could endure all that time in that place," said Sister Quan.

In the prison, she and her sisters used the opportunity to preach to the other prisoners. Some of them were regular criminals, so they preached to them also, and many came to the knowledge of salvation in that place.

Still, the prison authorities tried to pressure the Christians to deny their faith, but despite this, the number of Christians increased instead of decreased because they shared their faith so much. "The system was that for a non-Christian, there was a chance of sentence reduction for good behavior, but there was no chance of this for Christians," said the Open Doors interviewer. "She could see how the Lord was with them all the time -- even when the prison officials tried to come up with plans to give them a hard time, God still worked it out."

"The prison had about 500 people held there. After some time, more than 400 came to know the Lord. Some prisoners, who were so sick that they couldn't work, were brought to the hospital and doctors said there was no hope -- but then the Christians in prison prayed for the sick and they were healed -- even after the doctor had said no hope. Consequently, even the officials had to stand back and look -- thus many people came to know the Lord.

"When the authorities were seeing the Christians increase in number rather than decrease, the officials did mean things -- like putting the Christians in underground cells in solitary confinement -- with no light of any kind. Some couldn't take it and denied their faith. They were underground and alone - with no natural or electric light."

The Open Doors coworker said that in prison, there was a points/reward system -- so that at the end of a year required number of points could be exchanged for a reduction in prison term -- but for Christians -- they were not given any points/rewards no matter how well they performed.

Sister Quan revealed, "If they would only say 'I don't believe' they could get a one year sentence reduction -- they didn't even have to say they didn't believe in Jesus, but praise God, even the new Christians had the strength from the Lord not to say this. Christians in prison live one day at a time."

Speaking about meals, she said that for breakfast they got half a bowl of very light porridge -- mostly water with a few grains of rice. Noon was the same - half a bowl of light porridge but the added one or two pieces of vegetable and for their evening meal, they got the same.

"Friends could visit us and also bring the children one day per month," she said.

Sister Quan stated that she didn't have a Bible with her in prison and the visitors (one day a month) could not easily pass one because the prison guard is right there the whole time. They had to pass it fast and hide it while the guard went to the toilet.

"A few times a week the guards would search the entire area of where the prisoner's cell is and if something is found, the prisoner is punished," said the Open Doors worker. "They had to find creative ways to hide the Bible. They don't know when the search will be.

"Some were assigned to prison house with 20 per house and they normally didn't do body search -- but then when they found out that Christians had Bibles,

they sometimes did body searches and found books, so some got half a month in solitary confinement because of this. From that time on, they didn't carry the Bible in their clothing. If they were caught reading the Bible it would be confiscated, so they had to wake up at one or two in the morning and secretly try to read under the blanket."

At this point in the interview, Sister Quan actually smiled and laughed as she recalled the ways they used to hide the Bibles. "We would break the Bible into parts and one brother would keep one part and one sister kept another, so at least if it's discovered, they would still have some," she said.

After some time, Sister Quan's sentence was altered to a specific number of years instead of "life". Finally it was down to 16 years, but then after 13 1/2 years she was released in July 1996.

"They said she had good behavior, but she believed that God moved in their hearts to reduce her sentence," said the Open Doors worker. "God had given her strength to perform the prison tasks well.

After she was released, she told her church group about the situation of those who are believers and still in that prison, so the church began praying more for those in prison and now all of their faith is strengthened as a result.

"The prisoner's attitude is that they are doing the hard labor not for the prison, but for the Lord," said Sister Quan. "This is what gives them the strength. Because of this, the fellow brothers and sisters in the area have also received more strength from the Lord. This has caused them to all cooperate with each other now. One goes out and preaches, and another one will watch after the family and farm while he's gone."

Now that she has been released and living on the outside again, she says that all in all five people (including her) are left in her family. All are 13 years older now, but the Lord has helped her to adjust because conditions (life) is easier now in the sense of things being more modern and it is easier to travel.

When asked how her children were and effect the long separation from her and the loss of their father have on them at such an early age, her face beamed pride as she described her children. Her daughter is now aged 17 and her son is age 14.

"She said she is very proud of them and they are strong in Lord," said the interviewer. "She was proud to announce that her 17 year old daughter has just come and told her that she wants to leave school early so she can go ahead to preach the gospel full time. Both children are doing well. The Church is better organized.

"Sister Quan was a leader before she was arrested and is a leader again now that she's out. She smiles a lot and is very enthusiastic. Friends warn her to lay low, but she says it doesn't matter -- she's used to prison anyway. She believes that nothing worse could happen to her than she has already experienced. The more hardships they faced in prison the more their faith grew."

Open Doors is in the middle of "Project Yuan," in which it is supplying China's house church Christians with some with

some two million Bibles and other "spiritual helps." Source: Assist Communications, PO Box 2126, Garden Grove, CA 92842-2126 E-mail: assistcomm@cs.com

THE BIGGEST REVIVAL IN CHURCH HISTORY

It's happening TODAY - in Communist China

Persecution of believers in China has increased since the Tiananmen Square protests in 1989. But the Chinese Church grows by an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 new believers each day, making it the largest revival in the history of the Church. The Cultural Revolution of the mid-sixties in China led to much oppression of Christians. All churches were closed and desecrated. It became illegal to hold Christian meetings and all forms of evangelism were forbidden. Christian homes were searched; Bibles and hymnals were either confiscated or burnt. Many believers lost their lives at the hands of the Red Guards and others were sent to remote labour camps.

In this very tightly-controlled, totalitarian society, every move was under scrutiny from local party officials. Despite such extreme opposition, there were many Christians who refused to join the government-controlled church, known as the 'Three Self Patriotic Movement' or TSPM. Instead, they met in small groups in their own homes. They were keenly evangelistic and also focused on worship, prayer and Bible study.

The church had gone 'underground': in some cases quite literally, meeting in caves or cellars! This basic pattern of a church not restricted to buildings has carried on. Meetings have continued to take place in courtyards or fields, sometimes late at night.

After 1979 when attempts to curb the growth of Christianity was seen to have failed, the TSPM opened a few city churches. Some believers welcomed the opportunity to worship more freely, but others continued to meet secretly, suspicious of the motives of the TSPM.

The persecution persisted and believers from house churches suffered many injustices, including fines and public beatings. Arrests and the confiscation of Bibles were reported in 16 out of a total of 30 provinces during the period 1982-1985. The post-Cultural Revolution era in China has been marked by an equally oppressive anti-religious policy.

This became even tighter after the tragedy of Tiananmen Square. Around 2,000 -3,000 people, protesting for reform and democracy, lost their lives, crushed by the tanks of the People's Liberation Army.

House church members had brought food for the protesting students and many showed their support for the Democracy Movement. One leader carried a ten-foot high cross into the Square, followed by his 50-strong congregation, singing hymns and handing out tracts. The aftermath led to even greater controls over the church, with leading hard-line figures condemning the 'subversive' nature of 'hostile foreign forces' associated with Christianity. As one official Chinese propaganda video states menacingly: "China must

strangle the baby of Christianity while it is still in its manger."

But the revival flourishes in all provinces. Eighty million people have been baptised since the Communists took over in 1949, many in secret.

Signs and wonders accompany the powerful preaching of the gospel with many healings and miracles. Liberated worship in the open air in some areas amazes onlookers with its dancing, tambourines and gospel songs.

Street preaching can land leaders in prison, but it doesn't stop them sharing the love of Jesus inside with inmates getting converted! Itinerant evangelists also play an important part in spreading the word, on dirt tracks or highways, by bicycles or buses.

The power of the Holy Spirit is moving over all sections of society from, the remote rural regions to the cities. Tears, powerful intercession and spiritual release in tongues are increasing features of the reviving work.

This continues to alarm the authorities. In a meeting in March, 1992, of the Communist Party's propaganda department, Hu Qiaomu, an arch conservative, warned of the resurgence of religion.

"If this continues," he said, "there will be more religious believers than Communist believers."

From one million known Christians in 1949, there are now an estimated 60 million believers. Between 10,000 and 15,000 are added to the church each day! Numerically, it is the greatest revival in Church history and it is beginning to change the moral and spiritual climate of the most populated nation on the earth.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: Open Doors Magazine, Oct. 1992.

MIRACLES SEEN IN CHINA REVIVAL

A leader from the house church movement in Henan Province reports on the continued remarkable work of God in China

The things we are seeing now are beyond anything we ever saw or even thought possible. For example, during 'Gospel Month' - a time when we ask every believer to lead at least one person to Christ - there were 120,000 conversions in Henan alone.

God worked with us, confirming the word with signs and wonders. Without these miracles, man alone would not be able to accomplish anything.

Three sisters went to Xinyue District in Henan to evangelise, and after seven days of ministry 1,100 people repented and were saved.

It was as if there was fire in their hands, for whoever they laid their hands on, they immediately experienced a 'burning' sensation all throughout their body.

As these three sisters were evangelising, a man came

up to them and began to curse them. However, they paid no attention to him.

After a long time others came to the sisters and said, 'Why is it you show compassion to this man, even though he is cursing you?'

As soon as they said this the man collapsed and died. It caused great awe and reverence toward the Lord in the crowd of people who witnessed this judgment of God.

Many repented and accepted Jesus. In previous years when missionaries worked here, they didn't see such numbers converted even after several dozen years. We sense now that this is the time for the Holy Spirit to mightily work through us.

Though there are many difficulties in open street evangelism here, during the Chinese New Year festivals it is easier to go out into the open to preach the gospel.

A whole group of sisters were preaching when some police officials suddenly appeared.

One stretched out his hand toward the sisters and shouted, 'Arrest them!'

However, immediately his arm turned stiff in its stretched out position and he was not able to put it down or retract it. He went back to the police station and in desperation asked, 'What can I do?' Someone said, 'You must find a Christian to pray for you.'

Therefore they invited our preachers to the police station to pray for him, and when they did, he was healed!

They then preached to the police and many of them accepted the Lord.

Previously, during our open air meetings, few people would pay any attention. Now, everywhere when we go out with our tambourines and other instruments to share about Jesus, crowds of people stop everything they are doing to attend our meetings.

As we preach, many cry out, 'We have never heard such good news in all our lives. Why has nobody told us this before?'

The people forget about all their plans and activities and remain for hours to listen to the gospel. It is truly the fire of the Holy Spirit burning in our midst.

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: Revival Christian Church, Hong Kong.

BORN TO SACRIFICE

While many Christians in the West pray for revival, their brethren in Korea claim to have been living in continuous revival for almost 100 years!

The story is at once tragic and glorious. Until the 19th century, Korea was an isolated, primitive

land, dominated by superstition and fear. In 1866 a Welsh missionary arrived to distribute Bibles but was murdered as soon as he set foot ashore. Amazingly, forty years later, the fire of revival was to burst forth on that very spot.

By the turn of the 20th century Korea was under Japanese occupation and more missionaries had arrived. The political atmosphere was volatile, and the churches lived under a cloud of tension. However, news of the 1904 Welsh revival filtered through, and faithful men and women began to pray fervently that God would pour out a similar Holy Spirit blessing on Korea.

In 1907, at a Bible conference in Pyongyang, a sudden urgency to pray gripped the bulk of those present. They continued in prayer for hours, all praying together at once, and God's presence was felt. One after another, men rose to their feet, confessed their sins and fell to the floor, weeping and crying aloud for mercy. The meeting ended at 2.00am.

The meetings continued for several days and increased in power. Everyone was under intense conviction of sin. Enemies made their peace with one another. Stolen goods were returned. People confessed and wept over their hatred of the Japanese and Americans. Then came the strong sense of cleansing, of acceptance by God, and of His empowering by the Holy Spirit. People returned to churches all over the land and kindled flames of revival that are still burning today.

More sorrow and suffering was to follow, however. During World War 2, Christians were martyred by the Japanese for refusing to bow to the Emperor's statue. With the war over, only a brief respite was allowed before the northern half of Korea came under a harsh, repressive communist regime. The churches continued the 1907 pattern of fervent prayer, thousands regularly arriving at 5.00am, in all weathers, to cry to God. This in turn, brought a fierce backlash from the Communists. Christians were crucified, preachers had their tongues cut out, and children caught at secret Sunday schools were deafened by having chopsticks rammed in their ears.

The 1950 war between communist North Korea and the United Nations forces brought even greater suffering, but it allowed hundreds of refugee Christians to come south, bringing the revival fires with them. In another of God's amazing pieces of timing, revival broke out in Seoul (capital of South Korea) almost the very day the war ended. That revival blaze is still going strong fifty years later.

Cell groups and intercessory prayer have since been key features of the continuing success of the Korean church.

In 1954 a young Buddhist, dying of tuberculosis, was powerfully converted to Christ. His name is now known worldwide as pastor of the world's largest church: David (formerly Paul) Yonggi Cho. From small beginnings with a second-hand American army tent in Seoul, the Yoido Full Gospel Central Church has grown to a staggering membership of over half a million!

Two features of the revival in Korea, which Spirit-filled pastors in that land consider indispensable, are cell groups and intercessory prayer. Yonggi Cho's church pioneered a vision of home cell groups to draw in and

nurture the fruits of revival, which has been taken on board by churches throughout the world. The aim is to bring the life and power of the Holy Spirit to where the people are. Cho's church has tens of thousands of such cells, meeting all over Seoul. Members are encouraged to be bold and compassionate in reaching out to the unsaved.

Cho's mother-in-law pioneered the vision of Prayer Mountain: a piece of rural land bought by the church and devoted to intercessory prayer. Christians can go and shut themselves away in purpose-built prayer cells cut into the hillside, and spend hours, days or weeks seeking God's face and claiming His changing power for people and situations.

The story throughout Korea however, is not one of undiluted triumph. Some faith visions have failed to materialise, and Korean church leaders have seen numbers start to dip. They blame it fairly and squarely on the influence of Western affluence and materialism, which has blunted the cutting edge of prayer and lessened the urgency of gospel outreach.

Yet, with an estimated one million Christians throughout the land praying together at any daylight hour on any given day, there is strong hope that the Holy Spirit will continue to move in the power that has meant continuous revival for 90 years in Korea.

Source: Colin Whittaker, *Great Revivals*, Marshalls; Rene Monod, *The Korean Revival*, Hodder.

THE LAST LAUGH IN THE UK

Astonishing stories of laughter and weeping disrupting church services continue to come in from all over the UK

The UK events follow remarkable scenes in Canadian and US churches since the beginning of the year. Waves of uncontrollable laughter have swept through meetings as people experience the "unspeakably glory-filled joy" that the New Testament speaks of.

Others have found themselves flat on the floor under the power of the Holy Spirit, while still others have staggered around as if they were drunk.

But it's not just the astonishing manifestations of the Holy Spirit that are catching people's attention. It's the remarkable changes in lives and in the atmosphere of the churches where these things are happening.

There's a sense that God is now literally present.

"Our church meetings were totally transformed and a new release of the Holy Spirit has overtaken us," Terry Virgo writes of his church in Columbia, Missouri, in *New Frontiers* magazine.

"I have never seen lives changed so rapidly and the atmosphere of a church altered so swiftly... The continuing impact on people's lives has been magnificent!"

Returning to the UK, Terry found much the same now taking place in this country. "The blessing of God seems to be very widespread," he concludes.

Sandy Millar, vicar of the Anglican Holy Trinity Brompton church in London, speaks of "prolonged laughter... inexpressible and glorious joy... prolonged weeping and crying and a sense of conviction and desire for forgiveness, purity and peace with God."

New church leader Bryn Jones reports an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in churches linked with the Covenant Ministries network in Bradford, the Wirral, Manchester, Chester, Leicester and other places in Alpha magazine.

Noel Stanton of the Jesus Fellowship writes in the Jesus Life magazine, "It's reminiscent of the charismatic buzz of the '60s and '70s. which swept around the UK. There have been many waves since, but the present wave could well be the big one..."

"This really is God reviving His people... This is a charismatic revival movement which will spread through the nation."

The Jesus Army July evangelistic campaign in London saw both gales of laughter and tears of repentance.

The outcome of this anointing of the Holy Spirit was a greater awareness of God and a sense of greater power in evangelism.

One team member found the result was that her natural shyness was overcome and now she just wanted to pray with people.

"Praying with people on the street was easier and more effective," said another team member, Julie Dent.

"Not only did I feel changed, but the Holy Spirit seemed to bring a softness and openness to the people we talked to."

There had been much laughter amongst the team during the week, but at the Sunday morning meeting there was a general wave of repentance, with many people weeping and crying out to God.

"People carried a new sense of tenderness to God. I became aware of many little things which had seemed right before but now I knew just weren't," said Julie.

The next meeting was full of laughter once again. Such was the Holy Spirit "drunkenness" that passers-by came into the meeting, looking for the bar, only to be amazed by the power of God!

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#).
Source: Revival Now!, Jesus Fellowship.

THE STUDIO FLOOR WAS WALL-TO-WALL BODIES!

In the wake of the 'Toronto blessing' there were some startling and unexpected manifestations of Holy Spirit power at an evangelical radio station in Florida

On new year's day, 1995, Randy Clark, one of the Toronto pastors, was preaching at Melbourne, and for six nights 1,200 people crammed into a building

designed for 900, with an overflow outside. As they prayed and worshipped God, the Holy Spirit visited them in a mighty way. There were several dramatic healings, including a man with severe spinal injuries, and many fell down under the power of God's presence. Weeping and laughter mingled as hundreds came forward for prayer. This series of meetings, planned to last two weeks, was still being held six months later.

Within the first week of the revival, Randy Clark and a pastor from the Melbourne Tabernacle went to Vero Beach, Florida, to be interviewed on the Christian radio station WSCF (FM92). An account of that visit was later given in a letter from Jon Hamilton, manager of the radio station, from which we quote extracts.

"The interview was innocent enough at first, but when we turned to a discussion of the Holy Spirit's manifest presence, something began to happen in the control room. Gregg, the DJ, who was sitting behind me listening, began to weep. I looked over my shoulder just in time to see Gregg stand up, only to crash to the floor directly in front of me on the console, where he lay shaking for several minutes.

"We formed a circle and Randy Clark began to pray for us one by one. I heard a thud, opened my eyes, and there was Bart on the floor. What amazed me most was that he was the most sceptical - he just didn't accept these things.

Within seconds, one after another staff members went down. When he prayed for me, an electric sensation shot down my right arm and my hand began to tremble uncontrollably. My heart pounded as I became aware of a powerful sense of what I can only call God's manifest presence.

"It was now 10.30. I switched on the mike and found myself praying that God would touch every listener in a personal way. With some hesitation I invited anyone who was faced with a desperate need to come on down the studio and we would pray for them. This was the first time we had ever made such an invitation. Within minutes the first listeners began to arrive, and this is where everything went hay-wire!

"The first person I prayed with was a man with tremendous needs. In my head I was thinking, 'You've got nothing worth giving him,' but, as I placed my hand on his shoulder, he shook and slumped to the floor. Other staff members found the same thing. It didn't matter who did the praying, whenever we asked the Lord, He immediately responded with visible power. I didn't know whether to be terrified or thrilled.

"Soon we ran out of room. The radio station floor was wall-to-wall bodies, some weeping, some shaking, some completely still. We moved across to the church building, and some teachers at the Indian Christian School asked us to pray for certain children. As we prayed, many kids fell to the floor, some uttering praises to God, others lying completely immobile. The crowd continued to grow, with people forming queues.

"Then I saw a local Baptist pastor walk in, and I must confess I thought 'O boy, now I'm in trouble!' He silently surveyed the room, and with a tone of voice scarce above a whisper, said: 'This is God. For years

I've prayed for revival. This is God!" More local pastors began to arrive: Lutheran, Independent, Assembly of God. Yet it did not seem to matter who did the praying. This was a nameless, faceless, spontaneous move of God. There were no stars, no leaders and, frankly, no organisation.

"At this point we began broadcasting live from the church. Amazingly, unchurched, unsaved people were now showing up. Person after person told us: 'I'm not really part of any church', and later found themselves kneeling in profound belief. Sometimes people would jump up and announce that they had been healed of some physical problem: arthritis, neck pain, stomach disorders - were all reported to us as healed.

"We have received at least a dozen verified comments from credible people who told us that when they switched on the radio, they were suddenly overwhelmed by the presence of God. Car drivers told us that the presence of God was so strong in their cars that they were forced to pull off the road.

"I have lost count of the numbers of people who have told me of the change God has worked in their life. Even more amazing is what is occurring in our local churches. At least a dozen churches, from different ends of the theological spectrum, are already experiencing a powerful move of God. It's almost like a tidal wave has hit this area of Florida."

Source: A History of the Worldwide Awakening of 1992-95 by Richard Riss - posted on the Internet.

FAITH COMES TO THE PILBARA

A reporter for the Western Australian wrote this account of the revival amongst the Aboriginal People

A religious revival among Aboriginal people in the remote Northwest town of Nullagine - once labelled the arrest capital of Australia has drastically reduced the number of arrests and jailings. Police in Nullagine, 184 km north of Newman (Western Australia), claim drunken domestic scenes which once dogged the community have virtually disappeared and the residents seem happier and healthier. Three Christian Aboriginal leaders were the key to revival. Empowered with a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit, they began regular meetings and prayer events every day. The results were powerful. Some gatherings went on for eight hours as people shared in song, testimony, prayer and Bible reading. The effect was felt in the whole community.

The only sufferer is the local pub, the Conglomerate Hotel, which once kept six staff busy. The lessee went into receivership after the town's 100-150 Aboriginal people turned to Christianity. Since then, the Aboriginal community has reduced the number of arrests to just a handful of men and there have been no jailings. They gave up alcohol and labelled the hotel, 'the Devil's place'.

Instead of going to the bar each night to drink, they sit happily in circles under the stars, pray and sing gospel songs at the Yarrangkaji community on the outskirts of town. They are eager to share their new-found love of God and talk about the positive changes they have

made to their lives.

Gary Marshall, who leased the hotel and adjoining shop for 22 years, said the arrival of religion spelt disaster for his business, but he did not hold it against the Aboriginal people. "I couldn't sit here and say it was a bad thing," he said. "If they are better off, then it's a wonderful thing."

Senior Constable, Mal Kay, the officer in charge at Nullagine, said the drop in crime could be explained in part by the fact that the population dropped every time big groups from the community left town to attend religious meetings around Pilbara and Northam. Most arrests in the past have been assaults and woundings stemming from alcohol.

Mother-of-two, Lisa Daibin used to be a weekly visitor to the Nullagine police lockup for assault, anti-social behaviour or just to sober up. The 26 year-old would spend her pension on alcohol, get jealous over her man and find herself in punch-ups with women who were her friends when she was sober. That was before she found Christianity and gave up her drinking last November. "We pray and sing every morning and every night," she said. "We have church meetings every Wednesday and Saturday."

Miss Dalbin has worked off her fines through community work, picking up rubbish and working in a kitchen. Her favourite drink used to be port and she freely admits it made her act mad. She does not miss it. She is happier, has money in her pocket to go shopping and takes better care of her sons, aged five and eight. now she is sober. She is even studying to get her driver's licence, a privilege which seemed out of reach to her a few months ago. The only time she sees the police is when they stop her to say hello in the street.

Her cousin, Philip Bennell, 39, who spent much of his youth behind bars because of alcohol related strife, has also been sober for about four months. "God is my master now, not grog," he says. "Alcohol is a killer for anybody, but especially for Aboriginal people. I was one of the worst blokes and have spent years of my life in and out of prison. I had two feet in the grave and what I was doing was adding a final nail in the coffin," he adds. "When I found the Lord I gave it all away. I didn't want to die a young bloke."

Philip says that the footpath outside the Conglomerate Hotel has been a site of many arguments and brawls, but now the community hold prayer meetings across the road. If they ventured into the pub, it was only to get a cool drink. "There used to be a lot of tough drinkers at the reserve," he says. "They gave it away because they found a bit of peace and a better way of life"

Aboriginal leaders empowered by the Holy Spirit are leading the revival. These leaders would like to see the revival reaching the wider Kariya (non-Aboriginal) society. But for these shy desert people to reach out in these days of the struggle for reconciliation will only be by the hand of God.

Source: The Western Australian Renewal Journal #11: Discipleship. www.pastornet.net/au/renewal

SIGNS AND WONDERS REPORTED FROM INDIA

God is on the move in India today and reports of revival are now reaching the West. Whole villages are being converted to Christ often amid fierce persecution

At a recent pastors' congress it was estimated that in one region over 17,000 people are turning to Jesus every day and that a church is established every three minutes.

A mixture of poverty, injustice and religious dissatisfaction has opened India to the gospel. For many thousands of people, the Christian message of forgiveness, justice and love is truly good news!

As evangelists and churches move among the people with increased faith and love, God is sending amazing signs, according to these reports.

Demons complain to witch doctors

In one area of Bihar, a village lived in fear of its four witch-doctors, who controlled people by cursing their cattle and their relatives. When the Christian evangelists arrived, these witch-doctors warned them that they would be cursed, too.

The Christians continued to love the people in Jesus' name, and in a few weeks the witch-doctors came to ask the secret of their power. They had called up demonic powers to attack the Christians, but the demons had returned saying, "We can do nothing against them, as they are surrounded by angels and by fire."

As they spoke with the evangelists, the conviction of God fell on all four and they were converted and delivered from evil! The whole village followed, amazed at God's power.

Leper healed by mystery man

One man was so consumed by leprosy that he decided to end his life. As he walked to the railway line to throw himself in front of a train, a man in a white robe came and walked with him. After talking for a while, the man in white vanished and the leprosy was totally gone! That healed man is now winning whole villages for Christ.

Believers undaunted by fierce persecution

There is persecution to face, too. Landowners, fearing the overthrow of traditional systems, have had converts tortured and killed. One young man began to proclaim Jesus in his village soon after his conversion. Within weeks he was beaten to death, but today a church has been planted in that village.

In another village, a Christian leader called Sandhu was arrested and forced to stand on red-hot bricks for 10 minutes. This was to be the test: if he was not burned, his faith was the true one. While the other Christians prayed, Sandhu stood on the coals and was not burned! That very day, 47 new converts were baptised.

"Our gods do not answer"

An eye-witness reports on revival in Bihar "We have travelled to many villages in the area. The people are hungry for truth. They say, 'We are tired of our own religion, because we pray to our gods but they do not hear us or answer our cries.'

"Over 150,000 have been converted over recent months, and one church there has already planted five more churches. It is such a joy to see the Holy Spirit move. We pray for the sick and they are healed.

"One woman had much evil power and was worshipped as a god by the people. Now she has trusted in Jesus and her life is transformed!

"One man had visited all the Hindu shrines in the state, looking for answers, but got nothing. He has now found Christ and is winning others.

"We are received with much love and generosity by people who have next to nothing to give, the Holy Spirit is sending revival. Indigenous churches are being planted among previously hostile tribal peoples."

This article has been extracted from [Revival Fires](#), available online from the [Jesus People Shop](#). Source: Heartcry for Asia published by Sowers Ministry, Hong Kong

'TORONTO BLESSING' BREAKS OUT IN UK PRISON

Chaplains say hundreds of criminals are converting

Prison chaplains in England are reporting a revival of Christianity and the occurrence of the Toronto Blessing among inmates.

Hundreds of criminals serving time have turned to Christ and repented of their crimes. Others, with almost no knowledge of Christianity, have experienced the Toronto Blessing, falling to the floor and weeping after Bible study and prayer.

The Rev David Powe, chaplain at HM Prison Lewes, claims to have led 261 inmates to Christ since he started as the chaplain there. Two or three of the 25 remand prisoners who pass through each day respond positively when he asks: Do you want Christ?

Inmates usually say yes immediately. Because of their criminal backgrounds, the process of repentance is more startling than normal. Mr Powe recalls: "One man wrote to everyone he had burgled and said he was sorry. Another wrote to an old lady he had mugged and said he would pay her back when he could."

In Exeter prison, the Rev Bill Birdwood has been experiencing similar successes. At a Bible study group last year a number of criminals, some with convictions for violent or sexual crimes, experienced the strange phenomena sweeping through British churches.

"After the first meeting we waited on God for about 10 minutes," said Mr Birdwood. "It was very low-key but people were experiencing the touch of the Holy Spirit as a heat and gentle presence upon them." Inmates at subsequent meetings were prayed for, fell on the floor and wept. An Alpha course was held at the prison, and many of the students have joined churches since being released from prison.

Because prisoners often move from one establishment

to another, it is hoped the prison revival will spread to all four corners of the country. "We feel that God is saying there will be a revival in the nation's prisons," said Mr Birdwood. "This is happening in other prisons and God has said that it will spread to them all through the inmates. Our vision is that people in prisons are going to come to Christ in their droves."

The Prison Fellowship, whose members undertake prison visiting, is excited by the revival but stresses the importance of continued prayer. "This is absolutely tremendous and we praise God for it," said Mr Peter Walker, the director. "It is an answer to prayer, not just of the Prison Fellowship but of other brothers and sisters in Christ. This is where prison support groups come in. We have to help the chaplains nurture these baby Christians."

Whether or not the events do comprise a genuine revival. Mr Birdwood remains realistic. "We've had waves pouring over us but we're still in the shallows," he said. "Yet when the 1990s are written of as the prelude to revival, the prisons will be mentioned as part of it."

From "The Church of England Newspaper", Friday May 26, 1995. Copyright acknowledged.

PRISONERS GIVEN KEYS TO HEAVEN

Convicts embrace Christianity and decide to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth

When Nick Drummond was on remand in Lewes prison after police caught him with a cache of hard drugs, he was told he would serve a maximum of two years. But his lawyer didn't bargain on prison chaplain David Powe and extraordinary religious revival sweeping the jail.

Mr Powe visited Drummond in his pornography-festooned cell and asked: "Do you want to know God?" Their conversation convinced the tattooed, skin-headed East Ender that he should be 'born again'.

Drummond went before the judge and told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth – which cost him dear. He had not only been in possession of the drugs, but the £9,000 found in his flat had come from drug-running. Instead of two years' imprisonment, he got four.

His dramatic conversion is not unusual. Hundreds of inmates at Lewes have found God behind bars. Mr Powe says 314 have declared themselves Christians in the past year.

The phenomenon has also been seen at Exeter prison, where the chaplain, the Rev Bill Birdwood, claims up to 200 inmates have converted during the same period. During a recent evangelistic mission at Lindholm prison, near Doncaster, a third of the 600 prisoners attended church meetings, compared with the 20 who usually come to Sunday services.

Stephen Ashworth, a governor at Lewes, says: "I'm absolutely flabbergasted. It has quietened prison life down. You notice the difference in people."

Nick Drummond, for example, has been a "major

headache, frequently in the 'segregation unit'." Now he's a "different person".

Drummond, who now wears a wooden cross around his neck, says: "When I became a Christian my head was spinning. I felt my blood changing and I cried my eyes out." Jesus, he says, has cured his heroin addiction.

In his chaplaincy office Mr Powe displays sheaves of letters from grateful prisoners, some of whom have apologised to the victims of their crimes. "Dear Judge," reads one letter. "Having become a born-again Christian I've decided to change my plea to that of guilty although I did not go into the property. I only forced the windows open and leaned inside to see if anybody was there .. obviously my actions caused the place to be burgled."

From "The Observer", Sunday July 16, 1995. Copyright acknowledged.

MEXICAN WAVE OF REVIVAL

A remarkable move of the Holy Spirit has been spreading through remote areas Mexico. David Hogan gives a personal account of some of the awesome visitations by God

It all started when I visited one of our pastors in a remote village. He walked up to me and trembling, said, "David, I'm really afraid I've made a mistake." When I asked him what had happened, he replied, with tears running down his eyes: "I got up in our little church and started preaching and the people started falling down. They started crying and laughing. It scared me so I ran out of the church!" That's what I had been looking for. God coming into our work not because somebody came and preached it, but because the Holy Spirit ushered it in.

I got together with my pastors and we made a covenant to do a month's fast. It was September 1995. This was as well as the three days on, three days off fast we had been doing that year anyway.

On the seventh day He hit me greater than I've ever been hit in my life before. The Shekinah presence of God came into our work from that time.

At a meeting with about 75 of my pastors, I got up and opened my Bible, I shared on one or two verses. Suddenly, I felt - that's enough! I said, "Stand up! Receive the River of Life!"

You should have seen it! It looked as if someone was hitting them with bats in the stomach and the head. People were lying over the benches, forward, backward, all over the place. And these were ministers!

After this I called all the pastors together from the whole work. A couple of hundred came. The first day was awesome and there were healings.

The second day was even better and stronger. I got there at 8am and left at 10pm and there was ministry all day.

But I was not ready for the third day. We were coming in from different areas. I didn't know the Indians had been in an all-night prayer meeting and the Holy Spirit had fallen on them and they couldn't get up all night long. Some of them had fallen on ant beds, but not one ant had bit them!

I was about 300 yards from the church and the closer I got, the more intense was the heat. Sweat poured off me. I could hardly walk - the presence of God was so thick.

People were all over the place: some were knocked out, some were moaning and wailing. I was holding on to things and could hardly breathe.

The people had been singing for two hours before I got there. I laid my Bible down on a little wobbly Indian table. Hundreds were looking at me. I called nine elders to the front and told them the Holy Spirit was there and we needed to make a covenant together, even to martyrdom. When we lifted our hands in agreement, all nine fell at once! I was hurled backward and fell under the table.

We were ringed with unbelievers, coming in to see what was going on. The anointing presence of God came and knocked every one of them to the ground dozens of them. From the church we could see people in the village below running out screaming from their huts and falling under the power of the Holy Spirit.

There were 25-30 sick people brought there. Every sick person at the meeting was healed: the blind, the cancerous, epileptics and the demon possessed. Nobody touched them but Jesus.

There was also instant reconciliation between people who had been against each other. They were lying on top of each other, sobbing and repenting.

I was afraid when I saw all of that going on. I looked up to heaven and said, "God what are You...?" And that was the end of it. He didn't want to hear any questions. Bang! I was about three or four metres from the table. When I woke up some hours later, I was under the table and my legs wouldn't work!

God has been doing the same things in every service since then. It's been over a year. God came because we waited and listened. We've had over 200 people raised from the dead and between 150 and 500 people saved each month.

The river of God is here and its full - and there's plenty for all!

Pastor David Hogan is the founding leader of Freedom Ministries, a pioneering mission among remote Mexican mountain tribes. This article is edited from a message he gave in November 1996 at Christian Outreach Centre in Brisbane. Source: Renewal Journal #9: Mission (1997:1).

'WHITE RELIGION?'

A building seating 10,000, crammed to capacity each week. 1,000 seekers daily. Healings. Deliverance. Radiant joy. A stoy

from a revival of old? No. It is happening today in South Africa

When Afrikaner Erlo Steegen was converted as a teenager he found the cry welling up inside him: "Lord, I want to preach like You did!" He also felt his heart drawn to his black brothers. After some missionary training he acquired a tent and for twelve years preached the gospel among the spiritually starved Zulus.

Many came to the Lord as a result, yet few continued in the faith. Erlo was indignant that God was not being glorified and so he gave himself to prayer and the study of the Bible as well as reading about past revivals.

As a result God dealt with Erlo, humbling his ambition. Once he was approached by a widow, who begged him to prove the power of Jesus's name by healing her mentally deranged daughter. With three others he prayed day and night for three weeks, but without success. A broken man, he returned the girl to her mother still unhealed.

Worse still, in a country racked by apartheid and centuries of oppression, the Zulus constantly challenged him: "Christianity is a white man's religion. Show us that Jesus loves Zulus, and show us that whites can love blacks."

Finally, in 1966, Erlo began meeting with a group of some 20 Zulus to pray to God to invade their lives. They took as their key text John 7:37-38: If anyone thirsts, let them come to Me and drink. Whoever believes in Me, as the scripture says, out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water. That was their desire. Not a trickle, but floods.

As they met together twice a day, the Holy Spirit began to show their sins and their prides and their lack of love. Bible studies turned into sessions where they cried out in anguish over the state of their hearts. The group had to learn to be utterly exposed to ridicule, even as Christ had been.

At last, at a prayer meeting early in 1967 at their base in the town of Sizabantu, was a sound like the rushing of wind. Everyone felt the mighty presence of God and knelt in awe and worship. It was the turning point. From that day it seemed, God turned on a tap in heaven. People sought them out. Groups of 200 at a time would arrive, longing to find God.

Suddenly the power to heal was let loose among them. One mother had sold her last possession to seek hospital treatment for her paralysed daughter - in vain. Now the girl was brought to a meeting at Sizabantu and instantly healed! At the same meeting a leper, so disfigured that nobody could bear to be near him, was healed and walked home with normal skin. Blind eyes were opened. The lame walked. Some, sensing God's presence, were healed even before they reached the tent.

Several women were guided by visions and dreams, even receiving names and addresses of people as yet unknown to them. They would tell Erlo and these people were then visited and brought to Christ - among

them some notorious gangsters from Durban.

In the 25 years since the revival began, the tent at Sizabantu has been replaced with a huge, hangar-like building seating 10,000, but this is now too small!

Workers go out in teams, always guided by the Holy Spirit and with a specific purpose. There are doors open wide to the gospel in schools. Sizabantu has become the venue for church leaders seeking reconciliation and wanting to pray for their strife-torn land. And Erlo Steegen regularly says: "If God can send revival among the Zulus, He can do it anywhere."

Source: K. Koch, *God Among the Zulus* (Mission Kwa Sizabantu, RSA 1981); Documents "Experiences" (Centre Missionnaire, carhaix, France 1991).

THE NICKERIE MIRACLE

The power of unity among believers can have remarkable results on unbelievers.

NIEUW NICKERIE is the second largest city of Suriname (formerly Dutch Guiana), situated on the border with Guyana.

Officially a centre of Suriname's rice production, Nieuw Nickerie is also a centre for international drug traffic, smuggling and common urban maladies such as prostitution, substance abuse and violence. The city is approximately 94 per cent Hindu.

Christian efforts to evangelise the area over the past century and a half have been largely unsuccessful. Nieuw Nickerie has held the dubious reputation of being the Sin Capital of Suriname. It is commonly asserted that most of the country's demon-possessed people hail from there and, if they were not Nieuw Nickerie natives, they have been to the city and picked up their demons there!

In November, 1994, the majority of the city's pastors and church leaders gathered together for what was to have been a two day seminar in spiritual warfare presented by Cornerstone Ministries International. What happened no one except the Lord can claim credit for.

Responding to an invitation to pray for the city, the church leaders came forward to the altar that Saturday morning, and began to weep as they came. They fell into each other's arms, confessing sins of jealousy, backbiting and gossip, begging each other for forgiveness and freely forgiving those around them. They embraced, sobbed, and fell to the floor praying.

Before the hour was completed, several dozen lay people arrived at the building, expecting to participate in the second phase of the seminar: overcome by the sight of their pastors weeping and hugging on the floor, they, too, began to sob and soon there were almost a hundred people on the floor. Blacks and Javanese and a handful of Hindus, Roman Catholics, Pentecostals and Moravians all huddled together on the floor Praying.

After several hours, full of the Holy Spirit, scores of Christians left the building in teams of two or three, moved to simply walk the streets of a region of Nickerie called the Corantijn Polder (almost exclusively Hindu) - to pray for each house and family, to rebuke the power of any demonic forces they encountered and to talk to whoever would listen about Jesus. Three or four hours

later, a sister burst back into the meeting area, crying, "Come, look at the fruit!" There, from both ends of the street, came a parade of several hundred Hindus.

One man, with a paralysed arm, complained that his prayers to Ram for healing, were worthless. Similarly, he complained, his prayers to Shiva were of no effect. "So what if I do pray to Jesus?" he said half-heartedly. As he pronounced that wonderful Name, his arm began to move. Now, not only a Christian, but an instant evangelist, he grabbed the microphone and began to demonstrate and shout the power of Jesus to the assembled crowd.

It was reported that more Hindus were won to Christ that night than in the previous 140 years of Christian missionary endeavour. Something was different about Nieuw Nickerie, thanks to the confession, repentance, forgiveness and reconciliation that led to a unity in the body of Christ for the first time in the city's history.

Sources: [Broken Jars - The Nickerie Miracle](#)

JOY AND HOLINESS

A quiet American Gulf Coast city, Pensacola, has seen a remarkable move of God's Holy Spirit over the past eighteen months, with over 50,000 decisions for Christ and people queuing for hours for the services

John Kilpatrick had been pastor of the Brownsville Assembly of God Church in Pensacola, Florida for thirteen years. The Church had built a spacious new auditorium for 2,800 people, but the atmosphere was very conservative and the fire of God was lacking in the congregation. Kilpatrick was physically and emotionally weary.

With a searching but guarded heart, his wife went to visit the Toronto Airport Church Fellowship, to experience first hand what the Holy Spirit has been doing there since 1994. When she was prayed over, she likened the experience to a Bunsen burner passing over her head and heart, cleansing her thoughts and attitudes. She felt completely changed inside, and on her return to Florida she began to laugh and weep under the Holy Spirit's touch.

On 17th June 1995 Kilpatrick invited an evangelist friend, Steve Hill, to take the morning service. Hill had seven years' experience of the revival in Argentina, so was equipped to cope with the unexpected events that were to follow. When he gave the altar call, a thousand people spontaneously came forward!

As Hill and others prayed over them, some fell to the ground, others wept and began to shake violently as the Holy Spirit moved upon them. Then Hill turned to Pastor Kilpatrick and prayed for more of God's anointing on him. The pastor fell to the ground and lay there for four hours! When he recovered, he told of feeling a strong wind blowing through the building, then of a sensation like the river of God washing over the calves of his legs - at which point he fell to the ground - and finally of a heavenly glory resting upon him like a heavy blanket.

This was the beginning of a reviving move of God in the church and locality. From the outset the meetings carried a power of joy and refreshing in the presence

of God. Many felt rejuvenated, fired up for God's new work, and healed of much baggage from the past. For the first two weeks of the revival, John Kilpatrick was so weak from the Holy Spirit's dealings that he had to be wheeled home in a wheelchair every night and laid out on the bed!

Soon after the revival wave broke, a 19-year-old student, a lifelong member of the church, was strongly moved to make a public confession of her lukewarmness and compromised living. As she spoke, she began to tremble violently, and passionately pleaded for others to follow her example. She then fell to the floor, and a deafening chorus of groaning and wailing filled the auditorium as God's conviction of sin settled on everyone. This in turn gave way to a burning desire for the salvation of lost souls. These events were captured on video film which has since been shown in other local churches - with similar results.

Repentance, rededication of lives to Christ, receiving the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and bringing God's love and mercy to the lost - such have been the hallmarks of the revival. Pastor Kilpatrick is quick to stress that they are not interested in selfish blessing-seeking and what he calls 'charismatic hoopla'. Joy is certainly there, with hundreds dancing round the building; but there is also a strong sense of holiness, so much so that regularly people take off their shoes, feeling they are on holy ground. There have been powerful healings, and visions too.

One 11-year-old girl was 'lost' in a trance for 20 minutes, then spoke of having watched a huge dove with wings of fire hovering over the congregation.

In the meetings the pastor is at times hardly able to stand and has to have several men hold him upright as he preaches. Yet the theme is always God's holiness and honour, and the need to be truly reconciled to Him. As a result, as many as 100 people every day either find salvation or rededicate their lives to Christ.

Word travels fast, and very quickly people began arriving from far and near to seek God in the Pensacola assembly. The media have given wide coverage to the events, and with almost universal positivity. The 7pm meetings are held five times a week, and queues start forming around 3.30pm. Sometimes they go on until 3am the next morning!

At the time of writing, over one million people have attended the services, and over 50,000 decisions for Christ have been recorded. The converts are from all social groups: young and old, rich and poor, punks and students, witches and nightclub dancers.

These are then put on to various local churches, by no means all Pentecostal. Baptist, Methodist, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches have all been involved in the revival, and have shown considerable growth.

Source: Pensacola Outpouring in Joy magazine December 1996; and news update bulletins downloaded from the Internet.

CELL CHURCH EXPLOSION IN BAGOTA

A simple Bible-based strategy has transformed a church in Colombia and triggered massive growth

What's happening? More than 20,000 people (mainly youths) are crammed together in one indoor stadium in Bogota. Large numbers of coaches are dropping people off. Long queues are trying to get in. Street vendors are selling fruit and snacks around the outside of the complex. No. It's not an international sporting event. It's a church in Colombia, getting ready for a service. Actually, it's only a small part of the church gathering together! They manage to fill the 26,000-seat stadium twice every Saturday night and regularly 500 young people come forward to receive Christ in each of the meetings!

There are, on average, five murders each Saturday night in Bogota, which is situated 8,500 feet up a mountain. After cocaine production, kidnapping is the next major source of revenue for the gangsters who hold sway in much of Colombia. The Colombian army, though trained by the SAS and helped by the Americans, barely holds its own against the rebel militia.

The senior pastor of the International Charismatic Mission, Cesar Castellanos, received a vision based on the promise that God made to Abraham in the Bible: "I will make you into a great nation and I will bless you..." (Genesis 12:2-3). He understood that this was still valid for today and began imparting faith to those around him so that they would believe for their nation.

The strategy is simple: Just as the Father had 12 men for Jesus through whom He multiplied Himself, so God has 12 persons for every leader. The calling is for leaders to pour their lives into 12 people and teach them to do the same. Pastor Castellanos and his team follow a basic four-stage track: Win, Consolidate, Disciple, Send.

A key weapon in the strategy is what they call 'consolidation'. They were aware that after big crusades only a very low percentage of new converts actually stayed rooted in Christ. So they developed, through prayer, a method of training the new believers. Each one is assigned to a cell and is trained by the cell leader. Through a training module called 'The School of Leaders', the new convert can become a cell leader himself within a year after his conversion. The new leader will keep meeting with his mentor while he leads a new cell, ready to repeat the process with his new disciples.

The training and discipling includes deliverance from demons; breaking curses and generational bondages; inner healing and baptism of the Holy Spirit. They are taught how to evangelise; pray and fast; enter into spiritual warfare; how to live a life of brokenness and holiness before God and man.

In this way they have been able to keep over 80 per cent of their new converts and the church has grown from 8 to 300,000 members in 18 years.

The whole church meets in cells throughout the week and comes together at weekends for a celebration meeting. The emphasis is not on what happens on Sunday morning but what happens in the cells. Everybody is called to win souls and build their 'downline' cells - this is seen as their main purpose on earth.

Also, the people are taught holiness as a lifestyle. As one young cell leader put it: "We can't achieve success if we are jealous of another pastor who is popular or if we think we know better. We won't get anywhere if we don't submit to leaders and honour them by serving them. The devil will laugh at us if we pursue this vision and treat our wives or husbands badly. We can't enter into spiritual warfare for our cities if we have open windows for the enemy - we need to sanctify our lives in order to have the authority to enter into battle for our cities."

They have a big vision of world evangelisation, believing that there must be a wineskin to cope with the coming great harvest of souls. And they see this as not just a Latin American phenomenon, but something for the whole world.

Source: Global Revival News.

FIRE AND ICE

A remarkable move of God has taken place among the Inuit of the Arctic Circle

IN APRIL 1999, the Canadian government formally created Nunavut territory, to the north of Hudson Bay. After centuries of displacement, the Inuit or Eskimos finally had a homeland of their own. This land mass, the size of western Europe, is home to less than 30,000 people – not least because it is ice-bound for much of the year and travel is difficult.

Of the 19 people elected to govern Nunavut, many are Spirit-filled Christians. They regularly meet to pray and to seek God's wisdom for national decisions. Churches in Nunavut are full and keenly evangelistic. Given that Inuit culture has for centuries been controlled by shamans (medicine-men with occult powers), how has this move of God happened?

Since the 1950s, white missionaries have reached out to the Inuit. They have had to overcome great obstacles to do so. Several were killed in plane crashes on the ice. There was deep resentment to overcome, too. The Eskimos had seen their land invaded by white men greedy for oil and gold, who had brought their consumerist culture with them.

Yet there were important factors which favoured evangelism. The Inuit are intensely social; selfish individualism is alien to their culture. If they make a

decision, they make it corporately and everyone holds to it. Also, the Inuit are spiritually aware. They know all about 'anagkok', shaman power, which makes people sick and causes evil spirits to appear in visible form. So the missionaries found a ready response when they spoke of the kingdom of God, of spiritual warfare, and of the church as the all-embracing Body of Christ. In some meetings the power of the Holy Spirit caused people to laugh, weep or shake.

Despite the problems with travel, the Inuit arrive in large numbers for Christian conventions. At one in 1994, 1,700 people (six per cent of the entire population) were converted. This included 32 Cree Indians who had driven over 2,000 miles to attend; they have since planted a new church back home. The pioneering work was largely done by courageous women like Kayy Gordon and Lynn Patterson, but they have trained up a new generation of Inuit men of God. James Arreak and Billy Arnaquq tour the many Inuit churches and claim that, in some areas, half the population are committed Christians. Arreak preaches that radical New Testament values sit easily with traditional Inuit ways. He has led several shamans to Christ.

Other Inuit live on the Arctic circle in Russia. Until 1994 they were wholly unreached by the gospel. A Canadian evangelist, Bill Prankard, took some Inuit converts to witness to their fellow Eskimos. They travelled by helicopter from village to village, leading many to Christ. They prayed for them to be filled with the Holy Spirit, gave them bibles, and left. Nine months later the team returned, anxious over what they would find.

They found on-fire Christians! In one village, only 100 out of 1,200 were unsaved. The Russian Inuit had no Christian history, so they took the New Testament literally and relied on the Holy Spirit to guide them. They hadn't heard of the 'Toronto Blessing' (they hadn't even heard of Canada!), but they had clearly received the same repertoire of manifestations.

Shaking, laughing, shouting, weeping and falling down were a normal part of church for them!

"They aren't copying," says Prankard. "This is a fresh move of God. They have challenged me in their level of commitment." As in the book of Acts, these Inuit believers meet daily, baptise converts and receive the Spirit's power by faith. They regularly experience the miraculous in healings and miracles. And, as Jesus foretold, they are knowing persecution. They have refused the authorities' order to stop evangelising; they still go from village to village with the good news of Jesus. Many have been arrested and beaten. But as one Inuit Christian told Prankard, "They can threaten us, they can beat us, they can even kill us, but we will never stop loving Jesus".

The **Jesus Fellowship Church**, which is also known as the **Jesus Army**, is a UK-based evangelical Christian church with a charismatic emphasis and Baptist roots. The church aims to be a contemporary expression of the historic Christian faith. It is orthodox in doctrine and accepts the historic Christian creeds.

Details of the church are listed in the UK Christian Handbook and the English Church Census. It is linked with other churches and groups in the UK and overseas through the Multiply Christian Network, and is a member of the Evangelical Alliance UK.

High-profile Jesus Army 'friendship evangelism' takes place in towns and cities around the UK to 'bring the church to the people'. Many who have little or no contact with any church are brought in touch with the Christian gospel in this way. Some may join the Jesus Fellowship, but the vast majority do not.

The church is particularly noted for its work with those in need, including homeless young people, those involved in drug or alcohol abuse, and prisoners and ex-prisoners. In this work it aims to show Christian compassion and love, helping people to find themselves and stand on their own two feet. This social action is normally conducted with reference to the various caring professions, and with their input.

The church numbers around 2,500, about 600 of whom live as the New Creation Christian Community in 60 or so houses around the UK. Each community house consists of anything between six and sixty people, who live as a large 'family'.

The core units of the church are the local congregations and house groups, with a range of larger meetings taking place regularly. Some of the meetings attract two to three thousand people from around the UK. All sizes of meetings are open to all who are interested.

The church has a seven-fold covenant, by which some members join with other from the Jesus Fellowship to pledge themselves to a practical New Testament commitment. Two chapters of the book 'Covenant People' (Covenant in the New Testament and Sold Out!) are available to download, or you can purchase the book from the Jesus People shop.

The Jesus Fellowship, in common with the many other charismatic churches which share a similar informal approach, has shown remarkable growth since the 1970's. The UK Christian Handbook has estimated that the membership of this type of church has grown from 12,000 to 140,000 since 1975.

The free publications Jesus Life magazine and modern Jesus army Streetpaper are mailed out three times a year to enquirers and supporters as well as being available online.

The Jesus Army aims to be a contemporary expression of the historic Christian faith.

All kinds of people are involved: young and old, rich and poor.

The Jesus Army is particularly active with many in need, including homeless young people, prisoners and ex-prisoners and those involved in alcohol and drug abuse.

Be part of Jesus' revolution. Spread the word. Live the gospel.