

Excerpts from
Revival in the Hebrides
by Duncan Campbell

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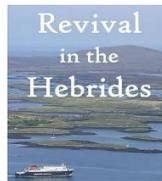
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INTRODUCTION

“And I will pour on the house of David and on the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplication: then they will look on Me whom they pierced.” Zechariah 12:10

In 1949 the Spirit of grace and supplication fell upon a congregation in the village of Arnol, on the Isle of Lewis in the Scottish Hebrides.

They prayed for revival.

Will You not revive us again, that Your people may rejoice in You? Show us Your mercy, LORD, and grant us Your salvation. Psalm 85:6-7

One night they crowded into the home of the blacksmith – a smith named Smith – but the spiritual atmosphere was dry. A sense of deadness prevailed as one after another tried to break through in prayer. Duncan Campbell, a visiting evangelist, called on Mr. Smith to pray.

The prayer was short and sharp: “O God, you made a promise to pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground, and, Lord, it’s not happening.” He paused and then continued in a rising voice: “Lord, I do not know how Mr. Campbell or these other men stand with you, but if I know my own heart, I know that I am thirsty. You have promised to pour water on him who is thirsty. If you don’t do it, how can I ever believe you again? Your honor is at stake. You are a covenant-keeping God. Fulfill your covenant engagement!”

At that instant the granite house shook like a leaf (Acts 4) and a Power was unleashed that swept the entire parish. Campbell said, “I could only stand in silence as wave after wave of Divine power swept through the house, and in a matter of minutes following this heaven-sent visitation, men and women were on their faces in distress of soul.” He stepped outside and discovered that the whole village was astir. Though it was 11 o’clock at night, people with lanterns and flashlights were making their way along the roads and across the fields toward the meeting place, as if summoned by a silent bell!

Next day the looms were silent and work stopped. Everywhere the people gathered to discuss this strange invasion from heaven and the awareness of God’s presence that now pervaded the community. Spontaneous prayer meetings took place in homes and on the streets.

“You met God on meadow and moorland,” said the parish minister. “You met Him in the homes of the people. God seemed to be everywhere.”

Or as another observer put it, “The Lamb of God took the field and the forces of darkness were routed.

That was the beginning of the Arnol Awakening, the second wave of the mighty Hebrides Revival.

The Hebrides are an isolated reach of the British Isles; a cluster of treeless, rocky islands pounded by North Atlantic winds, separated from the west coast of Scotland by a fierce body of water called the Minch and populated by Gaelic-speaking Celts. The story of the revival only became known because evangelist Duncan Campbell told it all over the world.

In this book we let Duncan Campbell tell it again! This volume includes:

Chapter 1 – *The Lewis Awakening*, an account of the revival published in 1954.

Chapter 2 – A collection of testimonies from converts of the Hebrides Revival, plus Campbell's conversion testimony.

Chapter 3 – *Revival in the Hebrides*, a 1968 sermon preached in the U.S., and in my opinion the most dynamic and inspiring of all Campbell's revival narratives. Closing prayer by Leonard Ravenhill.

Chapter 7 – DC's 1952 address to the Keswick Convention.

This little anthology is arranged so as to give the reader a bright and inspiring vision of revival. Those unfamiliar with revival history will see that there is a level of Christian experience unknown to our generation; that we are merely paddling around the shore of an infinite ocean of Grace. And those who are praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit will understand the magnitude of what they are praying for!

Wayne Kraus

CHAPTER ONE – THE LEWIS AWAKENING

The Island of Lewis has been the scene of a very gracious movement of the Spirit. The breath of revival has been felt, and communities have been conscious of the mighty impact of God. The Island had, in past days, experienced seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, but of late years the stream of vital Christianity appeared to be running low. This view was shared by the Free Church Presbytery of Lewis who, in the following declaration, publicly expressed their deep concern:

“The Presbytery of Lewis having taken into consideration the low state of vital religion within their own bounds, and throughout the land generally, call upon their faithful people in all their congregations to take a serious view of the present dispensation of Divine displeasure manifested, not only in the chaotic conditions of international politics and domestic economics and morality, but also, and especially, in the lack of spiritual power from Gospel Ordinances, and to realize that these things plainly indicate that the Most High has a controversy with the Nation. They note especially the growing carelessness toward Sabbath observance and public worship, the light regard of solemn vows and obligations so that the sacraments of the church – especially that of baptism – tend to become in too many cases an offence to God rather than a means of grace to the recipients, and the spreading abroad of the spirit of pleasure which has taken such a hold of the younger generation that all regard for anything higher appears with very few exceptions to have been utterly dismissed from their thoughts.

“The Presbytery affectionately plead with their people – especially the youth of the church – to take these matters to heart and to make serious inquiry as to what must be the end should there be no repentance; and they call upon every individual as before God to examine his or her life in the light of that responsibility which pertains to us all, that haply, in the Divine mercy, we may be visited with the spirit of repentance and may turn again unto the Lord whom we have so grieved with our iniquities and waywardness. Especially would they warn their young people of the Devil’s man-traps – the cinema and the public-house.”

The foregoing is an extract from a Free Church Presbyterian declaration, as published in the *Stornoway Gazette and West Coast Advisor* (December 9th, 1949).

The decline referred to in this declaration began to show itself in a growing disregard for the things of God; indeed the blighting influence of the spirit of the age, with its deadening effect, had wrought so effectively that in certain parishes very few young people attended public worship; the dance, the picture show and the “drinking house” were institutions which could now thrive in Lewis, on the generous support given by their willing devotees.

True, Lewis has its traditions. The time-honored practice of family worship is still observed in most homes. The great doctrines of the Christian faith, such as the total depravity of man, justification by faith on the ground of Christ’s atonement, regeneration by the “Spirit, and the sovereignty of God in the affairs of men are central in the theology of Lewis. But then it is possible to have a name to live and yet be dead, and has not experience demonstrated again and again that man can be orthodox in sentiment and loose in practice? Correct views of scripture do not constitute righteousness.

What effect the foregoing declaration had on the Christian Church in Lewis is beyond the knowledge of the writer, but certain it is that most would regard its publication as timely, and its contents a true representation of the situation.

Lewis, however, was not devoid of a virile Christian witness. In all denominations men could be found who were true watchmen on the walls of Zion, and who longed for the day when the desert would again “rejoice and blossom as the rose.” In most pulpits throughout the island, the evangel was proclaimed with passionate personal conviction, and not infrequently, in certain congregations at least, signs followed the preaching of the Word. The weekly prayer meeting was still a vital part of its religious life, although in too many cases attended only by faithful few. But the Most High did not despise the day of small things: and Lewis was soon to see the mighty power of God let loose in a gracious outpouring of His Spirit, and it came

“As dew upon the tender herd,
Diffusing fragrance round:
As showers that usher in the spring
And cheer the thirsty ground.”

II. HOW IT BEGAN

In his book, *The Second Evangelical Awakening*, Dr. Edwin Orr, referring to the American Awakening of 1858, writes: “A Divine influence seemed to pervade the land and men’s heart were strangely warmed by a power that was outpoured in unusual ways.” Every genuine revival of religion has known the gracious touch of this mighty power falling from on high, moving men as no other power can move them to seek after God. “Oh... that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence” (Isaiah 64:1), was the cry of the prophet of old. Was Isaiah conscious of the futility of men’s best endeavors? Had he come to an end of all human resources? It appears so. This is the place to which the praying group in the Parish of Barvas in Lewis came, and it was this consciousness and conviction that, throwing them upon the sure promise of God, gave birth to the Lewis Revival.

In writing of the movement, I would like first to state what I mean by revivals as witnessed in the Hebrides. I do not mean a time of religious entertainment, with crowds gathering to enjoy an evening of bright gospel singing; I do not mean sensational or spectacular advertising -- in a God-Sent revival you do not need to spend money on advertising. I do not mean high-pressure methods to get men to an inquiry room -- in revival every service is an inquiry room; the road and hill side become sacred spots to many when the winds of God blow. Revival is a going of God among His people, and an awareness of God laying hold of the community. Here we see the difference between a successful campaign and revival; in the former we may see many brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and the church or mission experience a time of quickening, but so far as the town or district is concerned no real change is visible; the world goes on its way and the dance and picture-shows are still crowded; but in revival the fear of God lays hold upon the community, moving men and women, who until then had no concern for spiritual things, to seek after God.

To the praying men and women of Barvas, four things were made clear, and to them became governing principles. First, they themselves must be rightly related to God, and in this connection the reading of Psalm 24 at one of their prayer meetings brought them down in the presence of the Lord, where hearts were searched and vows renewed, and, in the words of one who was present, they gave to their lives the propulsion of a sacred vow, and with Hezekiah of old, found it in their hearts to “make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel.” Happy the church and favoured the congregation that can produce such men and women! So prayer meetings were held in church and in cottage, and frequently the small hours of the morning found the parish minister and his faithful few pleading the promises, with a consciousness of God, and with a confidence in Him that caused them to hope in His Word.

In the second place, they were possessed of the conviction that God, being a covenant-keeping God, must keep His covenant engagements. Had He not promised to “pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground?” Here was something that for them existed in the field of possibility; why were they not actually experiencing it? But they came at length to the place where, with one of old, they could cry, “Our God ... is able ... and He Will.”

“Faith mighty faith the promise sees
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries ‘it shall be done.’”

Thirdly, they must be prepared for God to work in His own way and not according to their programme – God is sovereign and must act according to His sovereign purpose – but ever keeping in mind that, while God is sovereign in the affairs of men, His sovereignty does not relieve men of responsibility. “God is the God of revival but man is the human agent through whom revival is possible.”

Fourthly, there must be a manifestation of God, demonstrating the reality of the Divine in operation, when men would be forced to say, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.” It is therefore not surprising that in the month of September, 1949, God did visit the Parish Church of Barvas with revival blessing that, in a very short time, leapt the bounds of the parish, bringing refreshment and spiritual life to many all over the island.

Here mention must be made of the part played by the parish minister, the late Rev. James Murray MacKay. For months he and his office-bearers had prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit of God, and now the time had come when they felt that, as a congregation, they were called upon to act. But so wonderful are the ways of God that the minister of Barvas had to go to Strathpeffer Convention to have revealed to him through the ministry of the Rev. Dr. T. Fitch, now of Belfast, the action to be taken. Great was his encouragement on returning to his Parish to be told that God, in a vision of the night, has revealed to one of the praying group not only that revival was coming, but also the instrument to be used as a channel: the person revealed in the vision was the one mentioned at Strathpeffer! “In a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and seaeth their instruction.” (Job 33:15- 16) so it was that word was sent to the director of the Faith Mission in Edinburgh, as a result of which I found myself in Lewis in December, 1949.

The supernatural working of God the Holy Spirit in revival power is something that no man can fully describe, and it would be folly to attempt it. There are, however, features of the Lewis revival which also characterized revivals of the past, one of which is the spirit of expectancy. Here I found a group of men who seemed to be living on the high plane of implicit confidence in God. That was the conviction and assurance that breathed in every prayer offered in that memorable first meeting of my sojourn in the Hebrides, and my first contact with this congregation fully convinced me that revival had already come: it was to be my privilege to have some small share in it. One will never forget the hush of the awful presence of God as we sat waiting for the opening Psalm to be announced; truly one could say:

“And Heaven came down our souls to meet
And glory crowned the mercy seat.”

Here is a scene witnessed during the first days of the movement: a crowded church, the service is over: the congregation, reluctant to disperse, stand outside the church in a silence that is tense. Suddenly a cry is heard within: a young man, burdened for the souls of his fellow men, is pouring out his soul in

intercession. He prays until he falls into a trance and lies prostrate on the floor of the church. But Heaven had heard, and the congregation, moved by a power that they could not resist, came back into the church, and a wave of conviction of sin swept over the gathering, moving strong men to cry to God for mercy. This service continued until the small hours of the morning, but so great was the distress and so deep the hunger which gripped men and women, that they refused to go home, and already were assembling in another part of the parish. An interesting and amazing feature of this early morning visitation was the number who made their way to the church, moved by a power they had not experienced before: others were deeply convicted of their sin and crying for mercy, in their homes, before ever coming near the church.

None of those present will forget that morning meeting as the assembled company sang:

“I will not come within my house,
Nor rest in bed at all;
Nor shall mine eyes take any sleep,
Nor eyelids slumber shall;
Till for the Lord a place I find
Where He may make abode;
A place of habitation
For Jacob’s mighty God.”

There was a moving scene, some weeping in sorrow and distress, others, with joy and love filling their hearts, falling upon their knees, conscious only of the presence and power of God who had come in revival blessing. Within a matter of days the whole parish was in the grip of a spiritual awakening. Churches became crowded with services continuing until three o’clock in the morning. Work was largely put aside, as young and old were made to face eternal realities. Soon the fire of blessing spread to the neighbouring parishes. Carloway witnessed a gracious manifestation of the power of God that will surely live in the annals of Lewis revivals. The Minister of that parish was assisting with the meetings at Barvas: God was mightily at work, and a number of men were in great distress of soul. Two of these were pipers who were to have played at a concert and dance at Carloway. The minister of Carloway had had a concern to witness at this dance. Leaving the meeting at Barvas, he arrived at the dance at about 3:30 A.M. almost immediately after he entered the hall the dancing ceased, and he thereupon proposed that they should sing two verses of a Gaelic Psalm. Not all were immediately favourable to this, but after a special appeal Psalm 139, verse 7, was sung, some present joining in:

“From Thy Spirit whither shall I go?
Or from Thy presence fly?
Ascend I to heaven, lo, Thou art there;
There, if in hell I lie.”

He then engaged in prayer and followed with a few words of exhortation, and suddenly the power of God swept through the company and, almost immediately, the music of the dance gave place to the cry of the penitent. Opposition broke down under conviction of sin and distress of soul. This applies especially to a schoolmaster’s son who was acting M.C. before leaving the hall the minister related the news that the pipers and others who were to have been at the dance had decided for Christ in the kitchen meeting at Barvas two hours before. Soon the whole proceedings came to an end and those present were dispersed to their homes bewildered and amazed. That same night, in his own home, the schoolmaster came under deep conviction and on the following Monday his wife also completely broke down. They now blaze a trail for God in their parish, and Ness becomes the scene of a most gracious movement.

At Ness meetings were held in the afternoon and evening, and frequently on into the morning. Churches, halls, private houses, and even furniture and meal stores were used to accommodate men and women seeking God.

Perhaps the greatest miracle of all was in the village of Arnol. Here, indifference to the things of God held the field and a good deal of opposition was experienced, but prayer, the mighty weapon of revival, was resorted to and an evening given to waiting upon God. Before midnight God came down, the mountains flowed down at His presence, and a wave of revival swept the village; opposition and spiritual death fled before the presence of the Lord of life. Here was demonstrated the power of prevailing prayer, and that nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God. There are those in Arnol today who will bear witness to the fact that, while a brother prayed, the very house shook. I could only stand in silence as wave after wave of Divine power swept through the house, and in a matter of minutes following this heaven-sent visitation, men and women were on their faces in distress of soul. It is true that in this village God had His "watchmen." Thank God there are many such in Lewis and Harris; it is one of such men who, when he witnessed the mighty power of God in this village, asked that we might sing the 126th Psalm:

"When Zion's bondage turned back,
As men that dreamed were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongues with melody."

Some time ago, while passing through this village, I was met by an old man whose salutation was in the following words, "I am glad to be alive to witness this day." Then, pointing to a particular house, he said, "Do you see that house? That was the 'drinking house' of this village, where our young men met in utter disregard for God, His Word, or His day. Today it is closed and the men who frequented it are praying in our prayer meetings." What a joy it is now to see such numbers going to the house of God on the Sabbath, or looking forward with joyful anticipation to the weekly prayer meetings. Some time ago I remarked to a friend: "That is surely a wonderful sight," referring to the large numbers of people going to church. "Yes," he replied, "but before the revival one seldom saw more than four men from this village going to church on Sabbath morning." One young man, speaking for the youth of the district said, "We did not know what church-going meant until the revival came, now the prayer meeting is the weekly attraction, and the worship of God in His house on the Sabbath our chief delight."

III. THE SPREAD OF THE MOVEMENT

The movement that began in the Parish Church of Barvas, almost immediately spread to the neighbouring Parish of Ness, and it soon became evident that it was not to be confined these two parishes. From north, south, east and west the people came in buses, vans, cars and lorries, to witness the mighty moving of God and then to return to their respective parishes to bear testimony to the fact that they had met with the Saviour. A game-keeper, whose home was twenty-four miles from Barvas, was so wrought upon and burdened for the souls of others, that his van was seldom off the road and for two years, night after night, brought its load of men and women who were seeking for Jesus. He was rewarded by seeing many coming to the Saviour, including members of his own family. It therefore not surprising that in the Parish of Lochs, where the gentleman referred to had his home, a gracious movement should break out. Here the ground was well prepared by a faithful ministry, and great was the rejoicing when sower and reaper saw the fruit of their labour in a harvest of precious souls. As in Barvas, meetings were continued until two and three o'clock in the morning and some remarkable scenes were witnessed as the Spirit of God moved among the people.

An incident occurred in this parish which is still vivid in my mind. A lorry was engaged to convey a number of people to a meeting: the distance to be covered was fourteen miles, and the journey would take them round the end of a loch. Unfortunately, the lorry broke down when they were about seven miles from their destination. The younger of the party decided to walk, but this was too much for the older members who, very reluctantly, retraced their steps homeward.

Suddenly it occurred to them that a late meeting would be held, and if they could secure a boat, they could cross the loch and be in time for the midnight service. A boat was found at the nearest township three miles distant, and on rowing across the loch, a distance of three miles, great was their satisfaction to find a meeting in progress; and was it the guidance of the Spirit that led the preacher that night to take the text, "They also took shipping and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus?" The men from across the loch were seeking for Jesus, and that night they found Him. That morning, just as the dawn was breaking and the night gave way to the rising sun, another Sun had arisen, and One of clearer shining brought light and life to men who sat in darkness. Before they set sail for home, the congregation gathered and, led by one of the local ministers, sang:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

"Oh how shall words of equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there

"When nature fails, and day and night
Divide the works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, my Lord
Thy mercy shall adore

"Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise
For, oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise."

It is not often that strangers from other districts crowd a church, making it impossible for the regular congregation to get accommodation in their own building, but this actually happened in this parish. So great was the hunger for the Gospel that, long before the hour of service, busses and vans from a neighbouring parish brought a crowd that filled the little church of Habost, and the regular congregation were content to sit in the vehicles that the strangers had vacated. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

The influence of the Lewis awakening was felt in Harris. Soon in both Tarbert and Leverburgh a gracious movement broke out, and one interesting feature of this blessed visitation was the place that singing had in the meetings. Again and again a wave of deep conviction of sin would sweep over the congregation, and men and women would be seen bending before the mighty impact of the Spirit, as the heart-cry of the penitent found expression in the words of Psalm 130:

“Lord from the depths to Thee I cry’d.
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear:
Unto my supplications voice
Give an attentive ear.

“Lord, who shall stand if Thou, O Lord,
Should’st mark iniquity?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.”

Barnera is a small island off the coast of Harris, with a population of about 400. In April, 1952, it was my privilege to visit this parish and witness one of the most remarkable movements of the revival. Here, as in other districts, there were men who, on their faces before God, cried for an outpouring of His Spirit; and an incident occurred which goes to demonstrate the power of prevailing prayer and to reveal how true it is that “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” One morning an elder of the Church of Scotland was greatly exercised in spirit, as he thought of the state of the church and the growing carelessness toward Sabbath observance and public worship. While waiting upon God, this good man was strangely moved, and was able to pray the prayer of faith and lay hold upon the promise, “I will be as the dew unto Israel.” This word from God came with such conviction and power, that he was assured that revival was going to sweep the island, and in that confidence he rose from his knees.

While this man was praying in his barn, I myself, taking part in the Faith Mission Convention at Bangor in Northern Ireland, was suddenly arrested by the conviction that I must leave at once and go the Island of Barnera, where I found myself within three days! Almost immediately on arriving, I was in the midst of a most blessed movement. Again the promise was being fulfilled, “I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground.” The first few meetings were very ordinary, but the prayers offered by elders of the congregation breathed a confidence in the sure promise of God. Again and again reference was made to the words of Psalm 50, verse 3, “Our God shall surely come.” They did not wait long for the fulfillment of the word from God! One evening, just as the congregation was leaving the church and moving down towards the main road, the Spirit of God fell upon the people in Pentecostal power: no other word can describe it: and in a few minutes the awareness of the presence of the Most High became so wonderful and subduing, that one could only say with Jacob of old, “Surely the Lord is in this place.” There, under the open heavens and by the road side, the voice of prayer was mingled with the groans of the penitent, as “free grace awoke men with light from on high.” Soon the whole island was in the grip of a mighty movement of the Spirit, bringing deep conviction of sin and a hunger for God. This movement was different from the one in Lewis in this respect, that while in Lewis there were physical manifestations and prostrations, such were not witnessed here; but the work was as deep and results as enduring, as in any other part touched by the revival.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature in this part of Harris was the awe-inspiring sense of the presence of God that came over the island. The people just gave themselves to seeking the Way of Life. Meetings were held during the day and through the night, in church, in the homes of the people and in the open: indeed, every gathering of people was made a means of grace. One would like to pay tribute to two ministers of the Church of Scotland who, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, left their own parishes and threw their full weight in to the movement, the Rev. Murdi McLeod of Tarbert, and the Rev. Angus McKillop of Lochs: the good people of this island will forever be grateful to these two gentlemen who gave of their best. Here is an extract from a letter received from an elder on the Island: he is referring to the first communion after the awakening: “The centre of the church was reserved for

communicants, but it could not hold them; this never happened in the history of our parish before, 'Glory to God, Hallelujah!'"

The other Bernera also, in Lewis, is one of the smaller islands of the Outer Hebrides, with a population of about 400 fairly equally divided between the Church of Scotland and the Free Church of Scotland. Here God had a few faithful men and women, but along vacancy in one the churches did not help the spiritual life of the community, and this was reflected in the growing disregard for public worship, especially by the youth of the island. It has been said that the weekly prayer meeting indicates the temperature of the congregation, and if that be so, Bernera had a somewhat low temperature: but there had been indications of the working of the Holy Spirit, and here also God had His "Daniels" with their "windows ... open toward Jerusalem," who, long before the outbreak of the revival, were encouraged to believe that days of spiritual refreshing were near at hand.

One of the outstanding personalities of the revival, the Rev. Murdo McLellan, Parish Minister of Carloway, was interim moderator of the Bernera congregation. At his invitation I went to assist at a communion season and began a series of pre-communion services. The first meeting was not encouraging, and it was decided to have a further meeting in a nearby cottage. If the first meeting damped our spirits, here was a sight to gladden our hearts: a crowded house, with young men and women in the majority, and an awareness of God that was most subduing. That night in this cottage God made bare His arm, and a movement broke out that was to spread all over the island. It was here that an incident occurred that lives most vividly in my memory: at my request several office-bearers from the Parish Church of Barvas visited the island bringing with them a young lad recently brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. After spending some time together in prayer, we went to the church to find the place crowded, but seldom did I experience such bondage of spirit, and preaching was most difficult; so much so; that when only halfway through my address I stopped preaching. Just then my eye caught sight of the lad, who was visibly moved and appeared to be deeply burdened: leaning over the pulpit I said, "Donald, will you lead us in prayer?" there was an immediate response, and in that moment the flood-gates of heaven opened, the congregation was stuck as by a hurricane, and many cried out for mercy.

But the most remarkable feature of this gracious visitation was not what happened in the church, but the spiritual impact made upon the island; men who until then had no thought of seeking after God, were suddenly arrested and became deeply concerned about their soul's salvation. One worthy elder of the Free Church into whose home salvation came, referring to his native village, said: "This is the Lord's doing. His great name be praised." A contributor to the local paper in an article referring to this movement wrote, "more are attending the weekly prayer meeting than attended public worship on the Sabbath, before the revival." It was my privilege to pay a return visit to this island, and what a joy it was to find the young converts growing in grace, and witnessing in church and community a good confession: to listen to their words of testimony or to hear them engage in prayer was "as cold water to the thirsty soul."

The last place to be mentioned in connection with the spread of the movement is the Parish of Uig. This part of the island is sparsely populated, with the villages far apart, and not too well provided with transport facilities, but if buses were not available, vans and lorries were, and in these the people of the scattered townships gathered. At the beginning of the revival, while God was moving mightily in the Parish of Ness, a woman who was bitterly opposed to the revival made the remark, "Why does he not go to Uig? That is where they need the Gospel." If by inference this lady meant that Uig was lacking in a gospel ministry, she was, I fear, using her imagination without reference to fact. Uig had for many years been favoured by a faithful and evangelical ministry. It is true that, in common with many other parishes, a spirit of indifference to the things of God prevailed, especially among the young, so that the church was supported largely by the middle-aged and old. But the faithful ministry

from the pulpits, and the prevailing prayers of the people of God in the parish, did not pass the notice of Him who said, "I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them."

I wish I could describe the scene, and impart something of the overwhelming sense of the subduing Spirit of God on the night that the windows of Heaven opened. The parish minister, the Rev. Angus MacFarlane, was in his own pulpit and was leading in prayer, when suddenly a consciousness of God came over the congregation, and we were lifted out of the realm of the ordinary, to realize a spiritual impact that could not be explained from any human point of view: revival had come. The first meeting of the evening concluded with the singing of Psalm 147, verses 2-3:

"God doth build up Jerusalem:
And He it is alone
That the dispersed of Israel
Doth gather into one.

Those that are broken in their heart,
And grieved in their minds,
He health, and their painful wounds
He tenderly up-binds."

The second meeting of this remarkable night was held in a neighbouring village. All Lorries and vans available were put into service to convey the people to the place of worship, yet many were forced to walk miles; but distance did not matter, and at any rate they knew that the meetings would continue: if they were not in time for the first, they would be sure of getting the second or the third. So they came across the moors and over the hills, young men and maidens, their torches flashing in the darkness, intent upon one thing, to get peace from a guilty conscience, and refuge from the storm in their bosom, in the shelter of the Rock of Ages. Today, in this parish, the churches are throbbing with young life and the work and witness of the respective congregations made so much easier, through the new influx of men and women ready and willing to serve their Master and the Church of their fathers.

IV. FEATURES OF THE MOVEMENT

What have been the outstanding features of this movement? Three stand out clearly.

First, an awareness of God. To be fully realized this has to be felt. A Rector of the Church of England, referring to his visit to Lewis, said, "What I felt, apart from what I saw, convinced me at once that this was no ordinary movement." I have known men out on the fields, others at their weaving looms, so overcome by this sense of God that they were found prostrate on the ground. Here are the words of one who felt the hand of God upon him: "The grass beneath my feet and the rocks around me seem to cry, 'flee to Christ for refuge.'" This supernatural illumination of the Holy Spirit led many in this revival to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ before they came near to any meeting connected with the movement. I have no hesitation in saying that this awareness of God is the crying need of the Church today; "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" but this cannot be worked up by any human effort, it must come down.

The second main feature has been deep conviction of sin – at times leading almost to despair. I have known occasions when it was necessary to stop preaching because of the stress manifested by the anxious, and many would find expression for the feeling in their hearts and the burden of their guilty conscience, in the words of John Newton:

“My conscience felt and owned its guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins His blood had split
And helped to nail Him there”

Physical manifestations and prostrations have been a further feature. I find it somewhat difficult to explain this aspect, indeed I cannot; but this I will say, that the person who would associate this with satanic influence is coming perilously near committing the unpardonable sin. Lady Huntington on one occasion wrote to George Whitefield respecting cases of crying out and falling down in meetings, and advised him not to remove them from the meetings, as had been done. When this was done it seemed to bring a damper on the meeting. She said, “You are making a great mistake. Don’t be wiser than God. Let them cry out; it will do a great deal more good than your preaching.”

CONCLUSION

Much has been said and written about the revival. Like all such movements of the past, many have praised God for it; others have made it the occasion of bitter press and pulpit attacks. “Men have praised or blamed as it suited them.” It is true, however, that exaggerated statements have appeared in the press carrying such lines as “Revival sweeping the Hebrides.” Revival has not swept the Hebrides: there are many of the Western Isles still untouched by the movement. But it is true to say the Lewis and Harris have experienced “times of refreshing ... from the presence of the Lord.” And the wilderness has been made to “rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

One very much regrets that, from the beginning, there were those who opposed the movement. Almost from the very first, the scare was raised – “Arminianism.” Here, I would quote from one who, though mightily used of God, did not escape the bitter opposition of leaders in the Church: “I verily believe revival would have come to ***** at that time if prayerful sympathy, instead of carnal criticism, had been shown.” As in this case, so also in Lewis, criticism was based on hearsay – never a wise procedure. If only those who opposed had gone to hear for themselves, how different the story might have been today! But facts are powerful things and we can leave the facts of the Lewis Revival to speak for themselves.

CHAPTER TWO – TESTIMONIES

Mary Peckham: The minister closed in prayer, and in that prayer, he quoted a scripture that I knew very well, and as he quoted it I was transported to the place called Calvary. The word he quoted was, “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and by His stripes we are healed.”

It suddenly fell on my ears as the sweetest sound I had ever heard. God applied it to my heart. As I gazed at the crucified Jesus, I heard the words, *With His Stripes You are Healed!* I felt the healing balm of Calvary go through my whole being. Nobody needed to tell me. The Spirit of God through the Word of God witnessed with my spirit that, miracle of miracles, I was a child of God! Oh, the thrill of it! What I had despaired of ever receiving was now mine as God applied the Scriptures to my heart. Yes, I was His, and His love and glory flooded my being.

Tears gushed down my face, and I knew – suddenly I knew – that by His stripes I was healed. I was forgiven. I was free. I didn’t know the terminology. I didn’t know how to put it into words, but I knew that it was done.

After that meeting, off we went to another about nine miles away. There the preacher preached on the marriage feast of the Lamb, and I thought that I would soon be there. It seemed as if heaven was bending down over my soul and that I would be taken to be with the Lord. It was glorious! What an atmosphere.

We climbed aboard the coal lorry (truck), which was regularly washed down for the meetings, once again for the return journey, but when we reached the house we looked at one another and thought, 'What a shame to have to go to bed. Surely, we should be praising the Lord. We don't want to go to bed.' It was only two in the morning and we were so bound together in spirit that we didn't want to part from one another.

"What shall we do?"

"Let's walk along the shore."

It was a lovely moonlit night and this group of teenagers walked along the shore, saved by sovereign grace. We began to sing above the sound of the waves:

*Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me.
There's love and life and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.*

Every one of us had been outsiders, but now we had come into the fold of God.

"Well, we had better go to bed. It's a waste of time, but we'd better go!"

"We'll pray first."

None of us had ever prayed audibly before, but there we stood on the seashore, a little group of teenagers with bowed heads. Not a sound except the sound of the sea as we each in silence lifted our hearts to God in gratitude for the salvation that had reached us and lifted us into the arms of Jesus and had imparted to us eternal life.

What a moment! I shall never forget it! Reluctantly we parted and went to our homes.

William MacLeod: Then, exactly one week before Christmas, it happened. God spoke to my heart and I surrendered my life to Him ... When I woke up the next morning, I was at peace and everything was new to me. The whole world seemed new! I found myself pouring my heart out to God. I had always "said my prayers," but now I was praying! Joy welled up within me – a joy that was beyond explanation. This was one of the unspeakable gifts which we as the Lord's people had at that time – this indescribable and overwhelming joy. Another result of the revival was the boldness which we all had; boldness to witness, to rejoice, and with it freedom to tell whoever was listening that we had given our lives to Christ.

Catherine Campbell: The meeting was mighty and I was overwhelmed with conviction. As I came out of the meeting I just fell on my knees outside the door. I didn't care who was around. That night I came to Christ ... After the meetings we would make a circle on the street, holding hands and singing at the top of our voices. It was heaven on earth. Everything was made new.

Margaret MacLeod: And the singing! It was simply glorious. It was almost supernatural, full of joy and spiritual power.

Mary Peckham: When the people sang, oh the shivers chased themselves up and down my spine. I had never heard singing like this. The words rose to heaven in a power that could only be sensed but not described. The singing was fire! It went right through you.

Norman Campbell: Mr. Campbell asked for those who wished to be prayed for to join him in the church hall. I joined others who were seeking help. Mr. Campbell and I knelt together and he prayed. He then asked me to pray and ask the Lord for mercy. As soon as I stood to pray, my chains were loosed and I was set free. Old things passed away, and all things became new. It happened in a moment. I was launched out on a sea of love. I felt I was no longer in the flesh. I left the hall feeling as if I were swimming in a sea of love....

After the meal we went to the bus, and just as we approached the vehicle, suddenly a light like the brightness of the sun, on this dark night, shone around us. I looked up to see where the light was coming from and I saw the face of Christ. That was where the light was coming from – His face! I shall never forget it! It was like the sun, just like the sun! And the joy on that face; and the love reflected from that face! I cannot explain nor describe it. Then He said, ‘I love you,’ and the ‘you’ was plural, meaning ‘all of you.’ The vision lasted only a few seconds but it seemed that it was for a few minutes. I was simply flooded with inexpressible joy and seemed to be afloat on an ocean of love.

Margaret MacDonald: The revival broke out on the third night of the Point communion. The night the revival broke out in Point, a man from Lochs saw angels going across the moor toward Point. In fact, he saw them two nights running. During this time there was heavenly singing. I heard it myself the night I was converted....

A group of converts were walking together with linked arms. I saw a light at my feet and at last said, ‘What is this light I see on the ground?’ We looked behind us and the light was there. We looked up and it seemed as if the sky was split open and we were encircled in this light. Everyone in the group saw it. I have never spoken of this experience and have never understood its significance. One cannot explain these things but there was something personal in it. That was how it was in revival. Some people were so overcome by the presence of God that they fell to the ground. A group of people returning from prayer meeting fell to the ground without warning. The presence of God was everywhere. At family worship one night, the atmosphere was so charged with the presence of God that one felt one could reach out and grasp that which surrounded us. Along with this came a sense of unspeakable joy.

One lady, Barbara, spent much time in prayer and seemed to be often in a trance. A man, Colin Macleod, fled to the bar in the town to drown the convictions which so disturbed him, but he did not stay long. He took a lift home and came off near his house. Barbara knew that he had gone to the town and to the pub and came out to meet him. When he saw her he got down on his knees in the road and called on the Lord to have mercy on him.

One cannot understand these things. I have not felt free to speak of these things before as they seem to be too sacred to tell.

Annie MacKinnon: A minister who visited there stated that the very fields were hallowed. Wherever people worked, they prayed. The place of solitude was precious to them. Out on the moor, caring for

cattle they prayed. Prayer was not a burden to them but a delight. They loved to pray; they were constrained to pray.

Sandy Mor: As we came from the meeting we came across young men and young women on the road weeping and praying that the Lord would have mercy on them. We went a little further and we heard singing and then a little further along the road another group were crying and asking the Lord to have mercy on them. What a wonderful night that was!

Donald MacPhail: After the midnight cottage meeting I endeavored to leave for home, but on looking around, outside the house, I noticed a man praying by the side of the wall. Shouts and heavy sighs were heard from people within, as if crying for help. I could not restrain myself any longer and touched that godly man. In a broken voice I told him that I wanted to get right with God before it would be too late. As he turned, I saw Christ in the very expression on his face. In compassion he took me by the hand and led me into the prayer meeting where nine other villagers were on their knees, seeking the Saviour. That night I was considerably relieved to have made a decision for Christ. At a subsequent prayer meeting, while a godly man from Shadar prayed, I became aware of the peace and joy of the Holy Spirit flooding my soul. I knew without doubt that my sins were forgiven. I confess with honesty that I had never known such deep peace, real joy, and inward liberty and freedom.

Christy Maggie MacLeod: The battle raged! Satan did his utmost to prevent me from coming to the Lord. He cast up one argument after another. I knew I had to come, but how? The text, “Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,” was God’s wonderful encouragement to me as I wrestled. He won’t cast me out; He will accept me; but how do I come?

It took hours. I did not want to come, but I knew I had to come. I knew I was lost, and I knew that to be saved, I had to come to Christ. I wanted to be saved but I did not want to yield my all to Christ. I was afraid of the consequences. “Oh God, have mercy on me and show me the way!” What a battle it was.

At a point of desperation, something happened that I have never been able to explain. It seemed as if a cool breeze went through the room, and I heard a clear voice say, “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” It was so real that I put my hand out to touch Him and said, “Don’t pass me,” – and He didn’t! I, as it were, touched Him and He saved me in that instant. The presence of God was so real. Joy welled up within me and I knew I was His.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL’S CONVERSION TESTIMONY

My conversion happened under very strange circumstances. God didn’t speak to me in a church or in a mission hall, though I went to church every Sabbath. God spoke to me at a dance. I happened to be a player and a step-dancer. I was very fond of bagpipe playing and just as fond of step-dancing. I was asked to play and dance at a concert and also to give several demonstrations of step-dancing. The concert had begun. I had already played several pieces when a minister came over to me and said, “There’s a special request that you play ‘The Green Hills of Tyrol;’” one of our favorite Scottish tunes.

As I came to the second part of that great tune, I found my mind altogether wandering from the tune. My thoughts centered on another green hill. At family worship on the farm, we frequently sang: “There is a Green Hill Far Away.” That was the green hill before my mind as I continued to play “The Green Hills of Tyrol.” When finished, I was so gripped by the Spirit of God and so distressed in my mind that I turned to the other players and said, “Boys, you carry on. I’m leaving the concert.”

One piper turned to me and said, “Are you not well?” I said, “I’m very well in body, but I’m terribly disturbed in my mind.”

As I walked along the country road toward the farm, I saw a light in a church. I had been away in business and had just come home to play this dance. No one had told me that two workers of the Faith Mission were conducting a mission in the parish. And on that particular night they were having an all-night affair in the church along with the minister of that parish. I was curious to know what was happening. So I went up to the door and listened through the keyhole. Someone was praying. I listened and who did I discover praying but my own father. I am sure he was praying for his wayward son at the concert and dance. Horses could not have dragged me past that church. I was in my piper’s regalia with its buckles and plates and what-nots, two swords in the one hand with which I had been demonstrating sword dancing, and a set of bagpipes in the other. I laid them down in the back seat and walked up the aisle and sat beside my father.

The minister looked at me and then he looked at the two girls on the platform with him. I’m sure they thought I was either drunk or mad. Whoever head of a piper in full regalia walking into a prayer meeting? I sat down beside my father, who turned to me and said, “I’m glad to see you here.” That was all. After that, a young woman from the island of Skye, Mary Graham, a worker in the mission, stood up and spoke for about ten minutes in Gaelic. She spoke from the text: “God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not.” The arrow on conviction struck home, and now I became fearfully distressed in my spirit, so much so that I was afraid I would create a scene in the church.

I walked out, left the others there praying, and I made my way along the road outside of town, arriving home about three o’clock in the morning. If I prayed one time along that country road, I’m sure I prayed ten times, crying to God to have mercy on me. I saw myself so vile and sinful. Upon arriving at the farm, I found my mother on her knees by the kitchen fire. Oh, thank God for a Christian home! Thank God for Christian parents! Mother couldn’t attend the prayer meeting because we had visitors on the farm that night. But she could pray at home. And there she was on her knees by the fireside. I’m sure she too was praying for her wayward son. I went over and told her my story, told her how distressed I was, and asked her to pray for me.

Like a wise woman, she said, “There are visitors with us this evening. Your cousins have come, and there’s one occupying the bed in your room. I would suggest that you go out to the barn and tell God what you told me.” I went out to the barn and knelt in the straw prepared for the horses in the morning. I still remember the prayer I uttered. It was in Gaelic. I’m thankful that God understands Gaelic! If He didn’t, I wouldn’t be saved today; for I had not a word of English then. I prayed, “Oh God, I know not how to come and I know not what to do; but, if you’ll take me as I am, I’m coming now.” And God, in less time than I take to tell it, swept into my life. It was miraculous! It was supernatural! Never for one minute, since that hour, have I had any occasion to doubt the work that God did that night.

I knew nothing about the doctrine of “simply believing,” or about this matter of “making a decision.” My cry was, “God, come into my life!” I was, that night, supernaturally altered, and so supernaturally altered that godliness characterized every part of my being, body, soul and spirit. On the following Wednesday, I walked seven miles over the hill to attend a prayer meeting. I had aspirations and longings of the soul that only found expression in being at prayer meeting. Shortly after my conversion, I found myself along with many others, on the battlefields of Flanders, a soldier in the king’s army.

It wasn’t long before I discovered powers resident within me that were fighting against my desire for godliness and holiness; a power well entrenched in my nature; a power that battled my best endeavors. And with the Apostle Paul I frequently cried, “Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? The good that I would, I cannot do, the evil that I hate, that I do.” Yet, in the

midst of it all, I knew that I had entered into a saving and covenant relationship with God, and that He had entered into a saving and covenant relationship with me. I knew that. And yet – oh, the law of the spirit of life fighting the law of the spirit of death!

However, the day came when that was changed, and changed under very strange circumstances. I found myself severely wounded in a calvary charge outside of Amiens – The last cavalry charge of the British Army, April 12, 1918. It is a terrible thing to be in a cavalry charge when machine guns are leveled at you, firing five and six hundred rounds-a-minute. That was what we had to face on that fearful morning. I lay wounded on the battlefield; the blood was flowing freely; I believed I was dying. I was very conscious of my unfitness to appear before the judge of all the earth. Two things trouble me: I felt so impure, and I knew that I hadn't helped any soul to find the Saviour. We had often sung on the farm:

Must I empty-handed go?
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?

Could I but recall them now,
Oh, the years of sin I've wasted!
I would give them to my Saviour
To His will I'd gladly bow.

But I was dying, I thought. And then, a miraculous thing happened. The Canadian horses were called out for a second charge. They charged over that bloody battlefield toward the enemy in a body. Men were dying; men were lying wounded; the whole field was littered with men and horses in distress. As it happened, a horse's hoof struck me in the spine. The mark is still there, and I must have groaned. In the providence of God, that groan registered in the mind of a Canadian trooper. He might have said to himself, "There's a cowardly man of the Scotch Grays. He's still alive."

After the charge, again in the providence of God, that trooper came right to the place where I lay and saw that I was bleeding profusely. He lifted as gently as he could placed me on the horse's back dug the stirrup right into the horse's side; and that steed galloped with fury toward the casualty clearing station. Would I be alive to reach the casualty clearing station? Would my soul be in eternity before my body was lifted from the horse? These were the thoughts that coursed through me mind.

As I lay on that horse's back, I remembered a prayer Father frequently offered at family worship. The prayer came from my heart, "Oh, God, I'm dying. Will you make me as holy as a saved man can be?" It was McCheyne's prayer, frequently uttered by Father, "Make me as holy as a saved sinner can be." God the Holy Ghost fell upon me on that horse's back. You needn't say, "There isn't such a thing as a definite experience of the Holy Ghost subsequent to conversion. My confession was real; my regeneration was wonderful; but it paled before the revelation of Jesus that came to me on the horse's back.

Then the horse stood at the casualty clearing station. Loving hands lifted me and laid me down on a stretcher. The place was crowded with wounded and dying, mostly Canadians. I couldn't speak English. But I tried to sing in Gaelic, and what I sang was a psalm: "Oh, thou my soul, bless God the Lord; and all that in me is, be stirred up. His Holy name, I will magnify and bless." Oh, I was weak. My voice wasn't strong. But God swept in.

Mark you, there wasn't a man there who could understand me. To them it was a strange language. But within that hour seven Canadians were saved. Revival, a miniature revival, swept into the casualty clearing station! One young lad said, "Trooper, can you not speak to us in English? We are seeking Jesus." Men with little thought of God, here they were, moved by the Spirit, God, the personality of Jesus, making His impact upon sinners. That's why I constantly say that to me the baptism of the Holy Ghost in its final analysis is the revelation of Jesus.

It's not gifts. Gifts may come if God wills to give them. But I know nothing about gifts. I do know this, that when the baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon me on the horse's back, the supreme reality was Jesus.

*"Twas Jesus. I loved Him.
Because He first loved me.
And purchased my pardon,
On Calvary's tree."*

Oh, how wonderful it was! There in the casualty clearing station, wave after wave of divine realization swept through; sinners cried to God for mercy and sinners found the Saviour.

CHAPTER THREE – REVIVAL IN THE HEBRIDES

This is the full transcript of a message delivered in 1968 in Viroqua, Wisconsin.

There are two things that I would like to say in speaking about the revival in the Hebrides. First, I would like to make it perfectly clear that I did not bring revival to the Hebrides. It has grieved me beyond words to hear people talk and write about the man who brought revival to the Hebrides. My dear people, I didn't do that. Revival was there before I ever set foot on the island. It began in a gracious awareness of God sweeping through the parish of Barvas.

Then I would like to make it perfectly clear what I understand of revival. When I speak of revival, I am not thinking of high-pressure evangelism. I am not thinking of crusades or of special efforts convened and organized by man. That is not in my mind at all. Revival is something altogether different from evangelism on its highest level. Now thank God for everything that has been accomplished through evangelism. I represent a mission in Scotland that does much in the field of evangelism. We have about a hundred workers in our mission, and we thank God for everything that has been accomplished by their efforts down through the years. But when I think of their efforts I am not thinking about revival. I know that this country you very often speak of "having revival meetings." Now that is something I just cannot understand. I think it would be better for you to speak of your efforts as evangelistic meetings, because that is not revival. Revival is a moving of God in the community and suddenly the community becomes God conscious before a word is said by any man representing any special effort.

Now I am sure that you will be interested to know how this gracious movement began on the island of Lewis. Now the Isle of Lewis is a very prosperous island, an island of about 37,000 inhabitants. I say a very prosperous island, perhaps more prosperous than any rural area of rural Scotland. The chief industry there (textiles) is booming and men are making fortunes.

There are more college graduates (per capita) than from any other area of the British Isles. More graduates, ministers and doctors are produced from Lewis than any other part of Scotland. The

Chaplain of the Queen is from one of the areas affected by the revival. That gives you some slight idea of the island to which God came in November of 1949.

This is how it began. Two old women, one of them 84 years of age and the other 82—one of them stone blind, were greatly burdened because of the appalling state of their own parish. It was true that not a single young person attended public worship. Not a single young man or young woman went to the church. They spent their day perhaps reading or walking but the church was left out of the picture. And those two women were greatly concerned and they made it a special matter of prayer.

And this is the verse that gripped them: "I will pour water on him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground."

"That is the promise," they said. "We believe that God is a covenant-keeping God who much be true to his covenant engagements. He has made a promise and He must fulfill the promise." These were the thoughts uppermost in their minds. Now I believe that the prayers of those two women moved the Presbytery of Lewis to do something. And the Presbytery met in the town of Stornoway to discuss and consider the situation of the island, spiritually. They passed a resolution calling on all their faithful people to view with deep concern the terrible drift away from God and the barrenness, spiritually, of the whole parish. That resolution was read in all of the churches on the following Sabbath and printed in the local papers.

Now I'm not prepared to say what impression that made on the people in general, nor on the ministers in particular, but of this I am certain: that it was taken to heart in the parish of Barvas, especially the two old women I mentioned.

They were so burdened that both of them decided to spend so much time in prayer twice a week. On Tuesday they got on their knees at 10 o'clock in the evening and remained on their knees until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning—two old women in a very humble cottage.

One night, one of the sisters had a vision. Now remember, in revival, God works in wonderful ways. A vision came to one of them, and in the vision she saw the church of her fathers crowded with young people, packed to the doors, and a strange minister standing in the pulpit. And she was so impressed by the vision that she sent for the parish minister. And of course, knowing the two sisters, knowing that they were two women who knew God in a wonderful way, he responded to their invitation and called at the cottage.

That morning, one of the sisters said to the minister, "You must do something about it. And I would suggest that you call your office bearers together and that you spend with us at least two nights in prayer in the week. Tuesday and Friday if you gather your elders together, you can meet in a barn, and as you pray there, we will pray here." And the minister, being a God-fearing man, called his office bearers together and seven of them met in a barn to pray on Tuesday and on Friday. And the two old women got on their knees and prayed with them.

Well that continued for some weeks—indeed, I believe almost a month and a half. Until one night—now this is what I am anxious for you to get a hold of—one night they were kneeling there in the barn, pleading this promise, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, floods upon the dry ground" when one young man, a deacon in the church, got up and read Psalm 24. "Who shall ascend the hill of God? Who shall stand in His holy place? He that has clean hands and a pure heart; who has not lifted up his soul unto vanity or sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing (not a blessing, but the blessing) of the Lord." And then that young man closed his Bible. And looking down at the minister and the other office bearers, he said this—maybe crude words, but perhaps not so crude in our Gaelic language

– he said, "It seems to me to be so much humbug to be praying as we are praying, to be waiting as we are waiting, if we ourselves are not rightly related to God." And then he lifted his two hands – and I'm telling you just as the minister told me it happened – he lifted his two hands and prayed, "God, are my hands clean? Is my heart pure?" But he got no further. That young man fell to his knees and then fell into a trance. Now don't ask me to explain this because I can't. He fell into a trance and is now lying on the floor of the barn. And in the words of the minister, at that moment, he and his other office bearers were gripped by the conviction that a God-sent revival must ever be related to holiness, must ever be related to Godliness. Are my hands clean? Is my heart pure? The man that God will trust with revival – that is the condition.

When that happened in the barn, the power of God swept into the parish. And an awareness of God gripped the community such as hadn't been known for over 100 years. An awareness of God – that's revival, that's revival. And on the following day, the looms were silent, little work was done on the farms as men and women gave themselves to thinking on eternal things gripped by eternal realities.

Now, I wasn't on the island when that happened. But, again, one of the sisters sent for the minister. And she said to him, "I think you ought to invite someone to the parish. I cannot give a name, but God must have someone in His mind for we saw a strange man in the pulpit, and that man must be somewhere." Well, the minister that week was going to the Strathpeffer Convention, one of our great conventions in Scotland. At that convention he met a young man who was a student with him in college and knowing that this young man was a God-fearing man, a man with a message, he invited him to the island. "Won't you come for 10 days; a 10-day special effort? We have had so many of them over the past couple of years, but we feel that something is happening in the parish and we would like you to attend."

This minister said, "No, I don't feel that I am the man, but quite recently there has been a very remarkable move in Glasgow under the ministry of a man by the name of Campbell. I would suggest that you send for him." Now at that time I was in a college in Edinburgh. It wasn't very easy for me to leave but it was decided that I should go to the parish of Barvas for ten days to conduct a series of meetings in the parish church there.

Perhaps I ought to tell you that to begin with a letter was sent to the minister to explain that it was impossible for me to go, that I was involved in a holiday convention at that time and wasn't free to go, but that I would put Lewis on my program for the following year. The minister got that letter, he went to the old ladies and told them the story, and the blind sister said, "that is what man is saying, but God has said otherwise, and the man, whoever he is, is going to be here within ten days." Here were women who knew God! Who were in touch with the eternal! "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." And they knew His voice.

Well, to make a long story short, I was on the island within 10 days.

I shall never forget the night that I arrived at the piers, having crossed the Minch in the mail steamer. I was standing in the presence of the minister whom I had never seen and two of his elders that I never knew. One of the elders said to me, "Mr. Campbell I would like to ask you a question before you leave this pier: *Are you walking with God?*" And I instantly recognized that I was in the presence of men who feared God. I said to him, "Well, I think I can say this: that I fear God." He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "That will do." In other words, "I think we can trust you."

The minister turned to me and said, "I know Mr. Campbell that you are very tired. You have been traveling all day by train to begin with and then by steamer. And I am sure that you are ready for your supper and ready for your bed. But I wonder if you would be prepared to address a meeting in the

parish church at 9 o'clock tonight on our way home. It will be a short meeting and then we will make for the manse and you will get your supper and your bed and rest until tomorrow evening." Well, it will interest you to know that I never got that supper.

We got to the church about quarter to nine to find about 300 people gathered. I would say about 300 people. And I gave an address. I don't know if any of you have read my book, *God's Answer*. You'll find the address that I gave on the great night in the book. It is the first address in the book. Nothing really happened during the service. It was a good meeting. A sense of God, a consciousness of His Spirit moving but nothing beyond that. So I pronounced the benediction and we were leaving the church I would say about a quarter to eleven. A two-hour meeting – that was nothing in Lewis.

Just as I am walking down the aisle, along with this young deacon who read the Psalm in the barn. He suddenly stood in the aisle and looking up to the heavens he said, "God, You can't fail us. God, You can't fail us. You promised to pour water on the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. God, You can't fail us!"

And standing beside him I found myself in the presence of a man who appeared to know God better than I did. My dear people, we have got to be honest. And I said, "Here is a young man who knows God in a way perhaps I do not. He speaks to God in that way; could I speak to Him in that way?"

Soon he is on his knees in the aisle and he is still praying and then he falls into a trance again. Just then the door opened – it is now eleven o'clock. The door of the church opens and the local blacksmith comes back into the church and says, "Mr. Campbell, something wonderful has happened. Oh, we were praying that God would pour water on the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground and listen, He's done it! He's done it!"

When I went to the door of the church I saw a congregation of approximately 600 people. Six hundred people – where had they come from? What had happened? I believe that that very night God swept in Pentecostal power, the power of the Holy Ghost! And what happened in the early days of the apostles was happening now in the parish of Barvas.

Over 100 young people were at the dance in the parish hall and they weren't thinking of God or eternity. God was not in all of their thoughts. They were there to have a good night when suddenly the power of God fell upon the dance. The music ceased and in a matter of minutes, the hall was empty. They fled from the hall as a man fleeing from a plague. And they made for the church. They are now standing outside. Oh, yes – they saw lights in the church. That was a house of God and they were going to it and they went. Men and women who had gone to bed rose, dressed, and made for the church. Nothing in the way of publicity – no mention of a special effort except an announcement from the pulpit on Sabbath that a certain man was going to be conducting a series of meetings in the parish covering ten days. But God took the situation in hand – oh, He became His own publicity agent. A hunger and a thirst gripped the people. Six hundred of them now are at the church standing outside.

This dear man, the blacksmith, turned to me and said, "I think that we should sing a psalm." In Lewis they do not sing hymns; they sing the Psalms of David. And he read Psalm 102:

*When Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we,
Filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongues with melody!*

And they sang and they sang and they sang verse after verse. Oh, what singing! What singing! And then the doors were opened and the congregation flocked back into the church.

Now the church is crowded--a church to seat over 800 is now packed to capacity. It is now going on towards midnight. I managed to make my way through the crowd along the aisle toward the pulpit. I found a young woman, a graduate of Aberdeen University, a teacher in the grammar school, lying prostrate on the floor of the pulpit praying, "Oh, God, is there mercy for me? Oh, God, is there mercy for me?" She was one of those at the dance. But she is now lying on the floor of the pulpit crying to God for mercy.

That meeting continued until 4 o'clock in the morning. I couldn't tell you how many were saved that night but of this I am sure and certain that at least five young men who were saved in that church that night are today ministers in the church of Scotland, having gone through university and college. They are now ministers; they were born again in that meeting.

At 4 o'clock, we decided to make for the manse. Of course, you understand, we make no appeals – you never need to make an appeal or an altar call in revival. Why, the roadside becomes an altar. We just leave men and women to make their way to God themselves – after all, that is the right way. God can look after His own. Oh, God can look after His own! And when God takes a situation in hand, I tell you He does a better work. He does a better work.

So we left them there, and just as I was leaving the church, a young man came to me and said, "Mr. Campbell, I would like you to go to the police station."

I said, "The police station? What's wrong?"

"Oh," he said, "There's nothing wrong but there must be at least 400 people gathered around the police station just now."

Now the sergeant there was a God-fearing man. He was in the meeting. But people knew that this was a house that feared God. And next to the police station was the cottage in which the two old women lived. I believe that that had something to do with the magnet, the power that drew men. There was a coach load at that meeting. A coach load had come over 12 miles to be there. Now if anyone would ask them today, why? What happened? Who arranged it? They couldn't tell you. But they found themselves grouping together and someone saying, "What about going to Barvas? I don't know, but I have a hunger in my heart to go there." I can't explain it; they couldn't explain it, but God had the situation in hand.

This is revival dear people! This is a sovereign act of God! This is the moving of God's Spirit; I believe in answer to the prevailing prayer of men and women who believed that God was a covenant-keeping God who must be true to His covenant engagement.

I went along. I went along to that meeting. As I am walking along that country road – we had to walk about a mile – I heard someone praying by the roadside. I could hear this man crying to God for mercy. I went over and there were four young men on their knees at the roadside. Yes, they were at the dance but they are now there crying to God for mercy. One of them was under the influence of drink, but a young man he wasn't 20 years of age. But that night God saved him and he is today the parish minister, university trained, college trained, a man of God; converted in the revival with eleven of his office bearers. A wonderful congregation. Well, he was saved that night.

Now when I got to the police station, I saw something that will live with me as long as I live. I didn't preach – there was no need of preaching. We didn't even sing. The people are crying to God for mercy. Oh, the confessions that were made! There was one old man crying out, "Oh, God, hell is too good for me! Hell is too good for me!" This is Holy Ghost conviction! Now mark you, that was on the very first night of a mighty demonstration that shook the island. Oh, let me say again, that wasn't the beginning of revival – revival began in a prayer meeting. Revival began in an awareness of God. Revival began when the Holy Ghost began to grip men and that was how it began.

And, of course, after that we were at it night and day, churches crowded. A messenger would come – I remember one night it was after 3 o'clock in the morning – a messenger came to say that the churches were crowded in another parish 15 miles away, crowded at that hour in the morning! And we went to this parish minister along with several other ministers who I thank God for the ministers of Lewis – how they responded to the call of God. How they threw themselves into the effort. And God blessed them for it. We went, and I found myself preaching in a large church – a church that would seat 1,000 – and the Spirit of God was moving, oh, moving in a mighty way! I could see them falling, falling on their knees. I could hear them crying to God for mercy. I could hear those outside praying. And that continued for, I'm sure, two hours. And then as we were leaving the church, someone came to me to tell me that a very large number of people had gathered on a field – they could not get into the church. They couldn't get into any of the churches. And they had gathered in a field. Along with the other ministers I decided to go to the field. And here I saw this enormous crowd standing there as though gripped by a power that they could not explain. But the interesting thing about that meeting was a sight that I saw. The headmaster of a secondary school in the parish is lying on his face on the ground crying to God for mercy. Oh, deeply convicted of his desperate need and on either side of them, two young girls, I would say about 16 years of age, two on each side of him. And they keep saying to the headmaster, "Master, Jesus that saved us last night in Barvas can save you tonight." Oh it is true that when man comes into vital relationship with Jesus Christ, his supreme desire is to win others. To win others! And they were there that night to win their master, and they won him. Oh, God swept into his life, I believe in answer to the prayer of four young girls, 16 years of age who had a burden – who had a burden.

Now that was how the revival began and that is how it continued to begin with for five weeks. The first wave of the revival continued for five weeks and then there was a lull, perhaps a lull of about a week. Oh, the churches are still crowded, people are still seeking after God, and prayer meetings are being held all over the parishes. It was the custom there that those who found the Savior at night would be at prayer meeting at noonday. A prayer meeting met every day and noonday. At that time all worked stopped for two hours – looms were silent. For two hours work stopped in the fields, and men gathered for prayer. And it was then that you got to know those who had found the Savior on the previous night. You didn't need to make an appeal. They made their way to the prayer meeting to praise God for His salvation.

That continued for almost 3 years until the whole of the island was swept by the mighty power of God. I couldn't tell you how many – I never checked the number. I was afraid to do that always remembering what David did. I left the records with God. But this I know, that at least 75% of those who were born again during the revival were born again before they came near a church; before they had any word from me or any of the other ministers. I can think just now of a certain village – the village of Weaver – and there was a row of cottages by the roadside. There were seven of them altogether. And in every cottage a loom and a weaver. One morning, just as the men were being called for breakfast, it was discovered that the seven of them were lying prostrate behind their looms, lying on their faces behind their looms and all of them in a trance. Now I can't explain this. But of this I am certain that this was of God because the seven men were saved that day. Now, I should say six of them were saved that day, one of them on the following day. But they came to understand that

something supernatural had taken possession of them. An awareness for God gripped them, and a hunger possessed them and they cried out to God for mercy. And God swept in. I was visiting them recently – I happened to be up in the Hebrides – and what a joy it was to listen to them tell again of that wonderful experience when God swept into the seven houses. My dear people, that's revival. I mean, so different from our special efforts! So apart altogether from man's best endeavor! God is in the midst and miracles happen.

Now perhaps I should go into some of the features that characterized this remarkable movement. Well, already I have mentioned to you that men were found in trances. Perhaps I should say this that in the Lewis revival we never saw anybody healed; that wasn't a feature of it. We never heard anybody speaking in tongues, in a strange language. Personally, I never heard anybody speak in tongues until a year or two ago. And that was in England. We knew nothing whatsoever about such manifestations. Don't misunderstand me. I believe in every gift mentioned in the word of God but it wasn't God's plan or purpose that we should be visited in that way and we weren't. But we saw strange manifestations.

I think just now of the Isle of Bernera. Up until then God hadn't moved on this island – one of the smaller islands, perhaps an island of 600 souls. And I was asked to go to this island to officiate at a communion. Now, a communion in Lewis is just like one of your conventions. They begin with a prayer meeting on Wednesday night and then on Thursday, the fast day when schools are closed, shops are closed, no work is done, it's just like another Sabbath. That's Thursday. Friday, then, is testimony day when men give their testimonies. They ask the women to be silent. You'll never hear a woman give her testimony at such meetings. But the men speak; however, I am glad to say that many of the dear women got glorious liberty during the revival and they are meeting for prayers and praying with the men today. That is a transformation that has taken place subsequent to the revival.

But I am on this island, and I felt the going fearfully hard. Oh, it was difficult to preach – you felt your very words coming back and hitting you. And I was a bit distressed. I turned to one of the other ministers and I said, "Now don't you think that we should send for the praying men of Barvas?" Let me say in passing that the praying men of Barvas were praying for us just now, there were at least five of them in this part of God's vineyard who promised to do that and I believe they were keeping to their promise. However, I sent for them and in the conversation that I had with this businessman, one of the praying men, I said, "If it is at all possible will you bring little Donald McPhail." Now I will tell you later how Donald came to know the Lord. But bring him.

Now Donald had a remarkable experience on the hillside a fortnight after he was born again. And God came upon him – the Holy Ghost came upon him. He had a mighty baptism. I hope you believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost as a distinct experience. You may disagree, but I believe in it. I don't think that I am preaching one set of doctrine that insists upon gifts. I am not thinking of that at all because I believe that the baptism of the Holy Ghost in its final analysis is just the revelation of Jesus. It is Jesus becoming real, wonderful, powerful, and dynamic in my life. And He expressing Himself through my personality. That is the baptism of the Holy Ghost that I believe in. Not that I disbelieve in anything. Of course I don't. Some of my dearest friends are among those who exercise the gifts. But that, by the way, this young fellow had such a baptism of God among the heather, that he forgot about coming home and a search party had to be sent out to find him in the hills. And they found him on his face among the heather repeating over and over, "Oh, Jesus, I love You. Oh, Jesus I love You." And wasn't he near to Jesus if he spoke like that? He was, of course.

Well, I asked the men to bring little Donald with them. And now we are in the service in the church. And I am preaching from the text, "Who is this that cometh from Edom . . . this that is glorious in his apparel traveling in the greatness of his strength. I that speak in righteousness am mighty to save" that was the text. But oh, I tell you, the going was hard. The going was hard. I looked down and I saw

little Donald sitting there in the seat. And I saw that his head was bowed and I saw that the floor was wet with his tears. And I said to myself, "Well, now, there is a young lad nearer to God than you or I. Oh, there is a young lad who is in touch with God." And I stopped preaching. And looking down at this young lad, I said, "Donald, I believe God would have you lead us in prayer." It was right in the midst of my address. And that young lad stood to his feet.

Now that morning at family worship they were reading Rev 4 where John has the vision of the open door. "I saw a door opened in heaven." And as that young man stood, that vision came before him. And this is what he said in his prayers. "God, I seem to be gazing in through the open door. And I seem to see the Lamb standing in the midst of the Throne. He has the keys of death and of hell at his girdle." Then he stopped and began to weep. And for a minute or so he wept and he wept. Oh, the brokenness. And when he was able to control himself, he lifted his eyes towards the heavens and he cried out, "God, there is power there, let it loose! Let it loose!" And suddenly, the power of God fell upon the congregation. And now, one side of the church threw their hands up like this. Threw their heads back and you would almost declare that they were in an epileptic fit, but they were not. Oh, I can't explain it. And the other side they slumped on top of each other. But God, the Holy Ghost moved. Those who had their hands like this stayed that way for two hours. Now you try to remain like that with your hands up for a few minutes and you will find it hard, but you would break their hands before you could take them down. Now, I can't explain it-this is what happened.

But the most remarkable thing that night was what took place in a village seven miles away from the church. There wasn't a single person from that village in the church. Not one single person. Seven miles away, it was a while away certainly but while Donald McPhail was praying, the power of God swept through Croir, that's the name of the village. Swept through the village and I know it to be a fact that there wasn't a single house in the village that hadn't a soul saved in it. Not a single house in the village.

A schoolmaster that night looking over his papers 15 miles away from this island on the mainland suddenly was gripped by the fear of God. And he said to his wife, "Wife, I don't know what's drawing me to Barvas, but I must go." His wife said, "But it's nearly 10 o'clock and you're thinking of going to Barvas. I know what's on your mind, I know that you are going out to drink and you are not leaving this house tonight!" That was what she said to him – he was a hard drinker. And he said to his wife, "I may be mistaken, oh, I may be mistaken, but if I know anything at all about my own heart and mind, I think I say to you now that drink will never touch my lips again." And she said to him, "Well, John, if that's your mind, then go to Barvas." And he got someone to take him to the ferry, someone to ferry him across, and I was conducting a meeting in a farmhouse at midnight and this schoolmaster came to the door and they made room for him and in a matter of minutes he was praising God for salvation. Now that's miracle. I mean you cannot explain it in any other way.

A father, a mother and two daughters and a son were saved that night in this village but one of the daughters who was in the medical profession was in London. She was in London. A very clever girl. She is walking down Oxford Street after leaving a patient and she is suddenly arrested by the power of God. She went into a closet and cried to God for mercy and God saved her there – the whole family saved! My dear people, these are facts. And I tell you of them to honor God. That girl is today the wife of a Baptist minister in Tasmania. He was for a fortnight in the Hebrides at that time and the day came when he asked her hand in marriage and they married and both of them in Tasmania today.

These are some of the remarkable movings of God. That very night, a captain in the clan line was saved sailing down the Minch at that very hour. The Spirit of God laid hold of him in his cabin. The Spirit of God moved upon lobster fishermen in the sound – they had to leave their boats and their

creels and make for the island. By the morning they were saved. Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if we saw God move in that way in this community? God could do it.

I think one of the most outstanding things that happened I believe will go down in history as long as revival is mentioned was in the parish of Arnol. Now, I regret to say that here I was bitterly opposed by a certain section of the Christian church. Opposed by ministers who were born-again without question. They were God-fearing men, but for some reason or other they came to believe that I wasn't sound in my doctrine because I preached the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I proclaimed a Savior who could deliver from sin. Glorious emancipation! And they got it into their minds that I was teaching absolute perfection or sinless perfection – a thing that I never did, nor could I ever believe in. Of course, I believe in conditional perfection: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son cleanses us from all sin. " That is scriptural perfection! That is based on obedience – on obedience. But the dear men somehow believed – of course not one of them ever listened to me – they listened to stories brought to them. And of course it was arranged that there was a special effort to be made to oppose me. To oppose me. And several ministers were brought from the mainland to this particular parish to conduct mission meetings opposing Campbell and his revival.

Well, they came, and they were so successful in their opposition that very few people from this particular community came near any of my meetings. It is true that the church was crowded, it is true that people were standing outside that couldn't get in, but these were people who came from neighboring parishes. Brought by coaches, brought by cars and what have you – but there were very few from this particular village. So one night one of the elders came to me and said, "Mr. Campbell, there is only one thing that we can do. We must give ourselves to prayer – give ourselves to prayer. Prayer changes things." Well you know I am very willing for that. I said, "Where will we meet?" "Oh," he said, "There is a farmer and he is very willing to place his farmhouse at our disposal." It was winter and the church was cold. There was no heating in it. The people believe in a crowded church to provide its own heat. But here we wanted a warmer spot, and the farmer was approached. Now the farmer wasn't a Christian, nor his wife, but they were God-fearing. Now let me explain that you can be God-fearing and know nothing of salvation. There are thousands of people in upper Scotland who are God-fearing. They have family worship morning and evening. They would never dream of going out to work in the morning without reading a chapter of the Bible and getting down on their knees to ask God to have mercy upon them and the family. The man may have been under the influence the night before. He may not darken the door of the church, but he would not dream of going out to work without reading the Bible. That is why I believe that the average unsaved person in the Hebrides has a far greater knowledge of the Word of God than the average Christian anywhere else. I think I can say that. It is because of this custom: family worship.

This man had that. He wasn't a Christian, but a God-fearing man, so we gathered at his house. I would say there were about 30 of us including five ministers of the church of Scotland. Men who had burdens, longings to see God move in revival. And we were praying and oh, the going was hard. At least I felt it hard.

I would say there were about seventy of us, including five minister of the Church of Scotland, men who were burdened, longing to see God moving in revival. So we're praying and the going was hard. We prayed till twelve or one o'clock in the morning, when I turned to the blacksmith. Oh, he was a prince in the parish. I said, "John, I feel that God would have me to call upon you to pray." He had been silent up till then. And that dear man began. Nothing came for about half an hour. Half an hour he prayed, then he paused for a second or so, and looking up to the heavens he cried, "God, did you know that your honor is at stake? Your honor is at stake! You promised to pour floods upon dry

ground and, God, You're not doing it!" My dear people, could we pray like that? Ah, but here was a man who could. Here was a man who could.

Then he went on to say, "There are five ministers in this meeting and I don't know where a one of them stands in Your presence, not even Mr. Campbell. But if I know anything at all about my own poor heart, I think that I can say and I think that You know that I'm thirsty! I'm thirsty to see the devil defeated in this parish. I'm thirsty to see this community gripped as you gripped Barvas. I'm longing for revival and God, You're not doing it! And I'm thirsty and You've promised to pour water on me." Then a pause, and then he cried, "God, I now take upon myself to challenge You to fulfill Your covenant engagement!"

Now it was nearing two o'clock in the morning.

And what happened? The house shook. A jug on a sideboard fell onto the floor and broke. A minister beside me said, "An earth tremor!" And I said, "Yes, Murdo," but I had my own thoughts; my mind went back to Acts, chapter four when they prayed and the place was shaken. When John Smith finished praying at twenty minutes past two, I pronounced the benediction and left the house. What did I see? The whole community alive. Men carrying chairs, women carrying stools and asking, "Is there room for us in the churches?" And the Arnol revival broke out. And oh, what a sweeping revival! I don't believe there was a single house in the village that wasn't shaken by God.

I went into another farmhouse. I was thirsty, I was tired, I was needing something to drink, and I went into ask for a drink of milk and I found nine women in the kitchen crying to God for mercy. Nine of them! The power of God swept. And there was a little boy, and he's kneeling and he's crying to God for mercy. And one of the elders goes over to him and prays over him and little Donald McPhail, the Evan Roberts of Lewis, came to know the Savior, and I believe more souls were brought to Christ by that young lad than through the preaching of all of the ministers on the island together. He was the boy that prayed, "I gazed upon an open door."

And that night, you know, the drinking house was closed. That was way back in 1952 and it's never been opened since. I was back there some time ago and an old man, an old elder, pointed at this house with its windows boarded up. He said, "Mr. Campbell, do you see that house? That was the drinking house of the parish. And do you know last week at our prayer meetings, fourteen of the men who drank there became praying men." My dear friends, that's revival. That's God at work. Miracles! Supernatural! Beyond human explanation! God!

And I am fully persuaded, dear people, I'm fully persuaded that unless we see something like that happening, the average man will stagger back from our efforts, our conferences, conventions and crusades, will stagger backward disappointed, disillusioned and despairing. Oh, but let something that demonstrates God, and the communist will hide his head in shame.

Oh, I remember one night I saw seven communists. Up until then they will spit in your face. Educated men who wouldn't go near the church. But one night Peggy had a vision. And she saw seven men from this village being born again and becoming pillars in the church of her fathers. She sent for me and told me that God had revealed to her that He was going to move in this particular village. Oh, yes, there were communists there, there were godless men there, but what is that to God? God would deal with that when He began to work.

I told her, "Peggy, I have no leading to go to that particular village. You know there is no church there, and the schoolmaster is one of *those* men who would never dream of giving me the schoolhouse for a meeting, and I have no leading to go."

And you know what she said to me? She said, "Mr. Campbell, if you were living as near to God as you ought to be, He would reveal His secrets to you, also."

And I took it as a word from the Lord. Oh, dear people, it is good to take a word of rebuke. It's good to see yourself as others see you. That was how I felt.

And I said, "Peggy, would you mind if I call the parish minister? And together we'll spend the morning with you in prayer?"

She said, "Oh, I'll be happy to!"

So we came and we knelt with her. So she began to pray and this was what she said, "Lord, you remember what you told me when we had that conversation this morning." – Oh how near she was to God! – and she said, "I'm just after telling Mr. Campbell about it but he is not prepared to take it. You give him wisdom because the man badly needs it!" That was what she said! And she was speaking truth! Of course I needed it! I needed to be taught, and I was at the feet of a woman who knew God in an intimate way. And I was prepared to learn.

So I said, "Peggy, what time will I go to that village?"

And she said, "You'll go tomorrow."

"What time?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Where am I to hold a meeting?"

"You go to the village and leave the gathering of the people to God and He will do it."

And I went to the village and I found a crowd round a seven-room bungalow. I found five ministers waiting for me. And the house was so crowded that we couldn't get in and could not get near it. And I stood on a hillock in front of the main door. I read my text, "This time of ignorance God winked at but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by the whom He hath ordained."

I preached about ten minutes, when one of the ministers said, "Mr. Campbell do you remember what you spoke about at five o'clock this morning out in a field in that wonderful meeting, when you tried to help those that were seeking God?"

(I had spoken on John 10:27, "My sheep hear my voice, they know my voice and they follow me. I give them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.")

"Could you not go to the end of the house?" he continued. "There and some men there and we are afraid they'll go mental. They're in such a state! They're mighty sinners and they know it."

I went, and I saw seven men – the seven men that Peggy saw. And they were crying to God for mercy. And all seven of them were saved within days. Were you to go to that parish today you would see a church with a stone wall built around it, heated by electricity, lit by electricity, and all done by the seven men, who became pillars of the church of Peggy's fathers.

Oh, my dear people, that's God at work.

The minister saw two young men on their knees in the field crying to God and he recognized them as two pipers who were to have played at a concert and dance in his parish. He turned to his wife and said, "Isn't that wonderful? There are the two pipers who have been advertised to play at the hall, and there they are crying to God for mercy. Come on and we'll go to the dance and we'll tell them what has happened."

Off he went with his wife and went to the dance. And they weren't at all pleased at his appearance. He was there to disturb them. They knew he wasn't there to dance. Oh they knew the man. However, he went in. He stepped onto the dance floor and said to the young folks, "Something very wonderful has happened tonight. The two pipers who were to be here are crying for mercy in Barvas."

Suddenly, stillness. Not a word.

Then he said to the young folk, "Would you sing a psalm with me?"

"Yes," they said, "if you lead us yourself."

And he gave out Psalm 50, where God is depicted as a flame of fire. And while he sang the power of God fell on the dance. And I understand that only three who were there that night remained unsaved. The first man that cried to God for mercy was merely a boy. Just last year he was inducted into one of the largest parishes in Scotland. He found the Savior that night with many others.

You ask me, "What is the fruit of this type of movement?" Some little time ago the parish minister was asked to give a report in the record of the church of Scotland. He was asked to give a report on the fruit of the revival. Did they stand? Any backsliding? Now this is what he wrote: "I will confine my remarks to my own parish – I will allow the other ministers to give their own reports. But let me speak of my own parish. In a certain village 122 young people found the faith and I'm not talking about middle age or the old. They were wonderful, but I'm thinking about the young people. One hundred and twenty-two, all of them over the age of 17. They found the Savior during the first wave of the revival. Today I can say that they are growing like flowers in the garden of God, there is not a single backslider among them."

Now, dear people, that's true, that's true. But oh if you knew the young people that have gone forth from that to Bible colleges who are today missionaries in this, that and the other part of the world, who came into saving relationships, growing as he said like flowers in the garden of God. Oh how we thank God for the stream of young people who have gone into the ministry.

I've sometimes said that supposing Lewis produced nothing but one young girl, a wild, wild girl, just 17 years of age, and an outstanding singer, frequently singing at big concerts in Glasgow. [Mary Peckham, nee Morrison] She was outstanding, and is outstanding. God saved her. She went to a Bible school, and today I have no hesitation in saying that she is among the leading Bible expositors in Britain, and that is saying a lot. She is just now in South Africa addressing conferences and conventions. Has been instrumental in bringing blessing to scores of ministers and she was the fruit of the movement.

I will never forget the night that she prayed in a meeting. Remember she was steeped in the doctrine of Calvinism. Lewis is Calvinist. She was brought up in a God-fearing home; her father and mother weren't Christians but they were saved at that time. And she was now on her knees in her room. It's 3

o'clock in the morning and she begins to pray and she says, "God I'm turning from the ways of the world – you'll never see me on a concert platform again. I will follow your people. I will be with them in the prayer meetings. I will never go back to the ways of the world. God that is what I am purposing doing though at the end you send me to hell. That is what I deserve." God, six months after that, saved her.

Oh, I remember the night that the Holy Ghost fell upon her at a communion service. She lifted her two hands like this and she cried, "Oh, Bridegroom, Bridegroom of my heart possess it all. Oh, Bridegroom, Bridegroom of my heart possess it all!" And the Holy Ghost came upon her in such a way that she began to cry, "Oh, God, hold your hand! My young body cannot contain it! God! Hold Your hand! My young body can't contain it!"

That was God. That's the fruit. And what we are seeing today on that island another movement again among teenagers. And we asked a minister recently, "How can you explain it? Can you explain this movement in any way? "

He said, "Yes, I can. I believe this has broken out because of the steadfastness of the young people who found the Savior during the big revival years ago." The steadfastness of the young people. I can say without fear of contradiction that I can count on my ten fingers all who dropped off from the prayer meetings. Of course they are scattered all over the world, they are in the mission fields and different places today, but according to the ministers in Lewis and other places, they are standing true to the God of the covenant, true to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now my dear people that's the story. And I tell it because I fear that another man has been going about the states, telling stories about the revival and writing books about it and I regret to say that statements have been made by him and written in his books that are not true to fact. But that is the story of the revival that can bear the light of examination. God did it. And we bless Him for it.

Leonard Ravenhill closes in prayer. We thank thee heavenly Father this morning for this inspiring experience of listening to the work of God. We certainly are in a dry and thirsty land, not just in America, but an entire generation. A dry and thirsty land where no water is. But we thank thee again for thy promise that the rivers of God are full of water, and our minds go back to the times in history when it has pleased thee to descend. We think of the invasion of thy Spirit on an even greater scale in the days of Whitefield and Wesley, when it seemed that Britain would be swallowed by the vicious revolution that had made France bloody and disintegrated it. Yet you raised up a man; a number of men: Whitefield and others before and after. We think of the great Yorkshire evangelist. We think of men like Gideon Ouseley and others who came in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. And Lord we say again that there is nothing too hard for thee. We look around and we do not see a cloud the size of a man's hand in the sky, except for this move of Your Spirit in Indonesia. We thank thee for every meeting, we thank thee for every conference, we thank thee for every Bible convention, and we have to say that mercy drops are falling, but for the showers we plead. Grant, Oh Lord, that we shall meditate upon this truth. We shall go back to thy word, and we shall go forth in confidence and challenge thee as this boy did and as this blacksmith did, to manifest thyself in the evil day in which we live. We say with the psalmist, "Oh thou that dwellest between the cherubim, cause thy face to shine upon us and we shall be saved." So keep us in the Spirit today. May we do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God. We give thee praise in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CHAPTER SEVEN – KESWICK CONVENTION ADDRESS, 1952

On July 18th, 1952, Campbell addressed a special meeting at the conclusion of the Keswick Convention and reported the great happenings on the Isle of Lewis. The speaking rotation included famous pulpiteers like Graham Scroggie and Alan Redpath, but it was Campbell's message that seems to have commanded the most attention. The Introduction to Keswick Week 1952 begins: "DEEP longing for revival – a true visitation from on high – gave to the Keswick Convention this year its key-note from the start. There was a manifest spirit of expectancy in the opening meeting, and it deepened as the week proceeded, becoming the dominating note of the Convention. It was sounded again and again, but even more potently it made itself felt in a spirit of yearning manifest in all the gatherings; it was freely expressed in the prayer meetings and in-house parties, and in countless conversations. Most of all, in the special meeting convened on Friday afternoon, when the Rev. Duncan Campbell spoke on the revival in the island of Lewis. Would that we could say revival had come! In His sovereign orderings – and Mr. Duncan Campbell's story made clearer than ever that 'the wind bloweth where it listeth' – revival did not 'break' upon Keswick; but very many came away convinced that the Convention was a prelude, a vital preparation for it."

The Revival in the Hebrides
By the Rev. Duncan Campbell

In speaking of the gracious revival of the Holy Spirit in the Hebrides, I shall direct your attention to three aspects of it – how it began; what are its main features; and what it accomplished in the Church and in the community.

In October, 1949, the Free Church Presbytery of Lewis met in the town of Stornoway; they met to discuss, among other things, the appalling drift away from the Church, especially of the younger people of the island. They were there also to consider the dearth of conversions in their congregations. A resolution was passed calling upon their faithful people to view with deep concern the inroads made by the prevailing spirit of the age. I am not in a position to say what response was received to that resolution and appeal by the Presbytery. This I do know, that in every congregation, both the Free Church and the Church of Scotland, God had His watchmen on the walls of Zion. There can be no doubt whatsoever about that. I can only speak about what I know; and I am here this afternoon to declare with absolute certainty that in one congregation at least there were men and women who were deeply burdened. I refer to the parish church of Barvas, where the revival broke out.

Here were men and women baptized into a sense of the need and the condition of men; men who were labouring under a burden, men and women who could have said with Hezekiah of old, "I have made a covenant in my heart with the Lord God of Israel." And this was the covenant that they made: that they would not give rest to their eyes – quoting from Psalm 132 – nor slumber to their eyelids, until they found a place for their God, the God whom they believed in, the God of revival.

I take you now to a barn in the town of Barvas, and here in this barn I find men on their faces before God. They have gathered to pray, but this is no ordinary prayer meeting. Here are men, led by their minister, who were there to do business with God, and at ten o'clock at night they knelt among the straw, to spend the night on the walls of Zion; to plead with God that He would come and make bare His holy arm.

For months they waited, for months they gathered in this barn three nights a week, and waited on their faces before God until four and five o'clock in the morning. One night a young man, a deacon from the Free Church, rose and read Psalm 24, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully, He shall receive – not a blessing, but – the blessing of the Lord." He read it again, and then faced his praying companions with the words, "Brethren, we have

been praying for weeks, waiting upon God. But I would like to ask now: Are our hands clean? Is the heart pure?"

I cannot take time to go into all that happened, but that night, or rather the following morning, God swept into that barn. Had you gone there at four o'clock in the morning you would have found three men prostrate on the floor in a trance; they had prayed until they passed out of consciousness.

My dear people, this is no fairy tale. Here are men moving out of the realm of the common and the natural into the sphere of the supernatural; and that is revival. That very morning in their little cottage, several miles distant, two elderly sisters are on their faces before God, one 82 and the other 84 years of age. They know that the others are waiting upon God, and in this cottage something happens. Heaven swept down and glory crowned the place; they knew that revival was near. The older sister, addressing her younger sister, said "This is what He has promised – 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground;' and we are dealing with a covenant-keeping God."

So convinced was she, that a message was sent that morning to the parish minister with a request that a wire be sent to the Faith Mission. Why did they communicate with the Faith Mission? Here is the answer: forty-five years ago the two sisters were led to Jesus Christ through D.M. Miller, working in Lewis under the auspices of the Faith Mission. How wonderful our God is in His sovereign purposes! Away back, forty-five years ago. He had His plan and programme for Lewis.

To make a long story short, I received a wire in Skye, where I was laboring, and where God was graciously moving. I replied, saying that it was impossible for me to go to Lewis, as I was then preparing for a holiday Convention in another parish; but that I would put Lewis on my programme for the following year. That reply was brought to the sisters, and here is their reaction to it; "That is what man has said. God hath said that he is coming, and he will be here within a fortnight." Now I cannot go into the details as to how it was necessary for us to cancel the Convention. All I can say is that the Tourist Board swept in and commandeered the hotels and the boarding houses we were counting upon to give accommodation. Peggy's prayer was answered; but behind her prayer were the sovereign purposes of God.

Within a fortnight I was there. I shall never forget that first meeting in the parish church of Barvas, and the spirit of expectancy. I was met by the elders, and was assured that God was going to do something. A deacon from the church came and said, "Mr. Campbell, God is hovering over, He is going to break through." Here were men who dared to believe that there is a God who will fulfill His promise to those who pass through into the realm of prevailing prayer.

But nothing happened in that meeting; it was a very ordinary meeting – the singing was good, there was a measure of liberty in prayer, but nothing more than that. But at the close of the service this deacon came again to me, and said, "Do not be discouraged; He is coming; I hear already the rumblings of heaven's chariot wheels." Here were men who knew something, and could talk in heaven's language.

Then he suggested that we go and spend the night in prayer. So we went to a cottage nearby, and there we waited in God's presence. About thirty of us had gathered; God was beginning to move, the heavens were beginning to open, we were there on our faces before God. Three o'clock in the morning came, and God swept in.

Again I see about a dozen men and women prostrate on the floor, lying there speechless. Something had happened; we knew that God had taken the field and the forces of darkness were going to be driven back, and men were going to be delivered. We left that cottage at three o'clock in the morning,

to discover men and women seeking after God. I walked along a country road, and found three men on their faces, crying to God for mercy; there was a light in every home, no one seemed to think of sleep. The Spirit of God was moving, and it will not surprise you when I say that when we gathered at the church the following day the place was crowded, a stream of buses having come from the four quarters of the island. Who told them? I cannot tell you. God has His own wonderful way of working. A butcher's van brought seven men from a distance of seventeen miles away, and the seven men were gloriously converted that night.

We gathered in the church, and I spoke for about an hour. You see, we are not at Keswick there, and we are not restricted in prayer or preaching! The Spirit of God was at work. All over the church men and women were crying for mercy, and I could hear them on the road. There are some in this meeting tonight who were at that second service. They, I am sure, can again picture the scene: men and women were crying, some falling into a trance, some swooning, many crying, "Oh, God, is there mercy for me?" A young man beneath the pulpit prayed "Oh, God, hell is too good for me."

This is the desperate need in the field of evangelism today – conviction of sin that will bring men on their faces before God.

I closed the meeting with the Benediction, and the people moved out. As the last person was about to leave the building, this young man began to pray, and he prayed for almost three-quarters of an hour – just think of it, three-quarters of an hour in prayer – and as he prayed, the people kept gathering, and now we had twice as many around the church as in it. They had come from everywhere, ward having gone round that meetings were to be held right through the night; they had come from Stornoway, from Ness, and different parishes. When this young man stopped praying, the elder gave out Psalm 132, and as the vast congregation sang the words of that wonderful Psalm, they streamed back into the church again and the meeting went on until four o'clock in the morning.

Leaving the church at four o'clock, a messenger came, saying "Mr. Campbell, people are gathered at the Police Station, from the other end of the parish; they are in great distress; can anyone here come along and pray with them? I went along to the Police Station, and can never forget the scene that met our eyes. Under a starlit sky, with the moon gazing down upon us, and angels, I believe, looking over the battlements of glory, were men and women on the road, by the cottage side, behind a peat stack, crying to God for mercy. Yes, the revival had come! For five weeks that went on – in one church at seven o'clock, in another at ten, in a third at twelve, back to the first church at three o'clock, and home between five and six, tired, but glad that we had found ourselves in the midst of a God-movement of the Holy Spirit. I spent five weeks in this particular parish, and then it spread to the neighbouring parishes; and what we saw there in Barvas we saw in the other districts.

That was how it began. Now let me deal with one or two features of the movement.

First of all, I would say the outstanding feature is this deep sense of God, this consciousness of the Eternal, men moved with bowed heads, the realization of God in the midst so overwhelming that sometimes they dared not move. People are here who can tell you how true what I am saying is. It may help you to understand what I am trying to get at when I tell you this – do not misunderstand me – a young woman came to me from Lewis yesterday and said, "Mr. Campbell, what is wrong?" I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "I am missing that consciousness of God, I am missing that sense of the Eternal; I am missing the subduing presence and power of the Holy Spirit." My dear people, do not misunderstand me, I am speaking just now of an island, of a community in the grip of God, and men bowed before Him. The outstanding feature is the tremendous sense of the subduing presence of God.

One who came into saving and covenant relationship with Jesus Christ spoke on the following evening to a young man. Suddenly conviction grips him, and he begins to tremble and try to shake it off; he goes to the town of Stornoway and enters the public-house to get away from this overwhelming sense of the presence of God, and when he enters the public-house he finds there men speaking about their lost and ruined state. He says, "This is no place for a man anxious to shake this off; I will go to a dance." That night he went to a dance, and was not in the hall five minutes when a young woman came up to him and said, mentioning his name, "Oh, where would Eternity find us if God struck us dead now?" The sense of God was everywhere. That evening that young man found the Saviour; he could not escape God.

The second outstanding feature is this deep sense of sin. This is terrible to behold. Let me illustrate it by telling you something that happened in the village or township of Arnol. Here we were met with a measure of opposition. Do not run away with the idea that all was plain sailing. Oh, no, we have been met with opposition, and meet with opposition still; but our God is a conquering God. In this community of four to five hundred souls, very few came to our meetings. The church was crowded with people from other districts; and again we gave ourselves to prayer. An elder from a neighbouring church prayed for this township, for this village was dead; not a single young person darkened the doors of the church, the Sabbath was given over to the drinking house and poaching. I am talking about facts that cannot be gainsaid.

We pray until past 12:30, and again something happens, and we move out of the realm of the ordinary and natural into the sphere of the supernatural, and God lets His power loose. We leave that meeting, and the first person to meet us is a woman with a stool in her hand, who said, "Is there a corner for me in the church?" It was crowded by the people of the village. I went into a neighbouring house to seek some refreshment, having preached for three hours, before I went to the prayer meeting. I went into that house for a glass of milk, and the lady of the house was on her knees with seven other women around her. There were eight women in great distress of soul.

Within forty-eight hours the drinking house was closed, and will be closed forever. Today it is boarded up, and were you to go to that village you would find great strong men, pillars of the Church of Jesus Christ. Going through the village, an old elder of the Free Church drew my attention to this house that was the drinking house of this village, and he said, "Fourteen of the young men who frequented that den of iniquity were praying in the prayer meeting last Thursday." Oh, men and women, it was God at work. Today they require a bus to take them to the church service. Were you to go to that village today you would find three prayer meetings during the week; you would find a group of men on their knees before God at midnight – they gather at ten and wait until one o'clock in the morning, praying for the spread of the revival. That village, as some of you who are from Lewis know, is completely changed. You cannot enter that township today and not feel this wonderful sense of the Lord. There is not a single young man between the age of 18 and 35 who is not praying today in the prayer meeting. Oh, dear people, this is God at work.

From there we went to Bernera. I think I must relate the wonderful story of the young man spoken of so frequently as the Evan Roberts of Lewis, who came in during the first wave. He was a young lad who went to the church carrying a chair to sit on. God met with him that night; the following night he led his father to Christ; the following evening he led his mother to Christ, and I can see him now beneath the pulpit, saying, "This is where father found Jesus last night; this is where I found the Saviour the night before." This young lad was endued with the power of the Holy Ghost.

In Bernera things were difficult; the stream of Christianity was running low, the churches empty, there were no prayer meetings. So I sent a wire requesting the praying men of Barvas to come and assist me in prayer, and making this special request that little Donald be brought with them. They came, and in

a meeting at which about eighty people were gathered, I was preaching from the text, “And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell.” That has been the burden of the message from the beginning to this day, when God is sweeping through the isles. The burden of the message has been the severity of God in judgment, the glories of heaven, and the terrible reality of doomed souls in a burning hell. Listen, you preachers of the Gospel: I am convinced of this, that we have to get back to this emphasis; we have been soft-peddalling far too long, and the soul-destroying doctrine of Universalism is eating at the vital part of our message. Half-way through that address I stopped, and, looking down at this lad, I said, “Donald, will you lead us in prayer?”

He stands; he is not praying more than five minutes when God sweeps into the church, and there is the congregation falling almost on the top of each other; others throw themselves back and become rigid as in death. Do not ask me to explain these physical manifestations; I only state that again we are moving into the realm of the supernatural. But the remarkable thing about that great meeting is this, that while that was happening in the church, fishermen out in their boats, men behind their looms, men at the pit bank, a merchant out with his van, school teachers examining their papers, were gripped by God, and by ten o'clock the roads were black with people seeking after God who were never near me. I went along that country road and found in one place three men lying on their faces, so distressed about their souls that they could not talk to me; yet they were never near a meeting that I held. This is revival!!

Just another word. Mr. Tom Rees, of Hildenborough, visited Lewis some time ago; several minister friends were visiting at the same time. Both parties were there to ask questions – Were lives changed? Where communities changed? What impact did the revival make upon the Church? Here I quote from the local Press, *The Stornoway Gazette*: “More are attending the prayer meetings in Lewis today than attended public worship on the Sabbath before the outbreak of this revival.”

That is the impact on the Church; but what about the community? I make this statement. Social evils were swept away as by a flood in a night, and today in the communities touched by this gracious movement you have men and women living for God, family worship in every home, five or six prayer meetings a week in the parish, the ministers and elders doing their utmost to build up the young men and women in the faith. At a conference of ministers recently I discovered this: I put a question to them – how are things in your different parishes, in your respective districts; how are the young converts getting on? Of the hundreds that professed during this gracious first wave of the Holy Spirit, right up until that visit of mine to this particular district, only four young women have ceased to attend the prayer meetings, only four of the hundreds that came to know Jesus Christ.

Oh, dear people, here was a manifestation of God, something greater than organization, something greater than planning, something more wonderful than a new approach, something more convincing than a new dynamic in the realm of evangelism. God at work; and I say that is the only answer to the problems that face us today. We may organize, we plan, but until get on our faces before God and do business with a covenant-keeping God, we shall not see revival. We can have our conventions and our conferences, and speak of our wonderful times, but what we want, and what we need, is a fresh manifestation of the mighty power of God that brings men down in deep conviction to seek the Saviour. The main emphasis has been on the severity of God; but this remarkable thing has to be noted – eighty-three hymns have been written by the converts, some as fine as anything we have in our Gaelic literature, and without one single exception every hymn has been on the love of Jesus or the wonder of the Saviour.

EPILOGUE

What is revival? The evangelist Leonard Ravenhill said, “The baptism of the Holy Spirit is the coronation of the Lord Jesus in the life of the believer. Revival is the coronation of the Lord Jesus in His church.”

So revival is the baptism of the Holy Spirit on a corporate scale.

John the Baptist said, **“I indeed baptize you with water; but One mightier than I is coming, whose sandal strap I am not worthy to loose. He will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and fire. 17 His winnowing fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly clean out His threshing floor, and gather the wheat into His barn; but the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire.”** Luke 3:16-17

The Resurrected Christ said, **“John truly baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days hence.”** Acts 1:5

Not many days thence, the promise was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost:

When the Day of Pentecost had fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. Then there appeared to them divided tongues, as of fire, and one sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

But Peter, standing up with the eleven, raised his voice and said to them, “Men of Judea and all who dwell in Jerusalem, let this be known to you, and heed my words. For these are not drunk, as you suppose, since it is *only* the third hour of the day. But this is what was spoken by the prophet Joel:

*‘And it shall come to pass in the last days, says God,
That I will pour out of My Spirit on all flesh;
Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,
Your young men shall see visions,
Your old men shall dream dreams.
And on My menservants and on My maidservants
I will pour out My Spirit in those days;
And they shall prophesy.*

*I will show wonders in heaven above
And signs in the earth beneath:
Blood and fire and vapor of smoke.
The sun shall be turned into darkness,
And the moon into blood,
Before the coming of the great and awesome day of the LORD.
And it shall come to pass
That whoever calls on the name of the LORD
Shall be saved.’*

“Men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a Man attested by God to you by miracles, wonders, and signs which God did through Him in your midst, as you yourselves also know

— Him, being delivered by the determined purpose and foreknowledge of God, you have taken by lawless hands, have crucified, and put to death; whom God raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that He should be held by it.

Now when they heard *this*, they were cut to the heart, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, “Men *and* brethren, what shall we do?” Then Peter said to them, “Repent, and let every one of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.” Acts 2:1-47

From these passages we see that revival is an adumbration of the Day of the Lord.

**From the terror of the LORD
And the glory of His majesty.
The lofty looks of man shall be humbled,
The haughtiness of men shall be bowed down,
And the LORD alone shall be exalted in that day.
For the day of the LORD of hosts
Shall come upon everything proud and lofty,
Upon everything lifted up—
And it shall be brought low—
The loftiness of man shall be bowed down,
And the haughtiness of men shall be brought low;
The Lord alone will be exalted in that day.** Isaiah 2:10-17

“The LORD alone will be exalted in that day!” An ancient Jewish parable tells that in the Day of the Lord the sword will pass neck-high: those who are standing tall will be mown down like grass; those who are on their knees will live.

**For thus says the High and Lofty One
Who inhabits eternity, whose name is Holy:
“I dwell in the high and holy place,
With him who has a contrite and humble spirit,
To revive the spirit of the humble,
And to revive the heart of the contrite ones.** Isaiah 57:15

Revival begins with repentance; it begins with “the contrite ones.”

**The LORD is near to those who have a broken heart,
And saves such as have a contrite spirit.** Psalm 34:18