

Revival on the Isle of Lewis

by Duncan Campbell

Revival is a sovereign act of God, a moving of God's spirit that grips the community and leads people to cry out for mercy.

Duration: 1:01:00

Scripture: Matthew 3:11, Matthew 6:33, Matthew 7:7, Matthew 25:41, Acts 2:1-4, Acts 2:38, Acts 17:30

Topics: "Revival History"

Description

In this sermon transcript, the speaker shares a powerful testimony of a revival that took place in a parish. The revival began when four young girls, aged 16, prayed for their headmaster and their prayers were answered. The speaker then describes a meeting where he preached and the power of God fell upon the people while they were singing a song. Many people cried out to God for mercy and experienced a transformation. The speaker concludes by emphasizing the importance of honesty and shares a testimony of a man who knew God deeply. The sermon highlights the fruits of the revival and the impact it had on the community.

Transcript

This is Vader Zupke greeting you, our beloved friends in the Lord. The tape you're about to hear was given by Duncan Campbell himself in Viroqua, Wisconsin in May of 1968. Duncan Campbell is from Edinburgh, Scotland and came to Viroqua with Dr. Leonard Ravenhill, who is also from England and who closes in prayer following this message on the Hebrides revival.

We pray that God will use this report of his faithfulness in the Hebrides to stir our own hearts to go to God in prayer and ask him for an outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon us in our day. There are two things that I like to say in speaking about the revival in the Hebrides. First, I'd 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 that 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 Barber. Then I'd like to make it perfectly clear what I understand by revival. When I speak of revival, I'm not thinking of high-pressure evangelism.

I'm 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.

Thank God for all that has been accomplished through evangelism. I represent a mission in Scotland that does much in the field of evangelism. We have at least about a hundred workers in our mission, and we thank God for all that has been accomplished through their effort down through the years.

But when I think of their efforts, I'm not thinking of revival. I know that in this country you very often speak of having revival meetings. Now, that is something that I just can't understand.

I think it would be better for you to speak of your effort as evangelistic meetings or evangelistic efforts, because that is not revival. That is not revival. Revival is a moving of God in the community, and suddenly the community becoming God-conscious before a word is said by any man representing any special effort.

Now, I'm sure you'll be interested to know how this gracious movement began on the island of Lewis. Now, the island of Lewis is a very prosperous island, an island of 37,000 inhabitants. I say a prosperous island, perhaps more prosperous than many other parts of rural Scotland.

The trade industry there is booming and men are making fortunes. I might also say that the island of Lewis produces more graduates from our universities in Scotland and in England than in any other part of Great Britain on an average basis. They produce more graduates, as a matter of fact, more ministers and doctors come from the island of Lewis than from any other part of Scotland on an average basis.

The captain, as a matter of fact, the captain of one of the queens is from the parish where the revival broke. Now, that gives you a slight faint idea of the island into which God came in November of 49. 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, 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 grips them. I will pour water on him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. That is God's promise.

We believe that God is a covenant-keeping God that must be true to his covenant engagement. 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 every minister in the presbytery representing the island of Lewis, met in the town of Stornoway to discuss and to consider the situation of the island spiritually. And about the presbytery meeting they passed a resolution calling upon 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 the churches on the following Sabbath and printed in two of the local papers in the county. Now, I'm not prepared to say what impression that made upon the people in general nor upon the ministers in particular, but of this I am certain that it was taken to heart in the parish of Vardal and particularly by the two old women that I've already referred to. 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 three or four o'clock in the morning. Two old women in a very humble cottage. One night one of the sisters had a vision.

Now remember that in revival God works in wonderful ways. Vision came to one of them and in the vision she saw the church of her father crowded with young people, packed to the door, and a strange minister standing in the pool. And she was so impressed by the vision that she sent for the parish minister.

And of course he, knowing the two sisters, knowing that they were two women who knew God in a wonderful way, he responded to their invitation and called up 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, a farming community, you can meet in a barn and as you pray there we'll pray here.

And the minister being a God-fearing man, a well-paid man, of course in Lewis you couldn't possibly have anybody else. They wouldn't have a man that couldn't give a clear testimony as to his conversion, how he came to know God. But that was true of that part of God's vineyard, notwithstanding the appalling situation that prevailed at that time.

Well that was what happened. The minister 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'm anxious that you get a hold of. One night they're kneeling there in the barn, praying, pleading this promise, I will pour water on him that his 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 into vanity nor sworn deceitfully, he shall receive the blessing, not our 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, very crude words, but perhaps not so crude in our Gaelic language. He said, it seems to me 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.

I'm telling you just as the minister told me what happened. He lifted his two hands and prayed, God are my hands clean? Is my heart pure? But he got no such. That young man first of all fell on his knees and then fell into a trance.

Now don't ask me to explain this because I cannot. Fell into a trance and is now lying on the floor of the barn. But 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 in his revival. That was the conviction. 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 a hundred 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 farm, as men and women give themselves to thinking on eternal things, gripped by eternal reality. Now I wasn't on the island when that happened. But again, one of the sisters sent for the minister and 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 because we saw a strange man in the book. And that man must be somewhere. Well the minister that week was going to the Strathpepper Convention, one of our great conventions in Scotland.

And at that convention he met a young man who was a student with him in college. Knowing that this young man was a God-fearing man, a man with a message, he invited him to the island. So won't you come for ten days? A ten-day special effort, we've had so many of them during the past number 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'm the man. But quite recently there's been a very remarkable move in Partick, 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 for ten days.

For ten days to the parish of Barbour to conduct a series of meetings in the parish church there. Well the day came when I arrived, perhaps I ought to tell you, that to begin with a letter was sent to the minister to say that it was impossible for me to go at that time as I was involved in a holiday convention somewhere else at that time and wasn't free to go, but that I would put Lewis on my program for the following year. And the minister got that letter, he went to the old ladies and told 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 was them that fear him and they knew the secret. Well to make a long story short I was on the island within ten days.

I shall never forget the night that I arrived at the pier, across the Minchin, the middle steamer, found myself standing in the presence of the minister whom I had never seen and two of his elders that I never knew. And as I stood there one of the elders came over to me and said, Mr. Campbell I would like to ask you a question before you leave the pier. Are you walking with God? And I immediately realized 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, that I fear God. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, that will do, that will do. In other words, I think we can trust you.

The minister turned to me and said, now we know Mr. Campbell that you are very tired, you have been travelling all day by train to begin with and then by steamer and I am sure 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 nine 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 bed and rest until tomorrow evening. Well it will interest you to know that I never got that supper.

I got to the church, we got to the church about quarter to nine and to find about three hundred people gathered, I would say about three hundred people. And I gave an address, I don't know if any of you have read my book, God's Answer, you will find the address that I gave on that great night in that book. It is a fast sermon 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 are leaving the church I would say about a quarter to eleven.

A two hour meeting, of course that was nothing anyway. 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 toward 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. I am standing beside him, realizing that I am by the side of a man who appears to know God better than I do. My dear people we have got to be honest, we have got to be honest.

I felt that here was a young man who knew God in a way that perhaps I didn't know him. He could speak to me in that way, could I speak to him in that way. He is now on his knees in the aisle and is still praying.

And then falls into a trance again. And just then the door opens. It's 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 six hundred people.

Six hundred people, where did they come from? What had happened? I believe that that very night God swept in a 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 Barber. Over a hundred young people were at a dance in the parish hall. They weren't thinking of God or eternity.

God was not in all 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 like a man fleeing from a plane and they made for the church. They're now standing outside. Oh yes they saw light in the church.

That was the house of God. They were going to it and they went. Men and women that had gone to bed rose, dressed and made for the church.

Nothing in the nature of publicity nor mention of a special effort except an information from the pulpit and Sabbath that a certain man was going to conduct a series of meetings in the parish covering ten days. But God took the situation in hand. Oh he became his own publicity agent and a hundred and a half groups of people, six hundred of them now are at the church standing outside.

This dear man the blacksmith turned to me and said I think we should sing a psalm. Of course in Louis they don't sing hymns until after the benediction. You can sing to your heart's content then but not until the benediction is pronounced.

You sing the psalms of David. Oh how they sing them, how they sing them. So he gave out Psalm 102 when Zion's bondage.

God turned back as men but dreamed where we'd be. Filled with laughter was our mouth, our tongues with melody and they sang and they sang and they sang. Verse after verse oh what's singing, what's singing.

And then the doors were opened and the congregation flocked back into the church. And now the church is crowded. A church to seat over eight hundred people is now packed to capacity.

It's now going on for midnight. When I managed to make my way through the crowd along the aisle to the pulpit I found a young woman, a graduate of Aberdeen University, a teacher in the grammar school, was 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 of the damned but is now lying on the floor of the pulpit crying to God for mercy. That meeting continued until four o'clock in the morning. I couldn't tell you how many were saved that night but at least 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 four o'clock we decided to make proper mass.

Now of course you understand we make no appeals. You never need to make an appeal or an altar call in revival. Why? The rude side becomes an altar.

We just leave men and women to make their way to God themselves. God can look after his own. Oh God can look after his own and when God takes the situation in hand I tell you he does a thorough work.

He does a thorough work. So we left them there and just as I am 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 says there's nothing wrong but there must be at least four hundred people gathered round 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 home, a house that feared God and then next to the police station the cottage in which the two old women lived. I believe that that is 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 twelve miles to be there. Now go to any of them today, ask them why, what happened, who arranged the bus.

They couldn't tell you but they found themselves grouping together and someone saying oh what about going to Barber's. 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 has the situation in hand.

This is revival dear people. This is a sovereign act of God. This is a moving of God's spirit.

I believe in an answer to the prevailing prayer of men and women who believe that God was a covenant keeping God that must be true to his covenant engagement. I went along, I went along to that meeting and I'm 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 by 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. He was a young man, he wasn't twenty years of age. But that night God saved him and he is today the parish minister of Ugin.

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 to preach. We didn't even sing.

The people are crying to God for mercy. All the confessions that were made, 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 God's foundation. That was on the very first night of the mighty demonstration that shook the island. Oh let me say again, that was in the beginning of the revival.

The revival began in a prayer about it. The revival began in an awareness of God. The revival began when the Holy Ghost began to grip men.

But 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 now after three o'clock in the morning.

A messenger came to say that the churches were crowded in another parish fifteen miles away. Crowded at that hour in the morning. And we went to this parish minister along with several other ministers.

Oh 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 a thousand. And the Spirit of God was moving, oh moving, in a mighty way.

I could see them falling on their knees. I could hear them crying to God for mercy. And I could hear those outside praying.

And that continued for as though two hours. And then we were leaving the church when someone came to me to tell me that a very large number of people had gathered on a field. They couldn't get into the church.

They couldn't get into any of the churches. And they were gathered on a field. Along with the other ministers I decided to go to the field.

And here I saw this enormous crowd standing there, so gripped by a power that they could not explain. But the interesting thing about that meeting was the 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 say about sixteen years of age, last night in Barber, can save you tonight. It is true that when a man comes into a vital relationship with Jesus Christ, his supreme desire is to win others.

Oh, to win others. And they were there that night to win their master and their woman. Oh, God swept into his life, I believe, in answer to the prayer of four young girls, sixteen years of age, who had a bargain.

Oh, what a bargain. So that is 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, the people still speaking after God, prayer meetings are being held all over the parishes.

It was the custom there that those who found the Saviour at night would be at the prayer meeting at midday. A prayer meeting every day then at midday. At that time all workshops for two hours, looms were silent.

For two hours workshops on the field, and men gathered for prayer. And it was then that you got to know those who had found the Saviour on the previous night. You did not need to make an appeal, they made their way to the prayer meeting to praise God for his salvation.

And that continued, it continued for almost three years until the whole of the island was swept by the mighty power of God. I could not tell you how many, I never checked the numbers, I was afraid to do that, always remembering what day it is. I left the records with God.

But of 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 heard any word from me or from any of the other ministers. I can think just now of a certain village, it was a village of weavers. 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 saved that day, one of them on the following day. But they came to understand that something supernatural had taken possession of them.

And an awareness of God gripped them, and a hunger possessed them, and they're crying for God, God for nothing. 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 remarkable. I mean, so different from our specialists. So apart altogether from man's best endeavour.

God is in the field in miraculously fashion. Now, perhaps I ought to now go on to some of the features that characterise this remarkable moment. Well already I have mentioned to you that the men were found in trance.

Perhaps I ought to say this, that in the Louis 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 God's purpose that we should be visited in that way, and we weren't. But we saw strange manifestations. Now I think just now of a certain island.

Up until then God hadn't moved on this island. One of the smaller islands, perhaps an island of perhaps 600 souls. And I was asked to go to this island to officiate at a communion.

Now a communion in Louis is just like one of your conventions. It begins with a prayer meeting on Wednesday night, and then on Thursday, the fast day when schools are closed, shops are closed, no worship is done. And then it's just like another Sabbath.

On Thursday, Friday again, it's testimony day when men give their testimony. They ask the women to be silent. You never hear a woman give a testimony at such meetings.

And that's what the men see. However, I'm glad to say that many of the dear women got glorious liberty during the Revival, and they're meeting for prayers and praying with the men today. That is a transformation that has taken place subsequent to the Revival.

Well, I think I can say that it's because of this custom of family worship. Well, this man, God bless, wasn't a Christian, but a God-fearing man, so he gathered in his house, I would say there would be about 30 of them, including five ministers of the Church of God. Men who were burdened, longed to see God moving in the Revival.

And we're praying, and though the going was hard, at least I felt it hard. It came to about, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, when I turned again to this blacksmith that I've already referred to. Oh, he was a prince in the party.

And I said to him, John, I feel that God would have me call upon you to pray up until then he was silent. He was silent. And that dear man began.

He must have prayed for about half an hour. For about half an hour. When he paused for a second or so, and then looking up toward the heavens, he cried, God, did you know that your honour is at stake? Did you know that your honour is at stake? You promised to pour water on the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground, and God, you're not doing it.

And my dear people, could we pray like that? Ah, but here was a man who could. Here was a man who could. And then he went on to say this, there are five ministers in this meeting, and I don't know where one of them stands in your presence.

Not even Mr. Campbell. Oh, he was an honest man. But if I know anything at all about my own poor heart, I think I can say, and I think that you know, that I'm thirsty.

I'm thirsty to see the devil defeated in this party. I'm thirsty to see the community gripped as you grip Barber. I long for revival, and God, you're not doing it.

I'm thirsty, and you promised to pour water on me. And then he paused, and then he cried, God, I now take upon myself to challenge you to fulfil your covenant engagement. And that was nearing two o'clock in

the morning.

What happened? The house shook. A jug on a sideboard fell on to the floor and broke. A minister beside me said, and I said, yes, Margo, but I had my own thoughts.

But my mind went back to the Acts chapter four, when the place was shaken. When John Smith stopped praying, at twenty minutes past noon, I pronounced the benediction and left it at 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 Arnold revival broke us. 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 in to 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 fled. And here is a little boy.

Oh, he's kneeling by a pitcher, and he's crying to God for mercy. One of the elders goes over to him and prays over him, and little Donald MacPhail, the Evan Roberts of Lillie, came to know the Saviour, and I believe more souls were brought to Christ through that young lad's prayers than through the preaching of all the ministers from the island he enjoyed. He was the boy that prayed, I gazed upon an open door.

Now that night, did you know, that the drinking house was closed? The drinking house was closed. That's the way back, 1952, and it's never been open since. I was back some time ago, and an old man, an old elder, pointed at this house, this biggish house with its windows boarded up.

He says, Mr. Campbell, do you see that house over there? And I say, well, he says, that was the drinking house of the parish. He says, Mr. Campbell, do you know that last week at Alternity, fourteen of the men who drank there were praying of you? My dear people, that's revival! That's God at work! Miracle! Supernatural! Beyond human explanation, God! And I am fully persuaded, dear people, I am 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 back disappointed, disillusioned and despairing. But oh, if something happened that demonstrates God, and the Communists will hide its head in shame.

Oh, I remember one night I talked to seven Communists. Up until then they would spit in your face, talk about religion, the jokes of the masses. Educated man, so many of them in that age.

Educated man. Wouldn't go near a church. But dear old Peggy had a vision one night, and I think I ought to tell you this.

I hope I'm not keeping it too long, it will not be very long now. She had a vision, and in the vision she saw seven men from this particular community, from this centre of activity, born again and becoming pillars in the church of her father. She sent for them, 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 was that to God when God began to work? He would deal with that. So she went on talking like this, and I said, Peggy, I've no

leadings to go to that village. You know, there's no church there, and the schoolmaster is one of those men, and he would never dream of giving me the schoolhouse for a meeting, and I've no leadings to go.

You know what he said to me? He said, Mr. Campbell, if you were living as near to God as you ought to be, he would reveal his features to you all. And I took it from the Lord. Oh, my dear people, it's good to speak the word that we do.

It's good to see yourself as other people. That was how I felt. And I said, Peggy, would you mind if I called for the parish minister and together we'll spend the morning with you in prayer? Oh, I'll be happy, she said, I'll be happy.

So we came and we knelt with her, and she began to pray, and in her prayer she said, Lord, do you remember what you told me this morning when we had that conversation together? Oh, how near she was to God. And she said, I'm just after telling Mr. Campbell about it, but he's not prepared to take it. You give him wisdom because the man badly needs it.

That was what she said, the man badly needs it, and of course she was taking truth. Of course I needed it. I needed to be taught.

And I was at the feet of a woman that knew God in an intimate way, and I was prepared to live. So I said, Peggy, when will I go to that village? You'll go tomorrow. What time? Seven o'clock.

When am I to hold the meeting? You go to the village and lead the gathering of the people to God and he'll do it. And I went to the village and when I arrived 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, we couldn't get near. And I stood on a hillock in front of the main door. I gave up my tent at times of this ignorant broad-winged thought, but now commanded men everywhere to repent because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained.

I preached for about ten minutes when one of the ministers came to me and said, Mr. Campbell, do you remember what you spoke about at five o'clock this morning out in the field in that wonderful meeting when you tried to help those that were seeking God? I happened to speak from John 10 and 27. My feet hear my voice, I know that they follow me. I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish.

Never shall any man pluck from out of my hand. He says, could you not go to the end of the house? There are some men there and we are afraid that they'll go mental. They're in such a state.

Oh, they're mighty sinners and they know it. They're mighty sinners and they know it. They're spoken of here as communists and you'd say that three of them were here in the United States and went back communists.

Nearly to that impassioned. I went and I saw seven men, the seven men that Peggy saw, and they're crying to God for mercy. The seven of them were saved within a matter of days.

And when you used to go to that parish again, you would see a church with a stone wall built round it, tarmac adorned robes to the front of the church and to the vestry, heated by electricity, lit by electricity and all done by the seven men who became pillars in the church of Peggy's father. Oh, my dear people, back

from God. The minister saw two young men on their knees in the field crying to God and he recognized them as two pipers that were to have played at a concert and danced under the auspices of the nursing association of the island in his parish.

He turned to his wife and he said, isn't that wonderful, there's two pipers that were advertised to play in the parish hall tonight. There they are crying to God for mercy. Come on, we'll go home and we'll go to a dance and we'll tell them what has happened.

So off he went, oh, this is the man of God. Off he went, along with his wife, more than fifteen miles, went to the dance and there weren't a soul to hear him. He was there to disturb them.

They knew that he wasn't there to dance. Oh, they knew the man. However, he went in.

When a lull came in the dancing, he stepped onto the floor and he said, young folk, something very wonderful has happened tonight. The Smith pipers were to be here, the two brothers were to be here to play. They're crying to God for mercy and bother.

Suddenly, stillness, not a word, and then he spoke again. Young folk, would you sing a psalm with me? Yes, said one young man, if you'll lead the singing yourself. And he gave out psalm fifty for God.

It's depicted as a flame of fire. And while singing that psalm, the power of God fell upon the dance. And I understand that only three who were there last night remained unsaved.

The first young man to cry to God for mercy was Celia Boyd. Just last year he was inducted to one of the largest parishes in Scotland. Found of Celia that night was many others.

Oh, my dear people, this is the doing of God. And you ask me, what is the fruit of the movement? Well, 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 fruits of the revival.

Now, this is what he wrote. I will confine my remarks to one parish, my own parish. I'll allow the other ministers to be very brief.

But let me speak of my own parish. In a certain village, a hundred and twenty-two young people found the Savior. And I'm not talking now about the middle age of the old.

They're wonderful. But I'm thinking of the young people, a hundred and twenty-two, all of them over the age of seventeen. They found the Savior then, during the first wave of the revival.

Today I can say that they're growing like flowers in the garden of God. There's not a single backslide of a month. Now, my dear people, that's true.

That's true. But, oh, if you knew the young people that have gone forth from that community to our Bible colleges, who are today missionaries in this, that, and the other part of the world, who came into faith and relationships, growing, he says, like flowers in the garden of God. Oh, how we praise God for the streams of young people that have gone into the ministry.

I've sometimes said that supporting Louis produced nothing but one young gal, a wild, wild gal, just seventeen years of age, an outstanding singer, frequently singing at our big concert in Glasgow. She was outstanding, and is outstanding. God saved her.

She went to a Bible school and was trained, and today I have no hesitation in saying that she is among the leading Bible expositors in Britain. I'm not saying a lot. She is now in South Africa, addressing conferences and conventions, has been instrumental in bringing blessings to scores of ministers, and she was the fruit of the womb.

I'll never forget the night that she prayed in a meeting. Remember, she was steeped in the doctrine of Calvinism, Louis A. Calvinism. Oh, she was steeped in it.

She was brought up in a God-fearing home, but father and mother weren't Christians, but they were saved at that time. And she's now on her knees in her room. It's three 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'll follow your people. I'll be with them in the prayer meeting.

I'll never go back to the ways of the world. God, that is what I'm purposefully doing, though at the end you'll send me to hell. That is what I desire.

God, six months after that prayer. God, six months after that sordid prayer. Oh, I remember the night that the Holy Ghost fell upon us at a communion service.

She lifted her two hands like this, and she cried, oh, bridegroom, bridegroom of my heart. Oh, set it all. Bridegroom, bridegroom of my heart.

Oh, set it all. And God, the Holy Ghost came upon her in such a way that she began to cry, oh, God, hold your hand. My young body can't contain it.

God, hold your hand. My young body can't contain it. That's the fruit of what we have seen today in that silence.

A movement again among teenagers. We asked the minister recently when I was at the seminal assembly, now can you explain it? Can you explain this movement in any way? Yes, he says I can. I can, and I believe this is good enough, 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 could count on my five, my ten fingers all who dropped off from the prayer meetings, of course they're scattered all over the world, they're in the mission field, they're in different places today. But according to the ministers in Louis and in 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 state telling the story of the revival, 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 life that conveys the life of His Eminence, God, in His celestial body. We thank our Heavenly Father this morning for this inspiring experience of listening to the work of God. We certainly are in a dry and a thirsty land, not just America, but in this generation in which we live.

A dry and thirsty land where no water is. But we thank You again that Thy promises that the river of God is full of water. And our minds go back to repeated times in history when it was pleasing to descend.

We think of the invasion of Ice-Spirit, even on a greater scale in the days of Whitefield and Westling, when England it seemed would be swallowed by the vicious revolution that had made France bloody and disintegrated it. And yet you raised up a man, you raised up a number of men, Whitefield, and not only Whitefield but others immediately before and after. We think of the great Yorkshire evangelist, we think of men like Gideon Ousley and others that came along 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 don't see a cloud as big as a man's hand in the sky. Except, of course, this move of Thy Spirit in Indonesia.

We thank You for every meeting, we thank You for every conference, we thank You for every Bible convention. And we have to say that mercy drops round us are falling but for the showers we plead. Grant, O Lord, that we shall meditate upon this truth, we shall go back to Thy Word and we shall dare to go in confidence and challenge Thee as this boy did and as this blacksmith did, to manifest Thy power in this evil day in which we live.

We say again with a psalmist, O Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth, 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.

And we'll give Thee praise in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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