

# The Man God Tore Apart - Part 2

by Leonard Ravenhill

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*Leonard Ravenhill's sermon calls for a return to humility, prayer, and genuine repentance in the face of a backslidden nation and church.*

**Duration:** 1:10:28

**Scripture:** Exodus 15:11, Jeremiah 8:20, Jeremiah 9:1, Jeremiah 20:9, Lamentations 2:11, Joel 2:17, Revelation 11:15

**Topics:** "Warning"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of recognizing both the goodness and severity of God. He warns that America is experiencing an abundance of material blessings but neglecting the spiritual nourishment of the word of God. The preacher expresses deep sorrow and weeps for the sins committed by the people and the impending wrath of God. He also highlights the need for repentance and revival, stating that the road to revival is paved with tears. The sermon references biblical passages, such as Jeremiah 9:1 and Joel 2, to support the preacher's message.

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## Transcript

I got a watch, but I never use it. You know, the problem with Israel was they got proud and arrogant. We're the chosen people.

God delivered us. God gave us food from heaven. God gave us clothes that don't wear out.

They became arrogant. Do you remember the day when Mr. Nixon stood at the microphone and then said, Now look, America. We've got a man on the moon.

We're the greatest nation on earth. Do you know what came to my mind? I'll read it to you. You see, Nixon was a bit late on God.

It says in Obadiah, there's only one chapter, and it says in verse 4, Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, which is a symbol of America. Every nation that had an eagle as its symbol perished. Germany had a big eagle that used to be on the head of the Kaiser.

He had a big golden eagle on his helmet. The eagle was once a sign of Russia, and they perished. It says here, Though thou exalt thyself to heaven, Though thou exalt thyself as an eagle, And though thou dost make thy nest among the stars, I will bring thee down, saith the Lord.

From that very day that Nixon said that, things have gone wrong for America. What happened in the Vietnam War? We were humiliated before all the nations. You may not like that.

It's come from an English tongue, but anyhow, it's a word of God. It's not mine. Let me go back here a minute to the 9th chapter, in this wonderful manner of Jeremiah.

Read again verse 1, O that my head were waters, mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter. The slain of my people? Two nights ago they told me on TV news that last year there was a tremendous increase of 16-year-old girls becoming pregnant. Do you know who was at the head of the list? Texas.

Do you think that made me happy? No, I'm not afraid of Russia. I don't find a text in scripture that tells me to be afraid of any of my enemies. I'm afraid of God cutting us off like he cut Russia off in 1917 and have been in a mess ever since and never get out.

Nobody has mutilated the gospel more than we have in America. Nobody's merchandised it more. I think it should be illegal to beg.

I don't send out a newsletter. I don't have to. I guess it shocks you when I tell you last year I earned \$150,000, but I didn't get it.

I mean, I worked hard enough to earn it. You're looking so serious. I won't fine you for laughing.

I labored night and day. In business, I would have earned \$150,000. I didn't get it.

I made a deal with God years ago, Lord, that to the capacity I have, spirit, soul, and body, I look after your kingdom, you look after mine. I've never sent a letter out with a begging letter. Never made an appeal for funds.

I don't owe a dime. Yes, I do owe something on my car, but somebody tricked me into getting that anyhow. And it was a preacher, as you'd expect.

I'm winding this up. He says, oh, but my head will waters. Remember Psalm 137, isn't it? Israel weeps, she's in captivity.

By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down and wept. When we remember Zion, when we remember the glory, when we remember the favor of God, the blessing of God, the power of God, the revelation of God, the anointing of God. But we've lost it.

Do you know why we don't miss it? Because we never had it, that's why. Now, maybe the pastor will fire me. I won't get back to preach again.

Oh, that my head will waters, mine eyes a fountain of tears, that might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people. You see, this man is in depression all the way till you get further in the book. Do you know what he says finally? That if you let God have his way, and if you don't, he'll use someone else.

Finally, the Son of God is going to reign over this universe. The ultimate triumph. Do you think Jesus bled and died and went through hell in Gethsemane for a church in the condition it's in today? We're dirty with carnality.

We're dirty with pride. We're dirty with laziness. We're dirty with disobedience.

Oh, that my head were waters, mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night. Notice he doesn't say, so he might sleep comfortably. I put a cross-reference here, which I've already quoted.

My bowels, my bowels, my heart is disturbed. I cannot hold my peace. My soul has heard the sound of a trumpet.

Do you ever hear the sound of a trumpet? Does God raise an alarm in you that we're getting dangerously near to the moment when he's going to cut us off and send judgment without mercy? Who has had more mercy than us? There are 600 million Bibles in America. Tell me another nation that hasn't. There are more Bible schools in America than all the other nations in the world put together.

Are we more righteous? Are we more holy? I wonder how many of you parents take the Bible out every day and read it to your children and pray. You fathers, are you the king in the house? I'm not saying the boss. Are you the king? Are you the priest in the house? Will your children rise up and curse you at the judgment because you are so lost in business or lost in something else? You didn't have time to nourish their never-dying souls? I think we could take that scripture when Jesus says, remember, say, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them, if thou knewest this is the day of thy visitation.

I wish Swaggart would preach on that. This is the day of America's visitation. We're making a mess of it.

But this is the day of our visitation. We may be in capture, but you've got an option. I'll tell you what the option is.

To concentrate in prayer or pray in concentration camps. Take it. It's as severe as that, as God's my judge.

Oh, that my head were waters. Not that my mind was colossal. Oh, that my head were waters.

I want the privilege of weeping. Oh, this is not news to you, is it? The roads in heaven are paved with what? Gold. The roads in, what's the city in? Venice.

The roads are paved with water. Because they're not roads, you're going to boat. The roads in Venice are paved with water.

The roads in heaven are paved with gold. The road to revival is paved with tears. You can have tears without having revival.

We can't have revival without having tears. I don't have time to go into all this. He tells the people they should wear sackcloth and ashes.

Nobody more than Pentecostal, I guess, passed a quote, Joel chapter 2. There's going to be a day when, before the great and terrible day of the Lord, before God rips the whole of nature apart, before all the anger he's stored up is poured out on that generation. It says, before the great and terrible day of the Lord, he's going to pour out his Spirit on all flesh. Your sons and daughters will prophesy.

But you see, we like to start at chapter 1, but chapter 2, chapter 1 is a secret. I've been invited to two or three congresses on revival just because I've written some books. I won't go.

Get up, listen, Dr. So-and-so is going to give you a lecture. Somebody else is going to give you a lecture. I'm not sure I'll ever go to another one until we obey God.

Are we trying to improve on God? What does God say is the gateway to revival? Well, in the first chapter, what does he say? Let the priests, the ministers of God, weep between the altar and the doorpost. Let them lay all night, in mourning, in ashes, in sackcloth. All the boys go to these conferences in their nice suits, all dressed up and have their hair done in a beauty parlor somewhere before they go.

They don't go with broken hearts. They don't go with broken spirits. If I got a group of men to come together, I'd say, listen, before you come, you have to promise me before God you'll spend a week on your face in fasting prayer.

My dear wife would say sometimes, Lenny, no, you, it looked a bit rude. Then she'd say, no, it's all right. Sometimes we get company come to the house, they stay too long, I walk in the next room and pray.

Most of them don't talk intelligently anyhow. This man says he was torn apart. Let me go on record before God tonight.

If it takes that to tear me apart, I don't care what it is. Break my heart, tear my liver, move my bowels which are figures of speech, for tear up my affections, tear up my love, tear up my interest. Dry me up until I get to the place of the feet of a holy God where I can only weep day and night.

Not just for America, but for this town. I've told you before, God wants to do something in Tyler. And I want to see him do it.

I can't buy it, you can't buy it. I've got 25 or 30 millionaire friends. They tell me, anytime you want money, just call me.

I've never once asked, and I never will. My father looks after my accounts. If we could buy Revival, full gospel, businessmen, we'd have signed enough checks to buy it.

But God Almighty says, no, your money perishes with you. Let me get to this, just a minute. I had a beautiful church in the old city of Bath in England.

The city was built 55 years before Christ was born. We had a kind of miniature Westminster Abbey, a lovely Gothic church. And as I went through the square, I looked at an old theater being closed down for years.

On the top of the porch, there's a head about this height. It was the head of Garrick, the greatest Shakespearean actor maybe in the history of the world. George Whitefield has been called the greatest soul winner since the Apostle Paul.

It was Whitefield that came and began to birth that Revival that Jonathan Edwards took up. Then an American preacher by the name of Gilbert Tennant. And he had two sons.

One was called Gilbert, and I forget the other one. You know, they said, and here's something for me, gets into me. They said of George Whitefield that when he preached on hell, you'd think he'd been there a week.

You could almost smell the brimstone off him. He could tell you with terrifying splendor how they mourn and groan. But also, if he preached on heaven, you'd think he'd been in heaven a week.

David Garrick one day was going to hear George Whitefield. There's a very famous deist in Scotland by the name of David Hume. It was five o'clock, a dirty, drizzly, messy, English morning.

And David Hume went round the corner and bumped into a friend of his. The man said, David Hume? A brilliant scholar like you up a dirty, wet morning like this? Sir, where are you going at five in the morning? I'm going to hear George Whitefield preach. He's preaching on Mile End Way, so that meant he had to walk about two miles.

You're going to hear what? Whitefield preach? Yeah. Ha, ha, the man said. You don't believe a word he says.

He said, no, but he does. I wonder, is a preacher really doing that? Is he a parrot? Is he reciting a philosophy, a doctrine? Can he say like Jeremiah, a fire burns in my bones? They said Whitefield could raise his hands and when he'd exhausted all his argument, he would say, oh. He had a voice like an organ.

They said he would just go roaring and he had a voice that could whisper. He was a paltry young man. He had vicious cross eyes.

They called him Dr. Cross Eye on the English stage. He stood on a high platform. He had a bit of protruding tummy.

At the end of the day, a woman said to him, Mr. Whitefield, I'd like to ask you a question. What is it? She said, I've heard you preach three times today from seven this morning, at midday and tonight. I've been standing beneath you and three times I've been drenched with your tears.

They bounce off your coat and I've received your tears three times in this day. Sir, I want to know, why do you weep? He said, lady, because you don't. I weep for the sins that you've committed.

I weep because the wrath of God is going to catch up with you. David Garrick said, I listened to Whitefield. He took an offering for his orphanage.

I took out my little leather pouch and I shook out some golden guineas and I passed them up to him. He went on preaching. I put my hand in my pocket and I took out my silver and I passed it on to him.

He preached a bit longer about his orphans. He said he stripped me of everything I had, which wasn't for him. He said, I heard him say that awesome word that seemed to come from the very pit of his body when he cried, oh, that I could lead you to Christ.

I'd give a thousand of those golden coins if I could say, oh, like that. If he'd give a thousand, he'd give ten thousand to a head, Jeremiah said. He'd give a hundred thousand to Jesus looking to the nations that's going to destruction when he said, oh, Jerusalem.

He said it with a broken heart. He said it with tears running down his face. He knew that God's time was running out on them.

God's mercy was running out on them. They'd crucified Jesus and they'd stoned all the prophets. The final thing here, I preached on this text at least three times in my life, not much more.

I remember the first time I preached on it and I preached on it with a broken heart. In heaven they sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. They sing the 15th chapter of Exodus, the last verse of which talks about the glory of God.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises doing wonders. That's what they're going to see in heaven, the song of Moses and the Lamb. What do they sing in hell? I'll tell you what they sing in hell.

They sing, the harvest is past, the summer has ended and we're not saved. I guess some people go down this main aisle in this church and go straight to hell even with the preacher's poured his heart out and wept over them. The harvest is past, the summer has ended.

We're not saved. I went to a little Bible college in England. We had a lot of celebrity preachers, famous preachers from America and England came and I was glad to hear the announcement, so-and-so's coming, so-and-so's coming.

I particularly liked the president to say, and this next week we're going to have to speak to you a few times and dine with us at dinner, that's the only good meal we had anyhow, in the middle of the day. Gypsy Smith, little round fellow with black eyes and he talked and he talked and he talked. He was raised in what you would call a covered wagon.

He was in a town by the name of Epworth out in the country road and he said we were always on the move. Now he said there is no Gypsy Bible but he said every one of my brothers and sisters had a Bible name. By the way, no wonder Jonathan Edwards needed a wife like that.

Do you know how many children she bore him? Twelve. And yet his daughter said, one of her children said, if you saw my mother come out of her chamber in the morning, she needs a veil over her face like Moses. She radiates the glory of the risen Christ.

You hear my dad, you think he's rough and tough but you should hear him weeping and sobbing there in that room when he's locked up by himself. Do you wonder they had lasting fruit? I don't believe two percent of the converts in these big revivals last go through with God because they don't get saved, they just confess their sins. Catholics do that every week.

Gypsy said we were packing up our caravan and across the road there was a caravan there or as you would say a covered wagon. The lady had buried her husband just a couple of weeks before. She had a healthy son about 17 years of age and he was loading up all the stuff they had into the covered wagon.

And suddenly the horse took fright and it started down the road and he ran after it for all he was worth. He jumped on the back of the thing, climbed on the roof and he got over the reins. But it was going downhill and it was going at a tremendous speed and there was one of those humpback bridges there.

And he said, my daddy said, if he can get through that narrow bridge, he's got it made because the horse will have to pull that monstrous thing uphill and he can't do it. But it so happened that with the swaying of that covered wagon it hit the edge of the bridge, a stone piece that was there and suddenly the wheel shot off it and the woman was thrown into the river, his mother, and a baby and a two-year-old boy. Well, the boy dived off the bridge and he struggled and then he went and others went down to help him.

Too late. The baby's body was washed up at a dam. The other little fellow was drowned.

He said, three days after we went to a graveyard, the boy said, I tried to get my mother. I called to her. I struggled with her.

She thought me. She thought me. She must have been delirious.

But she thought me. And he said, when he came to the funeral, they put the babies there in two different little graves. They lowered the casket with his mother in.

And he said, that swarthy-skinned, handsome boy just got down on his knees and he just pointed down and he said, Mother, Mother, you needn't be there. You needn't be there. I tried to save you, but you wouldn't let me.

Some of you tonight, if you don't meet God at the judgment bar, God will say, I came to that meeting in Rose Heights that Sunday night. I tried to save you, and you wouldn't let me. So burn in hell forever.

You see, today everybody talks about the love of God, but the apostle talks of the goodness and severity of God. We've had so much goodness, we're like a cat in the milk. We're soaked up with goodness.

We're soaked up with treasure. We're soaked up with lovely homes and beautiful cars and wonderful clothes. It's harvest time.

I'll tell you what's coming before long. There's going to be a famine in America. Again, a famine of the hearing of the word of God.

The harvest is past. The summer has ended. I tell you before God, as I'm an honest man, sometimes I think I won't get through the night.

I think I'll burst with grief that in a nation like this, with all the privileges you have, half the church is as dead as can be. And you can hardly find one with the glory of God where when you come in, I know this tonight, you're all chattering. If the holy presence of God was here, you wouldn't dare to mutter once you got through those gates.

And you won't be talking football as soon as you get out. What's he talking? He's talking to a backslidden nation. They've heard the voice of God.

They've had visions of God. They've had the mercy of God. They've had all the benevolence of God.

And yet they turn on him and rebel. It's the church that's pretending. She's not hot.

She's not cold. She's in between the two. She's a compromiser.

She finds it easy to live that way. You know what? I feel the cup of iniquity is filling very fastly for America. I'm so old, at times I think I'm antique.

But I remember during, when I was about, when I was born in 1907. I won't tell you the day. I don't want, you know, a lot of presents coming to the house.

I was born in 1907. In 1912, I was at school with a flag in my hand and we were singing about the British Empire. It was a time when the British Empire boasted that the sun never sets on the British Empire.

At that time, England owned Canada, Australia, India. The greatest, most fabulous empire that ever lived, far beyond the power of the Roman Empire. And I remember as a boy, I was about maybe twelve, maybe a bit older.

I picked up a piece of poetry. I've always liked poetry. I've only seen that poem once ever since, as far as I know.

I'll try and recall it. If I break down, you'll understand. The poem said this, O England, thou privileged nation, how truly thy children are blessed.

Thou hast, since the Great Reformation, had liberty, riches and rest. Such blessings are not of thy making. It is God who has given thee all.

But if divine laws thou art breaking, like Babylon, too thou shalt fall. Thine armies and navies will fail thee, if thus the Lord God thou forsake. Political schemes won't avail thee, if sacred commandments thou break.

For God has his eyes on this nation. O England, to thee will be sent the doom of thy just condemnation. Accept, ah, accept thou repent.

Accept, ah, accept thou repent. We used to sing a hymn in England. I think this is an old, old Methodist hymn book, so.

But it's not on loan. I want to read a poem here, too. Well, some of you who went to school have heard of Rudyard Kipling, I'm sure.

I think he wrote The Road to Manderley. Periodically, the best of the poets are gathered and they vote for the king of poetry. They call him the Poet Laureate.

Kipling was to get that place, but somebody pushed him out and Alfred Lord Tennyson got it because they persuaded the Queen of England to give it to him. This is the history of England. This was written in 1865.

Here it is. God of our fathers, known of old. God of our far-flung battles line.

Beneath whose awful hand we hold dominion over palm and pine. That's the whole British Empire. Beneath whose awful hand we hold dominion over palm and pine.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget. The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart. Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, a humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget. Far called our navies melt away, or dune and headland sinks the pyre. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Judge of the nations, spare us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget. If drunk in sight of power we loose, wild tongues that have not thee in awe, such boasting as the Gentile Jews are less a bridge without the law. Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard. You know, if it was really true, instead of being on our coins in America, if it was on our hearts and our minds, in God we trust, we wouldn't need an army. We wouldn't need an air force.

Go into the book of Kings. One angel was going home one night and he tipped his wing to a lawyer. And he wiped out a city of 105,000, 150,000 people.

The wing of one angel. And what did Jesus say? I could call 12 legions. The smallest number in a legion is 5,000.

The largest is 10,000. If one angel can kindle 185,000 people and you could call 12 legions, that would be 60,000 times 125,000. They could wipe the population of the world out in one night without firing a shot.

Wasn't it one of your famous presidents who said, I'm not too inspired when you say I'm on God's side. What I want to know, he said, is God on my side. Schragert again gave statistics that were terrifying today.

17 million people in the nation, a Christian nation, are either homosexuals or lesbians. 17 million. We had a precious boy in our prayer meeting.

He comes every Friday night. He's a thoroughbred Indian. I asked him to draw up some statistics and I don't have them with me.

There are 2 million American Indians in America. The most neglected of all people. Some of them are 95% alcoholic.

They're all superstitious. They're all full of fear. It's more exciting to go up the Amazon, isn't it, to say I'm going to Arizona or somewhere else to minister to the Indians of America.

They ought to be on our conscience. They ought to be in our prayers. They deserve a place in our love.

The iniquity of this nation was awesome. They broke God's Sabbaths. They broke his commandments repeatedly.

And he says, I'll take away your glory. I'll take away your tabernacle. I'll take away my presence.

You know, there's a deadline. I'm afraid America and England and so-called Christian countries are very near that deadline. And it's a place where God says, my spirit shall not always strive with man, neither individuals nor nations.

This is what he says in the second of Thessalonians. Chapter 2. In verse 7 he says, the mystery of iniquity doth already work. And he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way.

Then shall that wicked one be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth. Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with power and lying wonders, signs and lying wonders, with all deceitfulness and unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth. You can quote all the statistics you like about venereal disease, about drunkenness, about drugs.

That's not the problem tonight. The people of America and England have forsaken the truth of God. He doesn't say they're adulterers.

He doesn't say you're building idols. He says that with all deceitfulness, unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. So God has given them over to a strong delusion.

A strong delusion. There are 2,000 gurus in America tonight. When we left England there was not one Mohammedan mosque.

Tonight there are 500. In the same 20 years that the Mohammedans are taking over England, the Church of England alone has closed down 550 churches. The enemy comes in like a flood.

But have we decided to fast and pray till God rends the heavens? Not on your life. Why should we fast and pray? Our refrigerators are full. We've got nice cars.

We've got all the creature comforts we need. This got hold of me very hard, I'll tell you that. They receive not the truth, that they might be saved.

Now the next verse is terrible. And God caused them. And God shall send them a strong delusion.

We blame the devil. We blame the Mormons. The Mormons church makes \$3 million a day out of its industry.

That's a billion a year. A friend brought me from Sweden. He said, my friend came back from America yesterday on the 747.

There were 220 Mormon missionaries on the plane and only two Protestant missionaries. The word of God says they'll encompass sea and land to make somebody sevenfold more a child of hell than they are themselves. I'm embarrassed at the zeal of the cults.

I'm equally embarrassed at the sleepiness of the church of Jesus Christ. We're living as though we've another million years. Forget it.

I've talked with a number of bankers in the last three or four months. Every one of them said this, there'll be a total collapse financially between the next two to the very extreme, the very next five years. I guess many of you read dear old David Wilkerson's book.

I wrote the preface to it, but I told him I didn't agree with it all anyhow. The part I don't agree with is when he suggests that our greatest enemy is Russia. That's not true.

Our greatest enemy is God. Chapter 63 of Isaiah and verse 10, listen to this verse. Now verse 9, in all their afflictions, he was afflicted.

He went ahead of them coming out of Egypt. He put that shaft of light at night, a pillar of fire, the presence of Jesus, a pillar of cloud in the day to guide them. But listen to what it says here in Isaiah, chapter 63.

In verse 9, it says, in all their affliction, he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity, he redeemed them and bared them and carried them. What else could he do? He redeemed them, he bared them on eagle's wings, he says.

He carried them in security. In his love and in his pity, he redeemed them. He bared them on wings.

Other scriptures say, he bared them on eagle's wings. He carried them all the days. What did they do? What was their gratitude? They screamed when they were in Egypt because their backs were lashed every day.

Their skin was torn off with the lictor's lash. They had to stand there treading that mud in the scorching heat. They were slaves, slaves, slaves.

Get us out of this, get us out of this. And he got them out. And he sent a river, he split a rock, and the water followed them wherever they went.

He sent them angels from heaven every day. Do you know they wore the same clothes for forty years without sending them to the cleaners? Isn't that something? Their clothes never got sweaty, their shoes never... I just got a new pair, I hope they last for the next forty years. I may not be around, but if they last the next ten, they'll be all right.

He did miracles in their eating, he did miracles in their wearing, he did miracles in delivering them out of the hand of the enemy. And what did they do? Look at the next verse. Verse ten says, they rebelled and vexed the Holy Spirit.

I remember my precious friend, Dr. Tozer, one day. He said, Len, I had a Baptist minister here. We were talking about the power of the Spirit, and he said, well, Mr. Tozer, I don't know much about the Holy Ghost.

And Tozer gave him a brief history of the coming of the Spirit, the upper room and so forth, and the different surges of the Holy Ghost. You know, the Holy Spirit is easily grieved. This Baptist preacher says, if the Holy Spirit left my church, we wouldn't even know he'd gone.

Everybody's rejoicing now. There are gifts of tongues in how many, a hundred nations right now. Well, tongues are for a warning, they're not for the church.

The warning is to the sinners. The bloodiest revolution in France was preceded by a purging. They drove out the Huguenots.

They were like the Quakers, a quiet people, but they got baptized with the Holy Ghost and became a bit noisy. And they had miracles. They had a repetition of Acts 1 and 2 and 3. But right after the Holy Spirit came on France, and they began to speak in tongues, they had a bloodbath.

To jump the line here, Azusa Street, the birthplace of modern Pentecost. 1904, ten years after, that was another warning, ten years after the First World War came. I remember 1927 in England, a young man came along, a handsome man as ever I've seen in my life.

And he had signs and wonders, George Jeffers it was. I went in his meetings, I was astounded. I saw them bring cripples, twisted and every rotten thing about.

You could almost smell one man they dragged out of a ghetto. They led him at the feet of the preacher, and the preacher said, you need something more. It was a deep Welsh voice.

You need something more than healing. You need God. You need salvation.

It was the worst sample of the devil's work in the whole district of Leeds. He was a blasphemer, he was a liar, he was perverted. You lie there and repent.

He didn't say, pray the sinner's prayer. That's led millions of people to hell. There are more people in hell who pray the sinner's prayer than outside of it.

Confession is not repentance. A man isn't saved because he says the Lord's Prayer. I don't care what you say.

It seems the modern design is this, come to the meeting, say the Lord's Prayer, pardon me, go up to the pastor, pray the sinner's prayer. We hope you'll join the church. Now you've prayed the sinner's prayer, so you're alright.

Promise you'll tithe and we'll baptise you. I don't baptise anybody because they confess. I don't baptise anybody in the profession of their faith.

I baptise them on the fruits of their faith. Somebody said to John Wesley, that man, that drunken man going down the street, he's one of your converts. He said, he must be, he isn't the Lord's.

He won't be back in his drink and his sin if he'd been converted by Christ. One of these days, I'm going to preach on the miracle of the new birth. The most wonderful thing that can happen is when God takes a twisted, tormented, perverted human personality.

He takes a sinful man out of a sinful world and makes that man holy and puts him back in the sinful world and keeps him holy. It takes all the power of the blood and all the power of the Holy Ghost. Immediately he's really born again.

If he's born again, the devil has his number. And he's going to try and trip him up and pervert him and seduce him with something. I don't believe there's a denomination in America the devil fears, or in England.

What the devil fears is holy men. Men who've been purged of every self-interest, self-seeking, self-glory. And it's Christ, Christ, Christ.

The Frenchman Monod wrote a hymn, Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow that a time could ever be. And he said in the first line, when it was all of self and none of thee. In the next verse, he says it's less of self and more of thee.

And finally he comes to the place where he says none of self and all of thee. Whenever you are self on your throne, you're vulnerable to the devil, you're vulnerable to temptation. If you get rid of self, and instead of self being on the throne, Christ is on the throne, your life will be revolutionized.

They rebel. I wonder how many rebels we have here tonight. Oh, now often this dear pastor has gone into the closet and prayed for you.

The church has prayed for you. The doctor didn't give you much hope and he restored you and you made a thousand vows and you haven't kept one of them. You're rebelling tonight.

Your prayer life is ragged. Your love life with Jesus is almost nil. You sing, Jesus, you're the lover of my soul.

There's a bit of lovely poetry set to a lovely tune by Charles Wesley. Yeah, this is pretty drastic, isn't it? There are two reasons at least why we do not have a revival that will shake America. Number one is we're content to live without it.

Number two, it's too expensive. I have a little library at home. The other night I went into it, I thought I knew what all my books were and I'm too stingy to put the light on, you know.

So I went in and I got the book and I didn't get it, I got this one. It's Jonathan Edwards, The Narrative. We had a great preach in England when I was there by the name of Dr. David Martin Lloyd-Jones.

He was physician to the King of England. And he also, he was pastor at the Buckingham Gate Chapel. Talking with him one day, he said, Brother Raymond, you're going back to America.

I said, yes. Give my love to Dr. Jones and I will do that. He said, you know, they had a man in America who was the greatest genius the world has ever known.

His name was Jonathan Edwards. Let me give you a little rundown here about this man. All right, Jonathan Edwards entered Yale College, Yale University at the age of 13.

He graduated at the age of 17 at the head of his class as a valedictorian. And then he returned as a tutor for two years. Edwards was one of the leading intellects of his day.

Again, this was the day of John Owen and all those super puritans that were living. You know, the American schools are not founded by some of these monkey dealers. They teach evolution.

So if you see them in the zoo talking to their uncle, don't interfere. After all, you should see your relatives once in a while. You see a man doing this, you know he believes in evolution or else he's got a bug.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the leading intellectuals of his day. He was a robust logician, but he was a humble servant of Christ under the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. He probed and penetrated into the deep things of God.

Our readers may be tempted to feel that after reading chapter 2 of this book, Jonathan Edwards was a man of keen intellect, but without a burning heart, and the truth is the very opposite. Sure, he preached his sermon, Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, with a candle in one hand and a stack of notes in the other, and a gravel voice. And as he preached, the Holy Ghost came till they fell off their seats and hung on to the pillars holding up the gallery.

He didn't say, Pardon me, I didn't mean to upset you. He lashed them with the word of God. He whipped them, he whipped them, he whipped them.

They cried for mercy. Do you know a preacher that can do that today? Dare do it? This precious man defended and supported David Brainerd, one of the greatest characters in American history. A man who would go out into the snow, he was very heavy, he weighed about 95 pounds.

He said, I looked from my tent and there the Indians were committing fornication or adultery and they were lying and cheating and fighting and there was nowhere to pray. So I went out in the forest and prayed. I made a hole in the snow.

The snow was up to my chest, up to my chin and I prayed from sunrise till sunset. Dear God, we can't do that with carpet on the floor. Why did he do it? He was determined to see those Indians and he saw revival and he welcomed to those pagans.

But like his master, he sweat drops of blood and sweat and tears. This would sound a bit rough to our stranger, yes? Did you know the Puritans said God Almighty is not under obligation to save one man. Do you think I enjoy preaching? Sure I do.

God called me. I take as a crack in the throat of the fact that he called me to preach. I love to preach.

In one sense, I hate to preach. I see you as a congregation and I'll see you at midnight. I'll see you at one o'clock in the morning.

You see, some of you are hearing God's call tonight for the very last time. He doesn't owe you anything. He called you, you refused.

Do you remember what the people did? They said, we'll get rid of Jesus. And he said, you're too late. I'm getting rid of you.

Your house is left desolate. And from that day to this, they've been a football for all the nations in the world. When I was a little boy, Brother Ray, they used to tell me, keep your eye on the Middle East.

The most explosive part of the world is the Middle East. The Jews, the Jews are still going to get kicked out of Israel. And when they come back, they'll come back weeping like Jeremiah.

They'll come back with remorse. They'll come back, why? Even before they see him whom they pierced, they'll come back with broken hearts. They'll have seen their children ravaged.

They'll have seen their country ravaged. But these men are amazing. They said, God Almighty is not obligated to save one person.

You know, we go to meetings now. Do you know what my dread is in America? The Southern Baptists have between two and three hundred evangelists. The different types of Pentecostals have about five hundred evangelists.

But neither the Pentecostals nor the Baptists have a revivalist. The last revivalist in America was a Baptist by the name of Mordecai Haim. An old man told me one day, did you ever meet Mordecai Haim? I wish I had.

He said he would come to a town like Tyler with a tent and by the third night he needed a police escort to get him on the platform, a police escort to get him home. Because he blasted sin in high places. He blasted the breweries.

He blasted uncleanness. Well, if he only had one convert it was good because Billy Graham was converted under him. We don't have any revivalists anymore.

Lots of our big preachers go to a town for one night. There's nothing in the scripture that ever says you can go to a town for one night. God almighty! The greatest brain the world ever saw was the apostle Paul and he could go and stay with the people for two years.

You can't get our evangelists to stay two nights. They've got such a tight schedule. Of course, they've used widows' tithes and offerings to buy a jet to get to the next place.

I've got to say something about this man's wife. We're always interested in man's wives, aren't we? I'll tell you what kind of a wife he had. This little book is called *The Narrative*.

If you can find it, buy it. And soak yourself in it and read it to your children. Let them know that all the men didn't live in the days of the apostles that moved this nation to God.

There were some men dead to move without a financial backing. Listen to this. This account would be incomplete if I didn't refer to Mrs. Edwards, the wife of the prophet of the Great Awakening, Sarah Paul, Per Point Edwards.

Passed from death unto life at the age of five. Had a conscious relationship with Jesus Christ at five. I had a precious lady came to my church, a church I pastored in England years ago.

She was in her 85th year. She died at 95. She was the daughter, the eldest daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army.

Her name is the Mara Shaw, which is French for Marshal. If you ever see the book, get it. I'm trying to get it reprinted.

I'm trying to get Frail thing she was. She inherited from her mother a curvature of the spine. Did it suffer? No.

Where did she go? She went to France, the hell hole. She got a basement and cleaned it up with society ladies from England that never used to do their own hair. But fire is the most attractive thing in the world.

People came out of their castles. They came from their homes as celebrities and scrubbed on the floor to get a lousy place clean. Professors came from the Sorbonne.

The prostitutes of Paris came. They said that night when they'd repented, men would pull knives out and guns and lay them at the altar. She turned the city upside down.

I remember standing at the side of her. We were singing a song that she wrote. And her face was as craggy as she's wrinkled as a prune.

I stood aside to see her. And there the tears were bouncing off those creases in her face. Particularly when we came to the last verse where she wrote and she was singing it now.

There is a love constraining me to go and seek the lost. I yield, O Lord, my all to Thee to save at any cost. There is a fire that falls on me as in the upper room destroying all carnality, dispelling fear and gloom.

Come on, did you get a baptism of the Holy Ghost like that? Are you hanging onto your tongues? Did you just feel a bit better? Somebody tried to give us a prophecy the other night. Now, prayer meeting. You know, I tremble, pastor, to my toes when somebody says thus saith the Lord.

For if it wasn't the Lord, she's a liar. And God help her that she dared to take the name of God in vain. It wasn't thus saith the Lord.

It was her own opinion. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Mrs. Edwards passed from death unto life, it says here, at the age of five.

The Marashal told me when she was four. She was in a meeting. No, she was at the dinner table with her daddy.

Good old William Poole and the family. And suddenly she felt a confrontation. No prophet, no voice, no balls of fire, no rushing manuin.

But she said, I was four years of age and I entered into a living relationship with Jesus Christ. And at 85, she was burning more faces than she did then, obviously. She had become the feminine Billy Graham of Europe.

She went to Sweden, had revival in Sweden. She went in taverns and sang gospel hymns. There's a picture in Stockholm.

If you ever go there, go to the art gallery. There's a picture of the Marashal standing there with that great, gorgeous face she had full of meekness and beauty. One man said to the other, you know, she's the purest girl ever in here.

I wonder what will happen if one of the men tries to rape her as they've done with other women. The other man said, listen, that woman's purity is her safeguard. If you got near to her and looked in her face, you'd see such purity.

You'd back off. You'd feel you were the biggest leper outside of hell. Now listen to this.

She passed from death unto life at five fast. Isn't that wonderful? At 13, a singular reputation as a youthful Christian was already known to not a few. They would say, this young lady is from New Haven.

This young lady is from New Haven. She is so loved by the great being. In other words, she's so loved by a holy God who sits on the circle of the earth, who knows the name of every star, who counts the nations as dust in the balance.

They say that this great being, this great holy God, in some way or other, invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding delight. Isn't that amazing? She says, OK, I'm going to pray for you. God will do that for you.

So your children will see a living evidence of a holy mother. I had a holy mother. I thank God for that.

I thank God for my precious wife's example before the boys. But she had recurring visits of God himself, shut in a little room in New Haven, the God that holds the earth up, the high and lofty one who inhabited eternity, the God before whom Isaiah fell and said, I'm undone, I'm unclean. If you come to this altar tonight, don't come for help.

I wouldn't pray for you. Come when you say, I'm undone and unclean. And then the fire will touch you as it touched Isaiah.

He didn't say, I need help, I want a better ministry. No, he said, I'm undone, I'm unclean. And he was the leading man in the world at that time.

But here's this precious lady. She has a strange sweetness in her mind. Sissy, would you like that? There's a strange sweetness about her character, a singular purity in her affections.

She seems always to be full of joy. I tell Martha every time we meet Patty, she must never have any bad news. She's always radiant with joy.

The only mistake her mother made was to give her a name like that. She should have called her Grace Joy because she's full of grace and she's always got joy. Isn't that right, Tommy? You don't say no anyhow.

You'll be in trouble when you get home. Patty, you're a wonderful example there and I rejoice in it. Me, I'm just a rough old guy.

But I'd rather scare you to death now than let you go to hell and get scared anyhow. She has a strange sweetness, a marvelous purity of affection. She's always full running over with joy and pleasure and nobody knows what it's about.

But dear Lord, if God visited me every three months, I think I'd know what it was about. Well, does he want to meet you in the closet? Don't you wait long enough. They that wait upon the Lord.

Do you know what that word is? That Hebrew word is they that saturate themselves in God. I think I told you, Dr. Joseph told me he could lay on the floor at eight in the morning till nine, till ten, till eleven, till twelve, till one without saying a word of prayer, without saying a word of praise, just adoring him. One day I concentrate on his holiness, another day I concentrate on his mercy, another day I get lost in his love, all the sweet, sweet, deep, deep love of Jesus, vast, unmeasured, boundless, free, flowing as a mighty ocean in its fullness over me.

Underneath me, all around me, flows the current of God's love. Do you ever have baptisms like that? Phineas said he had repeated baptisms. I've had them.

I had a baptism in bed last night, yesterday afternoon, weeping over youthful, praying as did that great Englishman in 1500. There's a monument of him in Chichester, I think it is, Chichester. What was his name? Let me think.

Richard Baxter. When he went to that town, there wasn't one family that had family devotions. When he died, there wasn't one family that hadn't.

They put five galleries in the cathedral, brother. I got a special work for the pastor here. You know, we're so used to staging.

We get everybody, don't we? Oh, come Monday night, we have a converted footballer. Of course, he's been a physical wreck ten years. I turned the idiot box on the other day.

There's one man isn't an idiot, that's Jimmy Swaggart. I tried to get him and I didn't get it. It got PTO.

You know what that means? Pity the listeners. Here's little Jimmy Baker, the little squirt. Do you know what he said? He said, of course, Mr. Finney had revival, but he only had thousands.

We have millions being born of God. Where are they? Are you going to tell me our divorce courts are packed? Our jails are packed? The nation's rotting with ED and all kinds of sins and yet we're seeing the greatest revival in history, that guy says. He doesn't know what revival is.

Fancy him daring to talk about Finney. One of the things I wanted to say, I went to Finney's church in Rochester, New York. There's a sign outside past about that size and it says, Charles Grandison Finney came into this city and in six months he had a hundred thousand people converted.

Drastically born again of the Spirit of God. I'd like to challenge Billy Graham and Oral Roberts and David Wilkerson and Jimmy Swaggart to team up and go stay in the city for 28 nights like Finney did. He wouldn't move till God split the heavens.

These boys come and take a load. The biggest load they take is not a load of sin, it's a load of offering. We don't have an evangelist that can stay in us.

We used to go to sin for six weeks at a time in England. Start at the grass roots, sleep in the tent, eat in the tent, pray in the tent for six and eight weeks at a time. But we raised up churches.

Two of them last year asked me to go back and preach the 50th anniversary of those churches we raised. We were penniless. We had no homes.

If we got a tomato, if we got a banana we thought it was the millennium. We lived on bread and butter and onion. And you know what, if I was young enough and had the strength I'd do it again.

I've got to find something here for you now, Pastor, especially for you. Oh, no, this part is, let me skip that. They say, the Puritan preachers feared more than anything else.

They feared, they're terrified of plucking unripe fruit. That's done in every evangelistic crusade. We try and get people to the altar and not save them.

We lead them into damnation not salvation. We will not pluck unripe fruit. They were afraid that in their zeal for souls might lead people into a false profession of faith and thus be the means of their damnation instead of the means of their salvation.

We stage a crusade. Billy Graham said years ago we spend a million dollars on a city-wide crusade. Now it's gone up to two or three million.

And they list all the converts. We had 20,000. Tell me six months after if you can find any.

And it says here, Pastor, this great awakening in New England in 1724 that revitalized America. She was at the bottom as low as she is now. And they didn't get some star preachers.

They didn't get some millionaires to finance them. They didn't have big choirs. Do you know what they had? They had the Holy Ghost.

Listen to what it says. To this greatest awakening in American history. In order the student of revival may understand the significance of this book we will stress the fact that the great awakening which took place in 1735 this is for you, Pastor.

It came in the ordinary course of a faithful pastor's ministry. They'd had normal services. Of course he was a weeping man.

He wept in secret. And then one day suddenly it's dramatic. I love that word suddenly.

The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly Are we seeking the Lord? Are we seeking blessing? Are we seeking miracles? The Lord whom ye seek. Shepherds kept their watch by night and suddenly there was a sound of the heavenly host saying glory to God in the highest. They were waiting in the upper room and suddenly there's a rushing mighty wind.

And Malachi says the Lord whom ye seek they've been seeking. And God who sees in secret rewarded them openly. One Sunday a service burst out.

There was such an awesome fear on those people they couldn't even speak. Many of them had to be held up off the ground. Why? Because of the holiness and the majesty of God.

It was in the I'll read it again pastor. It was in the ordinary course of a faithful pastor's ministry. I don't know much about this man.

He says he loves me. I love him. I pray for him often.

In the great day you'll discover many times he's gone heartbroken from this house because she hasn't walked with him. And he's prayed in his closet. And the holdup of power.

Do you know what? I'm going to ask the pastor to do something. I never asked this. I've never done it in my life before.

I may never do it again. But I Pastor would you stand here? Do you mind? Thank you. And face the crown.

Many of you tonight your prayer life is in tatters. Your devotion making love to Jesus you never know a thing about it. All you do is go beg, beg, beg and ask for privileges.

If you're honest tonight you'll say God I failed to read your word. I failed to have compassion for the lost. I failed my pastor.

I haven't stood behind him. I haven't joined my heart with his in intercession. If I ask you to repent you'll kneel there and shed a few tears and go off.

I'm going to ask you to do something more than that. It'll puncture your pride. I'm going to ask you to come out and say to the pastor Pastor I failed God and I failed you.

I'm going back to my seat to repent. Come on. Some of you deacons should come first.

You failed the pastor. You failed God. No one brave enough to come.

I've been preaching for 64 years. In many countries many places I've never asked anyone to do what they did tonight. But I remind you that the chorus in a lost eternity is the harvest is past.

God doesn't owe you another thing. If you live to be 90 he doesn't owe you anything. He spoke to you tonight.

He doesn't have to come back. He's not your servant. He's your God.

Normally I do not sing a chorus. There's somebody here not saved. You've made a profession.

How do I know I'm saved? I have the witness of the Spirit. How do I know? I love God's Word. I devour it.

How do I know? I love intimate fellowship with Him in prayer and worship and brokenness. Confessing is not getting saved. There must be repentance.

And when God says it there must be restitution. I'm going to ask the ladies to pray the chorus. Savior, Savior hear my humble cry.

I don't know the verse. What's the verse? Oh yes. Pass me not, O gentle Savior.

Thank you, Pastor. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, hear my humble cry. While on others thou art calling do not pass me by.

Somebody here has never been saved. I want you to walk to the front. I'm not going to ask you to close your eyes.

As I say, Jesus didn't close His eyes going to the cross. It will help me to make a right start tonight if you say, well I need this. I don't want to go to a lost eternity.

I don't want to say at the judgment God said, I called you that night and you wouldn't hear. Pass me not, O gentle Savior. You walk right out.

The pastor will be there shaking hands with you and I'll pray for you as you close the meeting. Give me the key to start. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, hear my humble cry.

While on others, while on others thou art calling do not pass me by, do not pass me by. Savior, Savior, Savior, Savior.

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