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Him as he who, in the words of the Evangelist himself, "beareth witness of these things, and wrote these things." I hope that we shall be ready to add, "We know that his witness is true," because, to use a rather modern expression, his statements appeal to our own religious experiences from our communion, by the aid of the Evangelist, with the Divine Master.

[A careful treatment of the subjects dealt with in this paper is to be found in the critical introduction to Dr. Garvie's "Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus," published towards the end of last year.]



Revival Memories.

BY THE REV. CANON W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A.

MY earliest memories of religious revivals carry me back to the days of my childhood at the end of the first half of the nineteenth century. My dear father had hardly opened his temporary church at Pendeen before a great revival commenced, so that when the permanent structure was erected some two or three years later the living Church of converted men and women was ready to occupy it. Hence I saw a great deal of Cornish revivalism during my early years, and that even in its wildest forms. As St. Paul became all things to all men that he might win the more, so my dear father to the excitable Celts of Cornwall became as a Celt, never attempting to check the more or less extravagant excitement, but ever endeavouring to lead souls in the midst of it to a true and reasonable faith in Christ.

I can recall some seasons of extraordinary and prolonged religious influence, when the whole neighbourhood seemed to be under a mighty spell, the force of which was felt even by the most careless and ungodly. I remember how one revival continued through a whole year or more, and during all that period night after night the schoolroom would be crowded, and

not a week passed without "converts" being gathered in. Several hundreds of grown-up people, besides numbers of children, professed to be converted to God at that time, and a considerable proportion of them proved the reality of their profession by subsequent years of consistent Christian life. The proportion, however, of permanent results from these Cornish revivals, with all their heated emotionalism, was, it must be admitted, small as compared with those that I have known to result from more sober evangelizing efforts. I should say that if, after a Cornish revival had expended itself and a testing period had passed, we retained, as consistent Christian people, one-third of those who had made a profession, we thought we had done well ; whereas, in revival work in Scotland, had one-third of the number fallen away we should have thought that we had fared rather badly. I shall not attempt to describe the scenes of wild enthusiasm that I have witnessed in those old days, for any at all faithful description of them must border on the grotesque, and those memories are far too sacred to be thus presented. Sometimes, I confess, I could almost wish to see and hear it all again ; the shouts of hallelujah that, perhaps at midnight, would make the welkin ring, as some happy convert was escorted to his home by a band of rejoicing friends ; the stopping of work at the mine, because the young women working at "the stamps" were almost all under religious influences, some crying for mercy, some praising God with tears of ecstatic joy. Yet I must regretfully admit that, as a result of this exaggerated emotionalism, revivalism is to-day a played-out force in Cornwall, and probably not until another generation passes away will the way be open for a more reasonable form of evangelizing effort throughout that county.

It fell to my lot, after a boyhood spent in familiarity with such scenes, to come into contact in my early youth with revival work of a very different type in Scotland. In the year 1859 I paid a visit to my uncle, the late Mr. Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, in Banffshire, who some two years before had come under my dear father's influence, and had been led at that time

to make a very definite consecration of his heart and life to God. He became, in fact, one of the most devoted labourers, in season and out of season, for his Master that I have ever known. In the winter preceding my visit to him he and the late Mr. Reginald Radcliffe had been used of God to carry on the most remarkable evangelizing work in Aberdeen that has ever been known in that city. It was commonly reported that ere the revival meetings closed there was hardly a house in the whole long stretch of Union Street, the great thoroughfare that runs through the heart of the city, in which some trace of the blessing could not be found. Radcliffe was at that time full of the Holy Ghost and of power, and God seemed to use him especially to tear to tatters and shreds the garments of self-righteousness and religious self-complacency in which the Scotch Presbyterians of that day were too often fain to wrap themselves. "Aye, woman, did ye hear what yon man said the night?" exclaimed a convicted church-goer of this type to her neighbour, who happened to be an earnest Christian woman, as they passed home one night over the bridge. "Did ye hear him say that we might hae fufy tokens, and gang to hell with them a'. Noo, I've jist had my fuftieth token, and I'm thinking I'm ganging to hell with them a' as fast as I can gang!"

The English reader will perhaps need to have it explained that a "token" is a small metal disc that serves as a passport to the half-yearly Communion in the Presbyterian churches. Happily, the poor stricken soul, convicted of the iniquity of her holy things, found a sympathizing friend and a skilled helper in her good neighbour, and there in the deserted thoroughfare—for it was late at night, behind a parapet of the bridge, the two knelt in prayer, until the seeker had found something better than her fifty Communion tokens to rest upon.

I found Radcliffe at Arndilly on my arrival there, and shall never forget the merciless incisiveness of his address at the Free Church at Rothes on the following Sunday. It was on the tenth chapter of Romans. "St. Paul is here speaking of his heart's desire for his own religious countrymen," he remarked,

“who went regularly to their synagogues, read their Bibles, and said long prayers. What does he long for on behalf of these excellent people? That they may have the highest place that heaven can offer? that they may rise to the most exalted spiritual attainments, and be numbered with the most distinguished saints? No, my friends! He prays that they may be saved. He considers them in terrible danger, and he is oppressed with an eager anxiety for them, that they may escape from it and not lose their souls. And as I look round this church upon you respectable, well-conducted Presbyterians, who attend your church so regularly, and go to your Communions, and read the Scriptures, and yet have never submitted yourselves, any more than these Jews of old did, to the righteousness of God, what shall I pray for you to-day? Shall I ask that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of God? that you may be more and more perfected in Christian character, until you are conformed to the image of Christ? that you may find a place amongst the highest saints in the kingdom and glory of the Lord? I can ask nothing of the kind! My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that you may not be damned to hell!”

A modern newspaper writer, if reporting the sermon, might well have inserted between brackets the word “sensation” to describe the effect of this terrific utterance; but to form a true conception of it one had to be there, to feel the intense earnestness with which the warning was given, and then to note the tenderness with which it was followed up. One could not but feel that he was specially raised up to do a work that needed to be done, and that if he had to use the surgeon's knife, he only wounded that he might heal. I spent some little time visiting in the little town during that next week, and found the people so much moved that, on my bringing back word of this to Arndilly, it was at once decided that an extempore service must be held there that night. A public hall or schoolroom was secured and the town-crier was requisitioned; but Radcliffe was not satisfied with the efforts of the official, and himself went down the long central street shouting out an invitation to an open-air gathering

in the middle of the town. There in a short time a multitude of people were collected, and first they had an earnest address from Mr. Grant. While he was speaking, you might have seen Radcliffe on the outskirts of the crowd, his head bowed in his hand, as if, like the prophet of old, he were rapt in an agony of intercession, waiting for the little cloud to rise on the far horizon. By the time the laird had finished he stood up like one full of the power of God, and so spoke for about five or ten minutes that, when he ended by calling all who wished to yield to God to come into the hall, in a moment quite a number of anxious souls, chiefly young men, pressed into the building, and a glorious harvest night ensued.

Towards the end of my visit, to my great astonishment, my uncle proposed to me that I should accompany him on an evangelizing tour that he was about to make in the extreme north of Scotland. He was to have had Mr. Brownlow North for his fellow-labourer, but illness prevented that remarkable man from fulfilling his engagement, and Mr. Grant, being a great believer in the Apostolic rule of working in couples, fell back upon me as his companion in travel and labour. I was at that time only seventeen years of age, and of course felt acutely the heavy responsibility thus unexpectedly thrust upon me. However, it seemed clearly God's call, and I consented to go.

We began our work in the most northerly town in Scotland—Thurso. It had a name for being a particularly hard and dead sort of place, and by no means a promising field for our effort. We found that the Free Church minister was away in Ireland witnessing the wonders of the Irish revival, and had left his church in charge of a young probationer, who was to be assisted by his own son, also a theological student. It was arranged that, while my uncle addressed the adults, my work, to begin with, should lie chiefly amongst the children. The little town soon began to show signs of interest in our work, and the congregations grew with great rapidity, until on the second Sunday afternoon we found ourselves addressing a huge open-

air gathering of several thousands, many of whom had swarmed into the town from all the country round. I have a very vivid recollection of the extraordinary work of grace that took place amongst the children. I remember inviting the elder children who wished to give themselves to Christ to my lodgings, and soon the little parlour was so crowded that it was difficult to know how to deal with them. Two or three Free Kirk elders, who were giving a sort of cautious support to the movement, were hovering about the door, endeavouring to assist in preserving order, for all the little people could not be received at once, and as some came out, others had to be let in.

I heard from them afterwards that one little maiden came out with her heart so full that she had to find an oratory behind the holly-bushes growing in front of the house on the river's bank, where she poured out her heart in prayer and praise; and the testimony of these good men was that they had heard many a minister pray in their time, but they had never listened to such a prayer before as that little maiden offered. I remember that we received a call during that week from the two young "probationers," of whom I have spoken, as having been left in charge of the Free Kirk, and they were very full of the wonderful things that were happening in Ireland, and read to us extracts from the minister's letters. I ventured to remark that it seemed to me that God was working in a very remarkable way in their own town; but they replied with some incredulity that I didn't know Thurso as well as they did. It was a hard, unresponsive place, and they feared there was not much to be hoped for there. Thus, like many others that I have met with since, they could believe in miracles of grace elsewhere, but were not at all disposed to recognize them at their door.

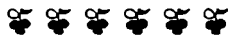
Towards the end of the second week, however, the work had assumed such proportions that Mr. Grant, who had promised to begin a similar effort at the neighbouring town of Wick on the following Sunday, determined to leave me behind to continue

the work at Thurso over that day. I can never forget that Sunday, the first great harvest day of my life. There was again a huge crowd in the open air in the afternoon, and in the evening the Independent chapel was packed to its utmost capacity ; and after a service in which the power of God was very manifestly present, we adjourned for the after-meeting to the Free Kirk schoolroom. There I had the assistance of the two young Presbyterian probationers before referred to, and after I had given a brief address urging immediate decision, I asked one of them to do his best to keep the people employed, whether by exhortation or singing or prayer. I then invited all who were anxious about their soul's salvation to join me and the other helper in the classroom, and as it was not very large I said I could not receive more than twenty at once. In a moment twenty persons rose and joined us. My helper began at one end and I at the other. In many cases we found that the work was already done, while many others were ripe for decision. As soon as each had been conversed with, we dismissed them and asked for twenty more, and again they crowded into the room, with similar results. I did that five times ere the meeting broke up, so that about a hundred persons must have been conversed with ; and I cannot remember that any went away without seeming, at any rate, to find what they sought. I well remember the utter astonishment of my two helpers, who had been so incredulous as to the possibility of a revival in Thurso. They could hardly believe their own eyes and ears ; but I think it was a time of revival to their own souls as well as to their people.

That was in 1859, and in the year 1886, when I was paying a visit to Edinburgh, I was accosted on the platform of the railway-station by a porter, who wanted to know whether I was any relation of a young man of the same name who had preached twenty-seven years before at Thurso. When I told him that I was the same person, he grasped my hand with much feeling, as he proceeded to tell me that I had been the means at that time of leading him to Christ. I have never visited Thurso since.

but I doubt not there will be still some left there after nearly half a century who could say the same.

In the next number I hope to give some reminiscences of the great revival in Liverpool during the visit of D. L. Moody in 1875.



The Supply of Clergy.¹

BY THE REV. PRINCIPAL TAIT, M.A.

THE lack of a sufficient supply of clergy must, I think, be regarded by us clergy as a call for earnest self-examination, a summons to a most careful scrutiny of our system, methods, life, and work. The subject, therefore, which I ask you to consider is the responsibilities of the clergy in the matter of the supply of clergy.

The Church's need may, of course, be due to causes over which we clergy have no control ; and if a bold, unsparing self-examination leads us to this conclusion, we can do nothing but wait and pray for those causes to be removed in God's own way and time. But it may be due to our own failures and mistakes.

The ministry is a Divine gift, which, according to the revealed plan of God, has for its object the perfecting of the saints for their work of ministering unto the building up of the body of Christ.

The ministry is the gift of the ascended Lord to His Church, and yet the provision is unequal to the demand ; the Church is not enjoying to the full that Divine gift : her work is being hampered by the insufficiency of the supply.

Can the need possibly be due to any other cause but the mistakes and shortcomings of the Church ? Can we imagine it to be anything else than an indication of a lack of consecration in the Church, of failure in spiritual vitality and enthusiasm ? And, if so, it is obvious that the matter vitally concerns the clergy, the pastors of the flock. For we are the chief sowers

¹ Read at a meeting of the Clergy Home Mission Union.