

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## THE WELSH REVIVAL.

By G. Campbell Morgan, D. D.

If you ask me the meaning of the Welsh revival, I say, it is Pentecost continued, without one single moment's doubt.

But let me speak of the thing itself.

I left London on Monday, reaching Cardiff at 8.30 that evening, and my friend who met me said to me, "What are you going to do? Will you go home, or will you go to the meeting?" I said, "What meeting?" He said, "There is a meeting in Roath Road Chapel." "Oh," I said, "I would rather have a meeting than home." We went. The meeting had been going on an hour and a half when we got there, and we stayed for two hours and a half and went home, and the meeting was still going on, and I had not then touched what is spoken of as—it is not my phrase, but it is expressive—the "fire zone." I was on the outskirts of the work. It was a wonderful night, utterly without order, characterised from first to last by the orderliness of the Spirit of God.

But it is of Tuesday that I would specially speak. I was the whole of that day in Clydach Vale, spending eight hours in actual meetings, and the rest of the time in the company of Evan Roberts, whom God has so wonderfully raised up. Arriving in the morning in the village, everything seemed quiet, and we wended our way to the place where a group of chapels stood. Oh, these chapels through Wales! Thank God for them! And everything was so quiet and orderly that we had to ask where the meeting was. And a lad, pointing to a chapel, said, "In there." Not a single person outside. Everything was quiet. We made our way through the open door, and just managed to get inside, and found the chapel crowded from floor to ceiling with a great mass of people. What was the occupation of the service? It is impossible for me to tell you finally and fully. Suffice it to say that throughout that service there was singing and praying, and personal testimony, but no preaching.

It was a meeting characterized by a perpetual series of interruptions and disorderliness. It was a meeting an absolute order. You say, "How do you reconcile these things?" I do not reconcile them. They are both there. I leave you to reconcile them. If you put a man into the midst of one of these meetings, who knows the language of the Spirit, he will be struck by this most peculiar thing. I am speaking with diffidence, for I

have never seen anything like it in my life; while a man praying is disturbed by the breaking out of song, there is no sense of disorder, and the prayer merges into song, and back into testimony, and back again into song for hour after hour, without guidance. These are the three occupations—singing, prayer, testimony. Even Roberts was not present. There was no human leader.

In the afternoon we were at another chapel, and another meeting, equally full, and this time Evan Roberts was present. He came into the meetings when it had been on for an hour and a half. I went with him, and with the utmost difficulty we reached the platform. I took absolutely no part, and he took very little part. He spoke, but his address—if it could be called an address—was punctuated perpetually by song and prayer and testimony. And Evan Roberts works on that plan, never hindering any one. As the result of that afternoon I venture to say that if that address Evan Roberts gave in broken fragments had been reported, the whole of it could have been read in six or seven minutes. As the meeting went on, a man rose in the gallery and said, "So and So," naming some man, "has decided for Christ," and then in a moment the song began. It was a song of praise because that man was born again. There are no enquiry rooms, no penitent forms, but some worker announces, or an enquirer openly confesses Christ, the name is registered, and the song breaks out, and they go back to testimony and prayer.

In the evening exactly the same thing. I can tell you no more, save that I personally stood for three solid hours wedged so that I could not lift my hands at all. That which impressed me most was the congregation. I looked along the gallery of the chapel on my right, and there were three women, and the rest were men packed solidly in. If you could but for once have seen the men, evidently colliers, with the blue seam that told of their work on their faces, clean and beautiful. Beautiful, did I say? Many of them lit with Heaven's own light, radiant with the light that never was on sea and land. Great beautiful magnificent, poetic men by nature, but the nature had slumbered long. Today it is awakened, and I looked on many a face, and I knew that men did not see me, did not see Evan Roberts, but they saw the face of God and the eternities. I left that evening, after having been in the meeting three hours, at 10.30, and it went on packed as it was, until an early hour next morning, song and prayer and testimony and conversion and confession of sin by leading church members publicly, and the putting of it away, and all the while no human leader, no one

indicating the next thing to do, no one checking the spontaneous movement.

Now, for one moment let me go a step further and speak just a word or two about the man himself. Evan Roberts, is hardly more than a boy, simple and natural, no orator, no leader of men, nothing of the masterfulness that characterized such men as Wesley, and Whitefield and Moody; no leader of men. One of the most brilliant writers in one of our morning papers said of Evan Roberts, in a tone of sorrow, that he lacked the qualities of leadership, and the writer said if but some prophet did now arise he could sweep everything before him. God has not chosen that a prophet shall arise. It is quite true. Evan Roberts is no orator, no leader. What is he? I mean now with regard to this great movement. He is the mouthpiece of the fact that there is no human guidance as to the man or organization. The burden of what he says to the people is this: It is not man, do not wait for me, depend on God, obey the Spirit. But whenever moved to do so, he speaks under the guidance of the Spirit. His work is not that of appealing to men so much as that of creating an atmosphere by calling men to follow the guidance of the Spirit in whatever the Spirit shall say to them.

I do not hesitate to say that God has set His hand upon the lad, beautiful in simplicity, ordained in his devotion, lacking all the qualities that we have looked for in preachers, and prophets and leaders. He has put him in the forefront of this movement, that the world may see that He does choose the things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are, the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; a man who lacks all the essential qualities which we say make for greatness, in order that through him in simplicity and power He may move to victory.—Christian Intelligencer.

In a recent sermon "Ian Maclaren" maintained that woman is, as a rule, less just than a man. "Criticise one she likes, and all the passion in her nature will be roused, and justice will, on occasion, be held of no account. It is not that men are better, but they are calmer, and have not perhaps the same power of passionate devotion. I would hear of all women not to be less loyal, less lavish in their affection, but fairer, more willing to do justice to those they dislike, and above all I would beseech them never to persuade a man to a act of injustice or cruelty."

Some men are so good that they think the devil gives all his personal attention to tempting them.