

**SermonIndex Announcements :: 43 DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE REVIVAL CONFERENCE****43 DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE REVIVAL CONFERENCE - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2007/9/10 12:26**[Image: <https://www.sermonindex.net/revival/revivalc8.gif>]

*There is no cost to attend the conference but it is asked that you pre-register at: <http://revivalconference.eventbrite.com> to secure a seat for the event. Visit [www.revivalconference.com](http://www.revivalconference.com) for more information.*

**43 DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE REVIVAL CONFERENCE****MULTITUDES THROGGED TO HEAR 'FROM HEAVEN'**

Nathan Cole, an eyewitness, recounts the rush to hear George Whitefield in the 18th Century Great Awakening in America

Now it pleased God to send Mr White-field into this land; and my hearing of his preaching at Philadelphia, like one of the old apostles, and many thousands flocking to hear him preach the Gospel, and great numbers were converted to Christ, I felt the Spirit of God drawing me by conviction. I longed to see and hear him and wished he would come this way. Then on a sudden, in the morning about eight or nine o'clock there came a messenger and said Mr Whitefield is to preach at Middletown this morning at ten o'clock. I was in my field at work. I dropped my tool that I had in my hand and ran home to my wife, telling her to make ready quickly to go and hear Mr White-field preach. I then ran to my pasture for my horse with all my might, fearing that I should be too late.

I with my wife then mounted the horse and went forward as fast as I thought the horse could bear; and when my horse got much out of breath, I would get down and put my wife on the saddle and bid her ride as fast as she could and not stop or slack for me.

We improved every moment to get along as if we were fleeing for our lives, all the while fearing we should be too late to hear the sermon, for we had twelve miles to ride double in little more than an hour.

And when we came within about half a mile of the road that comes down from Hartford, Wethersfield, and Stepney to Middletown, on high land I saw before me a cloud or fog arising. I first thought it came from the great river, but as I came nearer the road I heard the noise of horses' feet coming down the road, and this cloud was a cloud of dust made by the horses' feet.

I could see men and horses slipping along in the cloud like shadows, and as I drew nearer it seemed like a steady stream of horses and their riders, scarcely a horse more than his length behind another, all of a lather and foam with sweat, their breath rolling out of their nostrils every jump. Every horse seemed to go with all his might to carry his rider to hear news from heaven for the saving of souls.

It made me tremble to see the sight, how the world was in a struggle. I found a vacancy between two horses to slip in mine and my wife said "Law, our clothes will be all spoiled, see how they look, "for they were so covered with dust that they looked almost all of a colour, coats, hats, shirts, and horse.

We went down in the stream but heard no man speak a word all the way for three miles but every one pressing forward in great haste; and when we got to Middletown old meeting house, there was a great multitude, it was said to be three or four thousand people, assembled together. We dismounted and shook off our dust, and the ministers were then coming to the meeting house. I turned and looked towards the great river and saw the ferry boats running swift backward and forward bringing over loads of people, and the oars rowed nimble and quick.

Everything, men, horses, and boats seemed to be struggling for life. The land and banks over the river looked black with people and horses; all along the twelve miles I saw no man at work in his field, but all seemed to be gone.

When I saw Mr Whitefield come upon the scaffold, he almost looked angelical; a young, slim, slender youth, before some

e thousands of people with a bold undaunted countenance. And my hearing how God was with him everywhere as he came along, it solemnized my mind and put me into a trembling fear before he began to preach. For he looked as if he was clothed with authority from the Great God, and a sweet solemnity sat upon his brow, and my hearing him preach gave me a heart wound.

By God's blessing, my old foundation was broken up, and I saw that my righteousness would not save me.

from: <http://revivalconference.blogspot.com/>

**Re: 43 DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE REVIVAL CONFERENCE - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2007/9/11 1:12**

Here is the audio counterpart for this blog entry:

43 DAYS LEFT