

Revivals And Church History :: God Comes to New York

God Comes to New York - posted by AbideinHim (), on: 2018/7/29 8:40

God Comes to New York -

Edited and Paraphrased by Keith and Melody Green:

From the autobiography of Charles Finney:

<https://bit.ly/2vhnndU>

Re: God Comes to New York - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2018/7/29 18:18

great! from the article:

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The Effects And Results Of the Revival

As the work progressed, almost the whole population of the town became involved. Nearly every one of the lawyers, merchants, physicians, and almost all the principal men - indeed, nearly the whole adult population of the village, were saved, especially those who belonged to Mr. Gillett's congregation. He said to me before I left, "So far as my church is concerned, the millennium has come already. My people are all converted. From all my past labors, I don't even have one sermon that is suited at all to my congregation, for they all are committed Christians." Mr. Gillett afterward reported that during the 20 days that I spent at Rome, there were 500 conversions in that town.⁴

Re: - posted by drifter (), on: 2018/7/29 21:55

The great thing about God is that He is able to do this again, even in these last days. (And I believe He will)

Re: God Comes to New York - posted by ccchhhrrriiisss (), on: 2018/7/30 0:44

Thank you for the timely recommendation!

I know that some people here are quite critical of Charles Finney for various reasons. However, I was always greatly moved by his autobiography. I remember weeping when I read the parts about his conversion -- because he put into words many of the same things that I felt when I came to the realization of Christ and the sin that separated me from him.

Re: God Comes to New York - posted by Jeremy221, on: 2018/7/30 3:37

The paragraph that describes individuals as potential converts is so instructional. Finney's requirement for fruit is needed today but not in a Pharisaical way. There is a detachment from self in this account and a clinging to the bringing forth of new life. His actions and decisions show that he valued authentic new birth above all and worked to prevent anything that might cause abortion or stillborn lives. I found concern about ongoing fruit a sure sign of God given love for the saints.

Re: - posted by AbideinHim (), on: 2018/7/30 8:22

Charles Finney carried the presence of God, and one time he walked into a factory where women were at their looms, and conviction fell that was so strong that the work was shut down for prayer.

The reason for Finney's great success was that he had a man known as Father Nash that would intercede and travel for the meetings wherever Finney went. The revivals that ensued were just as much a result of the prayers of Father Nash as the preaching of Finney.

<https://www.hopefaithprayer.com/prayer-warrior-charles-finney/>

Re: - posted by ccchhhrrriiiss (), on: 2018/7/30 19:09

From Chapter 2...

"On a Sabbath evening in the autumn of 1821, I made up my mind that I would settle the question of my soul's salvation at once, that if it were possible I would make my peace with God. But as I was very busy in the affairs of the office, I knew that without great firmness of purpose, I should never effectually attend to the subject. I therefore, then and there resolved, as far as possible, to avoid all business, and everything that would divert my attention, and to give myself wholly to the work of securing the salvation of my soul. I carried this resolution into execution as sternly and thoroughly as I could. I was, however, obliged to be a good deal in the office. But as the providence of God would have it, I was not much occupied either on Monday or Tuesday; and had opportunity to read my Bible and engage in prayer most of the time.

But I was very proud without knowing it. I had supposed that I had not much regard for the opinions of others, and I had been quite singular in attending prayer meetings, and in the degree of attention that I had paid to religion, while in Adams. In this respect I had been so singular as to lead the church at times to think that I must be an anxious inquirer. But I found, that I was very unwilling to have anyone know that I was seeking salvation. When I prayed I would only whisper my prayer, after having stopped the key-hole to the door, lest someone should discover that I was engaged in prayer. Before that time I had my Bible lying on the table with the law books; and it never had occurred to me to be ashamed of being found reading it, any more than I should be ashamed to be found reading any of my other books.

But after I had addressed myself in earnest to the subject of my own salvation, I kept my Bible, as much as I could, out of sight. If I was reading it when anybody came in, I would throw my law books upon it, to create the impression that I had not had it in my hand. Instead of being outspoken and willing to talk with anybody and everybody on the subject as before, I found myself unwilling to converse with anybody. I did not want to see my minister, because I did not want to let him know how I felt, and I had no confidence that he would understand my case, and give me the direction that I needed. For the same reasons I avoided conversation with the elders of the church, or with any of the Christian people. I was ashamed to let them know how I felt, on the one hand; and on the other, I was afraid they would misdirect me. I felt myself shut up to the Bible.

Just at this point the whole question of Gospel salvation opened to my mind in a manner most marvellous to me at the time. I think I then saw, as clearly as I ever have in my life, the reality and fullness of the atonement of Christ. I saw that his work was a finished work; and that instead of having, or needing, any righteousness of my own to recommend me to God, I had to submit myself to the righteousness of God through Christ. Gospel salvation seemed to me to be an offer of something to be accepted; and that it was full and complete; and that all that was necessary on my part, was to get my own consent to give up my sins, and accept Christ. Salvation, instead of being a thing to be wrought out, by my own works, was a thing to be found entirely in the Lord Jesus Christ, who presented himself before me as my God and my Savior.

Without being distinctly aware of it, I had stopped in the street right where the inward voice seemed to arrest me. How long I remained in that position I cannot say. But after this distinct revelation had stood for some little time before my mind, the question seemed to be put, "Will you accept it now, today?" I replied, "Yes; I will accept it today, or I will die in the attempt."

North of the village, and over a hill, lay a piece of wood, in which I was in the almost daily habit of walking, more or less, when it was pleasant weather. It was now October, and the time was past for my frequent walks. Nevertheless, instead of going to the office, I turned toward the woods, feeling that I must be away from all human eyes and ears, so that I could pour out my prayer to God.

But still my pride must show itself. As I went over the hill, it occurred to me that someone might see me and suppose that I was going away to pray; and so much was I possessed with the fear of man, that I recollect that I skulked along under the fence, till I got so far out of sight that no one from the village could see me. I then penetrated into the woods, went over on the other side of the hill, and found a place where some large trees had fallen across each other, leaving an open place between. There I saw I could make a kind of closet. I crept into this place and knelt down for prayer. As I turned to go up into the woods, I recollect to have said, "I will give my heart to God, or I never will come down from there."

But when I attempted to pray I found that my heart would not pray. I had supposed that if I could only be where I could speak aloud, without being overheard, I could pray freely. But lo! when I came to try, I was dumb; at least I could say but a few words, and those without heart. I would hear a rustling in the leaves, as I thought, and would stop and look up to see if somebody were not coming.

Finally I found myself verging fast to despair. I said to myself, "I cannot pray. My heart is dead to God, and will not pray." I then reproached myself for having promised to give my heart to God before I left the woods. I began to feel deeply that it was too late; that it must be that I was given up of God and was past hope.

Just at this moment I again thought I heard someone approach, and I opened my eyes to see whether it were so. But pride of heart, as the great difficulty in the way, was distinctly shown to me. An overwhelming sense of wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God, took such powerful possession of me, that I cried at the top of my voice, and exclaimed that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me. "What!" I said, "such a degraded sinner as I am, on my knees confessing my sins to the great and holy God; and ashamed to have any human being, and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees endeavouring to make my peace with my offended God!" The sin appeared awful, infinite. It broke me down before the Lord.

Just at that point this passage of Scripture seemed to drop into my mind with a flood of light: "Then shall ye go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." I instantly seized hold of this with my heart. I had intellectually believed the Bible before; but never had the truth been in my mind that faith was a voluntary trust instead of an intellectual state. I was as conscious as I was of my existence, of trusting at that moment in God's veracity. Somehow I knew that that was a passage of Scripture, though I do not think I had ever read it. I knew that it was God's word, and God's voice, as it were, that spoke to me. I cried to Him, "Lord, I take thee at thy word. Now thou knowest that I do search for thee with all my heart, and that I have come here to pray to thee; and thou hast promised to hear me."

That seemed to settle the question that I could then, that day, perform my vow. The Spirit seemed to lay stress upon that idea in the text, "When you search for me with all your heart."

He then gave me many other promises, both from the Old and the New Testament, especially some most precious promises respecting our Lord Jesus Christ. I seized hold of them, appropriated them, and fastened upon them with the grasp of a drowning man.

I continued thus to pray, and to receive and appropriate promises for a long time, I know not how long. I prayed till my mind became so full that, before I was aware of it, I was on my feet and tripping up the ascent toward the road. The question of my being converted, had not so much as arisen to my thought; but as I went up, brushing through the leaves and bushes, I recollect saying with emphasis, "If I am ever converted, I will preach the Gospel."

<http://www.revival-library.org/index.php/catalogues-menu/1830/autobiography-of-charles-finney>