

**Autobiographical Accounts of
Persons Under Spiritual Concern at
Cambuslang (Glasgow) during the
Revival of 1741-1743**

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WRITTEN UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE REV. WILLIAM McCULLOCH,
MINISTER AT CAMBUSLANG

PART TWO

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Cambuslang Accounts

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(UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE REV. WILLIAM McCULLOCH)

PART TWO



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B.N. A Young Woman of 19 Years. Jean Anderson:

I was through mercy kept from any gross outbreakings before the world all along hitherto, and had some form of secret devotion which I ordinarily kept up once a day, and sometimes but rarely twice a day; but it went all against the grain with me ill within these two years past. I very seldom read the Bible by myself in the former part of my life, because I had then no delight in it. For the fashion's sake, however, I went to the Kirk on Sabbath Days, but had no concern whether I heard the sermon or no, and brought none of it along with me; and never found any word I read or heard come with any power to me. I never thought seriously what would become of me after death, or whether I would go. Only sometimes when I fell sick, I thought if I recovered I would be more taken up about soul concerns; but when I came to health I was just what I used to be.

Thus matters continued with me till one Sabbath some time in the Spring, 1742, hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on the Brae at Cambuslang on a text which I do not now remember, he had these words in his sermon: 'When a room is full of darkness, the little motes that may be in it are not seen; but if a beam of light be let in by any small hole, these little motes come to be discovered, and the air in the room is seen to be full of them. So, said he, it is with the heart. It is a room full of darkness by nature, and you that are unrenewed see nothing much amiss there; but if it would please God to cause a beam of His light to shine into that dark heart of thine, thou wouldst see multitudes of abominations swarming in it, or words to that purpose. At that instant I felt the words spoken powerfully to my heart and to my conscience, and a ray of light came along that discovered to me the many corruptions of my heart. I was made to see what an ugly, loathsome and polluted creature I was in the sight of God by those multitudes of corruptions of my heart and all the sins of my life. I was made to loathe myself for all my iniquities and abominations and to wonder that I had lived so long in the world and under the Gospel, and yet had never seen anything at all of my vileness by sin. I was now made to grieve and mourn for the offences and dishonours I had done to God by sin, and thought that I was now quite lost and undone, and that I was just at that time sinking down into hell. At that thought I could not forbear crying out among the people on the Brae, 'Oh, lost and undone! What shall I do?'

For about a month after this I continued in great distress of soul on account of my sins actual and original, sins of heart and life. I was much

bowed down and ashamed of myself before God on account of my ugliness in His sight by sin. Fears of hell and sense of sin whereby I had dishonoured God were mixed together oftentimes in my exercise. Sometimes fears of being thrust down to hell for my sin pressed me down with the greatest weight; sometimes again these fears would have vanished for a time, and then that which was most grievous and afflicting to my spirit was that I had so greatly offended and dishonoured a gracious God by my sin. My distress of spirit under these sorts of exercise was so great that for about a month's time after my awakening, I could not apply myself to work, though I often essayed it, nor could I eat, drink or sleep any at all, or but very little, but I inclined to be almost always at secret prayer, reading my Bible, or hearing sermon everyday at Cambuslang. I had all along a deep sense of my need of Christ to save me from sin and wrath, and an earnest thirsting after Him, and restlessness without Him.

But I got no sensible outgate or relief, till one day when I was at Cambuslang on an ordinary weekday, and that day the number of people not being great, Mr. McCulloch preached in the hall in the manse. Before sermon a part of the 51st Psalm was appointed to be sung. While the eighteenth verse was a-singing,

‘Of gladness and of joyfulness
make me to hear the voice,
That so these very bones which Thou
hast broken may rejoice’,

especially at the singing of the last two lines, my heart so filled with joy at the thoughts of what God had done for me in giving me a sense of my sins, and shedding abroad His love in my heart as He now did, that I could not forbear crying out aloud for joy, and thought I could never praise Him enough for His mercy to me.

But after sermon, coming from the hall into the minister's room to give him an account of what God had then done for me, as I was at the stairhead betwixt the two doors, I fell under a strong apprehension that hell was just before me, and that I was just ready to fall down into it. I durst go not one step further, but fell down and cried out aloud for fear. This dread of hell I took to be from Satan, to put me into a confusion when I was going to tell what God had done for my soul. A minister (Mr. Scott, Stenhouse) coming and speaking to me, I turned calmer and more composed.

Next Sabbath I fell under great darkness and fears about my own condition, but on Monday morning, when I was at secret prayer, these words in Is. 41.16 came into my heart with great power and sweetness: 'Thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel'. They made me indeed greatly to rejoice in God in Christ, and to glory and triumph in Him, but with fear and reverence. I was then made to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ as my Redeemer and Saviour, and to close with Him in all His offices of grace as my Prophet, Priest and King, and to give up myself to Him to be saved by Him in His own way.

A.K. A Woman of 30 Years. Janet Tennant (daughter of weaver):

When I was a child at school, I had a great delight in praying often by myself, and in reading my Bible, but after that I turned more and more careless of anything of that kind, though frequently urged to read and pray by my parents, and I lost all relish for these things so far, that for twelve years after I had done with the schools, I scarce ever bowed my knee to my Maker by myself. Yet I went sometimes to the Kirk for fashion's sake, but had no pleasure in doing so, or in hearing anything there. But about ten years ago I thought I had lived a very careless, graceless life, and thought I must change my way of life, and so fell to praying again. But yet I had no sense of my lost condition by nature, or of the evil of sin, on my spirit I continued, however, to keep stated times daily for prayer and reading a chapter of my Bible morning and evening, but all was still a dead form.

About a year after I had begun this course, Satan troubled me much with his temptations, particularly in urging me to take away my own life, and he pressed me so hard to it that when there was any instrument near me to do it with, I was forced to put it away out of my sight, the better to get rid of the temptation: and by continuing in prayer, and running to God for power against the temptation, I was enabled to get the better of it. Sometimes I got great comfort in that and other duties.

When the awakening broke out at Cambuslang in February, 1742, I came over and heard sermons, and was much affected in seeing the people there in such distress, and I thought that unless I got out of the state I was in, I would never be saved. One day I was much affected in hearing Mr. McCulloch reach on that text, 'And when He is come, He will convince the world of sin'. Another day hearing the same minister preach on these words, 'He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar', and showing the heinous nature of the sin of unbelief, I heard him say among other things, that unbelief was a greater sin than murder, than even the murdering of father or mother, for that was but murdering a creature, but unbelief was a murdering of the Son of God, or an approving of His murder by the Jews. I found these words brought home with great power to my heart, and was made sensible that I was an unbeliever, and that by my unbelief I had murdered Christ, killed the Prince of Life, and crucified the Lord of glory, or caused Him to be killed and crucified. Upon this I was brought into great distress of soul, and was just at the point of crying out among the people, but got it restrained. But at that

time I did not get a sense of any of my sins but my unbelief, which was very distressing to me for a considerable time.

While I was in this soul trouble, the tempter one day suggested to me that Christ never came into the world to save sinners, and he urged this upon my mind for about half a day: but God let me see that this was but a temptation of Satan to think so, and gave me faith to believe the contrary truth revealed I the Word, and so the temptation went off. Some time after this the devil tempted me to give myself away soul and body to him, for that there was no mercy for me. I was indeed under great fears that there was no mercy for me, but I abhorred the vile suggestion of the Evil One of giving myself away to him: and then the Lord was pleased to give me some hair of hope that He would yet show me mercy. But it was but a very small glimmering of hope I got: till one night in my bed, wishing the Lord might have mercy on me, but fearing He would not, that word came into my mind, 'Return unto me, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord of hosts'. This gave me some little comfort to think that the Lord was calling me to turn to Him and that the door of mercy was yet open to me, and I got some more liberty in praying after this.

About the 17th June, 1742, having come over to Cambuslang to hear sermons, before sermon began a Glasgow man sitting on the Brae beside me was telling how the Seceding ministers and their followers were calling all this work at Cambuslang a delusion, and particularly how a Seceding minister at Stirling, at the late sacrament they had there, had been exclaiming bitterly against it, and for that purpose had pitched upon those words in Jude for his text at his action sermon, 'Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever'. This put me into great confusion, so that I could give little heed to what was said in the sermons, and I went home that night in great perplexity, and continued so after I was got home. But next morning, while I was begging the Lord might remove that temptation I was under as to the work at Cambuslang being a delusion, and might show me from His word if it was right, within two minutes after I had begun to pray thus, those words came into my heart,

'For God of Zion hath made choice,
there He desires to dwell;
This is my rest, here shall I stay,
For I do like it well'.

**B.Y. A Widow Woman Aged About 34 Years. Margaret Boyle
(relict of a shoemaker):**

I had not the advantage of a religious education in my younger years, and so began only when I was about twelve years of age to pray in secret, and continued to do so for about two years, after which I returned quite careless of all that was good, and laid aside praying by myself altogether till of late. I used to go to the Kirk on Sabbath Days, but did not mind what was said in earnest. I thought if I could read the Bible and go to the Kirk and lead a moral life, and not wrong my neighbours, that all was well enough. After I have been sometimes recovered from danger at childbearing I have had some kind of impressions on my spirit to return God thanks, but I soon forgot all again, and returned to my former careless unconcerned way of life, and seldom ever thought at all of an after state, or what would become of me after death.

Thus matters continued with me till the year 1742, when I received to go to Cambuslang about the first of May; and on Sabbath morning before I went out, that thought came into my mind: Now I am going to seek the blessing and I know not where. When I came there, I heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'When the strong man armed keeps the house, all his goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he cometh, he will bind the strong man and spoil his goods and cast him out'. While he showed that the strong man armed was the devil, the house or palace the heart, his goods the lusts and corruptions of the soul, and the methods he took to keep the sinner's heart, with all its corruptions in it, in peace and quiet, he went on to show that Christ was infinitely stronger than the devil and would come and bind the devil and cast him out of the hearts of His elect; he showed too the way He used to take to do so.

While I heard these things discoursed at large, I found a secret and mighty power applying them to my soul, giving me such a sight and sense of my lost and wretched condition, and such a sense of my sins as dishonouring to God and exposing me to eternal misery, that my inward agony made me fall into such a sweat that one might have wrung my gown from my shoulder to my belt as if it had been drawn through water; and yet at the same time I was made to tremble as if I would have shaken to pieces. I cried not out, though I refrained with difficulty. This was joined with a sweet melting of heart for sin, and secret praising and blessing of God in my heart, that He had not cast me into hell, but spared me for long, and was now giving me such a sight and sense of things as I now had. All this was accompanied with such a love to Christ, that I

could have been content, if it had been His will, never to have seen my husband or nearest relations or anybody in the world, but to have been just swallowed up of that love to Christ that I then felt poured into my soul. After that sermon was closed, while that portion of the 68th Psalm was a-singing:

‘Thou hast, O Lord most glorious,
ascended up on high,
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity:

‘Thou has received gifts for men,
for such as did rebel;
Yea, ev’n for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell’,

I was made to rejoice with joy unspeakable, that Christ had bound Satan and cast him out of my heart, or in hopes that He would do so, and would rid my heart of the devil’s goods, the hellish trash of lusts and corruptions in my heart. I was made to hope that He would captivate me to Himself, who had been so long a captive to the devil, and that He would receive such a rebel as I had been into favour, and come and dwell in my heart.

But after this frame had lasted about ten or twelve days in a good measure, it wore off and I fell into great distress of soul at the thoughts of my sins and my danger of eternal misery, often thinking that all I had met with was but delusion, though at times it was otherwise and I durst not deny what the Lord had done for me. But I got no sensible comfort for about a quarter of a year after this, though, blessed be God, I was still kept close to the way of duty, and diligent I the use of all the means of grace I could get access to, such as hearing of the Word and reading it, meditation, Christian converse and prayer, especially secret prayer. I slept very little for that quarter of a year, but sat up often till twelve o’clock at night, and got up again about two in the morning for secret prayer an other duties.

Some about me, seeing me so much taken up that way, said I was turned light in the head, and would certainly go distracted, and would pray myself to hell. At length one night very late, while I was first at meditation, then at secret prayer, ere ever I was aware’ my soul was made as the chariots of Amuinadib; while I was musing the fire burned, meditation was turned to prayer, and prayer into praise. Praises proceeded

from love and joy in God through Jesus Christ, by whom I thought I had received the atonement. My heart was led out to close with Christ in all His redeeming offices, as Prophet to teach, Priest to save, and King to rule me. I could not forbear crying out, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits etc., as in the 103rd Psalm. I had then an ardent desire, if it had been possible, to have had thousands of congregations employed in praising Him, and that heaven and earth should ring with His praises.

But about five or six days after this, when this frame went off, I was tempted to think all I had met with was but delusion, upon which I was brought under great distress, and thought I was a cast-away and that the Lord would never have mercy on me, or forgive such heinous sins as I had been guilt of. Shortly after, while I was under much perplexity with such apprehensions, that word came into my heart, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins, for my own Name's sake'. This word came with such power as eased me of the burden that had been on my spirit, and caused me to rejoice at the hopes of God's pardoning and pitying me, and sending such a word to relieve me, and to lie low before Him for my unbelief and distrust.

**B.L. A Young Unmarried Woman of 18 years. Mary Shaw
(daughter of a ship's carpenter in Greenock):**

My parents being religious persons, by anything I could formerly or can yet judge, brought me up in a religious way, and I conformed to their instructions and example in an outward way, and was restrained in mercy from things vicious before men. I used to go to the Kirk on Sabbaths, and to pray twice or once at least every day from childhood. I used, however sometimes in converse, when I would have the person that spoke to me and who seemed to doubt of what I told, to say, 'For truth it is so'; or 'Faith, it is so'. I saw no evil in that way of speaking then, but often since I have been made to see much evil in my speaking so, and to mourn in secret for it. Because I kept up a form of religious duties, I made no doubt but this would take me to heaven.

Thus things continued with me, without anything like an awakening or sense of my sin or natural lost state, till in October, 1740, when the sacrament occasion at Glasgow was drawing near, my mistress said to me: 'Are you not thinking to partake of the sacrament at this time?' I said 'No, I was not, for I was not prepared'. She answered, 'I'll warrant there will be many as unprepared as you there'. I then began to think with myself, Surely I must be a great hypocrite when my mistress has such thoughts of me. And though I saw I was not fit to go to the Lord's table, yet I thought it would be fit for me, before such an occasion, to read in the Gospel the story of Christ's sufferings. But as I turned over my Bible, I saw a mark and a corner of a Bible leaf folded down, and knowing that I did not use to put a mark, but in place of where I had formerly observed something remarkable, I asked a blessing on what I was going to read, as I always used to do when I was going to read in the Bible, that the Lord would give me the sanctified use of it. I resolved also to read what was there before I went any further. As I read there (it was in Mark, chapter 1, at the beginning) and came to the 41st verse, I read that 'Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him (the leper), and said, I will; be thou clean'. Upon this I was made to believe that Christ was willing to heal and cleanse my soul from the leprosy of sin. But I was woefully averse to come to be healed and cleansed by Him, and at the thoughts of this I fell into great uneasiness and distress of mind. I asked my mistress if she would allow me to go to that sacrament occasion. 'Ho', she said, but she would allow me to go to the next after that.

All the winter and spring following (1740–41) I continued under much more concern about my soul than before, and was much grieved to find my heart so hard and my mind wandering in time of duty, and through disquiet of heart, when there was none within but myself, I have been made to rear, and I would then have found my heart very sore, and lest anybody should have overheard me, that I might conceal my inward distress that was the spring of all, I would have cried, My head! My head!

At the Barony sacrament that year, hearing a minister on that text, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve', I thought that I would for my part choose the Lord to serve Him only. But I was sensible that I had so often already broke so many promises, resolutions and vows to serve God, that I was afraid that I would go to hell. And when the minister said, There are many that draw near to God, rushing into His presence as the horse into the battle, without considering whom they approach, and not considering what a holy and just God they had to do with, then I thought that this had indeed been my way too much and too long already. But I thought I would try for a week or two, if I could once refrain from sin, and after that I would be more fit to come before Him in prayer. I accordingly essayed to do so for two weeks, and after that, essaying to pray, I found I was more unfit and out of order in that duty than before. Sitting down and reflecting how things were with me since I had refrained prayer for two weeks, I found things had turned still worse and worse. Upon this I resolved to return to my former course of prayer daily; and that word coming into my mind encouraged me much to that duty: 'And Isaac said; More is the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?' And Abraham answered, 'My son, the Lord will provide Himself a lamb for the burnt offering'. So I was made to hold on the duty, and to go about it when I was sensible of my unpreparedness for it, hoping the Lord would give what He required of me. Sometimes, when I went out into the fields alone, for the more secrecy and liberty at this duty, I would have fainted and swarfed and been seized with great tremblings of body at the apprehension of the greatness and majesty of God, and because I though He would pour down His infinite wrath upon me, because I so richly deserved it. Under such apprehensions I would sometimes be made to cry out in the fields, and sometimes I the house too. When I could not otherwise get crying restrained I would to prevent it, have sometimes stopped my mouth with my napkin, or if I was near a bed, would have wrapped my head in the bedclothes. All this was in the summer, 1741.

In this condition I continued oftentimes till a stranger-minister (Mr. Whitefield) came to Glasgow in September thereafter (17th) where I heard him preach in the High Churchyard concerning Paul's conversion. He said, 'Some of you will not pray for a week or more, hoping that you will grow better, and then you will pray'. I thought he was just speaking to me, and was going to name me out for a hypocrite: upon which I was put to great confusion, and was like to cry out. When he further said: 'If one should ask many of you, How long is it since you loved Christ?, you would answer, 'Ever since I was born, or ever since I can remember. And some of you would say, I thought I loved Christ once but I do not love Him now'. I thought here he was just describing me and the thoughts of my heart, and I was in such distress that I was afraid I would cry out, and rather than do that I chose to withdraw from among the people, and did so, and heard him no more.

Next Sabbath I was afraid I would be made to cry out in the Kirk and therefore I thought I would rather go to hear some of the Seceding ministers at Corshill, for I had observed that in hearing them some time before, I was never so nearly touched with what they said as in hearing some ministers in the Kirk; and so I thought I would not be in such hazard of crying out among them as in the Kirks. Accordingly I did go to Corshill, and heard a Seceding minister there, who among other things said, 'You may remember, my friends, that I prayed that we might be sanctified, though ye are all sanctified by the word that I have spoken'; and a little after that, he said again, 'Ye are sanctified'. He also said, 'When our first parents sinned, the sun and moon and stars and all things frowned upon them, and yet by the by Christ died for us. Within a little he repeated these words over again, 'Bye the bye Christ died for us'. I rose up and looked about me, and thought it was a strange thing if all this multitude be sanctified, and I unsanctified. And Christ's dying bye the bye looked to me as if he had said that He died by chance or by accident. And if He died in that manner, I thought His death could never avail me to salvation, or any other. I had before thought that Christ died according to God's purpose and His agreement with the Father from all eternity, and so did not at all die bye the bye.

Finding myself put into great confusion by these things, I had not patience to sit out the rest of the sermon, but came away home. And because could scarce trust my own ears, that I had heard such shocking expressions, though they had been repeated over and over, I asked two other persons if they had noticed any such expressions, and they both

said that they did, one of them saying he had heard many sermons, but he had never heard such things before. The effect, however, on me was sad, for I was tempted to think for several days after, that it might be that the preacher was in the right in saying that Christ died by the bye; but that seemed so unreasonable-like, that rather than think so, I thought it would be better to believe that He did not die at all. Accordingly I did at length conclude that it was so, but was some time after mercifully recovered from that horrid view of unbelief by reading Mr. Daniel Campbell's little book on the sacrament, whereby I came to be confirmed in the belief of the reality of Christ's death, as having been designed and agreed upon from eternity.

Next Sabbath, hearing a minister on that text (Rom. 8.10): 'But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit: Now if any man have not etc.', when he said it was strange that people heard the Gospel everyday with so much quietness, and heard how often God's wrath was denounced against sinners, and were not moved; and when he went on to say that if some sinners, and were not moved; and when he went on to say that if some sinners who have only an apprehension of God's wrath and some little drops of it let into their souls at a time, are in such agonies, that would it be for sinners to have their whole souls filled with that wrath to all eternity, and their own consciences made to own that it was all just and due, I felt some such drops of wrath let into my own soul, and my conscience was made to own that that wrath to the uttermost was what was justly due to me. I was scarce able to refrain crying out in the Kirk, but got out immediately to the churchyard and cried out there, and went home, but durst not go back in the afternoon.

Next Sabbath hearing a preacher, when he said that those that break one of God's commandments broke all, I found myself in great disorder, and got out of the Kirk and cried in the Kirkyard, because I thought I had broken all God's commandments and slighted His providences, and abused His mercies. And I thought I heard every one of these commandments, as it were, saying 'Broken me!'. A woman near by, hearing me and thinking I was crying to some dead relation in the grave, said to me, You need not cry so, for your cry will not be heard. I was afraid that it would be so, that a righteous God would refuse to hear my cry, and I went home in great anguish.

I then went to a minister who asked me what was the matter with me. I told him that as I had never closed with Christ I was afraid that I was under the curse of a broken law. He asked me if there were any other

sins I was touched with the sense of. I told him that I had used sometimes to say Faith! and Truth! He said that he was far from desiring me to confess my secret sins to him; they were to be confessed to God only. I told him that mercy had restrained me from any gross outbreaks beside these but that I was under much hardness of heart. I also told him that I had cut down a man who had hanged up himself, hoping to dispatch himself, and that that man was often angry and in a heat of rage afterwards at me for doing so, upon which account I had been often tempted to think that I had done wrong in cutting him down and preventing his death. The minister said, You are not in the right way. I continued uneasy about my cutting down the man, till one Sabbath night, as my mistress was asking questions in the Catechism of me and of the rest of the family, it fell to my turn to give answer to that question, What is required in the Sixth Commandment? In repeating the answer, The Sixth Commandment requires all lawful endeavours to preserve our own life and the life of others, I was made to see that I had been doing my duty in that matter.

But after this, thinking I was not in a right way, I laid by my Bible, and refrained prayer, thinking that my reading and praying when I was not right would but aggravate my condemnation. I continued thus for four days, but at the end of the fourth day, that word came into my mind with great life and power, 'Return, O Shulamite, Return', and after that it was added, 'for I am God and there is none else beside me'. This enraged me to return to reading the Bible and to prayer, which I have never omitted one day since.

B.W. A Man of 50 Years. Baillie Weir of Hamilton:

I was trained up by my parents to a custom of praying in secret when I was a child, but when I afterwards advanced to youth and manhood, I in a great measure laid it aside; and when at any times I went about it, it was always cross the grain. I went however usually to Church on the Sabbath Days, but it was in a great measure only out of custom. I used in my former life to be much addicted to several evil ways, particularly keeping idle company, playing at cards, and drinking to excess. And thus it continued with me till about two years ago.

Going to Cambuslang about the end of February, 1742, and hearing Mr. McCulloch preach from a text which I do not now distinctly remember, concerning the exceeding evil and sinfulness of sin as dishonouring to God and piercing to the blessed Redeemer, as well as exposing the sinner to eternal misery, and that there was no remedy but the application of the blood of Christ, I found a strange stirring in my heart, and got such a sight and deep sense of the evil of my sins both of heart and life, as that I could have found in my heart to have torn myself all to inches for my sins whereby I had offended such a gracious and glorious God, and wounded such a merciful and compassionate Saviour. It was with great difficulty that I could get myself restrained from crying out among the people.

This distress of soul continued with me near to a month thereafter. During that month I was often reduced to great confusion and thought sometimes that I should have gone distracted. I went every Lord's Day to Cambuslang, and often also on week days, to hear sermon there, and always got further and clearer convictions of my sin and the lost condition I was in. I was also led to be very much in secret prayer, at least essaying it: for sometimes I could pray none at all, when I essayed it. Sometimes when I would have gone about that duty, I have continued kneeling for about half an hour before I could get one word uttered. Satan laboured hard to drive me from that duty and all others, telling me that now it was too late and to no purpose. Yet there was still a hankering in my heart to go to Cambuslang to hear sermon, and to pray by myself, and some glimmering of hope of mercy, though but very small and scarce discernible.

About a month after this first awakening, hearing a minister (who it was I do not now remember) at Cambuslang cite some passage of Scripture in his sermon, I turned over the leaves of my Bible to find it. While I was seeking for it, another text which he did not cite cast up to me, and

my eyes were kept stayed on it: 'Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth and be saved', and oh! what a greedy grasp did my poor soul give at Christ at the reading of it; and I thereupon found my mind much composed, and framed to attend to the sermon. About an hour after this, that word came into my mind, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin', which gave a vast deal of ease to my mind and conscience. Satan's temptations to think that my salvation was impossible were not so strong and powerful on me as before, and I thought that the precious blood of Christ might yet cleanse me from all my sins, how many and heinous soever.

I came straight home to prayer, and hastened to retire by myself, and found more freedom in that duty of secret prayer than I did all my life before. Ere I rose from my knees I got such a persuasion of the all-sufficiency of the merit of Christ's blood, that I saw it was perfectly able to wash away all my sins, and at the same time I got such a sight by faith of the infinite amiableness of Christ's Person, that I was, so to speak, over head and ears all in love to Him. Ever since that time, hearing Christ preached, praying and praising God in my family, and by myself alone, is just become a perfect pleasure and a delight to me. Every time I hear His Gospel and partake of the holy sacrament of the Supper, I see more and more of His beauty and desireableness, and more and more of a fulness and fittedness in Him to answer all my wants and necessities. My soul is more and more led out to a hearty well-pleas'dness with the method of God's saving sinners by Jesus Christ, and I despair of all other ways of salvation but that, and that only.

My soul now trembles at the thought of sin, and particularly at the remembrance of my former evil ways which have become terrible and bitter to me. I have a daily fight and struggle with a body of sin and death within me, which draws many a weary groan from me, and reconciles me to the thought of death, and makes it in some measure sweet to me, in hopes that then I shall be delivered from the very being of sin. I have no delight in conversing with a living soul, but such as I think have the grace of God in them. I have no ambition to be rich in the world. I would not give a fig for all the riches of the Indies, if I might be rich in faith. Food and raiment is all I want of a worldly kind, and I trust God will not deny me that. Carnal and worldly pleasures are now turned insipid and tasteless to me. The great pleasure I now aim at is to be found in Christ, and to enjoy communion with Him here and for ever hereafter. To His Name be glory: Amen.

I find Satan very often assaulting me by his suggestions, though he never appeared to me in any visible shape. One time lately this same summer (1744), when attending at the sacrament occasion at Kilsyth, and being out in the fields by myself, and having sung two or three verses and read a chapter of my Bible, while in prayer I was very earnest for the pardon of sin, and peace and reconciliation by Jesus Christ; and Satan suggested to me that all this was needless, that these things were but more chimeras and fancies, and that my own vile and wicked heart was but deceiving me with notions about these things all this while. I was then much dejected and put to confusion, and did not know what to say. After prayer I received that I would walk about a little and meditate. While I was going to do so, that passage from Rom. 10.9, 10 came into my mind: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation'. Thereupon I was made to say, 'O Lord, I confess before Thee, the Heart-searcher, that Jesus Christ and the merit of His obedience and sufferings is the only ground of all my hope and trust, and I now appeal to Thee who knowest all things, that I believe with all my heart and soul that Thou hast raised Him up from the dead, and that He is now at Thy right hand in heaven. Upon this I found the power of Satan's temptations broken, and my spirit was relieved from that dejection under which I was sinking.

A. A. (No reading) James Lang (weaver in Kilmarnock):

My life, through mercy, has not been stained with gross vices before the world; only I have sometimes been drawn away by comrades to drinking more than was convenient. I had early desires after what is good, and a great inclination after knowledge and reading of books. I was put to pray by myself by my mother when very young, but did not much mind it out of choice then; but when I came to more years I used to go pretty oft about it. I used all along for ordinary to go to the Kirk on Lord's Days, and to read the Bible and other good books now and then when alone. Sometimes I found the Word sweet to me, and would have longed for the Sabbath before it came, and had much pleasure in the work of it when it came. But when I came to more years, I was sometimes drawn away by bad company to break the Sabbath Day, and at times to drink to excess. But I came afterwards to see something of the evil of these ways and to refrain from them.

I went sometimes to hear the Seceding ministers, and thought at times that I was under much concern in hearing them, particularly in hearing one of them on that text, 'Whom say men that I am ... but whom say ye that I am; and he answered Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God'. I was there made to see that I had not yet received Christ in the offers of the Gospel, nor yielded myself to Him. I found some desires to do it.

After this, one day walking out by myself, I began to think that within a little while and these heavens over my head would be folded together like a scroll, and the earth with the works therein would be burnt up, and if I did not get an interest in Christ, I would certainly be miserable for ever. The sacrament occasion in that place I lived in drawing near, I went by myself, and essayed to give myself away in covenant to God, engaging to fear and serve Him, and to walk in His ways, if He would give me grace. When first admitted to that holy ordinance I made some preparation for it, but cannot say that I met with anything sensibly to my soul.

C.H. A Man of 40 Years—18. Thomas Foster (in Ridley Wood):

I was put to school when a child, but would not apply myself to learn to read; only I learned the letters and to read the Catechism some way, and was entered on the Psalm Book when I left the school. But when I came to be about twelve years of age, I took a fancy to learn to read, thinking I would not be like another man when I came to be of age, if I could not read. Those with whom I lived, seeing me inclined to learn to read, both gave me liberty to learn and put me to it. And so I proceeded till I could read the Bible tolerably. But for prayer in secret I never used so much as a form of any thing of that kind, till I came to be a man, if it had not been that I would sometimes, though but seldom, have gone to my knees, and said, 'Lord, keep me', and that was all my prayer. After I came to man's age I would sometimes have gone to my knees and prayed for some space of time at once, but it was only at rare times when I took it in my head, like freak, when anything provoked or vexed me.

But after I was married, I began to thrive very fast in the world, and then I thought it was a very odd thing that God in His providence should make me to thrive so fast in the world, and that I should never acknowledge Him for it. Upon that, I fell to pray, both in my family and by myself, and went on in a custom of doing so for some time, till one night that I was in the stable, giving my horse his supper; and after I had done so, though the place was dark where I had fallen down on my knees there to pray, I thought I saw like a long black man before me, and heard him as it were whisper to me, 'What art thou going to do? Is there such a thing as God?' At this I fell into a great fright, but continued for some little space on my knees, thinking I would not rise till I got praying, but the apparition and the tenor continuing, I could get nothing out, but 'God keep me'. With that I got up, and away to my house in a great hurry and confusion.

After that, for about six years (that is, till the year 1742) I left off all praying both by myself and in my family, though frequently urged to it by my wife, both because of the fright I had got when last it, and because I turned very near an atheist in opinion, so that a very little arguing by a man, speaking in favour of atheism, would have, I think, persuaded me altogether that there was no God. And indeed I had been a kind of atheist in practice almost all along before: I lived without God in the world. My life had been a continued tract of sin and folly. I had not the temptations and opportunities to sin that many have, else I think there was scarce any sin but I would have committed it. I cared not what

mischievous I did, so be I could get it hid from the eyes of the world. Yet many of the evils I was guilty of, I was drawn into by others, through a natural easiness of temper. I used to be just and honest in my dealings. In my younger years, till I was about fourteen years of age, I could drink no ale or other liquor but would have trembled when any would have put a cup of ale into my hand. At length, when about that age, two men offered me each a penny, if I would drink one cup full of ale. I took the two pence and drank it off, and after that I learned to drink better from time to time. At length I could not want it, and came just to make a trade of it, and often abused myself with it, and drank to excess. Sometimes I have worked all day, and drunk all night after, and then followed my work the next day again. Once, I remember, I wrought each lawful day of the week, and drank every night of that week out and out, without sleeping any at all till Saturday night. I sometimes used to let fly an oath when in passion or drinks, but I could not endure to hear others swear, and if any of the company drinking with me fell to swearing, I would have immediately run to the door and away. If I was bad before, I turned much worse and wickeder during that six years that I quite left off all prayer.

In the year 1742, hearing a minister at the Brae of Cambuslang on that text, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?', I fell under a great terror of the wrath of God, so that I thought I felt the ground where I was sitting all shaking, and thought, Oh! how shall I be able to endure the punishment due to my sins! I then thought I was caught up between the sky and the ground. I shrank altogether when up in the air, and feared I would fall down again and be crushed all to pieces. I was seized with much horror for fear of the punishment of sin, but I had no sense of the evil of sin as dishonouring to God. I fell however again to pray both by myself and in my family, and continued to do so, but I continued still drinking trade. I went often to alehouses and drank long there, and still after any great fit of drinking I could scarce sleep above an hour when I came home, being startled with uneasy thoughts and fears of judgment ready to overtake me for it, and yet when I awaked I would seek to it yet again.

That summer I heard another minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach at Cambuslang. I fell again under great terror, and thought I would certainly perish for ever; and while I was hearing in this condition, with my hand over my eyes, hell was represented to my mind as a pit at the feet of a hill, and a great drove of people marching into it, and I along with them

saw a very beautiful man, who smiled on me and made a motion to me with his hand to come back, at which I was very glad. And for some time after that sermon I restrained my course of drinking much; at least I did not drink so oft to excess as I used to do, and heard sermons with more pleasure. But after some months I returned gradually to my former drunken way again, my concern wore gradually off, I turned more and more loose and careless of prayer and sermons and all that was good, and for about a month before I fell under a fresh awakening and abiding concern about religion in summer, 1744, I had left off praying altogether, both in secret and in my family.

One day in July 1744, after I had been drinking hard two days together, and one night and part of the third day all together without intermission, on the third of these days, in the afternoon, being refreshed by some sleep the night before, and having the exercise of my sense and reason pretty well, after what I had drunk on that day, coming by the manse of Cambuslang, as I passed through the churchyard there, I stopped a little and looked on a gravestone lying above one I had been acquainted with, and thought it would not be long till I would be lying in the grave too: upon which I said within myself, It is a strange thing that I am so enslaved to drink, that I cannot get free of it. I'll go away in to the minister there, and see if he will say anything to me that will rouse me and put me from it. Accordingly I went to the manse and called for him. He was then at dinner with several persons and some strangers with him. He came to the door and spoke a word or two to me, and then bade me come forward into the room where he was dining, and desired his wife to give me a drink, and sat down to meat again. When I got the drink into my hand, I said I had little need of drink, for I had been full of drink the day before. 'What say ye?', said the minister's wife; 'are you going to speak that way to the minister?' 'Yes', said I, 'I was as full as I could hold both of ale and brandy'. The minister said nothing, but looked me broad in the face, and then turning to the company at table, said, 'I take you all witnesses to this confession'.

Upon hearing that, I was immediately struck with terror and confusion at the thought that I should have spoke so to a minister and offended his people present with him. I ran to the door, and as I looked back over my shoulder going out of the door, that word struck in suddenly in my mind, 'He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye', which greatly increased my confusion and uneasiness at the thoughts of my behaving so unsuitably there. I ran off in a hurry, however, to a change-

house near by the manse, and fell to drinking there, hoping by that means to drink away my trouble of mind. I would gladly have been merry and jolly, but when I essayed to be so at my cups, my mirth would have died quickly away, and my sadness and uneasiness (which I could fain have concealed from the company) returned. And so, finding no ease of drinking there, I went from that alehouse to another, and drank a little, and from that to another, and so on till I had gone through about half a dozen of them, and drunk a while in each. But my trouble of mind did not abate but increase by all that cursed pains I took to extinguish it.

In passing from one of the alehouses to another, while I looked to the grass on the ground where I was going, I thought not only those in the manse would bear witness, but that every pile of grass that I saw would witness against me. And as I was on the road from the last of them coming home, I fell under so great terror of the wrath of God as just ready to crush me, that I could not walk further, but sat down for some time on the ground, full of dread and horror. After a while I got up, and essayed to go home; and as I walked along, I began to get a more distinct and amazing sight of my sins, particularly my drinking, which had been the inlet to so many other sins. The Ten Commandments were brought into my mind, and I was made to see that I had broken them all, and that I had been doing nothing but dishonouring God and rebelling against Him all my life. The thoughts of this was now very distressing to my conscience. I essayed to wrestle out the way home, but that was not able; but going forward a little, I turned back with a design to go into an elder's house near by the road; but being very averse that any should know the case I was in, I went homeward again; but my trouble increasing, after going by the house and returning toward it again, I at length went to the door and knocked. By this time it was about midnight.

C.C. A Single Woman About 26 Years. Helen Finlay (daughter of a farmer in Calder):

I was brought up religiously by my parents, who kept up the worship of God twice a day in their family, and set me upon a custom of praying twice a day by myself when I was a child; and being under their inspection when I came to years, I continued all along to keep up that custom. I used to go to the Kirk for ordinary or the Lord's Days. But in the year 1741 I turned very careless and indifferent about it, and sometimes stayed at home. I was also outwardly civil and moral all along, and I thought

no more was needful but these things—going to the Kirk, keeping up a form of prayer, and giving nobody offence. But I never met with any communion with God in these duties, nor did I know what it meant, and I had little or no concern about my heart or state.

About the beginning of March, 1742, I came to Cambuslang and heard Mr. McCulloch on that text, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?’, at hearing of which I began to turn thoughtful and concerned about my soul and my eternal salvation, and thought that I had all along before that, lived without any thought or concern about it. For a long time after, when I was at home, that word, ‘What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?’, came every now and then into my mind, and made me look on all worldly concerns as nothing compared to soul-concerns. I came frequently to Cambuslang, but nothing I heard there further touched me till toward the end of April, 1742, when hearing a minister on a Thursday preach on that text, ‘They shall look on Him whom they pierced and mourn’, at which I was made to see that I had been all along my life piercing and wounding Christ by my sins, and I was made to weep and mourn and melt on that account.

That same day, in hearing another minister (Mr. McCulloch) on that text, ‘Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light’, I was made to see that I had, all along my former life, been dead and sleeping in my sins, and was made to long for the light of life from Christ. But then, I thought, how could it be that ever He should show Himself in mercy to me who had so wounded and pierced Him? And when the minister said, ‘If one of you had murdered a man or woman, and the judge should come and inquire after the murderer, every one of you would be read to say, It was not I, and, It was not I, and so would the guilty person too with his lips, but his conscience would fly in his face and give him the lie, and say, Thou art the man. You have all of you (said he) been guilty of sins that murdered the Saviour, and yet you are all ready to dent it, and where is the person that acknowledges the guilt and confesses that he or she is the man or woman’. I found my conscience then charging me with that horrid guilt, and thought I had been doing nothing all my life but imbruing my hands in the blood of the Son of God by my sin. This for a long time stuck close to my conscience. On hearing Mr. McCulloch after this on that text, ‘He that believeth hath the witness in himself, and he that believeth not hath made God a liar because he hath not believed the record God

gave of His Son', I was made to see the heinous nature of unbelief, as it was a giving God the lie.

I then thought I could believe nothing God had revealed, and had never believed on His testimony. I had come all along my life to the Kirk only out of custom and form, but had never believed what I had heard: I felt that there were none that belonged to God like me; they had the witness within themselves that they did believe, but I had a warm witness within me that I did not believe, and that my unbelief would ruin and undo me for ever. I never, however, cried out in public, but thought they were happy that did so, for that they certainly had other sort of sights and sense of sin than I, that forced them to cry out. Only once, at hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach on that text concerning those that ere invited to come to the marriage feast, and would not, but all began to make excuses, when he said that those that had been often invited to come to Christ and would not were worse than the Jews or Pilate that crucified Him and set a crown of thorns on His head, I could not forbear crying out in anguish of heart, thinking myself to be indeed worse than any of them.

At the sacrament occasion in the place where I live, when I was at the Lord's table (to which I was with much difficulty persuaded to go), when the minister then exhorting (Mr. Whitefield) repeated these words of Job, 'I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes have seen Thee; wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes', I was at that instant made to see a fulness and sufficiency in Christ to save to the uttermost, and was persuaded that He would save me. My heart was drawn out to accept of Him, and to close with Him on the terms on which He offered Himself in the Gospel. My heart was melted and drawn out in love to Him, and was grieved I could not love Him more.

For about a month after this, I fell into a very dead, lifeless condition, and I was afraid all my concern would wear off. I then thought I was a great hypocrite, that I had been crying out in the congregation and making a great profession, but now all was come to nothing. I heard Mr. Whitefield preach at Cambuslang on these words, 'Thou hast a name to live and art dead', which I thought was just my case, and this roused and startled me much again. But when he preached again on that text, 'And yet there is room', I could not be brought to think that that concerned me, or that there could be any room in God's mercy for me, who had been such a sinner, and such a hypocrite. But in hearing another minister on that text, 'As many as received Him, to them gave He power

to become sons of God', I was made to see that if I could come weary and heavy laden to Him, He would receive me, however great a sinner I had been. I was helped to aim to do so, and for a considerable time after that, I found much love in my heart to Christ, but was grieved it was so little.

C.F. A Young Woman of 23 Years. Janet Alston (residing in Hamilton):

I had scarce any form of prayer in secret when I was a child, or even after I came to woman's age: it was so much against the grain with me that I rarely at all minded it, if it was not when I was put to it by some friends about me. I scarce at all thought of what would become of me after death. But still the Lord kept me from many gross outburakings; only I got a wicked custom of taking His holy Name in vain, and I spent much precious time in vanity and idle company. I went however for ordinary on Sabbaths to Church, but it was more to see and be seen than for anything else.

In May, 1742, I came to Cambuslang, and heard sermons on the Brae, but without any effect. But hearing that in Psa. 95.6 read and sung in the Kirk at night,

‘O come and let us worship Him,
let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall’

I could not forbear bursting out in tears, feeling some warm motions on my heart. Hearing a woman there cry out, ‘O Christ, come’, her words affected me much, for I thought I had as much need to cry that as she. This, however, wore off in a short time.

I came back to Cambuslang next Lord's Day, but got nothing sensibly. Next Sabbath after that, I came back to Cambuslang, and while I heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text (Psa. 68.18), ‘Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men, even for the rebellious also, etc.’, I found all my sins that I had committed from my infancy brought as fresh to my remembrance as at the time I committed them, and set in order before me. I was made thereupon greatly to mourn and grieve for all my sins, as they were dishonouring to God and rebellious against Him, and as thereby I saw myself liable to hell and damnation. For two days after I thought I would certainly perish, and that there was no mercy for me.

These despairing thoughts went off, but I continued in soul distress for about a quarter of a year after. Hearing Mr. McCulloch preach at Cambuslang on that text, ‘Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead’, I thought I was one of these, and nothing but a hypocrite. This exercised me much for some time. I heard him also preach on the text, ‘O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, etc.’, and I then got a

deep conviction of heart evils and pollutions of nature, which continued to grieve me much.

I went to attend the sacrament occasion at Paisley (1742) and had a great deal of comfort and satisfaction in hearing two ministers preach in the forenoon of the fast day. But in the afternoon I turned very cold and dead.

A.T. A Young Woman of 22 Years. Rebecca Reid (daughter of James Reed, tenant, elder in the Barony):

I was brought up by my parents under the influence of good instruction and example, and I was set by them to pray in secret when I was a child, and continued in that custom of praying by myself twice a day all along my life from my childhood. I used to attend public ordinances to see if I might get any good to my soul. I was in mercy restrained from anything grossly vicious before the world. But alas! all my religion formerly was but dead form. I never felt the Word of God, when I read or heard it, make any impression on me, nor had I any communion with God in prayer or other duties. I little thought what would have become of me if I had died in that condition.

Coming over to Cambuslang in March, 1742, on a Sabbath, I got nothing by ordinary on that day; but coming back again the Monday thereafter, I heard Mr. McCulloch preach in the Kirk on a text that I cannot now recollect. But hearing him frequently speak of the state of condemnation that all unregenerate unbelieving persons are in, that word 'condemnation' struck me to the heart, and made me cry out under a sense of my being in a lost condemned state, and that there was no relief for me. My convictions of sin then began, and went on with me. I was then grieved that I had heard so many sermons in such a careless way, and dishonoured God by many other sins. But I was most of all at this time grieved for my coming to the Lord's table unpreparedly, and joining at that solemn ordinance in such an unconcerned manner, as I had done when I communicated formerly.

B.C. A Man of 29 Years of Age. Robert Hamilton (weaver in Anderston):

When I was put to school, I inclined so much to reading that I would oftentimes have stayed of my own accord with the master that taught me reading, after the school was dismissed and the rest of the scholars were gone away. But I had no delight in prayer, nor did I ever once essay it all my life till I was about twelve years of age. Then one night, overhearing a lad in the house where I lived, praying by himself in the stable, I resolved that I would essay it also, and did so now and then in the fields, but finding it burdensome, I laid it aside again.

Some years after, when I came to serve my apprenticeship, my master being a religious man, obliged me morning and evening every day to retire for secret prayer, but having no heart to it I oftentimes stood still a while in the room where I retired, without ever bowing a knee to God. At that time, though, I learned my trade, and applied myself to it, yet I had no pleasure at all in it, nor in anything under the sun, nor in any company I happened to fall into. I had no sense of sin, nor fear of hell; only, I do not know how, life became a burden, and everything was irksome. Hearing of a young man in the place being found dead, who was thought by some to have cut his own throat, Satan urged me often strongly to do the like, and the suggestion haunted me wherever I went, night and day, and was pressed on me with great violence, though it was very contrary to my inclination, and I would fain have escaped it, if possible.

The tempter told me that it was better to do so than live as a poor slave as I did, and that the longer I lived I would still be the worse. But all the time of this temptation continuing I never had one thought that I would go to hell by doing it, or that it was dishonouring to God.

After I had been tossed almost continuously with these suggestions for about a quarter of a year, one Sabbath night, when I had retired to secret prayer, I got great liberty in that duty and continued long at it, and was made to rejoice and to bless God that He had not suffered me to give way to that horrid temptation, and resolved by His grace I would never do so. After this, though the temptation sometimes returned, yet I was made more to abhor it, and got several Psalms by heart, and oftentimes repeated them in my mind, in order to keep such wicked thoughts out of my heart, and found this way useful for that end.

After this also, I needed not be put to my secret prayers by my master, but took much delight in that duty for some time, till falling into a fever,

and relapsing again and again into it, and apprehending that I was in great danger of death, I made many vows and promises that if God would spare me and recover me to health, I would live another sort of life and be another sort of man than I had been. But I was no sooner recovered, than I forgot and broke all these promises, and turned drunken and looser than ever I had been, and fell into a course of uncleanness, with a woman, who at length bare a child to me, whereby this aim I had secretly lived in coming to light, I was much grieved for what I had done, and subjected myself to Church discipline for the scandal. But coming to be much embarrassed by that woman, for money, I resolved to have gone away out of the country, but was hindered by a relation from that decision. Then I listed myself to be a soldier, but was bought off again.

A little after that I married, and set up family worship, and continued to keep it up daily for a considerable time, but in the meantime neglected secret prayer. Afterward I got into a course of secret prayer also, and continued for some time in the practice of both. At length I was wearied of both, and laid them both aside, and neglected my trade, and turned more loose than ever. But after I had taken full swing in my idle and loose way of living thus for a good while, my wife telling me that I would ruin myself and her by this way of doing, and chiding me often for it, I again altered this course of life, and returned to my work and to family worship and secret prayer, and turned sober, and was admitted to partake of the sacrament. And now I thought all was well with me, and I did not see wherein I came short of any of my neighbours, and thought I was as fair in the way to heaven as any of them.

Thus I continued till I came to Cambuslang about the beginning of March, 1742, and was much delighted to hear some very young persons pray there in companies by themselves; and somewhat affected also at seeing so many persons in time of sermon in the churchyard crying out and falling down, but I was not moved by anything I heard that day in the sermon, or afterwards when I came out there. Till one Sabbath, hearing a minister on that text, 'If ye continue in My word, then shall ye be My disciples indeed', where he showed how far persons might go, and yet after all be but hypocrites, and he instanced among other things the case of the young man in the Gospel whom Jesus is said to have loved, and also those spoken of in Is. 58.2, who sought God daily and delighted to know His ways as a nation that did righteousness and forsook not the ordinances of their God; they asked of Him the ordinances of justice, and took delight in approaching to God. I was not moved with

these things while I heard them, but after I came home and taking my Bible and reading these passages, I was then convinced that I was not only a hypocrite, but that I had not come the length that some hypocrites had done, and therefore I concluded that I was yet in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity; also that all my prayers had been but a mocking of God, and that, by approaching to the Lord's holy table while I was in this case, I had profaned that ordinance and had ate and drank damnation to myself. The thoughts of my hypocrisy filled me with great anguish and bitterness of soul, so that I could sleep none that night.

My distress continued for about eight days before I got any relief. I came out to Cambuslang on Thursday and heard sermon and went home in great bitterness. I often essayed secret prayer, but had no liberty in it. On Friday I was almost like one distracted, apprehending that there was no mercy for me, and that I would surely go to hell for my great and many sins. I went and spoke to ministers but found no relief. One said that other things were expected of me, I told him that I had been but deceiving him and others all my life. Another mentioned that word of Psa. 66.18, 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me', and bade me take that home with me and think on that. I thought much on these words on the way going home, and apprehended that that minister (Mr. McCulloch) had seen hypocrisy in my face, or some way or other discerned that I was certainly an hypocrite, and therefore had given me that passage of Scripture to think on. After I came home thinking on it, I was then made to see that it was no wonder that the Lord did not hear my prayers when I indulged so many lusts and corruptions in my heart. And whereas all my grief and sorrow since last Sabbath proceeded only from fears of hell, and from reflecting on the gross evils of my outward life and practice, now I was made to see the secret lusts and corruptions of my heart to be more in number than the hairs of my head. I was made to mourn bitterly for my regarding and indulging iniquity in my heart, and for my natural corruption that was the spring of all.

Next Lord's Day, hearing a minister on that text, 'Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goes about always as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour', I was much refreshed by many things in that sermon, particularly in the directions he gave how to resist the evil one, as by habituating ourselves to good and holy thoughts and meditations, and I resolved in the strength of the grace of God to do so, and that I would not yield to these temptations as I had done. I found myself, after

this, somewhat raised above myself, and thought I got my eyes singly fixed on the glory of God in what I did, so that I could have been content to lay down my life for Christ, if it might any ways tend to advance His glory. I got also great liberty and joy and enlargement of heart in prayer. One time in particular at the close of prayer, when at Cambuslang, I was made to say with David, 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me', and then the words that follow came with a strong impression to my heart, and I was made to pronounce them with a full assurance, 'Surely the Lord hath heard me'.

I heard that minister at that time on these words, 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesses and forsakes them shall find mercy', and was made humbly to confess all my sins before the Lord, and to hope for mercy, not for my confessions or anything of mine, but for the sake of the merit of the blood of Christ. After sermons I came into the manse and heard Mr. McCulloch exhort in the hall, and could have been glad that if it had been possible, the whole world might have heard these exhortations, and been brought unto Christ by means of them.

On Monday night I went home filled with joy and peace in believing, and could have been content to have got leave to die and go to Christ, as what was best of all, yet had my will resigned and subjected to the will of God, to dispose of me as was most for His glory.

After this, though I essayed to apply myself to my work, yet for sometime it did not go on well with me, my mind running still after spiritual things. I had not been able to work for a good while before this, while I was in distress of soul, and my family had no other visible way to be maintained but by my work. I therefore earnestly pleaded that the Lord would either enable me to apply myself to my work, or that He would provide for my family some other way. Next day my landlord sent to inquire if we wanted any meal. I was glad of the offer, but told him I could not pay for it at the time, but hoped to pay for it before it was eaten. Accordingly, ere it was done, though I could not pay for it by what I made at my work, yet money owing to my wife came to hand, in good providence, in an unexpected way, by which the debt was cleared.

After this I applied myself to my work; but Satan attacked me furiously with atheistical and unbelieving suggestions, making me to doubt if there was a God, and if Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the promised Messiah. But good providence brought a little book called Bishop

Beveridge's Thoughts to my hand at that time, which was made greatly useful to me in establishing me in the truth in opposition to these horrid suggestions.

D.E. A Married Woman Aged 38 Years:

It was observed of me by some serious friends about me, that I gave many signs of what they took to be early piety, or at least of some good inclinations of that kind. This, some of them said, they noticed when I was about four years of age. But my own memory serves me only to go back to some things that looked that way, when I was about seven years, about which time I felt love to Christ, His ordinances and people, working in my heart. From seven to nine I used to pray daily, morning and evening, and to retired from my playfellows to pray by myself; and though I could say but little when I went to my knees, yet I was usually much in a praying frame.

About nine years of age, and from that to eleven, I fell under much slavish fear. In the morning Satan would have hurried me away to my worldly work, telling me it would lay behind if I would go to pray; and at night threatening to devour me and carry me away with him to hell, if I offered to go to pray in any place by myself. So that under these slavish fears and cares of the world, I refrained from secret prayer for these two years, though still at my work I was every now and then putting up petitions to God. After that time I got more love to Christ, and my slavish fears wore off, and I fell to pray in secret again.

When I was about thirteen, about Whitsunday, betwixt my leaving the service I had been at in one family and going to another, I one day in the fields turned exceedingly hungry, and knew not what to do for relief. But I took up a handful of earth and looked at it, and was going to eat it, at which instant that word came into my mind, 'The Lord is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham', upon which I was made to believe that ere I was suffered to perish of hunger, God was able to turn that handful of earth into bread to me or provide for me some other way. At that thought I laid down the handful of earth, and the hunger went off from me. Never from that time to this (Sept. 29, 1745) have I had it to remark that I would perish with hunger, for either I knew where I could get food, or I was not so hungry but I could wait patiently and easily until I got food.

From this time for about two years and a half, I had a sweet and pleasant time of the love of God shed abroad in my heart, one promise of the covenant after another still coming in with great sweetness to my soul. After this, for about four years and a half, that is, till I came to be about 21 years of age, I fell under great temptations, and was haunted almost continually with horrible blasphemous thoughts and wicked suggestions

of the devil. This made my life bitter and burdensome to me, and when I was sore vexed, and in great bitterness of spirit with these suggestions, the Evil one would have plied me hard with temptations to dispatch or make away with myself one way or other. At length one day, as I was at my secret prayer in the stable and happening to lift up my eyes to the roof of the house, my eye fixed on one of the sticks there, about which I might very conveniently fasten a rope and hang myself. At that instant that word came into my mind, 'I have withheld from thee from sinning against Me'. This came with much power and life to my soul, and filled me with much love and thankfulness to God, so that I fell back from my knees on the ground with joy and wonder and admiration of His goodness in keeping me back from yielding to that dreadful temptation to destroy myself with my own hands, and that I had kept my will from consenting to these wicked and blasphemous thoughts with which my mind had been so long pestered. But after this I was no longer troubled with these temptations and suggestions, as I had been.

For about three years after this, that is, till I was about 24 years of age, I was kept on in a course of rejoicing in God, and in endeavours to mortify sin, and especially my beloved lusts and corruptions. Sometime in these three years I communicated for the first time at Biddernock. Before I went to the table of the Lord, my right to come was made clear from the text of the action sermon, and at the table Christ was made very precious to my soul. At the time of the action sermon Satan distressed me much with his temptations, to keep me back from the table, but when the minister came to show who might communicate and who not, I felt my heart filled with hatred of these sins for which persons were debarred, and could humbly apply the marks of those invited to come there. God was pleased to rebuke the tempter and to restrain him from giving me any further trouble. I was also helped to apply the promises with much comfort.

On Monday morning, my master with whom I served refused to allow me to go to hear sermons, at which I was much vexed, but as I was out in the fields, going quickly and resolving I would not go there, I fell over a dyke and had almost broke my neck; but that word coming at that instant into my mind, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit by which ye are sealed unto the day of redemption', helped me. After this, going into my master's house, he spoke to me in a kind way, and made me put on my clothes and go to the ordinances, at which change I was surprised and overjoyed.

After I had been at the table, going out by myself to secret prayer, I fell under great deadness. I came back to the tent and heard a minister describe my condition very particularly, just as it was and had been for many years back. Yet my deadness continued, and while I was in great perplexity about it, it was suggested to me that it would be better for me to be out of this world rather than be in that case. My heart replied, I do not know, but it might be so; and I secretly wished I might drown as I went through the water I had to cross going home. But I did not wish or desire to do anything willingly to drown myself. Yet as I came through the water I was seized with fear of drowning, and had almost drowned myself in a hurry of confusion seeking to escape drowning. When I went home I was thinking not to return next day to sermons in Rutherglen, but that word next morning coming into my heart, 'If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink', and coming too in the power of the Holy Spirit, so that I thirsted after Christ and the water of life, I became exceedingly desirous to go to the sacrament, and accordingly I came to Rutherglen that day and was, I think, made there to drink of the water of life.

**A.B. A Married Woman About 30 Years of Age. Janet Barry
(wife of a carter in Rutherglen):**

I was kept through the mercy of God all my life hitherto from any gross vices and outbreakings before the world. I had some kind of form of secret prayer when young; but when I came to years I oftener neglected it than minded it. I went for ordinary to the Kirk on Sabbath Days, but it was more to see and be seen than for any other thing. But I never felt the Word at all come home to my heart with power, when I read or heard it preached, till I came to Cambuslang about the beginning of March, 1742, on a Thursday, where hearing sermons by Mr. McLaurin and Mr. McCulloch I was greatly affected, and made to weep under my concern about my soul's condition; but it wore off again. But at the singing of the psalms in the family next night I fell under great concern again, so that I was made to burst out in tears. My concern increased in time of prayer, and immediately after it my distress was such that I was made to roar out twice in a hideous and terrible manner. The sound was not like that of a human voice, but it came up my throat to my mouth like thunder, bursting up suddenly, and coming out with a loud, frightful, indistinct sound as that doth. It was not in my power to help it, for I apprehended that I was just going to sink into hell that moment.

My husband was afraid to come near me, and ran out and got some neighbours to hold me. I was all like to shake to pieces with trembling; but a man sat behind me, and a woman at each knee and held me fast.

For a time I was not able to speak any, but made a sign to some about me to get me a drink, being scorched with thirst. I had nothing then upon my spirit but a dread of hell, and a sense of the wrath of God, which was so great that I had no sense at all of sin, or dishonour done to God by my sin. I thought there was no mercy for me. In the time of family prayer I thought I had got a sight of my sins set all before me in general. There appeared to my mind as it had been a slate house, and my sins were represented to me as the slates on the house, set in ranks, and one rank rising higher than another. But this was but as a passing waft, disappearing from my mind again in less than a minute's time. But this dread and terror of hell I was under lasted only that night, after which I was no more under it. For about four months after that, my distress was all about sin, and the dishonour I had done thereby to God.

Next day after this, I was much grieved for my sin, and for the hardness of my heart, and because I could get no love to God. Some neighbours coming in to see me, some of them said, 'What need you be so vexed; we have known you so long, and never saw any ill in you'. I answered 'I thought I was in a right way before this, but now I see all is wrong with me'. And so I went on bewailing my sad case, and that I could not get a heart to seek God.

While I was in this condition, I went almost every day to Cambuslang, and heard sermons but not nothing for my relief. But while I was in great grief for my sins, there were three words that came into my mind with power on different nights, when I was in my bed. The first of these was, 'Thou shalt be whiter than snow', which, though it did not lift me up with joy, yet much refreshed me; and though I was shy to admit of it as from God, yet it came still back on me, and I was made to repeat it six times over in my own mind. But within a day and a half I was much in the dark as formerly. The second word was, 'I will give thee a new heart; I will take away the stony heart, and I will give thee a heart of flesh'. This filled me with much joy and comfort, which lasted for two or three days, and while this continued, the Bible, when I read it, seemed to be just new to me. The third word was this, 'My stripes are sufficient for thee'; but this last came not with such power as the first two.

For a long time my grief and distress for sin was such that I could scarce work any at all; nor could I eat but against my inclination. But my great thirst made me drink water much and oft. I was frequently seized with great trembling, so that I could not keep my legs and arms from shaking like a leaf before the wind. I durst not look at myself in a glass as I thought I was so loathsome and vile even in my bodily shape. I greatly abhorred myself and could not endure that my husband should come near me; I was ugly and vile. I was in a terror when coming by a looking glass, lest I should see myself, thinking that the devil was just looking out at my face. I felt sometimes a most loathsome smell about me, like the stinking smell of hair when it is burning, which I took to be the smell of the bottomless pit.

One day, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield), he said, 'Ye wonder what makes these people cry so; but if the Lord would be pleased to open your eyes, as He has done theirs, ye would see your hearts all crawling with toads of corruptions, and surrounded with legions of devils'. This did not much affect me at the time, yet when I came home I took a strong apprehension that it was so, and imagined that I felt them within me, crawling up my throat to my mouth, and turned away my eyes that I might not see them coming out of my mouth. Together with this, I had a most affecting sense of the vileness and filthiness of my heart by sin, and I often thought that if I was so vile in my own sight and in the sight of men, how much more vile I must be in the sight of a holy God. And yet even in these days, when I read or heard the Name of Christ, my heart would have taken a-beating or leaping out of love to Christ. I aimed to trust in Him, being never left to despair, but having always some hope; yet fearing He would never accept of me as I was so vile. Yet I believed that His blood was able to cleanse from all sin and pollution.

I was much concerned to know whether I had any faith or no, but could not get to any satisfaction about it, till one day I was hearing a minister (Mr. Hamilton, Barony) preach at Cambuslang, and telling that if a person could pray as heartily and sincerely for others and their salvation as for himself, that was a sight that that person had some faith. At this I was made to conclude that, if that were a sign of true faith, I had some faith; for though formerly I thought it was enough to pray for myself and my relations, I now could and did pray for others, even my enemies, and heartily desired their salvation, and wished well to all.

I could not so much as come by a poor beggar child in the way without wishing and saying in my heart, O that it might please God to make thee one of His children. Some time after that, while I was among the people that day, I felt my heart filled with great love to Christ and joy in Him. This frame continued with me in some measure during the time of sermon, and when I was going home. And frequently after that, this love and joy would rise in my soul at times, and I would find my heart as it were smiling within me, and a softness and sweetness of heart that I cannot express. And always, when I heard of the Name of Christ, my heart would take a-beating, and make even my body to leap. This continues to be the case oftentimes still, and especially in the morning when I awake.

A.C. A Woman About 23 Years of Age. Agnes More (daughter to a tenant in Carmunnock):

I was put to a course of praying in secret when very young, and continued in it for some years, but when I grew older I turned careless of it in a great measure, and neglected it very much, though I did not lay it altogether aside. But I never from my infancy felt my heart engaged to draw near to God till of late, nor did I know what the presence of God in that or any other duty meant, but reckoned all was well when I spent a little time in the external part of that duty. I do not know what I would have been, or how I would have behaved, if I had been in other circumstances. But as it was, my lot having been ordered to be a great part of my life in Ministers' houses, I did for the form's sake attend on public ordinances on the Lord's Day and all other occasions. In my outward conversation and behaviour before the world, I was all my life kept from any gross outbreakings, except one, that of fornication, which through the permission of God and temptation of Satan, I fell into about five years ago, with a servant lad who was in a minister's house with me at the same time.

After that gross outbreaking I was several times made to see that I was in a natural state, and that if I died in that condition I would certainly be miserable for ever, and I was often afraid that death would overtake me before I got out of it. I would fain have turned, but yet I was unwilling to turn from all my sins to God. I was made to see and feel in part that sin was the cause of all miseries, and brought many calamities on sinners in this life, and had done so upon me; and I was made to fear that it would bring eternal misery upon me hereafter. A younger sister of my own, coming to my house and dying beside me, after her death I would have often thought, Oh! had I died when she died, where had I been!

As I often wished to be turned, so when a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield) came to Glasgow in September, 1741, and preached there five days, I longed much to hear him preach, having heard that he spoke much of conversion, and had been the means of converting many, and I thought that was just what I wanted, and I would go to hear him. But having a child on my breast and being in low and straitening circumstances, I could never get the opportunity to hear him all the five days he was at Glasgow, at which I was much grieved. But when the great awakening began in Cambuslang in February, 1742, I was very glad to hear of it, and began to say with myself, O will be disappointed there, as I was when that stranger minister came! will there be nothing for me! I resolved

I would come and see what I might meet with. The week before I came, that word,

‘Let God arise, and scattered
let all His enemies be’,

one morning when I was rising, came into my mind, and was, as it were, sounded loud. I was not at that time used to such secret ways of God’s communicating His mind, and was much amazed what it might mean. However, I found my heart disposed to say Amen, let Him arise, and let all His enemies in my heart and in the hearts of others be scattered. Next morning that word came into my mind in a powerful way, as the other had done the day before,

‘And under Thy subjection
the people down do bring’,

at which I fell a-wondering what that and the former word might mean. But afterward (about two days after my convictions began at Cambuslang), when I was by myself, both these words were brought to my mind, though not with the power with which they came at first, and then I was made to understand them better, namely, that the Lord was about to arise and bring the people under His subjection.

I came to Cambuslang on a Monday, about two weeks after the awakening broke out there, and heard Mr. McCulloch preach that day on Luke 23.27–28, (‘And there followed Him a great company of people and of women, which also bewailed and lamented Him: but Jesus, turning to them, said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children’). At hearing of that sermon, my heart was first moved with compassion toward Christ, that He should have been so cruelly used, and should be going in that manner to His cross: and I was very much affected with that condescending love He manifested, that in these circumstances He should turn and speak with such kindness to the women that followed Him.

But a little after that I was made to weep for myself, and my concern came to be for myself and my own sins. I then first found as it were a great darkness arising in my understanding, with which I was much affected, at the sense I got of my ignorance of God and spiritual things. And then I got an amazing and humbling sight of all my sins, as in one heap or pile; but in that great heap of my sins, one, as it were, rose up and overtopped all the rest, and that was my uncleanness which appeared

to me as the greatest of all my sins at that time, and was then most of all wounding and affecting to my spirit.

I was made to mourn and weep and cry out bitterly under the sight and sense of all my sins as committed against God and dishonouring to Him, and as by them I had wounded that glorious saviour who suffered for poor perishing sinners, and that spoke so kindly to these women that were following Him to His cross. I would have refrained from crying, if I had been able, but it was not in my power. I got such a sight of my sins as was amazing to me, and I apprehended that God, with whom I had to do, was infinitely greater than ten thousands of worlds of creatures. And so my regard to what those about me might think or say of me for my crying out quite vanished. I thought that God was about to be avenged on me for all my sins and rebellions against Him, and did not know but that very moment I might drop down into the pit of eternal destruction. I was thoroughly convinced that God would have been just if He had sent me to hell, and wondered that He had spared me till that time.

But this sight and sense of my sins continued with me but for a little time, for it went off before the sermon was done. But then it returned to me again as I went home, and sometimes it turned so strong, that several times by the way, I was neither able to go forward nor stand still, but dropped just down under the terrible apprehensions I had of God's wrath against me. One time I fell down I thought I saw the Lord Jesus coming through the clouds with His holy angels, appearing with awful majesty, and in the terrors of His justice, ready to take vengeance on me. Thereupon I thought I was just ready to sink into hell, and cried out bitterly for mercy and oftentimes as I went forward I thought that at every step I was about to perish. Often and almost continually as I went along, I was essaying to pray, but I thought that my prayer was still, as it were, driven back into my face. Many a time I was concluding, or just ready to conclude, that the Lord would never hear me or show me mercy.

As I went along, that word came with great power to my conscience, 'They speak peace when there is no peace', and 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked'. These words came and went several times, but with lesser power afterwards than at first, and greatly increased my agony, for I was made to see that I was among the wicked, and that I had been speaking peace to myself when there was none. I got home that night with much difficulty, and the terror and anguish I was under continued after I was at home, and sometimes increased. But before supper-time

the strength of that terror in some measure abated, and I became, as it were, dull and stupid.

I had no more of these distressing terrors for about eight days, yet still I was a great deal more restless and uneasy than I used to be, and always filled with one fear after another, such as that my convictions would not return, and that God would cease striving with me, and leave me just where I was. About eight days after, intending to go to Cambuslang, before I went I took my Bible, and before I opened it, desired of the Lord that He would direct me to somewhat that might be useful to me, and show me what course I ought to take; and then, opening it, the first word that cast up to my eye was that in Jeremiah, 'Call unto me and I will answer thee, and I will show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not'. This came with much power to me in the reading of it, and I wondered to see that verse appearing in such a distinguishing way from all the rest beside it, printed as it had been in large letters. In obedience to this command, to call upon God, I set myself to secret prayer, but found myself exceedingly straitened, so that I could scarce utter a word. I essayed the duty however three times, and at the third time that word came with exceeding great power to my heart, 'Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life', which words were repeated three times on end. By this I made to see that Christ was calling me in His word to come to Him, but that I was unwilling to come.

When I came to Cambuslang, Mr. McCulloch no sooner began to preach but the same words, 'Ye will not come, etc.', though not uttered by him, came to my heart with very great power, whereby I was made to see that it was my unwillingness to come to Christ that was the great obstacle that kept me back from Him, and from getting life in Him and by Him. After that, the threatening things that were said through the whole sermon, of which there were many, were set powerfully home on my heart, as if they had been all spoken to me in particular; but I could get no hold of anything that was spoken of a comfortable nature. My soul agony and distress were so great at hearing of these threatenings, and being made to see that they really belonged to me, that I was made to cry out very much and often in time of that sermon, though I endeavoured all I could to refrain.

That week I heard several people talking of the work at Cambuslang, and calling it all a delusion, and saying that it was mostly so reckoned. I then began to think and say with myself that maybe it was all a delusion. But when I reflected, I thought that could scarce be a delusion that made

me cry out so, and that I thought I did not cry but when I could not help it. I then resolved that I would go again to Cambuslang, and would set myself with all my might against crying, and would by no means cry if I could possibly help it. But when I came there, Mr. McCulloch no sooner began to preach, but I was forced to cry out, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary. And now I could no longer look upon the work as a delusion, but was fully persuaded in my own heart that it was indeed the work of God's Spirit, by feeling His power on my own soul. I was so ashamed before God for my sin, that I could not lift up my face as others did, and it was what I strongly inclined to, to hold down my face to the ground. By doing so, and striving against crying all I could, my crying differed much from the crying of many, being neither so loud nor constant, but now and then a kind of half-smothered cry.

The effect that my soul distress, at this and other times, had upon my body was very great pains afterward. In the time of my soul agonies, I never felt any pain at all in my body, but only as it had been a racking of my bowels, besides which I felt no bodily pains, nor had I any leisure to think on what concerned the body. Some trembled at the time of their inward soul distress, but I never did so. But when my convictions were very strong I fell a-shivering. I felt my bowels and breast as it had been crushed, and all my body as it had been beaten and bruised in great uneasiness and soreness, like one that had been in a great hot bath. I believe these bodily pains were much occasioned by my strongly endeavouring to restrain crying, for I found myself like a bottle ready to burst, and when I gave vent to the griefs wherewith my heart was overcharged, by crying, I found my breast much eased. These bodily pains after my distress were always alike, except in so far as the degree of the soul distress made the difference in the degree of these pains of the body.

Some time after this, after I had been seeing a young woman who had got an outgate from her distress, and having also heard of many instances of that kind, I thought with myself that the Lord was giving outgates from soul trouble to many, but it seemed He was to give none to me. I did not, however, repine and fret against this dispensation of God, but only the greatness of my trouble made me think the time very long, and I was afraid He would not give me a gracious outgate as He did to others. I thought, however, that if the Lord would save my soul at last, I could be continued under trouble never so long.

Full of these fears, and being under a deep sense of my sins, and apprehending they were so great and heinous that, though they were not such but that God could pardon them, yet that God was provoked by them that He would not pardon them, I went to prayer by myself, and while praying, that word came into my mind with power, 'Though your sins be as crimson and scarlet, I will make them as white as wool' (Is. 1.18), upon which I was made to believe that, however heinous my sins were, yet God could and would wash me from them all in the blood of Christ, and my heart was made to relent and break and melt, at the thoughts of the great dishonour done to God by my great sins, and of the sufferings of Christ for sin, and the riches of God's mercy in pardoning them. I was filled with great peace and comfort in the hopes I was made to conceive of the pardon of them. I was also made to wonder and admire at the mercy and love of God so much the more, that He had sent me such intimations of peace and pardon at a time when I was so far from expecting any such thing. Though I knew that these words were in the Bible, yet I did not know in what place to find them, till I asked at a woman who showed me the place. Upon seeing the words, they appeared to me to be exceeding beautiful, bright and shining, and I was made to burst out again, wondering and adoring at the pardoning mercy of God in Christ, and being made to hope that He had pardoned or would pardon my many and great sins.

However, this sweet frame did not continue with me long, but I lost it mostly that same night, and my former fears returned again. One morning I awaked in great terror, and I found my understanding as it were in an instant filled with great darkness, and afraid that God would give me up to Satan to be devoured, as a just reward of my sins. While I was tossing in great agony of soul under these fears, and apprehending myself just ready to sink, that word was suddenly darted into my mind, 'Behold the lion of the tribe of Judah'. But alas, I lacked faith and could not behold Him, though I knew it was Christ that was signified by that name. The thoughts of Christ however revived my spirit, and it gave me some comfort that He was calling me to behold Him, though I could not do it. I was made to wonder also at His longsuffering towards me, and to say, O why am I not shut up in hell among devils and damned spirits! Every hour's respite and preservation from the pit of perdition seemed precious to me, and I thought, Oh! if I might, if it were but for one hour, see His face! I had an earnest desire to praise God for His forbearing mercy toward me, but finding myself incapable of doing it,

I earnestly wished that I had all those beside me who had tasted how gracious He is, that they might do it.

I came to Cambuslang and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on these words, 'There are some of you that believe not', but I felt nothing at that time by ordinary. Next morning, when I was in prayer, pleading that God might accept of my unrighteous person and imperfect services, and save me, these words came with power to my mind, 'Go to the gods whom you have served, and let them deliver you', upon which I was made to cry out bitterly, and to break off prayer. While I was crying out and bewailing my sad state under a deep sense of my sins, an Elder came in and asked what was the matter. When I told him, he said I should not seek after much scriptures, saying that they did not belong to us, but to the idolatrous Israelites of old that worshipped idols and stocks and stones, and that I had not been doing so. I told him I was not seeking out such places, but I got them by way of refusal when I was petitioning for mercy and acceptance, and I took them as sent from heaven to me. I also said that though I had not been worshipping stocks and stones, yet I had been serving the world and the flesh, in gratifying my lusts, and therefore God might justly reject me and my services.

Many other threatening words were also that day set home on my conscience with power, particularly the text I had been hearing preached on the day before at Cambuslang, 'There are some of you that believe not', whereby I was made to see myself an unbeliever, or much under the power of unbelief. That word, 'What hast thou to do to take my covenant in thy lips', and 'Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone', and several others besides these texts, were also brought before me. When I opened my Bible or any other good book to look into it, I met with nothing but threatenings there that I could apply to myself; while every word of comfort as it were was hidden from me. I began to lament that ever I had taken any comfort at all.

But while I was bitterly lamenting my sad case, and I could do little else all that day but do so, and was beginning to think my case was quite desperate and past remedy, that word came into my mind with some power, 'It may be there may be hope'. This revived me a little, and made me conceive some hope, whereas immediately before I had none. In the afternoon of the same day, that passage in Ezek. 16.62, 63, 'And I will establish my covenant with thee etc.', came into my mind with great power, as if it had been spoken loud, which, though it did not

give me present sensible comfort, confirmed me in the belief that comfort would come, and that there might be hope.

One Sabbath, being in Carmunnock Kirk about the beginning of public worship, turning over my Bible to seek out the Psalm appointed to be sung, these words in Hos. 5.14, 15, cast up to me, and my eyes were fixed upon them, 'I, even I, will tear and go away, etc.', and at reading them I found them to come home to me with power, especially the former part of these words. I thought the Lord was just pointing at me in particular. Therefore I fell into great distress and confusion of soul; but looking about and seeing several persons who used to mock at the work at Cambuslang and the crying out there, I begged of the Lord that, if it was His holy will, I might be kept from crying out in the congregation, and becoming an object of derision to them or others. Upon this, the distress I was under abated somewhat; but in time of sermon these words returned upon me with greater power than before, and reduced me to greater distress than formerly, and I was made to cry out before them all. Such an awful apprehension of God and of the terrors of His majesty and justice fell upon me, that I had no regard to those about me, or what they might think or say of me for my crying. The speaker, either because the strain of his discourse led him, or out of compassion to me, hearing me in such distress, cited a great many comfortable places of Scripture, which I would gladly have taken hold of, but could not; and indeed I was not willing to take comfort till God gave it, and I was waiting till the same blessed hand that had wounded should heal. But hearing him cite many comfortable places, as particularly that text, 'When thou passest through the fire and water, I will be with thee', I thought I would turn over my Bible and seek the places he cited, and I did not know what I might meet with. While I was looking for one passage he cited, another passage he did not cite cast up to me, and my eye was kept upon it, because it appeared with a peculiar brightness and clear splendour to my outward eyes, as well as to the eyes of my mind in reading it. It was Is. 41.10, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, and uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Upon reading these words, my fears were immediately banished, and I was made to believe that He was my God, and that He would indeed be with me, and that He would help me, and uphold and strengthen me, and I felt Him doing so at the time.

Thereupon I was made greatly to rejoice, even as much as I had grieved and sorrowed before, and felt my heart drawn out toward God and

Christ, and was made to lament over my former rebellion, especially when turning over to Is. 48.18. In that place I read words which I felt were accompanied with a divine power to my heart, 'O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments; then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea', in which words Jesus Christ seemed to me as if He had been lamenting over my former obstinacy and disobedience, which greatly affected and melted my heart.

About the middle of April, 1742, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach at Cambuslang on a Sabbath on the words, 'To day, if ye will hear His voice, etc.', while he said, 'It is not tomorrow or the day after that ye are called to hear Christ's voice, and to believe in Him, but today, now while ye are hearing His call', I found my heart much affected. Immediately, that word which had come to me often before, though not uttered by the speaker, came into my mind with power, 'Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life'. This word that came to me so frequently for a while, at first had no more added to it, but afterwards it came with these words after it, 'and that ye might have it more abundantly'. But whether these last words were added at this time or not, I do not remember. However, I was now made to see more and more of my backwardness and unwillingness to believe and to come to Christ. But a while after, during the time of that sermon, while was much cast down, these words, though not spoken by the minister, were sent into my heart, 'I will be as the dew to Israel', which was a sweet softening oil to my hard heart, and made me to relent before God. I was made to believe it, but at the same time I was filled with many doubts and fears as to myself, saying, Oh! can it be that God's grace will be as the dew to my unbelieving heart'.

Between sermons, when at secret prayer, I fell under terrible apprehension that Satan was coming to devour me, and though my face was toward the ground, and I saw nothing with my bodily eyes, yet I strongly fancied that I saw him behind me, like a swine, coming to destroy me. I prayed that God might rebuke and restrain him, and I thought God answered me, for the terror immediately left me, and I got more freedom in prayer, and brokenness and relenting of heart for sin.

In the afternoon of the same day, I was much affected with the minister's first prayer. In the beginning of his sermon, going to speak of particular cases, he said, 'It may be ye lack a renewed will', at which I was much affected, feeling the backwardness of my own will. Immediately there came those words I had so often met with before (though not uttered

by the minister), 'Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life', upon which I was cast into my former distress. I fell under convictions of my unbelief and of several other sins which I had not been convinced of and humbled for before, and was made to cry out in my agony under these convictions. I continued in this distress till toward the end of the sermon, where these words, 'Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee', came in with some power into my mind. But I did not receive them, or believe that they were from God, but thought that Satan had suggested them to me to deceive me. But immediately, that word, 'Fear not, for I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward', came into my mind with great power, and attended with a spiritual light shining as it were before and behind the word, the word of comfort, as it came into my heart. No light appeared to my outward eyes, but it was a spiritual light discerned by my mind and felt by my heart. Such a light often used to accompany words of sensible comfort sent to my soul at other times also. The power and light wherewith this word was now accompanied, immediately scattered my fears, and made me to believe and receive the other comfortable word that had come immediately before it, 'Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee', as from God as well as this word itself, and made me admire the riches of His grace in sending me such a word of comfort when I had been rejecting and disbelieving the word He sent me before. I was now made to receive this word, fearing I should grieve God's Holy Spirit if I should put it from me. My mind then was quieted and comforted, and I believed that it would be to me according to this word, that God would be my shield and exceeding great reward. Yet still some unbelieving doubts and fears now and then returned upon me.

After sermon I came into the manse to speak to Mr. McCulloch, to see if I might get further ground of comfort from what he might say. But after I had told him what I had met with, all he said to me was, 'Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord'. He added that sometimes, people, when they had got deliverance and comfort that was really from heaven, might be like Peter when he was brought out of prison by an angel: 'He wist not that it was true that was done by the angel', but that afterwards they might come, as Peter did, to see and know certainly that all was true and real which they before doubted of.

I came away much cast down at my disappointment, for I was expecting that he would have spoken a great deal to comfort and encourage me. As I was on the way home, I fell under great terror that Satan was about

to start up in some shape or other, and devour me. This terror increased as I went on in company with another woman; but a little after I had told her my condition, the terror went off, and we went on pleasantly together, talking of the Scripture and of spiritual things. But after I came to my house, the fire being out and it being dark, I fell under my former terror, that Satan would appear and destroy me. But there being another family separated only by a wall from the end of my house, when I was under these frights, it was suggested to me to cry to them, and it would be some comfort to me to know that they were awake, and to hear them speak. But I was made to see that this would be to trust in man and make flesh my arm, and so I forbore speaking to them.

I then resolved to pray before I went to bed, but was greatly afraid that Satan would appear and disturb me. But then I thought with myself again, that if I neglected my duty for fear of the enemy of souls, it might justly provoke the Lord to let him loose upon me to destroy me after I was got to bed. I was also afraid, as I have been at several other times when I have been going to pray, that the spirit of prayer would be denied me, and I would get nothing to say, or be able to say nothing aright. But then that word in such cases used to encourage me to the duty, 'To Him by whom I live, I'll pray'. After I was on my knees that night going to pray, I thought Satan was going to pull be backward off my knees. But going on it that duty, that word came into my mind with great power, 'The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear Him', upon which all the terror of Satan that I was under, immediately went off. I was then, I think, made to fear God with a fear of holy awe and reverence, and to believe that He would send His angel and deliver me from Satan.

**A.V. A Woman of 23 Years of Age. Mrs Sarah Gilchrist
(daughter of schoolmaster in Cardross):**

As to my former manner of life, it was before the world all along blameless. I had the advantage of a religious education and example from my parents, who trained me in the way I should go when I was a child, though alas, I have in many instances too much departed from it. I used to keep up a form of secret prayer daily, though sometimes I neglected it. Sometimes, when I was very young and at secret prayer, the Lord would have brought in some convictions upon me, and I would have taken much delight in that duty, but after some time these would wear off, and I would have turned more careless again. I also heard many sermons in my younger years, with which I have been much affected, particularly by a minister (Mr. McCullen) on that text Is. 55.3, 'Incline your ear, hear and come unto Me, and I will make with you an everlasting covenant, and I will give you the sure mercies of David'. Many a time in my younger years, when I have been pleading with the Lord that He would give me a discovery of my own condition, He has given me a sight and sense of my lost and undone state by nature, and shown me that I was guilty of Adam's first sin, and that my nature was universally corrupted and polluted, that all my righteousness were as filthy rags and that there was as much sin in my best duties as might justly damn me for ever.

When I was about 17 or 18 years of age, my convictions and distress under them arose sometimes to as great a height, I have often thought since, as any I saw at Cambuslang in the time of the awakening there in 1742, though not so observable to others. And however outwardly blameless before the world, I verily thought I had the wickedest heart of any in the earth; and my rejecting of Jesus Christ in His kind invitations and calls in the Gospel to come to Him, was of all other things the most grievous and affecting to me.

Under these convictions of sin, I was in mercy led to flee to Jesus Christ, and to close with Him as my alone Saviour, and that very quickly. One time when I was at secret prayer, I was in very great agonies of soul in the sense of my actual and original sin and my lost state by it, and was made to see the sword of divine justice drawn against me. In other words, I was made deeply sensible that I was exposed to the stroke of God's just vengeance by my sin, and had His wrath abiding on me, and that it would have been perfectly just with God to have crushed me under the insupportable weight of His wrath in hell for ever. While I was in this condition, the Lord enabled me to cast myself under the

covert of the Redeemer's blood, and to trust in Him for mercy and pardon, and I was made to hope He would show mercy and pardon, and found my heart eased of the sinking load I was under but no sensible joy came in.

Some time after this, on the 1st June, 1740, on Saturday before the sacrament at Cathcart, in hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on that text, 'Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come to God by Him', under a sense of my lost condition, I was enabled more distinctly to close with Christ Jesus in all His offices, and as an all-sufficient Saviour, being then persuaded not only of His being able but willing to save to the uttermost upon my coming to God by Him, which I was then in some measure enabled to do.

After this, I was much in pleading that the Lord might make me more watchful against sin, and break the power of my heart corruptions more and more. But I found them often prevail against me, which was very grieving to me. In hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach in the High Churchyard in September, 1741, and insisting much on making sure of an interest in Christ, while he said 'Never call yourselves Christians unless you can say that God has made you sensible of your lost and undone state by nature, and drawn out your heart to close with Christ on His own terms', I could appeal to God that this was what He had wrought in me and for me. But I was still under doubts whether this was a saving and thorough work, and if God had accepted of me. I was thereupon made to plead more earnestly than ever that He would clear up to me my interest in Christ, and He was pleased to give me clear and satisfying views of the covenant of the redemption wherein a certain select number were given to Christ to be redeemed and saved by Him, and that I was among that number. After this I continued close at my duty with some composure, till the awakening broke out at Cambuslang, when I fell into new plunges again.

About ten or twelve days after that awakening began, I came out to Cambuslang on a Tuesday and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'A bruised reed will He not break etc.', and was made to hope that He had put some spark of grace in my heart, and would blow it up into a flame; and that though I was but as a bruised reed, He would not break, but heal and strengthen me; also that He was now about to return in mercy to this poor land and His Church in it. Before sermon I went into the manse, and while one was praying in a standing posture, I knelt down. But hearing the people in time of prayer cry out much, I got up

again off my knees, in great fear and astonishment, remembering what I had heard some adversaries of the work say, that a Quaker spirit was got in among them. For some little time I thought that it was indeed so. But within a short space I altered my thoughts of them, seeing them make so much also of their Bibles, and looking out for places there by which they had got relief. Some of them were crying out and also bewailing their slighting of the Gospel and the offers of Christ and salvation that had been made to them in it. While I beheld them in their agonies I was putting up many petitions to God for them, but at the same time was afraid matters were not right with myself, because, as I then thought, my distress had not in some respects resembled theirs. It was grieving to me to think thus, and made me suspect myself more than I had done a little before.

But in hearing some of the prayers there, I felt a sweet melting on my heart which greatly refreshed me, and I went home perfectly confirmed that it was the Lord's work, and rejoicing at the hopes that the Lord was about to do some good and great thing in that place and about it. When at home, I was much enlarged in praying for those in distress at Cambuslang, that the Lord might give them a sight of Christ in His all-sufficiency to save them, and hearts to embrace Him; also that the Lord would carry on His work where it was begun, and spread it into other places. For several days I had them so much upon my heart that I was not pleased with myself when any worldly affair came in and took off my thoughts from them, and interrupted my concern and pleadings for them, though but for a very little time.

I came out very oft to Cambuslang from time to time, usually twice a week, and when I came would sometimes have stayed two days together. In the time of the exhortations, prayers, and singing of Psalms in the hall of the manse, I have often had much of heart-meltings and great sweetness in my own soul. Every now and then I would be putting up petitions secretly in my heart to God for the people that were there in distress.

I heard the sermons there with great satisfaction. But when I saw and heard many persons there crying and fainting and swooning in their agonies of soul, I was made to wonder at my own stupidity, that what I heard did not affect me as it did them. I knew by what I had formerly sometimes felt, that it must proceed from the quick sense they had of the wrath of an angry God let in upon their consciences; but I sometimes thought they had a more affecting sense of the evil of sin than I had ever

got, when it had such outward effects on them that I had never been acquainted with. This often occasioned in me much self-jealousy. But the awful terrors of the law against them that transgressed it, and terrible things pronounced in the Gospel against them that believe not, which were then often preached, and that had such affecting impressions on others, had very little effect on me. But what then affected me most was the sweet and gracious offers of Christ and the promises of the Gospel, which sometimes were made sweetly to draw and melt and warm my heart.

When I heard and was informed from time to time of the many sweet outgates and ravishing joys that many were getting, after they had in their distress been made to close with Jesus Christ on His own terms, I was frequently taken up in earnest pleading with the Lord in prayer that He might give me also some clear and satisfying discoveries of my interest in Christ showing me that He had graciously accepted me, and was reconciled to me in the Son of His love.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang, in July, 1742, I got nothing sensibly, but only was much in these sorts of pleadings. But while I was thus employed on Saturday night, Satan was very active in endeavouring to keep me back from communicating, and to make me throw up my hopes of blessings from God. He often urged that word upon me, 'When Esau would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected, and found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears'. By this he much discomposed me, and discouraged me. Yet I was helped still to go on in praying that the Lord might in His own good time send me some clear and satisfying token of His love and favour, and that if it might make for His glory, He might give me the joy of His salvation, and in the meantime keep me waiting till His good time should come. While I was thus pleading, that word came into my heart, 'The vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it; it will surely come, and not tarry'. This gave me some comfort, and made me hope that refreshing times from the presence of the Lord would come, and were drawing near.

When I heard of another sacrament occasion to be shortly after that at Cambuslang, I was exceeding glad of it, and essayed through grace to prepare for it, though yet my preparation work went but heavily on. On Friday evening before it, having heard sermon there, I went apart by myself in the fields, and aimed at the duty of personal covenanting with God, and renewed my former pleadings for a manifestation of the

love and favour of God to my soul. On Saturday I was much affected in hearing the sermons, particularly one by Mr. Whitefield on that text, 'Except I wash thee, thou hast no part with Me'. That night, after taking some refreshment in my quarters in Cambuslang, I went out to the fields by myself for prayer. There I fell down, earnestly pleading that the Lord might give me a clearer sight and a more affecting sense of the evil of my sins as dishonouring to Him, and as the procuring cause of Christ's sufferings, than ever I had got yet. The Lord was pleased accordingly to give me the desire of my heart in that matter, and more than I asked or could think of; for I then got a most humbling sight and sense of the exceeding sinfulness and hatefulness of sin, and I was made to see my sins, especially my unbelief, as the nails and the spear that pierced His hands, feet and side, and was made spiritually and in the most evident manner by faith to look as if it were through His pierced side into His heart, and see it filled with love to me, and His love engaging Him to undergo all these bitter sufferings for me. I saw also that yet, after all the evils I had done, He was willing to forgive and had forgiven me all my sins; that though my iniquities should be sought for they should not be found. Many passages in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah were then brought to my mind with greater power than ever anything I had met with, particularly these: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied'—these were brought home to my heart, with a particular application to myself, and I was really persuaded that Christ was thus wounded and bruised for me and my sins, and for purchasing eternal life and salvation for me. I believed that He would see the fruit of His soul travail in conferring that salvation upon me that He had purchased for me by His death and sufferings. Under all these views and discoveries that were made to me, I found a heat of indignation raised in my soul against sin, a sweet and kindly melting of heart under the sense of it as that which crucified the Lord of glory and killed the Prince of Life. And while Christ was pleased to speak to my heart, saying, 'Open to Me, My sister, My spouse; My head is wet with the dew, and My locks with the drops of the night', I was made to grieve that I had kept Him so long knocking at the door of my heart for access, and that I had never so fully opened to Him as I ought to have done.

And now He was pleased Himself to open everlasting doors, and to enable me by faith to close with Him in all His redeeming offices, and

to devote and dedicate myself to be wholly and for ever His, and to draw out my affections in the most ardent manner toward Him. All this was followed with a beam of heavenly light (I know not how else to express it) shining into my heart or mind for a little, giving me the most ravishing discoveries of the transcendent glory and excellency and amiableness of Christ in His Person as God-man Mediator, and in all His offices of grace, and in His perfect suitableness to all my wants and desires. I was made to long to be with Him in heaven.

This was followed by that word quickly but sweetly darted into my mind, 'I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes have seen Thee; wherefor I abhor myself in dust and ashes'. Along with this word, I got the most humbling and self-abasing sense of my own vileness by sin, and was made indeed to loathe and abhor myself in dust and ashes by reason of it, and to wonder that ever He should have showed mercy to me, and set His love on such a vile, unworthy and polluted sinner as I. I was also enabled to praise Him for the sovereignty of His mercy and the wonders of His love and free grace.

For some time, while this manifestation lasted, I scarce knew where I was or how I was, my mind was so entirely taken up with these glorious views and ravishing enjoyments I was favoured with. But after some time, I began to reflect on the former treachery and deceitfulness of my heart, and how frequently I had broken my vows and resolutions to live wholly to God. Therefore I now earnestly begged of the Lord, that if it might be for the glory of His own Name, He might take me immediately to Himself in heaven, and not suffer me to return to the world ever to offend Him anymore as I had done. But if it was not for His glory that I should continue for some time in the body, I was willing by His grace to serve my generation according to His will; only I begged He might undertake for me, and keep my feet from falling, and enable me to walk before Him in the land of the living.

I was then forecasting and laying my account with great trials, and could then have been content, if every hair of my head had been a life, to have laid them all down for Christ; yet I was afraid that I might be left to myself when I met with the trials. While I was thus pleading for strength and support, those promises came with great sweetness into my heart: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ... The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, yet shall not My lovingkindness depart

from thee, nor the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee’.

Next day the Lord was pleased to give me much of His presence and much communion with Himself in the time the tables were a-serving, and in secret prayer; and so also on Monday in hearing the sermons. Much of this frame continued with me for some weeks after that sacrament occasion, and very often since that time I have been allowed much nearness to God in duty.

And now to close. As to the habitual temper of my heart and spirit, I find a principle within me opposing and striving against corruption and sin of all sorts. When I fall into sin, there is nothing so bitter to me as to think that I have been sinning against so much love and manifestations of the love of God to me. I look upon all things as enemies, that would separate between Christ and me, or interrupt and mar the communications of His love to me. Ordinances are dear to me; yet I am restless and unsatisfied in attending them unless I meet with Christ’s presence in them. I long often to be with Him in heaven, yet am satisfied to wait His pleasure. The advancement of Christ’s kingdom in the world is my chief desire. ‘If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth’. ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly’ in the manifestation of Thy glory and the advancement of Thy kingdom. Amen.

Margaret Shaw (daughter to William Shaw), (tenant in Rutherglen.) Aged about 20:

I was put to school when young, and taught to read and also to write some. I got my Shorter Catechism by heart and retain it still. I was put by my parents when a child to pray by myself, and continued to keep up a form of praying in secret twice a day all along. However, that was all but a mere form with me till about four years ago, when hearing a minister (Alex. Maxwell) preach on that text, 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, etc.', at which time I fell under great concern, being made to think in what way I should appear before His judgment seat, who have been so great a sinner. After that I took more delight in reading and hearing the Word, and in secret prayer. I had through mercy been kept from gross outburakings before the world, but many gross corruptions prevailed in my heart, though I had not noticed them till then. After this sermon I began to be more affected by them, and was roused from my carnal security, and to more diligence in duty. I had some longing desires after Christ, and after an interest in Him, and communion with Him, but I never got a deep and humbling sight of the evil of sin, or discoveries of the glory and excellency of Christ, or any sensible communion with Him, nor any satisfaction as to my interest in Him, till I came to Cambuslang on the first Sabbath in February, 1742, after the awakening that began there.

At hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach that day on that text, 'You who were sometimes alienated etc.', I fell under much concern and was made to shed many tears at the thoughts of my being alienated from God by nature, and an enemy to Him by wicked works. But that concern wore off. I came next day and heard sermon, and fell under concern again, but it wore off again after I went home. And thus I continued coming out to Cambuslang and being affected while hearing, but the concern wore off again afterward. In May I heard Mr. Bane of Killairn preach on that text at Cambuslang, 'And to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant', at which time I fell under strong convictions of the evil of sin, and of my great sinfulness of heart and life, also of the original corruption I brought into the world with me, and was even weighted and pressed down under the sense of all those, and particularly of the sin of unbelief, and my pride of heart, and my slighting of Christ's calls and offers in the Gospel. For seven weeks after this I continued in great distress under a sense of these things, without getting any relief of comfort.

One day, after I had been hearing Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great', being at my secret prayers, I thought I was just hanging over the mouth of hell, and ready to drop down into it. One night when I was in my bed, these words were darted in upon me, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity' (Prov. 1.24-26). These words were set home upon my conscience with such power that I was struck with great terror, and was like to be beside myself, not knowing what to do. During these seven weeks I could neither eat nor sleep nor work, except some very little, through the agonies of heart I was under.

The first thing that ever gave me any relief was in hear Mr. McCulloch preach one day, when that word (though not uttered by him) darted into my heart, 'I love thee with lovingkindness'. I was then made to admire the love of Christ that had sent such a word to me who had been so great a sinner. But yet I could scarce believe that it was from Him, but thought I was but taking it to myself. Some days after, while I was sitting on the bedside, these words came and darted in upon me, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found', on which I was made to wonder at the love and patience of God toward me, that He should be near and willing to be found of me, after I had so long neglected and provoked Him. I felt some love in my heart kindled toward Him, and was powerfully inclined to seek Him with greater earnestness than ever I had done. A little after that I went to secret prayer, and got liberty to pour out my heart before Him. And hearing Mr. McCulloch preach that day, my distress of spirit under a sense of my lost condition increased in the time of hearing his sermon. I came back on Saturday and got more of my sins discovered to me, but received no comfort at all that day.

I came back on the Sabbath and heard sermon and was in great distress in the time of it. Betwixt the forenoon and afternoon sermons I fell into a swarf twice, through great fears and terrors that fell upon me, but in the time of the afternoon sermon I got some comfort for a little time, though I do not remember what were the words that were the means of it, only I mind these words in the psalm that was sung were sweet to me,

'These that are broken in their hearts,
and grieved in their minds,

He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly upbinds'.

On Monday I came back, and my distress still continued, but I was not under so great terrors as before. On Tuesday I was going to stay at home, but while I was thinking to do so, I fell into great distress, and was made to cry out and to say, What shall I do here? there is no comfort for me here'. And so I came to Cambuslang, and had more composure to hear the sermon. That night when I was in bed, these words came into my heart with power, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?', and I was thereupon filled with comfort and love to God and with all that was good. I got some faith to believe and rely on Christ alone for salvation.

During the first ten days of my distress, I slept some, but little, and was grieved at myself for it when I did sleep, for I thought it was a dreadful thing for me to sleep when I did not know but I might waken in hell. I also thought I was such a great sinner that I ought not to take any meat, and took very little but as my friends about me compelled me to it. I also wrought little at all during that time, my heart not lying to it, but being always carried away in thoughts about my soul's condition. I thought, what signifies the world to me if I perish at last? In these days especially, my distress being great, I thought a great darkness was all about me, and one night at home, I thought I saw a flash of fire on the Brae which I took to be hell-fire; it came very near me, as I thought, but did not touch me. I had a strong apprehension too at that time that I smelt the smell of brimstone, which was very choking to me and would, I thought, have taken away my breath. I took it to be the smell of the lake of fire and brimstone in the bottomless pit. But I was never left altogether to despair of mercy, but was helped to wait with patience till His time to deliver me would come.

On Thursday, hearing a minister (Mr. Connell) preach on these words, 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious, etc.', and was thereby comforted and encouraged to a patient waiting on the Lord in his own way. After this for some time I was more settled in my mind, and heard the Word with pleasure, and particularly one Sabbath when I heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'What is a man profited, etc.'. From it I got much composure and comfort. But hearing him some time afterwards preach on the words, 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, etc.', I fell under great distress and got a great sense of my sin of unbelief, and thought that the wrath of God was abiding on me for my unbelief. I

was much distressed all that night, but next day came and heard sermon at Cambuslang. After it was over I came and spoke to Mr. McCulloch who, among other things, advised me to read the fourth Psalm, looking up to God for His blessing every night when going to bed. This I did and found much benefit by it, and I was never so distressed after that, except at some particular times for a short while, and then that word would come into my heart with power, 'Fear not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God', which would immediately banish my fears, and compose me.

One day, coming out of Glasgow and finding unbelieving thoughts arise and prevail much in my heart, that word came into my heart with power, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, etc.', on which I got strength to trust and rely on Christ, being made sensible that I could do nothing of myself without Him. This gave me some love to Him. Another day, retiring to secret prayer in the fields, I got great liberty and enlargement of heart in that duty. As I was coming homewards from it, these words came in to my heart with very great power, 'Thou art an heir of Christ; thy sins are forgiven thee'. These words came with such great sweetness and overcoming power that I felt as it were the Holy Spirit come rushing as with a strong stream of divine influences into my heart, and I was thereupon like to fall into a swoon, and was made to believe that it was even as it was told me by these words. A flame of love to Christ was kindled in my soul, and I was filled with joy in God through Jesus Christ. Coming into the house I took up the Bible to read, and the first thing that cast up was the 51st Psalm, which I intended to read before opening the Book. All along as I was reading the whole Psalm, I felt every verse of it come, as it were rushing with a divine power into my heart, and my heart was made to express all the words of it as if they had been my own words, and expressions of my own case.

Thus it continued with me for about a month after this, and every morning almost, when I waked, these words came with great sweetness into my heart, 'Thou art an heir in Christ; thy sins are forgiven thee'. These words accompanied me wherever I went. In that time I slept very little at all, but rose often at midnight and at other hours to praise the Lord, for I never wearied of that exercise, and never thought I could praise Him enough. And all that time I could never doubt of my interest in Christ in the least. By God's favour my mountain stood strong, and I thought I should never be moved.

One day coming to Cambuslang and hearing a minister (Mr. Arrat) preach in the Kirk on a Monday, he said that when relief comes to a person in distress both of soul and body, it cures them of both at once. These words were applied to me, for though I had been brought very low in my body and thought long that I was in a dying condition and would die soon, this relief I had lately got restored me to health both of soul and body at once.

Being in Glasgow on the street, and seeing a man coming out of a close, I immediately took him to be a minister come from England (Mr. Whitefield), whom I had never seen or heard before but once, when I could scarce get hearing him, but having heard much of him, I was exceeding earnest to hear him preach; but being obliged to wait on some worldly business I had just then on hand, I burst out into tears that I could not get access to go and hear him. But my idolizing an instrument cost me dear, for I immediately lost that sweet frame I had enjoyed so long, and going home I lost sight of all that had been so delightful to me.

Next day I came to Cambuslang to hear Mr. Whitefield there, and did so that day and the following, but I heard with a very bad frame, and all the dreadful threatenings I heard I thought always belonged to me, and I applied them all to myself. The day after that I went to hear him at Calder sacrament, but I got nothing. On Saturday, while I was hearing another minister (Mr. Burnside) preach there, my heart was exceeding hard, and my mind was busy wandering after sinful and vain objects, when all on a sudden, I thought I heard a great number of bells ringing and drums beating just at hand, and such a terrible noise that I thought the day of judgment was come, and that the wrath of God was coming down upon all the people present, and just ready to consume them and myself among them. This put me into the greatest confusion and consternation that could be imagined, and I had such an imagination and persuasion of the reality of all this, that I could not forbear crying out to the people, Do ye not hear the bells and drums? A little while after that, the noise I thought I had been hearing, ceased. The sermon being ended, I went away by myself to secret prayer, thinking that if the day of judgment came on while I was so unprepared, I would be ruined for ever. Getting some liberty in secret prayer, I came to some more composure, and joined with some that were singing Psalms and praying, all that night.

There, about midnight, while one (James Knox in Ruglen) was giving out the 40th Psalm for himself and the company to sing, I got a ravishing discovery of the loveliness and glory of Christ, and my heart was so filled with His love that I thought all that was within me was praising and adoring Him. My heart closed with Him in all His offices, and I devoted myself entirely to Him to be saved by Him on His own terms. I thought I saw the golden sceptre of free grace stretched out to me, and I took fast hold of it. That word came with fresh power to my soul again: 'Thou art an heir of Christ thy sins are forgiven thee', and the joys of heaven came so rushing in upon me that I scarce knew where I was, whether in heaven or earth. Many other promises also came to me that I do not now remember.

All that day, both in hearing sermons and at other times, I was filled with the love of Christ. I came in to Glasgow that night to hear that stranger minister, Mr. Whitefield, that I was so fond of to an excess, but in hearing him I got nothing but disappointment again, my sweet frame wore off, and by the time I got home I was looking upon all that I had met with as a delusion. I heard him however at Cambuslang preach several times, but got nothing. I was in great terror, and under fears of wrath, and got a great affecting sense of unbelief. Going home, I was so afraid that the devil was coming to take me way, that I durst not go to the door. I heard Mr. Whitefield again next day, but continued still in great distress, and remained in a very confused, dead and unbelieving frame for about fourteen days after that, and could get no freedom in prayer.

A little before the first sacrament at Cambuslang that former word came into my heart with power. This revived me much and I had a great desire to be a communicant there. Accordingly I did partake there, but felt my heart very dead at the table. But at joining in the Psalms at the close of that evening I got my heart filled with love to Christ, and after that my love increased every day.

Hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach at Auchinloch in Calder, where he spoke of the danger of a person's pleasing himself with what is called the faith of adherence, without seeking after the faith of assurance I was reduced to a great plunge of distress again. Going forward to Campsie sacrament, I that night aimed at what the minister had recommended, namely, 'Go and tell Him that ye will not leave Him till ye get the seal of His Holy Spirit', but my faith failed and I did not obtain it at that time. In hearing the action sermon I felt my heart very

hard and dead, but in time of the Psalms after that sermon, in the singing that line in Psalm 21, 'whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure', a power came along that filled me with love and joy. And when I saw the elders bring forward the elements, my heart was melted down with love to Christ. I was made to see my own vileness by sin, and yet made to believe that Christ shed His blood to cleanse me from my sins. When a minister (Mr. Robe) was serving a table, he was saying, 'A believer, if he were torn in pieces for Christ, he is willing; if he were to burnt to death for Christ, he is willing'. Looking about, he seemed to point with his finger to me; but I found my heart very, very unwilling, which was a great grief to me, that Christ should have laid down His life for me, and died and suffered so much for me, and that I should be unwilling to part with my poor worthless life for Him.

While I was thus thinking, these words came into my heart with power, and immediately made me willing to part with life and all things for Christ, 'When thou passest through the waters etc.', and I was then and all that day filled with love to Christ. In hearing of threatenings I always find my heart turn harder, but in hearing of the love of Christ and His death and sufferings, my heart is melted down; and it was so remarkably that day, when I heard the tables served. While I was weeping much for my sins, whereby I had pierced Christ, that word was spoken in secretly to my heart, 'Fear not, Christ is become thy salvation'. My fears and griefs were removed and I got my heart just filled with love to Christ all that day, and so also all the next day, and I got a still further sense of my own vileness and of Christ's excellencies. When I heard many of the people crying out that day, it was a further addition to my joy. I thought that if I could have got all that were there brought to Christ and to taste of the freeness of His love, it would have been great joy to me.

Coming away from that occasion, I essayed by the way to plead as before for the faith of assurance and the seal of the Spirit, and the answer at length came with a powerful impression on my heart, with these words, 'Thou art sealed by the Holy Spirit to the day of redemption'. At this I was made to believe that it was so; I was filled with more love to Christ, and had a full assurance of my interest in Him, and of eternal salvation by Him. And thus it continued with me for ten days thereafter. Then some doubts and fears and deadness returned to me; but it lasted but a little before it was removed. From that ten days to this day (21st January, 1743), I have never been left under deadness or doubts and fears, except for some little time as for a day or two or so, but have

always had a sense of the love of Christ on my soul, and a sight of my interest in Him.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang, August 15th, when it was drawing near I was much perplexed between desires of going to the Lord's table there and fears of a rash approach: and looking on these words in my Bible, 'Let a man examine himself etc.', which seemed to me to be very awful words, I hesitated; but these words being pressed on my heart, 'Ye do show forth the Lord's death till He come', I was thereupon made very desirous to come, and my former scruples were removed. Accordingly I did come and communicate there, and was helped to much of the exercise of faith in Christ and love to Him, and this continued with me for a good while after.

I attended at Kilsyth second sacrament, and got my heart melted down in some measure with a sense of the love of Christ in His death and sufferings, and my sins that procured them, but not so much as I would have wished; but after I came from the table my former dead frame returned again, but those words, 'He hath sealed you etc.', again quickened me. In the evening of that day my former sweet frame returned. On Monday I heard Mr. McCulloch preach on these words, 'Blessed by the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.'; I felt a divine power come along with the text and all that was said, and my heart went along with every sentence. At singing the last Psalm at the conclusion of the work after the sermon ('O let Thy priests etc., Psa. 132.19), my heart was greatly lifted up and enlarged in love to Christ, and rejoiced in Him as God my Saviour, especially when in singing it, these words were pressed on my heart, 'I am thy Lord, thy God and thy Saviour'. I went down from the Kirk to the meeting without at the Brae, and there I heard Mr. Robe discourse a little at the close on the 118th Psalm, 'Save now, I beseech Thee, etc.', and heard him say, 'The believer may go home rejoicing all the way, calling Him my Lord and my God', which words were applied with power to my soul; and I did accordingly go home in that manner.

The Sabbath after that I heard a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach at Cambuslang the same sermon he had preached at Kilsyth on the Monday, and found it again accompanied with the like power to my heart, or greater, being just melted down. A Sabbath after that I heard a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit', where many marks of regenerate persons were given, among others this: 'For what end (said he) is it that ye come to the ordinances

of the Gospel? Can ye say, It is not for custom's sake, or curiosity, or other selfish ends, but to enjoy communion with God here, and to be fitted for communion with Him for ever hereafter? This is a good sign'. I found my heart go along in this mark, and all the rest then given, as expressing just the disposition of.

Another Sabbath, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach at Cambuslang on these words, 'We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we might not trust in ourselves, etc.', I found the words attended with power to my soul, particularly when he said, 'If you run to your friend when you are in distress and danger, you trust in the arm of flesh; if you then bear up your hearts with the thoughts of your money and wealth, it shows that that is your idol god that you worship and trust in. But when you fall into extremities, do you run first of all above all to God for relief; this is the disposition of the true believer. And this I found to be an account of what by grace is my way.

Another minister on another Sabbath preached in Glasgow (Mr. Stirling) on the text, 'All things work together for good to them that love God, etc.'; after reading the text he said, 'I am sure that there are some here that can set their seal to this truth, that all they meet with from time to time works for their good'. I for my part could not my seal to it. Since ever God put anything of his love into my heart, I see from day to day the truth of these words in my experience. If a person speak but a word to me by the bye, I find it is over-ruled for my good and soul advantage.

It was among the first things whereby I discerned any change of my heart after I began to be affected at Cambuslang, that I felt a love in my heart, not only to my friends, but to those I liked ill before, so that I could take them all in my bosom; and whereas I shunned speaking with them before, I now wished and longed for an opportunity to talk and converse friendly with them; and this continues still to be my disposition.

The greatest vexation I have now in the word is evil and vain thoughts, particularly in the time of holy duties, as in prayer and in reading and hearing of the Word. But it was some relief to me to hear a minister (Mr. Whitefield) say that if such thoughts are hated, striven against, and mourned over, God will not lay them to that person's charge. When I heard Mr. Whitefield preach on that text, 'The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations', he said, 'Methinks I hear some soul here saying, The leaves of that tree are good for food', at these words I felt the influences of the Holy Spirit flowing in upon my heart abundantly, and greatly strengthening, refreshing and rejoicing my soul.

I bless God, I have for ordinary a hope of heaven, and sometimes also a full assurance of it; as lately, about the beginnings of this year (1743), when at secret prayer, I was allowed great liberty to ask blessings of God, and particularly that He would give me assurance. At this time these words were spoken in power to my heart, 'Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life'. This was attended with love to Christ, the Lamb of God, and it wrought in me a full assurance of eternal life, and I was made to rejoice that my name was written in His book of life.

I desire to lean and rely on Christ's righteousness every day, and to build all my hopes of all blessing in time and eternity on what He has done and suffered for poor sinners, and when God gives me assurance of heaven, I think it leans to the same foundation—the testimony of His Word and the witness of His Holy Spirit.

**A.I. A Young Unmarried Man of 21 Years. Daniel McLartie
(servant in Paisley):**

When I was about twelve years old I was put to school and was taught to read the Bible in English, and the Psalm Book in the Irish or the Highland language, being taught first from my infancy to speak Irish, and afterwards, by hearing some people about me speak English, I came also to learn that language. But I could have read most of the English Bible before I knew anything of the sense or literal meaning of what I was reading. In my former life I was given to many vices. I scarce ever used to aim at praying any at all, till about five years ago, when I had lots my lot for a time in a family where there was much religion, and observing all in the family retiring by themselves daily for secret prayer, I thought it was a strange thing that I should be singular in neglecting it; and that it might not be so, I set about it too. I went on at it, twice a day after that for ordinary, though yet it seems to have been but a form. I read the Bible, however, with some delight, and read it often, because I knew my father would have been angry at me, when I came home to see him, if I had neglected my reading after I had been taught to read. I also all along used to attend public worship on the Lord's Days, but cannot say that anything I heard came with any power to me, or made any impression on me, except that I would sometimes go away resolving to mind some things that were wrong in my life, but I soon forgot them and broke my resolutions.

At length, hearing of the awakening at Cambuslang in February, 1742, I wished when I heard it, that I were there, thinking I might perhaps get something there too. I came frequently and heard sermon there, and had some concern on me, and was very desirous to get more of a concern, wishing I might be in as great distress as any among all that were. But my concern did not come to any great height till, one day, hearing a minister (Mr. Hamilton of Douglas) on that text, 'The God of the Hebrews hath met with us', I was much affected, because I thought that God would never meet with me in a way of mercy. Hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'He that believeth not hath made God a liar, etc.', where he showed the heinous nature of the sin of unbelief, that it was a giving God the lie, that in some respects it was worse than the sin of murder, or the gross wickedness of the heathen, or the sin of the Jews in crucifying Christ, or than Adam's first sin whereby he murdered a world, and in some sense worse than the sin of devils, and that it was a sin that he was sure was chargeable on all the people before

him on the Brae in lesser or greater degrees; and added that all unregenerate persons were entirely under the guilt and dominion of that sin, however blameless they might be before the world, and that believers themselves had still much of remaining unbelief in them—all this much affected me and made me astonished. But I could not admit that I was guilty of such a horrid thing as that. I thought indeed that I was an unbeliever, but I could not think that by my unbelief I was guilty of as great wickedness as were the Jews who murdered Christ or was as Adam who murdered a world. I took up such a dislike at the speaker for saying so, that I resolved I would never hear him again, and accordingly I did not come back next Lord's Day.

I changed my mind, however, and came back again to Cambuslang, and heard that minister often, on the same and other subjects, and was made to believe that all he had said of unbelief was very true; also that I had been and was still deeply guilty of that heinous sin of unbelief. I was now often under great uneasiness of mind under the sense of this and my other sins. Yet it did not rise to such a height as I would have had it; and I thought it was nothing compared with what it ought to have been and what I saw others under. Though I usually trembled and shook when I heard sermon on the Brae, I never at any time cried out, and I continued still to eat and sleep and followed my work, though yet while I was at it, I never almost got soul concerns out of my thoughts, and came often to Cambuslang to hear sermons. I was also often in prayer, not only on my knees but in ejaculatory prayer at my work and walking out of doors. Sometimes when I was on my knees at secret prayer, I got much freedom in pouring out my heart before God, but alas! I had no sooner ended after I had such enlargements but a thought would have come into my mind, suddenly and violently, Surely God will hear thee now; there is no fear of answers to thy prayers after thou hast been praying so earnestly. This made me cry out to the Lord that He would keep me from self. There was nothing I was more afraid of than of a selfish spirit, and of hypocrisy. I had sometimes a fear of hell upon me, but I think the chief cause of my uneasiness was a sense of sin as dishonouring to God.

At the sacrament at Kilbride, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preaching on that text, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?', as he gave some marks of believers, and such as had a right to come to the Lord's table, I got freedom to apply these marks to myself, and thought I might come to the Lord's table at the first sacrament at Cambuslang,

July, 1742, which then drew near and which I intended to attend. But some time after this, I was very much afraid to think of coming to the Lord's table because of my being unprepared. After I had one day in prayer been begging the Lord might direct me to some place of Scripture to clear my way to His holy table, as I walked out of doors, taking my Bible out of my pocket and going to read, the very first thing that cast up to my eyes was that in the Hebrews, 'But to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased'. This gave me much satisfaction on at the time, but my fears of an unsuitable approach afterwards returned.

After I had got a token from Mr. McCulloch on Friday before the sacrament, I spent most of that night in secret prayer on Rutherglen Green, and got some manifestations of the love of Christ that warmed my heart and made it glow and filled me with joy. This joy continued with me on Saturday, hearing the sermons at Cambuslang, and in the action sermon. But when I came to the table the joy vanished, and I was seized with great tremblings, so that my body was like to shake in pieces. I had for a long time used to tremble in hearing sermons at Cambuslang, and could not refrain it, though I endeavoured to my utmost. But this trembling now at the table exceeded anything of that kind I had been under before or since; and yet to this day I cannot say what was the cause of it. Only I had been under great fears to come there, and fears of unworthy communicating when there, and I found my mind very confused; I got nothing sensibly.

On the Sabbath evening, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) on that text, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband', I felt love to Christ in my soul, and so much joy at the sweet offers of Christ as a Husband to my soul, that the joy of my heart had almost made me to cry out among the people that I was ready to strike hands on the bargain.

After sermon, meeting with a lad of my acquaintance who I knew had been under exercise, I just flew with my arms about him, and said, The minister has married my soul to Christ; and I lay down on the Brae and was so filled with the love of Christ and contempt of the world, that I even wished, if it were the Lord's will, that I might die on the spot and never more return to the world again. Yet rain coming on, I thought it was not my duty to lie still there, but went to a house for quarters. And ever since this night, I bless God, these glowings and burnings of heart, and warm breathings on my soul working love to Christ and joy in Him, have been continued with me. I never one day hear a sermon, or go to

prayer, or read my Bible, or ask a blessing at meat or return thanks, or meditate on spiritual things, which is now become ordinary to me, but I always feel this sweet warmth in my heart. And it is now (June 27, 1743) very near twelve months since it began to be so with me.

I never knew what it was to most with any particular word of promise, coming with power to my soul, till one night in winter last that I was much vexed that both my master who was an elder, and a preacher who lodged with him, put off family worship that night with prayer only. Going out into the yard for secret prayer, I was pleading that the Lord might not forsake me; upon which that word of promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee', was instantly darted into my mind with great power and sweetness.

At Glasgow sacrament in April, 1743, having come to one Kirk and communicated, and gone to another to hear the evening sermon, and one telling me that the words of the text in the evening sermon in the Kirk where I had communicated were these, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee', and that the minister discoursing on them said that in the original they might be read, 'I will not, not, not leave thee or forsake thee', three times repeated, they continued running in my mind with pleasure a long time after. And one day reading in my Bible, and meeting with these words, ere I was aware my heart was instantly so filled with joy that for a while I could do nothing but lie down and weep for joy.

When I read my Bible and meet with the threatenings there, I am not at all moved by them; but when I meet with the promises, I find my heart melted with love and joy. In hearing sermons I have oft been made to say, with the two disciples going to Emmaus, 'Did not my heart burn within me while Christ opened to me the Scriptures, and talked with me?'. Particularly in hearing Mr. McCulloch about Candlemass, 1743, lecture on Hosea 2, my love to Christ and joy in Him was so great, especially when he repeated the words three times, 'I will betroth thee unto Me, I will betroth thee unto Me for ever, saith the Lord', that my body was made to shake for joy and was scarce able to stand, but was ready to fall down on the ground. Another time, in hearing a minister (Mr. Stirling) on that text, 'In whom, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise', when he explained that sealing, I was so filled with joy, that I had almost cried out for joy that the Lord had sealed me by His Holy Spirit.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang, May, 1743, while a minister (Mr. Willison) in the evening sermon on the Lord's Day discoursed on

that text, concerning the disciples' grief that Christ would not take them to heaven with Him, but yet He promised to see them again and make them rejoice, I felt my heart glowing hot with love to Christ, and earnestly longing to be with Him in heaven, and joyful in the sense of His love and in the views of being for ever with Him in glory.

I have oft been much troubled with base and wicked thoughts, many of them, it is likely, proceeding from the devil and my corruption together, but some of them cast into my mind with violence, or urged upon me again and again, without any shadow of reason, and contrary to my duty and inclination, which, it is likely, were more immediately from Satan; as one day, when I was sharpening my knife, urging me to cut my own throat with it, etc. In such cases I have been in great bitterness and perplexity; and then I trust to turn my thoughts to think on some part of Scripture I have been reading of hearing, such as that, Psa. 16.1, 'Lord, keep me, for I trust in Thee; to God and thus was my speech'. And that in Zachariah: 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee'; and I have sometimes thereupon been freed from these wicked thoughts. I have been oft troubled with them also when I have been singing Psalms with the congregation, but in that case I try to sing so much louder, resolving by grace that I would go on and praise Christ yet, in spite of all the devils in hell. And then it has pleased the Lord sometimes to give me more courage and strength and joy in His praises, and to rebuke the adversary, so that he has departed from me for a season.

One night, a little after I had fallen asleep, I thought I saw about a dozen men from Greenock, who came to me and desired me to go along with them to Cambuslang, at which I thought I heard the ringing of musical bells, with which I awaked, and first heard as the sweet sound of such bells, and then after that, a most sweet and melodious sort of music, somewhat like that of viols and harps together, but vastly more delightful, that almost ravished my heart. When it ceased, which was within a little after I awaked, that word came into my mind, and agreed well with my judgment at that time and with what I had then enjoyed, 'Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not'.

To conclude: I now for ordinary find my heart running out after spiritual things, and have far more pleasure in spiritual meditations than in carnal diversions. I find that to be spiritually minded is life and peace. I have oft thought of what Christ says concerning spiritual drink and the water of life, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, etc', and 'If any man

thirst, let him come unto Me and drink, etc.']; also in Rev. 22, 'The Spirit and the bride say Come'—and I bless God He has given me to know the meaning of these scriptures in my own experience. I scarce ever come to public ordinances but I get some more of these living waters, and I long and hope to be brought to that fulness of joy in God's presence in heaven, and to drink of these rivers of pleasures that are at His right hand for evermore. To Him be glory now and ever. Amen.

B.Z. A Widow Woman About 37. Jean Morton, (relict of a weaver):

Though I had the privilege of many good religious instructions, and the example of my father, in my younger years, yet I slighted and neglected all. I seldom ever aimed at praying any at all. I used to go to Church on Sabbaths, but I think it was only to see and be seen, for what I heard made no impression on me. I lived a very careless life, and without the fear of God, and was given to come gross vices, not needful to be named. Sometimes, when I fell under affliction, I would have resolved to repent and amend, but when I recovered, I turned back to my former evil ways.

After I was married I fell under some concern to be religious, and prayed some, and left off some gross evils I had been addicted to. I put up a petition to God now and then, to be merciful to me, but never all the time of my married life did I get a sight and sense of my lost state, and of the need I had of a Saviour, till toward the time of my husband's death in April, 1742. I had some concern upon my spirit for my salvation for some time before that, but when I thought my husband was drawing near to his latter end, my concern increased, and I was much taken up in praying both for his salvation and my own. After his death I continued under some concern still.

At the first sacrament in Cambuslang in July, 1742, I was struck with a terror in hearing a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield) there, and after I came home, the terror increased to that degree that I durst not allow myself to sleep, for I thought I might awaken in hell before the next morning. I fell a-praying in my bed, being afraid to rise, and was overtaken with sleep. When the morning came I was awakened with that word, 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad', but could take no comfort from it. Another morning I was awaked with that word, 'How beautiful are thy feet with shoes' (Song of Sol. 7.1); but I did not feel any effect it had on me; but still I went mourning, not only under fears of hell, but because I had by my sins been dishonouring a holy God.

In this case I continued till about Candlemass, 1743, when after having talked a long time with a woman from Glasgow who came to see me, I was much delighted in hearing her tell what God had done for her soul, and calling Christ her Redeemer, and saying she could say it to the glory of free grace that she knew whom she had believed. At hearing these last expressions I was so filled with grief that I could not join with her in saying so of myself that I fell a-weeping and trembling, and at length lapsed into a kind of insensibility; at least I cannot now remember

what condition I was in; but those about me said afterward that I was employed in blessing and praising God. After I came to myself, I found some love to Christ in my heart.

Some time after this, that word came into my mind, 'Jesus stood and cried and said, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink'. I looked in my Bible and found it there, but got little comfort by means of it. But in turning over my Bible, another word cast up to my eye, 'And yet there is room', which gave me comfort in thinking that there was yet room for me and cleansing in the blood of Christ. For about two weeks after this, I went on in the way of duty, rejoicing in God, praising Him for giving His eternal Son for a lost world of elect sinners and for some of the greatest of sinners such as I was, and glorifying Christ for His love in giving Himself to death for His people, and I hoped for me among others, and interceding with God for them; and as I had committed my cause to Him, I was hopeful that He would plead it.

Another night I was meditating on the Word, and felt more warmth of heart toward Christ than I had felt for some time before, and within a little I was made greatly to rejoice in God through a Mediator, Christ Jesus, and to cry out, How precious is Thy grace! I have several times, I think, closed with Christ in all His redeeming offices, or have been made heartily willing to do so. I find for a considerable time past my heart going out above all things after Christ, that I may know Him with a heart-purifying knowledge. What I would desire above all things is to have a saving interest in Christ secured. I would not for a thousand worlds return to my former sinful ways; and I hope through the grace and strength of Christ to be always kept on my guard against every known sin. I can never allow myself now to forget or omit prayer twice a day, and would incline to go about it oftener if I could have access. It is my grief that I cannot get that heart-brokenness I would have, to melt and mourn for sin. I have no sinful way or lust that I would rather keep than part with. I desire that Christ may sit King and Lord over all in my heart. To Him be glory. Amen.

B.O. A Young Woman of 19 Years. Janet Turnbull (daughter of a tailor in Ruglen):

In the former part of my life till the year 1742, I had some little form of praying in secret now and then. While at home in my father's house, I got not leave to neglect it, but afterward when I went to service, I minded it but very seldom. I was kept all along my life in merciful providence from open gross sins before the world, except that for about a year an half I got into a wicked habit of swearing through the influence of bad company that indulged themselves in that practice, among whom I lived for a time and from whom I too readily learned it. But after a year and a half, returning from among them to my parents' house, I refrained from it, not from any hatred of it, or sorrow for it, but because I durst not use such wicked ways of talking before my parents. I went, however, in compliance with custom and the way I had been trained up to the Kirk on Sabbath for ordinary, but without noticing or regarding what I heard, and never found the Word touch my heart or conscience. Only sometimes I would have been a little uneasy, and would ave gone away saying to myself that I must no longer do as I have done. But it was still in my own strength I put on these resolutions, and so in regard to them, all came to nothing.

Thus matters went on with me till about two weeks after the awakening broke out at Cambuslang in the Spring, 1742. Coming out there on a Saturday afternoon, and having heard a sermon in the Kirk, but without any sensible effect, I came into the manse and went up to a garret where, as I had been told, a boy (Jo. Wark) was praying, and several persons about him hearing and joining him. Among other expressions he had in that prayer, he said that Jesus Christ was knocking at the door of our hearts, and we will not open. These words I found pierced into my heart like a knife, when I thought that Jesus Christ was knocking at the door of my heart, and I was refusing to open! I was made to see that He had been knocking at the door of my heart by a preached Gospel, but that I had not opened. I did not, however, fall into great distress at the time, but it came on more gradually as I got more and more discoveries of my sins, and more and more of my lost state by nature without Christ, which the Lord was pleased to give me by several means from time to time after this.

Next day, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'A bruised reed will He not break, etc.', I got more of a sight of being in a lost perishing condition, and found myself cut off from all interest in Christ.

Some days after this, meeting with a Seceder, he made use of a great many arguments to persuade me that I was under a delusion, and that my exercise and trouble and all of that kind with others at Cambuslang, was mere delusion. I was much vexed at that thought, but knew not how to answer him.

Some time after this, being at Cambuslang on a Thursday, and hearing Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you', I was made to see by the account he gave of the love of God, and the marks and signs of it he mentioned, that I had not the love of God in me; but I was made to resolve through God's strength, that I would take no rest till I had found that love of God put into my heart, and a gracious change wrought on my soul, and that I would endeavour to aim by grace at complying with the directions then given.

I applied myself on weekdays to work some, but my heart was still running out after an interest in Christ, and if I had had all the earth, I could have freely parted with it all, if I might have an interest in Him. As I was at my ordinary work, the sins of my heart and life would every now and then stare me in the face and make me very uneasy. I came frequently to Cambuslang on Lord's Days and other days, and got more and more of awakenings and convictions there. But I got no sensible outgate, till one night when I was reading in Vincent's Catechism that the minister of the parish (Mr. Hamilton, Barony) had given me, all the rest of the family being in bed, I met with that citation, (John 14.14), 'If ye ask anything in My Name, I will do it', which came with such power and sweetness to my heart as I read it, that I could not forbear starting up from my seat to my feet, and crying out, Praise Him! Praise Him! I then thought I could never praise Him enough for such a gracious word set home on my heart. He Himself knew that it was the pardon of sin, and salvation, I was wanting, and that I desired to have it in no other way but through Christ Jesus and His merits; for I had been often asking these and other blessings in the Name of Christ. And O how delightful it was to my soul that Christ Himself had said, 'If ye ask anything in My Name, I will do it'.

Within a little after this, turning over the leaf, that citation cast up to my eye (Heb. 7.25), 'Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost, etc.', which also was applied to my heart with power. I was made to see that if I was willing to come to Christ and to God by Him, Christ was willing to receive me. I was now made willing to come and accept of the Lord Jesus in all His offices, as my Prophet, Priest and King, and I

was made as heartily willing to be ruled and governed as to be taught and saved by Him. I was then made actually to close with Him, and entirely to give up myself to Him.

B.E. A Woman of 25 Years of Age. Agnes Buchanan (daughter of a merchant in Shotts.):

In the former part of my life, though I did not, for what I know, give any great offence to man by gross misbehaviours, and had a form of praying in secret, and attended public ordinances from my childhood, and for some time used to hear the Seceding ministers often, yet I was always but a poor stupid thing, and knew nothing of the inward heart of religion, till I came to Cambuslang in March, 1742. The first day I came there I heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'There are some of you that believe not'. But I felt nothing by ordinary in hearing of it, but Satan was still busy in tempting me to take home an ill report of the work there, for that there was no difference between hearing preaching there from other places. I too far complied with this temptation, for I was all day resolving that if I saw any person there any way misbehaving, I should be sure to mind that, and to tell that when I went home.

After sermons I endeavoured to get into the manse to see the people in distress there, but could not get in there; but I went to the Kirk where I heard a preacher speaking on some text of the Song of Songs which I do not now remember. Just as I entered he was saying that, for his own part, he would not be without what he had met with since he came to this place for ten thousand worlds, upon which I felt a power come down upon my heart that some way melted it and that made me quite to alter my mind as to the work there, and to resolve that I would not take home a bad report of it; I was grieved and ashamed that I had been thinking through the day to do so, for I was then much affected, and saw many about me likewise.

After I went home I was much taken up through that week in thinking on the work in Cambuslang, and longing to return to it again. Sometimes I retired to secret prayer, where I had sometimes more, sometimes less, liberty. Besides these things I did not find any alteration on my heart from what used to be. Next Sabbath Day after this I returned to Cambuslang, and heard Mr. McCulloch on that text (the last verse of John chapter 3), 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him'. I found the word preached brought home to my heart with power, and I was made deeply sensible of that great sin of unbelief, that had never in all my life troubled me before. I was made to think I would certainly go to hell, for I had never believed in Christ, and could not now believe. After sermon, coming into the manse, and seeing others in such disasters, I thought mine was nothing equal to

theirs, and went away homewards, reckoning it was no matter what way I went, or what came of me, for I would never get to heaven. But as I went on the way I found my heart turned somewhat better. I began to check myself for such desponding thoughts, and to hope that the Lord would yet help me to do what I could not do of myself. I continued in distress for my unbelief, but sometimes having some little hopes that the Lord would help me against the power of my unbelief through the next week.

Next Lord's Day I returned to Cambuslang and heard Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'While the strong man armed keeps the house, all his goods are in peace', and in hearing that sermon I got a humbling and affecting sense of multitudes of other sins besides unbelief, so that I thought the whole sermon was directed as particularly to me as if there had not been another on the Brae to hear. I had some hopes, however, that the Lord might pardon these other sins, but still my unbelief appeared so great and heinous a sin that I could not get a sight of pardoning mercy for it. The same day I heard another minister on the text, 'The Lord God of the Hebrews hath met with us', and was made earnestly to wish and long that He might meet with me. I could appeal to Him that it was for that end, to get a gracious meeting with Him in Christ, that I came there that day.

After that I also heard another minister on that text, 'Sir, we would see Jesus'. I found my exercise and errand described in that sermon, and was full of longing desires to see Jesus in His beauty and glory. I continued for some months in this condition, often under great fears of hell, but more grieved for dishonouring God by my sin, and grieved that I could not be grieved enough for sin, or so much as others I thought were a daily burden to my soul. I essayed all along to work as before, but still found my mind running after the work at Cambuslang and spiritual things. Meat was unsavoury, and sleep often almost quite departed from me, and I did not incline to allow myself in it till matters were better with me.

A little before I returned to Cambuslang in July, 1742, when I was one day coming along the way by myself, I sat down on a stone by the wayside to rest myself, and found my heart very easy and quiet. But all on a sudden, though I saw and heard nothing outwardly, a terror and trembling came on me, and a darkness, confusion and stupidity seized on my mind and heart. It then seemed to me that a thought rose within me, Thou shalt be lost. This was immediately followed by that horrid

expression, Lord, damn my soul. I got up in great terror, and went homeward, and while I was in the way, that horrid word was often repeated and urged upon my mind. While I was endeavouring to reject it with abhorrence, and begging that the Lord might free me of it, and afraid that my heart had consented or might yield to it, that word came into my mind, 'Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee', after which that hellish word never troubled me again, and my heart was much eased and quieted.

Next Lord's Day after this, being the Sabbath before the first sacrament at Cambuslang in July, 1742, I came to that place, and heard a minister preach on that text, 'But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup'. I found it to be a very sweet and agreeable sermon to me, and I longed much to partake of that holy ordinance of the Lord's supper. After I came home I essayed to examine myself by the marks I had been hearing in that sermon, but could not find that clearness to apply them to myself I would have had, and was afraid I was not in a condition to partake there.

I heard much concerning a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield), and came and heard him preach several times at Cambuslang, but found my heart always more dead and stupid when I was hearing him than when I heard other ministers at that place; but hearing him at Kilbride fast, before the sacrament there in June, 1742, on Peter's denying his Master, and repenting, I found my heart a little more softened than it had been before that, and it continued so for some time.

On the fast before the first sacrament at Cambuslang, I heard a minister on that text, 'Abraham staggered not at the promises through unbelief', where he spoke much of persons wavering between the motions of lust and the offers of God in the Gospel, and sometimes listening to the one and sometimes to the other. He said that persons might go on in that way until they died, and never come to a good issue, unless they closed with Christ in the promise by faith. This I thought touched me nearly, and my unbelief was yet so strong that I could not get resting on the promise of God by faith. I heard also another minister on that text, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, pardon mine iniquity for it is great', and found it suited to my condition, for I had then a deep sense of the greatness of my iniquity and need of the pardoning mercy of God.

On Saturday I found much sweetness in hearing some sermons, though I do not now remember the texts or the names of the ministers that preached on them. In the afternoon of that day I heard Mr. Whitefield

preaching on Christ's sufferings, from Matt. 26 I think. He spoke of Christ's going a little further than the disciples, and praying again and again, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me'. He said that Christ had the persons of all the elect then on His heart, and the weight of all their sins on His back, so that the load of them made Him fall on His face, and had almost pressed Him through the earth. While he was speaking to this purpose, I felt much heart melting for my sins whereby I had pressed and pierced the Lord of glory, and thought I would rather choose to die that minute than return to my former sinful ways.

A minister (Mr. McCulloch) at the close told us that so much had been said that he needed not to say anything further; only he exhorted us to go aside and pour out our hearts before God, telling us, though we might be ashamed to let men know what evils in heart and life we were guilty of, yet we might freely open up all to God. I inclined much to do so, but found such a mass of sin in my heart, that I knew not how to fall about that duty. Withdrawing up the Brae, these words came into my mind, 'Fear and your soul shall live'. After they had come once and again into my heart, I took out my Bible to see if I could find them there. But while I looked for them, that place cast up to me and was the very first I cast my eye on, Philippians chapter 4, at the beginning. I read on to the end, and found it all exceeding sweet to my soul. It seemed as if it had been an answer to what had been my thoughts all that day, or as if I had set down my thoughts and difficulties about my soul's condition, and the Lord had sent me what is written in that chapter by way of answer. And though I saw and heard nothing, yet such was the divine power and light that came along with the Word while I read it, that three several times I thought there fell from my eyes as it had been scales.

But there were some passages there that were particularly applied to me with great light and power, such as these: 'Stand fast in the Lord', and 'whose names are written in the Book of Life', at reading of which I felt a power come along with the word, that persuaded me that my name was written in the Book of Life as fully as if I had seen it here with my bodily eyes; and because the Lord had made it thus known to me that my name was in the Book of Life, I thought this was ground for me to do as the apostle enjoins in the very next word, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice', and I was made accordingly to do so. The gift of ten thousand worlds would not have made me to

rejoice so much as the light of God's countenance, and the assurance of His love that night. The passages that follow in the same chapter were just directions to me how to walk after this, and particularly the words, 'Let your moderation be known to all men; the Lord is at hand'. And again, 'Those things that ye have heard and seen in me, do, and the God of peace shall be with you'. After I had read through the chapter again and again, I found all my difficulties vanish; my heart was filled with the love of God, though not so much as I desired; my soul was enlarged and my mouth opened to praise Him with joyful lips in the place to which I had retired by myself.

My great concern now was to get this sweet frame continued, and what I would do if it should be removed, for I did not see how I could live of the Lord should withdraw the light of His countenance. And whereas formerly, when I came back home from ordinances, I thought there was always something I had to do myself in way of duty, I now saw that I could do just nothing at all of myself, but I saw a sufficiency of power and grace in Christ to help me in every weakness and in every difficulty. To Him I desired to look and lean, and to submit my will to His to be disposed of by Him in all things, as might be most for His glory.

I spent all that night in prayer and praises. Next day, wherever I turned and read my Bible, I saw every passage I read concerned myself. And whereas formerly the things I read there seemed as if they had not been true, on account of the power of my unbelief, now I saw everything I read to be true and real. In hearing the action sermon, the exhortations at the tables, and the evening sermon, and all that was said that day in public ordinances, they all came in to my heart as if so many words spoken to me immediately from heaven. I continued in a sweet and heavenly frame, and employed in prayers and praises, all that night also. On Monday, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) on that text, 'Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus', my spirit was greatly weighted as to how I should get a conformity to Christ's example in spirit and practice. But in hearing another minister on that text, 'My God shall supply all your need', my heart was much lightened and eased in the hope and belief that God would graciously supply all my wants from time to time. I was made now, and at other times, to close with the Lord Jesus Christ in all His redeeming offices, and was made to hope that I should be enabled to do all things through Christ strengthening me.

I went home rejoicing. And now I began to think with myself: This blessed Bible that I carry with me, where everything I now see there is so plain and sweet; it will tell me all things I need to know. Therefore I need not care, though I never came back to Cambuslang again, or go to public ordinances elsewhere. So foolish was I and ignorant, and the Lord soon made me sensible of my folly. But blessed be His Name, He did so in a mild and gracious way, by giving me a humble and teachable disposition, and giving me to understand better the necessity of attending all the ordinances where by Christ communicates to us the benefits of His redemption. Accordingly I took up my Shorter Catechism when I went home, and began at the first question in it, resolving to read it through and consider it, as I got leisure, as if I had never read it before; for though I had often read it, and got much of it by heart, I reckoned I had formerly understood nothing in it at all to purpose.

This sweet frame which the Lord gave me at that sacrament in Cambuslang was continued with me for about a quarter of a year thereafter in some measure. Sometimes indeed, now and then that love to Christ, and joy and spirituality, would have abated. But upon retiring to secret prayer, or reading my Bible, or in hearing the Word, these would return in a good measure again. Sometimes also I have been much quickened and enlarged in heart just when I have been following my lawful worldly affairs by some words of Scripture cast into my mind with much life and sweetness; as particularly one day, after I had been working hard and was ready to faint, that word came into my mind with a powerful influence,

‘My heart and flesh doth faith and fail,
but God doth fail me never’.

Immediately I was much refreshed and strengthened in body as well as in mind as if I had never been wearied at all. Another time, while I was beside one who was digging up the earth with a spade, a worm cast up to my sight, and immediately these words came into my mind with much sweetness, ‘Though after my skin worms consume this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God’, and I was thereupon made to rejoice in Christ, and in the hopes of seeing Him in His glory at the resurrection.

To come to a close: I can safely say in the sight of the Heart-Searcher that I have no malice, enmity or ill-will to any person on earth. I want and heartily desire that all that are strangers to Christ belonging to the election of grace may be brought in to Him, and that His kingdom may be advanced all the world over. On the Monday after the sacrament at

Cambuslang my heart was so filled with love to Christ and the souls of others, that I could have been content, if it had been possible, to have taken all the multitude on the Brae in my arms, and to have carried them all up to heaven. Ofttimes I find myself straitened when I would pray for blessings to myself, but when I begin to pray for others, and for the advancing of the kingdom of Christ, I got much liberty and enlargement of heart, and after that I come to get much freedom in asking mercies for myself. I see a necessity for the joining all duties of the first and second tables together, and would fain study by grace to keep a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward man, though yet I am daily coming short of my duty to both. I am not without fear sometimes of falling away, but I desire to rest on the Lord's word of promise on which He has made me to hope, and to commit my all for time and eternity to Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

B.D. A Woman About 36 Years of Age. Isobel Provan (daughter of a tenant in Calder):

I was trained up in my childhood in a religious way by my parents, and used all along to go to public ordinances on the Lord's Day, and to pray for ordinary twice a day in secret, and I often read my Bible by myself with some delight. When I was about thirteen years of age, I fell under some concern about salvation a little before the sacrament was to be dispensed in the place where I lived, and had a great inclination to have come to the Lord's table to take my baptismal engagements upon myself. Accordingly I went there, and though I cannot say I met with anything sensibly there, yet I found from that time a great desire after that and all other Gospel ordinances, and was careful to attend them when I had opportunity. I am much indebted to the mercy of God for restraining grace, in keeping me all along my life free of anything vicious and shameful before the world. But when I went to service, that delight I had in ordinances and duties of God's worship much abated, and I turned more earthly in my disposition, and indulged myself in much vanity in my conversation and in carnal mirth and jollity, which, though not directly sinful, yet blunted my desires after spiritual things.

While I was going on in this way, some of my near relations dying, I was much affected with their deaths, and began to turn more thoughtful again about soul concerns. For a long time after that I attended on public ordinances with much concern, and found my case often described in the sermons of the ministers whom I used to hear, the word coming close home to my conscience. For about ten years after this I always thought myself to be a hypocrite, yet I durst not then keep away from the Lord's table, for I thought that would be rebellion, and I could not think of being guilty of that. Every week I used to long for the return of the Sabbath, and would still be counting how many days were yet to it; and on Saturday evenings I would have begun to reckon the time to the Sabbath in hours, that now there were but so many and so many hours remaining till the Lord's Day would begin. The thought of its being so near at hand was a matter of joy to me.

For about three years before the awakening broke out at Cambuslang, I was in a great strait betwixt the two, whether I should continue to hear my Parish minister, or whether I should break off altogether and join the Seceders. I went as often on weekdays as I could have access, to hear the Seceding ministers, even to the injuring my bodily health and weakening my strength in going to far distant places to hear them.

Yet when I went to pray and seek direction, I could never get freedom to go near them on Sabbath Days, but found myself still, as it had been, constrained to go and attend ordinances at home, and often found myself obliged to be thankful that I had a Gospel minister at hand, who preached so close to my condition I did not find the Seceders' way of praying agreeable, because they seemed to me to be very narrow in their prayers, and not to extend them to the whole Israel of God, but to confine them in a great measure to themselves.

When the awakening broke out at Cambuslang in the spring, 1742, it was so surprising to me to hear of it, and I was in such confusion at the thoughts of it, that for about ten days after I first heard of it, I could scarce eat or drink or sleep any. The Seceders kept a fast in opposition to it, which increased my uneasiness about it, and I knew not what to think of it. After many struggles with myself about it, I resolved to go there and hear and see. As I was still in doubt, falling down by the way there to pray, these words came into my mind, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see', which determined me to go forward.

When I came there I heard two ministers preach two Gospel sermons, but felt nothing beyond ordinary. After I went home I was often thinking of the Lord's way of dealing with His people by alluring their hearts by the still small voice of the Gospel, and could not get my heart brought to a liking of the work at Cambuslang. Yet I had some thoughts now and then of returning to it some day or other; and one Sabbath morning, after lying and sleeping in my bed much longer than ordinary, for which I was much displeased with myself, I intended to have come to the sacrament occasion at Cathcart about the first of May, 1742, and was in such a hurry that I did so much as allow myself time to retire and say 'God help me'. But by the way, when I fell down to prayer, that word came to my mind, 'Thou knowest the way that I take; when Thou hast tried me I shall come forth as gold'. I did not well understand the meaning of that passage as applied to myself, but found a heart-melting impression made by it upon me, and a great inclination to come to Cambuslang, and I accordingly turned my course and did so. I went straight down to the Brae, never stopping till I got into the midst of the people before the tent. Immediately after I had done so, Mr. McCulloch came down and gave out the 126th Psalm to be sung, and he no sooner read the first line of it but I fell a-trembling with concern; yet I sang the Psalm with great delight. In time of the prayer, I got more composure and attention

of mind to go along with the minister than ever I had had in that duty before. When he read out his text, 'While the strong man armed keeps the house, all his goods are in peace, etc.', the words came so home to me that I thought I was just the person pointed at in the words as directly as if I had been mentioned name and surname. It was the same way with me all along the sermon. Every sentence was so powerfully and closely brought home and applied to me in particular, as if there had been no other to hear; my agony of soul under the sense of my sin and thralldom to Satan was so great, that I was just ready to cry out for anguish at every sentence. Yet I got refraining, but with much difficulty. In hearing another minister on that text, 'The God of the Hebrews has met with us', I continued in great distress at the thought that God had never met with me in a way of mercy, and fears that He never would. And when he said that this work was the answer of the prayers of those that had gone to heaven before us, and for some years past some of the preachers might as well have preached to stocks and stones as to the people that sat before them, I thought that had been just my case, and I was so affected with grief at the thoughts of it, that I was just ready to cry out, and to prevent crying I took so fast hold of my throat with my hand that I had almost strangled myself.

Between sermons I read the 119th Psalm with some pleasure. In the afternoon, hearing a minister on that text, 'Sir, we would see Jesus', I thought it was my desire to see Jesus, but that I had been but hypocritical pretending to be seeking to see Him before, and thought I was not as yet seeking Him sincerely. After sermon, several that were alongside me proposed to go into the manse. I was very averse to do so, but would go away home, but a woman with me saying 'Be as it will, I will go in to the manse', I followed after her. Standing still on one of the steps of the stair that led up to the hall, I heard these lines of the 6th Psalm a-giving out to be sung,

'In Thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not',

at hearing of which I fell a-trembling, so that I thought I should have shaken in pieces. Recovering a little, I went up to the stairhead, where a woman in the hall gave a great cry, saying, 'O, what shall I do?'. A minister said to her, 'Believe on the Name of the Son of God, and thou shalt be saved'. At hearing that, I could no longer contain, for I knew that I had not yet believed, but cried out too, and get forward into the hall, and stayed there for some time. While I was there, that word came

into my head with great power, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God', which encouraged me to hope I should yet see the salvation of God. Before this word came, my unbelief was very strong, and despairing thoughts prevailed; now I got some hope. Before, I was so feeble that I could not stand, but was obliged to sit down; now I could get up and go through the room.

I went home that night, though I had several miles to go. After I was got home, for three days I could neither work, nor sleep, nor eat and drink, except only that I drank water. Also, with great pressing from others, I took a little bit of bread on Tuesday; but for several days I found that bit still as it were sticking in my breast. All these three days I was in the greatest distress that one could well be in, under a sense of unbelief and heart corruptions, and the evil and hatefulness of them. I thought they were so strong and powerful that they would be my utter undoing. As for fears of hell, I never had any, either at that or any other time.

A minister coming to see me, when he was come in, as soon as I saw him I just flew to him for gladness and cried out. Seeing me in distress he smiled and said, 'What is this that ails thee now? Thou hast never murdered anybody, I believe'. I replied that I was guilty enough of other sins, though I was free of that. He told me that Manasseh was guilty of as great sins as I, and yet obtained mercy. He then began to ask me several questions as to how this distress had befallen me. When I told him that I never had any fears of hell, he said, 'Thou art different from me then, for I have been afraid of hell many a time'.

One thing in my condition, I believe, was very singular and very affecting to me, that in all those three days I could not pray one word. I could not get into a frame for prayer, or any one word uttered to God either on my knees, when I went to them as I often did, nor at other times when I was not on my knees, in an ejaculatory way. Only I got liberty to say often with tongue and heart, that I was content to be eternally obliged to Christ for the work of redemption. Immediately after I had said so, these words were impressed with great power and vigour on my spirit, 'The seal of heaven'; and as oft as I repeated the former words during those three days, the latter words came always in at the back of them. I did not well understand them at the time, but came to understand them better to my comfort afterward.

I went and talked with a minister, and asked him if he thought I should go back to Cambuslang again. He said, 'What should you do but go

back? I think you have good reason to go back'; so I resolved to return there on Thursday. But before I did so, while I was at home essaying to pray, the first word I got uttered in prayer after three days' time was that word of Jonah, which came in with power, and gave me liberty to pray, 'Yet will I look toward Thy holy temple'. This was immediately followed by that of Job, 'Though He slay me, yet still I trust in Him'. On Thursday, returning to Cambuslang, I got liberty to hear two sermons on the Brae with some composure, but cannot say there was much concern on me. But after these two sermons were over, hearing there was to be a sermon in the Kirk, I went and heard a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text in Isaiah, 'He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath led him astray, so that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?', which he explained as chiefly pointing to the spiritual idolater. I found the various ways and instances whereby persons commit spiritual idolatry set home so particularly and powerfully on my conscience and heart, that I thought I was just the person described and levelled at, and was so filled with anguish on that account, that my bodily strength was quite overcome, and I fell down as dead and was carried out in the time of sermon as one dead. They laid me in the Kirkyard where I lay for some time like one really dead. Some about me threw water on my face and applied their spirit-glasses to my nose, and when that had no effect to awake me, they poured in spirits into my nose (as I was informed afterwards), but all that had no effect on me, and I believe that even though they had poured in these spirits all the way up to my brain, I would not have once felt the smell of them in the least. At length, after a while of lying in that case, I was raised out of that swarf, though not by the force of anything they applied. After I had recovered a little out of it, they began to hold their spirit-bottles again to my nose, to help me to recover better, as they thought; but I bade them hold away their oils and spirits from me, as it was not that that I was wanting. What I wanted was the oil of the Spirit of Christ. After I had got a drink of water, I could then walk, and got up, and went home in company with another.

After I got home I turned still more distressed under a sense of sin, especially my spiritual idolatry, but also under earnest longings after Christ. I went to a minister's house, and at his desire, stayed all night there. He gave me much good advice and instruction, and good books to read, and yet my trouble continued, and I could attain to no relief or comfort. But when I was on the way coming home, these words came

into my mind, 'The Lord thy God is mighty; He is in the midst of thee; He will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will rejoice over thee with singing' (Zeph. 3.17). I had fallen down by the way to pray when these words came, and they were attended with such a melting and brokenness of heart, that I got my heart poured out before the Lord. I got but very wavering hold of them, and unbelief so much prevailed, and I was filled with such a sense of my own sin and unworthiness, that I could not get it believed that such precious words could belong to such a sinner as I. Also I could not think or remember that ever I had read these words in the Bible, nor did I ever know it till about five months after this, when I heard a minister at Cambuslang sacrament cite them and the place where they were to be found, saying they were worthy to be written in letters of gold. At hearing this, joy so filled and swelled my breast that I was almost ready to burst, and it was with great difficulty that I was able to refrain from crying out. But though I cannot say that I had much joy by means of these words at the time they first came, but was rather filled with unbelieving wonder, yet these words, 'He will rest in His love', came often back with a new impression on my heart when I was any way troubled, and for about a month's time after this, I always lay down and waked with them.

Testimony of Mary Scot: About 24 Years of Age

Before Mr. Whitefield came to Glasgow my time was spent in nothing but madness and vanity. I would have stayed at home on Sabbath forenoon dressing myself to go to Church in the afternoon. I did not prepare myself by prayer if some awful dispensation did not move me to it, such as thunder and the like; and when I went to Church it was only to see and be seen. But I took little heed to what I heard. As for outbreakings the world neither then nor since could not nor cannot charge me with them.

In reading Mr. Whitefield's two letters to Bishop Tillotson, I was much affected with the last, so I had a strong inclination to hear him when he came. The first text I heard him preach on was 'The Lord our Righteousness', and according to his usual freedom he said he could say, that the Lord was his righteousness. Which I was strongly affected with, and it stayed so close with me that I durst not be what I had been before. Prayer then was a pleasure to me. I stayed no more on dressing myself as formerly. I heard nine sermons of him in Glasgow and four in Paisley. I could no more take up with carnal mirth, I was so impressed with spiritual things and the meditation of what I had heard or read.

Then after that I went to Cambuslang on a Monday I heard Mr. McCulloch on these words: 'They shall look on Him whom they have pierced and shall mourn'. But I was not affected with it, which made me to doubt if I was among the number for whom He was pierced. Yet I attended close at Cambuslang, and heard Mr. McCulloch on 'Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness, etc.' (Rom. 2.4). In that sermon he had an offer of Christ which I was enabled to embrace, and resolved to go to the first sacrament I could get. So I went to Kirkintilloch, and heard Mr. Rob on the words (Rom. 1.17): 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith'. About the end of the sermon he discharged all from coming to the table who had not embraced Christ, which put me to a great confusion, because I was jealous I had not done it. I went to the tent and sat there all that Sabbath day. At length one persuaded me to go to the church. But again I went there as the last table was serving. On Monday I went to hear, but could not as I was so confused. I came home I the same condition, and till Mr. Whitefield came again the second year I felt no alteration for the better. He preached in the High Churchyard on Isaiah 53: 'Who hath believed our report, etc.'. But I got, as I thought, no profit of it; my heart was so full of corruption. Yet I went after him to Cambuslang, and stayed two days

there that he was there. I was full of corruption, unbelief, and rebellion against God. I came home so full of rebellion that I thought I had sinned the sin unto death. So I was for a long time; I thought self and unbelief had bolted my heart against Christ. I continued so all that summer; my heart, I thought, was filled with wickedness.

In August, 1742, in hearing Mr. Potter on the words of Acts 20.28, 'Feed the flock of God which He has purchased with His own blood', there was such power came along with the words that I thought lightened me of a burden of guilt I formerly was burdened with. At the end of the sermon, Psalm 68.18—'Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, Thou hast received gifts for men, even for the rebellious also'—these two texts or places lightened me mightily for three or four days. I went to hear Mr. McCulloch on a Sabbath on Heb. 7.25: 'Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him, for He ever lives to make intercession'. There was so much power came along with the whole of that sermon and that enabled me to believe that He was as willing as He was able. But losing my feeling I lost my believing the next day, even though I had been convinced formerly of the evil of unbelief. And that sin of unbelief went a prodigious length, even to doubt of the being of a God. In that condition I went on till I heard Mr. Whitefield on these words: 'While he was yet a-coming, the devil threw him down and tare him'; which was plainly my case, as he in that sermon signified to me, which I thought eased me a little, that even those who are coming to Jesus are so tempted as I was. Though that winter I was in great darkness. When I saw my corruption I knew what I was. But in darkness I could not. I went in this darkness till the spring of the year. And in it there was a power put forth, so that I was enabled to believe, and I thought corruption was more subdued in me. Then I heard Mr. Stirling on Eph. 1.13-14 in which he spoke of the love of God in sending His Son for the work of man's redemption. I was so impressed with the thought of that redemption, that I thought my bands were loosed. My corruptions, I thought, got a fatal wound. For several days I walked sensibly under the light of His countenance; I thought the joy of the Lord was my strength; I thought that I could have died and that I could have all the days of the week Sabbath days. And this sweet frame continued with me for four or five days after, and I could then say, 'The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage. And I can truly say from my experience that the Lord's service is a reward in itself though there were no reward after this life.

I could then say, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him'.

B.Q. A Young Woman of 23 Years. Bessie Lyon (Daughter of a cooper in Blantyre):

In the former part of my life before the year 1742, so far as I can now look back upon it, my way of behaviour and temper was quiet and peaceable, but I scarce had any form of praying in secret till I was about twelve years old, when I fell under some concern about salvation, and would have prayed often and wept much for a time at the thoughts of my being liable to perish. A friend observing me weeping and much cast down, asked me what I wept for, but I did not incline to tell him what was the reason of it. He told me I might have as good a life as any of my neighbours, if I would take it. After that I became more easy, and was no more troubled about my soul's case as I had been. But falling in with some frolicsome persons, I became as vain and frothy as they.

Some time after, I fell under some concern again about salvation, and often thought of turning serious and religious, and of changing my way. But this went no further with me than some weak resolutions to grow and to do better. But still I put it off for the present, and thought it was time enough yet for me to turn grave and thoughtful. About twenty, when a near friend of mine was dying, I fell again under concern, both for his salvation and my own. For some time after he died I was much harassed with black and horrid temptations, but I got no sensible relief or outgate from them, but they just wore away by degrees. I turned more and more worldly and vain, and drew up with young persons of that way, and still sought after this and the other vanity in dress, that I might be even with them. I laid secret prayer aside, if it was not at some happening times, and found myself very backward to anything of that kind.

Thus I continued till the awakening broke out in Cambuslang in February, 1742. About two or three weeks after it began, I came to that place on a Thursday, and heard minister (Mr. McLaurin) preach, but do not now remember his text. But I got my mind much stayed in hearing that sermon, which I could never say of my hearing any sermon before that. But I got not then a sight of my sins, or of the remedy for sin. Only I felt my heart drawn out much in compassion and kindness to any I saw there in distress about their souls' condition. In joining with the congregation in singing these words which that minister gave out,

‘That man who, bearing precious seed,
in going forth doth mourn,

He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
rejoicing shall return',

I felt a kind of heart melting, and was made to burst out into a flood of tears.

Next Lord's Day I came and heard sermon there, but found my heart very hard, and not touched with kindness and sympathy to those in distress as on the Thursday before, and when I came into the manse after sermon, I felt my heart very hard and averse to anything that was good. It was very much the same way with me in hearing sermon there on the Monday after; but coming into the manse after sermon, and hearing Mr. McCulloch give out these words in the 6th Psalm to be sung,

'In Thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not',

I fell under such a dread of God's wrath, and fears that He would rebuke me in His indignation, that I was made all to shake and tremble, and to cry out in great agony among the people there present. I went away in great distress and continued under great concern, coming to Cambuslang and returning from it almost every day.

Some of those I walked along the way with, were one day saying, that there were none affected with this work but those that had been ill folk, and had lived wickedly; and therefore they doubted if it was of God. While they spoke so, these words came into my mind with some power, 'Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance', upon which I was made to believe more firmly that this work was from heaven. Another time I was tempted to think that it was not the Lord that was dealing with me, but that I was only striving to work up my own heart to some concern; and therefore I resolved I would not take any pains that way, but only go to Cambuslang without any thoughtfulness, and see I would be affected with the sermon there. And yet I found my heart so engaged that I could not forbear praying within myself almost all the way as I went.

One night when I was in my bed, I was awaked suddenly with these words, spoken to me as one man would speak to another, 'Thou art a fool for ever for going to Cambuslang'; at which I started and got up quickly out of my bed, and knowing it was the Evil One, I spake out and said to him, 'Thou art both a liar and the father of lies', and fell to my prayers to God, and was much composed again. About this time, coming to Cambuslang and hearing Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'In

whom the god of this world has blinded the minds of them that believe not, etc.', I then got a sight and sense of my sins that was very affecting to me. From that time I got a sense of my enmity and averseness to God and to all that was spiritually good, which I never got before.

Next day (Friday), when I was at home at my work, I was made to see my present danger of perishing, in a very affecting manner. I apprehended my condition to be like that of one of the top of a very high tree, having nothing to take hold of, and the wind blowing fiercely upon him; and I thought I would not only go to hell when I died, but that I would be sent just alive into the pit of perdition, and just saw myself lost and undone at present. While I was in this distressed condition, it was strongly suggested to me, to say I would not be beholden to God for mercy; but this I refused to do, and rejected it with abhorrence.

My distress continuing, a minister (Mr. Henderson of Blantyre) was sent for, who gave me good exhortations, but I could not lay hold on anything comfortable that he said. Shortly after this, hearing a preacher (Mr. Arrot) discoursing much on unbelief in his sermon at Cambuslang, I got a deep conviction of the evil of that sin, which I had never got a sense of before, though I had, several times before that, got an affecting sense of multitudes of my other sins. That same day, as I was going home, I sat down by the way and read the third chapter of Zachariah, which first cast up to me upon opening the Bible, and was much eased of the burden of soul distress I was under, and comforted in reading it, and particularly with that passage about the taking away of the filthy garments from Joshua and appointing him a change of raiment. I had not, however, such a clear understanding of it then as afterward, when I heard Mr. McCulloch lecture on it.

One day, being at home, I fell on the ground before the Lord, and earnestly begged of him that He would give me grace to serve Him, and keep me from sinning against Him, for that nothing would satisfy me but that, and I was willing to undergo anything He saw fit, if He would help me to do so.

Some time not long after this, coming to Cambuslang and hearing a minister (Mr. McLaurin) preach concerning the Israelites being enjoined to have their doorposts and lintels sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb, and showing how we ought to have cut hearts and consciences sprinkled with the blood of Christ, the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world, I was under great concern to have my heart and conscience sprinkled with that precious blood; and it was comfortable

tidings when he further said that one might have his soul sprinkled with it and yet not know of it at the time. After sermon I came into the manse, where hearing an old grave man (Mr. Robert Wright) give out the 92st Psalm to be sung, as these words were a-reading and a-singing, ‘

‘He that doth in the secret place
of the most High reside,
Under the shade of Him that is
th’ Almighty shall abide’,

I found my heart drawn out after God, and burning in love to Christ, though there was still a contrary party within me drawing it back again. And when that good man in his prayer said, ‘O for the wings of faith to fly above the world and all the things in it!’, I was made earnestly to join in that petition, and found my heart mounting upwards towards heaven. But yet corruption was pulling me back and weighing me down again.

Next day, Mr. Henderson coming to see me, asked me if I was wanting to be an open professor. I said, ‘No! I want to serve Him with the hidden man of the heart; O that He would give me to trust under the shadow of Christ’s wings, and that He would never leave me nor forsake me!’.

One day, hearing part of a Psalm sung in the manse, these words as they were a-singing were applied to me with much sweetness and power,

‘If they my laws break, and do not
keep my commandments:
I’ll visit then their faults with rods,
their sins with chastisements.

‘Yet I’ll not take my love from him,
nor false my promise make, etc.’,

Another time as I was hearing the exhortations in the manse, inviting sinners to come to Christ, polluted in their blood and filthy as they were, and He would wash and save and freely justify them, in time of these exhortations and prayers after them, I was much troubled that I found so much of a selfish principle within me, mingling with my duties, and that I could not get free of it, when I would come to Jesus Christ. But in singing that Psalm with the rest, I was enabled to plead with God against this selfish disposition with much earnestness, in these words of the Psalmist then applied to me,

'How long take counsel in my soul,
still sad in heart shall I;
How long exalted over me
shall be mine enemy?

'O Lord my God, consider well,
and answer to me make, etc.,'

About the beginning of May, 1742, I came to Cambuslang, and heard a minister (Mr. Buchanan) on Saturday evening, preach concerning the trembling jailer, and make large offers of Christ to the hearers. But I found my heart unwilling to receive Him, or to come to Him on His own terms, at which I was much grieved and distressed. Next morning, before sermon began, these words, (Hos. 6, 1, 2, 3), 'Come, let us return to the Lord, for He hath rent etc.', were applied to me with some comfort as I read them. And so also that word that cast up to me in my Bible, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, etc.', gave me much relief and comfort. That day in hearing a minister (Mr. M'Knight) on that text, 'Sir, we would see Jesus', I found strong desires raised in my heart to see Him, but I continued in much darkness, and so also in hearing another sermon after that. Much unwillingness to come to Christ still prevailed, which was a great grief of heart to me.

Thus it continued with me for about ten days after, when after I had heard sermons on a Tuesday I came into the manse, much cast down and distressed with a sense of my own ignorance, unbelief, selfishness and averseness to come to Christ, and to close with Him on His own terms, and that I could not heartily bless God for Jesus Christ (which was one of the marks a minister that had been preaching (Mr. McLaurin) had given of true believers), and that I could not bless Him for any spiritual favours. While I sat in the hall in a deep sense of my sins, and was thinking of going away home in a worse condition than ever I was, I was urged by one whom I knew not, to rise and speak to a minister privately. I was averse to do it, having nothing to say that was good to that minister, but when I came to him, he asked me about the condition I had been in formerly and that in which I was at that present time, and that I could not be thankful for Christ, or any spiritual mercies. He told me in a great many instances that reason I had to be thankful that the Lord had not given up with me altogether, that He had not suffered me to return to my sinful ways, that He was yet dealing with me by convictions,

making new offers of Christ and keeping the door of mercy still open, with many things to that purpose.

After he had been speaking in this strain for some time, another minister standing by, turning his face to me, said, 'God's mercies I will ever sing'. These words, as he repeated them, came with such a mighty power to my heart, and filled me with so great joy, that I could not refrain crying out aloud for joy, before all present in the room, at the thoughts of God's wonderful mercies to me, that He had been showing me mercy when I had been sinning against Him, and mercifully keeping me back from turning away quite from Him.

Now I was affected with my great ignorance of God and His ways; now I was made heartily thankful for His mercies toward me, and above all to bless God for the mercy of mercies, Jesus Christ, His unspeakable gift; and my heart was just burning within me with love to Christ. Now I was made heartily willing to come to Him and to close with Him in all His offices, and to accept of Him on any terms, and to be eternally indebted to Him and the riches of free grace in Him. I was also made to hope that I should sing of the mercies of God for ever in heaven.

This frame continued with me in some measure for some days. But much of a sense of the evil of heart corruptions came to be my exercise, and as the love and joy abated, I found my corruptions more strong and my darkness increasing. While I was much bowed down on Sabbath after, I was again quickened and revived by that word, 'If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?'

About the end of May, 1742, hearing a minister (Mr. Arrot) on that text, (on Monday, at Cambuslang) 'I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake', I found my heart sweetly agreeing to it, that God forgives sins for his own Name's sake. Some time after that, hearing another minister (Mr. Lawson) on Saturday night in the Kirk at Cambuslang, on that text, 'What think ye of Christ?', I was in hearing of it filled with a deep sense of my own vileness and filthiness by sin, and of Christ's glory and excellency, and with great love to Him and joy in Him.

At the first sacrament in Cambuslang in 1742, I found corruption very strong, and got nothing sensibly at the Lord's table. But being much cast down at the thoughts of this after that occasion was over, as I was reading Guthrie's *Trial of a Saving Interest*, where he shows how persons should covenant with God before they communicate, how they should bless God for sending and giving Christ, and Christ for coming and giving

Himself for His elect, and the Holy Spirit for applying Christ to souls, the Lord was pleased to enable me to do so, and in doing it, to give me much comfort.

At the second sacrament there, I felt the power and strength of corruption much broken, compared to what it had been. At the first sacrament in Cambuslang in 1743, while a minister (Mr. Gillespie) said, 'I see there are several of you that are under great distress of soul, and ye cannot tell, ye dare not tell, what is the ground of your distress; none but God and your own conscience know it', these words were brought home to my heart, and comforted me at the thought that there were others in such distress as well as I, and that though I durst not and could not tell it to man, yet that the Lord knew it, and could help me under it.

In hearing another minister (Mr. Willison) on these words on Sabbath evening, 'But now I go My way to Him that sent Me, and none of you asketh Me, Whither goest Thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart' (John 16.5, 6), I felt my heart greatly affected and melted within me in time of that sermon. I would gladly have gone straight to heaven to Christ, and sorrow filled my heart that I must stay while in this sinful world.

At the sacrament in Blantyre in 1743, hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) on Saturday on that text, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul', (Tsment.3.24), I thought at hearing the text that I could have said the words of the text as my own words, but in hearing the sermon on it, I was in great distress at the thought that I had too much made the word my portion. But on Monday, hearing that minister on these words, 'Christ in you the hope of glory', what was said was made relieving and comforting to my soul.

To draw to a close: vain frothy conversation was formerly agreeable to me. Now I have not any pleasure in any company that appear to be of that temper and way; but when they fall into anything of that kind, I am glad of an occasion to withdraw from them. Before March, 1742, I used to make lies to excuse myself when I was challenged by others for anything I did or said amiss; but since that time to this (March 9, 1744) I durst never knowingly offer to do so, because it is dishonouring to God and wounding to my own conscience. And when I at any time stumble out with anything that is not true, it is a grief of heart to me afterward. In my former life before March, 1742, I could allow myself to neglect secret prayer, and have little or no uneasiness for such neglects; but since that time I cannot allow myself to neglect it, even though I

find myself much out of a due frame for going about it; because I know it is a commanded duty, and the neglect of it brings on carnal security, and I have sometimes felt sensible soul advantage in that duty.

I cannot approve the way of self-commendation, and I have good reason, for I have no good at all to say of myself, but everything that is evil. But yet I would fain say something to the commendation of free grace if I could. And I think I may venture to say this, to the praise of the Lord's free grace, that I now for these two years past find it better with me when I am at my worst, than ever it was formerly when I was at my best. When temptations press upon me, some suitable passage of scripture is usually brought into my mind, though not oftentimes with great power, yet so as usually to break the power of the temptation and to fence my heart against yielding to it. Before, when others about me would have been speaking of good, I had no fear to put in my word: but now I often dare not put in my word with others, fearing lest I should speak of what is good, in a hypocritical manner. I often lack the Lord's gracious and sensible presence with me, but I am never without some desires and longings after it, weaker or stronger, and I am made sometimes earnestly to long for heaven, that I may be freed from sin, and be there with Christ for ever. To His Name be all glory and praise. Amen.

B.F. A Young Woman of 19 Years. Jean Walker (daughter of a shoemaker in Calder):

As to the former part of my life, I lived much in the same manner as other morally honest people do, with some outward profession of religion. I sometimes minded secret prayer, and sometimes neglected it. I usually went to the Kirk on Sabbaths, being obliged to do so by my parents, but I little minded what I heard, but came away just as I went there; and if I could get any little note to bring home to my father, I thought all was well enough. I could not endure to hear persons talk about things serious, but shunned it as much as I could. My father kept up family worship twice on ordinary days and three times on Sabbaths; and that was a great weariness to me, and I reckoned all that time lost to me, and would gladly have been absent from such occasions, but durst not.

Thus matters continued with me till the awakening at Cambuslang in the Spring of 1742, when I went and heard there every Sabbath Day, and often also on weekdays, and fell under some concern in hearing sermons and seeing the people in distress there. My concern about salvation increased particularly on Sabbath in May, 1742, after I had been hearing sermons there, so that I was made to say within myself, Oh, what is this! Shall I go away without Christ this night also? Oh, I cannot think of going away this night without Christ! Whereupon I resolved I would go into the manse and see if I might meet with Him there; but after staying at worship there till about ten o'clock at night, another young woman and I resolved upon going home to Glasgow together.

We were but a little way from the manse when that other young woman, who was walking on a small space behind me, cried out, 'O what shall I do; I am lost and undone'. Upon hearing her cry out so, I ran back to hold her up or lift her up. The minute I got hold of her I was struck to the heart myself with a sense of my sin, and cried out as fast as she, 'Oh, lost and undone, what shall I do?' No particular word of Scripture was then brought to my mind, but my conscience was immediately awaked, and I was made to see that I was in a lost and perishing condition; and a deep sense of the evil of sin as dishonouring to God was set home upon my conscience. But this conviction of sin at this time was only in a general way.

The other young woman returned to the manse, but a man who was going to Glasgow with a lass going along with him persuaded me to go with him to Glasgow. As we went our way he was laying out many comfortable promises (of Scripture) before me, but I could lay hold on

none of them. I could not think that God would ever show mercy to such a sinner as I had been. I was afraid, however, that the concern I was under would wear off, and that I would turn as bad as ever I had been, and so religion would suffer on my account, if any should notice the concern I was in. Therefore I thought I would conceal it as much as possible, and essayed to do so when I came home, but I could not succeed in this; for a little after I sat down, my soul's distress was so great that I could not forbear crying out, and those about me were obliged to take hold of me for some time. I went next day to Cambuslang but got nothing by way of relief. But my convictions increased and came to be more particular from time to time. My distress was sometimes so great under them, that when I have been walking on the street, I have been ready to think I would have sunk through the ground.

I continued about five or six weeks in great distress before I got any relief, in which time I could sleep and eat little. I essayed to work some now and then, but my mind still lay another way. I would almost constantly have inclined to read or pray, if I could have got it done. One night, after I had been in great distress and had gone to bed, I dreamed I was just hanging over the mouth of hell, and ready to fall in; and while I was struggling to get up, and could not, and crying to the Lord for help, I thought He pulled me up and set me in His way. When I awaked I conceived some hope He would do so, but I could take little comfort from it because it was but a dream.

One day I was hearing a minister in the North-west Kirk of Glasgow, and felt my heart glowing with love to Christ, and joy springing up in my soul; and that night, while my mother was about family worship, that word was pressed on my heart, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love', upon which I was made to believe that it was so, and at the belief and thoughts of God's eternal love to such a poor unworthy sinner as I, I was made to rejoice greatly, and could not refrain from crying out aloud for joy. I found my heart inflamed with love to Him. I then also got a very humbling sense of my unbelief, and was made to see that Christ was ten thousand times more willing to receive me than I was to come to Him. From that day to this (November 9, 1743), which is about a year and a quarter, I could never once doubt of His love to me.

The second sacrament occasion at Cambuslang drawing near, I longed much to be a partaker there, and so that I might, I went to the minister in whose quarter I lived to be examined and to get a line to obtain a token. After he had asked me many questions, he sent me to the elder

of that proportion where I lived, to get a line from him as to my outward behaviour, who readily gave me one, with which I returned to the minister and got his line for a token at Cambuslang, and upon producing it, got a token there. I found all the sermons there were brought so powerfully and closely home to me, that it was as if there had been no other but myself to hear. I was enabled by faith to embrace Christ as offered in the Gospel. I got a more affecting sense of sin at the Lord's table, and was filled with joy and peace in believing.

After this I was enabled by grace to live much above the world, and got my heart in a good measure set upon things above. Last winter I have been often so overjoyed when I was walking on the streets, or going about my work, that I scarce knew where I was, and there seemed to be scarce anything of me out of heaven but the body. At other times sin makes my life a burden to me, and because I cannot live here without sin, but am duly offending Him and coming short of His glory in all I do, I have been often made to long for death to free me from a body of sin and death, and for heaven where I shall serve and enjoy Him for ever, without any sinful imperfection and without any interruption. When I waked in the morning, I often used to be greatly vexed at myself, that I should have slept so long, and that I was not up long before, praising God for what He had done for my soul, and would have got up quickly to that exercise.

At the sacrament occasion in Glasgow in the Spring of 1742, as it drew near, I fell under a deep sense of my unworthiness, and thought I was not worthy to eat of the crumbs that fell from the Master's table; and yet I knew the Lord was calling me to come to His holy table, and durst not stay away. When I came there, that word came into my heart with power, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee from thy sins and iniquities', and then the love of Christ was so shed abroad in my heart, that I was quite transported with it. And though I could not doubt but the Lord had forgiven me, yet I could not forgive myself for often and so greatly offending Him, and never will. I would have been glad if I had had a thousand tongues to praise Him and to recommend Christ to others; and if I had had a thousand lives I thought I would have been willing, if He enabled and called me, to lay them all down for His sake, and all too little for Him who had done so much for me.

I attended both the sacrament occasions at Cambuslang in 1743, and could say of both that they were a Bethel to my soul. I sat down under Christ's shadow there, and His fruit was sweet to my taste. He shed

abroad His love richly in my heart. He gave me an earnest of heaven and made me long for the full enjoyment. And still the more He gave me to see of His glory by the eye of faith, the more I was made to abhor myself in dust and ashes, on account of my sin and unworthiness.

These are but a few hints of the many things I could say through grace to the commendation of Christ and His love to poor unworthy me; but I hope to spend an eternity in loving, admiring, and praising Him in another way than I am now capable of; and I hope it will not be long to that time. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen.

A.Z. (No Title) Catherine Jackson. (Daughter of an elder):

It pleased God to preserve me in a great measure outwardly blameless before the world all my life hitherto, sometimes living at home with my father, and sometimes at service. My parents brought me up, as they did all their other children, in a religious manner. I all along from my infancy kept up a form of praying in secret, and now and then read my Bible, and attended on public ordinances, but rested in these things.

When I was about seventeen years of age, I fell under strong awakening a little before the sacrament was to be administered in the parish, and was much excited, by the motions of the Holy Spirit striving with me, to a concern to prepare for the Lord's supper, particularly by that word that awakened me one night while I was sleeping, 'Awake, thou sleeper, and call upon God, and go forward'. At that I immediately sat up in my bed, but complied no further and lay down again. But this awakening had no abiding effects, but after that sacrament occasion, I just returned to my old course again.

In hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) in December, 1741, preach on that text, 'We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain; for He saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time, now in the day of salvation', I fell under deep convictions of my sin and misery, and was made sensible that my original sin alone, though I had had no actual sin, was enough in justice to damn me for ever; and from that time my convictions of actual sin went on from day to day.

A weekly lecture being set up in the Parish on Thursdays, about the first of February, 1742, I had such a thirst after the Word, and such an earnest desire to get leave to hear it, particularly on Thursday, the 11th February, that I sat up a good part of the night before, spinning at my wheel, to make up the time at my work, that I was to spend next day at the weekly lecture, that so my master and mistress might have no ground to complain that I neglected my work with them by my going to such occasions; though this was not what they required of me, but on the contrary bade me oftener than once to go to my bed.

On Sabbath, the 14th February, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, John 3.3, 5 (on which he had been insisting for a long time before), 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God', my convictions and soul distress in time of sermon increased to a very high degree. After sermon I went with my two sisters to a friend's

house near by the Kirk and while I sat there weeping in great agony of soul, bewailing my wretched and sinful condition, apprehending that there was nothing but the blackness of darkness in hell fire for ever for me, and that I was ready every moment to fall into it, a preacher and another person now an elder came to the place where I was, and spoke several things suitable to my case. But for what followed that night before I went home, I refer to the following account of it, written by the minister, next morning, and drawn up from his own memory, and that of the other two persons just now spoken of, which is all true, so far as I can remember, and the truth of it can also be attested by many others who were then present:—

“The preacher asked her what particular sins lay heavy upon her conscience at the time. She in answer bitterly bewailed her despising Gospel ordinances dispensed in the Parish, and that she had gone to hear the Seceders, and that she had gone astray like a lost sheep. She also deeply bewailed her unbelief, that she had received Gospel grace in vain, misspent much precious time, that she had been a lover of pleasures more than a lover of God, that she had neglected to comply with that call she had met with to prepare for communicating in this Parish, and that she had grudged in her heart at the conduct of Divine Providence in giving (what she thought) an effectual call to her sister and passing by herself.

“After some little time she was brought, accompanied by the two persons mentioned and her two sisters, to the minister’s room, weeping bitterly all along as she was walking with them thither, and for some considerable time after she was there. After she had sat down beside the minister, at his desire, he asked her what it was that ailed her? She cried out, ‘Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do?’. It was some time ere he could get in a word for her weeping and crying. At length he replied, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved’. She, still weeping bitterly, cried out, ‘Oh, but my sins are so great; He will not receive me; my sins, O! my sins are great and heinous’. He answered, ‘Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool’. ‘Oh no!’ cried she in anguish; ‘He will not accept of me; He will not accept of me’. ‘But He will’, said the minister; ‘if you be willing to come to Him, I assure you in His Name, He is willing to accept you. Whatever you have been, whatever you have done, come to Him, and He will not reject you. When there is a

willingness on both sides—He is willing, and you, I think, are willing—what should hinder the concluding of the blessed bargain, the match between Christ and your soul? Come then to Him, and I assure you, He Himself assures you, that He will in no wise cast you out'. At this she stopped her weeping a little, and seemed to be somewhat calmed for a short space.

"Some considerable time after this day, being asked what she was about during this pause, she said, I was aiming, in dependence on grace, to believe in Christ, and to comply with these gracious calls and invitations'. But within a little, she bursted out in tears and weeping, crying out, 'Oh! my sins! My sins! He will not receive me; I am the chief of sinners'. The minister replied, 'Are you a greater sinner than the apostle Paul? He was the chief of sinners, as he calls himself, yet he obtained mercy. Christ forgave him all his sins, and received him into favour; and he is set forth as a pattern and instances of the riches of the free grace and mercy of Christ, to encourage others to believe on Him to the end of the world. Come to Him then, and ye shall obtain mercy, as the apostle Paul did'. But she again cried out, 'Oh! but He will not receive me; He will not accept of me. My sins! My sins!' 'Yes, He will accept of you', said the minister: 'What greater evidences would you have of His willingness to accept of you? He shed His precious blood, His heart's blood, out of love to such as you, and His blood can cleanse you from all your sins, be they what they will, and fetch out the deepest stain of them on your soul. He hath made peace by the blood of His cross. The blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself a sacrifice without spot to God, will purge your conscience from dead works, to fit you for serving the living God'. She hereupon stopped her crying and calmed a little, and said mournfully, 'Oh! but I cannot believe in the Lord Jesus Christ that I may be saved'. 'Will you', said the minister, 'cry out to Him with that poor man in the Gospel, Lord, I believe help Thou my unbelief? She immediately fell to repeating these words, and did with her whole heart aim at the exercise of faith in Christ, and was in some measure helped to it (as she told afterwards), and then refrained her weeping a little.

"But unbelief again prevailing, she in a short space cried out again, 'Oh! He will not accept of me'. 'Aye, but He will', said the minister, 'Himself assures you He will; whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely'. But she going on weeping bitterly, 'Come', said the minister, 'shall we pray for a pull of God's almighty arm to draw you to

Christ?' 'O yes, yes', said she, and got upon her feet. Some of the company said she would not be able to stand (for that was the posture designed) in time of prayer. 'There is no fear of that', said one standing by; 'I will take care of that', said he, and so took hold of her arm. The minister began the prayer with adorations of the love of God in giving the Son of His love for a perishing world of elect sinners, and the wonderful love of Christ in giving Himself, etc., and quickly came to her condition in particular; and within a very little, while he was going on in prayer, she told the person who was supporting her, 'He (meaning Christ) says to me, He will never leave me nor forsake me', repeating it over and over; and immediately after, she said to that person again, 'He is telling me that He hath cast all my sins behind His back'. The minister shortly concluding prayer, she then repeated to him the promises before-mentioned that God had spoken into her heart, and brake out adoring and admiring Christ in the glories and excellencies of His Person, and the wonders of His love and free grace, and complaining of her late unbelief, crying out with melting admiration, 'Oh! I would not believe till I felt His power, but now His love hath conquered my heart; He has pardoned my unbelief, He hath drawn me with the cords of love and bands of a Man; I thought my sins were so great and many, that He would not pardon them, but now He hath cast them all behind His back. His thoughts are not as my thoughts, nor His ways as my ways'.

"The minister, seeing a good many people by that time gathered into the room, and particularly some young women of her acquaintance, all of the company being greatly affected, several of them weeping and crying out almost all this time, said to her, pointing at some of them, 'You are that there are several daughters of Jerusalem there, that will be, it is likely, saying in their hearts to you, What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved? Have you anything to say to commend Christ to them?' She immediately turned to them and said in the most moving and feeling manner, 'My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely. O Sirs, will ye come to Christ? O come and trust Him. If ye cannot cry to Him, O long after Him; oh! will ye at least sigh and sob for Him. I can now say, My Beloved is mine and I am His'.

"At this time there was a great stir among the affections of those present. The joys of some were plainly transporting, and almost too strong for them to contain, and others also greatly rejoiced in spirit. And there was

a sound of weeping among others, that might be heard at a considerable distance.

“After some time had been spent thus, the minister said, ‘Compose yourselves, sirs, and let us praise God’; and turning to the lately distressed but now comforted person, asked her if we should sing the 103rd Psalm at the beginning, and if she would join in it, to which she cheerfully agreed, and the first eight verses of that Psalm were accordingly sung by the company, in which she joyfully bare a part; and some others of the company sang with much of the same frame. After that exercise was over, the minister said to her, ‘I suppose you have been singing with pleasure’. She answered that she had never sung in that manner before, and that she had never known Christ before that occasion.

“She then rose up with great vigour of body and liveliness of spirit, and turned about, first to her sister who, in the judgment of charity, was supposed to have been converted some weeks before, and (like old Jacob embracing his son Joseph) fell upon her neck and kissed her, and owned her obligations to her for her prayers and good advices. After that she went and shook hands with all the company, commending Christ and the sweetness of His love and the riches of His grace to them, and inviting every one whom she took to be a stranger to Christ to come to Him, and begging such as she took to be acquainted with Him, to help her to praise him for His wonderful love and grace to her that had been the chief of sinners, but now had obtained mercy.

“After this the minister, a preacher, and another person prayed, and the company was dismissed. And all this, from her first coming into the room to the close, lasted above three hours. During all this time, the gracious power and presence of God was very sensible and remarkable to those of the company who had been before acquainted with it; and a deep concern about salvation also fell upon others of them, that had formerly been strangers to anything of that nature. This account being set down by the minister next morning, as was said before, the read over by him to a general meeting of the Societies for prayer in the Parish that met at his house that day, they were greatly affected in hearing it.”

On that Lord’s Day night, after I had first received comfort in the minister’s room, I went home with much joy, and after some time, going to bed I fell asleep for a little time, and awaked again in a great fright, finding nothing of that sweet frame with which I lay down. But within a little, that word, ‘Fear not, for I am with thee’ shined into my heart with sweet divine rays, and immediately quieted and comforted me.

Much of this frame continued with me till Thursday thereafter, when many doubts and fears about my soul's condition arose in my mind; but these were banished from me by that word coming into my mind with great sweetness. 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ'.

On Monday next, my master being to go to Glasgow, desired me to go along with him to an Associate minister there, saying my doing so might do much good, and be a mean of bringing that minister to a good opinion of the work here. I thought if it might be for the glory of God and the good of souls, I was willing to go and speak to him, and it was with these hopes I was prevailed on to go. My mistress desired me to keep all close, and to let nobody know anything of my going till I came back. At her desire I did so, and did not so much as tell my parents, who lived hard by, of it. My master, before I went out with him, told me there would be exercise (worship) in that minister's house, and therefore I took my Bible along with me in order to join at it. I went to secret prayer before I went, but was much straitened, and had little access to God in it.

By the way, when we were a pretty good distance from my master's house, he asked me if I had told my father of my going to Glasgow; I told him I had not; he answered that I might have done it. My master's son, who had also been awakened shortly before, and another young man who had been greatly comforted, went along with us, with the same view, I believe, as myself. But while we went on, especially when we got near to Glasgow, I found myself in a very dark, dead and lifeless frame. My master left us in a house in the Bridge-gate, bidding us stay there till he went to that minister's, to see if he were ready to receive us, telling us he would come back for us. However, he came not, but after we had tarried about an hour, one came and bade us come away to that minister's house.

When we came there we were straight brought into a room where that minister was, and so many men with him that the room seemed to be full. He asked me several questions, but I was so dashed seeing him and such a company with him, and apprehending I was come where I ought not to have been and where I had no business, and at the same time finding the Lord withdraw His gracious presence from me, as soon as I entered the room I in a manner lost my sight and my senses, and was so filled with confusion that I do not remember a word either of what he asked me or what I answered. Only I mind that after he had

spoken for some time to me, he said, 'It is all delusions', at hearing which, I was just ready to fall down on the ground, but my master took hold of me, and held me in his arms for a little. While he was holding me, that word came into my mind with much sweetness, 'I will be thy God, and the God of thy people', and I immediately told the company what the Lord was telling me. I was afterwards told by the other two young men that went with me, that at this time that minister was retired to another room with them. We were, however, all sent away, and nothing like worship was there while we were present. But when the other two told me by the way that the minister had asked me if I had seen Christ with my bodily eyes, and that I had answered 'Yes', though I did not remember that I had said so, I was so filled with grief and confusion as the thoughts that I had so much dishonoured God by uttering that word, that I knew not what to do with myself, and I would gladly have gone where none might see me and mourn before the Lord. But the other two obliged me to go home along with them. But by the way, going in to the Kirk, while one was praying there, that word came into my mind, 'Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee': at which I was again much composed, and made indeed to be of good cheer, and put into a disposition for the service of God. But for several days after I came back to my master's, I was often vexed and grieved that I had so greatly dishonoured God when last at Glasgow. But at length I was again comforted by that word spoken into my heart, 'There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared'. For a considerable time after this, the Lord gave me much composure of spirit and stayedness of mind on Him in His service.

But doubts and fears and darkness as to my interest in Christ again returned, and I could not lay claim to one of all the promises of the new covenant, and was just ready to give up all for lost, till that word came into my mind, 'I said, I am cast out of Thy sight, yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple', which revived my fainting hope, made me look to God in Christ with hopes of favour and mercy, and gave me comfort and peace in believing. And this continued for some time. But falling again under great damps of spirit, and not being able to discern true grace in my heart through the prevalence of corruption, that word came into my mind one day as I was about my work, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me', upon which I felt the former power of sin and corruption much abated and

broken, and my heart deadened to all things here below, and rising up in fervent desires after Jesus Christ.

For some time before the first sacrament occasion at Cambuslang in July, 1742, I was under great discouragement, finding little of that liveliness and spirituality I had sometimes had formerly, so that I durst not think of communicating at that time. But I came, however, to the minister with some others, to get some instructions and directions as to my duty. But after hearing these, when he offered me a token, I refused it, thinking I had not got a token from God to go to His holy table. But when I was returning home under great uneasiness of mind at the thoughts of my unfitness for a Communion occasion, that word came into my heart, 'My grace is sufficient for thee', which made me resolve upon coming to the table of the Lord; and though I was sensible that I was most unprepared, yet I was led to rely upon that sufficiency of grace that is in Christ, to prepare me for that holy ordinance.

In time of the action sermon on that text, 'Yea, He is altogether lovely; this is my Beloved, and this is my Friend', the Lord was pleased to give me very much of heart-brokenness for sin, and to draw out my heart in love to Christ. I had also much of the Lord's presence at His table. On Monday, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach on these words, 'Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus', I saw much of God and Christ in that sermon, and was made earnestly to desire to have the mind of Christ in me, but at the same time was humbled to find so little of it in my soul.

Going to see a person about that time who was sick, as I went along thinking of him, that word came into my mind with respect to that sick person, 'A man greatly beloved', and while I was wondering at that word, it was immediately added, 'For my own Name's sake have I loved him'.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang in August, 1742, in hearing a sermon by a minister on that text, 'He that hath the bride is the bridegroom I was made to believe that Christ was the bridegroom of my soul, and I had my heart drawn out after Him above all things, and had much heart-brokenness for dishonouring Him. At the Lord's table there was much of a sweet saviour of God and Christ on my soul. On Monday, hearing a minister on that text, 'Pray without ceasing', I felt my heart melted down with the love of God, and an earnest desire raised in my soul that the Lord might enable me to the duty exhorted to.

That harvest I fell under a great darkness and deadness of spirit, and continued so for a considerable time, till one day, after I had been at secret prayer, while I was thinking I need never essay that duty again, for the Lord would not hear me, as I had so greatly sinned and offended Him, that word came into my heart, 'In a little wrath have I hid My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee', upon which I was made to see and believe that the Lord had justly hid His face from me for my sins, and that though my hasty and unbelieving spirit was ready to think the time He had hid His face from me long, yet it was but wrath for a moment. I got also the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart at that time, and was made to believe that God's love toward me was from everlasting, and would continue to everlasting.

The Winter following, some having forged a false story against me to my prejudice, though it was very unjust and undeserved, yet reproach was like to break my heart, at the thoughts that religion should suffer through such unjust reports. As I was one night weeping and mourning in my bed on this account, and wishing that nobody had ever got notice that I had not with anything of God, that His ways might never have been evil spoken of by any for my sake, that word came into my heart, 'He still and know that I am God', upon which I got my fretting troubled heart stilled and calmed, and melted into godly sorrow for my offending Him by my impatience; and I was made to resign my will to His, to order any lot for me in the world that seemed good to Him, and that might be most for His glory. About fourteen days after that, when I was thinking of the harsh and unjust treatment I had met with through such reports, that word came into my mind with great power, 'Thou must endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ', which made me willing through grace to undergo any sufferings or hardships God's holy providence might order for me, and to follow Christ through good report and bad report.

Sometime in January, 1743, hearing of the Lord's dealing bountifully with the souls of some others in their meetings for prayer in the Parish, I thought that we in the meeting to which I belonged had surely dishonoured God some way beyond others, when there was generally such deadness among us as had been for some time. And while I was much cast down with these thoughts, one morning before we were to meet for prayer, as I was earnestly wishing and praying that the Lord might favour our meeting that day with a reviving visit of mercy and

love, though I should not share in it, that word came into my heart with much power, 'If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God'. Accordingly at night, when we met for prayer, there were several persons in the meeting that were so filled and overcome with the love of God, when at prayer or praises, that they could not speak or converse for some time after it, but were taken up in admiring the free love of God in Christ. I earnestly wished and prayed that the Lord might give me if it were but one minute's enjoyment of what I saw the rest were favoured with; but it did not seem good to the Lord to grant my request at that time; but taking my Bible to read, before I read any, these words came into my heart,

'This Word of Thine my comfort is
in my affliction' (Psa. 119.50),

and immediately after, came in that other word,

'My soul, wait thou with patience
upon thy God alone' (Psa. 62.5),

upon which my heart was composed to a patient waiting on God till His good and appointed time should come for a visit of love to my soul. I was enabled I the meantime to praise Him for that gracious visit He was giving to others, especially when that word came into my heart, while one was praying for us all, 'I charge you that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, till He please'. After this, while I was employed in my turn to pray, I got great liberty to bless and praise the Lord for His great goodness to the rest of the meeting that day.

A little after this, going to Paisley sacrament in company with some others, I was under much discouragement by the way, thinking that there was none of the rest like me, and that I was not worthy to go in company with them. On Saturday morning I was a little revived by that word coming into my heart,

'Yet God is good to Israel,
to each pure-hearted one' (Psa. 73.1).

In hearing sermon on Saturday, I got much brokenness of heart for sin, as that whereby I had dishonoured God. And in time of the action sermon on Sabbath, I had my heart filled with the love of God and Jesus Christ; and so also in hearing a minister preach on that text on Sabbath evening that day, 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. On Tuesday morning following, I was awaked with that

word, 'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him', upon which I was confirmed in the belief that I had received Christ Jesus as my Lord, and was made to resolve by grace to walk answerably to my privileges and engagements in His service.

At Glasgow sacrament in April, 1743, I got nothing sensibly till at the time the second table was a-serving, when I began to say in my heart, This work is now far on, but alas! I have got nothing; it seems there is nothing prepared for me here, but then these words came into my heart, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? Yes, she may, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord'. This cheered my heart and raised my expectations; and after that, while a minister (Mr. McCulloch) served three or four tables I had my heart melted into sorrow for sin at the thoughts of Christ's sufferings and of His love, and I got my heart filled with love to Him. And on that Sabbath evening, hearing a minister preach on that text, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee', I was greatly confirmed in the belief that it would be to me according to that word that had been made so sweet to me at my first acquaintance with the comforts of religion.

To come to a close: I bless the Lord that ever since the time just now mentioned, the thoughts and desires of my heart are mainly and ordinarily carried out after spiritual and eternal blessings. Though my heart is sometimes much deader in reading and hearing of the word than at other times, yet I often long for opportunities of attending Gospel ordinances before they come, both on Sabbaths and weekly lecture days, and prize them more than my necessary food. I bless the Lord He has often made them by His grace reviving, strengthening and comforting to my soul. The world and the things of it bulks little in my eye; but it is very afflicting to my spirit to find my thoughts so oft wandering from God, in the time of holy duties, after mere vanities. I find vastly more pleasure in enjoying the light of God's countenance for a little time than in all worldly pleasures all my life before. What I chiefly want and desire is more and more communion with Christ and conformity to Him, His law and image, while I live, to be made like Him when He appears, and to be for ever with Him in heaven. To Him be glory for ever, Amen.

B.K. A Woman of 20 Years. Janet Park of Carmunnock (her father Gavin Park was formerly a packman in England):

I was kept in the former part of my life, before the last year, from things outwardly gross before the world. I used often to neglect prayer, but sometimes minded it, especially when my conscience checked me for any thing that was against the light of it, as making a lie to excuse a fault. I would thereupon have gone to my knees, and begged pardon of it, and I reckoned that my doing so was enough to take away that. When I read or thought on the penitent thief on the cross, I thought I would also repent of my sins when I was going to die, and so get mercy as He did. Yet the words, 'Many are called but few chosen', 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it', would have sometimes come into my mind, and made me somewhat uneasy for a time, but this would have soon worn off again. I used always for ordinary since my childhood to go to the Kirk on Sabbath to prevent the clamours of conscience that would have risen by neglecting it. And the effect of all my religion was, in short, only to make me a proud, self-conceited hypocrite.

Thus it continued with me till I came to Cambuslang in the Spring, 1742, when seeing some young persons at the east end of the minister's house in great distress, some of them about my own age or younger, I began to think thus with myself:—these persons seem to be taken up in earnestness about the things of another world, and the eternal salvation of their souls, though as young as I, and I have only been taken up about the things of a present world. And hereupon I fell under some concern about my soul.

Some short time after this, coming again to Cambuslang, and hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'He that believeth not on the Son hath made God a liar, because he hath not believed the record that God gave of His Son' (I John 5.11), while he was showing the evil of unbelief, as it was a giving the lie to God, and showing other things of that kind, I was made to see the heinous nature of the sin of unbelief. I had never thought of the evil of it at all; now I was made sensible that it was the greatest of all sins that ever God pardoned, and hereupon I fell under great distress, and continued so to the close; when, hearing the minister pronounce the blessing at dismissing the people ('The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen'), I thought these words were made a mean of taking a great part of the burden of distress that was on my Spirit off

me. I was also made to think that the Lord had sent forth His servant to bless His people in His Name, and that he would bless me with Christ's imputed righteousness, without which, as I now saw, there was no real blessing or salvation. After this I fell under a conviction of many other sins, as particularly my pride, self-conceit, hypocrisy, and breach of the Sabbath Day. And there was scarce a sin could be named but I found it stirring in my heart.

While I was under these convictions, I thought much and oft of the punishment of loss, of what a dreadful thing it was to lose the favour and enjoyment of God for ever, but not of the punishment of sense. My convictions at length rose to that height that I thought there was no mercy for me. But while I thought so, that word came often into my mind, 'The chief of sinners'. I knew that word was spoken by the apostle Paul of himself, and that yet he obtained mercy; and therefore, though I was sensible that I was the chief of sinners, I found some glimmerings of home break in, that I might likewise obtain mercy.

There was one thought that yielded me some comfort when I thought of hell, and that was, that God was glorified in the punishment of the damned there, and therefore, that if God should condemn me to everlasting separation from Him, He would be glorified in my condemnation. I had also another thought as to this matter—that the damned would not glorify God's mercy, yet they would glorify His justice. But this I came afterwards to see was a wrong thought, for that though god's justice would be glorified in them, yet they would not glorify His justice.

While I was one day thinking on the sadness of my own condition, that word cast up to my thoughts, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest', which gave me some encouragement, and made me to believe that Christ was willing to receive all that came to Him in ways of His own appointment, and I desired to be made willing to do so. About this time, or shortly after, these words came with power and light into my mind, 'I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh'; also these, 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power', which gave me some comfort, believing that He that had made these promises, was able also to perform them, and that He would accomplish them to me.

There were many temptations from Satan with which I had to conflict, which would be tedious to mention, though my memory could serve me to name them all, as it does not. One temptation with which I was sorely assaulted, though but for a short time, was, that I was not elected.

But while I was tossed with these thoughts, that word struck into my mind suddenly, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out', upon which I was made to believe that Christ was willing to receive all that come to Him in His own appointed way, be they who they would; and this broke the force of this temptation. There was another temptation that was one of the most dreadful and afflicting of any that ever I laboured under; and that was a downright atheism, or the temptation to think there was no God. It was urged upon me with great violence for about three or four days, that there was no God, though I argued against it from the works of Creation and Providence, and though I rejected it with detestation; yet it was still borne in upon me. But though I could not get rid of it, yet the Lord was pleased to give me great comfort and joy, while He enabled me to resist it, and His glory, His wisdom, power and goodness, and other perfections appeared shining in everything about me.

These two passages of Scripture were then cast into my mind with much power, 'I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise: when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me; He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness' (Micah 7.7-9). And these words, spoken by our Lord to Thomas, 'Be not faithless, but believing'. These two passages of Scripture came to me with such power that this temptation with which I was afflicted immediately vanished, and I was never troubled with it afterwards, even from that time to this (Nov. 15, 1743).

When the sacrament occasion in the Parish where I lived drew near, I was much tossed between a sense of duty and a desire to obey that command of Christ on the one hand, 'Do this in remembrance of Me', and on the other hand with fears that if I should come to the Lord's table, I would afterwards backslide and prove a scandal and reproach to religion. But these words coming into my mind,

'Wilt Thou not, who from death me saved,
my feet from falls keep free', (Psa. 56.13)

I was made to hope that God, who had done so much for me, would preserve me from falling away, and so I was encouraged to resolve to come to His holy table. But at that occasion, both when at the table and in time of hearing sermons, Satan attacked me hard with his suggestions

and temptations, so that I could scarce get hearing one full sentence. Only on Monday, when a minister preaching said, 'Those that can say that God has sensibly answered them may have hope'. This gave me great comfort, for I could often say before this, that the Lord had fulfilled that word to me, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear'.

At the next sacrament at Cambuslang in Summer, 1742, on Monday the Lord was pleased to show much of His goodness to me, especially while I heard a minister on that text, 'My God shall supply all your wants', and though I cannot say I then got all wants supplied, I got good hope through grace that He would supply them all in His own good time.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang in Harvest, 1743, the Lord was pleased to enable me to offer up to Him at His holy table that sacrifice He has said He will not despise, a broken heart. On Sabbath evening, hearing a minister preach on this text, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation', when he said, 'Those to whom Christ has manifested Himself formerly, though they may now be under the hidings of His face or in darkness, yet some time or other He will lift up upon them the light of His countenance', just as he spoke these words, the Lord was pleased in a very sensible and remarkable way to lift up the light of His countenance on my soul, and to give me a deep and humbling sense of my sinfulness before Him, and my unworthiness of the least of His mercies, and to shed abroad His love in my heart, and to give me assurance of His love and favour; also to grant me much of a grateful frame for His great mercy toward me.

To conclude: that which I find my heart and desires run mainly and for ordinary after, is that I may get more grace, that I may love Christ more, and hate sin more. I can say through grace, with the Psalmist,

'I joyed when to the house of God
Go up, they said to me', (Psa. 122.1)

And I have great delight in hearing the Gospel preached, as it is the appointed mean of salvation, and as Christ there manifests His glory, and often meets with His people. Sometimes I find as great concern on my spirit for the salvation of others as ever I had for my own salvation. The body of sin and death is ordinarily a great burden to me, and the thoughts of death have sometimes been sweet to me, in hopes of being then freed from it. A word has often been a great comfort to me, 'He that cometh will come and will not tarry', which I understand of His

coming to manifest Himself to His people, coming to deliver His church, and coming to judgment. To the first two of these comings I can by grace always, and to the last of them sometimes say, Amen; so come, Lord Jesus'.

C.G. A Married Woman Aged 38. Margaret Smith of Lettrick:

My father brought up all his children (of which seven came to be men and women) and me among others, agreeably to the engagements parents use to come under for their children at their baptism. He gave good evidence of his being a good man himself, and was not wanting in giving both good advice and example to his children. Many a time he used to rise out of his bed to prayer in the night time. He took care to have us all trained up to read the Bible, and each of us had our times for some form of prayer. But however it was with the others, all was but more form with me. In my younger years, and even after I was some years married, I seemed at times, particularly about sacrament occasions, to have some desire after good, and some concern to be good, but after such occasions were over, I returned again to my former carnal security and worldliness.

Thus matters continued with me till the year 1743, when I was about 38 years of age, having been then married to John Hamilton for about fourteen years, and having borne him four children, three of whom are at this time (Dec. 6, 1749) still alive. It pleased God, that at the sacrament at Blantyre, in August, 1743, hearing a sermon on Saturday by Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him' (Lam. 3.24), and another on Monday on these words (also by Mr. McCulloch), 'Christ in you the hope of glory', I fell under much thoughtfulness and anxious concern about my soul. I was made very uneasy at the thought of my then wretchedness, that my soul could not say to the Lord, 'Thou art my portion', and that Christ was not formed in me the hope of glory. But I longed to be able to call God my portion.

On that Monday evening, after I went home, while I was thinking of what I had heard in public, and lamenting that nothing I heard made any due impression on me, and particularly that I knew not Christ, a kind of great horror of darkness came upon me; I mean an inward darkness and confusion of mind and thought, with dreadful apprehensions, as to the sad and dangerous state I was in, while I knew not Christ savingly, nor the way of salvation by Him. I earnestly desired and begged of the Lord that He would awaken me out of my security, and bring me savingly to know Him in Christ. I also begged that He would draw me to Himself with the cords of love and bands of a man; to which the answer was sent to my heart, that the work was begun, and the cords of love were let down.

The second sacrament at Cambuslang approaching, while I was resolving to attend there, and desiring the Lord might there show me the evil of sin, Satan suggested that it was no purpose to go to any more such occasions, for that the day of grace was over with me, and that if I saw the evil of sin I would despair. But the Lord gave me to hope that He would yet bring me through all my difficulties. I heard a sermon there by Mr. Gillespie on that text, 'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing' (Zeph. 3.17). I was much affected with the many sweet and awful things I heard in that sermon. On that Monday morning, when I awaked, and while I reflected on several truths I had read and heard from the Word, these words were so brought home to me, that I was made to see that all that ever I had done was sin in the sight of a holy God, as to my sinful frame and way of doing, and that I had broken all the commands of God in thought, word and deed. The commandment came, and sin revived and I died. On the Thursday after, the Lord gave me a sight and sense of original sin, and made me to see that I had the need of all sin in my nature, and that I was justly liable to the wrath of God on the account of it. My mouth was stopped before Him, and I was made sensible that all my own righteousnesses were but as filthy rags, and that God would be just if He should cast me out of His sight, and cast me into hell for ever, on the account of my original and actual sins. Thus I was made to justify God in all that He threatened and inflicted for sin, and to condemn myself as justly deserving it all.

But while my conscience and heart were thus burdened under a sense of the sins of my nature and life, the Lord was pleased in mercy to relieve my almost fainting, perishing soul with that word that was then brought to my heart with much power, authority and sweetness, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins, for my own Name's sake'. Many other gracious words were also at that time in like manner brought home to my soul, such as, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of hosts is His Name', and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth ... and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God', and 'To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, with a new name written there on, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it'.

I was at this time made with all my heart and soul to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ in all His redeeming offices, and to devote and give

up my whole self, soul, body and spirit, to Him to be forthcoming for His glory, and to be saved by Him in His own way, and to be wholly and for ever His.

Soon after this, Satan charged me and upbraided me with the breach of all the commands of God's law. I was made to take with the charge, and to own that all this, and much more than the enemy knew, was true; but I was also made to fly to Jesus Christ as my alone city of refuge, and to take shelter in His merits and meditation. For about two years and a quarter after this I was much troubled and persecuted by the wicked suggestions of Satan, and by fiery darts of blasphemous thoughts cast into my soul, putting all into confusion there, and urging me to throw away all I had met with in duties as delusion. Yet all along, the Lord mercifully supported my drooping soul by secret yet powerful supports, and by several gracious words now and then brought home to my heart, that greatly relieved me, as particularly that word, 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath have I hid My face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. When my soul's enemy tempted me much to make away with myself, or threatened to destroy me, the Lord made me reject such notions toward self-murder with abhorrence, and made me hope that He would protect me, by that word, 'No plague shall hear thy dwelling come, no ill shall thee befall'.

At length, at a sacrament occasion in Cambuslang in 1745, when hearing a sermon on that text (by Mr. Gillespie), 'I will betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving kindness and in mercies, etc.' (Hos. 2.19-20), in which sermon there were many invitations to backsliders to return, I knew myself to be one of these, and was made sensible that these invitations were directed to me in particular, and was powerfully brought to fall in with them. In that sermon it was said that sometimes, when a poor soul would aim at returning to God, and closing with a promise, Satan, or the unbelief of the misgiving heart, would knock down with a threatening. This I had very often found in sad experience before this, in many instances. But while the speaker exhorted to come upon that gracious call at the close of the Bible (Rev. 22.17), 'The Spirit and the bride say Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that in a thirst come; and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely', I was made willing to comply with this call, and in some measure enabled by grace to do so.

A short while after this, on hearing a sermon at Kilbride sacrament on these words, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yea, doubtless, I count all things but less for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, etc.', while the speaker was showing in many instances what things these were a person might account gain to him in his unregenerate state, that afterward he would count loss for Christ, to know Him and be found in Him, I found all these to agree to what I had found, and particularly when he came to say, that the person who formerly used to think that all sermons almost were alike, would come to see a vast difference; and how comes he to do so? It is by the Spirit of God, said he, teaching him to see that difference. This I was made to see in a very sensible manner, as to several sermons I had heard formerly, and some also at that same occasion, and I was made to hope that it was by the Spirit of the Lord teaching me that I was made to see that difference, and to prize those sermons that tended to abase self and exalt the Saviour, before those of a very different strain. I was led after this to be more diligent in reading the Scripture, and in prayer for help and relief from Christ, sensible that I could not help or relieve myself, and that He was just such a Saviour as I stood in need of, able to save to the uttermost them that come to God by Him, and who alone could bring me and enable me thus to come to God.

Some time after this, one evening when reading in Durham on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, on the verse 'He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand', while I read the sermon, and particularly his exhortation there taken from Matt. 11.28, where our saviour says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest to your souls', I was enabled to comply with that call in some measure of sincerity, and also with the call that follows there, 'We as ambassadors for Christ, beseech you to be reconciled to God', and to take hold of God's covenant and strength, to throw down (in affectation and resolution and endeavour) the weapons of sin and rebellion against God, to renew my acceptance of Christ on His own Gospel terms, and to devote myself entirely to Him to be for the Lord and not for another.

But some days after this I lost sight of what by grace I had now been helped to do, in closing with Christ, etc.; and unbelief again lifted up its head and prevailed. However I resolved that by grace I would still follow on to know the Lord in ways of His own appointment, and cast myself at the feet of Christ, and if I perished, I would perish there. But

a few days after that, on a Sabbath evening, reading again in Durham on Isaiah 53, the Lord on a sudden opened the eyes of my understanding to see the alone way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and my heart was brought to love it and approve of it, and delight in it so entirely, that though any of the ways of salvation I had been often thinking of in my own mind had been possible, I would have rejected all these ways of salvation and chosen the Gospel way of salvation by the imputed righteousness of Christ, and the sanctifying of His Spirit, before all others whatsoever.

After this, for some time I was much taken up in reflecting with wonder at the Lord's way of dealing with my soul, and comparing it with the Word. At Blantyre I heard the minister there with much satisfaction on that text where it is said, 'The people spake of stoning David, but he encouraged himself in the Lord his God', and I was helped to endeavour also to encourage myself in God as my God. In hearing him on another Sabbath on that text, 'Thou art my hiding place', I was helped (in that time of general danger in these lands from the Highland men under the Pretender) to seek for shelter and protection in God reconciled to me in Christ.

B.M. A Young Man Aged 21. Andrew Faulds of Cambuslang:

When I was a child and boy I was more frequently taken up in some kind of secret prayer than when I came to more years. As to my outward behaviour all along my life, I believe nobody could charge me with anything vicious, and I had no challenge against myself for outward misbehaviours before the world in my former life, and if I could keep fair before men, I was very little concerned for any more. I made no account of the inward disposition of my heart. In my own opinion of myself I was, as to spiritual concerns, rich, increased in goods, and stood in need of nothing; and did not know that I was poor and miserable, blind and naked, and standing in need of all things. I used all along to go to the Kirk on Sabbath, but it was only out of curiosity, and because others went there; and when I heard the Word preached, it came in at the one ear and went out at the other. I understood but little of what I read in my Bible, or heard preached, if it had not been something of moral duties between man and man, as justice, honesty, charity ad the like. But as for Gospel truths and spiritual duties we owe to God, I understood very little of that kind at all.

But in all my life I never found anything I read or heard come home with any power to my conscience or heart, till on a fast day in the Parish, a little after the great hurricane on the 13th January, 1740, when hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'Fire and hail, snow, vapour, stormy wind obeying His Word', that sentence he had in his sermon, 'Will neither the voice of God in the tempests in the air, nor in the threatenings of devouring fire and everlasting burnings awaken you?', came home to me with a powerful impression, and made me see it as a message from God to me, and made me see that I was lying dead in sin and carnal security. Yet I was not then made full sensible of the need I had of a Saviour. This impression wore off in a little time.

For some time after this I had one more concern, but I came afterward to be as bad as before, or rather worse. Till one day, a little after the awakening broke out in Cambuslang in February, 1742, when I was reading my Bible, or at secret prayer, tht word that he had been before sent to me came home to me again with fresh power, 'Will neither the voice of God in the tempests of the air, or in the threatenings of devouring fire and everlasting burnings awaken you?'. Whereupon I was made sensible, as before, that I was dead in sin and carnal security. Another word that followed not long after also came with power, and confirmed me in the persuasion that this was indeed my state, 'I perceive that thou

art in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity'. And now I was made to see my guilt of not improving aright my first awakening when the words above mentioned came to me in the year 1740, and I continued uneasy in my mind about my soul state after this. (NOTE by McCulloch: 'On the very day when that great tempest or hurricane happened, that had been the text, 'Who shall dwell with devouring fire? Who shall abide with everlasting burnings: Is. 33.14).

Some little time after hearing Mr. McCulloch preaching in the Kirk yard of Cambuslang, and giving several marks of unregenerate persons, when he said, 'When things go outwardly well with them in the world, they are usually easy, and think all is right', I found this applied to me with power, and was made sensible that this had been indeed my case, and a sad sign of my being truly in an unregenerate state. I was very uneasy in mind at that time, but neither cried out, fainted, or swooned then or at any other time. Nor had I ever any visions.

Immediately after this word in the sermon struck my heart, that word (though not uttered by the minister) came in with power, 'Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord'; upon which I was made to hope that there was yet hope concerning me, and that if I followed on to know Him and seek Him I would find Him. I found a great weight taken off my spirit, and I went home that night with much composure.

At a meeting of a company of young people that night, I could not forbear telling them that I could never say that I had a right to Christ before that day; and what made me think I had then a right to Him was that, whereas formerly I always thought there was or must be something in my own duties to recommend me to God, that day when that word came in, 'Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord', there came such a divine light along with it to my mind, that I was made to see that it was only for the sake of Christ and His righteousness that I must be accepted, and was personally persuaded at that time that I was accepted of God in Him. I then was helped to a reliance on Christ, and had some sensible love to Him and joy in Him, and wanted to have many engaged to praise Him on my behalf.

I continued in this frame for some days, but afterwards began to doubt whether it was the Lord that was graciously dealing with my soul or no. But while I was much disquieted with such thoughts, that word came into my heart, 'In God still hope and rest'. It came with such influence as made me to believe that this awakening at that time was the work of God upon myself and others, and my soul was thereupon made to hope

and rest in God through Christ. But sometime shortly after this, hearing some call it a delusion of Satan, I was in fear at that time that it might be so with myself and others; but that word came in with power and light, 'Fear not, be not afraid, it is I', which scattered my doubts and fears and made me believe that it was the work of the Spirit of the Lord, and not a delusion.

On a Thanksgiving Day in May, 1742, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad', I would then say with respect to myself in particular, 'The Lord hath done great things for me whereof I am glad', for I was then made to see clearly by Scripture evidences the reality of a saving change on my soul. I saw that I had through grace got hatred of sin as displeasing to God, and wounding to Christ, and I now and for some time past had a great desire after the Word, and came to hear in order to meet Christ in it, and often found it sweet to my taste, things I had been quite a stranger to in the former part of my life before February, 1742.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang that year, I met with nothing sensibly till Sabbath evening, when hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) on that text, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband, etc.'. I found it to be a new reviving to me, and when he said he was sent to take a wife for his Master's Son, asking if there was any there that wanted to take Christ for their Husband, and bidding them come, and he would marry them to Christ, after which he laid out the terms, I found my heart made sweetly to agree to those terms, and I found the evidences he gave of those that were married to Christ wrought in my heart.

To draw to a close of this short account: I now find a remarkable alteration in the habitual bent of my heart from what used to be before my awakening in February, 1742. I now find no pleasure in several things wherein I took pleasure before, and I have now much pleasure in things wherein formerly I had none. Formerly my chief pleasure was in having things in the world go well with me. In this I find but very little pleasure now. Formerly I could take no pleasure in spiritual things or exercise; now I find my chief delight is not in things here below, but in things above. I can heartily say with the Psalmist that one day in God's courts is better than a thousand elsewhere; and I think I can say that I would rather choose to endure affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin which are but for a season. If I were to say with Job, 'O that the Almighty would grant me my desire', it would be that I might depart to be with Christ, and that, while He is pleased to continue

with me here, He would give me grace to glorify His Name. I used to say sometimes when I came away from hearing a sermon (according to a note of a sermon I heard lately), 'How well he preached!'; but now I oft go away with that word, How ill have I lived! Sin is now become the chief burden and grief of my soul; but in the hopes of being delivered from it, I think I can heartily say with the apostle, 'Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord'.

A.V. A Married Woman of 29 Years:

I lived a kind of moral life all along from my childhood, and used to pray myself sometimes once, sometimes twice, a day, and to go to the Kirk on Sabbaths, to see if I might get any good by doing so; but I never got any sensible benefit, except one time hearing a minister at a sacrament occasion in Kilsyth several years ago on that text, 'My soul thirsteth for the living God', at which time I was a little grieved and uneasy about my soul's condition. But this soon wore off again. I cannot say that ever I would discern the presence of God in prayer or other duties, except only that I sometimes felt more enlargement and more desires after God than at other times.

About the beginning of March, 1742, I came to Cambuslang and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new'. I was then made to see that I was not in a safe state, for that old things were not passed away with me, and that all things were not made new with me. Upon this I turned very uneasy, and was much grieved that I had misspent much precious time, and that I had not been religious in good earnest as I ought to have been, and had so much dishonoured God by my sins; and particularly that I had slighted and neglected Christ in the Gospel, and that many a day when He has been knocking at the door of my heart, I did not open to Him.

I came often to Cambuslang and heard sermons there, and got more and more discoveries of the evil of sin and of my heart plagues. My heart trouble continued for some weeks before I got any outgate. At the Barony sacrament in Summer, 1742, when I was sitting in the Kirk between sermons, these words came suddenly in my mind, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, O Lord, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee', at which I felt the uneasiness I had been under instantly went off, and I felt great love in my soul to God as my portion and Christ as my Saviour. I could then speak these words as expressing the real inward sense of my own heart. Much of this frame continued with me that day and the next; but after that I fell back into my former uneasiness, thinking I had lost all I had got, and thinking I had done something that had offended Christ, but I was not sensible what it was. But I got my heart again composed after some time when at prayer.

One night when I was very uneasy, and found my corruptions very strong, and my unbelief greatly prevailing, and found great difficulty to believe, and thought if I could be helped to believe in Christ, I would

be saved, that word came into my mind, 'Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?', which was accompanied with a great love to Jesus Christ, and a longing desire after Him. Next Monday after that, coming to Cambuslang, I heard a minister preach on the same words, and then I found a greater love to Christ than before, and found all that sermon was very desireable to me. I had much joy in hearing it, and Christ in the offers of Himself was precious to my soul. this continued with me till night.

I find my chief desires for ordinary are after more and more love to Christ, and more hatred of sin. My chief fear is lest I should offend Him, and my chief delight is in serving God, and if I could serve Him as I would, I would think it my chief happiness. My chief uneasiness is that I cannot get my heart sincere enough before God, as I would; and I long much to be with Christ in heaven.

**B.H. A Young Woman of 20 Years. Margaret Richardson
(daughter of a wright in Gorbels):**

I have reason to be thankful for restraining grace that kept me from anything gross before the world; and when I heard of any gross outbreaks of others, I thought that if people knew my heart, they would think me as bad as these. When I read in the Larger Catechism of the inward punishments of sin in this world, such as hardness of heart, blindness of mind, etc., I thought these punishments had indeed remarkably fallen upon me. I liked well to read good books and hear sermons, but I thought I got no benefit at all by them, but rather turned still more dead, stupid and hard-hearted. Yet I thought I would still wait on, and lie at the poolside of ordinances, and possibly I might sometime or other meet with a cast of grace. I had a form of prayer all along, but it did not deserve the name of prayer, I was so dead and stupid in it. I thought when hearing sermons, that if I could always sit still and hear, there would surely be a change wrought on me; but I had no thought of the righteousness of Christ, and that I must be saved by that.

When ministers gave the marks and evidences of God's children, I could lay no claim to any of these, but I thought that at the close of the sermon, there might be some word dropped to sinners, and I would wait on to hear that, and I saw clear ground to apply that to myself. But when I got it, it had little or no effect on me. I looked no further than the word, and so I came away more hardened than when I went there.

Only I heard one sermon by a minister at Dunblane sacrament on these words, 'It is finished', and was much affected in hearing it, though yet I was sensible that I was none of those that could lay claim to that redemption which Christ finished and perfected for His people. I also used oftentimes to take much delight in singing of Psalms in the congregation and in the family, when yet I new I could not praise God for any spiritual and saving mercies I had received.

About five or six years ago, when I heard Mr. Edwards' Narrative of the surprising work of God at Northampton (North America) road, I was very glad to hear that there was such a work of conversion in those far distant places; and I thought that if I were there, I might perhaps get a cast of grace among others, and I was busy from time to time contriving methods how I might get there.

When I was a child I got many merry songs by heart, and took much pleasure in singing them over; but two or three years ago I strove all I could to put them out of mind, because I found they carried away my

thoughts from things of far greater concern to me, and I liked rather to be sad and thoughtful than merry and frolicsome.

Some years ago there was much talk of wars that many apprehended we would have in this country. I then thought they were happy in such a case that had an interest in Christ, and had Him to fly to; but for myself I was sure I had no interest in Him, and this occasioned some thoughtfulness to me, but any concern I had that way wore away again.

I found in experience very often in my life, matters so ordered in providence, that any thing I set my heart upon in the world I was sure to be deprived of, or crossed in it. But I thought after many instances of this kind, that if I could secure the one thing needful and get an interest in Christ, that would satisfy me and never fail me or be taken from me. But then I knew not how to come by that, or what way to take to attain it.

I got many good instructions and advices from my parents, and particularly to improve the time of youth, and to study to be early religious: and one thing I mind my father often told me, that he once heard a minister say in his sermon, that conversion was rare after a person came to 20 years. But I thought with myself, I am not yet 20 years old; it may be I may yet get converted; and indeed it was about that time of my life when I came to perceive a remarkable change on myself.

When I read Mr. Whitefield's Journals before he came to Scotland, I was glad that God had raised up so remarkable an instrument of good to many, and that many elsewhere were getting good by him as a mean; and I thought that if I might hear him, I might get good also. When he came to Glasgow I was impatient to hear him, hoping he might be an instrument of awakening me out of my security, and bringing me to see my lost state by nature that I was in. I went and heard him preach his first sermon on these words, 'And this is the Name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS', and was made sensible of the vanity and insufficiency of all righteousness of my own, and of the sufficiency of Christ's righteousness. While he made offer of Christ to all sorts of sinners among the hearers, I would gladly have received Him, but could not get my heart brought up to do so as I would. I continued to hear him from day to day while he continued to preach at Glasgow, and thought every sermon I heard greater than another. I found my heart continue hard, and could not melt or mourn for sin as I saw I had reason to do. I now saw my sins in their heinous and aggravated nature and endless number, and above all, my neglecting

the great salvation and rejecting Christ in His Gospel calls and offers. And that word haunted me much: 'Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand and ye have not regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh'. So too did that other word, 'If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost', which increased my concern and distress.

I heard Mr. Whitefield speak much of regeneration and conversion, and my great concern was to experience what it was to be born again, and to be renewed in the spirit of my mind, and what it was to sorrow after a godly sort My distress of soul was much as debarred my eyes in a great measure from rest and sleep. I inclined, however, to conceal it from all as much as I could, and for that end I sat up often reading and praying after the rest of the family were gone to bed. I was also thus employed oftentimes when I was at my work, and none were present to observe me. One day, when I was thus taken up, that word was impressed on my mind, 'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that He cannot save, nor His ear heavy that He cannot hear, but your iniquities have hid His face from you'. I was thereupon made sensible of Christ's sufficiency and willingness to save, but was made to grieve for my sins, especially my slighting Christ in His Gospel offers, whereby I had provoked Him to hide His face from me. Another day when at my work, that word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses us from all sin' came to me, but I cannot now remember what effect it had upon me.

At the sacrament in Glasgow in October, 1741, hearing a minister lecture on the fast day, and speaking concerning the children of Israel's coming up out of the land of Egypt, and eating the Passover with bitter herbs, which he explained as signifying that godly sorrow with which persons should keep the Gospel Passover, I was made earnestly to desire this blessing. Hearing another minister on that text, 'How shall I put thee among the children?', I saw that to be very applicable to my own case. Hearing another minister preach the action sermon on that title of Christ, 'Wonderful Counsellor', I was greatly affected with what he said from it concerning Christ. When he came to show who were allowed and invited to come to the Lord's table, I listened earnestly. When he spoke of those that were burdened under a sense of sin, and were longing to be relieved from it by Christ, I found that well agreeing to my condition at that time, which gave me some little ease and encouragement. But I could not go to that holy table and ordinance, having made no preparation for it.

But some time shortly after this, I fell into as bad a condition as ever I had been in. I thought the righteousness of Christ could never be imputed to so great a sinner as I had been, who had so long slighted and despised Him in His Gospel offers. But hearing a preacher in the Gorbal Kirk on these words, 'Which hope we have as a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul, entering into that within the veil', I was made them to see that Christ by His obedience and death had brought in a perfect, sufficient and everlasting righteousness, able to justify and save even the greatest of all sinners that came to Him for it, and laid hold of it by faith. I was made to praise Him in my heart for making a revelation and discovery of this righteousness to me, and I became consciously concerned and impatient to be found in Christ, not having my own righteousness but His, even the righteousness that is of God by faith.

On the Thursday thereafter, when I was at my work, these words in Hosea 14.1, 'O Israel, return unto the Lord, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity', and so on to the seventh verse, all came into my mind and were so powerfully and sweetly impressed on my heart, that they filled me with such love to Christ and joy in Him, that I scarce knew whether I was in heaven or on earth. They so ravished my heart that for some time I could do nothing but praise the Lord Jesus, my gracious Deliverer.

In my younger years I had got not only the Shorter Catechism, but a good part of the Larger, by heart, and many of these Questions in the Larger Catechism were now made very useful to me, when they came into my thoughts as they often did, particularly the answer to Question 25: 'Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate where into man fell?'. 'The sinfulness of that estate where into man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of that righteousness wherein he was created, and the corruption of his nature, whereby he is wholly disabled and made opposite to all that is spiritually good, and wholly inclined to all evil, and that continually'. This account of original sin I felt in sad experience to agree exactly to what I was by nature, when I looked back on my former temper and way, and what I was still in myself. I was therefore now made the more concerned to look after a real change of heart by grace, and to take heed that I did not rest in anything short of a saving interest in Christ, and a saving work of grace on my soul. Several Questions with their Answers in the Larger Catechism ran often in my thoughts and were matter of serious meditation to me on that subject, and made useful for clearing up this matter in some satisfying measure to me, particularly those relating to effectual calling and justification.

Many other answers to Questions in the Larger Catechism were made very sweet and very useful to my soul in these times and since, especially those relating to Christ's exaltation in His resurrection, ascension, His sitting at the right hand of God, and His intercession there: as that He arose again from the dead on the third day, whereby He declared Himself to be the Son of God, to have satisfied divine justice, to have vanquished death and him that had the power of it, and to be Lord of quick and dead; and that He did all this as a public Person, the Head of His Church. I learned too that Christ in our nature and as our Head triumphed over all our and His enemies, visibly went up into the highest heavens, there to receive gifts for men, to raise up our affections thither, and to prepare a place for us where He Himself is. As God-man He is advanced to the highest favour with God the Father, with all fulness of joy, glory and power over all things. He makes intercession by His appearing in our nature continually before the father in heaven, in the merit of His obedience and sacrifice on earth; and so on to the end of that answer.

One Sabbath night, after the rest of the family were gone to bed, when I was at secret prayer, the Lord was pleased to give me much more enlargement of heart in that duty than I think ever I had been acquainted with before. While I was going on in prayer, that word (Hos. 2.19) was borne in upon my spirit with a strong and sweet impression, 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment and in lovingkindness and in mercies', which filled me with love to Christ and joy in Him, and admiration in His condescending grace to such a sinner and poor worm as I. But this frame was very soon interrupted and removed by Satan's being set loose upon me, and permitted to attack me with his fiery darts, and to afflict my soul with wicked imaginations and hellish suggestions. I wished, if possible, that I might fall asleep, if so be I might by that means get free of these wicked thoughts. Accordingly I did fall asleep, but within a little awaked in great horror, and under a terror that Satan would appear to me in some visible shape. As I was essaying in prayer, that word in Ephesians chapter 6 came into my mind with a heavenly impression, 'Take unto you the whole armour of God ... above all things take to you the shield of faith, whereby ye may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one', whereupon I was enabled to see that it was indeed Satan's fiery darts that were giving me this trouble, and was helped to very lively actings of faith in Christ as having overcome all the powers

of darkness and foiled them all in His death on the cross, and thereby also purchased and secured victory ever them to His followers.

When I heard that a Seceding minister was speaking contemptuously of those that were thought to have been awakened by means of some sermons preached at Glasgow in September, 1741, by a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield), I was much concerned about the matter, and prayed earnestly that if that was indeed the Lord's work on those persons, He would make it evident that it was so. One day, as I was at my wheel thinking on this subject, these words came in with power to my heart, 'This people have I formed for myself and they shall show forth My praise'. This was immediately followed by that other word, 'He (Christ) shall build the temple and bear the glory', which satisfied me that it was indeed the Lord's work.

The winter before the awakening broke out at Cambuslang, I was so much and oft taken up I praying for a revival of religion, that I seemed in a great measure to forget myself and my own concerns. One day, while my heart and thoughts were much running out that way, there were several passages in the 102nd Psalm that were impressed on my heart with great sweetness, though I did not know at the time they came into my mind where they were to be found, such as:

'Thou shalt arise, and mercy have
upon Thy Sion yet;
The time to favour her is come,
the time that Thou hast set',

and so on to the 19th verse. And so also these words from Psalm 147.2:

'God doth build up Jerusalem,
and He it is alone
That the dispersed of Israel
doth gather into one'.

The first time I came to Cambuslang after the awakening appeared there, these two Psalms and these same passages in them, were appointed to be publicly sung, by the two ministers who then preached.

I was very often in doubts and fears about my own condition, and the reality of a work of grace on my heart, and under apprehensions that I would fall away; and very often after it had been so with me, the Lord was pleased to give me much of near access to Him, and communion with Him; and particularly by speaking these words with great power and sweetness to my soul: 'I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;

yea, I uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness', and this was followed with that seasonable word of caution, 'Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goes always about seeking whom he may devour'. At another time, that word was applied to me, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee', to which I was made to reply immediately with my whole heart, 'Into Thine hands I commit my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth'.

One day, coming out to Cambuslang, I was helped to sweet meditation by the way by words in Isaiah, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save'. I was made with delight to see that even the justice of God was more glorified in the salvation of sinners by reason of the completeness and infinite worth of Christ's satisfaction than it could have been in their eternal ruin and endless sufferings.

I frequently attended at Cambuslang in 1742, and was sometimes there allowed near access to God; sometimes I was under many doubts and fears about my soul's state. At the second sacrament there in 1743, I felt that the Word preached came, not in word only, but in the power of the Holy Ghost and with much assurance. I was enabled in the most solemn and hearty manner to dedicate and devote my whole self entirely to God in Christ, and to accept of God the Father as my reconciled God and Father in Christ; to accept of Christ in all His offices on His own Gospel terms, as my alone Lord and Saviour; and the Holy Spirit as my alone Sanctifier, Guide and Comforter, and to take the Bible and all the servants of the Lord present as witnesses against me in the Day of the Lord, if I had not done so with my whole heart. His enabling me to do so, by His grace, I still take to be an evidence that the Lord has made with me an everlasting covenant, well ordered in all things and sure; and this is all my salvation and all my desire, whatever lot He may see fit to order for me in the world. To His Name be eternal praises. Amen.

**A.X. A Woman About 18 Years of Age. Mary Colquhoun,
(daughter of a tenant in Old Monkland):**

I was through divine mercy all my life kept from things outwardly gross before the world, and in compliance with my parents' orders, when I was a child, I used to make a fashion of praying twice a day; but it went against the grain with me. When I came to years, I used to pray before seldom, but did not lay it aside altogether. Yet I had but little list or inclination to it, my heart being drawn away after the vanities of a present world. I used, however, all along my life, when I could get access, to go to the Kirk on the Sabbath Days; but I think it was much owing to custom that I did go, and when I was there I took but little heed to what was said, but suffered my mind to wander after worldly vanities. I never felt anything like the presence of God in reading or hearing of the Word, or in prayer, or any other duty. I sometimes thought of death, but I thought I was but young, and had time enough before me, and never laid to heart what would come of me when I died. When I fell sick, I thought what would become of me if I died then, but when I recovered I soon forgot these things.

I came to Cambuslang several times in the Spring, 1742, and fell under some concern, but it did not come to any great height, till one day about the middle of May, being a Thursday, after hearing sermon on the Brae, I came into the manse to hear the exhortations and prayers there. While Mr. McCulloch was exhorting in the hall there, and speaking about prayer, and about people being asleep in sin, and showing it by their careless, drowsy and unconcerned way of praying, not regarding much whether God heard them or not, and sometimes falling asleep in time of prayer, and not hearing or noticing what they themselves said—while he was speaking to that purpose, I felt my conscience awakening within me, and flying in my face, for my guiltiness this way. For this was truly what I had been guilty of, frequently falling asleep in time of the prayers in the family where I was, and sometimes also in time of my own prayers. I thought I had been sleeping and dreaming all my days, and thereupon fell immediately into great distress of soul, not knowing what to do, or what to say or think, for I thought I was undone, and that there was no mercy for me. I was under fears of being turned into hell for my sins. But what I was chiefly grieved for was that I had so long been dishonouring God by my sin, and that I had slighted so many gracious calls and invitations to come to Christ.

I continued in distress that night and for some weeks before I got any relief. I came over to Cambuslang frequently and heard sermons there and exhortations and prayers in the hall, and used to join myself to any company I had access to, where there was any worshipping God; to read my Bible, and retire often to prayer by myself. I got more and more convictions from time to time of my sin, and all the evils that ever I had done became bitter to me. The corruption of my nature was very grieving to me; while under these convictions my distress was so great that I could work very little, though I now and then essayed it; sleep almost quite departed from me, and I could eat none but with reluctancy. I could have wished, if it had been the will of God, to have been out of this world, because I could do nothing but sin in it, and yet alas, I saw I was not prepared for a better.

Among other things for which I was grieved, one was that I had all along lived in the neglect of the holy ordinance of the Lord's supper, and had never essayed to obey that command of a dying Saviour, 'Do this in remembrance of Me'. I now resolved to take the first opportunity of waiting on God in that ordinance, and accordingly did so at the first sacrament at Cambuslang, which was in July, 1742. But I got nothing sensibly, till the Monday after that sacrament, when in the time I was hearing a minister preach (Mr. Whitefield), these words (though not uttered by him) came into my mind, when I was under great fears that at the Lord's table I had eaten and drunken damnation to myself, 'Fear not, for I am with thee'. This banished my fears in some measure, but not altogether, and I was made to hope that the Lord would not utterly cast me off. But though I was a little eased by this word, unbelief very soon prevailed and my fears returned again.

I continued a long time again under doubts and fears, till one night when I was out in the yard at secret prayer, in great distress of soul, that word came into my heart, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest', upon which I felt a power coming along and enabling me to obey that command of coming, weary and heavy laden as I was, to Christ. I was made heartily willing to accept of Him in all His offices, and to rest and rely on Him alone for salvation. I was relieved at this time of that burden of doubts and fears, and had my heart enlarged in love to Christ.

One Monday, when I awaked out of sleep, these words were brought into my mind and impressed on my heart with great power,

'My heart and flesh doth faint and fail,
but God doth fail me never;
For of my heart God is the strength,
and portion for ever'.

Upon this I felt my heart drawn out in love to God in Christ, and was made to rejoice in Him as my alone Portion.

One night when I was lying in my bed, I was awaked with the most delightful sound, as of a great company of people singing Psalms, and I lay listening to it with great pleasure after I awaked for about the space of an hour, and was sorry when it ceased. But though I thought the sound was as if the company singing had been round about me in the place where I was, and did not stop as we usually do when we sing Psalms, but went on in one continued song of praise, yet I could not understand any of their words.

One night, at secret prayer, that word came into my heart, 'He, every one that thirsteth, let him come to the waters, etc.'. I found these words refreshing to my soul, for I had been earnestly thirsting after Christ, and could not find Him.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang in August, 1743, I found it a most sweet and comfortable time to me, especially on the Sabbath Day, all day over, when I got my heart filled with the love of Christ. In time of the action sermon, these words came into my heart (though not uttered by the speaker), 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord'. I found it to be indeed so with me that day, and much so also on Monday thereafter.

I now for ordinary find my desires chiefly running out after Christ and holiness. I am through grace brought in some measure to submit to whatever He orders for me from time to time. I have no desire for the riches or great things of the world, and have little relish for any of its pleasures. My heart evils are a burden to me. I take much delight in reading the Bible and hearing the Gospel. My great fear is that I may be left to myself, and may fall back into my former ways, and my daily prayer and desire is that I may be preserved from every thing dishonouring to God and religion, and that He may keep me from every evil way and preserve me to His heavenly kingdom. To His Name be praise.

**A.P. A Young Woman About 18 Years. Ann Montgomery
(Daughter of a shoemaker in Glasgow):**

I was all along, through mercy, kept blameless before the world in my outward behaviour. I used from my childhood to pray evening and morning, and read the Bible by myself oftentimes, and went to the Kirk on Sabbath Days to hear sermon, and endeavoured to abstain from all vices. I thought myself in a fair way for heaven.

One night, about a month before the awakening began at Cambuslang, I found much of a heart melting, and would gladly have gone out to the yard for secret prayer, but I was so timorous that I durst not adventure to go out by myself alone, and one whom I desired to go out with me not complying with the motion I made to her, I did not go; which has often been matter of grief to me since. But all this time I had never got a sense of my lost condition by nature, without Christ, till I came to Cambuslang in the Spring, 1742, and as I came there from time to time, I got convictions of my sins both of heart and life, and was deeply grieved that I had been so long alienated from the life of God, and rejected Christ, and dishonoured such a holy God by my sins. I gave myself much to secret prayer, and read my Bible and other good books whenever I could have opportunity.

My inward distress was such that I often slept very little. But I never cried out in public, that any could notice, nor did I ever swarf, and though I often felt a great agony with my soul, I felt no bodily pains. In this condition I continued for about six weeks, without meeting with any relief; till one day, when I was at secret prayer, that word came into my heart, 'Fear not, for I am with thee'. This word came with such great power, that I was made to believe it was from the Lord. Formerly I thought that any exercise I was under was not of a kindly sort, nor like that of any other of the people of God, but now I was persuaded that it was indeed the Spirit of the Lord that was dealing with me, and I was made to hope that the Lord would be with me.

I got a token in order to communicate at the Barony sacrament. In time of a minister's sermon on the fast day, the Lord by His Spirit set home many gracious words (though not uttered by the minister) on my heart, with great power and sweetness, and gave me such manifestations of His love that I had never met with anything like it before. This sweet frame continued with me, the most part of all the following days of that solemnity.

After that Communion occasion, I longed much for another, and shortly after got liberty to go to the sacrament at Paisley. But there I was all the time under great hardness of heart. I came home from I much discouraged, and continued two days under great agonies of soul, because I had not met with God's gracious presence there. I was made to see that I was lost and undone, unless I got on a better righteousness, and was made to believe that Christ clothed me with His righteousness. Every time I went to secret prayer I was made to believe that Christ was pleading my cause at the right hand of God, and was standing with outstretched arms of mercy ready to receive me, and I found Him allowing me much communion and nearness to Him. This frame continued with me for a considerable time.

Not long after this, I came to the second sacrament at Cambuslang in August, 1742, and had great manifestations of the love of God to my soul on Sabbath and on Monday (which were the only days I had access to attend there). On Sabbath, when I was hearing sermons at one of the tents, that word came into my heart with great sweetness and delight, 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away', upon which I came quickly and cheerfully to the table, and met with much of the Lord's presence there. My heart was even almost overwhelmed under the sensible out-lettings and manifestations of the love of Christ to my soul. This frame continued with me next day, and for a long time after. All the Harvest following, much of it remained with me, and every day almost I was still getting some new manifestations of the love of God.

And so also all the Winter ensuing, the Lord favoured me with much sweet communion and fellowship with Himself, especially in the duty of secret prayer, though I cannot say I met with so much of His gracious presence in public ordinances as I had done the Summer before. In the Spring and Summer, 1742, I also met oftentimes with the Lord's gracious presence in secret duties, though I do not meet with that of love and joy that I used to have, except at some particular times.

My heart corruptions are a daily grief to me, and I endeavour to apply to Christ to cure me of them; but many a time when I find them so strong I am made to think that I have not yet met with a saving change. At other times I get some victory over them, and then I am made to hope the Lord has begun a good work in my heart, and will perfect it at the day of Christ. I find my main desires for ordinary running out, above all things in the world after the enjoyment of Christ in His

ordinances here, and for ever hereafter in heaven. To him be glory for ever. Amen.

A.N. A Young Woman of 23 Years. Bethan Davie (Daughter of a weaver in Barony, Glasgow):

I had my lot in religious families from childhood, and was kept free of anything gross before the world all along, and used to pray for ordinary twice a day. Always, when I had access, I went to the Kirk on Sabbath days, to hear what the Lord would speak to me by His servants. I used to read the Bible by myself. But I never felt the Word of God coming with power of God to my heart till I came to Cambuslang in Spring, 1742. There, sometime, I think, in March, hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) on that text, 'He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flex, etc.', I fell under some concern about my salvation, and was under some trouble about my lost state by sin. In the evening I felt it like to wear off again, yet something of it still remained with me that night. Next day it increased on me, and I found my spirit much vexed and grieved for my sin, and set for an elder, to speak with him as to my soul's case. I got a humbling sight of all my sins, sins of life and sins of heart, original and actual sins. I had some fears of hell, but what chiefly troubled me was a sense of God's anger and displeasure against me for my sin, and that I had thereby dishonoured and offended Him.

I continued till about July following before I got any relief or comfort from this trouble, and was all that time very often at secret prayer, and as earnest as I was enabled to be. I also came to Cambuslang to hear sermons almost every day except Sabbath, when I went to the Parish Kirk I belonged to. Almost every time I came there I got more and more convictions of the evil of sin, and discoveries of particular iniquities. When at any time I missed new convictions when I came to Cambuslang, I was much grieved that it was so. I was sometimes made to cry out in public, under fears of the anger of God whom I had dishonoured so greatly by my sins; but I never swarfed but once. I had no bodily pains or convulsions.

The first outgate I got from my soul distress was one night when I was sitting by myself, much cast down under a sense of sin, when these words came into my mind,

'Those that are broken in their hearts,
and grieved in their minds,
He healeth and their painful wounds
He tenderly up-binds'.

These words settled my troubled heart a little, and gave me peace, love, and joy in God, and something of this frame lasted with me for two or three days.

Another time, when I was hearing sermon in the Barony by Mr. Hamilton, that word (though not uttered by the minister) came into my heart, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee'. I then got my heart stayed on God, and had much of holy peace and composure of soul.

I now find my heart set upon Jesus Christ above all things. The vanities of a present world have not now that room in my heart they used to have. I find great delight in reading my Bible and hearing sermons. I have sometimes a concern and uneasiness about heart evils, but am not so cast down altogether as sometimes I have been. I desire to trust in the merits of Christ for all the hopes I have of heaven.

A.T. A Young Woman of 18 Years:

My manner of life from my childhood was free of gross stains before the world. When I was a child, I was often urged by my parents to pray, and in compliance with them I would have made a fashion of it, sometimes once and sometimes twice daily, but oftentimes not at all. When I came to more years, falling in providence into a religious family, I used for ordinary to pray once or twice a day. I used all along, when I could have liberty, to go to the Kirk on Sabbath Days, but it was only in a formal way, and when I was there I used often to give but little heed to what was said. I never knew what it was, till last year, to meet with the presence of God in praying, reading, or hearing the Word.

In hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach at Glasgow in June, 1743, on that text, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?', I fell under a concern, but could not well tell what ailed me; but hearing that minister a little after, at Cambuslang, on that text, 'Make haste, flee for thy life, escape to the mountains', when he said, 'Flee to Christ, flee for your life, lest ye be consumed', these words came with great power to my heart.

(Obviously unfinished).

**A.Q. A Woman of About 24 Years of Age. Janet Moffat,
daughter of a shoemaker in Shuttleton, married to John Paton
(bleacher):**

My life and conversation before the world was not stained with gross outbreakings. I used to pray by myself when I was a child. When I came to more years I sometimes minded it, but often neglected it. I used to read the Word by myself, and to go to hear it preached on Sabbath Days, to see if I might get any good by it; but I did not much attend to what was said, and never felt it come with any power to my heart till I came to Cambuslang in Spring, 1742. Hearing sermons often there by Mr. McCulloch I fell under more concern than ever before about my salvation, and when I heard and saw so many there so much affected, my concern was thereby increased. Yet I thought I was so stupid that there was none like me.

My concern was greatly heightened in hearing a minister (Mr. Hamilton of Douglas) on that text, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out'. Next morning after that, these words came into my heart like a sword, while I thought what a wretched sinner I was, being unwilling to come to Christ when such an offer was made to me. Then I fell into great distress of soul at the thoughts of my sin whereby I had so greatly offended and dishonoured God, and losing and misspending so much precious time. I came very oft after that to Cambuslang, and every time I came I got more and more convictions of sin, and more love to the Word, so that I could have been content oftentimes to have stayed all night on the Brae, and to have continued hearing sermons and joining in prayers and praises there. My corruption of nature, my unbelief, and hardness of heart were particularly afflicting to me. I was sometimes constrained to cry out in public, but it was but little. I never swarfed or fainted or had any bodily pains.

I continued in this distressed case all the Spring and Summer, till a little before Harvest, when these words came into my mind,

'A broken spirit is to God
a pleasing sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, Thou wilt not despise'.

I had then some measure of heart brokenness for sin, though I was afraid that it was not of the right kind. But now I was made to hope that this brokenness of heart the Lord had wrought in me was such as He would accept through the merits of His Son; and this gave me a great deal of

ease at the time. But I wanted still to have more of this heart brokenness for sin.

I bless the Lord that I have got some love to Christ, and am grieved that I cannot love Him more and serve Him better. This is my chief concern when I rise up and when I lie down; and my great grief is that I am so often offending Him.

**A.D. A Young Man About 20 Years of Age. Duncan Aloe
(Journeyman and weaver in Glasgow):**

My parents set me to pray by myself when I was a child, but I often neglected it, especially at night hasting to my bed, and when I did mind it, my heart was not in it. I also continued to keep up some form of it after I came to years, but I cannot say that ever I found anything like the presence of God in that or any other duty, till one Sabbath Day, when my brother and I were at home reading that part of the Bible together which appeals about Christ's sufferings, I burst out into tears at the thoughts of it, and ran away to fall on my knees and pray. But this wore off in a little. It pleased God in His mercy to keep me all along free of many things that are called gross before the world, though I was a little roguish among my comrades when young. One time I was drawn away by some companions to drink till I was the worse for it. I used sometimes also to let fly an oath, and to profane God's holy Name. I used all along to go to the Kirk on Sabbath Days, but not on other days, and this was but in compliance with my parents' orders, and for fear of their anger if I had not done so. I never felt the Word come home to my heart with any power when I went, only there were some sermons I heard with more delight than others. But all the while I never got any sense of my lost condition by nature, till May, 1742, at Cambuslang.

I came out in February of that year to Cambuslang a little after the awakening broke out there, and hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) give out that Psalm to be sung at the commencement, 'When Zion's bondage God turned back, etc.', my heart was much affected at the thoughts that God was now reviving His work after such a long time of deadness. I had also some concern on me in the time of sermon, but I found no abiding effect to follow, except that I was made more diligent in duty than I had been before. I prayed that the Lord might send me convictions as He had done to others, and was persuaded that this was indeed the work of God on souls.

I used after that all along through that Spring to come out to hear sermons at Cambuslang, not only on Lord's Days (except once) but oftentimes on week days also, wishing and praying often as I came along that that might be the day of my awakening. But it did not prove so till on a Thursday in May, after I had been hearing two sermons on the Brae and got nothing, I went in to the Kirk where Mr. McCulloch preached on that text, 'He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart leadeth him astray, so that he cannot deliver his own soul, nor say, Is there not

a lie in my right hand?’ (Is. 44.20). In hearing that sermon I found myself struck through the heart by the power of God coming along with what was said, which appeared to be all levelled against me in particular. The minister spoke much of covetousness and worldly mindedness as being spiritual idolatry, and this had been my great predominant sin; and when he said ‘the spiritual idolater’, ‘the covetous wordling (the person particularly aimed at in the text) could not say with the Psalmist, “Lord, I am continually with Thee”’; but he might have said justly, when I awake in the morning, and all the day long, I am continually with thee, and thou art continually with me”’. These words in a particular manner were made to pierce me to the heart, and I saw I was just the person described. I fell into great distress of soul at the thoughts that I had been so much taken up about the world, and had neglected God so much, and that I had been all along feeding upon such ashes and base husks, and had been led astray from God by a deceived heart. But though my distress was great, I did not at this time or at any other cry out openly along the people, nor did I ever swarf of faint or find any convulsions or bodily pains; but I have frequently been made to burst out into tears through anguish of heart, though I kept all as quiet and secret from the notice of others as possible.

I went home that night in great heaviness of spirit, and uneasiness of heart, and went to secret prayer, and confessed this my great guilt of too great eagerness after the world, and deceiving of my own soul, and other sins; and I had great freedom in pouring out my heart before Him. After this my convictions of sin went on from day to day. In hearing several sermons on the Brae at Cambuslang before this, concerning the evil and danger of the sin of unbelief (preached by Mr. McCulloch), I had got some sight and sense of that sin; but now I got a deeper and more affecting sense of this sin at that sermon in the Kirk at Cambuslang than ever before. I was then made to see that I justly deserved hell; but I cannot say that I was then or at any time else terrified with the thoughts of hell. After this I found the sermons at Cambuslang more agreeable to me than before, but I continued for some weeks in great heaviness under a sense of my sins.

After this, coming home from Cambuslang one Sabbath, a person by the way observed an appearance of sadness and concern upon me, and asked me if I was yet got into any society for prayer. I answered ‘No’. The person promised to take me into one, and did so soon afterwards. At one of these meetings I was desired to pray, and did so, but with

some confusion. On another occasion I was urged to pray, but would not, for I was under so great concern lest I should utter something that was not right. But when I came home I was much vexed that I should have had so much of slavish fear on me, causing me to refuse to confess God before men. I went, however, and spent most of that night by myself in secret prayer, and pleaded that the Lord might take away slavish fear and give me a door of utterance to pray with others when called. I was never left to despair, but I was under such a terror that night that I was never nearer it than then. I was also troubled lest I should not profit under the Gospel so clearly dispensed in the Kirk at Cambuslang.

That night, or early the next morning, that word was impressed on my heart with some power, 'God forbid that I should glory in anything save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ'. I sometimes thought that this word came from the Lord to me, to show me that I ought not to put the gift of praying before others, on which my mind had before been much running, or anything else in the room of the knowledge of Christ and Him crucified. But I oftentimes doubted if it was from God to me at all, and my unbelief in this matter so far prevailed, that though I thought I had read these words somewhere in the Bible, yet I did not seek to find it out there.

My master with whom I learned my trade at this time, took me out into the fields, and gave me many good counsels. A friend asking me if I had got anything at the sermons at Cambuslang, I said that I did not know well, but that I was made more diligent in duty, and had a greater thirst after the Word than ever I had before.

Going to a sacrament occasion at Kilmarnock about the middle of June, I did not think, when I went, of communicating there, and so did not ask for a token. But in hearing the minister (Mr. William Brown) preach the action sermon on these words, 'In Him shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory', I felt my heart so filled with the love of Christ, that I was much vexed at myself that I had not applied for a token, so that I might go to the Lord's table. I was so eager to get there, that, though I knew I could not be admitted without a token, yet I had almost ventured to go to sit down there without one.

On the Monday, hearing a minister (Mr. Bane Jnr.) preach on that word I had met with before, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ', to which was added in his text (though not as the words came to me first), 'by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world', I was made to rejoice much to hear a sermon

on the same words that had been sent to me not long before this; and though I could scarce then think they came from God to me, yet now I was made to believe that it was indeed so, and I found that what was said brought home to my heart. I was then made to glory in a crucified Saviour, and in what He did and suffered for perishing sinners. I thought the latter part of the text very much suited to me, who had been such a lover of the world, and wanted and wished for nothing so much, as that by virtue of the death and sufferings of Christ on the cross, the world from henceforth might be crucified to me and I to the world. That night I joined with several others in prayer with great delight and enlargement, and continued to join in prayer and praises with them till next morning.

Hearing that there was to be a sacrament at Cambuslang in July, 1742, I resolved by grace to attend it. Coming out there, and hearing a minister (Mr. Webster) preach on Saturday on that text, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings etc.', (Luke 2.10), I was made to burst out into tears of grief that I had so long neglected that ordinance of the Lord's supper, and of joy that there was a Saviour provided for lost sinners such as I. In hearing another minister (Mr. Whitefield) on that text, 'I will pour out ... the spirit of grace and of supplications, and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced etc.', the Lord gave me a heart to look to a crucified Saviour, and to my sins as what had caused the Lord of glory to be pierced; and though I had formerly endeavoured to keep my weeping secret from the eyes of others, yet at this time I was made to mourn and weep so as I could not get it concealed. After these sermons I went away with haste to Glasgow and got a line to get a token, and came back with it to Cambuslang that evening and got one, and spent all that night in prayer by myself and with others. On Sabbath I communicated, but did not get all that I thought to have got. I delighted, however, much in the work of the Day, and so also on Monday.

In Harvest, 1742, being in Kilmarnock, I set apart a day for humiliation for my sins, being then free from business; and in the evening of that day, others came and joined in prayer with me. After that chapter, Jeremiah 31, had been read in the meeting, a woman asked me what I thought was the meaning of a passage in it. I told what I thought, and she gave her thoughts of it. I was afterwards sensible that she was in the right, and I in the wrong as to the meaning. Next Sabbath a minister hinted a little in the matter and spoke of some wresting the Scripture, and wished persons might have right ends in resorting to such meetings.

For myself I could appeal to the Witness and Judge of all; I had no carnal ends in it, but was much cast down to think that such things should be suspected. In the afternoon I heard that minister preach on 'To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord' (Is. 61.2), where he showed that the year referred to was the year of Jubilee, and that this year present was indeed an acceptable year of the Lord, a spiritual Jubilee to many souls; to which I heartily agreed, and found my heart enlarged in joyful blessing of the Lord that He had made it a year of Jubilee to my soul and to the souls of my others.

In May, 1743, being at Cambuslang on a Lord's Day, and hearing Mr. McCulloch preach from these words, 'We were children of wrath even as others', and insisting, as he did, on our original guilt and corruption, I was greatly affected with the sense of it in myself. I had got some conviction and sense of heart corruptions about a year before, when first awakened, and many times after that; and some few days before I heard this sermon, I had sad experiences of it in its power, feeling my heart rise against one who was disputing with me and contradicting what I said. I thought I had got anger and such corruptions much mortified and subdued, but finding them stir with such vigour, I was much cast down and went and bewailed them in secret before the Lord. And coming and hearing this sermon, I was greatly afflicted and humbled for these corruptions of my heart and sin of my nature, beyond whatever I had known formerly. Hearing another sermon by the same minister shortly after that, on the fast before the sacrament in May, 1743, on that text, 'By one man's disobedience, many were made sinners', I got a still further humbling sight and sense of my sinning and Adam when he sinned, and being made thereby liable to wrath, and yet more by the pollution and corruption of my nature derived from him. And I wanted to have still further humbling discoveries of this kind made to me. I came to the Lord's table there with that in my view as a great part of my errand, that I might get my strong corruptions subdued and weak grace strengthened, and I hope the Lord gave me my request in some measure; for I do not find my corruptions quite as strong as they were.

I heard a minister (Mr. Willison) preach on John 16 on the Communion Sabbath evening there. Several expressions he used were brought home to my heart with sweetness and in a suitableness to my condition then, and to what had been my exercises for some time before; such as the following: 'There are two armies in a believer fighting against one another, an army of grace and an army of corruptions. Just as Jonathan

climbed up between two sharp rocks, so the believer has to climb to heaven between the two sharp rocks of presumption and despair. One thing that makes the believer long to be away to Christ in heaven is that then he will be free of the Canaanites of corruptions that now dwell in his heart'. This was what made me also long to be there.

On the Monday I found some expressions in that minister's sermons come very pressuringly on my heart, particularly when he exhorted young people to open their hearts to Christ. He added that if they would not do so, Christ would one day tell them, when they knocked at heaven's gates to get in, saying 'Lord, Lord, open to us', 'I will open heaven to you as you opened your hearts to me on such a day at Cambuslang'. This made me earnestly look and cry to God in my heart, that He would open my heart to Himself, for I found I was unable to do it myself, and found some love to Christ stirring within me.

On the Sabbath after that sacrament, hearing Mr. McCulloch lecture concerning Peter's denying his Master, when he showed that Peter did not deny Christ to be the Son of God, or the true Messiah, but only that he did not know Him—so, said he, persons may deny Christ, though they do not deny His being the true God or the alone Saviour, or similar fundamental truths; but they deny Him if they deny acquaintance with Christ, and the power of His grace on their hearts, or if they too much conceal His loving kindness to their souls. These words I found applied to me in particular with power, and I could nor forbear going to the minister after sermon, and acknowledging with grief of heart that I had been guilty of Peter's sin in denying His Master, and that I had been too much a hidden disciple. He gave me more suitable exhortations and told me I might come some other day, if I pleased, and declare what Christ had done for my soul; and this I have now given some hints of. May it tend to His glory, and to His Name be praise.

A.M. A Young Woman of 20 Years. Isobel Moffat (Daughter of a shoemaker in Middle Quarter);

I was all along kept from cursing, swearing, lying, and such vices. I had no pleasure in loose company, and was in mercy kept from them. I used all along from my childhood to pay once a day for ordinary, or oftener; yet a little thing would have made me sometimes to neglect it. I used also to read my Bible by myself, and to go to Church on Lord's Days out of some desire to hear sermons, but cannot say that ever the Word came home with power to me, till last year in March, 1742, when I came to Cambuslang, and hear Mr. McCulloch preach there on that text, 'A bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench'. I heard that sermon with a great deal of pleasure, but cannot say that anything I then heard pierced my heart. I went away, however, in some concern, and came back in a few days again, and thought I then felt my heart harder than ever it had been, and that every one about me was more concerned than I. I frequently came and heard at Cambuslang, and was under a good deal of concern, though I thought it was nothing like so great as I would have had it. I concealed it from all about me, but frequently used to go and pour out my complaint before God.

One day I came to Cambuslang and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'While the strong man armed keeps the house, all his goods are in peace, etc.', when he spoke of the various ways whereby Satan keeps sinners in carnal security with a false peace, particularly by suffering them to make as many good resolutions to mend their life as they please, but keeping them by his wiles and temptations from putting these resolutions into practice, and keeping sinners from seeing their lost and undone state without Christ. I thought that I was just the person he spoke of, for I had had many purposes of turning better, and yet all these purposes came to nothing.

My distress of soul turned then so great that I could scarce refrain from crying out; yet I got it restrained, and never cried out, nor swarfed then or at any other time. But by endeavouring with all my might to refrain from crying out, I felt my body much pained sometimes, and my heart as it were ready to leap out of my mouth. I was never under any fears of hell, but all my grief was that I could not be grieved enough for sin as dishonouring to God, and wounding to Christ, and grieving to the Holy Spirit, and that I could not get a heart to love Christ as I would have had it. When I heard sermons, it was not the terrors and threatenings of the law that affected me, but the slighting and neglecting of Christ

and salvation that I had been guilty of so long. At the close of this sermon, the minister (Mr. McCulloch) appointed the 13th Psalm to be sung, 'How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord, etc.', at the singing of which I was so affected that I had almost cried out again, but got it restrained till after sermon when I was by myself, and then my heart was ready to burst.

Hearing a minister at Cambuslang on that text, 'He hears the cry of the poor and needy', when he said, 'It is better to cry out now than to cry for ever in hell', I could not allow myself to cry out for all that, but when he added, 'I hope there are some crying in their hearts to God that are not crying out with their voices', I was sure I was one of these.

One Sabbath in Harvest, 1742, being in the Barony Kirk, at singing of the 8th Psalm at the entry of public worship, I was greatly affected, especially at the words, 'Then said I, What is man that he remembered is by Thee?'. I was then made to admire the patience of God toward me, that He had not cast me into hell long ere then. The minister that day (Mr. Hamilton) preached on that text, 'He will speak peace to His people and to His saints, but let them not turn again to folly'. He had been preaching on it before, when I was not present; and now he said that he would address himself to three sorts of people, those that never had any peace spoken to them by God and that had no concern to obtain it, those that knew not whether ever God had spoken peace to them or not, and those that could say on good grounds that God had spoken peace to them.

When he spoke to the first sort, I thought I was one of them, for that I had never had any suitable concern upon me for peace from God, and that I had never had any suitable concern upon me for peace from God, and my soul distress was then very great at this apprehension. I was glad that there was yet a call to me to seek after this peace and any possibility of obtaining it, and my heart was earnestly crying to God for it. I thought also that I was among the second sort, for though I could not deny that I had some concern for peace with an offended God by Jesus Christ, yet I knew not if ever God had spoken peace to me or not. But now, O how precious would such an intimation have been to my soul. In singing the 4th Psalm at the close, especially these words,

'Upon my heart bestowed by Thee
more gladness I have found,
Than they even then when corn and wine
did most with them abound',

I felt my heart filled with such a joy in God through Jesus Christ, as far excelled any joy ever I had found in creature enjoyments, or that can be found in anything beneath the sun.

Next Sabbath hearing a minister (Mr. Hamilton, Barony) lecture on Christ's sufferings, and speaking of the crown of thorns put upon Christ's head, and the way in which He was smitten with a reed on the head which by the thorns were driven into it, also the way the blood gushed down from His sacred head, I found my heart like to burst at the thoughts of my sins whereby I had pierced Him in that manner, or caused Him to be pierced.

After that I fell into a fever, and in the time of it, that word came into my mind,

'He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
establishing my way'.

I was then in the rage of the fever and cannot now remember distinctly what effect the word had at that time upon me; but only it struck much in my mind, and when I recovered I found some comfort when it came fresh into my heart. After my recovery from this sickness, that word also came into my mind with some comfort,

'The troubles that afflict the just
in number many be,
But yet at length out of them all
the Lord will set them free'.

A little while after this, that word was darted into my mind all on a sudden,

'All that fear God, come here, I'll tell
what He did for my soul'.

These words came with much power and sweetness, but at first I knew not what to make of them, not knowing what they were in the Bible; but at length finding them there, I was much overjoyed, and knew not how to praise God enough for what He had done for my soul. I had long concealed all I had met with from all the world, except that I had told a little of my trouble to Mr. Hamilton (Barony) when I was sick; but now I told something both of my troubles and of my comforts to one of my acquaintances.

One night as I was going to bed, these words came into my heart,
 'Those that are broken in their hearts,
 and grieved in their minds,
 He healeth and their painful wounds
 He tenderly up-binds'.

I never thought my grief for sin was so great as it should have been, but I was made at this time to bless God that I felt some brokenness of heart for sin, and to hope for healing from the same merciful hand that had wounded me.

One day I was reading my Bible, and was much discouraged at the thoughts of my being such a vile and sinful creature, and that there was none like me, and that I would never get good at all, these words (though I was not then reading that place where they are) came into my mind, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?'. These were the only words that came with power, but having read that place formerly, I also remembered the words that follow—'Why art thou disquieted within me; trust in God, etc.'. I was though not so much as I would, and that I was yet in the way of mercy.

One night, when I was in my bed, these words came with power into my heart, 'Though your sins be as crimson and scarlet, I will make you white as wool; if ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land' I was thereupon made to believe that God was able and willing to forgive my sins, though I had not been under so great distress for them as many others, and made to rejoice in the belief that He had done so, and I thought that I would never doubt of it after that. I knew that I could not obey His commands by any power of my own, but I believed that He that had made me willing to obey, could also enable me to obey His calls, and I trusted He would help me to do so in some measure of sincerity.

The minister of the Parish (Mr. Hamilton of Barony) coming through the place where I lived, I was very desirous to speak to him, but did not know what I would say. Then that word came into my mind, 'Let your light so shine before men, that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven'. This I took to be a call to tell him some things I had met with, and I did so. I found a great desire in my heart to glorify God in a course of holiness, and in a greater hatred of sin and care to avoid it.

One day I found vain thoughts crowd into my mind, and could not get rid of them at all, and was afraid God had forsaken me altogether.

But these words were pressed on my heart and they settled my mind and made me to rejoice in God,

‘He will not chide continually,
nor keep His anger still;
With us He dealt not as we sinned,
nor did requite our ill’.

One night while I was alone, the words, ‘Believing we rejoice’, came into my mind, but more faintly. But afterwards that same night, while joining in family worship, as my father read in the chapter that fell in of course that night, while he read the words ‘Seeing Him who is invisible’, the former words came into my heart suddenly and fully, with others joined with them, ‘Whom having not seen we love, in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory’. At that instant I was enabled to believe in Christ with a lively faith, and felt my heart warmed with love to Him, and filled with unspeakable joy in Him.

One morning when I was rising, these words came into my heart, ‘If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away, all things are become new’. I thought this was just I, for I felt that all old things I had been formerly inclined to were passed away, and all things were made new to me. I had got new desires and hopes, new delights and joys, new fears and griefs, and the Bible and everything in it was become new to me.

One Sabbath morning I was thinking of going to the Kir, but the morning being foul, and being but very weak through the trouble I had been under both in body and mind, some about me were dissuading me from going, thinking it might be prejudicial to my health. But these words coming into my mind, ‘Wait, I say, upon the Lord’, determined me to go, hoping I would get strength to go. To my great surprise, when I came to the Kirk, these were the very words the minister (Mr. Hamilton, Barony) read out for his text. I was much delighted to hear that sermon, and much edified by it.

Being for several Lord’s Days unable through bodily weakness and indisposition to go to the Kirk, I was one night much cast down at the thoughts of my loss this way. But that word being pressed on my heart, ‘For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us’, I had much joy in the prospect of the glory to be revealed, and got my mind and will brought up to a pliability to the will of God, whatever afflictions

He might see meet to lay upon me; and I was made to bless Him for the tokens of His favour which He was pleased to grant me in secret duties, when I was in providence kept from attending Him in public ordinances.

One day, when I was not well, sitting by myself, that word came into my mind, 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them. In His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and He bare them and carried them all the days of old' (Is. 63.9). These words filled me with much comfort, and the thought of Christ's being afflicted in my afflictions lightened my trouble so that I did not feel it.

Another day, reading in a book which spoke of the return of prayers and of sensible manifestations, I was much cast down at the thought that I knew scarce anything at all of that, as I then supposed. But within a little after, when I had been at secret prayer, that word came in to my heart, 'You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins', by which I was much comforted, being made to believe that God had quickened me from that death in sin which I had been under, and this was a great blessing that I had often been essaying to pray for.

On morning these words were pressed on my heart, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yea, doubtless I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ'. I then found it to be so indeed with me. The things I had been much taken up with in my former life I now lost all relish for; they had now no value to me; I counted them but loss, dung and dross, compared with Christ; and I continue to do so still.

One time, when I was much troubled at the thoughts of my unbelief, and thinking that I had no faith, or that any sort of belief I had was but a false belief, that word coming into my heart, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me', put away my heart trouble over these thoughts, and made me to see that I had some faith, and I got some new strength and increase to it.

One morning, that word came into my heart,

'Yea, that most holy law of Thine
I have within my heart'. (Ps. 40.8)

I was amazed to think, could it indeed be so, that I had God's laws in my heart? Then that word followed, that if I was willing sincerely to ask this blessing, He was both able and willing to put His laws in my heart. I trusted in Him to enable me to do so.

At one time, when I was in affliction, that word came in to me, 'Knowing that in heaven ye have a more enduring substance'. This reconciled my mind to my affliction, and gave me hope of that better and enduring lot of endless blessedness in heaven. I thought that if it were not for these afflictions on earth, I might forget what manner of person I ought to be in all holy conversation and godliness, in the view of the approaching dissolution of all things here below.

One day, going to hear an Examination, I was putting up my petition to the Lord that He might keep my mind from wandering after vanity in the time of it, when that word came in, 'He will keep them in perfect peace whose mind are stayed on Him', and I accordingly got my heart much composed at that occasion. And the same word often returned after that, and was accompanied with the like effects.

One Sabbath Day, hearing Mr. Hamilton preach much to the commendation of Christ, I greatly rejoiced, and that word coming into my heart made me still more to rejoice, 'Let the heart of every one rejoice that seeks the Lord'.

One day, when I was at my work, I found a great weight on my heart, which made me very uneasy. But these words coming into my heart with power and sweetness,

'My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

'Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be,' (Ps. 23.5, 6)

the weight was immediately taken off my spirit, and I was so filled with joy, that I could scarce refrain from crying out. I hastened to go out to the fields, where I might give vent to my joy in praises to God.

Another day, hearing tell of some miscarriages that some had been guilty of, who seemed to have had some awakenings not very long before, I was so much affected with the news of it, that I slept none that night. But next morning that word came into my heart, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee', upon which I felt the pressure of spirit I had been under taken off, and was made to trust in God to carry

me through, being persuaded that He was able to keep that good thing that I had committed to Him to the day of Christ.

One morning I could not get my mind set on spiritual things as I would have had it, which was very vexing to me. But that word, 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God', came in and comforted and relieved my restless heart much, in the hopes of that everlasting rest, and made me more patiently submit and resign to the holy will of God as to whatever troubles He might see fit to exercise me with while here.

On the Friday before the sacrament at Cambuslang in May, 1743, when I was at home thinking of coming and joining at that occasion, that word came into my heart, 'My soul, wait thou with patience upon thy God alone', which engaged me to resolve to wait with as much serious composure on God in that ordinance as might be, to see what He would do for me or to me, in a way of mercy. On Saturday I had much delight in hearing the sermons there, and as I came away, these words came in, 'Return to thy rest, O my soul'. I knew no other rest for my soul but Christ, and to Him I desired to return as my quiet rest. I had also great delight in hearing sermons on Sabbath and Monday, but cannot say that I met with anything more at that occasion, sensibly and immediately from the Lord.

And now, when I reflect on the ordinary bent of my heart and course of my life, I desire to acknowledge it to the praise of free grace, that though other things besides Christ have but too much room in my thoughts, yet I find my heart runs out after Christ above all things. I desire to get more communion with Him, and more likeness to Him, to be under His conduct and care, and the influence and guidance of His Holy Spirit. Sin is my daily trouble and grief, and I long to be perfectly free from it, and to be with Christ in heaven, to whom be glory and dominion now and ever. Amen.

B.A. (No Heading in MS). John M. Alay. (Gardener in Glasgow. Aged about 27 Years):

My parents brought me up in a religious way both by precept and example. When I was young, I had more inclinations to what was religious-like than when I came to more years. As to my outward behaviour, I do not know what any that observed me may have thought of me, but I suppose none among whom I lived have anything to object as to my character in the world. In my younger years I was more given to prayer than afterwards when I came to age, and was led away by company to follow after many youthful vanities. I used, however, all along to attend public ordinances on Lord's Days; but it seems I went there out of no good design, when I made so little good use of anything I heard. When I was between ten and fourteen years of age I took much delight in secret prayer, but afterwards was gradually drawn away, and seemed in a manner to forget God entirely. I had very little care about my heart, and when I should have been growing more wise, I became more foolish and thoughtless, and gave no thought to what would become of me when I died.

Thus it continued with me till March, 1742, when I became a little more thoughtful about soul concerns, and prayed more often, and continued to do so for some time. In the beginning of the Summer thereafter, I came to Cambuslang on a Thursday, and heard two sermons without meeting with anything beyond ordinary. In hearing the third sermon that day by a minister (Mr. McCulloch) on that text, 'Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me', in which he spoke of several sorts of presumptuous sinners, particularly those that once seemed to have had some good dispositions in their younger years, but afterwards came to give loose reins to their lives, and full swing to their corruptions—these, he said, were presumptuous sinners in a high degree, and were fast tumbling down the hill to hell, and in the high way to the great transgression, the unpardonable sin and utter apostasy from God, if infinite mercy did not speedily take hold on them; or words to that purpose.

This came home with an awakening power to my conscience, and I was made sensible that I was just the man pointed out. I then fell under great concern, and saw myself lost and undone for ever, without an interest in Christ, and I was much afraid that death would snatch me away before I got out of my sad state. I could get no rest for a considerable time.

At first, though I saw that I had offended God and I had some sense of sin, yet the chief ground of my distress and trouble was fears of hell and eternal misery; and if it had continued so with me, I think I would have run quite to despair, for I could neither eat nor drink nor sleep nor work as I used to do, but was in a great measure put from all these things. But some time after in that Summer, in hearing some sermons, particularly one in the High Churchyard preached by Mr. Whitefield, I was made chiefly to grieve for my sins, both of heart and life, as dishonouring to God, and particularly that I had misspent so much precious time, that I had been so stupid and unconcerned under ordinances, and had rejected so many offers of Christ and the great salvation, and followed after lying vanities and forsaken my own mercies.

When the sacrament occasion at Barony that Summer drew near, I made some preparation in order to come to the Lord's table, but got nothing sensibly there, or in hearing the sermons. After that occasion was over, I was under great uneasiness for two or three weeks at the thoughts that I had been an unworthy communicant there. I was then made importunate with the Lord in pleading that, if that was the case, I might get forgiveness from Him through that precious blood that cleanseth from all sin.

At the sacrament occasion at Glasgow in October, 1742, I attended in the College-Kirk, but cannot say that I met with the Lord's gracious presence in a sensible way, till just as I came from the table, hearing a minister speak of the sufferings of Christ, and His love in His sufferings, I found my heart melted under the sense of sin that procured these sufferings and warmed with the love of Christ, who had evidenced such wonderful love in suffering and dying for the salvation of poor perishing sinners such as.

According to the minister's desire signified in public, that those who had never communicated before and were inclined then to do it, should come and speak with him at his house privately, I did so, and he examined me as to several things, and told me that, in the view of approaching God in that holy ordinance, I must bid an eternal farewell to all my sins and lusts, and that when I came to the Lord's table I must set myself by faith as under the cross of Christ, and behold Him in His sufferings out of love to an elect world, and labour to have my heart suitably affected with the thought of them, and receive Him by faith in all His offices, as my Prophet, Priest and King: which accordingly I essayed to do in dependence on grace.

I have sometimes in secret duties been so raised above this world and everything in it, that I regard neither the pleasures nor profits of it, so be I might have an interest and place in Christ's favour and love. I find the motions of lust and corruption stirring too oft in my heart, but I use in such cases to cry to the Lord for strength against them, that they may not be allowed to have dominion over me, and I endeavour through the Spirit to mortify the deeds of the flesh that I may live.

Before I was awakened last year I was much set upon the world, and gathering more and more of it; but now I do not for ordinary find my thoughts run much that way. I am not afraid of worldly poverty, but desire to rest content with whatever lot God shall order for me. I do not want to be rich in this world's goods, but to be rich in faith, and to be an heir of that kingdom He has prepared for them that love Him and undervalue all things compared with Christ and an interest in Him. I see so much sin in all I do, that I need pardon of sin in the best duties ever I essayed to perform. Yet I find a bias in my corrupt nature tending to make me lay some weight on these my defiled duties, and a great difficulty to be entirely denied to them all. But I think I have been enabled to renounce all my own righteousness, and to submit to the righteousness that is of God by faith, and to build all my hopes of pardon, acceptance with God, and eternal life on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

**B.G. A Man of 21 Years of Age. Charles Cunningham
(Shoemaker in Glasgow):**

I lived all along a moral and civil life as to my outward behaviour among men, but as to my duty to God I was very negligent and careless. And though I had some kind of form of praying in secret from my childhood, yet it was but a very heartless and lifeless form. I also for ordinary used to go to the Kirk on Sabbaths, but it was more for to see and be seen than for any other thing. Only I was for about two years mostly a hearer of the Seceding ministers, and for that time I heard them, I thought I turned more hardened and obdurate than ever. Yet I then thought that I was well enough, and fair enough in the way in heaven since I was following them. I had never any concern about my heart, either while I followed them or before, and never felt anything I heard in public ordinances come home with any warmness, life or power to my heart, till I came to Cambuslang in the Spring, 1742.

At that time I fell under some concern to see so many persons in distress about their souls, and I thought what a stupid creature must I be, who am so unconcerned when so many young persons, that cannot be guilty of so many sins as I, are thus mourning and crying out under a sense of their sins!

One Sabbath, when I was hearing a minister there (Mr. McCulloch), speaking about a great many different cases, I thought, What a strange creature am I, that he never touches on my case; but immediately after that, he spoke some words which I cannot now remember that came home with a knell to my heart. Another Sabbath sometime after that, hearing a minister there reading these words (Eph. 2.12): 'At that time ye were aliens and foreigners, strangers to the covenant and promises, without God and without Christ in the world'—these words, as he read them, by a power that came along with them, struck my heart, and made me say within myself, And have I been all this time living a stranger to God, without God and without Christ in the world! Surely there is no help for me! I saw myself to be such a great sinner! At first it was chiefly fears of hell that startled me, but I afterwards came to get a more affecting sense of sin as dishonouring to God who had been so merciful and longsuffering toward me, than as it exposed me to hell.

That night with much difficulty I got about four or five miles on my road home, and when several persons who had gathered together in the house where I was, and some of them persons in distress of soul, were employed in prayer and praises, I fell under such distress myself, that I

was afraid my head would have gone wrong. I was made to cry out most bitterly under a sense of sin and fears of wrath. A sense of all my sins in general pressed my spirit, but there were some of them that stared me much more in the face than others, and the sins and corruptions of my heart affected me most of all.

I continued in very great distress till Wednesday thereafter; and that day, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) in the High Churchyard, preaching concerning the pool of Bethesda, which he explained as signifying the blood of Christ, to which he invited poor sensible sinners to come, and dip their polluted souls by faith in it, I found myself somewhat lightened of the load of guilt that pressed me, while I essayed to comply, through grace, with these calls and invitations. But that night after, unbelief often prevailed, and when it did so, my former burden returned.

Next day I came and heard him at Cambuslang, but unbelief prevailed so much, that I thought I was as bad as ever again. Next day, while I was hearing him there, that word (though not uttered by the speaker), 'He, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters, and he that hath no mercy come, buy wine and milk without money and without price', followed me all that night, and eased me a little. Next day, while I was in the fields there at secret prayer, these words were pressed upon my heart, 'Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee'. These words came with a beam of light into my soul, and discovered much of the beauty of Christ, and His suitableness to my necessities, beyond anything I had seen before. I was made to rely on Him for all I stood in need of, and I got my affections raised toward Him, which vented itself in joyful praises to Him for His own excellency, and for what He had done for my soul, in giving me such a sense of my sin and my lost condition without Him, and for sending me such a gracious word, with such power at this time.

B.B. (No Title in MS.) Charles Thomson (Shoemaker in Glasgow), Aged 36:

I had a religious education, and used to pray in secret when a child, sometimes, and when I came to serve my apprenticeship, but very often neglected it. But after that, getting a house of my own, I minded it more frequently. When I came to be married, I for ordinary, kept up family worship twice a day, and prayed also by myself, but not so often as I did with my family. I was never guilty of any gross vices before the world, except that I fell into a way of profane swearing when I was young, for about a month. But one day hearing a gross habitual swearer saying of me to another, in my hearing, Hear how he swears! I was immediately so struck with the word, that for two or three days after, I could do little but mourn and beg pardon of the Lord for what I had done. After that I always took care to behave soberly, and never was guilty of any gross outbreacking before the world. I always used to go to Church on Sabbath Days, when I could go, for I thought I could not get any good if I absented myself from public ordinances, and I thought that some time or other I would get good there: but still I returned as empty of all good when I came home as when I went there.

Thus it continued with me till hearing of the awakening at Cambuslang in Spring, 1742. I went there to see and hear, and to try if I might get some good to my soul. However, I was under some prejudices against the work there, because I had a greater liking to the Seceders and their way, than to the Church. I came out there ordinarily every Sabbath Day for a considerable time, but got nothing sensibly; only I was struck with amazement to hear so many people crying out so, as they did there, and thought that surely these criers must be greater sinners than the rest that did not cry.

But one Sabbath in April, hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on that text, 'Thou hast (O Lord) ascended up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious also, that God the Lord might dwell in the midst of them', in the afternoon hearing him chiefly insisting on the latter part, 'Even for the rebellious also', though I cannot now remember the words that struck me, my pride of heart and contempt of others that cried, began to fall, and I began to conclude that I was as great a sinner as any of them all. And whereas before this I thought I was a very good Christian, now I saw all was wrong with me, and I began to mourn for my losing and

misimproving my precious time and the seasons of grace I had enjoyed, and trifling about soul concerns as I had done hitherto.

Thus things continued till about the 17th June, 1742, when I heard a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield) who came first to Cambuslang that day, discourse on the Brae there that night, after daylight was gone, a little after I had been bewailing my sad case. Some sentence he spoke (which I cannot now distinctly remember) struck me to the heart, so that I fell into a swoon (though I did not cry any), a horror of great darkness coming over me. It continued for some small space, during which time I heard nothing, but my understanding remained with me. In the middle of this swoon, my bodily eyes being shut, I thought I saw a clear light all at once shining about me, as when the sunshine is bright at noon, and apprehended that I was in a very large room, I thought I saw a deep dark pit on both sides of me, which I took to be hell, and thought I was just ready to tumble into it. And there was represented to my mind a very large scroll of paper, let down as from the roof above, filling the breadth of the room and one end of the room upwards. The scroll was brought so near to me that the lower end of it was just at my feet, and it appeared to be all printed over in large distinct lines and letters. But when I thought I essayed to read the lower part of it next me, I found I could not read one word of it; only it was impressed on my mind that it was a scroll containing all my sins, that were all marked and recorded before God. After a little, the scroll was drawn up again, and I recovered out of my swoon. The former darkness then returned.

(Unfinished).

B.X. A Married Woman Aged 28 Years. Mrs Weir of Hamilton:

I had the mercy of good education and example from my parents in my younger years. I used to go always to Church on Sabbath Days, and was trained up to pray in secret twice a day, and continued all along my life to do so for ordinary, and sometimes I met with much sweetness in prayer and reading and hearing of the Word; and this, together with outward blamelessness before the world, in a good measure, made me think I was in a good way.

But in the years 1740, 1741, and for some years before, I fell under great deadness, lukewarmness, and worldly-mindedness. Sometimes I would scarce have gone to Church once in a month, and when I went there, what I heard was but as a sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal to me; and there was much carelessness and indifference in performing that and other duties also of God's worship.

Hearing of the work at Cambuslang, I went there a little after it began about the beginning of March, 1742, and heard a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on these words, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature', and heard many marks of the new creature given, from which I concluded that I was none, and thereupon felt a great weight upon my spirits, and sin became very burdensome and grievous. And at that word uttered by the speaker in his sermon, where God says, 'My soul shall have no pleasure in them that draw back', I was made to chatter as a crane. The sense of dishonour done to a holy God, and the affronting of the majesty of heaven by my sins, made me often to say in my heart in much anguish, 'Whither shall I flee from thy presence?' I continued in this condition for many days, with a heart as hard as a stone.

One morning I went to secret prayer, but found no relief. I could pray none. Satan and a deceitful heart told me that I was good enough already, yet I was sensible it was otherwise. Not knowing what to do, I took up my Bible, and having begged that the Lord might direct me to some suitable passage of His Word, and bless it to me, opening my Bible I read the 60th chapter of Isaiah. I was much affected in reading of it, particularly the first, nineteenth and twentieth verses: 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee ... The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended'.

I felt the load that was upon my spirit hereupon taken off. I felt the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, and was so filled with joy in Him that I scarce knew where I was, and my tongue was made as the pen of a ready writer in blessing the Lord for His love, and for bringing me out of the fearful pit and from the miry clay.

But alas! Satan soon got in with his temptations, and told me that I was but a hypocrite. I was made to go some days in darkness, and could see no light. I went to Cambuslang, and at the entry of public worship the minister (Mr. McCulloch) appointed the 34th Psalm to be sung:

‘God will I bless all times, His praise
my mouth shall still express;
My soul shall boast in God, the meek
shall hear with joyfulness’.

I was made to sing these words with great joy and to believe and apply them to myself, or rather, I got them powerfully applied to me. My joy was further increased in hearing of the text read from I John 5.10: ‘He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, etc.’. In hearing the sermon on that text, I was made sensible of the great evil of unbelief, which I had never seen before; but I was helped to act faith on Christ and the promises. But when I was going home, Satan and unbelief made me think that none of these promises were to me. I went to God in prayer several times, and begged He would discover my true state to me. At length He was pleased to answer my petition with the words, ‘I am faithful who have promised, and am able to perform my promise; I will not take my lovingkindness from thee, nor alter the word that is gone out of my mouth’. On this, I was made to believe these promises and was filled with much love to God through Christ, and joy in Him.

I have many a time since then failed into deep distress of soul under sense of sin and manifold temptations and discouragements, and the Lord has been pleased mercifully to pity in such cases, and to relieve and comfort me with several gracious promises suited to my particular distress at the time, and brought into my heart; such as, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee’; ‘the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away’. These and other promises applied to me were always accompanied with much love to God and joy in Him.

I can now say that for these two years past and more (to the glory of God's free grace be it spoken), I find my heart, in the prevailing and habitual bent of it, set upon things spiritual and heavenly. Whereas formerly thoughts and cares about things worldly used ordinarily to lie down and rise with me, God's testimonies are now become my song in the house of my pilgrimage, and my first and last thoughts daily. I can say that, in a good measure, my fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. My meditation of Him is sweet and I am glad in the Lord. Oh, how love I thy law; it is my meditation all the day. I see a glory in Christ, and a perfect suitableness to all my wants. I am content to be resigned to His holy will and pleasure; yet I cannot but frequently long to get out of this embodied state and to be for ever with the Lord.

To Him be praise everlasting. Amen.

G.B. A Man About 40 Years. Archibald Smith (Mason in Kilbride):

In my childhood I got some kind of form of prayer, though I understood little what I said. After that I lived for some time in a house where there was much outward plenty, but no form of religion, and there I laid my form of prayer much aside. After that, during my five years' apprenticeship, I seldom minded it, except for about a year or more, when I was much hampered as to outward necessities, and in straits I would oft have called on God, and durst not go one night to bed till I had prayed.

After my apprenticeship was over, when I came to the age of manhood, I was quite carried away with youthful vanities and follies or worse, and then I laid aside prayer altogether. After I was married, I sometimes prayed with myself and with my family, and sometimes I fell under such terrors of the wrath of God, that I would have been afraid the earth under me would have opened its mouth and swallowed me up, and that I should have gone quick to hell. But these terrors wore off in a little while, and left me just where I was again.

I was kept sober and just in my dealings with men, and kept free of many gross outbreakings, yet I would sometimes in passion curse and swear, and sometimes drink to excess, and boast of making others of the company drunk, while I continued fresh. I went to Church on Sabbath Days, for ordinary, except that for about a year or so in 1741, upon some disgust, I stayed at home on Sabbaths and went nowhere to public worship.

In February, 1742, hearing of some people at Cambuslang that were crying out, some saying that God was there, others that the devil was there, I put my Bible in my pocket on a week day, saying I would see what was among them ere I came home. When I came there, I was persuaded the Lord was among them, especially by seeing many of them that had been under convictions and were got out of their distress expressing so much brotherly love to one another, and instructing and encouraging one another. I heard sermon that day there, but found nothing remarkable at that time, but only that I found some kind of fright upon my spirit, but could give little account for what.

I went home, and in a day or two after, I brought all of my family that could come along with me to Cambuslang, which happened to be on a Saturday, and two of them and I stayed there till Thursday thereafter. On Sabbath night, when I could not get into the manse for the great crowd of people, I stood with some concern at the end of the manse without, and then went into the yard and prayed. As I came back toward the manse I found a son of my own (a boy about 13 years old) bursting out into tears and crying out under convictions, at which I was glad. But intending to carry him away to some house, away from the manse, and to endeavour to have him stilled, as I was taking him away, a word I had heard a minister speak in his sermon (Mr. McCulloch) a little before that at Cambuslang, struck in upon my mind, and overawed me; it was, that those who endeavoured to stifle convictions in themselves and others were acting the part of the devil. Upon this, I brought him back to the manse, and about two in the morning he got some outgate.

Another in my family also fell under convictions, at which I was glad, but much surprised to see that person, who had been much more blameless and religious-like than I, in former life, in so great distress. On this I was amazed and filled with indignation at my own stupidity and unconcernedness. I thereupon not only attended close on the sermons there, but was much and oft in secret prayer, and the Lord gave me both a sense of my lost condition by nature and by actual sin, and a sense of my particular sins both of heart and life from my childhood to that time, which were brought fresh to my remembrance, and embittered to me, not only as exposing me to hell, but many (especially after they had continued for some time) as offensive and dishonouring to God.

I wanted, however, to have still more strong convictions than I had. But that which first quieted me from seeking after that, was hearing a preacher (Mr. Nasmith) say in the Kirk or in the manse, that the most

affecting sight of sin that ever he had, was to see his hands reeking in the heart-blood of Christ. But, however, that was not necessary: the lowest needful was to see oneself in a lost state without Christ, and that He alone was able to help. This was what I could not deny the Lord had given me.

I went on in the diligent use of the means of grace, under convictions for some weeks, often going and conferring with this and the other person that I thought knew something of serious religion from experience, to see what they thought of my case, and to get directions and advices in duty. At length, hearing a minister at Cambuslang (Mr. Whitefield) on these words, 'Go to Joseph', from which he exhorted persons in soul difficulties and straits, instead of going to men for relief, to go to Christ Himself in all their troubles. After that, I went less to men and essayed to go more to Christ.

Some time after that, when I was at prayer, that word came into my mind with such power, that I was made to believe that it would be according to that word to me and mine, 'Thou shalt be saved and thine house'. If my heart does not deceive me, I had, before this word came, accepted of Christ in His Gospel offers, in all His offices, several times (particularly at hearing the sermon on the text above mentioned), and through His merits I look for the accomplishment of this promise.

As secret prayer and other duties I had several times after that some promises applied to me with much sweetness, such as, 'The Lord heareth the cry of the poor and needy', 'He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer, etc.'

In May, 1743, intending to attend the sacrament occasion at Cambuslang, but having at that time considerable wages coming in to me every day I followed my employment, I began to cast up in my own mind what might be the sum I would lose by attending at that sacrament occasion, as I proposed, and finding it rise to something considerable, I was tempted to receive rather to stay away and follow my work. But putting up a petition to the Lord against this temptation, and asking that the Lord would carry me there, and keep me from thinking of the world when I was there on the several days of that solemnity, I was then made to hope He would do so. I found the Lord sensibly granting me my desire all the time of it, taking the world quite out of my thoughts, and filling my heart with love to Christ. He gave me much joy in hearing the Word, and peace in believing. This sweet frame continued with me in a good

measure for about half a year thereafter, that is, till about Martinmass, 1743.

For about two weeks after that, I lost that desireable frame; but coming to Cambuslang and hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on a text I have now forgot, as he was exhorting to a patient waiting on God in the way of duty, he said that the Old Testament Church waited 4,000 years for the first coming of Christ before He came, yet He came at length in the due and appointed time; so, he said, through particular souls might think the time of their waiting for His coming to them in visits of grace and mercy, long and tedious, yet He would come at the set time and the best time. He added, 'The Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him'. I then found these last words carried home to my heart with such power as removed the uneasiness I had been under for two weeks before, upon finding those sensible comforts withdrawn that I had so long enjoyed. My heart was now raised and settled in a patient waiting for Christ in the exercise of faith and hope.

From my awakening in the Spring of 1742, to this time (9th July, 1744), I find a very great difference and alteration from the way and manner it was with me before that. Formerly I had no sweetness in the duties of God's worship, but now I for ordinary long much for the Sabbath before it comes (which I did not use to do before), and when it comes I find great pleasure and sweetness in the duties of it, and particularly in praying to God, and hearing Christ preached, and being helped to rely on Him alone for salvation. Some times my heart has been brought to submission to God's will, if He should in holy justice cast me into hell for ever, provided He would keep me from being a reproach to His religion while I am here. Sometimes when I walk out the way by myself, I find my soul as it were carried out of me in wonder and admiration at the thoughts of free grace and redeeming love, so that for some time I do not know where I am. A body of sin and death within me is matter of much grief to me, and I long often to be delivered from it. Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ who has promised deliverance. Amen.

A.W. A Woman of 42 Years. Margaret Clark, (Wife of a day labourer in Givan Parish):

I had no sort of form of secret prayer till I was about 14 years of age, when I had my lot among people that had some religion, who advised me to set about it, and I did so, and continued to mind it for some time; but removing elsewhere, I turned more careless and unconcerned about it, though I did not leave it off altogether. I was all along kept moral and civil in my outward character. I used also to go to Kirk on Sabbath Days, though I think it was often only to see and to be seen; only I kept sometimes at home because I could not read, and I was much ashamed that I could not make use of the Bible in the Kirk, as others about me did. Therefore I set about learning to read when I was about 18 years of age, having never learned to read any before that; and it was one of the terms of my agreement with those whom I served, that I should always get a lesson every day. By following it out in that manner, I came to be capable of reading the Bible, and got part of the catechism by heart, and retain part of it still.

Though I sometimes fell under some concern about my salvation at times, as particularly at sacrament occasions, yet this concern soon wore off again, and I never got a sight and sense of my lost and perishing condition by nature and by actual sins, till one Sabbath in Summer, 1742, after I had been hearing sermon at Cambuslang. I had got nothing that touched me all day, and was just going off from the rest of the multitude homewards, before the last Psalms were sung, when I heard the minister (Mr. McCulloch) read that line of the 119th Psalm (being the first portion of that Psalm he appointed to be sung), 'I thought upon my former ways'. These words came home to me with such a power that I could not forbear crying out under a sense of my sin and my lost condition by sin, and was just ready to drop down, but got hold of a chair near me, and got leave to sit down on it. At that instant, on hearing those words, I was made indeed to think on my former ways to purpose. The sins of my former life were presented to me in their horrid nature, and stared me in the face, so that I was filled with dread and confusion. I then thought that I was the chief of all the sinners on the Brae. More and more sins still were set before me, as the rest of the lines were sung. I joined in singing two or three of the first lines, but was not able to continue in singing the rest, my heart was so overwhelmed, partly with a sense of my sin as dishonouring to God, and partly with fears of perishing.

Thus I continued for about fourteen days. My convictions of sin and danger went on from day to day, and my distress under them was so great that I could work none. I ate but very little and sleep in a great measure departed from my eyes. Very often I thought there was no mercy for me. I could scarce do anything at all, but run to my knees every now and then, and hear sermons at Cambuslang, and read my Bible.

The first relief I got was one morning when I was lying in my bed, half sleeping and half waking, when that word came into my mind, as if one had spoken it to me (Song of Sol. 2.10), 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away', which eased my troubled heart a little, and persuaded me that it was Christ who was speaking to my heart. I got some faith to depend on and to trust in Him, believing that though I was the chief of sinners, yet He was able and willing to forgive me.

I continued much easier in mind till Friday thereafter, when hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) at Cambuslang on these words, 'The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved', I fell into great confusion and distress, thinking I was now in a worse condition than ever, and that there would never be anything better for me. As the Psalms began to be sung before the next sermon, my fear and grief at the thoughts of my sin threw me into a swarf, in which I continued all the time of that sermon. I was carried up to the manse when I recovered, and then brought back again, and heard that same minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach a third sermon. I was in much confusion and in the time of it, while I was looking clearly up, I verily thought I saw with my bodily eyes Christ as hanging on the cross, and a great light about Him in the air, and it was strongly impressed on my mind that He was suffering there for my sins. At the same time, while I looked at this sight, a woman who was sitting beside me, before I spoke anything to her, said to me, 'Do you see yon great light?' (pointing at the place where I myself beheld it). I withdrew my eyes from it two or three times, and lifting them up, saw the same again. At length, after several minutes, it vanished and I saw it no more. I do not, and never did desire, to see it again, and never laid any stress of my salvation upon seeing this sight.

However, that night and for two days after that, my mind was wholly set upon Christ and heaven, and entirely taken off everything in the world, not so much as having all that time one thought of my own children, and I found much love to Christ in my heart. The Sabbath following, when I looked up, I thought I saw the sun, moon and stars

in the sky: and looking down I thought I saw a great darkness betwixt my eyes and the ground.

On the Monday after the first sacrament at Cambuslang, some words in a minister's (Mr. Whitefield's) sermon struck me with such fear that my distress threw me into a swarf, but I continued to hear what was said in the sermon. While I was in this swarf, that word (though not uttered by the minister) came into my mind, 'Fear not, for I am with thee', and I was then enabled to lay hold on Christ in a way of believing. Betwixt sermons, I had great freedom and enlargement in prayer, and heard the next sermon with much satisfaction. But that night, when I went home and was in bed slumbering, I was awaked with a noise like one speaking loud, sharp and bitter words to me, that pierced me like swords, and put me into a great terror. Yet I understood nothing of what was said, but after I got praying the terror wore off. I took this to be the Evil One seeking to affright me.

Next day I found much of last night's terror on my spirit, and could neither read nor pray, but was in a dead and stupid frame. Lying down on my bed, after I had shut my eyes and opened them again, I saw a great darkness before me, and felt a straitness in my throat that I was like to be strangled. Getting out of my bed, I fell down on the floor in a swarf, and continued so for some time. In the evening, going out to the fields, I got some liberty in prayer and reading the Bible, and the terror went off gradually. Next morning that word came into my mind, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved', and at the same time I was helped to trust and rely on Christ and Him only for salvation. But unbelief within a little prevailing, I went to prayer, but thought it would be the last prayer ever I would put up, my distress was so great and my hopes so very low. But returning again to that duty, and getting more liberty in prayer, and being helped to more reliance on Christ, I was encouraged to go on in the practice of that and other duties for a considerable time.

At Eastwood sacrament I got my longing soul satisfied, by the sensible presence of Christ and the refreshings of His grace, and much of this frame continued with me for a good while after. At Cathcart sacrament in May, 1743, I was helped to much of a desirable frame. But after it I fell into great darkness and was much straitened in prayer. But the Lord was pleased to give me much of enlargement in that duty again. Sometimes I have had so much of a spirit of supplication poured out on me, that I could have been glad to have continued whole nights at that duty.

I have been many a time, when under convictions and distress for sin, in great bodily pains. I have borne several children, but have been in as great bodily pains under my convictions as at bearing any of my children. These pains used to begin at my left side, when I fell under distress of spirit for sin; and if I had not got my clothes loosed when I found my side rising, I had been in hazard of my life. The pains would have proceeded from my side to all the other parts of my body. My bones especially would have been all sore and pained, as if they had been bruised by beating.

I now find for ordinary my heart and affections running out after Christ and spiritual things. I find a vast change in myself from what used to be formerly. I know not if I have met with a saving change or not, but I would not for a thousand worlds go back to the state I was formerly in. My heart corruptions are a great burden to me. I long very often for the coming of Christ and to be dissolved and to be with Him for ever.

A.F. A Young Woman, Unmarried, Aged About 20 Years.**Elizabeth Finlay of Carmunnock:**

I was all along kept, through mercy, from what is reproachful before the world, and have been too great commendations from those among whom I lived, which has often been matter of grief to me, to think how little I deserved them. My parents pressed me to the duty of prayer when I was young, and though I complied with their direction for a while when I was a child, yet I came afterwards much to neglect it. I have in these early times of my life found something within me, at times, pressing me to go away and pray, which I really think now upon reflection was from the common motions of the Spirit of the Lord. Yet I many a time neglected to comply with them, and put it off to some other time, and I came at length to lay aside praying altogether for a long tract of time. Yet for all that, I always all along since I was capable, used to go the Kirk on Sabbath Days, and took good heed to what was said. But I may say, I went I knew not for what; to be sure I was not seeking to be better, when I went there and yet prayed none. I also read the Bible and other good books, oftentimes with great delight.

I lived sober quiet life myself, and liked good people because they were sober and quiet too. However, I often think that unless I had been kept under by many afflictions and troubles, I had not been so sober and quiet as I was. When I was about 14 or 15 years of age, I was admitted to the Lord's table, yet made but very little preparation for it, except that I prayed some little. Therefore it may well be thought that I got nothing there. Only I had some kind of heart-meltings, and I shed abundance of tears both at the table and before and after I was there. But I returned in a few days just to my old ways again, only I said a prayer now and then for a fashion. But I had no concern about my heart, and the evils of it, or and care to have it made better.

At length, about four or five years ago, hearing a preacher on that text, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth', when he said about the close, 'O that ye would now live as ye will wish ye had done when death comes', I found that word came to me with some power, so that I said, Alas for my way of living! I am sure when I come to die I shall wish I had lived another way than what I have done! I told myself that I must certainly change this way of life. Hearing another minister that day (which was a fast day before the sacrament at Carmunnock) on those words, 'Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, etc.', I was glad to think

there might be mercy for me yet. From that time I set about prayer, and was much taken up in it; and though I had formerly been very timorous and durst not go out of the door myself alone after it turned dark, now I frequently went out to secret prayer in the fields after it was dark, and had much delight in the duty. On Saturday evening I often thought, O how shall I get ready for the Sabbath Day? And when I was obliged to stay at home on Sabbath, I was as busy in secret prayer as I could be. When I went to the Kirk, I was much in prayer before I went, and heard sermon with great delight. But I cannot say I got anything else. When I was at my work, my heart would have been like to break for sin, for the offence and dishonour I had done to God by it. In this way I continued till next sacrament occasion the following year.

At that occasion, I had much melting of heart for sin, especially in time of the action sermon, on that text, 'The Master is come and calleth for thee'. I had a great inclination to go to the Lord's table, but had nothing to clear my way, except that I had a desire to be of the number of those whom the Master called. When I was there, I promised to God, as I had done before I came, that wherein I had done iniquity, I would do so no more. But soon after this sacrament occasion was over, I broke all these promises. I did not trust to the righteousness and strength of Christ, but to my own, and so ill came of it. I even turned carnal and secure again, and took great pleasure in carnal mirth, jesting, and sporting. I kept up a form of prayer but was very dead in it. When I met with anything like the presence of God in it, I pleased; and when I did not, though I was not satisfied, yet I was not so dissatisfied and uneasy as I should have been.

Thus I continued till the awakening broke out at Cambuslang, some short time after which I came and heard a minister preach there on that text 'Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Might!' but I got nothing sensibly. In the evening I stayed and heard a preacher and several others pray, and I found a great melting on my heart, though I could not well tell for what. Several days after that, being at home, I fell under a great concern about my soul's state, and felt as it had been a great weight on my heart, and I went out to secret prayer and was very earnest in it.

Next weekly lecture-day I came to Cambuslang again, very much weighted under sorrow for sin, but that word came into my mind by the way and relieved me a little,

'I fainted had unless that I
believed had to see,

The Lord's own goodness in the land
of them that living be'.

When I came there, hearing Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'By Him we are justified from all things from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses', I had such great sorrow of heart and grief for sin upon me, that I was not able to stand, but fell just down upon the ground. As I was returning home, that word came into my mind, 'There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus', which refreshed me a little; but I got little or no comfort by it, because I could not apply it to myself, or think that it belonged to me. Next day after I had been at payer, when I was at my work, that word, 'Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee', came in with great power all on a sudden on my heart, and with such light and clearness that I was as certain it came from God and as certainly belonged to me, as ever I was that I saw the sun shining at noon-day. I ran away with joy to the barn, and pleaded that the Lord might keep that promise for me that He had sent me. But the light and power that came with this word very soon died away. Yet after it did so, I got great liberty and freedom to trust in God, and resolved I would do so, though He should slay me.

B.G. A Woman of 44 Years of Age. Christine Lamont (Daughter of a tenant in Roseneath):

I was from my childhood all along kept aiming at the duties of religion. But when I now look back on my past life, I think I have reason to conclude that I was all along a stranger to true and real serious godliness. For though I shunned what I took to be sinful, it was not out of any real hatred of sin, but because I thought it would bring misery upon me here or hereafter or both; and in performing duties, it was not out of love to Christ, or out of a single regard to the glory of God, but only from self-love and a view to my own happiness, or some advantage or other to self, that I went about them.

Thus it continued with me till I came to Cambuslang in March, 1742, and heard a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on these words, 'He that believeth on the sin hath everlasting life; he that believeth not on the Son is condemned already'. While he repeated these words of the text, 'He that believeth not is condemned already', and added, 'The sentence is already past', I found a power bringing home these words and applying them to my conscience, convincing me that I was the person that did not believe on Christ, and that the sentence of condemnation was passed already against me. Formerly I took myself to have been a believer in Christ. Now I was convinced I had never believed in a saving manner. I found myself cut off from all pretences to faith by everything that I heard afterward in that sermon. Hereupon I fell under great distress of spirit, but did my utmost to refrain from crying out, because I now saw I had been but a hypocrite, and was made to apprehend God was now about to manifest my hypocrisy openly, and was ashamed any should see me in that distress. And so I covered my face, and hid it like a condemned person, as I then indeed saw myself to be.

At night both the Kirk and the manse were full of people. I would gladly have gone into the manse, but my pride of heart was then so pulled down, that I thought myself unworthy to go and sit among the rest of the Lord's people there, and so I just sat down in the close of the manse by myself, and bemoaned my own sad condition. While I sat mourning there, I heard a minister saying to those within, 'Your iniquities have hid God's face from you', which came home with power to me without where I sat, and I was made sensible that this was indeed my case. Some man from within looking out and seeing me, and hearing me moaning, said to the minister, 'There's a woman in distress in the close'. The minister bade him bring me in. The man came and asked

me if I would come up, and offered to give me help. I told him that I was not in such distress but that I could go up myself. I did so; and when I came into the hall the minister asked me if I had got any convictions. I told him I had. 'Then,' said he, 'be sure you guard them tenderly, cherish them, and take heed that you do not stifle them, or if you do, remember that I am free of your blood'. These words were made to pierce my heart with a sense of my great guilt this way, in stifling my convictions often since my childhood, many instances of which were now brought fresh to mind.

(fragment only).

**A.H. A Young Unmarried Woman Aged 17. Jean Wark
(Daughter of a weaver in Provan Mill, Barony):**

My former life was but very coarse. Till I was about ten years of age I scarce ever so much as said, Lord, help me, except when forced to it by my parents; and after that, coming from them among strangers, they took but very little care of me as to anything that belonged to my soul. I would now and then have gone to my knees in secret prayer, but I had no delight in it. I used for ordinary to go to the Kirk, but when I was there, I took no heed, but would have slept a good part of the time, and I minded nothing almost of what was said when I came away. One year I never went to the Kirk at all, but would have stayed at home and just loitered and slept away the time. I had, however, at some times a pleasure to read my Bible, especially passages about Christ's sufferings. At other times I read it for nothing, but that I might have it to say that I read it as well as my neighbours. I thought when I heard of any persons who lived ill but repented on a deathbed, I need not trouble myself to become good now; I will be just like these persons while I live, and I will get repentance as they did, at my latter end. I had a wicked way of swearing. I could scarce speak a sentence without profane swearing; and lying was habitual to me. But I was in mercy kept from uncleanness and stealing.

At length, when I heard of the awakening at Cambuslang in the Spring of 1742, I said to some about me, 'I'll away to Cambuslang; it may be I get a cast among the rest'. I went and heard there several times in March, and was surprised to see people in such distress, and crying out there, and thought many a time that I must have a sad sort of heart when I could not be affected with that which affected others so. But though I had some concern, I cannot say that ever I was effectually touched at the heart, till one day hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) there preaching on the Brae one Sabbath on these words, 'While the strong man armed keeps the house, all his goods are in peace, etc.'; in that sermon while he said, 'Secure carnal sinners, fast asleep in their sins, wonder much what makes people cry out so in a sense of their lost condition, and reckon them mad that do so, but better acquaintance with them and their way would make them cease to wonder. 'It is just in this case', said he, 'as if you should see a company of people on the top of an hill, dancing to music playing beside them; if you stand and look at them from a great distance, you would think by their motions that they were all mad, but approaching nearer and nearer to them, when you come

up to them, you would be so far from looking on them as mad, that you would admire their regular motions, and the delightful music, and would fall to and dance as fast as any of them yourself. 'So', said he, 'you that now in your hearts look on others as a set of mad people, when you hear them cry out under a sense of their sins and in their longings after a Saviour, and listening eagerly to the Word and complying with the calls of it and to the motions of the Spirit of God, and praying and reading with much earnestness, and speaking of the joys they have in the light of God's countenance; would ye but draw nearer and nearer, till ye come up close to them, ye would change your thoughts of them, and would be as much taken up in these things as they'. This affected me much, and made me concerned to do so.

Some time after, while hearing the same sermon, the citation, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light', came home with power to my heart, and was the first word that ever came to me in that manner. The minister added that it might seem ridiculous to speak to a dead man in the grave and bid him rise, because it was impossible for him to do so; 'and', said he, 'it is as impossible for you that are dead in trespasses and sins here before the Lord, to rise up from under the power of that death; yet Christ who gives the command to arise, can with the command give power to obey it, and cause you to arise from the dead and give you the light, the light of life'.

By this time I was fallen into great distress of soul under a sense of my sins and my lost condition; I thought them to be so great that it was impossible for Christ to pardon them. My agony of soul was so great that my heart was like to leap out of me, and forced some low cries from me but much against my will. It immediately threw me into a swoon, and I continued in it, as I was told afterwards by some about me, for about half an hour, during which time I heard none. I do not remember what were my thoughts while in that swoon; but the first thing that came to my thoughts after I came out of it was, Lord, Thou hast forsaken me and will never take hold of me again.

I continued in distress and heard the rest of that and other two sermons, and came into the manse after sermons, and lay all night in the Churchyard by myself. Next day I heard a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'Come, let us return to the Lord etc.'. I was in so great distress in time of it, that if I had not got a sister to help me, I believe I would not have been able to come to the manse that night after it. I stayed in Cambuslang that night, and heard sermon the next day. I went home on Tuesday

night, still getting more and more convictions of sin and a sense of the particular evils of my heart and life. My unbelief grieved me greatly and I thought it was the greatest sin ever I had committed; and the sins of my heart were more afflicting to me than any other.

But also my swearing profanely was specially grievous to me. I had got such a habit of it that I was afraid God would never show me mercy, and that I would never get that wicked practice forsaken. I got it not quite broke off altogether, but would sometimes, ere I knew what I was saying, bring out a profane oath; but it would scarce have been half out of my mouth before I checked myself and would not have known what to do to myself in way of revenge, but blessed by God I have at length utterly forsaken it.

From Sabbath morning till Tuesday night I think I scarce tasted meat or drink. I prayed much of Sabbath night in the Kirkyard. On Monday night I slept some, but when I awaked I thought I was in the midst of hell. On Wednesday when I was at secret prayer, the devil suggested to me, 'What need for you to pray so? I am as sure of thee as if I had thee, for I am thy master'. I went on, however, in prayer at that time. I had never had any thought of hell before this while I was in trouble of mind; but now I thought I need not trouble myself to get an interest in Christ, for that I would go to hell among the wicked. I went and prayed, however, on Thursday. But when I was essaying to do so on Friday, Satan prevailed so far by his suggestions as to raise me from my knees, and I then resolved I would never again pray, or open my mouth to God, for it was needless, I thought.

I had gone the day before to divert myself among a set of loose wicked people near by, that made a mock of the work at Cambuslang, and told me that no doubt I would be one of the Cambuslang converts. I told them that if they would let me alone, I should never go back again to that place. I also went back to their company on Friday to put away the uneasy vexing thoughts I was under; but when I came in from them, I fell a-weeping when I met with more jeers from my mistress.

On Saturday I went to a young woman near by, who had been in great distress under her convictions, and had got some outgate. She gave me many a good counsel at that and other times, and particularly, that I should not regard the scoffs and jeers of mockers. On Sabbath I came to Cambuslang and heard sermon, and was in great distress in time of it. And a word then came into my mind (though not uttered by the minister), 'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire,

taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel'. This word haunted my mind almost constantly for about fourteen days after that. I think it came not from the Spirit of the Lord, but from Satan seeking to drive me to utter despair. And he had almost gained his point, for next day when I was going home, I thought when I was going across the Clyde, No matter though I should fall down into the water never to rise again. It was not, however, fears of hell that was the ground of my trouble, but that God was angry with me, and that I had so greatly dishonoured Him by my sin. I did not, after this, go back to the company of those mockers in order to put away my convictions, but set about prayer again, and took great delight in reading my Bible. I wrought also as I was able in the day time, but ofttimes slept little at night. Another word also came into my mind, 'Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, etc.'. This, I thought, came from the Holy Spirit by its tending to lead me to repentance and to forsake all iniquity.

I continued in great distress for about eight weeks before I got any sensible relief. At length one night I was at secret prayer. The Lord gave me great enlargement of heart in that duty, and that word came into my heart, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'. I had been thinking that I was one of those that betrayed Christ; but now I thought, if I could get faith to believe on Him, He would yet save me for all that. I thought it pleased the Lord then to give me some faith, so that I could say, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief'. Another word also then came in to my heart, 'If thou love Me, deny thyself and take up thy cross and follow Me'. I then said within myself, I will fly to the blood of a Redeemer for the pardon of my past guilt, and resolve by His grace to forsake all known sin for the time to come; and if I can get a heart to seek and follow Christ, I shall be easy whatever the world may say or think of me. And all this was accompanied with some measure of joy in Christ.

But in a little while, this went off, when I thought that I had been like Peter, too self-confident, when he said, 'Though all men forsake Thee, yet will not I'. And now I was afraid that it was only Satan that had been deluding me, and that I had been building on a sandy foundation. Upon this I fell back into my former distress, and continued so for about twenty days before I got any relief. It came by means of that word of Scripture coming into my heart, 'Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved'. I did not then know that these words were in the Bible, and it was a long ere I could get it. But it came with so much love to

Christ that I cannot express. Some time after that, that word came into my heart, 'If thou wilt draw near to Me, I will draw near to thy cry'. I went not to prayer at that time, but at night I went out about ten o'clock, and continued with other two young women in the fields till six o'clock in the morning, taken up mostly all that time in prayer, and signing of psalms, which some of us had by heart. That night I felt much of love to Christ in my heart.

I went to the Lord's table at the Barony sacrament, but got nothing there, but only a great deal of grief for sin, whereby I had offended such a gracious God and Saviour. But after I had been there, I fell into great grief and sorrow that I had gone to that table, thinking I had been thereby betraying the Son of man with a kiss, and that I had profaned that holy ordinance. In this distress I continued till Wednesday thereafter, when that word came into my mind,

'O Lord my God, if it be so
that I committed this;
If it be so that in my hands
iniquity there is'. (Ps. 7.3).

This, I thought, was made useful to me to bring me to repent and mourn for that guilt of unworthy communicating which I was afraid I had brought upon myself. I continued long greatly bowed down under a sense of that iniquity of my hands and heart.

At the first sacrament in Cambuslang in July, 1742, I found much sweetness in hearing the Word, especially on Sabbath forenoon, when that word came into my heart, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God'. I longed to feed by faith on Christ's broken body and shed blood, and felt strength conveyed to my inner man by the power of His Spirit coming along with His Word. At the table I got little sensibly; but after it, while hearing, that word, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful even to death' coming into my mind, I was much grieved that I could not be more sorrowful for what I was and what I had done in offending Christ and procuring His sorrow; and immediately I found my grief turned into joy.

One day, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach, that citation by him, 'Come let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet and crimson, they shall be white as wool', came with powerful delight to my soul, and made me wonder at the condescending love and grace of Christ in that promise to such a poor wretched sinner as I.

One night, after I had been much despised and reproached in the house where I was, and much cast down, when all the rest were gone to bed, I went out and sat down at the house-end by myself alone, and heard a pleasant sound as of a multitude singing the 103rd Psalm, which I took first to have been on this side and then on that side of me. At length, looking up yet seeing nothing, I took it to proceed from above, and that it was the voice of those that had been gathered together to the Lord. And I found my heart and voice joining together with them. I went in to my bed, but after some time, went out and sat down there again, and heard the same heavenly sound and joined in it as before.

To close: I now find my heart much deadened to the world, and all the profits and pleasures and everything in it. And for ordinary, I find my chief desires going out after Christ and communion with Him. I can say that there is none in heaven or earth that I desire in comparison with Him. My great grief is that I cannot get serving God as I would, and that I cannot get my corruptions subdued, and my thoughts captivated to the obedience of Christ as I would. I have not assurance of eternal life, but blessed be God, I have got some hopes of it since He began a-dealing with my soul, and desire to rest entirely on what Christ did and suffered as the surety of the elect, and the only ground of all my hopes of blessings here and hereafter. To Him be glory world without end. Amen.

**C.V. A Married Man of 51 Years. David Logan (Collier in
Cambuslang):**

I was much neglected in my education in my childhood and youth. I was taught to read a little in the Bible, but very indistinctly. I was addicted to all evil, and indulged myself in the open practice of many vices, as cursing and swearing, and breaking the Sabbath, gaming, etc., and yet I used to pray now and then by myself, and kept the Kirk for ordinary on Sabbath Days. When I was about 22 years of age, I fell under dreadful unbelieving apprehensions (whether proceeding from Satan or my own heart, I do not know) relating to the Bible. I heard that the Turks had their Al-koran, the Papists their traditions, and all sects pretended to what they received for their rule to be from God, and yet all was but from man. I thought so also might be the Bible which I and others I lived amongst followed, for anything I knew to the contrary. I was much perplexed about this matter, but kept all within myself, fearing that if I should mention such thoughts to any, I would be taken for an atheist; and I did not know but that the laws of man might take hold of me and put me to death.

Whereupon I began to search the Word of God, that I might see what was in it, before I proceeded any further, or ventured to make my thoughts known to any. While searching it, I met with that passage (2 Pet. 1.21), 'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost'. In reading that, I rested there, believing it to have been so, and so I concluded myself to be a believer.

Soon after this I applied to an elder in the place where I lived, who gave me a token to come to the Lord's table. Before I came there I entered into some kind of personal covenant with God, the nature of which was, that I would endeavour to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man, that is, that I would not defraud, steal, cheat, or overreach any man, and would study to keep myself from all filthiness and pollution of the flesh. A little after this I went into the Army, where I was kept free from gross filthy pollutions, and did not cheat or defraud any, but now and then would ave let a profane oath fly, according to the wicked custom that prevailed there. Yet I was an object of mockery to the rest of the soldiers, because I would not run to the same excess of riot with them in profane swearing and cursing, drunkenness, and whoring, as they did, and on that account they could scarce endure to see me.

(fragment only).

B.S. A Young Woman of 16 Years. Margaret Carson (Daughter of a sailor in Maccairn Parish in Highlands):

In my former life before 1742 I had no pretences to religion, nor anything like it. I endeavoured still to behave warily that men might have nothing to upbraid me with. But I had no dread or fear of God in my heart, nor did I live as under His all-seeing eye. I was full of pride and vanity and self-conceit. If I had got some good clothes, or could dress myself clean and neat enough, I then used to go to Kirk on Sabbaths, and when it was otherwise I chose rather to stay at home. When I was at the Kirk I took no heed to what was said, for I thought it enough that I was there. I very seldom used to pray any at all, and when I did pray, I had no sense of the evils of my heart or life. Yet I thought it enough that I was there. I very seldom used to pray any at all, and when I did pray, I had no sense of the evils of my heart or life. Yet I thought the Lord would no doubt hear and save me. I was so stupid that I scarce thought I was a sinner at all. Once, indeed, when I looked at the elements at the first sacrament occasion ever I was at, the tears came running down my cheeks, but I scarce could tell for what, only I then thought I was a great sinner. But this wore quickly away, and I went on in my vain careless way, having seldom any thought at all about soul concerns.

On hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) in June, 1742, in the High Churchyard of Glasgow, I was so far affected with several things he said, that after that I durst not go to bed one night without some form of prayer, which formerly I used generally to neglect altogether. But I came not to get a sight and sense of the evil of sin, or my danger by it, till the Sabbath of the first sacrament in Cambuslang in July, 1742, when I was on the Brae there, hearing Mr. Whitefield. I fell into a careless slumbering sort of way, and continued so till hearing another minister after him, I was awakened with those words he was citing (Rev. 21.27), 'And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie'. This struck my conscience with great power, and my making a lie frequently to my mother to excuse myself, and other iniquities of that kind, were brought fresh to my mind, and now I found my hope of heaven was quite cut off.

On the evening of that day, hearing Mr. Whitefield on that text, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband', when he said, 'You that have not Christ for your Husband, ye have the devil for your Husband, and you sleep all night in the devil's arms', I found my heart so filled with confusion and amazement at the thought that this was my condition, that I was rendered

in a manner stupid. After sermon, going into the Kirk and hearing a young lad give out a psalm to be sung (Ps. 23.1), I thought: there is a young lad who, it seems, can say that the Lord is his Shepherd, but for me, my hope is perished from the Lord. I was thereupon made to cry out among the people present. After this I got more and more of my sins brought to my remembrance from time to time; all the remarkable sins I had been guilty of since I was a little child were set home on my conscience in a very affecting manner, and I was almost quite reduced to despair. And thus it continued with me about a week.

I had great fear of hell at that time, but my chief grief was that I had so greatly offended God. I thought, however, that my convictions were not deep enough, and I wished and prayed that I might never take or get comfort and relief until He was pleased to give it to me Himself.

On the next Saturday that word came into my mind, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved', not 'believe and thou shalt be damned'; upon which I was immediately made to say with heart and mouth, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief', and was instantly made to rejoice, finding a secret power coming with the word, causing me to believe in Christ, and I was made to hope and, for the time, persuaded that He would save me.

B.F. A Woman About 26 Years. Margaret Barton (Daughter of a tenant in Calder):

Sometimes in my childhood I used to make a fashion of praying in secret, and sometimes neglected it. I went also to the Kirk then all along for ordinary, but did not well know for what end. I designed to attend to what was said, but my mind was often running after other things. Ofttimes when I came home and heard some persons speak of sermons and the good some got by them at times, I wondered much at my own ignorance of anything of that kind.

Yet there was one time when I was a child, hearing a minister (Mr. Wilson of Carstairs) preach, one word he had in his sermon affected me much: 'This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil'. This word stuck with me and made me very uneasy for two or three days, and put me often to my knees; but not understanding myself what was dealing with me, and the people about me mocking at the concern they saw me under, the concern wore off after two or three days, and I returned just where I was before. Yet for some Sabbaths after that, when I thought on that word, it would have sent me to my prayers again.

As to my outward behaviour, merciful providence kept me from anything gross or reproachful before the world. But I had no concern about my heart: none knew how sinful I was but myself, and I knew not my own case myself neither.

Thus matters continued with me till I came to Cambuslang in April, 1742, when I heard a minister preach on that text, 'There are some of you that believe not'. I fell under more concern than I had ever been under before. Next Sabbath, being at home at my own Parish Church, when a young lass (Catherine Jackson) that had been awakened at Cambuslang cried out in time of sermon in great distress, the minister (Mr. Warden of Calder) ordered her to be taken out, thinking, as he said afterwards, that she would be the better to be taken out, to prevent her fainting. Seeing and hearing that girl, and the minister speaking to her, I was under much concern and in great confusion.

Next Thursday I came back to Cambuslang and heard sermons, but got nothing sensibly. Next Sabbath I came there again, and heard sermons without at the Brae, but was not much affected. After sermons at the Brae were over, a minister (Mr. McCulloch), whom I had formerly heard preach on 'There are some of you that believe not', went in to the Kirk and preached there. What was his text I know not, for it was read out

before I got into the Kirk; but there was one word he had that struck my heart with power, and that was, 'Our hearts are as black as hell and as ugly as the devil'. I was made sensible to see that my heart was indeed so. Thereupon I fell into great distress, and though I did not cry out at that time, yet I was made often that night both to cry out and faint at the sight and sense the Lord gave me of the horrid blackness and ugliness of my heart by reason of sin.

This was the first word that ever effectually reached my heart and conscience, and by means of which the Lord made me sensible that that was indeed the condition I was in. After that sermon I essayed to go into the manse, but while I was getting up upon a chair to hearken at a window, when I could not get in, I fell down on the ground, but was taken up again by some about me. But the throng was such that there was no getting into the manse, and therefore, after hearing one pray in the fields near the manse, I went home.

As I went home, a young woman in company with me, was often talking about spiritual things, but my grief was so great that I could speak none, which she observing at length, forbore. I continued in great distress from day to day from that time for about six or seven weeks. Once, at dinner with others in the family, I fell down from the seat where I was sitting. I came back to Cambuslang shortly after this awakening, and heard a minister (Mr. Hamilton, Bothwell) preaching on that text on a Thursday, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'. I was in much distress in time of that sermon, but could not think that I was one of those weary and heavy laden sinners he was speaking of, and therefore that I could not expect that rest Christ promised to such.

After sermon my distress continued, or rather increased, in the manse. Some ministers there spoke to me. But I got no relief at that time nor any time afterwards (when I went home) till the sacrament occasion in the Parish where I lived. For the space of six or seven weeks from my first awakening, my distress of soul was so great that I could neither eat nor drink nor sleep, but with much reluctance. Nor could I apply myself to work to any purpose, though I essayed it sometimes as I could. The chief cause of my grief and sorrow was that I had offended God so much by my sins, that I had neglected the offers of Christ and the great salvation so long, and that, though I used to attend Gospel ordinances, I had done it in such an unconcerned way. I was grieved also that I spent so much time on Sabbath mornings before I went to the Kirk, in taking care of

my body, and had taken so little care about my soul; also that I had such a hard and impenitent and unbelieving heart. I thought then at if there was a hypocrite in all the world, I was one. I thought too that if I died in the condition in which I then was, I would surely go to hell. Yet the fears of hell were never so heavy to my heart as the grief I had for offending God. When I saw or heard of others being under such terrors of hell, I suspected myself still the more, because I had never had much of anything of that kind.

Thus I continued till the sacrament occasion in the Parish where I lived. I was under such agony and distress, that I durst not think of communicating, especially when, among other things, the thoughts of my being guilty of unworthy communicating when I was at the Lord's table before, lay so heavy on my heart. My distress rose to a great height on the fast day and Saturday. But I got no relief till on the Sabbath, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) at the tent without, when he said, 'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price'. These words came with great power by the Spirit of the Lord to my heart, and filled me with great joy at the full persuasion that I had at that time that I was not my own, but Jesus Christ's, and bought by Him at the price of His own most precious blood. My soul was so filled with love and gratitude to Him that I was much taken up in praising Him, and would have gladly had all the Christian I saw there to praise Him on my account.

Much of this continued with me for two or three days after. But when I was with the rest of the family at prayer, a deadness came on my spirit. I started up from the seat on which I was leaning, yet could not well tell for what. But for about two or three weeks after, I fell under a damp on my spirit, and was made to doubt of the reality of the work I had been under. But after that space again, in time of family prayer, that word came in to my heart with some power (though not uttered by them that were praying), 'Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you'. Accordingly I went out, immediately after family prayer was over to a place by myself, and found my heart much refreshed in that duty. After I had come in from it, I could not forbear going out to it again, and found more of the presence of God, and through that day I found my heart much melted down under a sense of sin, and of love to Christ.

But in a short while after this, I fell under great doubts and fears again for some weeks, till one day, hearing Mr. Whitefield at Auchinlech say that it was great presumption for any to rest in the faith of adherence

and not seek after the faith of assurance, my trouble increased to a much greater height when I thought what would become of me who had never, as I then thought, got the length of the faith of adherence? But in speaking with an elder (Mr. Jo: Wark) after sermon on that subject, I attained to much composure of mind by means of what he said.

In a very short time after this, being at the sacrament occasion at Campsie, and hearing a minister (Mr. James Robe) preach, and a woman standing before him among the people, and crying, 'O what will I do?', that minister, looking to her, said, 'I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, Woman; fly to Christ and He will save thee. What shouldst thou do but fly to Jesus Christ?' At hearing this, I thought, O, they are in a happy condition that are helped to fly to Christ! But for myself I could do nothing. I then felt my heart very hard and full of unbelief, and was in great distress of soul all that day, till about twelve o'clock at night, when I was at secret prayer, and got my heart loosed, and poured out before the Lord.

A word (though not uttered in the sermons) had come into my heart while I was hearing that day, but with far less power than ordinary, 'Fear not, for I am with thee', but the power with which it came was so small, that I could not think it was spoken to me, and got but little comfort by it. But I have reason to bless God for giving me that day a very deep and humbling sense of my sins against a gracious God in rejecting so many offers of Christ and calls of His Gospel, and for my unbelief, which I then found so strong in my heart.

I was from that time under much deadness till the first sacrament at Kilsyth in the Summer, 1742, when towards the close of the action sermon (preached by Mr. Robe of Kilsyth), that word the minister uttered came into my heart with power, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light'; upon which I was made to see and believe and feel that though I was dead and dark, yet Christ could give me the light of life, and that He was doing so. This frame continued with me till Monday, when the minister, just when the people were to be dismissed, told them that they might be divided into two sorts, those that had received Christ, and those that had not, and that all of them would go home either with the devil or with Christ in their heart. This damped me much, yet I was made to hope, though I had not the assurance of it, that I had received Christ or some light and life from Him on that occasion.

I attended the second sacrament at Kilsyth that year, and though I got no ravishing joys, yet I met with some reviving and quickening to my soul.

I continued on so till about Martinmass, 1742, when hearing a minister (Mr. Warden, Calder) examine the people for the first two days of it, I felt every word he said brought home to my heart with such power, as filled me with joy to hear the method of salvation opened up, and so much spoken to the Commendation of Christ and His grace. I felt my heart melted under a sense of His love, and drawn out in love to Him; and my heart was made to close with Him in all His offices as my Prophet, Priest and King, as an all-sufficient Saviour, and as my Saviour and Lord, as I think I had also done several times before that.

But about twenty days afterwards, hearing that minister examining other two days, I felt nothing of the power or presence of God in attending to what was said, but it was all to me as idle tales. But reflecting on what I had met with on the earlier two days, and comparing that with what I then found to be the case, I was made to see much of the condescending mercy of God to me in two such different dispensations, to make me sensible of His fulness and my emptiness, and that Gospel ordinances were either sweet or tasteless as He was pleased to countenance them or not, and that all ordinances were nothing without His presence.

But the last of these two days, being under much discouragement, I felt inclined to speak to that minister, and it being late, I was prevailed on to stay there all night. Next day, when I came home, some of my relations were very much displeased that I did not come home the night before, and chided me much; by which I was much discouraged. Within a little after that, being sent in to Glasgow, and talking there with one that had been in deep exercise and had got many outgates from her distresses, I fell under further discouragement at the thought that my exercises had not been so deep and sharp as hers. This, added to what I had met with from my relations, made my distress great.

But wile I was in this condition going home by myself, these words (Rev. 3.20) came into my heart, 'To him that overcometh will I give to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father on His throne'. This affected me and raised my heart a little; yet could not apply the comfort in the promise to myself, because I thought the promise was to him that overcometh, which I took to mean overcoming corruption and all enemies of salvation, which I reckoned could not be said of me. But after a while, falling down to

secret prayer, these words (Ps. 45) came into my heart with a wonderful power and sweetness,

‘O daughter, hearken and regard,
and do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father’s house,
and people that are thine’,

upon which I was filled with joy, wonder and praise to the Lord for His condescending goodness to me in Christ, in sending these words with such power at that time, and by them to comfort me, when I had been under such vexation for meeting with so much anger from some of my relations in the family, and to wean me from too much concern for things of that kind.

I forgot to notice, in the due place, the Lord’s goodness to me at the second sacrament at Cambuslang in 1742. I had been under great deadness and darkness on Saturday, and all along till toward the close of the action. But while a minister (Mr. Robe) was serving a table, these words (though, I think, not uttered by him) came into my heart with great power (Ps. 27):

‘One thing I of the Lord desired,
and will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God’s house remain’.

This filled me with love to Christ and joy in Him, and made me wonder at His grace in determining to seek after that as my one thing, and making such a change for the better in my frame so suddenly and surprisingly. Much of the like sweet frame continued with me on Monday in hearing the sermons, and after I went home, and so also in meditating on what I had heard at Cambuslang sacrament, and in secret prayer in the fields on Tuesday.

One time in the Spring, 1743, after I had been in great distress under a sense of my neglecting the calls of Christ, and the offers of grace and salvation by Him, as I was standing at a house end, and looking about me and noticing the works of God, I thought to myself: the grass is springing, the birds are singing, all things are reviving after the winter, all things are obeying and praising their Creator but I; I am daily and hourly dishonouring Him; I am withering and declining in religion, if ever I had any. While I was thinking after this manner, and mourning for these things, that word came into my heart, ‘Thou shalt revive as

the corn; thou shalt grow as the lily; thou shalt cast forth thy roots as Lebanon' (Hos. 14.5, 7). These words came with an overcoming sweetness and filled me with joy in God, so that I found my poor drooping withered soul greatly revived. This frame lasted with me in a good measure for two or three days after.

To draw to a close of this account: though I might mention many more particulars, I forbear, and shall only mention some things that are more general:

Since my awakening in the Spring, 1742, to this time, the Spring, 1744, I have often been in that condition, that I could neither pray nor read nor hear the Word nor meditate upon spiritual things with delight, but I have felt great deadness, darkness and confusion. Yet when it has been so it has always been the grief and burden of my soul. But before the Spring, 1742, it was not so.

In the former part of my life, I thought I had some regard and esteem for good people more than for others. But since Spring, 1742, I think any love I had for them aforetime was none or next to none. But now I feel my heart drawn out to them all, the meanest and weakest of them as well as others, if I can see anything of the image of Christ in them; and I love them dearly, both because I think God loves them and they love Him. This I find to be a constant and abiding thing with me since that time, whatever by my frame otherwise; though when my frame is desirable, my love to them is stronger.

I have it also to remark, that since Spring, 1742, even in the deadest time and in the worst frame I have been in, I could not allow myself to neglect the duties of God's worship, as praying, reading, and hearing of the Word. But I would have thought with myself: It is indeed so bad and so bad with me: I am altogether out of frame for duties: what shall I do them? Shall I neglect them? That was what I could not allow myself to do, or endure to think on, but still I would essay them. I would rather stick twenty prayers (though that was also a grief to me) than neglect one, when I had a fit season and opportunity for it. But it was quite otherwise with me in the former part of my life.

As for good frames and manifestations of the love of God, they are very desirable and what my soul cannot but earnestly pant after, and desire more and more of them; yet it is neither the performance of duties nor good frames, nothing either done by me or wrought in me, that I desire to rest on as the ground of my hope of the pardon of sin, peace with God, and eternal life. I cannot say I have a full assurance of these

blessings, though I have sometimes had much of a persuasion of my interest in them. But I bless God I am not without some hopes of them: and all my hopes of them I desire to build entirely on what Christ has done and suffered, and is still doing in heaven for His people. To Him be glory now and ever. Amen.

**B.T. A Young Woman About 20 Years of Age. Janet Lennox
(Daughter of a gardener in Glasgow):**

It pleased God in mercy to keep me in a great measure outwardly blameless before the world, though indeed in the former part of my life before twenty, I was not so grave and composed as some others, but much given to the vanities and frolics of youth. My mother trained me up to pray in secret when I was a child, but after she did, which was before I came to woman's age, I neglected it much. I went, however, for ordinary to Church on Lord's Days. When I was about sixteen I was admitted to the Lord's table. I prayed some before I went there, but knew nothing of the duty of self examination. After that occasion, retiring to secret prayer, I aimed at giving myself away to God in Christ, in a way of personal covenanting, and at accepting Christ as my Prophet, Priest and King, and took all creatures about me to witness that I had done so.

After this for some time I was pretty oft at secret prayer, and went again twice to the Lord's table in a short time after this. But what concern I had been under wore gradually off, and for about three years I lived almost altogether without anything that was serious-like, and as if I had never been appointed to die, seldom using so much as a form of secret prayer. I went to the Kirk on Sabbath Days for a while; after that I sometimes came to the Kirk, and sometimes went to hear the Seceding ministers. At length I left the Kirk altogether, and joined only with the Seceders, and continued to do so for about half a year.

One day hearing one of their ministers (Mr. Fisher) give it as a mark of unregenerate persons, that while the strong man armed (the devil) kept the palace of the heart, his goods were in peace. I thought that this was my case, and was somewhat affected at the thought of it. But this soon wore off. Hearing that minister preach concerning regeneration, I was much surprised at that doctrine. I thought: could not a person be good enough without that change of nature he spoke of?

A little time after this, I came out to Cambuslang on a Thursday in March, 1742, out of curiosity, to see the people that had been reported to be awakened lately there. I heard sermons in that place, both in the tent and at night in the Kirk, but was not touched with what I heard. I was, however, somewhat affected to hear and see several crying out in distress in time of sermon, and after it in the manse, and thought I was a sinner as well as they, and needed a sight and sense of my sins, and secretly wished and prayed the Lord might send it; but I did not get it

then. But all the way almost as I went home that night to Glasgow, that word haunted my thoughts, 'We have seen strange things today'.

Next Lord's Day I came and heard a minister (Mr. McCulloch) at Cambuslang on that text, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature'. Several marks he gave of those that were not made new creatures, or born again, came very close to me, particularly his saying that these never spent an hour all their life in serious thoughtfulness about their soul's salvation, their lost and perishing state by nature, and the Gospel method of recovery by Jesus Christ. These, said he, are yet in an unregenerate condition. I was made clearly to see that I was in a natural state, and was then made to resolve through grace to be more taken up about religion, and to take time to think seriously on soul concerns.

I went into the manse after sermon, and my concern increased at seeing the persons in distress there. I tarried at Cambuslang also the next two days after that, and on one of these two days, as I sat in the hall at the manse and read my Bible, that passage affected me much, 'But they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God' (Rom. 10.3). I was made to see that this was my case. When I returned to Glasgow I went only once to hear the Seceding minister there again, when he preached on that text, 'Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and He will exalt you in due time'. He endeavoured to show that no revival of religion was to be expected, and that God would never return to a people or person in a way of mercy, till they first humbled themselves. This was what I could not agree to, for I thought that the work must begin on God's part, and that if God was pleased to humble a person or people by His preventing grace, that that was a sign of His merciful return to them already. After this I went no more back to hear the Seceding ministers, but came and heard very often at Cambuslang, and sometimes in the Kirks at Glasgow.

I wanted much to have such strong convictions and powerful awakenings and deep distress for sin, as I saw in many at Cambuslang, and often prayed for these things. I would have been glad of anything that would have brought me into the case of some distressed persons I saw; and sometimes I would have wished that the devil might be permitted to appear to me in the most frightful shape and terrible manner, if that might be a mean to alarm and terrify me with a sense of my danger by sin. I could not get my heart affected either with my sin or misery as I would have had it. I thought I was the most stupid and hard-hearted

wretch in all the world, and that there had never been such a great sinner on earth in former times, nor was there any such alive at present. I used often to compare myself with Manasseh, with Paul before his conversion, and with other great sinners mentioned in Scripture; but I thought I was a far greater sinner than any of them, for that they had sinned ignorantly, or at least had not sinned against so clear light as I had done; and when I saw or heard of some in the present age running on to all excess of rict and committing many outwardly gross sins, I thought that they were but sinning in the darkness of ignorance, and that their outward gross sins were nothing to my inward heart-abominations, committed against so much light and knowledge.

That which most of all galled me was that I had kept up such a profession of godliness while I was a stranger to the power of it; that I had rejected so many Gospel offers of Christ, and had never sincerely closed with Him on His own gracious terms. I was often made to fear while I walked in the fields that the earth would open under my feet and swallow me up quick, or that the heavens would rend above me and the sword of God's justice and vengeance would come down upon my guilty head, and destroy me in a moment. My distress put me from meat and from work in a great measure and sometimes also from sleep; at other times I felt myself very heavy and drowsy, and thus I continued about a month.

About the middle of April, 1742, hearing a minister (Mr. Willison) preach on that text, 'Is there no balm in Gilead etc.?', when he was giving the reasons why this balm was not applied to poor sinners for their healing, one reason of it, he said, was that they were not willing to be wounded deep enough with the arrows of conviction, but sought to get them pulled out. I then earnestly begged of the Lord He might wound me with these arrows, though it were never so deep, and appealed to Him that I was willing I told Him that if He saw it needful for driving me out of my sins into Christ, I was willing to submit, if it were to be rent into ten thousand pieces.

But after that sermon was over, I began to think that others were getting convictions that were not seeking after them whereas I have been long and earnestly seeking after them and cannot get them. What need I vex myself this way to get what I am never like to get, for it seems I am one of those whom God has passed by from eternity, and has judicially hardened for former sins, and sworn that I shall never enter into His rest. Since I must be damned, it shall not be for nothing. I will take my fill of the pleasures of sin in this world, and I will never read

nor pray nor hear sermons, nor mind religion more. But as I went home that night, I began to think of the excellencies of that balm of Gilead which the minister that preached that day had explained to be the blood and righteousness of Christ. I found my heart and mind, as I thought of it, much composed and sweetened, and I began to conceive some hopes of mercy, and to say within myself, Who can tell but the happy time is yet coming when God may graciously visit my soul; and thereupon I put on a settled, firm and solid resolution that I would still go on to read, and pray, and hear the Word, and to wait upon God in His own way.

For a month's time I concealed my case from all. At length, when I told a certain person of it, he asked me what would please me if I had my choice. I told him that I was willing to suffer anything the Lord pleased, provided He would give me a new heart. He said he did not like that way of speaking, for that looked as if I wanted to bring a price with me in my hand to purchase His favour, or to get some blessings from Him, whereas I should come to God just as I was, guilty and filthy, and to be sensible that I could do nothing and give nothing, and to beg that He would freely give and do all. This I often essayed to do, pleading that, for His own Name's sake, He would give me the new heart and new spirit, that He would convince, enlighten and renew me, and enable me to close with Christ as offered in the Gospel.

Two scripture texts frequently haunted my mind: 'I cry and shout, but He shutteth out my prayer' and 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against Him'. I was kept crying to Him, and got my mind framed to a quiet and patient waiting upon Him. I found myself made to thirst both after justification and sanctification, but to desire holiness more than happiness. I was made heartily willing to close with Christ in all His offices, and felt my need of Him as a Prophet and Priest, but above all things as a King, to overcome my strong corruptions and to subdue me wholly to Himself by the power of His Spirit and grace.

Sometimes when under great fears, while I was lying prostrate before the Lord, my sins appeared so heinous that I durst not ask the pardon of them; but that word darting into my mind when in this case, 'Salvation is freely offered to all', would have made my heart cleave to Christ. At other times I would have got more enlargement in prayer, and though I was submissive as to temporal mercies, yet I knew I was allowed to be importunate as to spiritual and saving blessings. Sometimes I was so

instant in asking them, that I would have protested before the Lord, that I would not go away out of the place where I was, till He would give me some token for good, something to show at least that He noticed me as one of His own. And usually He did so by giving me some heart melting for sin, or some Scripture word sent into my heart with sweetness. But after I had been sometimes very earnest this way, it would have been suggested to me: What needs all this ado about religion? Cannot you behave like other good Christians, who content themselves with praying morning and evening, and are merry and pleasant through the day as any other? To this I was made to reply, that either these were only Christians in name and profession, but not indeed in truth, or if they were sincere, they were such as had got their covenant interest in Christ secured and cleared to their satisfaction, which was far from being my case.

At Cathcart sacrament in May, 1742, in hearing the action sermon by Mr. Adams on a text relating to the love of God in giving His Son, I got a lively and affecting view by faith of all mankind by nature as running away from God after the devil, and God as on a throne of grace calling after them, and inviting them to return to Him. The thought of the love of God showed in this matter was so affecting to me that I was sometimes almost ready to cry out among the people, 'Be astonished, O Heavens, at this!' Yet I did not feel the love of God shed abroad in my own soul at that time. When the elements were brought forward and laid on the table, I was much affected, and said in my heart, These are to be the symbols of Christ's broken body and shed blood, broken and shed for others but not for me! Here is to be a feast of love for others, but nothing for me! for at that time I durst not think of communicating.

About the middle of May, 1742, as I was coming out to hear at Cambuslang, the devil and my own corrupt heart joining together, made me reason falsely to this purpose: I have never yet got those convictions of sin which I ought to have; I have been seeking them and have not got them, I cannot work them in myself; man cannot help me; and unless the Spirit of the Lord work them in my heart, I can never have them. Well, since it is so, if I perish, I will have this for my excuse at the great Day, that I could not get them although I sought for them, and so the fault will not be mine that I got them not.

But in hearing a minister (Mr. Warden, Camp) that day at Cambuslang, on that text, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help', that minister was directed to answer my false and even blasphemous

reasonings, whereby I would have excused myself, and laid the blame of my perishing on God, I was made to see that I was the cause of my own misery, and that if I should perish for ever, I would only have myself and my own sins to blame, and that my mouth would be stopped at the great Day, for that I could not say that I had sought convictions and converting grace from Him with that earnestness I should and might have done, else He would have given them to me. That text, that came much in mind, made me apprehend that there was something wrong in my askings, which I yet saw not; 'Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss'.

At the sacrament at Caintalloch in June, 1742, when at the Lord's table, I got little remarkable, but liberty to pray for the ministers, and some composure followed that day. But next morning it was impressed on me that I was making a Christ of my duties, upon which I resolved through grace, that I would not rest in any duty except I met with Christ in it.

Hearing a stranger minister (Mr. Whitefield) at Cambuslang a little after, and seeing many people in distress round about me, I was much grieved that I could not be affected as they were, and at length burst out in tears on this account. After sermon, coming into the manse, where there were many in distress, just as I entered, these words were darted in upon me,

'Unto Thy people Thou hard things
hast showed, and on them sent;
And Thou hast caused us to drink
wine of astonishment,' (Ps. 60.3)

which was very shocking and affecting to me, and made me cry out before all present.

At the sacrament occasion at Calder in June, 1742, hearing Mr. Whitefield on that text, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?', the words of the text struck a fear on me, and when he said, that God had prepared a great feast at Calder, but it was for children and not for dogs, adding 'Thou dog, touch it if thou dare!', my fears of a rash approach increased. But I had come to that thought I was but a dog yet I might be allowed some crumb of mercy that fell from the children's table' and so I adventured to go forward to the Lord's table. The minister then exhorting at it (Mr. Whitefield) said, 'Can any of you now say with Thomas, My Lord and my God!?' I then felt my heart made to say so with much love and joy, and these words came into my heart with great

sweetness, and I was made to express them as my own, 'The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower (Ps. 18.2). Towards the close of his exhortation, the minister said, 'Some of you now will be longing to be in heaven, and loth to come down from the mount and to return to the world again'. This I found indeed to be the case with me at that time.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang in July, 1742, I expected great things, but found myself very dead and lifeless: only that word being pressed upon my heart in time of the action sermon (though not uttered by the speaker), 'My God shall supply all your wants', revived my hopes a little. I got nothing sensibly at the table. I came from it, and afterwards was much grieved, thinking, Now He has sent me empty away, I may now go mourning to my grave. But that word came back again and again to me: 'My God shall supply all your wants'. I essayed to lay hold of it, but found no comfort. On Monday I heard a minister (Mr. Webster) preach much comfort from that text, but I could apply none. But at secret prayer next day, after I went home, I got my heart poured out before the Lord, and at coming away from that duty, these words came into my heart with much sweetness,

'My soul in God shall joy: and glad
in His salvation be:
And all my bones shall say, O Lord,
who is like unto Thee?' (Ps. 35.9, 10).

For a year after this, I found that word 'My God shall supply all your wants, my daily comfort, and I was never in want of any mercy, spiritual or temporal, but I found the Lord accomplishing that promise in supplying it.

A little time after this, going to the sacrament at Campsie and examining myself, though I durst not say that I loved God directly and immediately, yet I could say that I loved His ordinances and His people, and all that had His image; and that word coming into my mind, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments', I thought that since I must show love by keeping His commandments, I must certainly obey that command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me'. Accordingly I went to the table, but got not what I was looking for it. But while I sat and heard a minister (Mr. Robe) serve a table and say, 'Poor communicant, what art thou seeking there? Will not ordinances satisfy thee? Will not ministers satisfy thee? Will not being set down at the Lord's table among His children satisfy

thee? Will nothing but Christ Himself satisfy thee?', I found these words came home to me with much sweetness and suitableness to my condition, for I could and did appeal to Him who knows all things, that neither ordinances nor ministers nor anything in the world, nor even heaven itself as a state of happiness, would satisfy me without Christ and the enjoyment of Him.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang in August, 1742, on Saturday, while hearing sermon, that word (though not uttered by the minister then preaching) was brought to my mind with some power, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love', which I endeavoured to take hold of. At the Lord's table, I found myself at first somewhat straitened; but within a little I got liberty and enlargement to pray for the people in the place where I was, for all the Lord's servants there, and for the spreading of the Gospel through the world, and for saving efficacy to go along with it. And last of all, when I was going to plead for something for myself, before I got leave to think on any promise to plead upon, that word was brought into my heart with great power and sweetness, 'I am thy salvation', which filled my heart with much love and joy in God. I wanted, if possible, to have men and angels and all creatures engaged in glorifying and praising Him. Much of this sweet frame continued wit me for a long time afterwards.

In Winter, 1743, I was much and long under fears of hell. While I was under many terrible apprehensions of it, I would frequently have begged of the Lord, with the greatest earnestness, that if He had so determined in His eternal purpose to pass me by, and that I was to be sent in holy justice to hell for ever, He would grant me this favour, that I might not be allowed to blaspheme His Holy Name there, as I understood from the Word the damned do; for this of all other things in Hell appeared to me to be the most dreadful.

To come to the close: I think I can say safely, as in the sight of God, that for above two years past before this (June 6, 1744), the chief thing in all the world that my heart has been ordinarily running out after, is to get the power of sin subdued by the Spirit and grace of God, to get the image of God renewed on my soul, and to get conformity to Christ and communion with Him. It is my habitual desire to live under a sense and belief of God's all-seeing eye being ever upon me. I bless His Name that He has given me to see and feel such an emptiness in my heart, that nothing in all the world can satisfy by Himself. I desire that His Name may be honoured from the rising of the sun to the going down of it,

and that all the ends of the earth may see the salvation of our God. My heart within me has sometimes been ready to break and faint in longing for the full and eternal enjoyment of Christ in heaven, when the everlasting day shall break and the present intervening shadows shall flee away. Meantime I desire to wait His pleasure, and to aim through His grace at perfecting holiness in His fear. To His Name be glory for ever. Amen.

A.S. A Young Woman of 23 Years. Margaret Dorland (Daughter of tennant at Shawfield in Bothwell):

When I was a child I was put to school to learn to read, but I was so much set upon my diversions, and so much neglected, that I learned little more than to read the Catechism. When I came to more years I could not find leisure to learn to read, though I much desired, but by following the minister with my eye on my Bible, as he read that portion of Scriptures on which he was going to lecture, on the Sabbaths, I came gradually to learn to read, more than by any other way. I never prayed any by myself alone till I was about fourteen years of age, when I was in the Kirk on the Lord's Day, hearing a minister (Mr. Hamilton, Bothwell) praying that God would set up His worship in every family, and His fear in every heart, and that there might not be a prayerless person in all that congregation. I thought it a sad thing that I should be one of the prayerless persons in the congregation, and resolved to try it when I went home. I did not know how to fall about it, but going out to a dyke-side by myself, I essayed it twice, but could get nothing to say, upon which I wept much. But the third time I got some expressions put into my mouth, and some freedom, and for two or three days after that, I thought I was come to this, that I could pray well enough.

After this I sometimes prayed once a day, but often neglected it, and a very little matter would have made me neglect it. And because I was all along in providence kept from outwardly gross things before the world, I thought there was no fear of me, and that all would be well with me. When anything vexed me I would have said, O that I were dead, that I might get out of this ill world!; but then I did not know where I would have gone to if I had died, whether to heaven or to hell. But I thought I would be made to know it when I was dying.

I had never any serious concern about my heart, nor the necessity of its being changed. When I would have read about the wickedness of the heart, I would have said within myself, I am sure my heart is not wicked! When I would have thought of Christ's coming into the world to save sinners, and of His coming to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, I would have said to myself, Well, it seems Christ came to save me! for I am a sinner, and unless I had committed some sins, Christ would never call me or save me. And by many such foolish and sinful reasonings, the devil, the strong man armed, kept quiet possession of my heart, and all his good were in peace.

Thus it continued with me till one Sabbath in the Spring, 1742, when I came to Cambuslang, and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'He that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him' (John 3.36), where he gave many marks of those that believe not on the Son of God and that are under the reigning power of unbelief, and showed that all those are in their natural state. He showed too their great misery and how the wrath of God abides on them. I was then made sensible by the marks given, that I was yet in unbelief and in my natural state and unrenewed condition, but I knew not how to get out of it.

When the minister said, 'All you that are in this condition, whatever ye do, wherever ye go, and wherever ye are, even in that very Brae where ye are sitting, the wrath of God is still hanging over you and abiding upon you'. I found these words brought home to my heart with power; they affected me much and made me very uneasy. My uneasiness returned every now and then as I went home, at the thoughts of my sad condition. After I got home, I would frequently have taken my Bible and read that text, and bursted out into tears and weeping at the thoughts of being an unbeliever and being under the wrath of God wherever I was, and not knowing how to get out of my natural state.

About three weeks after that, coming to Cambuslang on a Thursday, while I stood at the stair-head in the manse, where I had come to hear the exhortations after the sermons were over, that word spoken by a minister (Mr. McLaurin) who was then exhorting in the hall, pierced my heart like a sword, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light'. I then thought I was both dead and asleep in sin, and that there was no mercy for me. I continued, as I went home and for about twenty days after that, in great distress. During that time I often felt such a great heat within me, that I thought I would have been burnt up with it. I was not without fears of hell, but what made the greatest impression on me was a sense of the dishonour I had done to God by my sin, that I had trifled away so much precious time, and given so little heed to the calls of God in His Word and when I was hearing sermons. I then thought I could pray none, though I often essayed it. Yet I was afraid to go about it, or to take God's holy Name in my polluted lips. I could not apply myself to work. I could eat but little. My sleep oft departed from me. One morning I awaked with a great fright, thinking all was in a flame about me.

The first relief that came to me was one night after I had been reading and thinking on that passage in Is. 1.19, 20, 'If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it'. While I thought on my many rebellions against God, and my danger by them, that word came into my mind with light shining in my heart, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed' (Lam. 3.22), which gave me some ease and comfort at the thought of God's wonderful patience toward me, in that He had not consumed and cut me off long ere now.

About a week after this, one morning when I was at home reading a chapter at the fireside, which happened to be the third chapter of Jeremiah, I came to the words (verse 14), 'Return, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you, and will take you one of a city and two of a family, and will bring you to Zion'; these words came to me with great comfort. I was persuaded that it was the Lord who was thereby speaking to me, and I now found the great heat that was within me, that had been so long like to burn me up, taken away. But yet the great and heavy burden I had long felt upon me, and that was like to crush me, was not yet taken away. But a little after this again I fell into doubts and fears.

About eight days after this, while I sat on a seat with my wheel before me, but was unable to work, and felt such a load on my spirit and such a weight on my heart that I was not able to stir, that word (Ps. 143.7) came into my mind,

'Haste, Lord, to help, my spirit fails,
hide not Thy face from me'.

These words expressed the frame of my heart and my desires at the time, after which that word came into my heart immediately with great light, 'Whatsoever thou shalt ask the Feather in My Name, He will give it thee'. This came with such power, as instantly took away that great load I had so long been groaning and sinking under. I lifted up my hands as high as they could reach, and was made to bless and adore the Lord for His great and wonderful goodness my soul. I was filled with great love to Christ and joy in Him. Though I have often been troubled with doubts and fears and other exercises since that time, yet that unsupportable load that had been lying long on my spirit before this, never returned again.

As this joy and love abated, my fears that all I had met with was but a delusion increased, and I was thereupon much vexed and grieved in spirit. But sometime after I had been greatly cast down under such apprehensions, I was awaked out of sleep in the midst of the night with these words, 'He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed' (Is. 53.5). These words came with great power and comfort to my soul, and I was made to believe that God did not impute sin to me, but that He had laid the punishment due to my sins all on Christ. I found my heart melted under a sense of the love of God and Christ in this matter, and was made to look to Him whom I had pierced, and to mourn for sin in a more kindly manner than ever I had done before.

I attended at the first sacrament at Cambuslang in Summer, 1742, and found it to be as sweet a time as could be to my soul, particularly in hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach the evening sermon on Sabbath on that text, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband'. When he said, 'You that have been married to Christ before should now renew your acceptance of Him. Are there any of you that are pleased with the terms of the contract, and are willing to be married to Christ? Come, and I will marry you to Him just now'. I thought, Willing! who would not be willing!, and to an ardent love to Him. Next day, if I could have met with that minister, I would have told him that he had married my soul to Christ. This frame continued for some time.

But after a while, doubts again arising, I was much cast down. And I thereupon earnestly wished that the Lord might give me to know in whom I had believed. One morning about that time, I was awaked out of sleep with that word, as if one had spoken it to me, 'Look at the 37th Psalm and the seventh verse'. I did so, and found these words,

'Rest on the Lord and patiently
wait for Him; do not fret
For him that, prospering in his way
success in sin doth get'.

In reading, these words came with great power, composing my mind and giving me much comfort.

But after this, falling again under doubts and fears, that word came into my mind, and by the power that came along with it, settled my troubled heart, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; I am thy God; I will help

thee; yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness' (Is. 41.10).

I inclined much to be at the second sacrament at Cambuslang in August, 1742; but when I had but little prospect of being allowed to go there, and was much perplexed that it should be so, that word came into my mind and much composed me, whatever might fall out,

'My soul, wait thou with patience
upon thy God alone;
On Him dependeth all my hope
and expectation!.

I got not liberty to go there on Saturday, but coming on Sabbath I heard the action sermon with much of a desirable frame. I was very desirous to get access to the table, but could not for want of a token. And about the close, when a minister (Mr. McCulloch) asked, 'Are there no more lovers of Christ here to come forward to His table?'. I found my heart greatly affected with that word, and would have given never so much to have had access, but could not see any from whom I could be provided with a token. One beside me, seeing my uneasiness, bade me sit down and settle myself, saying that God would accept of the will for the deed.

At Kilsyth second sacrament in October, 1742, just as I came there, which was not till Saturday evening, that Psalm was a-singing in the Kirk,

'O let Thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before,
And show unto their children dear,
Thy glory evermore', (Ps. 90.16)

In singing of which I was filled with great joy in the hope and belief that it would be so on that occasion. When the minister (Mr. McCulloch) who preached that evening, urged the hearers much to a present acceptance of Christ, telling them not to delay doing so till they would go home, adding that now, even then, was the accepted time. I was made very earnest and willing to do so. The communion Sabbath ensuing was a delightful time to me. When I attended that night in the manse there, and heard Mr. Robe in his exhortations telling some persons there under concern, that when God was pleased to send in a word with the power of His Spirit into their hearts, and to come them, they should not doubt and disbelieve and put it away from them, for that was to believe the devil rather than God. I was hereby much comforted and encouraged

to give due regard to what the Lord might be pleased to make known of His will in that manner.

On Monday morning, that word came into my heart, 'Herein is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us'. I had been much filled with the love of God on the day before; and at this word I was made to rejoice at the thought that it was not that I had loved God, but it was He that loved me, and had given me to love Him.

Some time after this, I fell under great distress of soul at the thoughts of my former great sinfulness, squandering away my precious time, and that I had been so long led captive by the devil and my lusts, and walked according to the course of this world. But that word, 'While we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for the ungodly', came into my heart with such power as much calmed and comforted me; for as He died for sinners in the due and appointed time and not sooner, so I thought if the set and appointed time for bringing me home to Himself had come sooner, He would have done it.

One time last Winter I fell under great concern about the people in the Parish where I live, seeing many of them so unconcerned. That word coming into my mind increased my concern for them, 'The great day of His wrath cometh, and who shall be able to stand', which I understood to refer to the day of judgment, and that none would then be able to stand that got not on Christ's imputed righteousness. While I continued to plead for them with God, that word came into my mind, 'It is not meet to take the children bread and cast it to dogs', but I was helped to plead, 'True, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table'. Then that word came for answer, 'If they will come to me, I will write my laws in their minds and put my fear in their hearts'. I insisted no further, but only that the Lord might enable them to come to Him.

Another time I was under fears of falling away, when that word,

'O send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
let them be guides to me', (Ps. 43.3)

made to hope and pray that God would mercifully guide by His light and truth in His holy way.

A printed paper coming from Edinburgh, proposing that Societies for prayer should keep the 18th February, 1743, as a Thanksgiving Day for the revival of religion in the West of Scotland the year before, and many in these societies in the place where I lived saying that they might keep it that knew anything of that work, but for their own part they did not

know but that it might be all delusion, I was much vexed when I heard this said, but then that word came into my mind,

‘Still trust in God, for Him to praise
good cause I yet shall have;
He of my countenance is the health
my God that doth me save’. (Ps. 43.5).

This banished my anxiety and made me to trust and hope in God, and to wait for His salvation.

I got attending at the sacrament occasion at Glasgow in April, 1743, with difficulty. On Saturday morning that word came to me, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, let him come and take of the water of life freely’. The work there was very delightful to me. On Monday morning that word was sent into my heart, ‘As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him’, which made me much concerned to walk humbly.

At Cambuslang sacrament in May, 1743, hearing a sermon on Sabbath by Mr. Robert Donald, on that text, ‘Blessed are they that know the joyful sound’, I found almost every word of it brought home to my heart, and was greatly comforted. On Monday morning that word was impressed on my heart, ‘Whom He loveth, He loveth to the end’, which came with great delight and love to God. I was persuaded of God’s love to my soul, and made to wonder at the riches of His free love to such a vile worthless sinner, and at the thoughts of His loving me to the end.

At Blantyre sacrament in Summer, 1743, in hearing a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text, ‘To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory’, the Lord made it the sweetest sermon to me that ever I heard, while I was made to see satisfying evidences of Christ’s being in me, the hope of glory. I also heard another sermon that same day (Monday) on, ‘Be ye followers of God as dear children’, with much of the like frame.

To conclude: though the world cannot observe any great alteration in my behaviour from what it used to be formerly, because I was all along kept from anything outwardly offensive to men, yet I find a very great change in myself, even as great a difference as between light and darkness. Formerly my mind used always to be running out after this and the other thing in the world. Now I care no more for it than if I had nothing to do with it. And though I liked to hear the Gospel before, yet it never made any impression on me, but went in at one ear and out at the other. Now I hear it with great delight, and often feel it powerfully applied to my heart. I now for ordinary am taken up, even when about

my worldly business, in meditating upon passages of the Word which I have been reading or hearing. Formerly I had no love to Christ, though I foolishly imagined I had. Now I find my heart often warmed with His love, though yet it is my grief that I have not much more love to Him. I long to be freed from sin, whereby I am daily offending Him, and to love and enjoy Him perfectly and for ever in heaven.

To Him be all glory and praise now and ever. Amen.

**C.E. A Young Woman of 25 Years. Margaret Brownlie
(Daughter of a smith in Hamilton):**

When I was in my childhood, and until I was about twelve years of age, I used to pray by myself only on the Sabbath; after that I began to pray once a day sometimes. At 17 or 18 years I had a desire to come to the Lord's table, and while a minister preached on Is. 55.1, 'He, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, etc.', I found these words and what was said on them make some impression on me; but I delayed going at that time to the ordinance. Next year, when the sacrament was to be dispensed in the place, I had a greater desire than before to go there. But there was a person to whom I had some ill-will in my heart, and I did not know in that case whether I should go or not. However, I went, but repented as I was going, fearing I would partake unworthily; yet I went forward. The word that was then brought to my mind (though not uttered by the speaker), 'Did not our heart burn within us as He talked with us by the way?', was, I thought, accompanied with some motions of love to God. Next morning I was awaked with these words in my mouth, 'How durst thou go to My holy table?' I then resolved I would never go there again, and that I would never be present where it was administered, lest I should be engaged by anything I might then hear to come to it.

That next year I went about duties in a cold manner. Next year after that, I broke my resolution and came to the Lord's table, and thought I met with something of the Lord's presence and some melting of heart. I went on in the performance of duties, at least as to the outward part. I could not find anything of the life and power of religion on my heart, but was kept from gross outbreakings.

One night, being in great deadness and darkness, at prayer these words came into my mind, 'I will lead the blind by a way that they know not; I will make darkness light and crooked things straight before them; these things will I do and not forsake them', which eased me a little of the confusion what was on my mind. But all this while I think I never got my heart truly humbled for sin; worldly crosses were more affecting to me than sin.

One day, full of discontent as I was, that word was cast into my mind, 'It is better for me to die than to live', but it got no place in my heart, but was put away by another word coming in, 'The Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation'. All this while I was never truly thankful for any mercy.

About the beginning of March, 1742, I went to Cambuslang for the first time, and heard sermon there frequently after that, and though I felt more than ordinary measures of the power of God coming along with what was said. One Sabbath in that Spring, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on the words, 'He that believeth not on the Son of God shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him', I then fell under a sense of the wrath of God in some measure, but neither cried out nor fainted nor trembled them, or at any other time. Afterward I heard that minister on the text, 'Thou hast a name to live and art dead'. I felt what was said made some impression on me, and was made to fear I was one of those that had a name to live and were dead, though I could not charge myself with seeking after a name to live.

That evening, hearing a preacher give out these words in Psalm 149, to be sung by the people,

'Let Israel in his Maker joy,
unto Him praises sing;
Let all that Zion's children are
be joyful in their King',

at hearing of which, I got more tenderness and more love and comfort than I used to have, but it did not last. Hearing a minister discourse at Cambuslang without a text, he said, 'Methinks I hear some of you complain of a hard heart, and have a longing to have it softened. And ye propose to get it done this way and that way. But it is nothing to thee what ways deliverance comes, but to wait on the Lord to bring it about any way He pleases'. He added, 'Wait, I say, upon the Lord'. These words came home to me as if they had been directed to me in particular, and I was then made to wait on God to send me deliverance in what manner He pleased.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang in 1742, I was full of doubts as to my interest in Christ, and so did not come forward to that ordinance at that time. On Sabbath morning that word came into my mind, 'Why dost thou doubt?', which composed me a little. A minister (Mr. Whitefield), seeing some confusion in the passes, in time of serving the tables, said, 'If ye will not enter into the kingdom of heaven yourselves, why would ye hinder others your brethren and sisters that are entering in?', at hearing of which I would gladly have come to the table, but could not, for want of a token. In hearing the evening sermon by Mr. Whitefield that day on that text, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband', my doubts were removed and

I found much love, comfort and composure in my heart. But still I found my heart hard as a rock.

One night at prayer in Harvest, 1742, when I was much afraid that all I had met with would have vanished, and that my heart would turn as bad as ever it was, that word came into my heart with much life and power, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness', which quickened me and warmed my heart with love to Christ.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang in 1743, also at the second sacrament that same year, I found my heart warmed with love to Christ, and some heart melting for sin, though not so much as I would have had, and felt it to be a sweet time to my soul. In talking to a minister (Mr. Webster) and telling him of my hardness of heart and other plagues, he repeated some sweet passages of Scripture, exhorting me with the spouse to go yet a little further, and to say with the Psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and so disquieted within me?' I felt what he said attended with such power as took as it were a great load off my spirit. My doubts as to my interest in Christ were scattered, and my heart enlarged. Several promises have at times been brought into my heart with much life and sweetness, and at times I have been made to give up myself to Christ to be saved by Him in His own way. The promises came with especial sweetness and power at the second sacrament at Cambuslang in 1743, such as, 'Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain'. 'O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my portion'; thou hast got a sight of the promised land, but it is yet afar off, etc.

The chief thing I for ordinary most breathe after is sanctification and holiness. The chief grievance I have is that I have so little love to God, and that my heart is so hard. I mourn too little for dishonouring Him, and I grieve that I should be so careless and secure. My chief delight is in communion with God, and when He is pleased to give me something of it, I then long for death and heaven. To His Name be praise.

A.C. A Married Woman Aged 32 Years. Spouse to George Darling:

I was taught to read the Catechism only when I was a child, and I was careless about learning to read more, till last year (1742) when it pleased the Lord to take some dealing with my heart: and then I was much grieved that I had so long neglected to learn to read, and would ave given never so much that I had learned to read the Bible. But by applying myself carefully to learn, I bless the Lord, though I cannot pretend to read it perfectly, yet I can read much of it. When I take it up in my hand to read, I know not how to part with it or lay it aside again. And by reading much and oft in it, when I hear passages of it cited as I am hearing sermons, I can now turn to them in my Bible, and find many of them there, though the particular book, chapter and verse be not mentioned by the minister.

And O how wonderful is the change now with me from what was the case before, in this and almost every other respect! For though I was never given to things outwardly gross before the world, yet I lived all along till last year without the fear of God in my heart. Formerly I did not use to pray, but sometimes, when I was dragged to it by natural conscience and fears of hell; and though I used to go to the Kirk on Sabbath Days for ordinary, because others went and it was the custom of the place where I lived, yet when I came there, though I took heed to what was said, yet the word just died away as I was hearing it. And when the minister would have been speaking of particular cases, I would have said in my heart, Let them take that to them to whom it belongs; I have nothing to do with it. Yet it would have been just my case for all that. But I had no delight to pray or hear the Word preached, or in anything that was like good. Only because I could not read myself, I would sometimes have drawn near when I heard a person read the Bible, or a preaching-book, and listened with some kind of pleasure.

About nine years ago, a minister (Mr. McCulloch) coming through the Parish visiting took me aside by myself, and among other things told me, 'Except you be born again, you can never see the kingdom of heaven'. That word for a long time haunted me often, and came frequently into my mind, but I knew not what to make of it. On the last Sabbath of December, 1741, hearing Mr. McCulloch preach, I felt sweetness and delight in that sermon more than ever I had found in any sermon before, and resolved I would never stay away from the Kirk again when I could get to it. And all that Winter over, after that, I was often under fears

about my soul's salvation, and had more than ordinary concern upon my spirit about things of that kind.

After the awakening broke out in February, 1742, at Cambuslang, my concern still increased from time to time, but I endeavoured to keep all the concern I was under as close as I could, that no body might know of it: for I heard many were calling the work all delusion, and though I did not think it was so, yet I thought they would be the more ready to call it so, if such a poor worthless ignorant creature as I had any concern in it. But the effectual awakening did not come till about five weeks after that work broke out publicly in Cambuslang, when I was hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on a Thursday on that text, 'I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. What was then said came with such power that I saw I had nothing of the love of God at all in me then, and that I never had it before. I saw that all the curses pronounced in the Word against those that have nothing of the love of God or Christ in them belonged to me, and I thought I saw (not with the eyes of my body but of my mind) my sins as a cloud separating between God and me, and the black cloud of God's wrath ready to break upon me. When he said, 'Methinks that you that have nothing of the love of God in you should be afraid that the very stones of the fields or streets should fly in your face', I found this was indeed my case at the time. But though my distress was great, yet I did not cry out among the people nor till I got home to a place by myself. I went to secret prayer, and then, when I thought none but God saw and heard me I gave vent to the sorrows and anguish of my heart in earnest cries to God for mercy.

For five weeks before this I had slept and ate and wrought but little, and sometimes awaked out of my sleep crying and weeping. Some days I ate none, and wrought as little, because I could not. But now my distress came to a greater height than ever. I could now do scarce anything but bemoan my own condition, and run to my knees every now and then, and hear sermon when the time of hearing came about, which had also been my way before this for some weeks. Sometimes when I essayed to pray, I could do nothing almost but sigh and groan before the Lord. I did not want to be free of the distress I was under, but thought it was not so great as I would have had it, and as I saw some others under, and I begged of the Lord that He might send me more powerful awakenings and a deeper sense of sin, and was willing to bear whatever He might be pleased to send that was needful to humble me and bring me to Christ.

I was afraid of nothing more than that my convictions should wear off before a gracious change was wrought.

But amidst all my distress the Lord still kept me from sinking in despair, and gave me to hope that He would sometime or other show me mercy. Before this Thursday I had been such under fears of hell, and any sorrow I had for sin as dishonouring to God was never so kindly till I heard this sermon, and then the chief ground of my fears and griefs and of all my distress was that I thought I had not the love of God in me. This sort of distress continued with me from this Thursday to Saturday night thereafter, when I was at secret prayer. In the twinkling of an eye, when I was not expecting any such thing, that word came into my heart with great power, darted as it were into my soul so as I felt it in the most sensible and surprising manner, 'I will blot out thy sins out of the Book of my Remembrance'. Immediately after that, as in a moment, came that other word in the same manner, 'He will not chide continually, nor keep His anger still; with us He dealt not as we sinned, nor keep His anger still; with us He dealt not as we sinned, nor did requite our ill'. After this I said in my heart, 'Lord, may I believe?', and as it was instantly added, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you; I will take away the stony heart and give you a heart of flesh'. I then got a view by faith of the golden sceptre of free grace stretched out toward me, and was made spiritually to behold the clear streams of the water of life before me, and had the most earnest and panting thirst after them. I had also some measure of love to Christ, and joy in Him, though but little compared with what I have had since. At that moment also, I had a longing desire put into my heart after communion with Christ at His holy table, and after feeding by faith on His broken body and shed blood in the sacrament of the supper.

Immediately after these words had been sent into my heart, I got the most affecting and humbling sight of my own loathsomeness by sin, as a rotten putrified dead carcass by nature and by my actual sin. This made me to loathe and abhor myself in the sight of a holy God. But this sight continued but a very little, as for a minute or two or so. After this I immediately fell into doubts and fears again, especially when I could not for some time find out the Psalm where the second word was. As for the other two, I knew certainly they were Bible words. But for that other word, I thought it was somewhere in the Psalms, but when I could not find it there on that or the next day, I was much troubled, thinking that it might perhaps not be from the Lord. At length I was showed it

by a woman whom I had desired to help me to find it, and rejoiced when I got it. I continued with longing desires after Christ and in that frame which the Psalmist described in Psalm 123:

‘O Thou that dwellest in the heavens,
 I lift mine eyes to Thee.
 Behold, as servants’ eyes do look
 Their masters’ hard to see,
 ‘And handmaids’s eyes her mistress’ hard,
 so do our eyes attend
 Upon the Lord our God until
 to us He mercy send’.

One Sabbath about the middle of April, 1742, I was much refreshed and comforted in singing the first Psalms; and the first words spoken by the minister (Mr. Willison)—‘Lord, what is man, what Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou shouldst visit him?’—I found coming with great power and sweetness to my heart. And so all along the time of his sermon. In the evening of that day, coming into the manse, and speaking with that minister, I could not forbear crying out in the midst of all the company then about him, that Christ was King in my heart.

On Tuesday next I fell under doubts, and having fallen asleep, I awaked in a great fright, finding nothing like the signs of a change of heart I used to have. But a woman (Mrs. Sinclair) coming and reading a chapter to me (Is. 54), I got some comfort from hearing it read. I was, however, displeased with myself for crying out so publicly in the manse on the Sabbath before, that Christ was King in my heart, fearing some present might think I had been saying what was not true. On Friday next, hearing a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text, ‘Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light’, I found it made sweet to my soul. All the promises in it were applied to me as particularly as if there had not been another but myself to hear.

I continued in this sweet frame, and had so much delight in hearing of sermons from day to day, and was allowed so much sweet communion with God in them, that I could gladly have said with Joshua, if it had been warrantable, ‘Sun, stand thou still: let me have yet more and more of this time of communion with God in His ordinances, and get more and more power over my heart corruptions’.

One week day, fearing I would not get access to attend the sermons, as I greatly desired, because I had some family affairs to look after, and

I knew I must work some, else how would I and mine be provided for, when I was going to the well with such thoughts, these words, 'For Thou art gracious, O Lord, and ready to forgive, and rich in mercy unto all that call upon Thee to relieve', came to my heart, and banished my fears of being reduced to straits by attending sermons, and made me cast all my care upon God and go to sermon, and to trust in the riches of His mercy for relieving me in all my wants. I cared for no more of the world than what might answer present necessities from day to day. From that time to this, I have it to remark, I have been so mercifully provided for, with any that depend upon me, that I have never been in want, for obliged to stay away from Gospel ordinances through worldly encumbrances.

One day, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) on those words, 'And He said unto them, Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified' (Mark 16.6), I found so great satisfaction and so great joy and peace in believing, that I could not forbear saying to some that set beside me, 'Saw ye ever such a morning as this?', but received no answer.

I longed for a sacrament occasion greatly, and attended at the first of that kind offered, which was at Kilbride. On the fast day I had great comfort in hearing the sermons there, and found all the promises mentioned to believers applied to me in particular. I came to a minister (Mr. McCulloch) to get a token in order to communicate, who bade me look to it that it was not to be seen of men, or to get a name for religion, or for any other selfish end. This gave a great knell to my heart, so that I had almost cried out, because this was so far from me that I could appeal to the Lord that knew my heart, that it was not for any such base ends. I heard the sermons on Saturday with much pleasure, but was still longing to get to that holy ordinance, yet afraid of a rash approach, and I turned the more afraid, that the people about me seemed to be so dead. But that word, when the sweat was breaking upon me as my fears were so great, came into my heart (though not uttered by the minister in the sermon), 'But yet with Thee forgiveness is, that feared Thou mayest be', which gave me more encouragement to look forward to that ordinance.

On the Sabbath, at the close of the action sermon, that word (though not mentioned by the speaker) came into my mind, while I was sweating through fear 'Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee', which gave me much freedom to go forward to the second table, which, after retiring by myself for prayer, I accordingly did. At the table, I can say I sat under Christ's shadow with great delight, and found His fruit sweet to my taste. After communicating I retired by myself for prayer,

and had a very desirable time of it afterwards that evening. On the Monday, hearing Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'Sing unto the Lord a new song, for His right hand and His holy arm has won Him the victory', I found much sweetness and comfort at the thought that the Lord had won Himself the victory in my heart, and I hoped also in the hearts of many others. After that I found much peace in my heart, and much love to Christ and to all that mentioned the Name of Christ in a right way.

In hearing sermon at Cambuslang on the Sabbath before the first sacrament there (July, 1742) I fell under great fears while Mr. McCulloch discoursed of self-examination from that text, 'But let a man examine himself etc.', but these fears were scattered by that word (though not uttered by the speaker), 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt'. After that I heard with much composure and easiness of mind. And so also in hearing the sermons on the fast day and on Saturday. In hearing the action sermon on that text, 'Yea, He is altogether lovely; this is my Beloved, and this is my Friend', I was filled with great joy at the thoughts of Christ's love and loveliness, and that I was going to meet with such a friend at His table, hoping He would not disappoint me of the blessings I needed from Him. I had no doubts on the time of that sermon, but after it was done, some doubts returned; but going by myself to prayer, I got some soul refreshings, and coming to the second table I had great joy in the belief that I was of that number for whom Christ died and suffered, and that, as the minister (Mr. Whitefield) then exhorting said to believers there, that as sure as I was sitting at His table below, I should sit down at His table above.

I also got much brokenness of heart for sin, both at the table and after it through much of that week. In hearing the evening sermon that day, preached by Mr. Whitefield on Is. 54.5, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband', I was made to rejoice in Christ as my soul's Husband, and to adore the free grace of God that He had enabled me to choose Christ as my Husband, and to close with Him in all His offices, especially in His kingly office, to conquer my heart, and to subdue my strong corruptions, that are still so frightful to me to think of. I had also much joy and sweetness, especially on that text, as spoken from by Mr. Whitefield, 'On the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink'.

Hearing Mr. McCulloch lecture on Is. 12th chapter, 'Thou hast been angry with me, but Thou hast comforted me etc.', I felt it to be a joyful lecture to me. Hearing another (Mr. Carlile) on John 1.12, 'To as many

as received Him, etc.’, when he said that the believer has supplies from God that the world knows not of, I found it indeed to be so with me. Hearing another (Mr. Gustard) discourse from Is. 53.10, ‘The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand’, while he said that the believer’s stock of grace was not in his own hand but in Christ’s, I was made to see that my stock was in sure keeping while it was in His hand, and to rejoice that it was so.

Hearing that there was to be a second sacrament at Cambuslang shortly, I rejoiced much at the news of it, for the first had been so sweet to me. On the fast before it, hearing a sermon on that text, ‘He that hath the bride is the bridegroom’, I had great joy at the thoughts of Christ, the Bridegroom of souls, being the Bridegroom of my soul, and this, I think, I was then assured of by the testimony of the Holy Spirit bearing witness with mine. I heard the action sermon with great delight; and at singing of the first Psalms after it, at these words, ‘Let all those that are Thy saints shout loud for joyfulness’, I was indeed made to sing aloud for joy, humbly believing I was one of those that were called and allowed to rejoice. When I came to the Lord’s table I had sweet and comfortable communion with Him there. On Monday, hearing Mr. Whitefield preach on that text, ‘Compel them to come in’, when he desired the prayers of the people of God to help him to compel sinners to come in, I was aiming to do so, and rejoiced in hopes that some would be brought in to Christ, especially seeing such a promising-like stir among the hearers.

In Harvest, 1742, hearing these lines given out to be sung at the entry of public worship,

‘When Thou didst say, Seek ye My face,
then unto Thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
Thy face, Lord, seek will I’, (Ps. 27.8)

In singing of them my heart burst out into tears. I found my heart indeed earnestly seeking God’s face and favour. The minister (Mr. Mat. Connel) lectured on the Psalm 56, and that part of it that speaks of God’s putting His people’s tears in His bottle was made particularly refreshing to my soul. I had also much comfort in hearing the sermon by Mr. Baillie that day. In time of the lecture, that word, ‘My soul shall magnify the Lord’ (though not uttered by the minister) came into my heart, and made me to adore and to praise Him for His goodness to me at that occasion and formerly.

Hearing of the second sacrament at Kilsyth in 1742, I resolved that I would go there, relying on Christ's strength, and would go on in His Name. Hearing a minister (Mr. Warden, Camp) preach on these words, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord' to save us, I was thereby much comforted at the believing views of Christ's coming to save me. On Sabbath morning as I was entreating that Christ's presence might be with me at His table, that word came into my heart with great power, 'Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you', and gave me great freedom to go forward to His holy table. When there, I thought Christ was standing with outstretched arms ready to receive me and to welcome me there. I got my heart broken and melted down under a sense of sin. Coming from it I went to a retired place by myself, and poured out my soul before the Lord. Hearing a sermon (by Mr. Mackie) on that text, 'I have said that I will keep Thy statutes; O forsake me not utterly', I found my heart inclined and resolved by grace to keep His statutes, pleading that He might not utterly forsake me. Falling under some damps before I came away, that word cheered me up again, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted'.

In November, 1742, hearing Mr. McCulloch lecture on Lamentations, chapter 3, I was much comforted, especially when he came to these words, (verses 21, 22), 'His mercies are new every morning etc.', where I was made to wonder at the sparing mercy of God towards me, that when I deserved to have been sent to hell long ere now, He had, instead of that, renewed His mercies to me every morning.

At a weekly lecture in Cambuslang in January, 1743, as I came into the Kirk, these words were a-giving out to be sung,

'Give thanks and praise unto the Lord,
for bountiful is He', etc.'

at hearing of which I was instantly filled with great joy in God, and my heart was made to praise Him for His goodness to me. I was again much comforted in hearing a sermon by Mr. McCulloch on that text, so fitted to what had been my former case, and what was my present condition, 'As ye have been partakers of the suffering, so shall ye be also of the consolation'. I found also a great tableness in another weekly lecture on what had been my exercise just before and at that very time, on that text, 'We had the sentence of death within our selves that we should not trust in ourselves, etc.', where I was led from self-judging, and from condemning myself as worthy of eternal death, to trust in God through the merits of Jesus Christ.

In hearing some sermons by Mr. McCulloch in May and June, 1743, at Cambuslang, on Eph. 2.4, 5, concerning God's great love and the riches of His mercy, my soul was filled with wonder at the mercy and love of God in Christ toward His people, and to poor unworthy me in particular.

At the sacrament occasion in Cambuslang in May, 1743, in hearing the action sermon by Mr. McCulloch on those words, 'Who loved me and gave Himself for me', I found love to Christ in my heart, and was made to wonder at His love to me, especially when the minister said, 'Believers, though ye may be vile and low in your own eyes, and despised in the eyes of others about you, yet Christ loves you for all that', I could say that Christ loved me and gave Himself for me. Before the tables came to be served, I found unbelief prevail much, and was afraid to go to the table, till that word came into my mind, and set me forward, 'He that having put His hand to the plough looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God'. Sitting still, however, and delaying till I would get better opportunity toward the last tables, at the close of the service of the second table, these words were pressed upon my heart with great power, 'At midnight there was a cry, Behold the Bridegroom cometh: go ye forth to meet Him', at which my heart was filled with joy at the thoughts of Christ's coming to me as the Bridegroom of my soul. Immediately upon that, I got to the table, and when there felt my heart burning with love to Christ, and was helped to apply to His precious blood by faith for cleansing from all my sins. After coming from the table I got my heart enlarged in secret to bless Him for His goodness to my soul, and to plead for the like blessings to others.

And now after all this variety of frames at particular occasions, I speak a word concerning the habitual bent of my heart and course of my life since the Lord took a-dealing with my soul of late. I find an earnest longing, for ordinary, in my soul for the coming of Christ, His coming at death and judgment, when I hope all His enemies in my soul shall be destroyed, and I shall be for ever with Him, and made like Him at His appearance. My great concern is to get ready for my appearance before Him. Though I be very low in the world, yet I am not much troubled with thoughts about my being reduced to poverty or want, because I trust in God and His promises to provide for me. But what gives me most trouble of anything in the world, is to find so many evils and plagues in my heart, and fears that my heart is not upright and right enough with God. I have oftentimes had assurance of salvation by the Spirit of the

Lord applying His Word to me, but at other times doubts and fears much prevail. I have now great delight and pleasure in reading and hearing the Word, in praying and in spiritual converse. I bear no grudge or ill-will towards any in the world. I pray for all, even for enemies, and earnest-long for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. To Him be glory for ever.

B.I. A Woman of 44 Years. Marian Callendar (Mrs. Baillie):

In the former part of my life before last year, I had along been kept outwardly blameless before the world, and by my acquaintances was reckoned a very good-natured sort of woman. Beside outward civility, I had all along from my childhood a form of religion. I had a way of praying in secret for ordinary once a day, and that was before I went to bed last night, and when I happened to go to bed without minding it, I would have been very uneasy, and sometimes in that case I would have risen again out of my bed and gone about it, fearing I might perhaps die before the morrow, and thinking I was very unfit for it. Sometimes when I fell into straits or troubles, I would have prayed more often than once a day. I used also for ordinary to go to the Kirk on Sabbaths, seeking food to my soul, and sometimes I thought I got something, and sometimes nothing.

One sermon particularly I heard on these words, 'To them that believe Christ is precious', and this affected me much, and though I thought all along that I had not an interest in Christ, yet I had a great desire to have an interest in Him, and I thought I would not rest till I got it. When I read or heard the Word preached formerly, it was continually all dark to me. I knew nothing of God or Christ to any purpose; I felt nothing of the life and power of godliness as, blessed be God, I now do. And I really think and feel in daily experience now, when I compare my present with my former state, that there is as great a difference betwixt what I am now by grace, and what I was formerly, as betwixt the darkest night and the clearest day.

When the awakening at Cambuslang in Spring, 1742, was much talked of, and some brought me good accounts of it, and some bad, I did not at all believe the unfavourable accounts, but still thought well of that work and what I thought others were getting there, and I came, and through preventing mercy got the same myself. On the first Thursday of April I came to that place, and heard Mr. McCulloch preach on that text, 'I know that ye have not the love of God in you', where he gave many marks and evidences of those that had, and had not, the love of God in them. I found what was said brought home to my heart, and was made clearly sensible that I was one of those that did not love God, and particularly when he said that those that loved God served Him out of free choice and inclination, and would do so though there were no rewards or punishments hereafter, but they that did not so love God could not serve Him—or words to that purpose. I then saw that all my

pretences to serve God were just nothing, and that I had never served God, and could not serve Him, because the love of God was not in me. Upon this, I found a thirsting in my soul after the love of God, and a restlessness of spirit to get the love of God put within me, for I saw that without this I could not serve Him. I also desired to know how I might be found in Christ, having on His righteousness.

After I went home this restlessness of spirit continued with me till I came back to Cambuslang, which was about a month after, and then I heard Mr. McCulloch on that text, 'He that believeth not on the Son shall not see life but the wrath of God abideth on him' (John 3.36). I was there made sensible that the wrath of God was abiding on me as an unbeliever, and thereupon I fell into great distress of soul for want of the love of God and that I had never served God out of love, that I had done nothing right but all was wrong, that I had done nothing but sin throughout my life, that I had not got an interest in Christ, and that yet I had come so oft to the Lord's table and had there communicated unworthily and eaten and drunk judgment to myself.

After I returned hom, though I essayed to work, yet I could eat, drink and sleep little or none for several days. About ten days after this I came back to Cambuslang, and while I was at secret prayer, after I had gone to bed, and could not sleep and rose again, and was for a good while very dead and lifeless in that duty, at length in the morning it pleased the Lord to loose my bands, by pouring out a spirit of supplication on me, and enabling me to pour out my heart before Him in another manner than ever I had done before. I cannot now remember one word by another minister that was then set home on my heart, but my heart was eased of all my griefs and sorrows, and filled with comfort.

That day hearing a minister preach, I immediately fell into a swoon through joy, and could hear no more of that sermon. At night, when I went to secret prayer, I found myself much straitened, and nothing of the morning's frame remained. I came into the hall in the manse at first very dead, but was there filled with joy before I went out.

For some time after this I continued restless in my spirit, suspecting I might be in a delusion, and that matters were not right with me, till one day at secret prayer, that word came in to my heart, 'I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me', which was so particularly applied to me as if the Lord Himself had said to me, 'I will give thee perfect peace'.

Formerly I had many cares how to gain and gather more and more of the things of the world, and these carking cares were a burden to my spirit. But after this, Glory be to God, He eased and freed my heart of all worldly cares, and I cared not what might befall me in the world, provided I might have the love and favour of God in Christ toward me, and might have grace to love and serve Him. And from that time forth my mind was kept stayed on Him. The concerns of His glory and interest lay nearer my heart than any concerns of my own. I became concerned for the salvation of others as much as for my own, and prayed as heartily for them as for myself. Everything I see or hear of that dishonours Him is grieving and wounding to my own soul.

From that time to this (November 14, 1743), I have been kept trusting in Him, though sometimes now and then I fall under clouds and darkness when I find corruptions prevailing, and am much troubled for sin as dishonouring to God, yet so far as I remember, I have not had any one doubt or fear of my interest in Christ. The Lord has in mercy sanctified and sweetened every lot I fall into, so that nothing now falls amiss to me, because it is the holy will of God, and because He has given me Himself for my portion. I am now helped to bear with ease and cheerfulness many trials that were formerly most affecting and distressing to me and under which I was often ready to sink. I have now no cross in the world but a body of sin and death. So gracious has the Lord been to me ever since, that He never one day leaves me comfortless. Christ is now become all in all to me. I know not how to live without Him and the evidences of His love to me, and often feel a most fervent love in my heart to Him. I loved Him for a while, mainly because He had done and suffered so much for me, but now I love Him for Himself, and because of His own excellency and loveliness which He has discovered to me. Every day I see always new cause to praise Him for new discoveries of His love and loveliness.

The thoughts of eternity are sweet to me, because then I shall get time enough to praise Him and be put in a capacity to do it without any sinful imperfection. He has often manifested His glory to me and His love in private duties and public ordinances, particularly at several sacrament occasions at Cambuslang last year and this, and my joys have then and at other times so overflowed that my body has been made to shake and tremble. I am now afraid of nothing but offending and dishonouring Him by sin. Death that was a terror to me to think of, is now become a pleasure to me. He has been pleased in condescending grace to make

it known to me that He has taken me—poor deformed hell-deserving me—for His spouse and that He has betrothed me to Himself. And I now consider death as a messenger to come and call me home to my Lord and Husband, to be where He is.

Though I do not know how matters may after with me, yet for the present and for a long time past, the thoughts of death are as pleasant and delightful to me as a message would be to a loving wife to come away home to her husband. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, make haste, my Beloved, and be Thou as a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether. Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen.

B.R. A Girl of 13 Years of Age. Catherine Anderson (Daughter of a portioner of Little Givan):

In reviewing my life before 1742, I see reason of thankfulness to God for keeping me outwardly civil and moral in my behaviour before the world. At the same time I see much reason to be humbled, that all that time I was quite a stranger to all serious religion. I was indeed trained up to a custom of praying by myself twice a day, and I used to go to the Kirk, and for a while to the Seceders' meetings. But it was only because I saw many others, and especially my friends and neighbours going, and to comply with my parent's desires. For my heart did not lie to these things; I could make no distinction between one preaching and another, but only as they were long or short. To me a short preaching was a good preaching, because I got soon away, but a long one was always a bad one. I could not away with it, and I was exceeding weary till it was over.

When the awakening broke out at Cambuslang in February, 1742, I heard a woman tell a friend of it, and call it a delusion; to which my friend answered, that if it was a delusion, she was sorry that it had fallen out where such a one who was minister there was concerned. I heard these persons and others at home also talk much about that time of conversion, and those they called converts at Cambuslang, and wondered much what sort of creatures these were that they called converts.

I went to that place soon after that, and heard sermon there about the latter end of February, 1742, but was not at all affected with what I heard. As I looked about me I saw a woman weeping much, and said, pointing at her, to a friend that was by me, It may be that woman is one of those that they call a convert. I went home that night little or nothing at all touched with what I saw or heard. I came back next Tuesday and heard sermon, and saw several weeping for their sin. Next time I came there shortly after this, I heard a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach on that text, 'He that believeth not is condemned already'. As these words were repeated in the sermon, I found them come close home with power to my heart and they were made to awaken my conscience and to bring me to a sight and sense of my sins. And the first sin of all that I was convinced of was that of my unbelief. I saw that I was condemned already, and lost for ever without Christ. Convictions of this and many other sins after this were set so close home upon me by my conscience, as clearly and distinctly as if they had been all set down on a paper before my eyes, and as if there had been never so many witnesses telling me of

them, and so many persons all confirming the truth of what I was charged with, one after another.

Upon this I fell into great distress of spirit, partly at the thought of my being a poor condemned sinner, and I was verily persuaded that if I had died then or before I got out of that state that I was then in, I would have gone to hell, and that it would have been perfectly just with God to have sent me there for ever.

But my grief and soul distress was chiefly and above all things because I had so dishonoured God by all my sins, and especially that I had so dishonoured Christ by my unbelief. This was a thought I could not now bear up under, because I knew and was now persuaded that as He was the worst and most dreadful of all enemies that ever I could meet with, so He was the best of all friends. The Lord gave me at that time a heart to melt into sorrow on this account, and to look to Him whom I had pierced by my sins and to mourn as one mourns for the loss of the dearest friend or for the death of an only son or a first-born.

I did not however cry out, either at this time or any other, nor did I ever swarf or have any visions. I was made, however, at this time and afterward sometimes to weep abundantly. And sometimes after this, when I have been hearing sermon at Cambuslang Brae, sitting in the warm summer sun, I have been made to tremble with grief for sin, as if I would have been all shaken to pieces.

From this time I continued till August next in darkness and distress of spirit, before I got any relief or outgate. I got nothing comfortable all that time sensibly applied to me, and could myself apply nothing that I read or heard for my comfort. Yet the Lord was pleased in mercy to keep me all that time diligent in the use of the means of grace. I came for a long time almost every day to Cambuslang, and heard sermon there. I often read my Bible by myself, and was much taken up in secret prayer and mourning for sin. Though I was sometimes for a little time ready to sink in despair, yet the Lord kept me from sinking quite in that horrible pit of despair, and gave me some little glimmering of hope again, so much at least as to keep me close to the use of the means of salvation.

At length, while I was sitting on the Brae at Cambuslang, on a Thursday about the beginning of August, 1742, before sermon began that word came into my heart with power, 'Who is there among you that fears the Lord, that obeys the voice of His servant, that walks in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay himself on his God'. These words were applied to me with that light and power

that made me see that the Lord had wrought in me these qualifications there mentioned, and I was made to trust and stay myself on God in Christ with some hope of His being my God. In being helped to do so, much of the burden that was upon my spirit was taken off, and I was much eased and comforted.

Next Lord's Day, which was the preparation Sabbath before the second sacrament there in 1742, I was under some damps at the thought that I had been taking the comfort that did not belong to me, but was again encouraged to hope that that gracious promise I had met with a few days before was from the Lord, and that He had allowed and enabled me to trust and stay myself on Him, and was enabled again to do so. On the fast day, and almost all that week, I found a sinking of my spirits, and was in great difficulty whether I should seek to be admitted to the Lord's table or not. But though I saw great danger in a rash unprepared approach, I durst not, however, venture to stay away.

A sermon I heard preached by Mr. Robe on that text, 'He hath put Him to grief', was made very useful to me for this purpose, and I was somewhat comforted by it. On Sabbath, when I came to the Lord's table, He was pleased to give me much of His gracious presence, and I may say, He took me into His banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love.

At Cathcart sacrament in May, 1743, when I was at the Lord's table, and was coming away, that word came into my mind with much power, 'I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions as a cloud, and as a thick cloud thy sins'. I was made to believe that the Lord had accordingly pardoned all my sins for Christ's sake, and this was matter of great comfort to my soul.

At the second sacrament at Cambuslang in 1743, when I was at the Lord's table, I could say with the spouse that I was sick of love to Christ, and I was made greatly to rejoice that He had taken the throne of my heart, and shed abroad His love there. I was filled with such joy on this account, that at was with great difficulty that I would refrain from crying out for joy among the people.

But that I may not be tedious, I shall only further notice some few things in general. It is now (March 8, 1744) about two years since I was awakened from my sleep in sin, and I would also hope raised up from a death in sin. When I look back upon these two last years, and my spirit and temper and way of life in them, I cannot but notice a very great difference and opposition. Formerly I was indifferent whether I went

to public ordinances or not, and whether I heard or not. Now, I could not think of staying away except necessity obliged me; and when I come to them I take great delight in hearing the Gospel preached, and in joining in the other parts of public worship. I came to hear the word, believing that Christ is to speak in a preached Gospel to His people, and hoping that He will speak something home to me in particular for reasonable instruction in duty, conviction of sin, or comfort and establishment in His way, as I may stand in need: and I find Him graciously doing so accordingly from time to time. Formerly my heart did not lie to secret prayer at all: now I find quite to the contrary with me. I know not how I could live without it one day. I take great delight in it as a service to God in Christ, and because I find much benefit to my soul by it. The Lord has been pleased for Jesus Christ's sake to give me many answers of prayer and to bestow upon me many spiritual blessings I have been asking of Him. Formerly I did not know what heart-corruptions were, or what it was to be troubled for them, or even to notice them. Now I feel them very sensibly, and bewail them in secret before God, and have many errands to Christ that He may conquer them all and take my heart wholly to Himself. Formerly I knew not what it was to have recourse to Christ at all; of late I think I have often closed with Him in all His offices, with all my heart and soul. I pretend not to be assured of heaven, but I desire humbly to wait and hope for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. To Him be all glory and honour now and for ever. Amen.

C.D. A Young Woman of 20 Years. Agnes Hamilton (Daughter of a widow in Evanmiln in the Parish of Hamilton);

In my younger years I was trained up to pray in secret. When I came to years I sometimes minded it and sometimes laid it aside. I used all along to go to Church on Lord's Days for ordinary, reckoning it my duty to attend public worship. I liked to sit and hear, though it was to little good purpose. I did not think I was in a right state, but little minded what would become of me after death, except that at some times, I would have been more serious and thoughtful. I cannot charge myself with any things outwardly vicious before the world.

About the year 1741, I fell under reproach, which, knowing I had given no ground for, was very affecting to me, and like to break my heart. I was then led to be much more serious and concerned about my soul than formerly, and made to bless the Lord for ordering that trial for me.

I went off to Cambuslang in the year 1742, and though I was never under any great terror or sudden awakenings, I came gradually to feel more and more concern about salvation upon my spirit, and found my heart turn more and more tender. I was also made to see more and more of my own sinfulness and unworthiness, and was sometimes made to loathe myself on account of my vileness by sin. Sometimes that Summer, particularly on Sabbath Day, I went to hear sermon at Dalsiel, and for a day or two before and after that, I felt my heart within me as it had all been in a flame, burning in love to Christ. I was much delighted in hearing sermon there.

One night I fell under strong apprehension that I was going to die, and the Lord was pleased to give me such a sense and persuasion of my interest in Christ, that I could not doubt of it. I was not then at all afraid to die, but was even longing for death, that I might be freed from sin, and might be with Christ in heaven. That word was then cast into my mind, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise', which made me strongly to apprehend that I was to die that very night and to go to heaven. But not finding things fall out as I expected, I fell under a very great damp next day, apprehending that all I had met with was but delusion. But I have been since made to conclude that that last-mentioned text of Scripture had been thrown into my mind by Satan, that subtle adversary, when he saw the frame I was in, thinking I was to die ere long and longing for it, with a design to drive me to despair or to make me look upon all I had met with as delusions when the event did not

fall out as I expected in this instance. But after some days I gradually recovered my former composure of mind.

Several promises of Scripture have at times been brought into my heart with great sweetness. On a fast day before the sacrament, as I was going to the Church in the Summer, 1743, that word came into my heart, 'I am come into My Garden, my sister, my spouse', at which I felt my heart set all as in a flame with love to Christ. That day, hearing a minister preach on a text in the Song of Solomon, I had difficulty in time of that sermon, to refrain from crying out for love and joy.

I think I can say in the sight of the Heart-Searcher, that my heart has sometimes been drawn out to a closure with Christ in all His offices.

For ordinary, my chief concern is about securing an interest in Christ. The motions of sin are my grief and burden, and sometimes I could be glad to die to get free of sin. I find much deadness on my spirit for some time past, but I am living in hopes that God will yet be pleased to quicken me. To His Name be glory.

**B.U. A Woman Abut 26 Years of Age. Agnes Young (Daughter
of a smith in Campsie):**

Before I was awakened in the year 1742, though I had been kept outwardly moral and civil in a good measure, and free of the more gross sorts of outbreakings, and had some kind of form of religion, yet I knew no more of the power of godliness than things that have no life. I would have sometimes gone about secret prayer, though but very seldom, if it had not been for a week or two before a sacrament occasion or so, and a little after it was over, and then would have in a great measure laid it aside again; or when at any time I would have set about it, I performed it but in a very cold and careless manner. I used however to go to Church on Sabbath days, but I knew not for what end, if it was not to see and be seen, and to comply with the custom of the place. I also sometimes communicated, but in a very formal manner.

Hearing of the awakening at Cambuslang in February, 1742, I came out of curiosity to that place in March, 1742, but nothing touched me the first Sabbath I came. Next Sabbath, while I was hearing a preacher there, the Lord was pleased to give me a sight and sense of my sins, though, for anything that ever I could remember, it was not by means of anything uttered by the speaker. I then particularly got an affecting sense of my sin of unworthy communicating, neglect and careless performance of the duty of prayer, slighting Gospel ordinances, and many heart sins. I saw I had a heart as black as hell, and was made to cry out that it was so after I was gone home. I was also made to cry out when among the people, when first struck with a sense of sin, and was then made to tremble to a great degree, so that my flesh seemed all to be loose, as if it had been all coming off from the bones.

I continued in distress under convictions for about five weeks after this, before I got any comfort or relief; only one day, when I was at Cambuslang, as I opened my Bible and read that word, 'The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death', I felt a sweet and secret power applying these words to me. I was all that time, when I was awake, almost constantly praying in my heart. I essayed also to follow my work on week days, though I could do little at it; and I longed much through the day for night, that I might get my heart poured out before God after the rest were gone to bed, and was often helped to do so.

About five weeks after my first awakening, after I had been at Cambuslang, and was very dead and stupid while there, and was coming home without

any company after I had been praying in my heart that I might be left alone, but that the Spirit of the Lor might be with me as I walked on my way that word came into my heart, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee', and such a power came along with it as filled me with the love of Christ, and with such a joy that I did not know whether I was on the earth or not. I was then so assured of the love of God to me, and of my interest in Christ as my Redeemer, that I thought I would never doubt of it again.

This frame of love and joy and assurance lasted with me in a good measure for about half a year after this, during which time I was much in the joyful praises of God, and would have often sought and wished for opportunities to get alone to places distant from all houses, that I might there sing Psalms and praise God all alone; and oftentimes I did so with much joy.

After this I fell into great deadness, but the Lord was pleased now and then to send me revivings again. And in such ups and downs I have continued from that time to this (June 18, 1744). I have often found great sweetness in hearing the Word, and partaking of the Lord's supper, and particularly at the second sacrament at Cambuslang in 1742, and for about two weeks after the first sacrament there in 1744. At secret prayer I often find my heart very dead; at other times the Lord gives me much freedom and enlargement in pouring out my heart before Him. When He hides His face I am troubled, not indeed so much as I ought to be, but I am troubled that I cannot be troubled and affected enough, and I remain unsatisfied till He gives me the light of His countenance again. The sin of unbelief has often been my grief and burden; and I have several times, particularly at Cambuslang, felt a secret power drawing my heart to close with Christ in all His offices as my Prophet, Priest and King. I truly think He has made me as willing and desirous to be ruled by His laws as to be saved by His love and the merit of His death. To His Name be glory. Amen.

Incomplete Incoherent Narrative Without Any Title:

October, 1741, I remember one Sabbath I was going to the church, I communed with myself how many a time I had been in that place with a grave countenance while my heart was with the foolish and little hearkening to what was read, and more especially in the time of the communion and ... had some heart melting under a sense, I hope, of ... One night when I was at my work I was very much troubled with worldly thoughts, and thought I would read in my Bible where I happened upon that place where it says, 'But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to be the world', and this was my prayer unto God, that He would crucify the world to me and I unto it through the cross of Jesus Christ.

September, 1741, one night, while I was at my work I was troubled with such thoughts as that God did not know my thoughts. After I left work I went to prayer and endeavoured to confess and bewail the unbelief of my heart unto God, but found no outgate. The same night I read sermon preached upon the words, 'But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption', but when I read that sermon I thought I had no experience there of which damped me very much, so I returned to prayer and bemoaned my case unto God, whereof I got some utterance. So I went and read the sermon over again, where I thought I had some experience thereof and comfort therefrom, and especially from the latter part of it, and this was all the experience I had of my unbelief when I once heard you (i.e. Mr. McCulloch) upon this word, in I John 5.10, 'He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son', and I remember you said that those who had not been sensible of their unbelief had nothing a right work yet.

In the summer thereafter (June, 1742), one morning I had opportunity to read Durham (?) upon Death, expecting to have received some comfort from death, but when I opened the book (at the latter part of it), it was labelled 'Self denial', so I thought I would read that part of it. I may with great convictions of self, where I was even pricked to the heart, especially when I read that place where he gave some marks and evidence when self bears the sway in duty. He said that when self had the dominion, the heart was nothing bettered thereby, and was as light and frothy when it had done as when it began; it was a sign that self had the dominion

and away. This and the like was very weighty upon my spirits, so that I could nowhere ease my smart. It was my earnest prayer to God that He would mortify it in all its motions and actings, for I thought that I could do nothing; but it was always present with me, and that daily, and it is to this day in a great measure venting itself in me and in all my duties and performances. I was ignorant of this great idol, self, until this time in a great measure. I found also some comfort in the sermon book, but I do not mind distinctly now what these marks were.

When this work began with me, or a little after, I found my heart willing to part with the world and all things therein. I thought sometimes ... longer a-knowing religion, for now, I thought, I would lose all my worldly pleasures and delights. Sometimes I had a very delicious sense of them upon my heart, so that I thought that there was a very great unwillingness in me to part with them. At other times I thought that I could have parted with all things whatsoever; yea, I could say that God was more precious to me than thousands of gold and silver, more desirable than mountains of prey.

One day I was very much troubled therewith. I thought with myself, that if I were once in a good frame again, I will then try what influence the world will have upon my heart, which accordingly, as I believe, God did, shining in my soul with the light of His countenance the same day. Then I thought with myself, Now, world, do thy worst, but I then counted the world nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity.

I was for three quarters of a year, at the first, very ignorant of my heart corruptions, only I was very much troubled with a wandering heart. It was very troublesome to me for a long time. I knew not what to do. Meantime upon the account thereof, I was indeed very sensible that I had original corruption, but I had not such a heart-burden of it as I have found sometimes since.

In April, 1743, I went to the sacrament in Glasgow. I went into the Ramshorn (?) Church, where you (i.e. Mr. McCulloch) preached, but I heard very little save only when you gave out the Psalm whereby I got desires and longings for the new heart and right spirit, and was also helped to plead that God would give me the same. After I went from the Church to my quarters, I was led away with some worldly company, and spent a good part of that evening therein, which was a very sore check, knowing that I should have been about another work. But when I returned to my duty, I found my heart out of frame for the same, and continued so all that night. On the next morning I went out to the

green, where I lamented over my unbelief and over the weakness of my faith, and the want of exercise of what I thought I had by prayer and meditation. I was also pleading for faith and the exercising thereof. I got some heart-melting thereby under a sense of want, yet when I went to the Church I was much under the power of a body of sin and death, yea, every way unfit for the duty of the day, and in much pain and uneasiness of heart. When the time drew near of approach to the Lord's table, I thought with myself that I could not approach to the Lord's table in this condition (which increased my uneasiness and desire to be there). I went out of the Church and went to prayer, where I got my heart poured out in some measure; yet I was not satisfied. But I thought I would venture to go to the Lord's table as I was, for I thought that to stay away till I was in a good frame was just like waiting till I had a price in my hand, so I went, professing to depend upon the Lord's own strength. But I met with nothing remarkable.

The next morning I went out to the green, where I opened my Bible and happened upon the 18th chapter of John, but when I looked at the chapter, these words came into my mind, 'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?'. I then thought with myself that I had betrayed Him with a kiss. I closed the book and went to prayer, where I got my heart poured out in a great measure with many tears. I went to the Church hoping that the last day of the feast might be the great day of the feast to me, as it had been my prayer before, but I then found that my trouble was more increased than before, and instead of giving thanks to the Lord (as both the day required and the sermon I sat under exhorted unto, being preached from the 106th pPsalm: 'Praise ye the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever'), I found that in my heart that would not give thanks unto the Lord. I thought it was Satan that troubled me, for I was under a mighty load of trouble and a mighty pain and uneasiness was in my heart.

Next, Mr. Warden came in and preached from Heb. 10.38, 'Now the just shall live by faith'. I then thought with myself, I shall now be cut off, for I have no faith, which increased my trouble and uneasiness. But when he came to the latter part of the sermon, he said that some professed to have faith who know nothing of the troubles and difficulties that the people of God were in sometimes. The people of God, he said, thought that one day they might fall by the hand of Saul, at other times they thought they had not the spot of God's children. Several other troubles also he mentioned, and when he began to mention them, my heart

appealed unto God that this was my present condition. I then found the impressions of the Holy Spirit so warm upon my soul that the sweat did break out upon my body. I could appeal unto God with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, that He sent from above, took me, and drew me out of many waters; He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me, for they were too strong for me, as it is in Psalm 18.16 and 17.

About July, 1743, I heard Mr. Gillies upon Psalm 145, verse 9: 'The Lord is good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works'. I then ought to have received it in the truth and love of it, and in thanksgiving for the Lord's great mercies manifold; but I began to find nothing but an unbelieving heart which then increased mightily, so I thought that I was nothing but a mere hypocrite. When I went home I remembered a passage of Mr. Willison's upon the sacramental Catechism. He said the best way, when under temptations of Satan, was to come and act faith on Jesus Christ, as if a person had never done it before. So I went to God in prayer, and professed my willingness to receive the Lord Jesus Christ upon His own terms. I pleased that promise in Is. 55, verse 1, and found much brokenness of heart. I thought I was helped so to do, yet my heart was not warmed but by degrees, in reading that night.

I cannot give you any more of my experiences in plain words but these and the like. When I came from you last (i.e. from Mr. McCulloch) I was very much troubled with what you said concerning unbelief and original sin, and I believe, not without just reason, as I went home, I found it in my heart to give thanks to God that I had happened to come unto you, for I thought that I had not yet mourned for my original sin according as I had sinned in Adam. I was indeed now made sensible that I was without God and without Christ, and consequently without hope in the world. Several times I also had my heart melted with soul-refreshing under a sense of that inward contrariety that was in me to God and godliness, but never as I had sinned in Adam so far as I remember and can judge. Therefore I thought that I could not have anything of a saving work begun in me yet, but was a rebel and the chief of hypocrites. I then purposed to pray that God would awaken me out of this sleep of security, and that He would convince me of all my sins, and especially my original sin and my unbelief. But I found nothing but deadness; only I was sensible that I was answerable. Some texts of Scripture came into my mind, such as, 'Because when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations,

and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise they became fools'. 'He is proud, knowing nothing, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God'. I endeavoured to apply these to my own heart, but could not win to such a heart-sense of my sin as I would have had.

Later, I received a little of a broken heart, but only for a moment. The day following I had some heart-meltings while I was in the fellowship meeting, but I still remained accusing myself of original sin. I could not win to such brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit for this sin as I wished, so that I proposed with myself to come down to you (Mr. McCulloch) the first Sabbath after I came from you, just to tell you that I was nothing but a mere hypocrite, and to seek your advice as to what I should do.

Upon Saturday before this I went up to Eaglesham where the sacrament of the Lord's supper was to be dispensed, if haply I might get some soul good, but durst not presume to join with them. I found nothing till the latter end of Mr. Adams' sermon where he said that none had a right to come there but such as had love to God, to Christ, to His people, love to the whole world, and even love to their enemies. These and the like qualifications he mentioned, and then he added, 'But let none stay away upon the account of the want of these, if duly affected with the want thereof, for where shall they get them but on this and the like occasion?' These words came with some influence upon my heart, making me believe the same. I thought this was a call to me to join in their ordinance, so I went and got a token. I thought that the time was indeed short, but purposed by grace to improve it. The better to do so, after I went home, I endeavoured to spend the rest of that day in the duties required, but to no purpose, for I could not win to so much as a good form.

Next morning I endeavoured to covenant with God, but was dead and lifeless therein. I could not examine myself, neither could I make any progress in meditation, so I thought I could not go to the Lord's table, and I thought that when I heard the ministers inviting the communicants to go to the Lord's table, how miserable would my case be, as I thought there remained nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and of indignation which should devour the adversaries, for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. So I endeavoured to apply these words to my heart as close as I could, all the time that I was making ready to go to the Church. While I was going

to the Church I was very heavy in spirit, and when I was about midway to it, I thought I should have a-fallen dead, (for I was still condemning myself), and my spirits were like to be sink with in me. At length I began to cast in my mind about the four leprous men in 2 Kings chapter 7. If thought, if I stay away I will undoubtedly die, and if I came I can but die; so I purposed to come, which brought great ease to my spirits. When I came to the tent, I heard Mr. ... preaching on Jer. 30.21: 'And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them; and I will cause him to draw near and he shall approach unto Me, for who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord'.

He gave some marks from these words, but I cannot now distinctly tell what they were. But I thought that I could lay claim to come of them without presumption. I heard another minister upon Exod. 33.18: 'And he said, I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory'. If I remember, his doctrine was that it was the desire of every believer to see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It was the prayer of my own heart and the desire of my own soul that the Lord would show me His glory in the face of Jesus Christ, yet I met with nothing remarkable till that night at secret prayer, where I got my heart poured out, and especially when I prayed for heart-establishing grace.

The morrow thereafter I heard Mr. ... upon these words (I Thess. 4.18), 'Wherefore comfort one another with these words'. When he came to speak of the character of those that belonged to this text with the context, he confined himself to this Epistle at chap. 1, verse 3: 'Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father'. When he explained the work of faith, I thought I could lay claim thereto, and also the labour of love, but when he came to the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, I though I could not lay claim thereto, so I thought that all the rest was as nothing, seeing I thought rather that He might come before I was ready.

I came away from this place yet doubting about my state and condition.

I might write more of my experiences, but they are much to the same purpose. Therefore I think it needless. I shall now give you a general hint of all.

At the first I had for the space of two months or more much communion with God, as I thought, in almost every duty I was employed in. I found for the most part great ease, pleasure and delight in reading, praying,

and in approaching God, not only in family duty but also through the day, and also in mourning for my sins, so that I ate my meat with pleasure and singleness of heart. Then I began to find that all music of all kinds, and dancing, and all needless worldly discourse, and foolish feastings, and going to markets and fairs and bridals were very hurtful to me, and all worldly recreations whatsoever, for when I was released from any of them, I found my heart out of frame for worshipping God, and I found that God hid His face from me. Before, I thought that there was no evil in any of these, and wondered when I heard of good people that would not hear of nor allow of them. Yet I could see no evil therein, and I thought that I might follow after them without any harm. Yet self being greatly, if not altogether, unmortified, I thought that I might go to markets and fairs and bridals upon some unlawful pretences, but I found that it was nothing but the unmortified lies and corruptions of my heart.

There was one great abomination that I had practised sometimes before, and that was running in the night time to ... see young women pretending countenance to them, whiles to one and whiles to another. I thought there was no evil in this, and it is to be said that it is the practice of the most part of young men at this day and in this place; and as I said before, there was that in me that would have kept both God and the world, until such time as God made me to know that I was either to part with God in Christ, or part with the world.

I had great concern for some of my relations and for my comrades that I had spent much of my time among, but being ignorant of the deceitfulness of my heart, I became vain in my imaginations, thinking with myself that I could now say a great deal to the conviction of others, and I thought time after time that I would tell my comrades of their evil ways, but when I had opportunity after opportunity, I then found that I had neither spirit nor courage, nor could I say anything to that purpose.

I was often venting myself in a presumptuous carnal selfish way. After some time I began to realise that it was nothing but Satan diverting me from the right path. It was so violent that I found I had no power to resist it, so that sometimes I thought it was right and sometimes I thought it was wrong. I was never thoroughly convinced of its being wrong till I was convinced by Mr. Durham, and then I saw that there was a bias in it and in many other of my acts that I had done that way for the space of three quarters of a year. At the first a great evidence of my ignorance was that when I heard others recommending themselves to the prayers of others, I did not find that same concern in my heart that I ought to

have had. Another great mark of my ignorance was that I was not concerned to search out the evils of my heart as I should have been, until I was convinced of the deceitfulness of my heart by you (Mr. McCulloch) when you preached on that subject. Then I thought with myself that there must be much more evil with me than I was yet sensible of. A little after this I was convinced of the idolatry of my heart by Mr. Durham when he wrote upon 'self'. Indeed I cannot say but that I had some knowledge of self, but I had no power to resist it, neither had I such a clear view of it, neither did I find that great evil in it that I then found in it. It is very strange to think how it had not come in upon me before, for there was no manner of duty that I had performed but it was to be found therein, ... in praying and reading my Bible, self would rise up in my heart in various ways, always and contrary to the duty I had in hand. I have been enabled to resist it when it has come in upon me very strongly, and then I have found the impressions of God's Spirit immediately. But then I have thought that I was no better in God's sight than a beast because of my idolatry.

About this time I began to find great difficulty in walking with God, as I had done some time before, and I could not find that delight in God that I had enjoyed before, and no wonder! for my folly made it so, for the Lord was provoked to hide His face from me and I could not but be troubled. Although I knew it was my duty to trust in the Lord, yet I could not do it so constantly as I should have done; then, when I turned unwatchful, Satan would come in by temptations and make me fret and repine at God's holy way of dealing with me. When these temptations came to me, then I regretted that I had so much yielded to Satan and would purpose with myself that I must not yield again; yet at times I even despaired of ever being happy. But I cannot say that ever I despaired of God being able to help me. Yet I thought that He would not help me.

One Lord's Day, while I was in the Church, and singing the words,

'By this I know that certainly
I favoured am by Thee,
Because my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me,' (Ps. 41.11)

I think they were applied to my soul by the impressions of the Spirit of God, for I was under some perplexity of mind at the time. I thought it was a strange thing to be in such doubts, for I was then ready to think tht the Lord had cast me off altogether, because I could not win to such

delight and such satisfaction in duty as I had found before then. I was also ready to think that I had no grace and did not belong to God, I have lately been convinced again by Mr. Durham writing upon 'self' that there is much of this perplexity of mind that belongs to unmortified corruptions. Indeed I may say that the Lord's mercies are over all His other works upon this same account. As for the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, they are very frequently leading me captive to the law of sin and death. How frequently am I found going after my detestable things and looking after other gods!

Sometimes I think that I have the mastery over them, but ere I am aware, I am just where I was. Sometimes I have eyes full of adultery, so that I can look nowhere, but my corruptions vent themselves in some slip of other; and although I get some victory over them at some times, especially at sacraments, yet they still overcome me again. There are some things that are lawful that I have been able to part with and forsake; and as for my unbelief, I now think that I have nothing else for the most part of my time but an unbelieving unrenewed hard heart void of the true fear of God, having no love to God, no love to Jesus Christ, no concern for His glory, no concern for myself or others. Although I meet with some brokenness of heart and spirit in duties and ordinances, yet I think I make little or no progress in the way heavenward. I am easily lifted up and easily cast down. Sometimes I think that I have the indwelling of the Spirit, and sometimes I think that it cannot be so.

When I can neither find nor see anything in myself but corruptions and my great misery and grief, I cannot win to that godly sorrow of heart for my sins as dishonouring to God that I would fain have. I think I get some weeping but no washing. I think I have some sense but no sight. I think I have knowledge of the glory of Christ's person, and when I meet with anything like good, then I am ready to flatter myself.

One day I heard you preach upon Ephesians, and when you were upon the exhortation, I was afraid that I had never gone further than what you explained, and although I could not deny but that I desired and endeavoured to act to the glory of God in all things, yet I thought that what you said was very agreeable to what I had found. So I persuaded myself that I was yet in a natural state, but my great misery was that I could not get my heart to be affected therewith. I endeavoured to apply all the curses and all the judgments of the Bible, but to no purpose. I endeavoured to pray for heaven's convictions of all my sins, but could not obtain it. One night I got my heart poured out in an extraordinary

manner, as I thought, yet I would not let myself think but that I was still in a natural state. I continued so for the space of a week. One evening again I got my heart poured out in a great measure, but never would let myself think that I had an interest in Christ, neither could I get my heart affected therewith.

A fortnight later I heard you (Mr. McCulloch), I was reading Mr. Durham upon 'self' on Sabbath night, where he says that a natural man comes short as to the discerning of selfishness in the matters of faith. He may possibly discern it when he puts himself in the room of God or his self and when it is more gross, but when it comes to resting on something in self for salvation, or sticking to somewhat in his duties and in the most spiritual duties, he does not discern this, and the reason is because that which manifests this is spiritual light, and it is the Spirit's work to convince of the sin of not believing on Christ. So that I thought that I could say without presumption that I had rested on nothing in self for salvation, nor stuck to anything in duties so as to think I merited anything by them, although I have sinned heinously in and by my duties. So found in my heart something of the exercise of praise and thanksgiving to God for His unspeakable gift, Jesus Christ. This continued with me that night, but O how soon did I lose both sight and sense thereof!

When I heard that the sacrament was to be dispensed at Glasgow, I endeavoured to prepare for it, and on the fast day I heard you (Mr. McCulloch) upon the parable of the Ten Virgins, where I thought that I was yet nothing but a foolish virgin, and more especially when you said that hypocrites always rested upon the common operations of the Holy Spirit, for I had been convinced that I always turned secure, and did not press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Some days before, I read in the 7th chapter of Joshua concerning the men of Israel fleeing before the men of Ai upon the account of the accursed thing, so I thought that I was ready to say unto the Lord, 'Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face? Wherefore is it that I do not partake sensibly of the benefits of this ordinance? I thought that my conscience told me that it was because of the accursed thing, either because that I lacked preparation, or rested upon it; and when you appealed to believers, and said that their worst times are better than their best times before conversion, I thought that I could not say that. When I was coming home, I reflected upon these things and I thought that I would not presume to come to the Lord's table. My heart groaned within me,

saying, What I hate, that I do, meaning that I knew not what to do, for I thought that though I had got some weeping, I had not got washing. I thought I had some sense but no sight. The morrow thereafter I thought that I could not find a parallel place in all the Scriptures suitable to my case. I had that in mind in Proverbs: 'Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy' (Prov. 30.2, 3).

When I was applying these words to myself, my heart burst out into tars; and there was also another word that came into mind, 'As one is out of mind when dead, even so am I forgot'. When I reflected on these words, my soul could not refrain from addressing itself to God in the same words ... for a short time. After a little space these words came into my mind, 'Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy strength', whereupon my soul added, 'And come Thou into my heart and dwell there for ever'. Yet I thought that I was nothing the better for all this, and so I thought that I could not go to the Lord's table when I lacked evidence of an interest in Christ Jesus. Yet I resolved to go to hear the preachings.

Then I thought that shame it would be to me, when everybody would be noticing me because I did not go to the Lord's table. I went in, but found nothing remarkable, only when Mr. Robe made an offer of Christ to all hearing him, it was my grief because my heart would not accept of Him. On the morrow morning I went out into the green for to meditate. I went to go to prayer, where I got some utterance, but I thought I could not venture to go to the table. While in this case, I thought that if it were to the glory of God I would go to the table, although I should get nothing remarkable at it. These words also came into my mind, 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully'. When I had considered awhile, I thought that I could not allow myself in any known sin, nor in the neglect of any known duty. I thought that it had been and was the desire and endeavour of my soul to have every corruption rooted out of my heart, and to have the graces and virtues of the Holy Spirit in their room. I thought that I could not any more be satisfied with any beside God, and that I had given myself, soul and body, to the Lord without reserve or exception, so be His.

So I thought I got some evidence of my interest in Christ, and so I resolved to prepare for going to the Lord's table, and so I went. I found

nothing remarkable; only before I went to the table, these words came into my mind, 'Hath no man condemned thee'. On Monday following, Mr. Adams preached upon the words, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified to me and I unto the world'. When he was preaching, I thought that I could not hear one word with satisfaction, for I thought that I no sooner heard the word spoken, but it was swept away, so that I could not get the sense of one word with another. I was perplexed over this, and when he had shown the necessity of having the world crucified, and had given some directions in order to the accomplishment of it, he said, 'What a blessed thing it is that God has promised to help in this and in all other duties'. When I heard these words there was virtue came along with them, impressing them on my heart. I then heard clearly and could then receive it in the truth and love of it. After the sermon we sang the 17th Psalm, which I could sing with the spirit and with the understanding, but in a special manner the 15th verse, 'But as for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness'.

When I was singing this verse in metre:

'But as for me, I thine own face
in righteousness will see;
And with Thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfied shall be',

I thought that I should never be satisfied with the likeness of God, and how did my soul long for it! Next, Mr. Warden prayed, and when he mentioned that word 'God', O how dear, how sweet, and how precious was it to my soul!

This did not continue long with me, but I shall not trouble you with any more; only a few words—I think that if I have any faith at all, it is of the weakest sort, and although I think sometimes that I have the indwelling of the Spirit, yet for the most part of the time I think, How can it be? for I think that I have not the fear of God in my heart. I have no love to God nor Jesus Christ. I think I have no sense of the evil of sin upon my heart and spirit. I think that I have no heart affection to the people of God, no concern for the glory of God nor the good of my own soul and the souls of others. I think that I have all the marks and evidences of black nature, such as an unbelieving heart, a hard and unrenewed heart, and an unthankful, stupid, dead and lifeless heart, formal and secure. My greatest misery is that I cannot get my heart affected with these things so as to be stirred thereby to its duty. I think

that I make no progress in the way of holiness, so that for the most part of my time I do not know what to do. Yet I think that these are accusations of Satan, for when I am sitting under sermons, and hear marks given, I then for the most part easily perceive that I have none of the marks that are given, and ordinarily I have my heart broken under a sense of the watt thereof, or else I am ready to conclude that I do not belong to God and have no interest in Christ, and it is a ... thing that these corruptions are stirring in me, yet I think that I can say with ...

NOTE by transcriber: Beginning and end of this narration are missing. Statements are often incoherent, and certain words and phrases are indecipherable.

**A.E. A Young Man Aged 23. John Parker (Dyer in Busby,
Carmunnock):**

My parents, being religiously disposed persons themselves, took care to give me good education and example. They trained me up to secret prayer and to attendance on public ordinances and family worship, and I conformed to the example and instructions they gave me, as to the outward performance of duties, not only in my childhood but all along my life after I came to years and was kept always civil and sober in my outward behaviour before the world. I thought when I was young, that it was better to pray more seldom than very frequently, because I had then more sins to confess to God since the last time I prayed, when I did not pray very often, than when I did. Sometimes I would have confessed and bewailed my sins with many tears. Sometimes when I was hearing the Word preached, I have been under fears, because I did not do what was required; but then I would have thought again, Why need I be so afraid? There is nobody I know of does all that the minister bids, no more than I, and so those fears would have worn off again.

When I was young I have found my heart much affected in reading some little books of devotion, such as Mr. Willison's book on the Sacrament, one of Isaac Ambrose's books, and Elizabeth West's account of her life. One Sabbath night also, reading my Bible concerning Elijah's being carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and Elisha's crying out, 'O my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof', I felt my heart melt wonderfully, and I think that it proceeded from the motions of the Spirit of the Lord. But it lasted but that night, and I cannot say there was anything of that kind next day.

After I had been recovered one time from a fever, when I was dangerously sick, my father coming to me in the fields, and telling me that he has vowed, when I was sick, that if the Lord was pleased to spare me, I should be His, and that he had devoted and dedicated me to Him, and he exhorted me to give myself to the God in Christ, I found my heart very much affected with what he said. At another time I was very much affected in hearing the ministers exhort at serving the tales at a sacrament at Carmunnock, so that I had almost cried out among the people.

But yet after all these things I took so great delight in going to fairs and markets and weddings, where young people drink and make merry with one another, that if my time and money could have allowed me, I would have scarce missed one of them I could have gone to. And though I went the round of all outward duties, yet I think this was much

owing to religious education, the example of others, and the force of natural conscience. I think, when I reflect upon my former life, though I had flashes of sorrow for sin at times, and some flashes of the love of God melting my heart, yet I never found my life altered or performed after them.

I was four times in my former life admitted to partake of the Lord's supper. At the first I think there was too much of presumption; at the other three I was more taken up in preparation, and had much of heart exercise in striving against corruptions and temptations, and meltings of heart too under the sense of sin. But though I had some sense of my lost condition by nature and by actual sin, yet I was not suitably exercised in seeking to get out of that state. Many of these things look very like saving grace; but yet I really think I was still all that time in a natural state, and that they were nothing but the flashes of a temporary believer, for within a few days after I had met with them at a Communion occasion, or so, I turned as vain and carnal and worldly in my disposition and behaviour as ever. And though I could lay claim to some marks of grace, without any heart condemnings, when I was hearing them given by ministers in sermons, when I was in some of these passing better frames, yet these good desires of mine were not habitual, and when I was engaged in worldly business, there was no such thing within me for ordinary. And though I often engaged to God to part with all known sin, yet I made myself a liar by my after practice in my seeking after occasions and temptations to sin by resorting to fairs and weddings. I think I never heartily parted with one sin, or mortified one lust, notwithstanding all these promises.

At length, in September, 1741, hearing a minister (Mr. Whitefield) preach in the High Churchyard of Glasgow on a Sabbath morning, on that text, 'They cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace', after he had described a false peace in many instances, he said, 'If ye have no other peace but this, it is but a peace of the devil's making'. These words came with a dint on my heart, and put me into such confusion that I minded little more he said after that. I went to the Hugh Church, and at singing the Psalms I found some such flashes as I had often met with before. In the evening of that day, hear the same minister preach in the Churchyard on that text, 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, etc.', at the reading of that text, I felt some kind of softening of my heart, but it came not to such a melting as I felt afterwards when he explained the doctrine of the text in his sermon. When he showed what the kingdom

of God was not, I felt my heart turn hot and melt and overboil in tears, especially when he said, 'There are many of you will be very good and devout at a Communion occasion, or for a few days after it, but within a little you will be as vain and carnal as ever'. At hearing of this I was made sensible at the heart that I was just the person he spoke of. And if my heart was hot before, I have many a time thought on reflection, that it was now like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, heated seven times more than ever.

And now my heart was melted down within me under the sense of my wanting the kingdom of God within me, and that I was in a lost and undone condition. I was crying out in my heart as fast as I could, What shall I do to be saved? I had also at that time a deep sense of my sin as dishonouring to God, and hearing a minister speaking of looking to Him whom we had pierced, and mourning as for an only son and a first-born, I thought at that very time, that if all my friends and relations in the world had been newly dead, I could not have mourned and sorrowed so much for them all as I was then mourning for sin as dishonouring to God.

But though tears flowed out abundantly, I did not then or at any other time cry out in public, or faint, or swarf, nor had I any bodily pains; but I had much difficulty to refrain from crying out, and I wonder that I did not cry. Nor had I at that time, or on any other occasions, any dread of hell upon me. I have sometimes when at prayer had a slavish fear of the devil, but never any terrors of hell or the wrath to come. When the minister said, 'Some of you will be saying, Who then can be saved?', I thought he had said, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I would gladly have asked him that question, for I was then willing to do anything in order to be saved. When he (Mr. Whitefield) showed what the kingdom of God was, I found his words come as breath upon me. What was said was powerfully applied to my heart.

At the close, while he exhorted such as had got a sense of their lost condition without Christ to come and cast themselves at the feet of His mercy, that if they perished they might perish there, where never one had perished yet, I thought I was made heartily willing to do so, and found this to be good news to my soul. In time of prayer after sermon, I stood up and felt my heart much altered, calmed and softened. And in this condition I went home, and took my dinner very heartily. Then I went to secret prayer, and among other things, I said, Now, Lord, I can renounce all righteousness of my own, and am willing to submit to the

righteousness of Jesus Christ. I was helped to close with Christ that night in all His offices. Under a sense that I had nothing that was good, and could do nothing, I was helped to look to that all-fulness treasured up in store in the Lord Jesus.

I continued for a long time after this in a very desirable frame, with much sweetness and calmness of heart, frequently even when following my worldly business, mourning and melting under a sense of my sin. I had meditations on spiritual things and frequently retired to secret prayer.

About two weeks after this, on the Lord's Day morning before I went to the Kirk, I resolved I would read a bit of my Bible, that I might meditate on it by the way (which I had never used to do before), and that verse casting up first to my eye, 'that He would grant that ye might be strengthened with all might in the inner man by His Spirit', I turned it into a prayer for myself, and went on so praying and meditating, with tears flowing down almost all the way. I felt much of that frame in time of public worship, especially in time of the prayers and Psalms, and could not forbear crying out in my heart, 'Lord, I now feel Thy blessed Spirit at work in my soul'.

After I had been praying much that the Lord might direct His servant whom I was to hear on the Lord's Days for ordinary, to what might be useful and needful for me, he preached on John 3.3, concerning the new birth, as he went along explaining it and the marks of it, my heart went along with him, and I was made to see these things wrought in my own soul. One night, after work, reading a little book called Vincent on True Love to an unseen Christ, in reading and praying over some things he has there, I felt my heart wonderfully warmed with the love of God. As I was going to bed, and after I was in bed, several passages of the Song of Solomon were brought to my mind with great love to Christ and joy in Him, such as, 'I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste ... My beloved is as a bundle of myrrh unto me; he shall lie all night between my breasts'.

In these times I broke off that custom I had before this, of joining myself to a company of others between sermons, in the Churchyard or in the fields near by, and there spending this time in worldly or carnal discourse. This I observed to be the way of many, and had been too much my own way before this. Now I was grieved for such a practice, as tending to wear off any serious impressions persons had got in time of sermon, and as being a profanation of God's holy Day. Therefore I

now used to retire by myself at such times and give myself to prayer, reading, and meditation on the Word: and I continue to do so still.

In these times also I was made to see what I had never seen before, the evil of carnal delights of getting songs and ballads by heart, and whistling and singing them over, and hearing them played on viola and the like, the matter of these songs not being very chaste oftentimes, and at best but trifling, light and vain, and serving to make the mind light and airy, if not worse; and whatever my frame was before, such things tended still to make me worse. Therefore I broke off these practices, and instead of these sorts of carnal delights, I got some Psalms by heart, or some parts of them, and often sung them when I was following my work, and found great pleasure in doing so. This I took to be the will of God and my duty, and I now found myself as much in my element in praising God in this manner as in whistling and singing before, and much more so. It became as agreeable to me then as to take my meat. But it was not so much I, as the Spirit and grace of God singing in my heart, or exciting me to do so.

Some passages of Scripture came into my heart with much sweetness, soul refreshment, and some measure of joy that tended to engage me still more and more to this way, particularly these two following passages, which came one day one after another,

‘When Thou didst say, Seek ye My face,
then unto Thee reply
Thus did my heart above all things,
Thy face, Lord, seek will I’, (Ps. 27.8)

And again,

‘I did not say nor linger long,
as those that slothful are;
But hastily Thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare’, (Ps. 119.60)

I did not at the time know where to seek for these lines in the Psalms, but I met with them there afterwards.

Some time after this, that word was impressed on my heart with power and sweetness, ‘To me to live is Christ’, immediately after which, I thought if some might hear me saying these words, they might say, ‘What, dost thou pretend to be like the apostle Paul?’. But I immediately felt helped to reply, Though I be not like the apostle Paul in many things, yet I heartily agree with him in this, that to me to live is Christ.

Family worship also now became most delightful to me. I can say to the praise of grace that I have many a time had much heart melting and soul rejoicing in it, and it has been sweeter to me than honey from the honeycomb. One day in particular, while the master of the family read a chapter in the first Epistle of John that speaks much of the love of God, I found great sweetness in hearing it, and found what was read particularly applied to me, especially that word, 'God is love', at which I felt so much of the love of God in my soul that I could say in sweet experience, that God in my heart or in the effects of His indwelling there, was love.

On day in secret prayer, I found myself much enlarged in praying for the revival of the work of God through the land, and the spreading of the knowledge of Christ through the whole world. I was also helped to pray much for my comrades, friends and acquaintances. One time that I was at secret prayer, I fell into a drowsy stupid dead frame, and I noticed myself sometimes uttering things that were just nonsense, or very unsuitable. At another time, joining in the duty of prayer with others, my mind took a-wandering, and I was carried quite off from joining in the petitions put up by the speaker, to think of some excellent spiritual discourse I had heard sometime before. I found some kind of heart meltings at the thoughts of it, but they were not of the right kind, and I was much displeased with myself afterwards for this; for however good and lawful these things may have been at another time, I saw a great unsuitableness in them to the present duty. Therefore I have endeavoured by grace to be upon my guard against anything of that kind since that time.

Hearing a minister speak lately of God's answering His people sometimes by fire, and exhorting people to seek that God might answer them by the fire of divine love in their hearts, I could not but reflect on God's answering me in that manner sometimes. At some petitions, I have felt at times such strong and heavenly impressions come down on my heart, and they have warmed my heart to such a degree, that I have felt them in some measure also warming my body. At other times I have had great straitenings of spirit in prayer, and great damps and downcastings, under a sense of sin and indwelling corruption; so that I have been made to cry out, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? One time after it had been thus with me, that word, 'The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me', came into my mind with such sweetness, that I could not but conclude that it came from

the Lord as a promise to me, and I was helped immediately to turn it into a prayer, that the Lord might graciously do so.

When the awakening broke out in Cambuslang in February, 1742, I was much rejoiced to hear of it, and I came and heard sermon there soon after it began. When I came home, at dinner I had my heart so overjoyed at the thoughts of it, that it was with great difficulty I got myself restrained from crying out before those present; and going to secret prayer, I had much freedom allowed me, and was made to say that God would beholden and not let go till He bless us.

In the Spring and Summer, 1742, I had not so great love and joy as sometimes formerly. Yet I had constant and abiding desires after what was good and holy, and was led to be often in secret duty, and helped to much earnestness in it. I got more and more of a sight of the evil of sin, and of some particular evils I had too much indulged myself in, such as vain and foolish talking and jesting, which is not convenient. I was enabled to mortify and abstain from these evils.

I was often in great difficulties as to many things that concerned my soul in that time, and had many conflicts with corruption. But I got many gracious outgates from them. These oftentimes came by means of some portion of the Word, particularly the Psalms, impressed on my spirit; by turning to which, and singing them over, my heart was greatly enlarged; particularly in that portion of Psalm 30, from verse 6:

‘In my prosperity I said,
that nothing shall me move.
O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
to stand strong by Thy love:

‘But when that Thou, O gracious God,
didst hide Thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosperous state
Turned into misery’.

One time, in meditating on the Redeemer’s sufferings, I got my heart melted down under a sense of my sins as the procuring cause of His sufferings, and of His wonderful love in coming and suffering and dying for poor sinners, and for my sins in particular.

Hearing a minister (Mr. McCulloch) preach at Cambuslang in March, 1742, on that text, ‘A bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench, etc.’, I was made to attend with great earnestness. When I went home, I found the truths I had been hearing made very

supporting to me, and particularly several citations from the 54th chapter of Isaiah, which I read over at home with great sweetness and delight.

Going to Cambuslang and hearing Mr. McCulloch preach on a Saturday evening on that text, 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, etc.', I fell under an affecting sense of the deceitfulness of my own heart, and was much damped. Next Lord's Day, hearing that minister preach on that text, 'Thou hast ascended on high, etc.', one expression he used concerning the necessity of restitution struck my heart; for now it was brought to my mind that I had sometimes in my former life kept to myself some little thing of what I got for my master, as a half-penny or so now and then, though not very often. I was now afraid that I was but a hypocrite still, since I had never made restitution to my master. I continued very uneasy till, after this, I made offer to him of what I thought was the full value of what I had taken, and more; but he only took it out of my hand, but would not take it from me, telling me that it was but ordinary to allow such little things to apprentices, or more. But I did not for some time after this, recover that sense of my interest in Christ which I had formerly, till marks of the new birth, and God was then pleased again to lift up the light of His countenance on my soul.

And then after, finding myself long time in great bondage of spirit, when I could not attain to serve God with that freedom and enlargedness of heart that I would have done and that I used to have, that word coming into my mind with some sweetness,

'When Sion's bondage God turned back,
as men that dreamed were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody', (Ps. 126)

I turned to that Psalm and sang it with great delight of soul, and found my bands loosed and that bondage-frame removed; and joy and sweetness returned.

At the Communion at Cathcart in May, 1742, I attended and endeavoured to prepare for it; but in time of the sermons on Saturday and Sabbath forenoon I found my heart very hard and dead. It was little better at the table, which grieved me much; but a minister who served the table I was at, having spoken much concerning Christ's sufferings, said, that if any of the hearts of those at the table were not affected with the things he had spoken, they had no business there. I was very grieved to find my heart so little affected, but thought this was too far said. Betwixt

sermons, retiring by myself, I got some freedom in prayer, and particularly in reading and praying over the last section of the 119th Psalm. In hearing the evening sermon on that text, 'Revive Thy work in the midst of the years, etc.' (Hab. 3.2), when he said that those that were never concerned for the good of the souls of others were not in a good state, I was thereby encouraged at the thoughts that the Lord had given me a heart to pray for others with great earnestness. On Monday I was refreshed in hearing the sermons, though I had not such joy and delight as I would have had.

I was also attended at the sacrament at Kilbride in Summer, 1742, but got nothing sensibly in hearing the sermons on any of the days. Only while a minister preached on the Saturday I thought he had some expression or other (though I cannot now remember it) that invited me to come to the Lord's table. But I was very dead and hard while there. Sitting by myself before the evening sermon, that word came into my mind, 'No man cares for my soul', which I thought very plainly pointed at my case; but another word came soon after into my heart with some sweetness, 'I know how to speak a word in season to the weary soul'.

After that sacrament I continued very much discouraged until Friday next, when I was under much uneasiness of mind, that things did not go with me as I wished, and as they had sometimes done before. I was wishing for death; but a gracious God shined into my heart with these words, 'To you that fear My Name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings. I had before been praying that the Lord might satisfy me with His goodness, and was looking for a promise in answer; then that word came into my heart, 'The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, etc.'. This came with such powerful sweetness and love to my soul, that I was indeed satisfied with His goodness and at that time could desire no more. I then sang the 116th Psalm all through with great delight.

At the first sacrament at Cambuslang in July, 1742, hearing a minister preach on that text, 'To you a Son is given and a Saviour born', I found the word spoken come home to my heart with great delight under the influences of the Spirit. On Monday, hearing a sermon on that text, 'Let the same mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus', that word came into my mind, 'Write these sayings in a book'. I found the sayings of that minister (Mr. Whitefield) come with such life and sweetness to my soul, that I put up me petition to the Lord that He would write them on the book of my heart.

After this I fell into great damps and was much dissatisfied with myself at the thoughts that I had never got anything sensibly at the holy ordinance of the Lords supper, and reckoned that surely it had been owing to myself and my not being duly prepared for it. A book called Vine 'On the Sacrament' falling into my hands at that time, I found the author speak much of the qualifications necessary for that ordinance, and I then saw that I came far short of these qualifications. I essayed to meditate and examine myself, but found my thoughts confused and wandering. I then fell to write my thoughts, the better to prevent wandering. It occurred to me first, that the Paschal Lamb was separated and brought in and tied to a post for several days. Agreeably to this, I thought I must meditate on Christ's death and sufferings before the second sacrament at Cambuslang that I had in view. I did so, and while I was doing it, felt love to Christ warming my heart. Next the leaven was to be searched out with lighted candles and put away, and I begged the Lord might discover to me if there was any leaven of hypocrisy, malice or wickedness, lurking in any corner of my heart, and to help me to put it away; and I essayed to find it out and have it removed. I gave myself, soul, body and spirit, to God in way of Covenant, and accepted of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost as my God, Father, Redeemer and Sanctifier, and subscribed with my hand to the Lord. I searched into my soul wants and plagues, and laboured to have my heart affected with them; and I was much and oft in secret prayer.

On the fast day before the second sacrament at Cambuslang, I came and heard sermon, and in the afternoon, hearing a minister preach on that text, 'He that hath the bride is the bridegroom, etc.', I found that sermon very refreshing to my soul. On Sabbath, after three of the tables were served, I went to secret prayer, resolving that if I got not something sensibly there, I durst not approach to the holy table, but I got nothing remarkable. After coming from it, going to hear sermon at one of the tents, and hearing a minister on those words, 'Yea, He is altogether lovely', found the speaker's words sweeter to me than honey, and could say that Christmas indeed altogether lovely to my soul.

Some while after this, I fell under the terror of Satan when I essayed to pray, and was much discomposed at the least motion or noise of anything about me, apprehending it to proceed from the devil. One morning I felt a great oppression upon me, so that though I essayed to rise out of my bed, I was not able. When I essayed to cry to God to help me, it was with the greatest difficulty I got the words uttered. But being

at prayer, I was relieved by these words, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he etc.'; also by, 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, etc.'; also by the words, 'We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with etc.'. I knew what it was to be troubled with what they call the nightmare before this, and was persuaded that this was nothing of that kind, but proceeded from Satan. I was further confirmed in it that it was so, by these scriptures that, by the power that accompanied them, were the means of my relief.

As for fairs and markets, I had often used to resort to them still, till about this time, when I was thinking of setting up for myself, and getting a house of my own, and thought it needful in that view to look out for one to be a wife to me; and for that end, allowed myself to go to fairs and markets where I might have occasion to see some young women, but of which I might choose one. But one time, before I would go to one of these occasions, begging counsel and direction from the Lord, to guide me right in that matter, these words came into my mind, 'Let everyone wherein he is called, therein abide with God. The time is short; it remains that they that have wives etc.'. This was followed by that other word, 'Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us'. These words came with such power as determined my will to comply with what appeared to be the will of God. In the light in which they were set before me, it seemed to be the will of God that I should not marry in the present circumstances, and that I should avoid occasions of falling into such courses as might entice to sin and draw away my heart from God and my duty. Therefore I should not resort to fairs and markets. This accordingly I have observed from that time to this.

And now to draw to a close: Whereas I had met with some kind of heart-meltings and flashes of love to God before September, 1741, and though heart sincere and heavenly while these continued, yet they were quick off, and I had no more of them nor concern for them when I was about my worldly business. But since that time, the habitual prevailing bent of my heart is after communion with God in Christ, and conformity to Him. And though my heart oftentimes wanders and runs off from God in duty, yet Himself knows it, that I am very uneasy when it is so, and that my heart is just like the mariner's needs, which though it may be joggled to the one side and the other, yet it is never quite till it points to the North Pole. So neither does my poor heart ever settle or take rest till it fix on God in Christ, and find rest in Him. To Him be glory. Amen.