

Reproduction of

JAMES TURNER;
OR,
HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

BY
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"WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?" "THE APOSTACY SERIES," "HA GALGAL," &c.,&c.

FOURTH EDITION.

ABERDEEN:
LEWIS, SMITH & SON, UNION STREET

OR DIRECT FROM THE AUTHOR,
69, DUTHIE TERRACE, ABERDEEN.

MAY ALSO BE ORDERED THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

1905.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

How to reach the masses - reach so as to elevate morally, socially, but above all spiritually, is the great practical question of the day. On every hand it meets one. In every conference of Christian workers, and in almost every religious paper the subject is discussed.

So fully indeed has attention been directed to this "dark and terrible problem," and so deeply is the necessity of solving it felt, "That the man," it is said, "who does so, will have earned for himself the eternal gratitude of all who sigh for the conversion of the nations of the world to Christ."

According to the difficulty of any great problem — so generally does the number of theories for its solution increase—this practical one, of reaching the masses, forming no exception to the general rule.

"Give me a hundred men who fear nothing but sin and love nothing but God, and I will revolutionize the world," was the theory of one great Evangelist of the last century. "After *good-men* it seems to me what we want is *good methods*." says the great Evangelist of the present one.

To turn the world upside down a hundred such men can no longer be considered the desideratum. Among the thousands quickened into spiritual life, in these days of grace, are more than one hundred men of such calibre. But for these fresh recruits, ready as they are to engage in the spiritual fray, and eager to do battle with rampant ungodliness, in all its variety of manifestations, the desideratum is, the knowledge of *what* they are to do, and *how* they are to do it. In other words they want, as Mr. Moody said, "good methods."

Many methods have been propounded — house-to-house visitation, street-preaching, tract-distribution, district prayer meetings, &c.; and these, with other forms of Christian tactics, are unquestionably the means by which the masses are to be reached.

But," says another earliest and successful worker, "it is not so much the *means* employed as the spirit in which the work is done. - Let there be more personal consecration, and more self-denial. Let the Church be on fire, and the world will soon be in a blaze."

As this triad of theories, viz. - devoted men, good methods, and spirits burning with ethereal fire, includes all that is necessary to unravel the Gordian knot over which so many Christian heads and hearts are puzzling, nothing more need be added. But if it be true that one experience is worth a thousand theories, I have something better to offer than a fresh one, in the form of an experience, possessing the peculiar excellency of exhibiting *all* these theories, in practical and effective operation.

To whole-hearted ones, conscious of the stirrings of a spirit-force within them which they have not yet utilized, who are longing so to stand in the gap, as to turn heedless mortals by thousands from their onward rush to perdition, it will be especially useful

by showing them *how to do it*. Whilst the most timid follower of the great pattern of personal effort will be encouraged by seeing how an ordinary man, when filled with power by the Spirit of his God, could so mightily move his fellow-men as to get them by communities to decide for Christ. Not by beginning to work on the wholesale principle, as it were, by addressing mass-meetings, &c.; but in quite a small, or retail way of doing spiritual business, such as visiting a sick-bed, reproving a swearer, or telling the man who might be at work by his side what God had done for his soul, then holding on by that individual until induced to seek the Saviour he had found so precious.

To older Christians this experience will probably serve both as a stimulus and a humiliation — a stimulus in showing *how* much one man, so given up to God as to become the organ and instrument of His Spirit, can accomplish; and a humiliation from the thought of how much *more* could have been accomplished — how the face of the earth might now have been shaking like Lebanon with the fruit of righteousness, if all those, who hold rank as veterans in the Christian army, had gone and done likewise.

Before introducing the sainted one to tell with voiceless tongue his *Eureka* story, I give a brief version of it by Gordon Furlong of Ealing. His testimony regarding the reality of the man and his work is preferred to others, as it gives not only the idea very clearly of a great work done; but presents, as it were, a stereoscopic view of the worker in the heat of it, bringing down his thousands, by means as unlikely as when the hero of olden times slew his thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass.

"**James Turner of Peterhead** was a most remarkable Evangelist.

His natural field of work was **Peterhead** in Aberdeenshire; but **Peterhead** soon cast him out, only thereby to land him on his feet and give him a name among Scotch Evangelists. Nature landed him in **Peterhead**; grace drove him forth to work elsewhere, and it arose thus:

"His earnest endeavours caused some ministers to institute a daily open prayer meeting to prove that they were earnest also. Of course, Turner attended the daily prayer meeting, but to the horror of its originators, he prayed for those of the ministers and office-bearers whom he considered to be unconverted.

This gave great offence. He was reprov'd, warn'd, and exhorted. But James Turner got warmer and warmer, and preached on his knees in a way that made formalists tremble — and what did they do? They shut up the prayer meeting, closed it altogether, and an unconverted office-bearer put the key in his pocket and thus stopped James Turner's public preaching in **Peterhead**.

"But it is not easy to extinguish one of God's 'sent' ones, and James Turner had a 'tongue of fire' and burn it must.

"He determined to try a neighbouring village, and the Established minister there — the Rev. Mr. Dewar — hailed his arrival. 'Come, James Turner, and pray for us all here,' was the longing cry of the Established Church minister, pray for me if you like and all the office-bearers here also.'

"Mr. Dewar told me himself how his heart burned at the thought of James Turner coming; and blessing came - showers of blessing. One soul after another broke down; the whole parish was shaken; he dared to be individual, and God wondrously blessed it. A well-known drunkard would enter the meeting, and the moment he appeared James would say—'Let us pray for this poor drunkard who has just come in' or he saw a wealthy cold-hearted 'laird' enter, and immediately he would kneel and pray for the 'poor laird.' Thus the parish was shaken; numbers came out of **Peterhead** to see the results, and Mr. Dewar was greatly blessed in his ministry.

"Another parish on the coast opened to him. There the results were greater still. Mr. Dewar and another minister attended only to speak to the anxious.

"Another parish opened up, and the results were greater still. Many open sinners were struck down as it were with palsy, and could not speak or move. Medical men had to attend as well as ministers.

"Another parish opened for his labours, and now four or five ministers attended every service, dealt with cases, and took in hand personal dealing with them.

"Do not, reader, imagine this was mere excitement; these ministers were men of the coldest stamp by nature. **Aberdeenshire** has always been famed for 'moderates' of the oldest and coldest stamp, and they criticised closely, and knew the parishioners well, but they saw a new power at work, and the **Aberdeenshire** ministers admitted the marvellous character of the work.

"Parish after parish between **Peterhead** and **Ellon** furnished a host of converts. On one occasion, I was told there were no fewer than eight godly pastors following James Turner from parish to parish administering to the slain of the Lord, and it is believed by some that not less than eight thousand souls were converted through his instrumentality in **Aberdeenshire**. He preached the blood of Christ, and the Holy Spirit came down with power. His prayers were mighty sermons.

"He did a great work. One fisherman, who lived in a very large godless village, told me, after Turner's time, that 'he was a bold man who would have dared to go, through their village carrying a bottle to the public-house'- The whole village, he believed, was converted — young and old were decided for God! Old things passed away among them. Fishermen in their boats sang only hymns, and were often heard a long way off.

"Whole parishes and districts changed their character, and through the power of God and the Holy Ghost hundreds of cold, Bible-taught Christians were turned into living temples; answers to prayer poured in, and yet the instrument was ostensibly no greater than one of the early fishermen. Would to God there were more of these early fishermen among us now!

Christian Standard.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

“I was born, Sept. 19, 1818. My parents were poor, but honest. Still, to my loss and their own, they did not fear God.

I commenced work very, early for the devil, and never had he a more faithful servant.

For about three years I was at a day-school, but did not learn much, as my heart was not there, so I left it when about nine years of age.

Shortly after, I was put to learn my trade as a cooper, which I did not care for at first, but soon came to like it better. Neither my master nor the men feared God, no, not one of them; so, instead of checking me when I committed sin, they helped me on the down track.

When I was about fifteen, my brother would have me go with him to Mr. Yule's Bible-Class. I was very unwilling, but he gave me no rest until I consented, and, for five long years, I sat in the back seat, deaf to all Mr. Yule said, blind also, and my heart as hard as a stone.

After that time had elapsed, a thought began to press into my mind, viz., that I might be cut down by death. This I did not at all like, for, although I did not fear hell, I could not endure the thought of dying, so I did what I could to banish the intruder, and succeeded only too well among the ungodly company with which I was surrounded. Then I began, I could not tell how, to be very unhappy, for I did not feel myself to be a sinner, neither did I know a holy God, nor the hell that was in my heart.

About the beginning of the year 1840, I began to feel that I had sinned, and also began trying to give up several of my sins which I found hard work. It was like the cutting off a right hand, but I thought it would set my mind at rest. It did not, however, give me much comfort, and I could not understand why I could not be so happy as formerly. Before, I did have a kind of pleasure in committing sin, and, when I began to give sin up, expecting to get peace of mind, I found only sorrow.

I then thought I would have a Bible, and went and bought one, and made a God of it for a long time. I read in it night and day, but could not find the thing I wanted. Then I tried to pray, and made a God of that also. I did everything but the right thing - I went to the fields with my Bible, and read, and prayed, and wept, and every day I got worse.

By this time my soul was all my concern. I could give up all for Christ — friends, old companions, and sins too — still I could get no hold on God.

For three months I went on thus. O, it was hard work! My friends thought I was going mad, but I did not care. I went to *all* the meetings, I would not lose one of them, although I thought everybody was looking at me, and could not lift up my head. I had a great desire to speak with the minister, but could not go to him. I thought he might notice me in the Church — had he done so, that would have been a happy day to me.

May, 1840, I would have done anything to be at peace with God. My soul was all sore from head to foot, and I could say that, up to this time, no man-cared for my soul.

I was now horror-stricken at the ungodly. To join them I could not, even to see and hear them committing sin was like daggers to my heart. Many a happy day I spent among them; no wonder that I suffer from the ungodly now. But, as soon as I began to seek the Lord, they broke in upon me like a flood, which made me go to God with all my heart, and, oh, how I did plead with Him to blot out my sins, yet I could not believe that He would blot them out.

Still I could not give up, nor give Him rest; at length He heard my cry, and sent His Spirit into my soul.

It was on a Monday morning that the Lord blotted out my sins. I had three hours in heaven that day. My soul was so shut up in God that I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing. For three days this lasted, and I thought it was to continue until I got home. But, the fourth day, about six o'clock in the morning, in a moment all changed, and, as the light turned into darkness, I heard a voice say, 'Did I not tell you before that God could not save *you*?'

"I knew not that this was Satan, and made up my mind to pray no more, nor go to God again all my life; yet I did not blame Him for this change from light to darkness. Thus I continued for some days, not knowing what to do. To commit sin and serve my old master I could not, and to look up to God as my father I was equally unable. But the Lord had mercy. His Spirit made way again into my dark soul, and the midnight darkness gave place to light brighter than the noon-day sun."

E.McH: (Much has been said and written in these days about the Inquiry Meeting. Surely one additional plea in its favour is the case of this soul, cowering for months under its load of guilt, afraid to look its fellow-mortal in the face, yet, despite its shrinkings, found in **every** meeting, longing to speak to the minister, hoping that **he** would notice and speak to him about his soul concerns—the hope ever proving a vain one.)

CHAPTER II

FELLOWSHIP.

“**For** eighteen months Jesus was in my soul the hope of glory, then I began to sink into formality, and, for four long years, my soul was in bad health. I do think, had the minister taken me by the hand, I would have kept my ground. But the Lord, blessed be His name, laid me on a sick-bed, and restored my soul.

Soon after getting better, I was led to call on an old woman who was on the Lord's side. I was not a quarter-of-an-hour in her house ere she began to speak to me about the Lord and about my soul. *It was the first time that ever any one did so face to face.* I soon gave her another call, and many a blessed hour I have spent in her company.

She wished me to go and hear her minister in the Wesleyan Chapel, so I went to the sermon, and also to their class-meeting, and the Lord blessed my soul, and in the Light of God, I saw it to be my duty to join that people, and among them I have found that of which my soul was in great want, viz., help to heaven.

May 2, 1853. — This day 13 years the Lord set my troubled soul at peace. Never will I forget that day while Eternity rolls on. My dear Lord Jesus, I give Thee anew my soul and my body, my time and my all. This day I give Jesus all, and, had I more, He should have it. This morning I had a sweet promise. The blessed Spirit said to my heart, “*What is thy request?*” Glory be to His great name. I told Him that my request was great, that I wished Him to make me holy, and make me the means of saving other sinners such as myself. That was my request, and I *know that my Lord will do this thing unto me.*

May 7.— Today, I feel the Lord in my soul, the hope of glory, and oh, it fills me with joy to see Him saving sinners. On Thursday last, in our outside prayer-meeting, Jesus condescended to pluck three brands from the burning. Last night a poor backslider came to me in deep distress about her soul. I went with her to H. A_____'s house, and four of us pleaded before the Lord for about an hour, and Jesus set her soul at liberty. O, my soul, bless the Lord, and let all that is within me be stirred up to bless and magnify His holy name. Six weeks ago; a young man that I visit, Wm. B_____, got hold of God, and, four days ago, left his testimony, and went home to his Father.

July 19. — Thanks be to God, my soul is still heavenward. Lord, make me holy, soul and body; this is what I am living for. On Sabbath night I was so filled with God that I thought 'Perfect Love' was laying hold on my heart, but oh no. May the Lord keep me from stumbling on this great matter. I know that my Jesus has made it over to me, and by faith I must lay hold. Lord, help, for Thou knowest that I long for this blessing.

On Sabbath, while teaching my class, a young woman got hold of Jesus, bless the Lord, but, oh, when will my black heart be like unto Thee in thought, word, and deed. How greatly I need this — more than thirty deathless souls committed to my care. Jesus, I cast them all on Thee. Thou knowest that I am holding them up before Thee night and day, and that my cry is, 'Lord, spare and save them and me.'

July 30.—I felt a little bitterness in my soul this morning. Before five o'clock a.m., I had to reprove an old sinner who was swearing at a woman, and making use of my

Lord's name in a horrible way. It was not pleasant for me to do it, for I knew the kind of man I had to deal with. If he does not repent soon, the Lord will shut up his filthy mouth.

On Thursday last, in the prayer-meeting, a soul got saved. I know it is Thy will that all should be saved, but if they will not come to Thee, Jesus, I cannot help it — only help me to rid my soul of their blood.

Aug. 22.— For the last three weeks my faith has been put to a harder test than for many years. The Lord laid His hand on my youngest brother, and, to all appearance, the sickness was unto death, so I went to the Lord and besought his life for the sake of the church, and He answered by speaking that sweet promise to my heart, '**Loose him, and let him go.**' Thanks be to God, He did loose my brother. May this make both him and me more faithful witnesses for Jesus than ever. My brother is a fellow-labourer with me to God. The Lord gave me his soul more than two years ago.

Sept. 27.— On Friday last, my soul was much cast down, because the work of God was at a stand-still, and the two classes committed to my care were also beginning to lag behind. This lay heavy on my poor heart, and I cried, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Is Thy work to stand still? Is Satan to have all his way in this hell-going town? No, he shall not. There are a few names in this place dear unto Thee, Jesus. Lord, lift up our heads. Give us souls!'

In about an hour after He sent a poor old sinner to me, seeking Jesus, and, when I had pointed her to Him, the power of God came down on my own soul, and my soul has been in such a state up to the present hour. GLORY BE TO GOD, MY FATHER. GLORY BE TO JESUS, MY SAVIOUR. GLORY BE TO THE HOLY GHOST, MY COMFORTER.

Glory be to a three-one God.

"Oct. 1. — I felt the Lord's presence to be sweet this morning. Last night my soul was a little dull, not by sin, but my weak body keeps down my soul. Praise the Lord any way He pleaseth, for I am not my own. I am bought with a price, so by His grace I am at His will. This morning, Mrs. Scott, one of my class-members, got home. Sabbath last, I put the quarter ticket into her dying hand. I told her it was the last, and gave her up to Jesus, soul and body, as I could be her leader no longer, and that the next ticket would be the passport out of the hand of Jesus. 'Will it be long?' 'No,' I said, 'He is close at hand.' Then I gave her messages of love to those who had gone before, and bade her say that I had a little more work to do for Jesus here, and, when it was done, I would join them gladly. What sweet hours I have spent with those dear saints now in glory, and it fills my heart and eyes to think that I shall soon see Jesus in glory, and them too.

Oct. 15.—On Monday and Tuesday's prayer-meetings the Lord was amongst us. One young man found peace to his soul, and a woman was brought under conviction. May the Lord keep the arrow in her heart until she is brought down to His holy will. On Tuesday night, the Lord gave me the soul of W__ G __; to all appearance, the man is on his deathbed. He had a hard struggle to get hold of Jesus. Lord, make me holy in soul and body; send me out to preach Thy gospel, yes, **to preach Thy gospel**. I have not been at the college, nor ever shall, but I have been with Jesus, and this Jesus **has sent me to preach His gospel**. It is at the peril of my soul if I stop. I feel a woe against me if I

preach not the gospel of God, and I have not been as one beating the air. No, no. The Lord hath given me souls for my labour. Glory be to His name.

"Dec. 6.— As a pardoned sinner I am still striving to gain the better country. For some time past I have been taking a new look at my heart and I must say it is cold indeed. Lord, have mercy, for it doth not love Thee as it ought. Lord, I am astonished that Ye make use of the like of me in saving sinners.

January 6, 1854. - My Lord, I thank Thee for the bygone year. In its 365 days I have seen and felt much of Thy goodness to my own soul and body, and also at the sick bedside, and, while standing by the dying, I have seen Thy goodness, especially in giving me a word in season. This is a solemn season to my soul. Oh, forgive my unbelief and my useless life, for my heart condemns me for the little I have done for Thee to what I might have done. I look to Thee, Jesus. My hope is in Thee. Oh, Jesus, Thou knowest me. Am I not your servant? Yes, I am. Do I not follow Thee? Yes, I do try to follow Thee, and Thou canst make me able. Thou knowest that it is as my meat and drink to follow Thee. Thou hast given me many privileges in 1853. Thou hast permitted me to have above two hundred sermons, and two hundred and sixty prayer-meetings. With my weak body, Thou hast strengthened me to stand at the death-bed side, upwards of five hundred times, and Thou hast committed to my care two classes to lead. These thirty souls I have to meet twice-a-week, and to hold up before Thee night and day. Two of them have crossed Jordan, and entered their rest, Mrs. Scott and James M'Donald. M'Donald is my own son in the faith. Thou gavest him to me, and I have given him back to Thy glory. The Lord has given me more souls in the bygone year than in any year of my life. In one week, the last week of the year, I stood at the death-bed, and took farewell of four dear souls, and three of that four the Lord used me to pluck as brands from the burning. About six hours before Mrs. Munro died, I was with her, and she said, 'I have a strong hold of Jesus. He is piloting me across Jordan. I am at His will.' Her last words were—'The valley is getting brighter.'

Feb. 24. — My soul today is at a low ebb. I do not think that I am half in earnest. Oh, my slow heart — a heart that I cannot get to love God.

Feb. 27.—This day I feel a longing desire in my heart after perfect love. I feel I cannot live at this low rate. Lord, show me how I am to enter into this rest of holiness of soul. Lord, Thou knowest that I am longing and groaning for the holy rest. Many of Thy sons have got it, why not me? None can give it but Thee.

'I want the witness, Lord, that all I do is right.'

I know that Thy blood, Jesus, can make me clean. Holy Spirit, apply this mighty faith to my soul, and then my pride, temper, self — everything shall be put under my feet.

'I ask no higher state, indulge me but in this.
And, soon or later then translate to my eternal bliss.'

E. McH: ("Scotland", said Mr. Moody at the Glasgow Convention, "wants a John Wesley as to systematic working." While, in one of the more recent Conventions of Christian workers, again was heard the cry, "O for a Wesley's power of organisation!" And that a remarkable power of organisation was possessed by Wesley was very, fully manifested in the establishment of the class-meeting among his adherents.

"Union Is Strength," and his far-reaching or rather heaven-taught mind, grasping those principles from whose operation the maxim originates, established on them a weekly meeting which, from its peculiar character and adaptation to the circumstances of his followers, has proved to be one of the most powerful bonds of union among them. And not only did this "class-meeting" preserve and foster the spiritual life, and develop the spiritual power often found in such a high degree among the early Methodists, but has, as it were, demonstrated for the benefit of others what a strength there is in a community of aim and feeling; and that a community of sympathy is the best means of strengthening faith and quickening effort.

As some readers may not be acquainted with this part of the economy of Methodism, I may explain that in the last century, ministers being in general either indifferent or hostile to the evangelistic work carried on by Wesley and his coadjutors, it became necessary for him to devise some means of keeping together those people who had been awakened and brought to Christ by his ministry.

In order to do this he gathered them into companies of twelve or so. Then, out of each company, the man of most Stephen-like type of character was chosen and appointed to the spiritual oversight of the others, with the very significant name of Leader. Subjects of a common and often fierce opposition, this hour of weekly fellowship was sweet. It was spent thus. The Leader having related his own experience for the week — temptations, difficulties, deliverances, joys, &c. - each member did the same in turn, more or less freely as inclined, receiving in return such word of encouragement, warning, or guidance as met the individual's circumstances. By which means every member, sharing in the joys and sorrows of the others, became bound to each other by ties peculiarly warm and tenacious. With this explanation, readers will, be more observant of the illustration afforded of the power for good which such an institution exerted over its every individual member when under the leadership of such a man as James Turner.)

CHAPTER III.

PERFECT LOVE.

March 4.— My soul is longing to enjoy the blessing of *Perfect Love*. Dear Mr. Mason says, God will give it soon. Why not today? It is to be got by simple faith. I know what faith is, I have faith, but I have not this faith.

March 6.— This day, by the grace of God, I can say the blood of Jesus *has* cleansed my soul from all sin. On Sabbath night about 10 o'clock, in my dear Sister R___n's house, I was enabled to lay hold, by simple faith, of my dear Jesus. When the Lord converted my soul more than 13 years ago, the Rev. Mr. Yule was the instrument in God's hand of awakening me. But on the morning that I got pardon and peace, there was no man with me, nor had I any help but, what the Holy Ghost afforded. But in getting into perfect love, the Lord made use of two dear Sisters (M. R. and J. W.) full of God indeed, and dear to my heart. They had to lift poor me into God. How He gave them power to bear me up on the arms of faith, and when the power of God came down on me, it sunk me to the floor speechless, and then I lay for some time full of the glory of God, and I feel it until this hour. Satan has done what he can to take the blessing from me, but I am sweetly resting on Jesus — all is well. He is mine and I am His. He has put the white robe on me. This moment He is feeding me with the hidden manna; His kisses are sweet to my mouth.

March 12. — A day of God, that I and others will never forget. I met my Sabbath class about 1 o'clock p.m. in my room, and as I was leading the class, I felt the power of God so rest on my soul, that I could not keep from weeping. Before we got through with our experience, every soul was broken down. 'The Lord is about to work a work amongst us,' I said, and truly He did, for in a few minutes the power of God came down on A___ M___. Then on my wife, and then on J___ Y___, and E___ C___. My brother George also, and C___ R___. Four of them fell to the floor insensible. Our dear sister, Mrs. J___ was afraid, and cried, 'Lord, stay thy hand.' But I said, '*No Lord*, we are all in Thy hand; do with us what you please.' What a house! God's power never was in such a manner in **Peterhead** before. They all got perfect love. Lord, humble me and take the glory.

On Monday the 13th, the Lord was amongst us. After the prayer meeting was closed, we held another meeting for those who were groaning for a clean heart; four of them were enabled to lay hold of the blessing, and on Wednesday night prayer meeting, other four entered into perfect love, and the power of God was so laid on some of them, that they lay on the floor insensible for several hours.

March 25. - On Sabbath last, in my class, A___ B___ got a clean heart, and A___ S___ got pardon and peace with God. Jesus is feeding and leading my soul, and I am looking to Jesus' face. I am not to rest until He fill me, and then keep me full. He is doing great things for me, and for my class.

March 27. — Preached three times, in the open air, at **Colliston**, on Sabbath last. Many people attended, hungering for the bread of life. I rode thirty miles, and preached three times; but, best of all, God was among the people. I could not get away from them. One dear young man, J___ A___, came running after me about his soul, and I pointed him to

Jesus. What a feeling was among the people. My Jesus never gave me such power before. What a God of love He is! And I cannot but love Him, for He has given me a clean heart. But it is not yet filled with the Holy Ghost, but He will do it; I am looking for it.

Last night I was visiting among the sick. I went into a little hut of a house, where I heard a woman was ill. I never was in such a little house all my life. She was so much better as be able to sit up; so I sat down beside her and told her that God her father had been laying His hand upon her body, to lead her soul to Jesus.

I hope it is so,' she replied.

Yes, it is so,' I said, 'for God so loved you, that He sent His son to die for you, and there is nothing stopping you from the pardoning love of God *this night*.'

'I believe it,' she said, so down I got on my knees before the Lord, and the woman with me, and cried to the Lord Jesus, and He heard me, for as I cried the power came down on her, and she began to cry.

'Lord save me.' 'Jesus pardon me.' 'Saviour wash me in Thy blood.' And by and bye, she said, 'Glory! He *is* washing away my sins. I feel a change,' and in a minute or two more, she was able to say, 'the blood of Jesus Christ hath washed away my sins.' So I left her glorifying God, and went to my meeting.

April 10. — This day I feel strong in the grace of God. I feel He is coming to save many souls in **Peterhead**. This feeling is from God, I never had it in such a way before. It has been given in answer to prayer, for I am crying to God day and night. Eight days ago, the Lord sent two women into my shop, and I spoke to them about their souls. I had not spoken many words, until the power of God came down on them, and *then* and *there* He spoke peace to their souls and they left the shop resting on Jesus. I saw them both today, and they are doing well.

Last night my dear sister, J__ W__, her mother, my wife, and two brothers, met to plead for this town. We all kept on until midnight — and we had power with God, and I feel a wall of fire around me this day.

April 17. - On Sabbath last, I sat down at the table of the Lord. It was a blessed season, Satan was shut out, and we were within with God. My soul has begun to follow hard after God, indeed I need to do so, for Satan follows hard after me. The ungodly of this place mob me on the street, and they mob my house, they are mad against me - not me but the grace of God in me. I rejoice that I am accounted worthy to suffer reproach *falsely* for my dear Lord Jesus' name sake — little do they know, that I am standing in the gap between them and God.

My dear sisters, R__ and W__, brothers A__ and S__, with my brother George, spent the night in prayer and reading the word of God, until 5 o'clock in the morning.

April 29. — This day the Lord hath put a spirit of prayer on me for this town. He is surely to do something for the people of this place, and the more I pray for the sinful people of this town, the more it is laid on me to pray for it, and, by the grace of God, I *shall not hold my peace, day nor night*.

Last Sabbath, Alexander S__, and Ann S__, were brought in to see the class, and they both got saved. The man stood out long against the power of God, but at last he came

down, and Jesus got into his heart, and O, how he wept. I trust, by the grace of God, they will hold on their way.

After closing the class, I went to my rounds among the sick. A man called me in to speak with old Margaret Hutchison, deaf and blind. I went in and sat down, but she did not know I was there, until I cried very loud. Then putting out her hand to feel me, she cried, 'What are ye?' 'What are ye?' 'I'm Turner, and I belong to Christ.' 'I've heard about ye,' she replied, 'and I've longed to see you about my soul.' 'Well, I have just come to tell about Jesus,' and in that hour my Jesus filled her soul with peace, love, and joy, in *such* a measure, that she cried out—'now for heaven, I have been long seeking this, and glory be to God, I've found it!' And for a considerable time she kept crying out in the same holy strain, 'I have found Him!' 'I have found Him!' She is doing well, and looking for the Master's coming to take her home.

About 14 days ago, I was sent for to call on a woman in distress about her soul. I found her in a dreadful state of body, small-pox and measles both on her together, and no hope of life. Above all she was in despair. When I went to her bedside, she clutched my arm, and cried vehemently, 'Can ye do nothing for my soul?' And when I said, 'nothing but cry to God for you,' she screamed out 'It is too late! It is too late! My soul is lost for ever and ever!' And for three days and three nights has poor Mrs. H__ been in that dreadful state, as she herself expresses it, 'I have the devil within me, and hell without, ready for my never-dying soul.'

On Sabbath last, a young man, James S__, came to me about his soul. He got awakened one night that I was preaching at **Colliston**, more than a year ago; and since that time my soul has been on the outlook for him. For this soul I bless the Lord. O my Jesus, take this James S__, and make him a holy man, and a labourer in Thy vineyard. And now, O my great Saviour, I thank and praise thee this day, because ye have come down to the like of me. Lord, were I learned, or rich, or honourable, but I am none of these. I am of the lowest down that ye have. But this is like Thy way of working, to cleanse the filthy, and then use them for Thy glory. Has not this been the way with unworthy me? O my Jesus, Thou hast made known to me another thing that does me much good. It is this; that many of the learned, rich, and honourable men of this world do not fear, love, nor serve Thee. This makes me content with my lot. It does more, for Thou knowest that I would rather be with Thee, my Jesus, plucking brands in the houses of Fish Lane, Taylor's Close, or the Hillock; that I truly prefer these places to the drawing room, rich dining-table, or any of the honourable pleasures.

October 14. — Since the 24th of June last, three deathless souls have got a hold of Jesus. Two of them in the Ward of **Cruden**, where we preach thrice a month. Thanks be to God, our labour there has not been in vain. The other was brought to God in my room. All the three are aged people, but glory be to God, young or old, my Jesus makes *all* welcome.

Dec. 16. — This week the Holy Spirit led me to a sinner seeking Jesus, a happy sight indeed. I pointed her to the Blood, and by faith she laid hold on Jesus, and went home to her house justified.

Fourteen years this month since Jesus got master of my heart. Lord, Thou knowest that I have never repented of giving my heart to Thee; I give it up afresh to Thee this day, I

take all in this shop to witness. I take the sun that is shining upon me, the pen with which I am writing, to witness this day that I give to Jesus my body, soul, and spirit. Lord God of Hosts, take me, as I am, into Thy service — use me for Thy glory — make me holy. I give Thee all the time I have, and the talent I have, as for money I would give it also, but I have none. Now I give Thee all this, wilt Thou give me Thy grace in return? This day, I make this holy bargain with Thee, Jesus, my Kingly King. I sign myself over — James Turner, a filthy sinner, washed clean with Thy blood, and now making holy with Thy Spirit. And Jesus, be pleased to take into the bargain the two classes Thou hast given me to lead; soul and body I give them up to Thee, and if I had their time and their talents, I would give them up to Thee also. I feel that Thy Spirit permits or bids me put Thy name to this bargain — 'I, Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, take James Turner at his word and do promise to give him grace, and will withhold no good thing from him as long as he is faithful to my grace.'

E. McH: (A more remarkable instance of close **personal** dealing with God is perhaps not on record. A consecration so complete could not but bear blessed fruit, and that it did so in **great abundance**, the following pages will afford ample proof.)

Dec. 30. — The last Saturday night of the old year 1854. The Lord of heaven and earth hath spared me to see its close. O Lord, this night anew take the year's work off my hands. O Saviour, in Thy blood wash all that I have done — every footstep that I have travelled seeking souls to Thee (and with my weak body Thou hast enabled me to travel about a thousand miles this year). Lord, bless my brother George and Henry Anderson, for they help me in Thy work; breathe Thy Holy Spirit on them that they may spend and be spent for Thy glory. Lord, give them souls, for Thou knowest that many a dark night and weary body they have had coming home from Thy work. O my blessed Jesus, Thou King of Kings, breathe Thy Spirit upon all the eight places that we name Thy name in on Sabbath night.

The last night of the old year. — Some ten of us were waiting in Brother Anderson's house to go to the Chapel, it being the watch-night. We had a Yorkshire brother and two of his crew. Two of them began to dispute about something on board their ship, so I told them it would be best to settle it on our knees, so down we knelt and cried unto the Lord, and the power of God come down on all that were, in the house, and a young man got saved. Glory be to God, it was a blessed season!

Jan 13, 1855. — The first of the new year. I again give myself to God to live or die, spend or be spent for Him. My prayer to God night and day is, make me holy. May this be the best year of my life; by the grace of God I shall have less sin this year than any before. Make this a year of saving souls. Lord, Thou knowest that I am willing to go to all the dens and hovels of this town to seek souls to Thee. I am not only willing to go, but it is as my meat and my drink to do this part of Thy work; and permit me to thank Thee for Thy protection in the past; for all the filth and sickness that I have been amongst, day and night, I have not had so much as a headache from infection. Let the world say what it will, is not this the power of my God?

Feb. 10. — This has been a week of peace. Thanks be to God for peace, I don't deserve that. I feel all that I have is through the blood. This blood has cleansed me. I live in the blood, and it cleanses me from all sin. Three days ago I heard of a poor old woman in despair about her soul, she lived seven miles out of town, in a little hut of a house. Next

day I set out in search of her, and glory be to God, I found her out—a poor old soul of 83 years.

March 24. — Brother Noble has gone to his rest. He crossed Jordan, leaning on the arm of Jesus. The dear old man was not a year old in grace, when he entered glory. This night, to all appearance, M__ S__ will enter her glory. She is full of God's love. It is about two years since she was converted. The grace of God has made a wonderful change on this young woman. Before she was saved she was half a fool. God gave me both these souls — glory be to His name.

April 14 — What a mercy that I have still a hold of Jesus! He is my soul's joy — He is my crown. Am I not rich? I would not exchange fortunes with the Provost of **Peterhead**. My body is weak, but my soul is strong. I am longing for souls; my body is worn out in search of souls to my Jesus.

July 28. — It is 3 months since I wrote any in this little book. I have been a month in the **Aberdeen** Infirmary. I was not able to do much in it for God. I had to reprove some sinners. They could blaspheme the name of God when they could not move hand nor foot. After I came out, I got a young man's soul to Jesus. He is labouring in the work of God. Give him souls for his labour, O my God ! After leaving **Aberdeen**, I went to the Free Manse of **Strichen**. In that small town, and around it, my Father gave me twenty-one souls. Glory be to God; and they are all doing well. One of them entered her rest 7 days after finding Jesus. On my way home, I called on Mrs. Paul of **New-Seat**, had a blessed night, and the Lord gave me three of her servants' souls.

Nov. 24 - By the grace of God, I have been enabled to travail in birth with other five deathless souls. O to give God the glory!

Dec. 7. — This night I am happy in my Saviour. I was so blessed while standing at the death-bed of Mrs. P__. She is so full of God, and speaks so sweetly about her dear Jesus, and about the love of God, and about the blessed work of the Holy Spirit in her new heart. She has learned more in three weeks than some have done in three years. I have eight sick and death beds just now. O my God, what Thou hast called me to do! Fill me and keep me full.

E. McH: (The experience related in commencement of this chapter brings us face to face with another of the most important questions before the Church today. It has been thus stated — "**Does Scripture present to us any available means of deliverance from the bondage and act of conscious trespass against the Lord?**" James Turner would at once have answered this question in the affirmative, and given that best of all reasons for so doing, viz., that such deliverance had been wrought out in his own personal experience.

If questioned as to the **nature** of the blessing which he had personally realised - if it were an absolute holiness or sinless perfection of heart and life to which he had attained, as some of his utterances might seem to imply — he would have repudiated the idea of having attained that absolute holiness of heart and life which the exceeding breadth of the moral law demands. He felt his need of the atoning blood every moment. On that his hopes rested until the last moment of his existence here. But this he would say, that he believed and had realised that, according to the new moral economy introduced by

the atonement, the heart could be so sanctified or cleansed from sinful tempers, that **all the conduct, outward and inward, would be swayed by love to God.** This was what He meant by perfect love. But even this he had not attained to a perfect degree, for, as will be seen, an **increase** of what he really enjoyed was his constant aspiration. This was the only perfection of which, while dwelling in a corruptible body, he felt himself capable, viz., that of complying with the command, "MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

If still catechised as to how it was realised, his answer would simply be, -" **by faith.**" If asked further whether there was a specific kind or act of faith at the time of its reception, he would probably say there was - that the desire after the blessing had been gradually kindling, until that night his heart had become a very furnace, and, having reached that point, he was enabled by faith to lay hold of it. As a spectator, however, of the transaction, it appeared to me very different. It seemed as if, instead of laying hold of the blessing by faith, or saying by mental act or orally, "I believe that Jesus **now** cleanses me from all sinful tempers, makes me holy, and enables me to love Him with all my heart," it seemed a struggle of spirit with God for the actual possession of the thing, and when the Lord, whom he sought, suddenly took possession of His temple, and reported himself to his consciousness, as having done so, the shock was so great that he fell to the floor, and lay for some time bereft of all power of speech or motion. We are so constituted, that we can only love as qualities are exhibited to draw out our affections. In this instance, God so revealed Himself, that henceforth He reigned supreme in the inner temple of His creature's affections.)

CHAPTER IV.

HELL.

E. McH "Strange heading for a chapter." It is; but James Turner believed in hell firmly. So do we. Yes, but somehow, reader, our faith in it and his seems to differ. We profess to believe in a quenchless fire, and a deathless worm, and an eternity of woe for Christless souls. Yet we can look in the face those whom we know to be such, mingle freely with them, transact business, aye, and even contract relationship without uttering one word of warning—we are **so merciful**, so considerate, that we do not like to speak of the terrible subject — lest we hurt their feelings!!

He whose love for man was stronger than death did not act so. **He** failed not fully and plainly to speak of the terrible destiny awaiting those who resist His authority, and reject His salvation. Partaker of the same spirit, James Turner walked in his Master's footsteps. With a bold grasp himself of the horrors of an eternal hell, he held them up before the vision of his hearers' souls, its hopeless agony, ceaseless blasphemy, the lurid glare of its quenchless flames, the myriad stings of the deathless worm that prevails for ever in its gloomy regions, — not in the hard heartless manner in which some preachers threaten unbelievers with the wrath to come, but with a tenderness, even to tears, though in terms plain enough to be repulsive, only for the tender, pleading, anguished tones in which they were uttered.

January 5, 1856. - Another year has gone, and many have appeared at the judgment of Christ - rich and poor, young and old. It has been a year of death. O how many from the battle-field! how many drunkards! how many Sabbath-breakers! how many formalists that have a name but not the power of grace, have appeared at the bar of God! Could I have stood close by the judgment-seat all the 365 days that compose the year 1855, and heard the Great God passing sentence on so many deathless souls, and fixing their doom for eternity - O my God ! I have such a feeling in my soul when I think about these awful things, were it not that ye are my Father through Christ, my soul would sink, and I would cry, 'Oh, that I had never been born!'

In the year now ended, I have travelled a good many miles on foot to name my Saviour's name. Held a hundred and fifty week-day prayer meetings. Led classes one hundred and forty times. Stood by the sick and dying more than five hundred times, and best of all, my Saviour gave me more souls than in any former year. Glory be to God, I am my God's, and He is mine!

Feb. 9. — Lord, again I give myself to Thee. Oh, that I could love Thee as I would like to love. O make me faithful, for eternity is at hand.

I never had so many death-beds, and every one of these souls are as dark as the grave. I do not find one soul among all I travel and visit that know anything about God or His law; nor about Jesus, pardon, and the new heart, nor about how God and the sinner shall meet. The people in this place are dead asleep in the arms of the Wicked One. Here is a fair sample of the death-beds I visited, that of a woman, about 35 years of age, in consumption.

'I am come to call on you. I see the Lord has laid His hand on you. Have you much pain?'

'No, I can't say that my pain is great. Weakness is my chief complaint.'

'Do you think that your sickness is unto death?'

'I do not know.'

'Are ye afraid it he so?' (A pause.)

'Are ye afraid to die?'

'No.'

'I'm happy to hear that. What has brought you to that state of mind?'

'I cannot tell. I just feel that if I die, I shall be happy.'

'Are you born again?'

'I cannot tell.'

'Have you got a new heart?'

'No.'

'Then you are yet in your sins, an enemy to God, and, if you die so, you will be lost for ever.'

This roused the devil in her, but I got to my knees, and cried to God to fix the arrow in her heart, and then left her.

Two days afterwards I called again, and found her in much the same state. But, two days after, she sent a woman to bid me not call on her again, or I would put her mad. On that I went straight to her. When I went in she shut her eyes, and would not look on me. But I took a seat at her bedside, and said, 'Woman, I know ye do not want me, but in the name of the Lord I am here again to trouble you, and *will* trouble you as long as soul and body holds together. Your unpardoned sins will sink you to the bottomless pit. *Woman*, you are asleep in the devil, and I must try and get you out of the arms of that murderer!' On which she cried out, 'I have nothing to do with the devil.'

'Oh, woman, did ye only know how near you are to the pit of woe, you would not sleep another hour until ye were out of danger.' So I got to my knees, and cried to the Lord, and He heard my cry, and laid hold of her soul, then I pointed her to Jesus and left her.

Two days after I called again, but, oh, what a change. Two days before, if she had been able, she would have knocked me down. Now, next to Jesus, I am in her heart, and the other day, she said to me, 'Am I not a brand plucked from the burning at the eleventh hour?' To God be all the glory.

Feb. 23. - Feel my soul upon the Rock of Ages. Yes, I am happy indeed, for God is in my soul. The two classes committed to my care are growing in grace. This quarter there are seven souls added, and other two are to be on Friday. One of them is an old woman, whom Satan sent to mock me when I was standing at the bedside of a blind woman, 90 years of age, Margaret Hutchison, and God gave me her soul at that old age. I visit old Margaret once-a-week, and, as this other one lives in the same court, I could not get to Margaret without her seeing me. So up she came, week after week, to torment me, but my God always gave me a message when she came, and the messages which the Lord put into my mouth to tell her were not sweet. At last God smote her and broke her heart, and gave me her soul, and now she is as happy an old woman as there is in **Peterhead**. Thou wonder-working Jehovah, take all the glory!

April 5. - For the last four weeks I have had a jealous fear over my soul. Satan is trying a little pride into my heart. The Lord is adding to the classes committed to my care. My place is in the dust. How can I lead so many souls? Lord, lead me, that I may lead them; feed me, that I may feed them. I love every soul of them, but, oh my God, do not let this love stop me from being faithful.

April 27. - This week the Lord has been with me indeed. I preached twice at **Colliston** and twice at the **Old Castle**, and six souls got saved. I formed a prayer-meeting and a class. A blessed little work of God this is — a father, a son, and two daughters all in one house.

May 24. — Sixteen years this month since God saved my soul — a month dear to my heart. Ten days ago, I got a letter from the **Old Castle** about the father of the family that got saved. Through unbelief, the old man lost his hold of Jesus, and, for the last three weeks, he has been in an awful state of mind, being, neither able to work, eat, nor sleep, but lay in bed groaning in spirit. So the Lord sent me to him, and not only restored his soul, but gave me his wife's soul also.

This week my old father died, a man of 76 years. All these years he has lived without God. Three months before his death, the Lord gave me such freedom to pray for him as I never had before. A few days before his death, he was enabled to roll his burden of sin on the Lamb of God. From that hour I loved my father with such a love as I never had for him before. My soul could not be silent. When the Lord saved him, I came home to tell my wife, and up all the street I cried, '*Glory to a good Saviour,*' at the top of my voice.

June 14 — A member of my class has fallen from grace by taking drink. Oh, what agony of soul it caused me. I am travailing in birth with her until God be formed anew in her soul. I cannot rest until she is at Jesus' feet. Since I last wrote, the Lord has given me other two souls, a man and a woman, both drunkards. The man's name is Peter G__, and lost his situation about a year ago for drink. Before God would send him to hell, he made him helpless, laid him on a sick bed, and then sent poor me to tell him that his day of grace was not quite over. So to him I went, praying all the way, for I did not have one word until I was at his bedside, then the Lord put words in my mouth. I found him like every other outcast — without God, and without hope; so I told him God's message, prayed, and came away. With that simple message God broke his hard heart, and, when I called again, he was like a little child.

Nov. 1. — It is about three months since I put down my soul's state. In that time I have had much of God's goodness, and much of Satan's abuse. I have been labouring a little for God in **Aberdeen**, and in **Perth**, and in **Dundee**. A blessed time I had with the Lord's saints in **Perth**. I preached in the Poorhouse, and had the Spirit of God. In one of the hovels that I visit, an old man of 84 has got a hold of Jesus. What a merciful God, to pardon that old sinner!

Dec. 20.—My soul is at peace with God and man. Jesus is all my hope.

‘He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.’

Blind Margaret has got home. She has had six years of darkness. Last week she entered on her eternal day — she is to meet me on yon happy shore. Since I last wrote, God has given me other four souls. It is all of God.

January 31. — For the last three weeks I have not been well, but am getting better. Thanks be to God, all is well; life or death, I am His, and He is mine. The old '56 is gone. It has been a year of mercy and loving kindness from the Lord to my soul. By the grace of God, I am able to say that I know and love my Saviour better than when the year began, and I am all the nearer home. During the year I have been at the death-bed above 500 times. 'The Lord has been with me of a truth in this department of His work. I have, by His grace, led several of the outcasts to Jesus, and stood by them till they got home. They were brands from the burning. The glory is all my God's.

The three classes committed to my care are still looking God-ward.

Three souls out of them have got home. It will not be long ere their leader follows. I am at my dear Jesus' will. In the past year, I have had 150 prayer-meetings in private houses in **Peterhead**. My brother George, and Henry Anderson, and my wife, help me in the prayer meetings. We go from house to house with these meetings, and many souls have been brought to God in them.

March 14. — For some time back my soul has been in full sail for home. Glory be to God, I can say the world is under my feet, and Christ in my heart. I have not only the promises, but the Promiser Himself.

Since I last wrote, it has pleased God to give me other five souls, and one of them an infidel for 20 years. The first time I came in contact with him was in his own house. I was pointing his wife to Jesus when he came in half drunk, more like a devil than a man, but my God did not suffer him to lay a hand on me. I stood in God that afternoon. I can say of God, He is my hiding-place, or the man would have torn me in pieces. And my God gave me the victory over him, for Jesus saved his soul, and also his wife's soul. The man is now a labourer with me in the work of God. The Lord bless him, and make him a blessing to many.

April. — Since I last wrote, I have been four days in **Aberdeen**, and blessed time I had with Mr. and Mrs. B__. They were with me in the work of God. Fourteen souls were pardoned and blessed. One of them a blind woman — she was filled with the love of God. Another case was a boy, who was awakened while Mr. B__ gave out a hymn. The dear boy and his mother both got hold of Jesus.

June 7, 1859.—It is about twenty-two months since I put my state of soul on paper. In that time much has transpired. I have seen much of God's goodness, and at times it has been hard work to see my way. But all is well. My soul is in Jesus, and there it shall rest.

CHAPTER V.

A HARVEST OF SOULS.

For the past four years, my brother has been in company with me in the herring-curing line of business, and, by the blessing of God, we made a little money. And being both on the Lord's side, we could spend a good part of our time in God's work.

The fishing in 1859 being low, we kept all our stock and lost about £300. This laid us idle for about three months, so I thought it would be well for one of us to go along the east and west coasts, and hold meetings in all the fishing towns. My brother not being well, I left him at home and took the first turn myself.

For several weeks before I left home, the Spirit of God had been pressing me hard to get my business in such a way as I could leave it for a while. So I told my wife and brother about this, but I did not think that the Spirit was preparing me to gather in so great a harvest of souls. And not only was He preparing me but also the people all along the coast.

Before entering on the coast I spent a few days spreading the British Messenger in **St. Fergus, Crimond, and Lonmay**. Mr. Radcliffe left the Messengers for Miss W__ to give to the people, but she felt from God that I was the one to deliver them. This was made a blessing to a few souls in leading them to Jesus.

Dec. 6.- I entered the first town on the east coast, **St. Combs**, containing about 94 families. I had a meeting the first night. About 300 people attended, and, of a truth, God was with us that night. The Spirit of God was present, and the meeting was kept up till a late hour. All the next day I went from house to house and spoke to the people, and at night preached to about 400. The Church was filled. What a night of the power of God! The meeting was kept up until morning. A great many did not sleep that night, neither did I. All the next day I again spent in going from house to house, and at night the church filled at 6 p.m., and my God came down with such power. There is a little place called **Charleston** close by **St. Combs**, and I also went from house to house in it. For ten days I laboured in these two places, and God saved young and old, drunkards and fighting men. What a sight to see men of 70 years crying on the streets for mercy! From 400 to 500 were led to feel their lost estate. What a work of God!

About a mile and a half further north are two places called **Inverallochy** and **Cairnbulg**. A few of the people came over from these places to **St. Combs**, and invited me to come and preach and hold meetings in these towns. When **St. Combs** was in a way that I could leave it, I went over to them. The number of inhabitants is from 1500 to 2000, and the place I had to meet in held 400. The first two nights there was little fruit. But the third meeting the people felt deeply. The Spirit of God came down on a great many, and God gave me great power.

These were the last words he ever wrote in his little book. When asked by friends to continue the narrative his reply was, "No, I have written enough, God will attest the rest."

E. McH How God did attest the rest will afterwards be noticed, meanwhile the story of his wonderful success can still be continued from extracts of his letters as given in the first narrative. It can only be thus told, however, to a very limited extent, these letters not having been returned, and short extracts merely given from a few of them, but as all deficiencies can now be abundantly made up from other sources, the loss of them is the less to be regretted.

"**Cairnbulg**.—I am just about to leave this place for **Broadsea**. The work of God is progressing both here and at **St. Combs** more than ever. The place where I preach is too small, and the dear people are coming up an hour and a half before the time to make sure of getting a seat. Numbers come to me every day in concern about their own souls, or about the souls of others who are dear to them. Many have been enabled to give up all for Jesus even drunkards are giving up their sin and coming to Christ. If the work goes on the whisky shops will soon be without customers. Pray for me! I am depending on your prayers, and of the other friends mentioned; you know those who have power with God. Send this letter to Mr P__ that he may know also how to pray. Jesus bless you all is my heart's desire."

After labouring for another week in **Broadsea, Fraserburgh, Pittulie, and Roseheart** with the same terrible earnestness and equally surprising results he returned, quite worn out, to **Peterhead** in the end of Dec., 1859. In about a month after, he again set out on the mission to which God, by his Spirit, had specially called him, and soon after thus writes:-

"**Portessie**.—In the strength of the Lord I am thus far on my mission. I got to **Cullen** the week before last, where I had one or two meetings and some fruit. Then I went to **Portknockie**. Had a very crowded meeting on Sabbath night, and the Holy Spirit came down with great power on the people. Strong young men were smitten down and became weak as water. This continued till morning, and many souls were saved. Glory be to God! I went to bed for three hours. Called a meeting after breakfast and from three to four hundred people met with me. The power of God came on man, woman, and child, and many found the Saviour. The whisky shops were shut up that day. A man who kept a public house was convinced of sin, and when the power came on him he made a great noise. I told him he could not be saved unless he gave up selling whisky. 'I give it up,' he cried. Then the Lord saved him and he went home and pulled down his sign. I formed a Temperance Society, and above 800 signed the pledge, including the three whisky-sellers.

"The next sea-town is called **Findochty**, about two miles from **Portknockie**. At the first three meetings nothing particular took place, but in the fourth the Spirit's power came down as in the former town, and the Lord saved many souls. Next morning I had another meeting of about two hundred, and again the power of God came down in an extraordinary way. About three hundred met again in the evening, and when I was speaking a woman cried out for mercy. In a short time nearly all present were doing the same. My voice was completely drowned. I never saw such a scene in all my life. It was heart-rending to hear the cries of the great numbers who felt that their souls were lost. I question if some of the dear people could have cried louder though they had been in hell, but God gave the witness to many souls that evening.

"The next town is **Portessie**, about two miles from **Findochty**. The first night I spoke in **Portessie** there was good done; many souls found the Saviour, and the blessed work is still going on. Pray for us all here! I have two places to attack yet, but the Master is to deliver them into my hand. Tell the dear people to pray for **Buckie** and **Portgordon**. I fear I will have to rest for a day or two first till my body gathers a little strength. My soul is just like a little child — Christ is all in all."

How Mr. Turner attacked **Buckie** it is impossible to state from his own pen, no extracts from his letters having been given in the first narrative. One or two, however, written by individuals resident in **Buckie** at the time, will, for the present, supply the deficiency, while personal narratives given in the sequel of this volume will not merely do so more fully, but also make evident that there he encountered opposition more formidable than at any other point in all his labours, and also that it was so fully overcome that **Buckie** forms no break in the chain of the brilliant spiritual triumphs which he achieved in these western coast towns.

Written by individuals resident in Buckie at the time

Feb. 15, 1860.—I think it is my duty to acquaint you of the existence among us at present of one of the most wonderful works of God I have ever heard of, so much so that I cannot adequately describe it. This revival has travelled from the east along the fishing villages. I first heard of it being in **Portknockie** two or three weeks ago. After that in **Findochty**, and then in **Portessie**, at which latter village it commenced on Thursday last week, and on Sabbath evening last in **Buckie**.....The number of old and young of both sexes, and of persons in middle life who have been convinced of sin and brought to seek an interest in Christ is very great. Many are struck down, and the greater part cry out for Jesus to come to them with 'groanings that cannot be uttered'. Hundreds of men and women, and boys and girls, after passing through this conflict, have apparently found peace, after which their faces almost beam with joy, indicating the peace they feel within, and they then manifest great concern for the salvation of their friends. The whole work reminds us of the shaking among the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision, or the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. The people have almost to be forced away from the meetings. It is often two o'clock in the morning before all the anxious ones can be prevailed on to leave, and then only when intimation is made that they will meet again at eleven o'clock. They would remain day and night, if allowed; and I believe that a good many who have been here for some days from villages to the east of this, have taken but little food since they came."

Feb. 23.—The inquiry here has not abated, though the people do not now turn out to the forenoon meetings in such great numbers as at first; of course, that could not last, nor could it have been desired, but the evening meetings are still crowded, and there is still good doing. I have tried to judge of this movement as calmly as possible, and one of its most important features is that almost every individual in this place, old and young, has been brought under concern about their soul's everlasting welfare. This can be seen in conversation with everyone in the town with whom you come in contact. There is also a peculiar feature connected with the crowded meetings that I have been frequently struck with, and that is when some sinner is brought to see his lost condition in such a light that he is constrained to cry aloud for mercy, his cry is more eloquent than a hundred sermons, for many, feeling that they are in the same condition, are brought to pray aloud also, so that at times, from these meetings, has gone up one great cry for mercy from all present, succeeded perhaps by a universal prayer for the Holy

Spirit to be poured out. It will, of course, require time to try the genuine nature of much that we have seen, but while I fear that many have been but temporarily aroused to religious concern and may soon lose their impressions, I am, at the same time, convinced that very many, both old and young, have really been brought to Christ and will go on trusting in Him."

Portgordon - a village two miles from Buckie, with a population of some nine hundred.

James Turner writing:

"Feb. 17, 1860.—I have come over to **Portgordon** this forenoon to make arrangements for a meeting on Saturday night for the first time in this place. I have faith for this place, it is just like the others when the Master sent me to them. O, pray for **Portgordon**! You will get this letter about nine o'clock on Saturday night, and I trust to feel you then. I will be in the work all night, if my body be able to stand it — pray for *that*.

"**Portgordon**, famed for drunkenness, has been brought down. The Lord sent me to it ten days ago. That was on Saturday week. I spoke that night, but not a move. It was a hard night's work, and I gave it up at twelve o'clock. I called a meeting next morning at eight o'clock, only a few came, but I carried on the meeting the whole day. At six in the evening the house filled and many could not get in. The Spirit was largely poured out, and many were smitten down under the mighty power of God. Those who were nearest the door were carried out; others had to lie till they got power to rise. I stayed among them a week, and we had the Spirit's presence the whole time. Country people came down to scoff and to make sport of the work of God, but painful convictions seized upon many of those also, and they would fain have left the meeting but they could not walk. They staggered like people drunk, and had to be helped into the meeting again. Some of them continued all night in that state — oh that they may all find peace in believing!

"**Deskford**. — We have had a good time here. Many have been brought to feel their lost state by nature, and some have been saved. I addressed the scholars of the Free Church School, and I think our meeting was attended with good results. Oh for the Spirit of God to rest on the people, both old and young! The U.P. minister of **Banff** came to see the work, and he has asked me to preach in his church on Monday first — cry to God for that place. I must say I feel unwilling to go to large towns; but this feeling may be from the devil, and if so I must try and conquer it. If the Lord had not saved souls in every place where I have been, I do not think I could have gone to **Banff**. There is not a day but I get a call or letter to go to some place to labour. I will have to go home by-and-bye to attend to my business, and yet I do not see how I can give up the Master's work for any secular calling. My soul is well — just a little child at the Master's feet. I need great wisdom, and that the Lord is giving me just as I need. Help me to give Him all the glory."

Before going to **Banff** he spent a few days in visiting some of the towns where he had been working, and thus describes the condition in which he found them:-

"I came to **Buckie**, and the work was getting quiet. We got up a meeting in the evening, but there did not appear to be much life. Next night we met again, and at first a little stiffness was felt, but soon the blessing came and the cry for mercy was heard. This was on Saturday night, and the meeting was kept up till about three o'clock on Sabbath morning. A great work of God is getting on there. I left **Buckie** on the Sabbath and

came to **Portknockie**, but did not find things as I could have wished. The dear people were not going back, but they were not attacking Satan's camp. A meeting was called at 4 p.m., when about five hundred assembled. I spoke for two hours, and at seven o'clock we met again. The meeting was stiff at first, but that was got over, and the Lord sent the Holy Spirit down. What a night of power! Many cases of prostration and loud cries for mercy. The meeting was kept up till about five o'clock on Monday morning. In the forenoon I preached again to the broken in heart; and after getting a little dinner started for **Banff**."

On Monday, March 5, 1860, he began his labours in the U.P. Church, **Banff**. On that same day he wrote to his wife and brother:-

"It is clear we are to have the blessing in **Banff** too. To-day the U.P. Church was filled. Some ministers were present, but above all the Lord of Hosts was there. A good many were convinced of sin. I am going back to the church in half-an-hour to speak to the broken in heart.

"March 7. — I did not get my letter finished yesterday, so I can tell you a little more. Last night we met again, when the house was filled with rich and poor. Many were broken down, and a few found peace. I had another meeting today in a loft, and nearly all present were brought to feel their state. We meet in the church to-night again. O for power with God ! Do pray on! Tell Mr P__ to pray, and the names I spoke of before; in short, all who have faith in God. My body is not strong, but the Lord is holding me up. O, may God fill us all more and more with his Spirit, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

On leaving **Banff** he wrote thus to his brother:-

"I spent eight days in **Banff**. O that proud place! But the Lord has shaken it, and there has been a great movement among rich and poor, young and old. A young man came one night, as he himself confessed, 'to hear that fool Turner preach, and get a little sport!' On Sabbath night I had to point him to the Saviour, and he found peace. Many scoffers have been brought to the Master's feet last week in **Banff**. The last night I was there, the church was not only filled of all classes, but the crowd extended across the street. Truly we can say, 'The Lord hath done marvellous things, His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory.', On Sabbath forenoon I preached in our own chapel, in the afternoon in the Free Church, **Macduff**; and in the evening in the U. P. Church of **Banff**. We have been compelled to carry on the meetings nearly all night. On Sabbath morning it was daylight before we broke up. It is hard work but sweet work."

Fordyce, a small village in the wide and important parish of the same fame, was the next scene of his labours. A few hours after his arrival he had a meeting in the Free Church. It was crowded and many were unable to gain admission, and above all a very deep impression was made on many hearts. The services on the following nights were attended by circumstances that will never be erased from the memories of many present. After the address, a prayer meeting was being carried on when, to use the words of Scripture, "The Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word, and fear came upon every soul." (Acts 10v44; 11v15) On the following evening the same power was present. Night fled into early morning like a dream before the multitude left the hallowed spot; for, like Peter, the people felt it good to be there. One present says: -"In

the midst of all this, Mr. Turner seemed to enjoy a more than usual serenity of soul, as he moved gently among the people, sometimes raising the song of praise then charging the undecided to yield up their whole hearts to God, cut every tie, and close with a freely offered Saviour; and very frequently he would urge on the people to make sure of giving the glory to God only for these mighty works."

Portsoy was his next field of labour — a coast town between **Banff** and **Cullen** — where the same manifestations of the Spirit's power were vouchsafed as in the former places; and besides the daily meetings in public, and counsel and direction given to inquirers in private, he did much good by visiting a number of old and sick people in their own homes during the week he spent in it. After leaving **Portsoy**, he visited **Grange**, **Whitehills**, and **Huntly** with similar results.

From **Huntly** he writes thus:-

"You will be wondering how I have been so long in writing to you, but till now I could not get time to do so. Since I wrote last I have been in **Portsoy**, where the Spirit's power was manifested in a very remarkable manner, and I believe many souls have been saved. From that the Master sent me to **Grange**, where I was for two nights. The second night I was there, about three hundred remained to speak with me about their souls. I then went to **Whitehills**, where two churches were filled. I went from one church to the other, and great concern was manifested by many. Next night I spent in **Banff**, and a great night it was. Many souls, I believe, found the Saviour. From **Banff** I went to **Huntly**, where I now am, and have been for the last four days, trying to storm the devil's camp. Now there are tokens of the Spirit's power, and I believe souls are being saved, some in the higher and some in the lower walks of life. I am to remain here for a few days, and then I am coming home to take a little rest, and then come out again. You may expect me in the beginning of the week. I have much work to do for God, but my body is not able to stand it until I rest a while. I trust you are all praying for me, and that my God will give wisdom for this work. My soul is in perfect peace. O may the Holy Spirit rest on you all for Jesus sake!"

Completely worn out with his incessant and successful toil, he reached his home about the middle of April, 1860. But whether labouring or resting, the deep under-current of his spirit-life swept on unchecked by outward circumstances. A man of *one idea* he has been called, and so he was, but it was a grand one — *souls to Jesus*. To win them back to their rightful owner and Redeemer was the master passion of his heart, to gratify which he was prepared to suffer anything.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST LABOURS.

No sooner did James Turner recover a little strength than his labours were resumed in the Lord's service. The indifference to divine things in **Peterhead** troubled him sore. How much he longed to see it otherwise may be gathered from the following extract from a note written to a friend during this resting season:-

"This is a stronghold of the devil. May the Lord send a fire-brand into the enemy's nest and set it in a blaze! I think, however, that the work in the west has brought some to feel their cold state and to long for a revival, and they want me to hold a meeting on Sabbath first. How it may end I cannot tell."

E. McH. How it ended may be briefly stated thus: — He attended the meetings now commenced, speaking and praying in them, with the same earnestness as at other places. At length his home-thrusts at, and prayers for, unconverted ministers and office-bearers of the Christian Church became unendurable, and a deputy was appointed to wait upon him to ask him to discontinue them. It is even said that some of the deputation were prepared to endorse their arguments by acts of personal indignity, if he was found refractory. Be that as it may, no sooner were the men come into his room than he shut the door, knelt down behind it, and began to pray; and in his prayer laid the case in all its bearings so fully before the Lord, that the men's eyes were opened to perceive the nature of their mission; and as the prayer went on, a subtle spiritual power seemed to penetrate their hearts. Exclamations of mental distress became more and more frequent, and at length one of them, as I was told, declared that he had 'never been at wark o' this kin' afore, and if he were only weel oot o' this job, he should never try' sic anither.' The men left his house thoroughly subdued, but not until James Turner had decidedly but respectfully told them that he would alter his form of prayer for no man, and that as for the parties specially concerned in their mission, he would be delighted to pray for them as Christian men whenever they gave evidence of being such. He did not go back to their meetings after this, but not long after began to hold evangelistic as well as prayer meetings in his own coöperation.

Huntly was his next field of labour for a few days, and much fruit of these days' work still remains. About four years ago I had unexpectedly a proof of this. While on a visit to **Huntly**, I went to a cottage-meeting in the vicinity. It was conducted chiefly by two working men. In their simple reading of the word and prayers there was such a wondrous measure of divine unction as quite took me by surprise, and made me curious to know their spiritual history. Next day I called on one of them, and in the course of an interesting conversation learned that this man, his wife, and the greater part of his family were all the fruits of James Turner's labours. The details of the conversion of this family would be interesting, but space forbids. From **Huntly** he went to **Aberdeen**, whence he wrote his brother, thus:-

May 30, 1860. — I am still in the Master's work. On Sabbath last I spoke four times. On Monday, I had a meeting in the Free North Church; on Tuesday night and this evening, also, in Dr J.C. Brown's church. On all these occasions the Spirit of God was manifestly working, and a good many have professed to find the Saviour. I have similar

engagements in **Aberdeen** and its vicinity every night this week. We have a forenoon meeting every day in Dr Brown's church, at which a good few praying people and anxious enquirers are generally present. At mid-day we meet to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit. I know you will join us. Holy Spirit, descend on this city! Oh for a wave of converting grace!"

Towards the end of June he responded to a very urgent call from **Inverness**, and thence wrote:—

"I have been four nights in our chapel here, and it has been filled to the door. Last night even the passages were crowded, many crying for mercy, and, I trust, not a few finding it. It was daylight this morning before I got to bed, it being about one o'clock, a.m. before we could leave the chapel, - and the house continued nearly full up to that hour. On Friday, Mr Parker went with me to the Infirmary, and nearly every person we spoke to was moved and melted down, and I hope some really found peace in believing. A backslider on his death-bed has been restored. He was once a member of our chapel here. What a severe conflict he had! I thought he would have died in the struggle. I am to see him again to-day. I thank my God that I have a measure of health. It is surely of His great goodness, seeing that I have to speak so much, and get so little sleep. Pray on, nothing doubting, for truly we can say, 'The Lord is with us'."

To this was added, in a postscript, as the time was drawing on that he had to go home and attend his business:—

"You will try and do without me as long as you can — take a week of a man until I come."

About the middle of July he returned to **Peterhead**, and was soon as diligently engaged in his business as during the last four months he had been "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The cooperage where it was carried on was a pretty large place, and soon after his return considerable alterations were observable in it. Gas was introduced, and arrangements made whereby perhaps some two hundred people could be seated with very little trouble; and to the question what did he mean by these, he might have replied in the words of the great Master, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" So deeply was he in sympathy with the divine mind in regard to the salvation of souls, that he *could not* rest without doing something to arrest them in their passage to eternal perdition. So these arrangements were made for the purpose of conducting meetings on the evenings that the boats engaged in the fishing were not at sea.

To a friend interested in his labours he writes thus :-

"**Peterhead.**—I am happy to say the blessed Spirit is working here. I think I told you before that we had resolved to hold meetings in our cooperage on the nights that the boats were not at sea. We have now these meetings every night, and the Lord is saving souls. Last night was a great night, many crying for mercy, and four were struck down under strong convictions of sin. I think some were saved, but a few got frightened and ran out - the devil in them could not stand it. On Sabbath we had a remarkable time of the Spirit's power, and tonight I expect a great blessing. Oh to live at Jesus' feet and gather in souls in armfuls to our blessed Master! I feel so thankful that we have carried on these meetings in the cooperage, notwithstanding the determined opposition we have met. They are speaking of preventing us from holding them, but *they cannot*, for He that is for us is greater than all who can be against us. Do pray for us, and for the work of God in this place! My brother is a little better and labouring with me. There are also

a good many young converts from the **Banffshire coast** fishing here, and they help us in the meetings. They have *such* power with God! Oh how they pray and preach also! and I give them all work to do."

Few require the word of warning from wearing themselves out in disinterested efforts for the benefit of others — many kill themselves in self-indulgence, and ruin their souls to gratify their basest passions, but he, to use his own words, had "worn himself out in search of souls," and now that he had acquired an extraordinary ability to accomplish the object of his desire, the time was just at hand that he had to lie down and die. And how did he act? He simply determined to make the most of the short time that remained to him in working for God. So about the end of November he proceeded to **Banff**, where he conducted a series of services which were greatly blessed to many, especially those who had been brought to Christ by his labours in the preceding spring. The scriptural doctrine of holiness he brought before them very prominently, and held up faith in the atoning blood of Jesus as the grand power whereby the soul is purified and made to grow in the likeness of Christ. On leaving **Banff** he went to **Cornhill**, an inland village, which he had not formerly visited, lying in a westerly direction from **Banff**, and in the Free Church there he laboured incessantly for four days, speaking as formerly, almost night and day taking only a few hours' sleep in the morning. After his first meeting he wrote thus:-

"I came to **Cornhill** last night and had a meeting in the Free Church, which was filled to the door. The Spirit was present, and I trust some souls were blessed. I hope this will be a great night. Oh that the mighty power of God may be manifested in plucking sinners as brands from the burning! As regards the state of my body, I put up blood for a whole day last week, and was compelled to take two days' rest. This, with what Dr Pirrie ordered me to take, has stopped it. I will be all this week in **Cornhill**, and on Sabbath in **Banff**. Oh for strength of soul and body, for the day is short! The night is coming on, and many souls are on their way to the pit —going down, down to the pit! Oh let us work and pray! Surely the devil is not to have it all his own way."

Further particulars of the work in **Cornhill** is thus given in a letter from **Macduff**:-

"I came from **Cornhill** to this place to take four days' rest. At **Cornhill** the Master was indeed present, and I believe many precious souls have entered into life. I was four days in it and had hard work, for God gave me strength to speak from twelve to fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. On Saturday night and Sabbath morning, the Spirit's power was particularly present. Many found the Saviour, both old and young. What a sight to see old, grey-headed sinners weeping and laying hold on Jesus. It was nearly five o'clock a.m. before I got to bed, and that same day I had to preach three times in **Banff**. At **Cornhill** I did not meet with a single scoffer, and although the nights were dark and rainy and the roads bad, many of the people came several miles to hear, so that the Free Church was filled to the door. In this place I have had three meetings and a good many cases of concern. I am not labouring throughout the day, but some anxious souls come to my room. I leave this to-morrow for **Gardenstown**, but intend returning to **Macduff**. The Lord has many souls to be saved in this place. I am glad to say I have not put up much blood since I wrote you last."

E. McH. : **Gardenstown**, to which he now proceeded, is a village on the coast, about five or six miles east from **Macduff**, and, with other two villages — **Crovie**, and **Pennan** — in the same neighbourhood, was notorious for spiritual death and wickedness. Here, then, his work had to be carried on under the most unpropitious circumstances — a weak body, weather of unusual severity (the ground being covered to a great depth with snow), and people not only indifferent but positively hostile. Yet the set time for blessing was come, and nothing could hinder it.

James Turner: "I am working in **Gardenstown** night and day. The first night I came there were many indications of the Spirit's presence, and those are becoming more marked every day — so many crying for mercy that sometimes my voice has been completely drowned. The place in which we meet is so crowded that the other night I had to go out by the window instead of the door. I am to be in the Free Church on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Many old people are finding the Saviour. As old as eighty-five years. Glory be to God! I would give you a longer detail, but my time is up, as I have to go to **Crovie** at noon. This is a day of snow, but my God will give me strength of body. I am not putting up any blood. It is God alone who is holding me up."

E. McH. Here, as in other places, his days were spent in conversing with anxious souls, and in visiting from house to house. One old man received him kindly, and after talking for a little, proposed a game of cards or draughts. But when the proposal was declined and his soul made the subject of conversation, he at once understood that his visitor was no other than "that blackguard Turner," and ordered him out. I do not know how it was with the old man, for he died soon after, but most of his family were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and are now consistent followers of the Lord Jesus. Many other fruits of his labours in the district yet remain, especially young men, many of whom, like their spiritual father, labour much in the Lord's service. Two of them in particular, having passed through the ordinary course of study, are now "fishers of men."

An individual residing in **Gardenstown** thus describes the change:—"Some have been raised from ignorance, vice, and wretchedness to respectability, influence, and happiness. They have changed their obscene language for the sweet language of Canaan — their profane songs for the songs of Zion — the dance for the prayer meeting — and the time and the means which were formerly spent in the dram-shop are now employed in seeking to promote the interests of religion. In short, the general aspect of the community is changed for the better. Drink was the besetting sin of those places, now it is ashamed, hiding its face in the streets. There is not now half the number of public-houses in this district that there was formerly, while in the village of **Crovie** not a drop of spirits can be had. Before Mr. Turner came into this district, family worship was a thing unknown in **Crovie**, while in **Gardenstown** it was little attended to. Now there is scarcely a home but has its altar, while the prayer meetings commenced by him are kept up with life in both villages."

In the village of **Pennan** he had not the usual amount of success as appears from a letter written to a friend in **Aberdeen**, dated **Macduff** January 2, 1861.

"Your letter reached me at **Pennan**. I am not long in one place, so I do not get my letters regularly. I am at present able to do little in the Lord's work, by reason of illness, for I am coughing a great deal, both overnight and during the day — a hard dry cough, but no blood. I got cold at **Pennan**, having travelled through much snow to that place, and

when I got there, they had the meeting in a cold fish-house. Little good appeared to be done. The people seemed afraid, and would not go in to the meeting, but stood about the door. Next day I sat by the fire from morning to night, and felt very cold. At night I went to the meeting, and a good many more came in to it than on the previous night. The Holy Spirit was present, and about ten o'clock, a woman became much affected, and cried out for mercy. When the people saw this, they sprang out of the house, as if they were to be shot, and up with the woman and carried her off. I then went to a private house and had a prayer meeting. The Spirit was present, and I think some good was done. I left next morning, and I heard afterwards that a good many in **Pennan** were in a somewhat anxious state. My body must have rest, and for this purpose I intend going to **Huntly** for a few days in the end of this week."

He was not able to go to **Huntly** for some time, but having recovered sufficient strength, he went there as proposed. but was unable to resume work, which he greatly regretted. But it seemed impossible for him to be altogether silent, for in walking about he seized every opportunity of speaking to people whom he met about their souls' welfare, and in this small way endeavoured to do something for God.

Being recommended to try a warmer climate, he went to **Ventnor**, in the **Isle of Wight** where he resided for the next three months; and on the 6th of March, he writes:-

"I am not labouring any, I did pray and speak for about five minutes at one meeting, but this was several days ago. My tongue has not been so long silent in the Master's work for years. I had a blister at my chest on Monday, and that has kept me in bed the greater part of the week, but it will do me good. My cough is a good deal away, and I hope to get out to the free air soon.

"March 12. — I have found out a good many of God's people here. The people in whose house I live are on the Lord's side, so also a fellow lodger. I have been at the Chapel and three of the classes, and I have been asked to address the Sabbath School scholars and preach on Sabbath night, but I am not able. But although I have not strength to speak, I can weep and pray, and the Holy Spirit knows what that means. I like the Patmos to which I have been banished very well. We may surely like any place if God be with us."

"March 19. — I have been doing a little to-day with tracts and plain speaking with some whom I met. I would find work here, and souls would be saved had I strength, but then had I that, I would not have been here at all. The people are beginning to stare at me on the streets. I suppose the devil is giving them my address, being afraid lest this place gets awakened out of its sleep like some others. The Lord is feeding my soul with the best — I may say I am up to the knees among clover."

A week after he writes:

"There are some indications of a work of God in this place. Last night in the chapel, several were in a very anxious state, and were crying for mercy. I spoke and prayed shortly, and, in a few words, tried to point the broken-hearted to the Saviour. Glory be to God, for I thought I was at home again in the Master's work! I do not feel worse of the exertion. O may the Holy Spirit be poured out on this place, for Jesus' sake."

May 16, he again writes— "For about a fortnight I have been very unwell and unfit for anything, though for the last four days I feel somewhat stronger. I begin to doubt,

however, whether I shall ever get better. The Master's will be done. I thank you and Dr Pirrie. You have done what you could in every way. May God repay you both for all your kindness. The Lord has told me nothing as yet whether I am to be restored or not. Indeed, I have never put it to Him, for I am in His good hand. I do thank my Jesus for the forty-two years He has given me. It is nine more than he took to himself. I spent twenty-one of these years in the service of the devil, and twenty-one of them I have tried to serve my God. My birthday to God was on Monday last. I intend to leave this in a few days, and make the best of my way home again."

Early in June he arrived at home considerably better than when he left. The disease, however, was not removed; its progress was merely stayed for the time. During the fishing season of 1861, the evening meetings were kept up in the cooperage, and occasionally he was able to take a part, but another serious attack, attended with haemorrhage from the lungs, completely laid him aside from all active efforts.

In October he writes:-

"I think I am getting a little better. The cough is not so bad now, and I am able to walk about a good deal. There is no appearance of any 'shaking among the dry bones' here at present. My soul is stirred within me when I think of multitudes going into a lost eternity, and so few warning them to 'flee from the wrath to come.' Oh for strength of soul and body to cry aloud to a sin-stricken world — 'Behold the Lamb of God!'"

Once more the desire of his heart was to be granted, though but for a brief season — once more, before his voice was hushed for ever, he was permitted to cry aloud — "Sinner, behold your God!" The coveted privilege was granted unexpectedly and in this manner. Having to visit **Buckie** on a matter connected with his business, he went along as far as **Portgordon** for the purpose of seeing and saying farewell to his spiritual children in that quarter, and being urged by them to hold a prayer-meeting in which they would take the principal part themselves, he to do little more than give a short address, he consented. But once in the midst of so many people thirsting for the word of life in the very place where such power had formerly accompanied it, the burning desire so speak would no longer be restrained, the frailty of his body was lost sight of — thoughts of consequences to it were set aside, and once more he plunged, as it were, headlong into what was his natural element, that of winning souls to Christ, and for weeks he went through the towns as before, speaking with as much power and unction as when comparatively a strong man.

In the following letters, as before, he tells his own story:-

"**Portgordon**, Nov. 25, 1861. — You will think it strange when I tell you that I am once more busily engaged in the Lord's work, seeing that I was so weak and ill when you heard last. I went to **Buckie** to engage boats, not intending to have any meetings. After I had the boats engaged, I left **Buckie** and went to **Portgordon** to bid the people of God good-bye, intending to leave it that night again; but they got me persuaded to hold a prayer-meeting, saying they would not press me to speak. So I went to the school where the meeting was to be, and a great number of people were assembled. Of course, in such circumstances I could not be silent, and before we separated there were many indications of the Spirit's presence in our midst. I have now been three nights here, and the movement is as great as at my first visit. I left the meeting this morning at two o'clock, and the broken in heart were kneeling on the streets praying to God to have mercy on them. I am to begin this night's work in about an hour. Oh for strength of soul

and body! My cough is much better since I came here, and I actually think the work is making me better. I do not know what Dr Pirrie will think of me for this step—but it is the Lord and not me."

About three weeks later he says:-

"I was in **Portgordon** when I wrote you last. After being six days there I returned to **Buckie** for two days. The people of God there got a lift up, and I hope some were brought to Jesus who were strangers to Him before.

I then went to **Portessie**, where there were signs of the blessing even at the commencement of our first meeting, but before we separated, the Spirit seemed to be poured out on every soul in the meeting, and the people bowed themselves down before the Lord, and a great cry for mercy went up from both old and young. Next day was the Sabbath, and we resumed our meeting at 4 p.m. when about six hundred assembled. We encountered some opposition on this occasion from a rather unexpected quarter, but the Lord restrained it, and the power of God was revealed in the salvation of several souls.

The day following I went to **Findochty**, where the same power was manifested. I could not describe the scene there, as broken-hearted penitents, many backsliders returned to the Lord, who healed their backsliding, and the people of the Lord were weeping for joy. This continued for a day and a night, out and out; but I slipped quietly out of the meeting, leaving the people with the Master Himself, and went to **Portknockie**.

We had a good night there, too; but next night the boats were going to sea and I did not stop another night, but came on to **Banff**. After getting two days' rest, I began the meetings here, which have been blessed from the commencement, and the work appears to be deepening every day. My body is keeping up better than I could expect. I sometimes wonder at what God has enabled me to go through, and yet why should I do so? - as if it were anything extraordinary for the Lord to give strength for the performance of the work to which He calls. As a promise-keeping God, that is what He always will do."

These last labours were cut short by an attack of his complaint that kept him in bed for weeks, and though he lived for more than a year afterwards he never recovered strength sufficient to work again in public. Still his heart burned on with zeal for his Master's glory, and not until the last did he give up the hope of being able to resume his loved employment of winning souls to Him. One day, it being reported to him that people said his death had been brought on, at least hastened, by his abundant labours, his wife put the question,

"Were the Lord to give you back your strength again, what would you do?"

"All that I have done for Christ, *I would do over again*," he replied; "and *much* more."

Yet the good he had done, or the many souls brought to Christ through his instrumentality formed no part of the ground of his confidence toward God, and when anyone spoke of the good accomplished by his labours, he checked it at once by saying, "In the sight of God I have but *one* plea—that is, the BLOOD." In life and health he had preached the "Theology of the Blood," and now in sickness and the nearing approach of death, it was his support and comfort. Often he was overheard whispering to himself, "Yes, the blood — the precious blood." "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus" was also often

on his lips. "Blessed Jesus," he would frequently exclaim; "*what* will it be to see Thy face!"

While life was thus gently ebbing away he was not idle. During a short time that he was in the hydropathic establishment near **Aberdeen** a soul was won; and for all coming to see him after his return home he had a word in season. The undecided, or unconverted he urged with all earnestness not to rest till they had found Christ, and knew their sins were blotted out. "Nothing," he would say with deep solemnity,
"Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how you may escape the death
That never, never dies."

His brethren in Christ he constantly exhorted to labour diligently for the Lord while they had the opportunity, and would beseech them with tears to think of the multitudes that were passing into eternity, strangers to God, with all their sins about them, unpardoned and unforgiven. "Surely," he would say; "if the Lord's people realised this awful thought more, they could not be silent nor cease to warn everyone day and night with tears; if they would only devote themselves as they ought to the salvation of souls, how many might be saved from eternal burnings!"

About a week before his death, he took to his room - his work was done, he said, and he was going up to die. "Death," he said to a friend sometime after; "is no more to me than going out of this room into the next one is to you."

In this calmly-triumphant state of mind he continued until the last day of his life, when his mind wandered a little. But even then his thoughts were exclusively occupied with his Master's work. Always he imagined himself to be addressing meetings - now speaking words of comfort and encouragement to God's people, anon pleading with sinners in the most affectionate terms to come to the Saviour. For several hours before his death, however, his mind was completely restored to its wonted clearness and strength.

About 11 o'clock the night that he died his wife held up a bunch of grapes before him. He beckoned for them. Taking them into his hands in the most significant manner, he gave her two or three, taking the same for himself - they would no more taste of the fruit of the vine together until re-united they tasted the new wine in their heavenly Father's kingdom.

This over he took both her hands in his, and, having bidden her good-bye pressed her hand firmly as he said - "Christ now, Betsy! - Christ now, Betsy - Christ now, Betsy! - live to Him - trust Him and he will look after you."

"Where's George?" he asked shortly after.

"He's gone to get a little rest."

"Then call him - it's time he were up to bid me good-bye. - I'm going home."

"Maybe no- maybe not *quite* so soon, James."

"*Yes!* I'm going home, call him while I have strength to speak."

"Now, George," said he, after having settled all other matters; "fight the fight - live for Jesus - *labour* for Him as long as you live - and be as kind and faithful to my Betsy as I have been to you"

"Christ is all! CHRIST IS ALL!" was the last utterance of his spirit as it passed through the breaking shadows of a coming eternity into its glorious reality.

And thus, he fell asleep in Jesus on the 2nd day of February, 1863, aged 44 years - a workman truly that needed not be ashamed.

Deep and genuine was the sorrow with which the tidings of his death were received by his spiritual children - numbers of whom came from great distances to take their last look at the remains of him to whom they owed so much, and follow them to the grave. "Small matter indeed for me to come to **Peterhead** to pay the last tribute of respect to his lifeless body," said one of those who had come from **Portgordon**, on being spoken to about coming such a distance—" when he came so far to save my soul."

Those lips, however, though silenced for ever, had yet to preach one more powerful sermon. A young man happened to be in **Peterhead** from **St. Combs** when he died and went next day to see his corpse. He had listened to many stirring appeals from the living voice without response. But as he gazed on the wasted features and the pale lips now so strangely still, the warnings and exhortations which once proceeded from them with such burning earnestness crowded into his memory with a force and power that speedily brought him in lowly submission to the Saviour's feet. So truly and markedly, in this case, did James Turner being dead yet speak.

CHAPTER VII.

WITNESS BEARING.

PETERHEAD, as most readers will probably be aware, is a stirring seaport town situated on a tongue-shaped slip of land jutting out into the North Sea.

The view from the tip of this peninsula is very extensive —southward, of the Buchanness and the rock-girdled coast beyond, among the slopes of which nestle **Colliston** and the other fishing towns which were the scene of James Turner's *earliest* labours — while northward as far as the eye can reach is the storm-worn bluff **Rattrayhead**, where the coast, suddenly turning inward, curves gracefully along in a westerly direction until it joins the shores of the Moray Frith. Along which part of the coast lie **St. Combs, Inverallochy, Cairnbulg, Broadsea, Fraserburgh, Pitullie, Roseheart, Portknockie, Findochty, Portessie, Buckie, Portgordon, Banff, Macduff, Whitehills, &c.**, and other towns where, towards the end of his career, with a spirit quickened into white-heat earnestness, he spread a stream of living fire which circled them in one by one not like lambent cincture, to amuse and excite by its unusual and brilliant coruscations, but, by its mighty action, to produce changes which are not merely *visible* now, but *continuous* also in their action unto the present day.

Except to lovers of the sea, **Peterhead** and its environs present few features of great physical beauty or interest, but while to the mere tourist everything would look tame and unattractive, there is one little spot on the east side of the ruin in the old churchyard of this hardy northern burgh where hundreds, I may say thousands of the noblest hearts that beat along the coast side both north and south, have come to look upon. I need scarcely say that the spot I refer to is a grave, and the grave that of James Turner. Being within a few miles of **Peterhead** one summer I could not think of leaving without visiting also the last resting-place of my early friend. In finding it I thought there would be no difficulty, expecting that some monument, at least tablet, would mark the place. It was not so, and having searched in vain for some time I applied to the sexton, who, having led the way to the lowly spot, said most emphatically, as he pointed it out, "*That's* James Turner's grave," and "*there's mony a ane* comes to see it."

I have, however, a further reason for noting this circumstance than that of verifying the existence of such interest among the people, viz., that it being customary for authors to preface their works with a reason or reasons for having written them, I so far reverse the order as to give mine now, as from the visit paid to this grave arose the circumstances to which this book owes its existence. In relating the facts and circumstances connected with its origin, as well as those which form its subject matter, from this point onward, I wish to deprecate criticism, disarm it rather by saying that I merely take the place of a *Witness-bearer*, attempting no explanation, offering no opinion, but merely *recording* facts that any others, if so inclined, may verify for themselves. The value of evidence depends not on the beauty of sentiment connected with it, - nor elegance of the terms in which it may be couched, but on the direct bearing which the facts made known by the witness have on the case in hand. According as these facts are stated fully, simply, - and clearly, so do they weigh for or against it, and help to the rendering or bringing in of a true verdict. Acting on the principle of telling the truth, the *whole* truth, and *nothing* but the truth, that alone giving evidence real

value, it will be my endeavour so to give, from personal observation, my evidence regarding the great work accomplished by James Turner.

To tell *all* the truth about it, however, will in one sense be impossible — only when the final records are opened will that be known. To tell all the truth even in a more limited sense is scarcely possible, memory being unequal to the task of reproducing all the ordinary and extraordinary facts and incidents connected with God's work of grace, which were crowded under all sorts of circumstances into my mind. Only, after I fall upon the expedient of using my pencil, I can promise my reader a series of clear, connected, truthful narratives almost *verbatim* from the lips or pens of those subjects of divine grace and mercy.

As stated before, all that I have to say dates from the grave of James Turner. If I intended to deal in sentiment here would be a capital opportunity of indulging in it, by telling how thought after thought rose in my mind while standing by the lowly bed of this remarkable man, but one saying of his own is alone worth recording. Three boys who sat with him in the back seat of Mr. Yule's Bible-class having begun to study for the ministry, he had, after his conversion, a great desire to do the same. Finding it impossible to carry out his wishes, he said, "I resolved that, by the grace of God, I would be the means of saving as many souls as any of them." How far this resolution was carried into practical effect has already be shown in the preceding pages, and will yet more abundantly be so in the concluding ones.

I go on now to say that from the resting-place of the dead I went to seek out the dwelling-place of the living — that of the Betsy whom he so lovingly confided to the care of his heavenly Father. As was natural, things connected with him, and the work of God through him, formed the principal topics of our conversation, and before we parted, I had undertaken to write a small tract, in which the facts of his life and labours were to be summarised — his diary, and a small memoir published shortly after his death, and now out of print, being put into my hands for the purpose. [*"The life and Labours of the Late James Turner"*] Little enough did I suspect the nature of the work I had undertaken, and it was, at least, long of being begun to be carried into execution. First one year passed and then another, and still it seemed further than ever beyond my power to redeem this promise or fulfil this engagement. But in the beginning of this year, 1875, not only was every difficulty suddenly cleared out of the way, but I became conscious of a strong influence on my mind leading me on to do it.

On beginning to prepare by reading the diary and memoir, I clearly saw that a tract would be about as good as nothing in giving an adequate idea of the man and his work. Conscious that a *book* was necessary, my next care was *how* to write it. Was I to weave the facts and incidents in my possession into a continuous narrative, or was I to allow James Turner, with voiceless tongue, to tell his own story? Having reason to believe that the book would be more useful by allowing him to speak for himself, I prepared the materials at command in that manner. The next thing was how to complete it? Having obtained divine guidance regarding this particular point, not by any supernatural means, but in connection with reading certain passages of scripture (John 5v34-36, and Acts 5v38,39), from them I plainly saw the course I was to pursue. I was not to *write* any one asking information, or, in other words, receive the testimony of man regarding the fruits of that work — their nature and extent — but was myself to *go* and see them, and so receive, as it were, God's testimony to the reality of the *work*

being His, or, as sufficient time had elapsed, to have the other part of the criterion — the test of time - applied fully, go and find that, if the work had been of men, that it was come to nothing.

So clearly was all this wrought out in my consciousness that I did not for a moment hesitate whether or not I should do it, but, having had for these years no communication with James Turner's relations, merely took the preliminary step of apologizing for my long silence and non-performance of promise, by informing them that I had a considerable part of a new memoir prepared, and merely hinted at my purpose of visiting the places where the work had been carried on. They approved highly of my purpose or plan, and pointed out at once the way in which it could be most efficiently carried into execution. This, then, in the first place, is a simple, truthful, exhaustive account of what led to the writing of this volume, and in every successive step it will be seen more and more clearly that it has been a work of faith as well as a labour of love.

I begin the reminiscences of my journey from **Peterhead**; of course, after what has been said, it will be clearly understood that by this is meant that now I am to describe what I have seen for myself of God's work of grace, not merely as wrought *in* the hearts of these people, but as wrought *out* in their daily life, with its reality tested by death and every variety of circumstance. Readers will remember that though for years in possession of Mr. Turner's papers I had *no* communication with his relations, but on coming into personal contact with them I found that, about the time my way was so unexpectedly cleared of hindrances to writing the tract and a positive influence brought to bear upon my mind *to do it*, there was special prayer being made to the very effect that it might be so. How is the curious coincidence to be accounted for except on the supposition, ground rather, that God hears and answers prayer?

The next thing that came to my knowledge is still more curious, viz., that James Turner on being importuned to complete his own account of the work, most decidedly said, "No! I have written enough, **God will attest the rest.**" Here again I may ask how is this still more singular coincidence to be accounted for? viz., that after a lapse of nearly fifteen years the mind of one in perfect ignorance that ever such words were uttered had been so influenced and instructed as to go out in this manner and get God's attestation to the reality of the work accomplished by His servant? except on the supposition that Omniscient Love loses sight of no act of trust exercised in itself, but will in its own time and way endorse the bill thus drawn upon it.

My short stay in **Peterhead** was principally occupied with getting necessary information as to *how* I would best reach the people, &c., yet even in this limited, preoccupied space I received the first instalment of what I afterwards received in great abundance. A lady called; her introduction was - "This is one of James's spiritual children." It was so.

After the affair of the deputation mentioned in the preceding pages, meetings were commenced in the cooperage. His faith being sorely tested, he asked God to give him a token for good if these newly commenced meetings were according to His will. The answer to that request came in the shape of a great baptism of the Spirit that very night. One woman (afterwards brought to Christ) was prostrated. This lady was present, and, being afraid, ran out of the meeting, but ran with the arrows of the Almighty sticking

in her conscience, so it was not very long ere she was brought down. Other members of the family followed. The particulars would be interesting, but memory is unequal to their reproduction.

Next morning, when fairly on the way to **St. Combs**, I began to realise what a work I had undertaken. Difficulty after difficulty rose up but only to be set aside by the inevitable it *must* be gone through now. How these difficulties vanished into nothingness at every step, the following pages will make manifest.

Arrived at **Rathen**, nearest station to **St. Combs**, several miles had to be walked with considerable chance of going wrong, there being no direct road, nor was here any conveyance. But here are a company of fisherwomen going to **Inverallochy**, they will not see the stranger at a loss, they will go out of their usual way to make sure that she goes right. It is not needed. By-and-bye comes along a fisherman going to **St. Combs**, who is quite sure that he knows the very house, for although there are several people of the same name, yet he knows who I want, as "a'body goes to see her."

My companion was not a man of many words; when a question was asked it was answered very briefly. Once or twice, when not distinctly heard or misunderstood, elicited a "sir," instead of the feminine term, of which mistake of course I was perfectly oblivious — his desire to be respectful was very evident. I fancy he would have preferred silence but I wanted information, and this opportunity of getting it could not be lost. By-and-bye, however, the ice of reserve gave way, and I learned that **St. Combs** was a fine place to live in for them that wanted to live a quiet life, for there was little to draw the mind away, little temptation, as there was not a public-house now in the whole town; they had a butcher's shop instead. Then there were temperance meetings every week, and they were a fine thing for the young, some of whom he believed, if they had seen spirits, had at least never tasted them.

In regard to more spiritual things he did not appear to be so well versed, or, at least, so communicative. Only he admitted that it was a good thing to have a hope in Christ, and be living for a better world, and that even the state of **St. Combs** showed that godliness was profitable for *this* life as well as for the future one. On the whole, so far as the man let himself out to me, I could gather that he was a Christian, though, perhaps, on a somewhat low platform of experience. There might have been much water in the well but it was deep down and difficult to draw, in this respect quite unlike the overflowing wells of living water which I soon after met with by hundreds.

However, we are now at **St. Combs**, about as unpicturesque a little town as can well be imagined — a lot of houses huddled together in the most irregular manner among sand hills. The one attempt at a street having the houses turned towards it, some by the front, others the back, gable, or such of the intermediate angles as suited the owners' taste or convenience. Of course, that is a matter of no moment, but a fresh eye could not help taking it in.

Reaching the house, my guide, seemingly determined to make sure of my being "richt", knocked and remained waiting. There was no response, so he opened the outer door and knocked again at an inner one which stood partly open, still no answer. The delay gave time to take in the general impression that everything was very clean and comfortable-looking in this humble dwelling. After another knock equally fruitless, he

pushed up the door and went in, I following. There was no one in the house. Yes, there is, someone in bed — it was the person sought.

"Are ye ill, B__?" asked my guide.

"Aye, but ye needna be feart, it's nae fever." The last words were so evidently intended for me that I felt quite introduced, and after a little mutual questioning and explanation found I was right — right in every sense of the word — so my guide soon after took his departure.

I was greatly pleased with my new friend, though there was little enough about her of that outward grace and beauty which does so readily attract. Her beauty was entirely of a spiritual nature — that of a truly sanctified soul. Possibly the idea these words may call up in my reader's mind is anything but a pleasant one, that, perhaps, of a hard, dry, angular Christian, so frigid and perpendicular, that the very thought of personal contact almost makes one shiver. Well, it was not so; this humble woman was full of gentle feeling, of a glad joyousness of spirit which she was neither too proud nor too shy to express.

I am the more particular in noting this as I found her to be a representative character. The religion which I was now about to be privileged to see was a joyous, gladsome one — one that made its possessors happy, some marvellously so. Except in a very few cases, I found very little of the sighing and moaning, the weeping and groaning, which seems so natural for some to consider an integral part of religious, character. Along this coast it was altogether different. The genuine Psalmist type prevailed. Praise the Lord! Bless His name! The "joyful noise," the gladsome song or thanksgiving were much more frequent than the hanging head, or rueful look, which unhappily is so common. The religion here, lovely, joyful, social, gets expression — like little birds, whose varied and mellow voices are heard all the day long, so do they sing the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

But to return:- I had not sat long by her sick-bed ere her mother came in, also a lovable old woman, an Israelite indeed, like her daughter, with perhaps more intellectual vigour. On learning the object of my visit she evinced the most cordial sympathy with it. I had just taken the right plan and had begun at the right place, for, as she said:

"It was at this very door that James Turner came speerin' if he could get a meetin."

"Aye," says I till 'im, "ye'll get a meetin."

"And will I get a bed here?"

"Aye, ye'll get a bed here, an' a cup o' tea as weel, which I'm thinkin yer sair needin."

"I'm not needing tea."

"Maybe no; but come awa' in owre, ye'll be nane the waur o't."

"I saw fine," she said, "that he was sair eneuch needin' it, for he had come through the country on his fit."

Previous to this, I must notice that I had been almost forced by the kindly old woman from my seat by the bedside of her daughter to one near the fire. From this position I noticed that while the mother spoke, the daughter's face brightened up with a curious eager expression. Again and again she looked at me and turned to her mother, lifting up her hand to enforce silence. The old woman did not appear to have noticed the movement and went on speaking. At length she got the wished-for opportunity to speak.

"Mither!" she said, pointing to me where I sat, "that's the lady I was tellin' ye was to come an' bide a night in oor hoose. That's her, Miss__" she again said, addressing another person who had shortly before come in. Then, turning again to me, she said, with such a loving, kindly expression in her eye, "I was tellin' them ten days ago ye were comin'."

That's impossible," I said ; "*no one knew then.*"

"Yes," she replied, "the Lord knew, and I saw you comin' *swiftly* by the hill o' Mormond, and they ken there," pointing at the same time to her mother and Miss__, "that I telt them there was a lady comin', and what like ye was, that ye had fair hair," &c., "and the road ye would come —past Mormond — but I wasna latten ken what yer errand was," she said, "but I *ken noo*. An' when I telt my mither first, she said that ye would need to be ane o' the Lord's ain or ye wouldna pit up wi' the like o' us. And I jist said till her, that if ye werena ane o' His ain children He wouldna send ye here."

This account was enough to rouse anyone's curiosity, and I questioned her hard but could elicit nothing more than what I have already stated, that some ten days before she had a dream or vision in which she saw me personally, was made acquainted with the road I was to come to their house, that I was to be a night in it, that I had a special errand which was not made known to her. After giving me again these particulars the same as at first, she added, "but there were two men connected some way with your visit to this house and a woman, a friend of my own, for they were all to be here the same time as you."

Then she looked inquiringly.

"No," I said, answering the look, "I do not know anything about them, and there are no men in any way connected with the work I have in hand." How both these items were filled in I will afterwards have to notice.

I need not relate more of the conversation that followed, but during it I learned that it was no uncommon thing for B__ to have such intimations of things yet in the future. I have often lingered over such passages as these (1 Sam.9v15,17), in astonishment at the familiarity which the words betoken. Was this an instance of the same amazing condescension on God's part?

So far as I have had opportunity of observing, it is among the poorer classes — poor in intellectual culture as well as in material wealth - that grace wins its most complete triumphs. To their undisputing simple hearts God seems to take special delight in revealing Himself. Often they are found in possession of much more of His illuminating Spirit, or, as Paul phrases it, "the spirit of wisdom and revelation," than minds of richer culture. The reason probably being, that in cultivated intellects there is a pride which even a devout mind can with difficulty repress. And pride *so* offensive is to God, that the slightest tincture of the Satanic mixture checks the intercourse between the human spirit and Him. I make these remarks because I was, in the first place, much impressed with the beautiful simplicity of character, the keen spiritual intelligence, and, at the same time, lowliness of heart which characterised this woman; and, in the second place, to prepare readers for many other examples of the same divine intimacy which she was privileged to enjoy.

I must not, however, forget the object of my visit to **St. Combs**. Here James Turner began his work. Here also was, consequently, the fitting place to begin applying the

God-given test as to its genuineness. Here also I was in the very house he had first entered in the little town in which his peace and blessing still rested. Here I could also not merely learn about his public work and its results, but about his private life also and the incidents connected with it. I regret much that I did not use my pencil here but to a very limited extent, being, for one thing, fearful that the people might not speak with the same freedom if they saw me writing down what they said.

Then every one's story was so deeply interesting, and the details so clearly given, that I fancied it impossible I should ever forget them; at least, I supposed myself quite capable of recalling as much of them as would serve my purpose. But, having to wait some hours for the **Banff** train, I tried to utilise these hours by reproducing some of these stories of grace, and soon found, to my dismay, that I could not produce one as I got it. I had heard too much for memory to be faithful, for the people gave willingly the account of God's wondrous dealings with them through the instrumentality of James Turner.

Did speaking of these things have no evil tendency, such as puffing up somewhat, etc.? Quite the opposite effect seemed to be produced. It seemed as if God were saying to them as to the people of old, "Ye are my witnesses," and in bearing that witness, He blessed their spirits largely, and some of them could not help expressing their wonder at the clearness and vividness with which they could recall the experiences of so many years' standing.

Take first the case of an old man. He drank hard, so hard that his wife and eldest daughter, by their united labours, kept the family from complete destitution. Under James Turner this man was awakened; his wife and eldest daughter, already Christians, were greatly blessed. The rest of the family were all brought to Christ, some of them in a way which I will afterwards notice. But the old man himself, though led to cry aloud for mercy, never seemed to get hold of Christ. There was considerable reformation for a while, the stream of blasphemy was dried up, and the evil temper so far stayed that, to use his wife's words, "we cam' hame thegither like lambies." But he had not got the "heart-grip" of Christ, so an evil day came thus:

There was one young man not merely very much given to drink himself; but a tempter of others. He was much opposed to James Turner's work, and he did all he could to lead the old man back into sin. One day he succeeded, and led him home to his wife in a beastly condition, glorying in his triumph.

The poor woman beheld the sight from her window. Several of her sons, now converted young men, being in the house, were angry. But their mother, in her wisdom, bound them down not to say one word to him *whatever he might say to her*. Then going to the door to meet him, she took him out of his tempter's arm into her own, without deigning to notice his exultant laugh, and said to her husband, "Oh, Ansie, my dear, ye've turned terrible weak since I left ye; jist lean on me an' come awa' in!"

"Aye, 'oman, I'm terrible weak," he stuttered out.

"Aye, yer weak!" she again repeated as she dragged him in, "but jist lie doon in yer bed there, and I'll get a cupfu' o' tea ready for ye, an' that'll help to strengthen ye." And with such kind words she got him huddled into bed where he soon fell sound asleep, and so the tempter was foiled, for there was none of the old uproarious scenes which he had expected.

Next day she met the young man on the street; he was sober, now, therefore, was her time to give the word of reproof, so she walked up to him and said quietly, "Noo, Willie, ye leuch at me yesterday; ye thocht ye had gained a cause against us. But min', there's nae lachin' in hell, there's remorse there; an' there's nae lachin' in heaven for the drunkard, for there's *nane* o' them *there*."

The man trembled before her, his face turned ashy pale, and he passed on without a word. But swiftly and surely these words did their work. That night he was found in the inquirer's meeting, and soon after he professed to obtain an interest in Christ. Some time after, as if to give him a taste of then cup which he had put into another's hand to drink, he was permitted to fall into the sin of drunkenness, but soon after recovered his spiritual footing, and not long after died very peacefully, trusting and declaring that he had found acceptance through the blood of the Lamb.

So much for the tempter's history. To return to the old man:- His case for a time seemed very much like the man out of whom the devil being cast, not only afresh made good his entrance, but took other seven devils in with him. Yet the blessed Spirit of the living God was more than a match for them all!, and they were not only cast out but the King Himself came and took possession.

For a time he appeared to live in open, stout-hearted rebellion, and made the home-life of his family not very pleasant, yet even then, to use his own words, "I was mony a time seeking the Lord amo' the braes, oot o' sicht."

Conviction deepened until he got into great distress. "What am I gaun to dee?" he often cried in deep anguish. But by-and-bye the cry of distress was changed into the joyful, testimony, "I've gotten Him noo! I've gotten Him noo! I've got the heavenly talent, an' I'll not tie it up in a napkin; I'll trade wi't."

Soon after, sickness unto death seized him.

"Father, are ye trustin' Jesus?" asked his daughter.

"Oh aye, Jesus is worthy to trust till."

"Dee ye' love Jesus?"

"Oh, aye, I love Jesus." Still his cup was not full, for he said to his wife,

"Woman, I'm nae gettin' dyin' grace."

"Oh, but ye'll get dyin' grace, Ansie, my dear." And then she went to Him who seeth in secret, and cried, " Oh! Father, deal kin'ly wi' my Ansie, noo; gie him a safe passage."

Soon after her ears were gladdened with the joyful shout,

"Glory! hallelujah ! I've gotten dyin' grace; *dooble* dyin' grace! I'm washed in the blood. I'm filled wi' the new wine!"

This new wine not only caused his lips to speak very sweetly, but so much that, fearing he would hurt himself, they wished him to hold his tongue.

"Na," he cried; "my heart's made free wi' the love o' Jesus; I canna haud my tongue. His love'll dee naebody nae ill. I have a work to dee and I maun dee 't. The Spirit's doon noo.

“ 'The heavenly wind is blowing,
The mighty waters flowing,
Our hearts with love are glowing
To Him who's been the conqueror,
And brought the glory in!"

Dinna greet for me, B___. My Master calls me and I must go to 'My glorious, happy home.'

The Lord's beckonin' to me! What's this, noo?" he again cried in tones of astonishment and delight — and so he died.

Take now the death of a little one — so little that most people would have thought her too young to be spoken to on soul matters. James Turner did not think so, and he did speak to her very simply about Jesus, and so doing won her little heart first to himself — for the child loved him dearly and would, if possible, always have kept him in her sight — and ultimately to his Master, for the words he spoke to her took deep root in her heart, and after germinating there for some time, came to the surface in this wise:— She slept with an aunt, and one night, instead of being asleep as usual, the aunt found her bitterly weeping.

"Ou, Bellie, foo are ye greetin?"

"I'm greetin' 'cause I'm gaen to hell," sobbed out the child.

"Fat gars ye think ye'r gaen to hell, my lamb?"

"'Cause I'm nae convertit. I've disobeyet the Lord, an' I've disobeyet ma mither, an' I'll *hae* to gang!"

"Bit ye love Jesus, dinna ye, Bellie?"

"Na, na, I dinna love Jesus. I'm nae convertit - I'm nae gweed - I dinna love Jesus," again sobbed out the little one.

But Jesus loves you, Bellie. He loved ye that weel, that He died for ye. His blood can wash awa' a' yer sins, an' ye mann jist believe that, Bellie."

"Jesus' blood! Jesus died! Well, I'll lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God," and, as if she saw Him right before her, she stretched out her arms and cried —

Oh, my bonny, dear, Lord Jesus, if I had ony bawbees I would gie ye them.

"Dee ye love Jesus noo, Bellie?"

"On aye, I love Jesus noo ; my bonny, dear, Jesus, I love Him noo;" and she began to sing—

'I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes I do
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and He loves me too.'

And for several hours the child sang on such little hymns as she was familiar with. I cannot tell the story of her life — it was a short one. She did not care for play, but was extremely fond of singing, only hymns, however. If her grandmother would sing an amusing rhyme to her she would say— "Oh, Lucky, dinna sing that, for Jesus is nae in it."

Her favourite hymns were such as—

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus!
Though Thou art precious unto me,
Thousands in Thy blessed person
No comeliness can see.

Lovely Jesus! lovely Jesus
Oh, draw sinners unto thee
Lovely Jesus! oh, my Saviour!
Give them eyes Thy charms to see.

By-and-bye the summons came for this little lamb, and after taking farewell of her friends, she clapped her hands, as if in an ecstasy of delight; then waving them upwards, as if giving someone the signal that she was coming, her spirit took its triumphant flight.

I wish I could give the spiritual history of this child's mother as I heard it from her own lips, but I can only do so in meagre outline. A daughter of the old man whose story I have just told, she was from childhood a very good girl - so good that herself and others thought she was all right, a true Christian; but the righteousness she possessed was her own not Christ's.

The night that James Turner came to **St. Combs**, her mother transferred him to her house as being most convenient for him. She gladly received him, and did all in her power to make him comfortable. She could not get his meetings attended, but his life told upon her spirit more than his words would have done - those mighty wrestlings with God of which she was not the eye, but the ear witness were something new, for, as she stated to me, when he came home from the meetings at night or in the morning, instead of going quickly to bed to rest, the last thing they heard before going to sleep was his voice pleading with God in behalf of souls. He knew it not, but these midnight wrestlings were perhaps the only means that could have, in the first place, disturbed the false peace in which her soul was so securely swaddled up. It was still further broken in upon by the conversion of a brother much the same in character as herself. "Oor ___ needin' to be convertit like the rest!" - She couldn't get over it. Then step by step the Spirit of God led her on to a full realisation of her lost condition in His sight.

For a considerable time, she kept what was passing in her mind to herself, but her distress deepened and deepened, until it would no longer hide, and she wandered about from one group to another in hopes that someone would speak to her, but the idea that she was a Christian already prevented anyone from doing so. Wherever she went, everybody was rejoicing in God, while she felt herself an outcast. Failing in other places, she sought out her godly sister B___, but, to her dismay, came upon her surrounded by a lot of young girls all rejoicing - laughing at her misery, as she was almost tempted to think.

Moving away from them, she sought out her mother, and finding her in like manner in the midst of another rejoicing company, she was about to turn away in utter desolation of spirit, when her mother, noticing the anguished look, cried—

"What ails ye, M___, are ye seekin' Jesus?"

"Aye am I, mither!" and then the long pent-up feelings found vent in a cry for mercy.

I cannot describe the long, hard struggle ere she got the assurance of her acceptance through the blood of the Lamb. But at length she did so very clearly, while kneeling at an arm-chair in the "ben-end" of her house. So abundant, indeed, was the revelation that the Lord made of Himself to her heart that she was quite overpowered, and lay for some time in the floor insensible - her body seemed in a moment to be shattered to pieces like so much glass, but her soul was unutterably happy in the presence of Jesus.

When she came to herself, if I remember rightly, though a very orderly woman, she ran out with hair dishevelled, crying, "I've gotten Him noo"; and began to tell inquirers how easy it was to find Jesus, that if they would just come in and kneel down at her arm-chair, they would get Him there as she did. In the simplicity of her heart she really thought it would be so.

While this was transpiring, her husband was at sea. When the boat came, they hastened to him with the joyful news that he had gotten "*a new wife*" that morning. He knew what that meant, for he had become a new man in Christ Jesus before, and hastened home to rejoice with her; and husband and wife are still walking hand-in-hand as heirs together of the grace of Life.

Similar accounts might now be given of several other members of this family could I only recall the facts related to me by them, but I can merely say of them collectively, that their consciences, quickened by divine truth, spoken to them directly or indirectly through James Turner, "found rest where the justice of God found rest - in the BLOOD of Jesus."

The case of the youngest son is an exception to this unavoidable oblivion. He was the young man awakened while taking his last look at the lifeless clay of James Turner, and it was truly interesting to have the account *viva voce* how the silent lips spoke more powerfully than did ever the living voice, and how wounded thus by an unseen hand to the very depths of his being, he, some two weeks after, entered into rest and peace through that blessed little word WHOSOEVER. In it he saw himself included, and the sequel of his story may be found in the stanza —

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

After these experiences, I might also go on to tell of the opposition James Turner met with in this little place, but it is enough to say that he was opposed, chiefly by those too, who might have been expected to take sides with him. Yet there is something to be said for them - coming right into their midst not only with the suddenness of some blazing meteor, but the destructiveness also of a bomb-shell, spreading death and devastation around him in every direction; and, though it was among the enemies of the King, the spiritual force was so new, and terrible, that some seemed afraid, and kept aloof from it, while bolder spirits did what they could to subdue it.

Now, however, these people have learned something of its true nature, and James Turner, with all his force and fire, would be gladly welcomed, or any other one partaker of the same spirit.

"Aye, there's mony a ane been amon's sin' syne, but there's nane o' them a' like James Turner " are words not infrequently heard from the lips of those, who formed then the opposition party-words, which may be fairly considered as *their* testimony regarding his work in their little town as to whether it was of God or not.

Thus did the hours pass of the night I spent in **St. Combs**, in receiving testimony after testimony of the successes, and triumphs of divine grace, as wrought out in personal experience - blessing, blessing, blessing on every side, in awakening, in conversion, in the raising also of God's children from a state of bondage and fear, to a spiritual level so high, that, unmoved by changing circumstances, through all these intervening years, their hearts have never ceased to sing a doxology to Jesus.

Next day there occurred some incidents, which these reminiscences would not be complete without stating. A day or two previous to my visit, a fishing boat, belonging to **Inverallochy**, had been lost, and all the crew perished except one man. Five weeks prior to that, exactly the same thing had taken place. Ten such deaths in five weeks was no ordinary occurrence. One of the bodies had been got, and this day was that of the funeral. Two of the men, who had been at it, came over from **Inverallochy** to visit the people in whose house I was, - dressed, of course, in the circumstances, as much in mourning guise as possible.

I was by the bedside of my sick friend taking notes when they came in and sat down one on each side of the fire. Soon after, a middle-aged woman came in. Seeing the strangers, she looked somewhat abashed, and remained only so long as to settle a little business with B___. While speaking, she stood quite close to me, and once or twice looked as if she wanted to speak, and for the sake of courtesy I also wished to speak to her, yet she left without us having exchanged words - I notice this because of what came after.

I felt somewhat disappointed when the men came in, as I had just begun to take notes of B___'s spiritual history and would have no other opportunity of doing so. But when the conversation turned upon the subject of my visit, I was quite compensated. The youngest of the two men was, in a sense, one of James Turner's spiritual children, as he was awakened by him, for, as he told me, the depths of his nature were stirred, and so stirred that he never had peace any more till he found it in Christ, yet it was not for some years, as there was an object stood between him and Christ. The nature of the disturbing object he would have passed over, but as if by way of authenticating the narrative, one of the company nodded to me as if to draw attention, then said, in a distinct whisper, "It was his sweetheart." Slightly disconcerted, he paused for a moment, then, with a slight confirmatory gesture, went on to say how he was enabled to place his feet upon the Rock of Ages, but not until several years after James Turner's death. His case, he said, was a sample of what took place in many others, to whom James Turner proved, as it were, like a powder-blast in a quarry that effectually broke up the solid mass of indifference, and spiritual death, and that, though they lay about for a while, yet like broken stones, they were gathered up and quickened and built into the King's spiritual temple.

The elder of the two men had not, so far as I remember, come personally under the influence of James Turner, but he related an incident which speaks volumes as to the practical effects of his labours on others: -

"A man named J__ S__, having sold a small boat, was assisted by another man, or men, taking it along the coast to its new owners. In doing so they encountered quite a storm, and, if I remember rightly, had to run into some place short of their destination.

They asked the first man they met with where the public-house was.

"I'll let you see," he replied, and led them along a bit. Then in front of it he stopped and said, "*That's* the public-house, but the outside of it is the safest side; but I see yer position, ye'r needin' your clothes dried, and ye'r needin' refreshment, so if ye'll go wi' me to my house I'll do what I can to make you comfortable."

They gladly accepted the hospitable offer and were so kindly entertained that they could not help asking their host why he had taken such an unusual interest in them.

"Weel," said the man; "there came a man here to preach, that they called James Turner. He was a faithful servant of God, but I thocht little o' him and went to scoff, and get a little fun to myself from him. But the Lord made him the means o' savin' my soul, and makin' me a new man, as you have had a proof of this day, for, before the time I speak of, I would not only have shown you the public-house but would have gone in with you an' helped ye on to the devil as fast as I could, but now, by the grace of God and the instrumentality of James Turner, I try to get as many of my fellow-creatures out of his power as possible."

When the men rose to leave I said, "You men cannot go away after a talk like this without prayer."

"What, *me*?" said the young one quickly.

"Yes, *you*." I replied, almost amused at the look with which the words were accompanied, though I had not, in making the request, thought of him specially. Then he did pray, and prayed so that I thought, so far as the words were concerned, he was no novice, and as to the devotion of spirit there could be little question.

No sooner had they gone than B__ said, "Noo that's the whole thing. Yon's the twa men that I saw along wi' you, an' they hav' na been in oor hoose" (I think she said) "this eighteen months afore. Did you notice," she again asked; "hoo the young man looked at ye when ye bade him pray?"

" Yes."

"Weel, he never prayed afore onybody till this day, an' it cost him nae little to begin afore you. I saw the struggle fine, but he got the victory, an' it'll be a blessin' till him, for he's a rael gweed lad, but just keepit owre muckle back. You wud notice that woman tee that cam' in, an' didna speak to ye. Ye see when ye didna speak to her she didna like to speak to you first. Weel, it's jist the vera thing that I saw fulfilled, the men an' the woman, so ye see hoo the Lord has latten us ken that ye're oot on His errand, and oor prayer will be that He may gang afore you an' open up yer way as He has deen here."

At **Inverallochy**, where I next went, I got very little information, the day of my visit being that of the funeral. As the men were not at sea, there was a sermon in the evening, and so I had little opportunity of speaking to the people. Next morning, however, at the station, Miss__, who had accompanied me there, introduced to me a girl from **Inverallochy** who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth within the last few

weeks. She talked very sweetly about her new experience. Some of her expressions were very simple, yet beautiful, such as —"she had no fear of God now — she could go to Him more readily than she could do to her mither — she was full and satisfied and yet she had a want, a kind of thirst for God."

"What was the means of awakening you?"

"My uncle's sudden death, five weeks ago, made me feel the necessity of being ready. He was one of the men that was lost in the first boat. He was a good man, and was brought to the Lord fourteen years ago by James Turner."

"And did he live a consistent Christian life all these years?"

"Aye, he did that; he was a godly man."

"Were there any more brought to the Lord at that time?"

"Yes, my father, A__ W__, and my uncle I__ W__, and they have been steadfast Christians."

"Do you know of any more?"

"Yes, there was Mrs A__ S__, and there was C__ M__, and J__ M__, and J__ S__, and there were two lads in the boat that was lost on Saturday, brothers, baith drowned; gweed lads they were, and consistent Christians, as a' the rest were that I've named, an' James Turner was their spiritual father, and I may say he was mine too, for my father was aye speakin' to me, and I felt his influence though I never came to decision till after my uncle's death."

Some time after, in taking her Bible out of her bag to show me the verses on which her soul had "grounded," which were the 28th and 29th verses of the tenth chapter of John - "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." In showing me these verses I noticed that her Bible was well worn, and when she opened it, several little tracts fell out. Taking them up she said, with softened voice —

"They were my uncle's, he thocht muckle o' them an' keepit' them in his Bible; an' he liket this terrible weel tee," taking out an old, worn copy of the *Herald of Mercy* - how old I do not know, as there was no date upon it, but it was worn to tatters nearly.

Taking it into my hand I found it especially worn at one place which gave an account of a railway accident at Thorpe, when among those killed was a faithful minister of Christ, who, in his sermon time Sabbath before, remarked that "death might be nearer to some of them than they imagined; nearer, perhaps, to the preacher than he may think," and in less than one short week he was called to stand before his Maker. "Dear reader," the article ended, "is there not a lesson in this sad catastrophe?' Oh that men were wise and would lay these things to heart; that they would consider their latter end!' Still are we, though in the midst of many dangers, preserved, and in the land of the living. But we cannot tell what a day may bring to us. These *awful gates* which opened so *suddenly* for these our fellow-creatures must, will open for us, each of us."

Perhaps not many hours after I__ W__ read these words, these awful gates of death opened as suddenly to him as they did to those on the railway at Thorpe.

Seeing my interest in the paper, the girl offered it for my acceptance, and it now lies before me, a cherished memento of my visit to **Cairnbulg** and **Inverallochy**.

One thing more I state regarding this young woman, viz., that she was on her way to **Peterhead** to visit her sister and brother-in-law to tell them what Christ had done for her soul, and to endeavour to bring them to decision. This was her sole errand, I found, for taking the journey.

So closes the line of testimony from **St. Combs, Cairnbulg, and Inverallochy** that the work that James Turner wrought amongst them was of God. To all, it will be evident, that, instead of making an exhaustive examination of these places, I have only touched them at one point, and, if working it so very little yielded such rich returns, what a mass of evidence could have been collected had the whole been fully explored.

Passing over the intermediate towns of **Broadsea, Fraserburgh, Pitullie**, etc., where much valuable evidence could also have been gathered on the same point, **Banff** becomes the next field of research. Here the form of testimony will become more direct, as it is given verbatim from the mouths of living witnesses, or written by them and sent me for the express purpose of insertion in this volume since the commencement of 1875. The very fact that after a lapse of 15 years so many people are not only willing, but in some instances eagerly so, to give their testimony as to the spiritual benefit derived from James Turner's work while among them, amounts in itself to a demonstration that it was of God.

CHAPTER VIII

WITNESS BEARING-BANFF.

By someone in Banff

The visit of Mr. Turner to **Banff** about 15 years ago is fresh in the minds of many. Not a few still living in the community, as well as many, who have gone abroad, will never forget it. After the spiritual awakening in America and Ireland, as well as in several parts in the south of Scotland, many a dweller in the north country was led to cry that the wave of spiritual blessing then passing over the land might be given to them. And God heard and answered their cry, and gave such a blessing as the part of the country visited has not since experienced the like awakening.

In the fishing villages to the west of **Banff** the fallow ground first begins to be broken up. Intensely strange and interesting tidings, not unmixed with something of the ludicrous, reach us of their proceedings - men and women going almost frantic, and yet professedly the one desire of their hearts is to know God as a sin-pardoning God and as their Saviour. Strong men, we hear, are being prostrated before God, crying for mercy; women mourning with a Rachel-like lamentation, but from a different cause. Rachel weeps because her children are being ruthlessly torn from her side; the weeping here is because the soul is bowed down with a burden of sin it is unable to bear.

The tidings were received with almost universal incredulity, the few, who received and thanked God for them, being but solitary exceptions in the great mass of the people. Several parties curious to know the real nature and workings of the revival going on in the west, paid a visit to the spot, not, indeed, for the purpose of receiving benefit to their souls, but for the purpose of criticising, and caricaturing the work, while all the while there is a deep-rooted consciousness that there is a reality in it after all. They found religion as they had never seen it before, and their almost universal verdict was that it was excitement, fanaticism, and enthusiasm, and that a very short time would suffice to stamp it out.

But the wave continues to swell in the west, and its influence to extend from village to village, many professing to be converted to God. By-and-bye it nears our environs — comes to the town. Curious to see him who had rendered himself thus conspicuous and notorious, and, according to some, useful in his day and generation, people flock to the meetings.

When seen, he was found in every respect to be just such an instrument as God has ever wrought by, not great, not mighty, not noble, without even pretence to any one of these things - one of the weak things of the world - one who knew what it was to be despised - one who, in many instances, had borne the scoffings of the world, yet a man who seemed to have but one aim in life, and one object in view - the glory of God and the salvation of souls. To see him and know him was emphatically to see a worthy member of Christ's body; he had a heavenly fragrance about him which spoke of Jesus wherever he went. His holy and humble walk testified to the existence in the heart of a living union to Christ. He is thoroughly a man of work.

Like his Master - he is making it his meat and his drink to do his Father's will. Not only is he a man of work, but so impressed is he with the value of perishing souls, with the nearness of the great day of testing, and the need there is that men should turn from their sins and live, that, beyond the moral responsibility with which he knows himself to be chargeable before God, he is constrained by irresistible love to labour almost unceasingly for Christ. He counts his duties a privilege; and the most self-denying and flesh-crucifying action done for the good of souls and the glory of God, is a labour of love. He lived in unbroken communion with God, with heaven and its pearly gates, its crowns of gold, its palm-bearing throng, and above all, its glorified Immanuel full in his view. To see him in his humble, every-day life was to recall to the mind some of those ancient worthies of whom we read, who have passed to their reward, and who being dead yet speaketh. He has joined in their sweet hosannahs, and he, too, 'being dead yet speaking.' Such was the man.

A meeting is announced to be held in the United Presbyterian Church in the evening. The people at first are a little timid. Shortly, crowds flock together from all quarters, and ere the services have been held many nights, long before the hour of meeting the church is entirely crowded. Night after night the meetings are well attended, but with little manifestation of anything extraordinary, although kept up till late at night or early in the morning. Nearly a week has passed, the services still continue, and perhaps never in this town were such audiences convened for the purpose of listening to the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. These audiences comprise all classes, the poor as well as the rich, the learned as well as the ignorant.

Mr. Turner was in the pulpit what he was out of it - a stern reprovener of sin in its every form and phase. His preaching very much resembled the strain of the Baptist, stern, inflexible, some might even think harsh. He dealt with the truth of God always in a practical manner. He exposed the prevailing sins of the day, and knowing much of the human heart by a wondrous experience acquired during many years of close walking with God, he revealed the hidden hatred to God and things divine that naturally lurks in every human heart. He was jealous for the glory of God, and, although a workman needing not to be ashamed, he was careful ever to ascribe the glory in conversion work to God alone. Though thus stern and uncompromising to everything having the least appearance of evil, he was not without a tender heart, and, where he thought words of soothing were needful for the benefit of the soul, he could pour in the oil and the wine, and with a heart glowing with love to Immanuel, point with John of old, and say, 'Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.'

The meetings, once commenced, were continued, night after night, irrespective alike of the evident want of success and of the persecution of the ungodly. Almost single-handed, like a champion of the Lord on the field of battle, he laboured on, believing that God would not suffer his labour to be in vain. After being held for six or seven consecutive evenings the meetings began to manifest signs of God's presence, souls were awakened, and the interest deepened and extended each successive meeting until the 10th of March, when a climax was reached. Prayer has not only been heard but answered, and one after another is prostrated to the ground in agony of soul, and then, in a very short time, the cry for mercy is changed into exultant rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ — the countenances of the saved beaming with the light of heaven while telling of the happy change that has passed within.

None witnessing the scene presented to them on that famous 10th of March can ever forget the spectacle. Between eleven o'clock at night and five in the morning one individual after another gave vent to their pent-up feelings in cries, tears, and paroxysms of grief, while others lay utterly prostrate and helpless as little children, many speaking of the terrible struggle between the powers of darkness and the messengers of peace that is being carried on within them.

Hearts that had never known anything of God, but how to blaspheme His name, now began to see their real state and to cry for deliverance to that very God whom before they had despised, and whose salvation they had neglected. Sometimes the cry for mercy was uttered by more than one, and sometimes here and there might be seen little groups of persons deeply and audibly engaged with their God in matters of the most momentous importance.

To a fastidious eye this might appear to be nothing but confusion and chaotic irregularity, but which in reality is only the breaking-up of the fallow ground prior to the gathering in of the rich harvest of golden grain. It is but scattering the fragments of the devil's unholy and unlawful superstructure prior to the rearing of the temple of God with that very same stones, although now changed, with which the devil sought to construct his edifice. The scene is undoubtedly one of irregularity, but it is only the confusion created by a vanquished, fleeing foe, ere yet the triumphant Conqueror has had full time to establish Himself on the throne of the usurper, or the soul to examine the wondrous transformation that has taken place in its feelings and desires.

During this time, many of the most notorious sinners found repentance and life through Jesus, and were enabled to rejoice in the pardoning grace of a crucified yet risen and exalted Redeemer.

A very strange circumstance, and one which, in personal conversation, I have heard corroborated by more than one party, is to be found in the fact that, although the meetings had been attended by them during the whole week, very often far into morning, yet the body was not exhausted as at other times, neither was there a feeling of weariness, nor a regret on account of the want of

'Tired nature's sweet restorer,
Balmy sleep.'

It was also remarkable to see the humble, child-like confidence with which the lowly instrument of this blessed work leaned upon God, and to observe the absence of everything like boasting or self-glorifying when the shower of the Holy Ghost was given.

Let me now turn attention for a little to the spirit with which the work was received, and the results of this revival in general.

The feelings with which it was hailed were diverse indeed. To those who sighed and cried for the coming of the Lord in power, the work was heartily welcomed, and an earnest desire was awakened in their souls to profit by the blessing which the Lord had sent among them. To those who had participated in the blessed effects, the revival was looked upon as the most glorious work that had visited the land for many years; by such

it was looked upon as an incomprehensible, but none the less truthful fact, that God had indeed in love visited the land, and that many were feeling His power in their hearts.

By others the work was regarded as a nuisance, excitement, mere fanaticism. The reasons for thus regarding it were various. Some hated it from a deep-rooted enmity to all that was good and God-like; others hated and caricatured it on account of its effects, in that it had severed many of their companionships, and that it was the skeleton in their scenes of midnight revelry and rioting; others hated it because some of their associates, who had been infected with the 'chimerical delusion,' were continually molesting them with such questions as, 'Have you found Christ?' 'Is your soul saved?' and such like. Others hated it because it disturbed the long and peaceful slumber of carnal ease in which they were indulging. They had peace, they had comfort, they had a religion that pleased themselves and, for the time, calmed down the fears of an awakened conscience, and anything that would molest them in their supposed security is looked upon as one of their deadliest foes.

Others there were who viewed the awakening with not a little suspicion and distrust, half believing that it was really the work of God, and yet in doubt as to the fact after all, almost constrained to join in it and lend a helping hand, and yet afraid that, notwithstanding the visible outward manifestations, it would all end in smoke.

Perhaps the feeling most prominent in every heart was wonder and astonishment. Those who had themselves been made to feel the power of the truth wondered at the sudden transformation that had taken place in their feelings, hopes, and desires; others who merely looked on, without realizing anything of that struggle of which some spoke, wondered at seeing so many in such a state around them, and like the Pentecostal shower with which the preaching of the gospel of Jesus was inaugurated, all wondered at the marvellous things which had come to pass.

Let us now for a little look at the results of the revival, and in viewing these, the belief is not for one moment to be entertained that all who attended the meetings received lasting impressions, or even that all those who had been moved would prove to be genuinely converted to God. While the Lord was working, the devil was not idle, and it was only to be expected that, mingled among the good grain, much useless chaff would be found. Many did receive lasting benefit. Not a few there are alive at the present moment, scattered abroad as evangelists throughout the world, who can look back with joy and gratitude to the scene in the United Presbyterian Chapel in March, 1860, and date their conversion to God from that time. The power of the truth both in convincing and converting was felt in many hearts, and some grasped at the truth, and had a soul-saving view of Christ as if it were in the twinkling of an eye, while in the case of others the process was more tardy. It, however, speaks loudly for the genuineness of the work that, in the midst of many conflicts, many still hold fast their confidence in God and continue fighting on until the present day in the good ways of the Lord. Of this number I will not attempt any computation, suffice it to say that the great day of the Lord will declare it.

Looking back after a lapse of fully fifteen years, one can judge more dispassionately of the character of the man, as well as of the nature of his work. Without recapitulating the various religious meetings held by Mr. Turner in Banff, my present object being more to attest the lasting benefits resulting from them, I will show that after an interval

of the above-mentioned period, many who then professed to be turned to the Lord continue to walk in the good ways of His kingdom. One such writes as follows:-

"After attending the meetings, which were held every evening for about a fortnight, during which time a strange, irresistible power constrained me to attend, I felt nothing of what many others who had attended the meetings testified as to feeling, viz., a severe struggle between the powers of good and evil in their hearts. Between Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th March '60 – a night that will never throughout eternity be forgotten by any who attended the meeting - I began to feel, not that I was a great sinner, or that I had a heavy load of unpardoned sin resting upon me, but I began to feel that all was not well with me, and that I needed something before I was fit to die, that I needed to flee from wrath, in a word, that I needed to find an interest in Christ.

During the night this feeling increased, until, about 5a.m., one of the young men who, a few hours previous, had professed to have been converted, came and asked me if I would retire for prayer. I was already so far humbled that I raised no objection whatsoever, but willingly followed him to the open air, where, for upwards of an hour he spoke solemnly to me of the danger of remaining in a state of alienation from God.

After engaging in prayer, we returned to the church, which was still crowded, he to praise God for having taken away his sin, I more and more bowed down on account of my inability to join him. The praying and singing continued, Mr. Turner exhorting the audience in brief, pithy statements not to retire before they had made sure work for eternity, and inviting all who felt any anxiety about their soul's salvation to come to the session-house, which had, for the time being, been converted into an anxious room. Taking advantage of the invitation, I at once entered the room, where numbers of men and women were kneeling, all in different stages of soul-anxiety, some 'weeping bitterly,' and others not nearly so deeply impressed, but all feeling what they had never felt before, that they needed Christ and His blood to cleanse from sin.

I was asked to kneel along with them, which I did, but not at all realizing what I was about, what I needed, or what the people were to do with me. After kneeling for some time, parties speaking to me all the time about salvation, and repeating such portions of Scripture as showed Christ's willingness to pardon all sin, still I could not see my way to believe what was being told me, till one of God's servants, who had been assisting in the work said to me, 'Do you believe that Jesus died for your sins, and that He now lives in heaven to plead your cause?' I grasped the truth, although I did not fully comprehend its import, and I believe from that moment until now, fully 15 years ago, I have been enabled, by the grace of God, amid many ups and downs, many sins and shortcomings, to follow on to know the Lord."

The above is but one of the many instances I am sure could be given of a like result as the fruit of Mr. Turner's visit to **Banff**. A more godly, earnest, faithful man I have never seen nor one who relied more on God, seeming never for one moment to doubt but that God would fulfil His word. Although very often in his preaching dwelling on the terrors of the Lord and the awful eternity of the lost soul, Mr. Turner could speak of the love of Christ in such a manner as to move any audience to tears, and it was when he spoke on the attractions of the cross and the infinite love there displayed that the hearts of his audiences were entirely broken. He was an honest and honoured servant of the Lord; fearing God, he feared none beside. His work is finished. His race is run. He has entered

upon his rest, and is now reaping the reward of the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

While James Turner held his meetings in **Buckie**, J__ G__ and two friends hired a machine and drove over from **Banff** one Sabbath morning. They put up at an inn, where they did not find the servant girl anything like complaisant; she all but refused to do anything for them, as it was Sabbath. But having found out that they had come over to attend the meetings, and in no scoffing mood, she directed them to one held by the young converts before the ordinary public services.

To this meeting the travellers went, and found a great number assembled. After having read a portion of Scripture verse about, they began also to pray in rotation. Two of the **Banff** men resolved that they would pray as well as the rest when it came to their turn. The third resolved to stand in behind the others, as he did not feel quite up to praying. All the three were, however, not a little surprised when one after another of the converts made "proud **Banff!**" "wicked **Banff!**" the special subject of their supplication. One of the two comforted himself with the thought that they could not - possibly mean *him*, as he came from **Macduff!**

Two, as resolved, did pray, and found out after that the converts did not know very well what to make of the strangers who prayed - they might, they thought, be converted, but if so it must have been long ago, they were *so* dry.

When they had left the meeting and were going along the street a girl who knew J__ G__ came up to him and told him that she was converted.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," and then, in all the spring-tide freshness of new acquirement, the heavenly story of converting grace poured from her lips, ending with, "an' a' oor family's converted, they were a' brought in afore me. I thought the Lord was to pass me by, but He's called me too."

"What do ye think?" said J__ G__, turning to his companions; - "that lassie has been telling me that she's converted, and that she *kens* it." Their ideas before being that such a thing was beyond human ken. From the united effect of this incident, and what they heard and saw in the meeting all the three went home deeply impressed.

Next day, James Turner began his labours in **Banff**. Duncan Matheson (*another evangelist*) was in **Macduff**. One of the trio, on being asked to go over and hear him said, "No, I'm not going a step out of **Banff** the nicht - *yon's* the manie - he'll soon kill himself - I mean to get all out of *him* that I can."

And this much is certain that he and other members of the same family got much spiritual blessing through him. During these meetings J__ was brought to the saving experience of the truth. Like many others, he had a difficulty in seeing that "being justified by faith man has peace with God," but being held to the point - "Have faith in God, it's just believing" - at last said,

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"I'll take it then;" and take it he did with a grasp so firm, "that," said he, "though I had a thousand souls I would hang them all on one promise."

That faith stood the test, not only of life but of death also. One of his last utterances some time ago was, "They who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," and so joined the great company of those who have died in faith.

Very recently another of the **Buckie** trio also passed away, when a near relative said - "What a mercy, that your soul's saved!"

"Aye; glory be to God, *it's safe*," was the response.

Soon after the meetings began, a young man, while in his office, became strongly affected, could not help weeping, "and I felt," said he, "as if I had wept a cold stone out of my heart."

A young woman, prejudiced against the hymns, after being awakened, got her soul set at liberty while the hymn was sung—

Happy day that Jesus washed *my sins* away,
for as they sung, it became a great verity to her that Jesus *had* washed her sins away.

Another young woman remarked to her brother, "___ is converted."

"Yes," the brother replied, "but *what of yourself?*"

Aye, what of herself?

She could not say anything, but she rested not until she could say of herself, "I feel I've an interest in the blood of Him, who died *for me*."

One deeply awakened had a great difficulty in realising the simplicity of salvation.

"I wanted to have a dream, and the Lord gave me a dream, but I wanted nae mair o' that. I was in deep distress o' soul.

'Put off that sad face,' said ___. 'No,' said I, 'I'll smile no more until I get something to smile for; *how* can I smile an' me *condemned already?*'

Day after day I remained the same shut up in unbelief. I was brought to extremity by being told that there was no sin so bad as that of not believing in Jesus, yet I could not understand what faith was. But one day the words, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden' came into my mind with such quiet force that I inwardly said, 'That's Jesus! They are all losing patience with me, but that's *Him*.' Then again came the same 'still small voice'—

Come unto me all ye who groan,
By guilt and fear oppressed;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you *rest*.

And in that moment my spirit entered into the rest that cometh of faith."

Some time after, the same person was so filled with the Spirit that, in a meeting in the U.P. Church she was constrained to pray aloud.

"What will my husband think of me?" was her first thought after she had done so. Looking round her she saw him behind her. Approaching him with some trepidation of manner, not knowing that the Spirit of God had been as powerfully at work on his heart as on her own, she said, "Dinna be angry, for I *couldna help it*." To her great delight and surprise, his answer was to the effect that there was no reason *why she should try*.

The night before had been a blessed season in their house. James Turner was spending the night there, and Rev. Mr Baxter came home with him in a deeply depressed state of mind. As he afterwards stated publicly, he had been converted when he was eighteen, but had fallen into spiritual indifference. He had asked Mr. Turner to come to his church in the hope that his people would get good through him, but as for personal blessing that was out of the question. Had he been a learned, or great man, there would have been a chance, "but," said he with streaming eyes, "I did not expect to get it through a *poor cooper*." Such was the case, however, and this was the night.

After supper, he wished to go at once to bed, but James Turner said, "No, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. ___ will clear away the things, and we will go down to our knees and get a baptism of the Spirit."

The table was cleared, and Mr. Baxter asked to pray. He knelt down at an arm-chair, and the Spirit of God so fell on all, rather all but one, and on Mr. Baxter especially, that he never rose from that chair until 4 o'clock in the morning. At times he appeared to be quite in an ecstasy. "What am I, a poor worm!" he would cry, "Only to think of the Lord of hosts doing the like of this to *me*, poor Tom Baxter " He had got deep down now, far below the level of even the "poor cooper"*.

** Mr. Baxter was not the only instance of ministers receiving good through him. There was another, like Mr. Baxter, now in the world of spirits, that came down upon James Turner in rather inquisitorial fashion. In answer to somewhat impertinent inquiries, he quietly replied, "Leave me alone Mr. ___, I am a servant of the living God, as He can easily let you know," and in a few minutes, Mr. ___ lay prostrate by his side, and ultimately received such a great spiritual blessing that he stood side by side with the despised evangelist in the Lord's work afterwards. Rev. Mr. B___, U.P. minister, also made the statement publicly in an open meeting, that he had received much good, had realised, experienced, and understood more of the Spirit's working in the course of three days in these meetings of James Turner's, than in the nine years of his preparation for the ministry. Rev. Messrs. J___, W___, R___, and others from **Gardenstown, Crovie** etc., preachers of the everlasting Gospel, and soul winners also, are all his spiritual children. Perhaps, listening to addresses such as the following, may afford the key to their earnestness. Looking over the pulpit upon seven or eight ministers sitting there as his hearers, he said: - "And ye ministers, what are ye doing for Christ? Lying on yer cushioned sofas, and preaching for three or four hundred a year, and yer whole congregations going down to hell. And if ye were meeting one of the wealthiest of yer congregation you would be afraid to ask them about their souls, lest they would get offended, and not enter your church door again, etc. "*

All in the room shared in the mighty baptism but one. He, feeling isolated, half frightened, half angry, at least utterly unable to comprehend the scene, went out with the intention of going to a wood to pray. He wanted to know whither this thing was of God or no. At the door he met a woman in deep distress of soul, he took her in to speak to her, and she wept so that the kitchen floor was actually wet with her tears, before she was enabled to lay hold on Christ.

Mr. ___ thus deterred from his purpose of going to the wood to pray, resolved to seek the counsel of his friend, Mr. W___. "If he thinks the baptism of the Spirit a real thing, I'll go in with it and seek it too, or *vice versa*." So he took an early opportunity of asking

Mr. W__ to call that evening at 9 o'clock. He appointed that hour, knowing that all in the house but himself would be at the meeting, and so they could confer without interruption on the subject which lay so heavy on his heart.

At nine exactly Mr. W__ made his appearance. The room in which the remarkable outpouring of the Spirit took place was a very convenient one, near the outer door. Opening its door to usher in his friend, what was his surprise to see the man who knew nothing of what he was to be consulted about, nor of any of the circumstances related, pause as if awe-stricken at the threshold and hear him exclaim, "The Lord's in this room! It's full of the Holy Ghost!"

"That's extraordinary," thought Mr. ____. The hardness of his heart gave way, and without once mentioning to his friend the subject on which he wished to consult him, proposed that they go to the meeting, and on going there, found his wife, as already stated, praying in the church, unable to resist the inward impulse to do so.

He not only afterwards came to understand, but likewise to share in the blessed experience of those who were "*filled with the Spirit*." And, as has been well said, "such baptism of power is never given for selfish enjoyment, but for service," so it could have been truly said of that husband and wife, "we became among you as those that served." Not only was their dwelling-house open to the Lord's servants, and for His service, but a place was built behind their house, I am told, at their own expense, to hold meetings; in which place many a soul has been brought to Christ. This place I saw only a few weeks ago, and learned that meetings are still being carried on in it, to what extent I do not now remember - only Mr. __ no longer presides nor assists. He has left the work behind and entered on his reward. His widow remains, one of those who not only walk on in the good ways of the Lord, but one of those also who are careful to maintain good works.

One or two other little reminiscences of James Turner ere I pass on. This house became his home on all subsequent visits. Much loving care was bestowed on him, especially after his health failed. On one occasion he was ill and suffering so much that Mr. __, came down one morning early and said to his wife, "I wish you would go up and see if you can do anything for him, he is so ill."

"I am *so* sorry to trouble you," he said, as she entered the room, and after she had dressed his blistered chest, he insisted upon her leaving him and going back to bed.

"To please him," she said, "I did so, and the power of God came down upon my spirit to an amazing degree. A perfect tide of blessing passed over my soul, as well as the thought, or the intuition rather, that that dear man was praying for *me*. Passage after passage crowded into my mind with indescribable power and blessing. "Ah!" thought I, "this is what Mary felt when she washed the Master's feet."

"Were you praying for me, James?" I asked afterwards.

"Yes," he replied smiling, "and I know that my Father has been blessing you."

The last time he was in **Banff**, his health was much impaired - his feet and ankles so swollen that they had to be kept bandaged to prevent bursting. Still, though in such condition, he was to have a meeting in, I think, the U.P. Church. Before the meeting, Mr. M__, banker, sent a young man with the message that, if he would say when the meeting would close, a close carriage would be sent for him.

"I cannot tell," was his only reply.

"Ten o'clock or half-past would be long enough," said Mrs. ___ knowing his weakness.

"When my Father wills, I'll dismiss the meeting."

"Eleven o'clock," suggested another.

"Not for the world."

And so the kind offer would have been rejected, although so greatly needed, rather than interfere in the least with God's work in the meeting, had not another person suggested that he should let Mr. M___ know half-an-hour before he would dismiss.

"Yes, that will do — it leaves me free to do my Father's will."

Who can but acknowledge and admire the strength of principle which obtained such a complete mastery over physical weakness, and this, though a marked, is by no means a solitary instance of his self-abnegation. With him invariably mind conquered matter.

One other touch to this very characteristic feature of disinterestedness. He had a reverse of his prosperous circumstances as has been seen from his diary, which instead of souring him at God's service, gave him an impetus in it. While he was in **St. Combs** the people in their poverty (their circumstances not being then what they are now), collected thirty shillings and offered it for his acceptance.

"Na, na!" said he, "its nae yer bawbees, its yer souls that I'm seekin!"

They were to give it to the Lord's service in any way they liked, he was not for it. (*local phrase meaning he did not want it for himself*)

In **Banff**, to their honour also be it stated, the same thing was repeated, but this time it was thirty **pounds** instead of thirty shillings, but with the same result. It was not **silver** but **souls** that he was seeking; they were to give the money to the poor, he was not for it.

Many other things might be told out of this house. One night, eleven fishermen came up from **Crovie** and **Gardenstown** to speak to him, being anxious about their souls, and went home saved, and are all standing firm to this day. But time would fail me to give all the instances of this nature that occurred, let me ere passing on give one - a curious example of the power he exercised over people as related by himself.

James Turner:

"One day I was walking along the street with Mr. Baxter to the meeting. My appearance seemed to excite as much curiosity as though I had been a wild beast that he was leading along the street in chains. One woman came to the door to throw out water. On seeing me quite unexpectedly, she let the basin fall, and stood looking at me quite oblivious of the fact that the basin lay in pieces at her feet. 'Lord save that woman,' said I, and He at once laid hold of her heart, for she turned and went into the house, took a shawl about her head, and followed on to the meeting, and before she left it she had Christ in her - the hope of glory."

Mr. ___'s somewhat humorous description of his first impressions of James Turner, is worth relating. Deeply interested in the accounts of the extraordinary work in the west, Mr. ___ went to the meeting in the U.P.Church with great expectations. Somehow, the great spiritual power possessed by James Turner had connected itself in his mind with an imposing personal physique. To his astonishment, however, on looking towards the

pulpit, he saw little else than a head - —for the pulpit was deep, and the man little. "My God, *that* a revivalist!" was so completely the language of his heart that he scarce could keep his lips from its expression audibly.

"What's this now? a revival hymn in the U.P. Church in **Banff!**" was his next mental comment, as "What's the News?" was given out. No one there being acquainted either with the words or with the music, James Turner, had to lead himself. He pitched it very high, his voice also, from so much speaking was in poor condition, the effect therefore was far from pleasant, and so the singing went on. Mr. ___ was again and again inwardly exclaiming,

"My God, **Banff's** done for! **Banff's** done for!"

But the prayer commenced and then the tables were turned. "Oh, that's it now!" he ejaculated as his heart responded to the mighty throbbings of the spiritual power with which the pleader's heart was heaving. Prayer over, the Bible was opened, and "Galawtians" announced in the broadest Doric "Galawtians be it, I like Galawtians too," chuckled the now delighted Mr. ___, and the sermon was listened to with the deepest interest.

In the Prayer Meeting immediately after, Mr Turner asked two to pray. Mr. ___ was the first to respond. Another followed. Either a hiatus occurred, or prayers not up to the mark, for James Turner who had asked out his name, cried,

"Mr. __, pray."

"I've prayed already!"

"Pray *again!*"

He did so, and from that hour his heart was knit to James Turner with a love that distance and death could not destroy. Shortly since Mr. ___ went home. As he passed into the breaking shadows of the coming eternity, his senses were slightly disordered, but even then he was with James Turner - then he thought:-

A comrade was beside him,
Strong and tender, who would guide him
Through the shadows of the evening, to the land of perfect day.

A woman was exceedingly enraged against James Turner and his work.

"We have our Bibles, and we have our Churches, and we're nae needing him and his work; the fook should raise a *rebellion* against him and not go to hear him!"

Some neighbours, however, got her persuaded to go and hear for herself. Her prejudice so far vanished, that one day as he was passing, she ran out and asked him to come in and see a neighbour who was ill. This she did, not because the sick person had expressed any wish to see him, but to get the opportunity of speaking to him personally. He came in, and she was soon enabled to witness the good confession, that by grace she was saved through faith. The old sick woman, her neighbour, had a great refreshing. A daughter, who, if a Christian before, was of the "Miss Despondency" type, got a new song put into her mouth, which she has been singing ever since; another sister was also blessed; a brother was afterwards brought to Christ, and some of his family; the father also was brought into the Kingdom where the subjects are all twice-born.

To this family, James Turner often repeated his visits. One day he requested the old mother to join the other children of God who were praying for him and his work, at 12 o'clock noon. She engaged to do so, and kept her engagement as long as she was able. The last day that she was able to be helped out of bed to pray at the appointed time, she

fell down from weakness. Lying in this helpless condition, she prayed very earnestly for God's work in general, then for many souls in particular. Having done so, she said, "Now, Lord, I am not able to carry the burden of souls longer, I leave them all at the mercy-seat, trusting and believing that I will meet them all at Thy right hand."

Then came her "eventide," but it brought

.....Such gladness,
That the former care and sadness,
The long passage through dark waters that her shrinking eyes had seen;
The full cup of bitter sorrows,
All the fear of dark to-morrows,
And the anguish of the spirit were as if they had not been.

For a considerable time she lay breathing out "Glory! glory! glory!" She was so low and weak that at first they could scarcely make out what it was. Then came more distinctly, "**All** glory! **all** glory! **all** glory!"

While the dying mother, now isolated from all earthly communing, lay dropping those words which gave the key to her spiritual condition - already amidst the glory - one daughter seemed to get a glimpse of it, at least of three golden crowns suspended in the air right above her. She was amazed, and kept looking. "Could it be? Yes, there they were—three glorious crowns;" and, while praying, her eyes were again opened to see the room full of angels. Then, towards gloaming, right above the fire-place, as if through a glass, she had presented to her, she says, a representation of the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem, with a glimpse far beyond of the place where the Saviour was, sitting. Then came a face - the face, as she felt it to be, of the Saviour smiling upon her, His hair, white as snow, twisted in curls down the side of the face.

And daily this vision returned through a season of deep affliction, and still continues to come, but now in the semblance of a throne, in the centre of an infinity of glory spreading out before the soul's eyesight, and on the throne, within the glory, the form of a man indistinctly seen. Around this form the glory is so exceedingly bright that her sight is often impaired for a while, she says, after looking at it.

Prior to these appearances, this woman had a vision, visions rather, which I felt inclined to slip over, but, if I am to tell **all** the truth, they must come out too. Before James Turner came, she, one night, saw spread out before her a thorny path so narrow that her feet could not get room to stand in it side by side. "I had," to use her own words, "to put the one before the other before I could stand in it, and I had a heavy burden on my back. This narrow path led through a perfect thicket of thorns and briars, and the path itself was full of them. I was looking with dismay on it, when I heard a voice say, 'It's a thorny path that you have to tread, but straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, but few there be that find it.' Encouraged by this I went through the wood where the path led me. When I came out, I saw a glorious mansion right before me, but close beside was a great black dog gaping as if he would devour me. But the master of the mansion ordered him off, and I went on still in the narrow path up right to the mansion; but between the time that the dog slunk away and I reached the mansion, my burden fell off, I did not know how, but I went into the mansion without it. The next thing was, that the King of heaven came to me and said, 'This is a talent of gold which I entrust to you to trade and traffic with, and to keep it unspotted from the world. It will be required

of you at the last.' He then gave it into my hands; it appeared like a long bar of solid gold."

This vision, given about the beginning of her Christian course, had little effect upon her except that of giving a very vivid sense of the reality of eternal things. As a ground of hope it had no place whatever; indeed, when James Turner first called, she doubted her acceptance, and altogether was in a most depressed state spiritually.

"When," said she, "I complained to him that I could not get out to his meetings, he just bade me pray for a double baptism of the Holy Spirit, and it came, as you see, in the Lord's own way. He was to speak to me by dreams and visions. One night I thought there stood a man by my side, who said, 'Will you have me and enjoy all the pleasures of this life for a season and get hell at last, or will you take affliction, tribulation, persecution and the worst that can come, with Christ here and heaven hereafter?'

My father also, I thought, stood beside me looking on, not influencing me in any way, but waiting for my answer. 'Christ here and heaven hereafter,' I said, and immediately the man went driving from me, and I saw his cloven feet as he went out at a door right opposite the public-house.

"Now," she said, "it was a curious thing that I did refuse a man who was coming after me at that time, and he was cut down very suddenly soon after, and I did not know until after his death that he had been in the way of going too often to that very public-house. And truly I can say, too, that the other part of my vision has come true, for while it is tribulation, and affliction after affliction, it is '*Christ here*' not only in the ordinary sense of being in my heart the hope of glory, but here in a special sense by these extraordinary manifestations."

E. McH:

During the time I was in **Banff**, a man and his son had called to see me, both anxious to give their testimony as to the good they had received from James Turner. I could not then see them, but some time after the father returned, and as he entered the room his greeting was:

"Praise the Lord that ever I saw that dear man of God's face, James Turner!" Then he gave me the following account:—

"It was in the U.P. Church, **Banff**, that I first heard him. Mr Baxter spoke first. Then ____, who was with me, said, 'Now, ye'll hear something.' Then Mr. Turner, although in the pulpit, went down to his knees like a little child, and began to pray. As he prayed he got stronger and stronger, and I began to shake. I had been going on quietly in my sins, now I began to feel that I was a sinner before God. For a considerable time I remained under conviction, my great difficulty being that I thought I was *so* vile that God would not save me. While I lived in sin, the enemy led me on quietly, imagining I was a pretty good sort of chap, but now that I was conscious of my sinful state, he led me to think that there was no use in me seeking the Lord; I was too vile for Him to save. I went to James Turner but there were so many after him that I couldn't get the opportunity of speaking to him. So I was shut up to the Lord himself, and that night in the meeting, I began to see that the Lord *could* save me if He *would* - but only through the Lord Jesus Christ. Then when I saw the people of God drawing near to Him by prayer, I thought within myself, 'Oh, if I could only pray like that! Such a privilege it is to be permitted to come and pour out one's soul before God; if I could only do it.' Then it seemed suggested to me to try - just to come to the Saviour; that nobody had ever

perished that trusted Him. So I had just determined to believe in Jesus at all hazards when James Turner came up and asked if I had found the Lord, 'Yes,' I said, for I was determined to hold Him fast with the death-grip of a perishing man, though I had no peace and no joy like the others. But glory be to His holy name, He did not keep me long waiting after I had laid down the weapons of rebellion at His feet, for the peace and the assurance came gradually, and this day I am able to testify that I am on the way to heaven - 'that the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for *me*.' I see there's nothing here worth living for, but the glory of God and the *good of souls*."

"And that is your testimony?"

"Yes," said this whole-hearted Christian, "and I praise the Lord that I have such testimony to give. I would not give up my hope for all the world, nor, through grace, for a thousand worlds, were it possible for them to be in my offer."

This man's son I did not have it in my power to see, but from the father I learned that he and his wife were both, like himself, James Turner's spiritual children.

Another case was that of an old man, of correct morals, but unconverted. He had often had anxious thoughts, but never decided. Now, however, he was so thoroughly aroused that he could put off no longer. For nearly a week he never ceased crying for mercy. His joy on finding it was proportionally great, and for weeks he rejoiced incessantly. Not long after he took ill - his illness was unto death. A gentleman called upon him —

"Well, J__, how is it with you now?"

"'Joicing! 'joicing! 'joicing!' was all that he was able to say for some time; then came plainly-

"Always rejoicing, waiting for the coming of the Lord!"

His last words were - "Light! Light! Light!"

Another of the early converts passed away, saying, "Come Jesus, dear Jesus!"

One other case, as related in the first narrative:- A young man, as he passed the place of meeting one night, resolved to step in to see what was going on. He was at once arrested with the intense earnestness of Mr. Turner's manner, as he spoke on the subject of Paul's reasoning before Felix of righteousness, temperance, and judgment.

'Tremble! tremble! tremble! Aye, well might he tremble. Felix was a sinner, and Paul spoke of a judgment-bar where he would have to answer for the deeds done in the body, What a reckoning day for him that would be!'

The words came home with such power to the young man's heart that he stood trembling on the stair, and ultimately was led by the Spirit of God to the peace-speaking blood of Jesus.

Night after night for three years afterwards he conducted meetings in **Banff** and the district around it, and when he went to a foreign land, left behind him several who were brought to the Lord by his labours. And this was no solitary instance; as one remarked, "the beauty of James Turner's converts was that they were maistly a' o' the workin' kin'."

A Banff convert's story:

"I was a goodless, ill-less kind of boy, liked fun of all kinds, but nothing that was positively wicked. When I grew up a bit, I thought I would like to be without restraint,

and got away from my father' and mother. I continued, however, to go to the Chapel; but all the preaching went over my head - it never touched my heart, nor found me out to be a guilty sinner.

"My spiritual torpor was at last broken up by one of our ministers asking - "Young man, have you given your heart to God?" I had not, but from that time I was, like the young man mentioned in the Gospel, trying to do what I could to inherit eternal life. Other two young men, in pretty much the same condition, often met with me for prayer, and one night, previous to James Turner's visit, we had a special meeting. - We were all very earnest and prayed, one after the other. We prayed on until we got melted down so completely that not one of us had a word to say - the heart was the mouthpiece; and we had all the inwrought conviction that we were going to be blessed.

"After James Turner came, we felt sure that now the time had come when we were to get the blessing, and in this spirit of expectancy we went to the meetings. First one, and then another of my friends found the pearl of great price. Surely, I thought, it will be my turn now; but I remained much the same, excepting that my anxiety was greater. I told Mr. Turner my state. 'Dear me,' said he, 'I can't understand why you have been so long unhappy - I am sure God is willing.' I was still more perplexed at this, my feeling being that it was not my fault, for I thought *I was willing*.

"In this state I continued until the 10th of March - a night never to be forgotten. It seemed as if there was a pitched battle between the powers of light and darkness. Up till nearly 12 o'clock it was something awful. A clog hung on the meeting. I remember seeing one young man go out and in several times, he could neither stay out nor in, the contest was so fierce, and the issues so apparently doubtful. Another stalwart man, W___ sat between me and another young man. His frame was shaking as if he had been holding on by a galvanic battery; he not only shook himself but made its shake also - every now and then a thrill went through our frames that made it truly awful - and yet I am sure he felt quite isolated from us and every other human being; it was God and Satan with whom he was having to do. Sometimes he would say, as if in desperation, 'Yes, Lord, I will believe, I do believe!' and then came the tremendous struggle, as if Satan was determined to hinder him. At last he went out like a demented man; but the Lord finally got the victory, for he became a most exemplary Christian.

"From eight o'clock in the evening until six in the morning this meeting continued, but the battle was won about midnight - then came a glorious morning when victory was declared on the Lord's side. About the turning-point I felt awful. I was on my way out of the meeting, unable to stand it longer, when the thought came to me forcibly that, by going out, I was in reality giving way to Satan, and helping him to the victory. I turned back and went in again. Shortly after, James Turner said this was a solemn time, and that he had often experienced that those who waited upon God as we were doing now, found the early morning hours afforded glorious opportunities of getting near to God, 'and you,' he said, 'who have not found peace will never have a better opportunity than you have now, so I would advise you to try Him at once - couldn't you risk it?' And just as he spake I was enabled to risk it. I felt like one about to take a plunge - it was either sink or swim - now or never, I thought, and took the leap; and, praise the Lord, I did not sink. Instead of that I felt 'upborne by the unyielding wave,' or rather, with the poet I could say -

'Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth have fled away.'

"For one to describe what I then felt is impossible; but glory be to God, the Rubicon was past - and I knew it. The change in my heart was so sensible, and powerful, that it seemed rather physical than spiritual, and I turned to the lad that was beside me and said, 'Its awa noo,' i.e., the burden of sin and alienation from God which had so long oppressed me. That was a precious hour to me - a glorious epoch in my spiritual history never to be forgotten. I remember the very spot where I knelt, just right below the precentor's desk, on the cold stones; but the remembrance of it is so dear to me that if I ever see **Banff** again it will be one of the first I shall visit.

"After my own deliverance, relations - father, brothers, etc. - were my next thought. Having found safe footing for myself I sought it for them, and not in vain - several of them are now on the rock. So occupied was I with pleading for them that I have only a general impression of the meeting afterwards - that it was just like a field of battle after victory, and many were the slain of the Lord upon it. I am sure from twenty to thirty were to be found lying all at one time completely prostrate, and by the time that these arose like men from the dead, the same mysterious power had as many more levelled to the dust in like manner. Thus it became utterly impossible to clear the meeting until, as I have stated before, six o'clock in the morning.

"There were some curious cases; I will just give you one - a very ignorant, wicked young man, who afterwards became dear to me as a brother, and who is still adorning the doctrine of Jesus Christ by a godly walk and conversation. He had found peace, and was praying and rejoicing as if in an ecstasy, when all at once he gave a tremendous scream, and 'fell down,' like the youth about whom Mark tells us, 'on the ground and wallowed foaming.' He continued in this state until some of the newly-liberated began to sing—

'I can, I will, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,' etc.

And in a short time he also sprang to his feet singing as loud as he could bawl—

'I can, I WILL, I DO believe
That Jesus died for me!'

"It turned out that, before he was struck down, and while in the ecstatic state I have mentioned, he was just having a glorious manifestation of the Saviour, far above him, but with a ladder extending downwards, or rather down altogether to earth, and Jack himself on it, clambering up with all his might towards the Saviour. While so doing, Satan came behind, and laying hold of him by the feet, pulled him down to the earth in a moment. That was when he literally fell and gave the scream, rather yell, such as I never, either before or since, heard the like of.

"Before going on, I may as well say of my friend, Jack __, that often at the beginning of his Christian course Satan got great advantage of him. He was very ignorant, and knew almost nothing of God's Word; and so, being without the sword of the Spirit to keep the enemy at bay, he was very helpless, and lay pretty much at his mercy. But, by-and-bye this state of matters was completely reversed. Piece by piece Jack donned the Christian armour - he was especially anxious to get hold of that important article, or part of it, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and he did get it into possession in this wise: I have known him to rise at three o'clock in the morning, to read, or rather search it, this not because he felt a duty, but the desire to know God's Word was so strong, that sleep was too frail a barrier to prevent its gratification. I never knew any man have such a love for the Bible. It indeed became to him his shield and buckler. With such trusty weapons Jack was enabled to resist the devil, who took such advantage of his former ignorance.

"But for a time it was a hand-to-hand conflict with those who were at that time brought into the kingdom of His dear Son. I had a little taste of this by experience. On going home from the meeting on Sabbath morning, about six o'clock, I knelt down to pray before going to bed for a few hours, and fell fast asleep. I had scarcely been in bed for four nights, and with the mental pressure so completely removed, tired nature silently and swiftly enforced the laws that a still stronger power had, for a time, kept suspended. When I wakened up the enemy came in like a flood - '**You** a Christian, asleep at your prayers?' etc.; and so fiercely was this fiery dart hurled at my heart that it would have cost me my peace for a time, had I not, by means of early instruction, been better prepared than my friend Jack for his onsets.

"At eleven o'clock, I went to worship at the little Methodist Chapel, where James Turner was to preach that morning. His text was "Blessed are the pure in heart." (Matt.5v8.). While he was speaking, a young man found peace, and jumped up on his seat and told what God had that moment done for his soul, then sat down again quietly. In a moment up starts another, and did the same, and then another and another in almost every part of the chapel. It was just Pentecost over again, yet it was all done in the greatest quietness - there was nothing exciting, for the sermon was one fitted to build up saints not awaken sinners, and he did not say anything to them, only he did not forbid the interruption, nor did he look displeased at it. That was the sequel to the Saturday night's meeting - when, out of the seven hundred then assembled, one hundred at least were brought to Christ, and I scarcely have heard of any belying their profession.

"Conversion, at this time, was in general short sharp work, but every rule has exceptions, so in this was the case of a young man who, awakened in one of the meetings, walked long in darkness. It would have melted your heart to have seen him. 'That's not religion!' said a person jeeringly to him one day, after having listened for some time to his earnest and long-continued supplications in private. 'No,' he meekly replied; 'I'm only *seeking* my religion.' At last he got to the light, and a bright light it was to him, and he walked in it, and found it true that the path of the righteous is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and now he is an inhabitant of the city where 'the Lamb is the light thereof.'

"Another interesting case of conversion is that of the Rev. G__ R__, of whom it might have been said, like one of old, that 'touching the righteousness of the law he was blameless.' But it was not very long ere he was brought to see that his best righteousness

was as filthy rags, which he cast aside to put on Christ. His was a whole-hearted consecration of body, soul, and spirit to the service of his new Master. And the mighty power, which had taken supreme possession of his heart, affected his intellectual nature also, and most diligently he embraced every opportunity of cultivating the various powers of it. But there was no turning aside from Jesus, all was laid at His feet and carried on in conjunction with the work of winning souls to Him. By-and-bye a sort of goal was reached. Called by men to preach the everlasting gospel, he was yet doubtful of being called by the Spirit. He had gone through the necessary course of preparation without the least misgiving on the subject, but now, just at the last, the adversary contested the point strongly with him. In his distress he called upon God, and proved Him in this manner. He was going to a strange place to preach that night. There were no special circumstances in his favour, and the proof he asked from God, of being called to His service, was *one soul* as the result of that night's labour, otherwise he would conclude that the Lord had no need of him or his services, and he would go back to his secular employments. During the service not *one* but *two* souls were awakened, and waited in deep distress to enquire the way of salvation. He accepted the sign, and is at this present time a winner of souls, and Superintendent of a Circuit in the Methodist connection.

“The same is true of my early friend Jack also, viz., that he is a soul-winner; but their spheres are different. Some time after his conversion he joined the naval service force. When he went out to sea, Jack's religion was not the kind that could be left on the land till his return, but he tried, at first, to bear his testimony as unostentatiously as possible. He knelt down to pray before the others, but he did so in tones so low that they could not hear him. The impression this made on them was that Jack was a hypocrite, and a perfect shower of boots and other such missiles was the result. The effect of this on Jack was to make him speak boldly out, and make them the special subjects of his supplications. Jack was never troubled with another shower of boots, and he did not long remain the solitary pleader. One after another began to pray, until at length, to-use Jack's own words, 'we had glorious meetings.'

"But while the gospel thus became the savour of life unto life to so many, it became the savour of death unto death unto others. Some six or seven gentlemen came night after night to the meetings to mock. They did not take seats like the others, but always stood about the passes leaning against the pillars, or in such other position as made the purpose for which they were there very evident. Without entering more fully into particulars, I may say that a climax in their daring ungodliness was reached by Dr ___ kneeling down, as if under the power that had prostrated so many, and making a pretence of crying for mercy, as had been arranged by his ungodly companions. James Turner, whom it was not easy to deceive, saw through the thing at once, and warned them most solemnly, and went so far as to say publicly that if they did not repent, 'my God,' said he, 'before a twelvemonth, will sweep you off the face of the earth.'

"These awful words were heard and noted by many at the time, but they were still more so when, within the prescribed space, all of them had died untimely deaths - some by their own hands under very awful circumstances. One case, that too of the least hardened of the company, will sufficiently indicate how the others passed away. After hearing the solemn warning, he was so far subdued as to go to the meetings in no scoffing mood, unaccompanied by any of his companions. One of the young converts even spoke to him one night, and his answer, though curt, was not a scoff. But he

yielded again to the evil influence brought to bear upon him, and evil ways brought disease and death upon him, and before he died, fully, indeed, did he bear the awful testimony that he was a *lost soul*, that he might have been saved, but that now it was *too late*, and, what was also very dreadful, he charged home his eternal ruin upon his own father, in that he interfered and held him back from the influence that would have led him to Christ. This ghastly tale is long enough, or details could be given of all the other cases, but enough has been stated to show that God will not always forbear.

Leaving these sad cases to stand as a beacon, I will end my little story, though time forbids giving details, by speaking of brothers who had for years been at variance, seeking each other out and becoming reconciled - of self-righteous ones being stripped of the fig-leaves of their own doings and getting clothed on with Christ - of drunkards being reclaimed and becoming bold soldiers of the cross - and lastly of a company of young men, from twelve to twenty of those who continued to meet on Saturday evening to plead for a blessing on the Sabbath - the nucleus of the Young Men's Christian Association, as it at present exists in **Banff**."

E.McH:

The computation made in the first narrative of the result of James Turner's labours in **Banff** was that of from two to three hundred conversions. Even at this date such estimate seems to me low. During a few days' visit to **Banff** I never went out accompanied by any one acquainted with the people, without being every now and again stopped with - "This is one of James Turner's converts."

Sometimes it would be the stirring business man, or a carter driving his team, a tradesman, fisherman, or fisherwoman, etc., and very often I had the pleasure and privilege of hearing the statement that they were brought to God through James Turner, confirmed by their own lips. Sometimes it appeared like a dream that so many could have had their lives permanently influenced by one man, yet there was the proof that so it was.

Like, as at **St. Combs**, instead of being able to give an exhaustive account of the work of grace in **Banff**, time permitted only a very superficial examination, indeed, of a locality that would have yielded rich returns in stories of the love of God to sinners, of His grace to backsliders, of His power to subdue the unwilling, of His tenderness in comforting the cast-down ones, which would form quite a treasury of counsel, wisdom, and power, to such as are seeking to minister to others, or to those who need to be ministered to themselves, were they only gathered up.

REV JAMES MURKER (19th June 1860)

OCCASIONAL PAPER BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION. REVIVAL AT BANFF.

Towards the close of 1858, the friends of the Redeemer of various denominations in **Banff** and **Macduff**, deeply anxious for a revival of the Lord's work, began to hold union prayer meetings. These meetings continued to be well attended, and were felt to be refreshing. The visits of several lay preachers, such as Mr. North and Mr. Radcliffe were much owned in the locality as a means of quickening Christians and rousing the

careless. The ministers of the different congregations became more practical and earnest in their public services.

Tidings of the progress of the Lord's, work in America, and latterly in Ireland, stimulated the godly. Several young men began to feel concerned about their own souls and the souls of others. Three small prayer meetings of these young men spontaneously sprang up. Two lads commenced to pray together, in a wood near the town, after the toils of the day were over. They were joined by a third and fourth. They made a youth of their own age a subject of prayer for some time, and then spoke to him about his soul, inviting him to their meeting in the wood. If he complied, they began to pray for another. If he did not at first join their ranks, they persevered to pray until they succeeded - which they always ultimately did. By and bye they increased to a goodly band.

By intertwining the branches of adjoining trees, they constructed a comfortable booth, where they poured out their souls for a revival of religion in the place. The early storms of October, 1859, drove them from this hallowed Bethel. Their meetings were then held for a time in their different lodgings, and subsequently in the vestry of the Free Church and of the Congregational alternately.

During the winter months their number increased to about forty, all earnest young men, although as yet the greater part of them had not found peace in believing. Tidings of the sound of abundance of rain in the distance stimulated them greatly. For a mighty movement was now heaving the entire population of many a village along the coast to the west of **Banff**; and the Spirit had begun to descend like a copious shower on parched places.

The instrumentality of Mr. Turner of **Peterhead** - a laymen full of faith and fervent in spirit - was owned of God to the conversion of souls to a remarkable extent at **Buckie** and other fishing towns on the coast. He came to **Banff**, on invitation, in the month of March. Meetings were held every afternoon and evening in the U. P. Chapel of **Banff** for weeks. These meetings were generally well attended, frequently the evening meetings were densely crowded.

After a discourse from some minister and another from Mr. Turner, protracted prayer meetings were held, continuing sometimes till two or three in the morning. Multitudes were aroused, and not a few converted. On the night between Saturday the 10th and Sabbath the 11th March, the meeting lasted from seven in the evening till about six of the following morning. Those who spoke or prayed on that occasion felt unusual freedom and enlargement.

About one o'clock a spiritual power began to move the dense mass which crowded every part of the large chapel. Nine young men prayed in succession with great power and fervency, before there could be any opportunity for praise or exhortation. In their prayers they touched upon their own personal case, and the cases of their companions who had either found peace or were struggling hard after it. The scene was heart-melting exceedingly. There was weeping in every part of the house. Sobs and subdued shrieks, with a few prostrations, imposed a fearful solemnity. Men, women, and children prayed in succession, in a manner altogether unusual. Young people wept upon each other's necks, while they clung together in clusters of six or seven in a group. Yet

there was no confusion; all was natural and peculiarly affecting. A spiritual power was grappling with saint and sinner. Still there were some hardened spectators looking on, who tried at the time, and afterwards, to turn the whole into ridicule.

It is, however, believed by all who are qualified to judge, that hundreds got saving good to their souls on that night. Many of the young men and others, who had for months been seeking the Lord, were introduced into liberty, and publicly gave thanks. The steadfastness and progress of these converts, during a period now of three months, confirm the conviction of the amount of good accomplished. As yet there has hardly been such a thing as falling away on the part of such as were believed to be converted.

Those who had long made a credible profession of religion, on witnessing the mighty power of God, and the marvellous attainments of recent converts, became sadly troubled about their own state before God. After a season of distress, they have started the Christian race anew, and are altogether different from their former selves.

Since then the young men, to the number now of about one hundred, conduct crowded prayer meetings, both in the town and surrounding districts, with the best results. In the town, which does not contain over four thousands of inhabitants, there will be sometimes from ten to sixteen prayer meetings held all at the same hours, in different quarters.

The amount of good cannot as yet be accurately estimated; but it is great, and has told extensively on the general face of society. Most of the converts were church-going people before, and they generally adhere to the same place of worship which they had previously attended.

A great work is going on among the boys also, who hold prayer meetings of their own, which are exceedingly well conducted. A number of the youth between the age of twelve and seventeen give evidence of a new birth, and can pray in public with great devotion, modesty, and propriety. They take a decided stand, and labour hard for the conversion their youthful companions; nor do they labour in vain.

The flower of the youth of the town are on the Lord's side. Their love to each other, their union of co-operation, although belonging to different denominations, their manly decision, excite admiration. Being a powerful and united band, they are able to bear down opposition to a great extent. Who can estimate the effect of such an increasing phalanx of ardent young people so devoted and earnest?

Many further advanced in years onward to old age also give evidence of a spiritual change. The converts are characterized by their deep sense of the evil of sin, the value of the Saviour's work, the necessity of the Spirit's influences, and the importance of holiness and Christian consistency, with a warm zeal for the welfare of souls.

Some of them were for weeks and even months in distress of soul, others on their first awakening were introduced instantaneously into the glorious liberty of the children of God. But what most of all strikes every observer is their rapid advancement in the knowledge and experience of divine things. Most of them, having been well trained in Sabbath schools and Bible classes, derive vast advantage now from their previous knowledge of the Scriptures.

Whilst these remarks have reference to the town of **Banff**, somewhat similar and almost equally interesting statements could be furnished respecting **Macduff**, **Portsoy**, and other localities along the coast.

There have been many improprieties associated with this great movement but the remembrance of these will soon pass away, whilst a vast amount of good will permanently remain. Prostrations of every phase have been numerous, but no evil seems to have arisen from these.

People at a distance who never witnessed these prostrations, profess to be able to account for them; but those who have seen and considered them candidly confess their inability to say how they are produced or what they are; only one thing is certain, there is always a great amount of good going on where they take place.

In this quarter some were struck down in their workshops, others in their own houses when alone, as well as, in other cases, in crowded assemblies and more private prayer meetings. Some have remained for hours, others for a shorter period, speechless and motionless. Some were conscious all the time, others were unconscious. Some underwent the great change during the time of prostration, they being conscious of the spiritual change taking place all the while; others have not given evidence of a new life although they had been struck down. In the great majority of cases, the subject, however, gives indications of being renewed by grace, either at the time or subsequently.

The good work is still going on, but with less noise, and fresh life pervades the churches, which are receiving considerable accessions to their membership. Twenty-five additions have been made to the Congregational Church in **Banff** during the past six months, and there is the prospect of more soon. Some of these recent additions are the fruits of the great movement, but others are not directly so. Lay agency, prayer meetings, and personal conversations have been especially honoured in this work.

J. MURKER. BANFF, 19th June, 1860

E.McH.

Crovie and **Gardenstown**, in the vicinity of **Banff**, I had to pass altogether, so of the work of God in them I know nothing, except what is learned incidentally in the history of the work in other places; in the united history of all will be found a marvellous display or unfolding of the wisdom and grace of God in the interlacings of teachings, helpings, etc., by which is linked His work of grace in one heart with another, one place with another, and also one work of awakening with another.

During one short visit to **Whitehills**, a fishing town about three miles from **Banff** I learned that the work began there by the people going over to **Banff** while James Turner was there. On the great night, Saturday, the 10th of March, to which so many refer, I was told that about a hundred were converted, and in that number were a considerable number from **Whitehills**.

By Monday, the whole of the little town was astir. In the evening, G__ W__, who gave me the information, was on the way to **Banff** to the meeting when he was met by a company of women who asked him to turn and get the key of the chapel. He did so, and

when he went to the door, as many people were waiting round it as filled the chapel at once. The women began the meeting by singing a hymn, and then they prayed one after the other, - until 9 o'clock, when the first cry for mercy was heard. The work thus begun continued, for six weeks, during which time the boats stood on the shore. Nothing was done except to secure the salvation of their souls.

There was not a little opposition, however, on the part of individuals. How it was subdued in one instance is worth relating. In the first place, she resented being spoken to personally. "A young feel dame! What needs he speak to me of my soul!" she soliloquised. "Are ye awa to the meeting? I canna believe that man ava. He says we're nae to labour for the bread of this life ava."

"I dinna think he does that; but what does the Scripture say, 'Seek *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added.'"

"Awa wi' ye!" was her infuriated response, "bread's sweet."

She had also, like many others, imbibed the idea that he had used chloroform to produce the prostrations; and the next time that she met this person with a -
"Weel, what about it noo ? "

"O the doctor of **Buckie** has been telling the people that they have been getting the glorious chloroform," was his reply.

"Weel, I've been in **Banff** the day, and heard that G__ W__ has gone clean mad, and needin' six or eight strong men to haud him. He'll need the Lunatic at onyrate. *That's* what the man's deein'!"

But soon after the meeting began in the little chapel, this woman was powerfully laid hold of. After her conversion, when anyone went to see her, the first thing she did was to kneel down and pray. If it was a child of God, she then rose and shook hands with them; if not so, she exhorted the visitor very earnestly. When G__ W__ went in she said, as she shook hands with him -

"Ah, this is the glorious chloroform that ye was tellin' me about. I've gotten't noo ! I've gotten't noo!!"

There has been three special times of revival in **Whitehills** since. One began by Mr. S__, who, if not one of James Turner's converts, was at least led out to work for the Lord through him. The second and third also through those who had directly or indirectly received their working impetus through the instrumentality of James Turner; but it would be inconveniently long to recount particulars here, either of the work or of the workers. I conclude my reminiscence of **Banff** with some extracts from a sermon, the preface of which will tell its story:-

W.W. Banff October 1864

AFTER the decease of some revered friend, we invariably store past something in memory of the dear departed, and at times take it out to look at or read it, as the case may be.

Such occasions cannot fail to call up to our recollection the dear form and tender word of the once loved but now unseen one. But, how much more powerfully is our sympathy drawn forth, when, after the lapse of years, something which belonged to our friend is unexpectedly found to be in our possession. We then sit down anew to consider it, call to mind old associations connected with it, and hasten to tell our friends of the fresh discovery we have made. It is some such feeling as this which has induced the friends of the late revered James Turner, Peterhead, to give publicity to the following address delivered by him in the United Presbyterian Church, **Banff**, upon the evening of Sabbath the 17th June, 1860.

The following pages will doubtless be hailed with great delight by all those who personally knew the deceased, as a sweet relic they little thought of possessing. This sermon is by no means put forth as a specimen of his preaching. All who listened to him night after night will readily admit that many of his discourses far exceeded this one, both as regards its intellectual qualifications and powerful appeal to the heart. But it is believed to be the only full report of Mr. Turner's addresses before the public, and the only object its publishers have in view, is that which gave rise to its delivery - the salvation of souls - and it is hoped the perusal of it may be blessed by God more especially to the following classes, namely:-

First, to those who, by prejudice, were kept back from giving Mr. Turner a hearing. A careful reading of the following discourse will at once serve to show all such who had not the privilege of listening to him, that he could handle the Word of Truth in a faithful Scriptural manner.

Second, to those who heard Mr. Turner, and were at the time convicted of sin, but have since lost all religious impression.

Third, to those who at one time made an open profession of faith in Christ, but have since fallen back to the world. This address is surely as a "voice from the dead."

And lastly, to all the Lord's children, but especially to those who look to Mr. Turner as the instrument in the hands of God of leading them to Jesus. Dear believing friends, it is hoped this address will call to your mind the days of old, when God was manifestly present in our midst to wound and to heal, to cast down and to raise up, and that such reflection may lead you to cry mightily to God for the return of His blessed Spirit in greater measure than heretofore, and cause you to cherish more of the same self-denying, prayerful, zealous, and unwavering spirit, which so characterized him whose memory these pages seek to record..

James Turner preaching

"I know thy works; behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut It; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."—
Rev. 3v8

I would seek to make use of these words for a few minutes, first, to the unsaved. "***I know thy works.***" Christ knows every Christian, and all about them as also what passes through their souls. The Lord knows, too, what passes through the mind of the unpardoned. "I know thy works," He says to you, unsaved sinner. Now, sinner, what of your works? Your by-past life - much of it you have ***forgotten***. The greater part of your

life you have forgotten - you have lost sight of it. There is much of it you would take the pen through which still clings to your memory fresh and vivid. A good part of your history you would score out if you could; but it won't do - it cannot be.

Well, tonight, as you have come to the house of God, I trust you will allow the Lord to enter your heart. Look back at your past history, take a look at it - what do you think of it? Remember though **you** may have forgotten the one twentieth part of it, God has not - God has not - no, no! There are some spots, too, you would not have liked your nearest and dearest to have seen, or have told them about. There are some spots in your life which are ever before you, and willingly would you sink them out of sight, and cast them into oblivion; but it won't do — Oh, no!

Unsaved sinner, God knows all these things, every thought even. It is the thoughts of the heart with which God has to do. The thoughts of your heart, sinner, what have they been? They have been evil continually. Look at the thoughts which have passed through a heart that has lived for, say, twenty years; yes, look at them - think of them. I would not take it upon me to say when our accountability to God begins, I would not say that, because God has not told me but I would not like to have died even at ten years of age, with all my wicked and abominable thoughts unrepented of and unpardoned.

What has your life been in the sight of a holy God? What thoughts! What wretched thoughts! What blasphemous thoughts! What infidel thoughts! Yea, what hard thoughts of God you have cherished! Well, the Lord remembers every thought, yes, every thought, every imagination that has passed through your unsaved soul since the first day he gave you existence in this trying scene of life.

"I know thy works." He looks at your thoughts. It is the heart God searches. He looks into the interior - oh! Yes. It is no surface work. He enters in and looks upon the heart. We only see the outside, only what is brought to our view; we can understand a little of that. But what would you think if you saw in a long list every thought, every vain imagination that has passed through you? Supposing you had never committed a single sin, still these thoughts and this abominable heart of yours would have ruined your soul. The Lord knows all about it. This is what the Spirit is speaking to the Church at Philadelphia, he says, "I know thy works," and thy thoughts.

I would now speak to those in middle-life. Unsaved sinner in mid-life. What have you done for God all your life-time? Thy works, too, are all known to God. Some of you I see, whose locks are now getting white with many winters, all your works are known to God. What a list! Yes, all that has been done in your family.

I once spoke to a father who had, I think, four sons and three daughters. One of his sons got deeply aroused about his never-dying soul. He spoke to his father, but his father would not hear him, and he spoke faithfully, as he knew his father was fast nearing on to eternity. After he had received salvation himself, he longed still more exceedingly for his father's conversion; but no, no, the father would give no heed to the son. At last there was a meeting in his house, which impressed two of his daughters, and they got one and then another of his sons aroused. Now, they all spoke to their father, and faithfully urged that aged man to stop in his mad career but no, all was still in vain.

At length God fixed an arrow in his heart, which was deep, deep - it was this:-"Have not I, the God of heaven, given thy family into thy hands, to train them up for me, and what hast thou been doing? Thou hast been urging and dragging them down to the pit **by thy example**." That went to the man's conscience, and there it rested. It cost him about eight weeks on his bed, this fearful thought, that, had not God turned his family, he would have been the instrument, in the hands of the devil, of sinking them down to perdition.

You then, in mid-life, think of this, that all thy family actions, and all that transpires in thy household, God knows about it. Since ever God gave you these souls, what have you been doing? You have been putting stumbling-blocks in your children's way, that they might stumble down to the pit. God knows that, had not some of the Lord's people come and taken them out of your grasp, as instruments in the hands of God, your sons and daughters, through your example and painful influence, would have sunk to rise no more. God knows that such lies against you, unconverted fathers and unconverted mothers.

But again, God knows not only your family works, but also those in **your business** - your business. Oh! How much has God against you there? Unjust dealings man with man. You think if you pass clear and not be detected with your frauds in your business; that in thus getting off without being brought to the Court of Justice, all is well. God knows it, sinner. Business is in a sad state in the sight of a holy God in this respect. Everything is nearly turned upside down.

"I know thy works," says God, all about thy unjust transactions with your neighbour in your line of life, whatever it may be, and the Lord will bring them all to bear upon thee when thou wilt be brought to His bar above. God knows all your works then. What a mercy God forbears so long.

Again, "**I have set before thee an open door**." How important a little sentence is this — "Behold, I have set before thee an open door." What a wonderful God of mercy we have to do with! We have all given cause to God to frown upon us, and what has He being doing? - Affording us mercy. He does not say this is a **wide** door, but an **open** door. It is a narrow door, but it is an open door. Unsaved sinner, here is an open door provided for you. Oh! Come and read that invitation wrote on the top of it, "Enter in, enter in, that ye may find life."

What did it cost to open that door? It cost God all that Heaven could bestow to set open that door for a lost and ruined world. It is set open - God has set it open - and it stands so now. The Lord has opened it by Christ. Yes, the Son of God came into the world and died on Calvary for your sins and my sins, on the accursed tree, all that we might be saved from that lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. Thus the door was opened, and it stands open to-night.

Behold, says God, I have set it open, not by angels, not by men, not by ministers, but by Christ Jesus. Behold it, He says: look at it: oh! Think of it, it is an open door for you. But it is also an **effectual** door to enter in through. Yes, an effectual one. It is an open door provided for us, that we might enter through it **into Heaven**.

I trust then, unsaved sinner, if you have not thought of this, that through the grace of God, you will do so tonight. God's door is open tonight, and you may escape. Your

thoughts, your words, your deeds, are all hanging around your unsaved soul. See, then, this way is opened up for you; this door stands open by night and by day. Knock, and you will hear the joyous words, "Come in, come in, eternal glory thou shalt win;" "Whosoever will," let him enter this open door. The door was opened by God Himself, and Jesus is *the door*.

This door, then, having been opened, we are invited to enter in. Come then, and find pasture for your never-dying soul. Our *circumstances* are not called in question - whether we be rich or poor, young or old, learned or ignorant - there is no qualification in this respect. The door is open, and we are invited to enter; nay, - we are *commanded* to enter in by the King himself - the Lord Himself - the blessed Spirit commands all, even "whosoever will," to enter in, and find eternal life.

It has been open for some of you a long time now - ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, or fifty years perhaps - and you have not entered in yet. Well, you cannot say you have not been invited or urged upon. God has done it Himself, and the Spirit has striven with you, but you have neglected it. The Lord God has spoken to you Himself in various ways. He speaks to you through the Gospel, through the law, and He has also urged you by His providences. Some of your family He has visited with affliction and bereavement, thus urging you to enter in. Every stroke is a call from the Lord to enter in at the door which is "opened up in the House of David for sin and for uncleanness." What a merciful God! yes, what a merciful Cod, that He should thus condescend to provide for us in our low and lost estate.

Think, again, what your impenitence has cost Him. Nothing in the universe could have done for your Salvation and mine, but this *the* door - Christ Jesus - no other door in the wide universe, no other way will do, but just that way alone, *the* way. No other door which men have entered has been found safe. No safety nor shelter to cover from the storm and tempest can anyone find, but in this the appointed way of God. Every other shelter is insufficient and unsatisfying but this. It is for you now to enter it, and find eternal life in the blessed Son of God.

Oh! Think, think. I am convinced that the Spirit is speaking to many hearts here, urging them to repent and escape, and to do so - when? *Immediately, now*, for the door is open, and it will *not always* remain open. Mark that, mark that! As I said before, - I cannot tell when we become responsible to God - it is very early - neither will I say when our time of probation is to end, it is not laid down in the Bible, God has kept that to Himself; but this I know, that this door will *not stand always* open. It will be shut by-and-bye. It has long been set wide; God threw it wide open by His Son, who came and dwelt in our world in the flesh, and suffered and died. Had it been by any other instrumentality, it would have been ineffectual, but it has been opened by God, and you are commanded to enter in and find eternal life, before it be shut - before it be shut *for ever*. It is shut to some very early. The gate into the Heavenly country is a narrow gate, and mark, it will not always stand open for you. It may stand even a century to some, but two-thirds of the world go the way of all living long ere that period arrives. God's time is *now*; escape *now*. Enter in through this open, this safe, this *only* way, this *only* hiding-place from the storm *now*, for the Lord has said, "My Spirit will not strive always with man." By-and-bye, the Spirit will cease; you will weary Him out.

Do not some of you in your own experience, in looking back a short time ago, perhaps, see how you have quenched the Spirit? Some faithful message of God's Word may have aroused you, or some affliction in your family, but now your hearts are hardened. What is the reason of this? Why do you not feel as you once did? It is because the Spirit is not striving with you. Your conscience is getting seared, that is the reason of it. By-and-bye the Lord will be wearied; He will say to His Spirit, "Let Ephraim alone, he is joined to his idols."

Oh! Why will you die? God invites you Himself tonight; the Holy Ghost is in this house tonight, speaking to your conscience. Take warning now, ere it be for ever too late. "Now is the accepted time." Enter in and find eternal peace and comfort. It is offered freely and fully without money and without price, free as the air you breathe. Get hold, then, of this salvation provided in the Gospel. The door is open, and by-and-bye it will not stand open for you nor for me - *it will be shut*.

Again, "*No man can shut it*." What a mercy that is! No man nor devil either can shut that door, or it would not have stood two days open. It would have been shut early. Few would have entered in, but the Lord has taken care of that. All opposing powers of earth and hell are powerless, because the Lord Himself opened it. No other power can shut it. No man - mark that! - can shut Heaven against you, no man can shut that fountain opened up in Calvary, in which to wash all your crimson stains. No man has power to shut it, neither have the devils power to do so, or, believe me, it would have been done long ago. But the Lord has kept this in His own hands.

What a mercy! Yes, what a mercy! He is unwilling that you should perish, and He has put it past the power of them all. They talk of the Church of Rome opening and shutting this gate, but thanks be to God, no church in the world can do it. He has made man the instrument of explaining the Gospel to his fellow man, but the opening and shutting of the gate, that is in His own power; He died on Calvary Himself to purchase this power, and it is by the Mighty God *alone* that it will be shut. It stands night and day opens for you to enter. Come from the east, west, north, or south, the Lord will not refuse. Never, never! Oh, no! Dear people, it is standing open now, and no man, no power, I am sure can do it.

If I could, I would have shut it against my own soul - often did I strive to do it. Are any of you striving to shut it? Let your unbelief strive no longer against the grace of God. The Lord says, "No man shall shut this door; it is opened by Myself, and I have preserved that power. No church, nor angel, in Heaven or Hell can, or dare, bar this entry which I have opened up in Calvary, till the great work be accomplished, till the Kingdom be filled, till My house be full; then will I shut it, but not till then."

Dear unsaved sinner, it is open to you this night, and it is you whom I wish to persuade, or rather that God would persuade to enter in; it is you I so much long after. Probably we may meet here for the last time till we meet t the bar of God - I know not. Tonight, then, I again urge you once more to enter in *now*, before it be for ever too late, and the door shut against you. The blessed Lord is passing by, and very soon you will die in your sins - die in your blood; but tonight you can have peace with God, if *only* you *believe* His word. Remember "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

CHAPTER IX.

WITNESS BEARING - PORTKNOCKIE.

I come now to record the triumphs of divine grace among fishermen. It is no new thing to do so. In the days of His flesh, the once lowly but now exalted Jesus showed a special regard for them. So closely, indeed, did He associate Himself and His work with their lowly calling, that every incident in it is invested with undying interest. Privileged to gaze upon the blessed face, and listen to the gracious words of Him who spake as never man spake, what wonder that Christianity found its earliest converts, and its bravest champions, amongst the fishermen of Galilee?

The state of those along the Banffshire coast has been thus portrayed by a gentleman originally one of themselves, or at least closely connected with them, now a minister of the gospel:

The large fishing villages which stud the south coast of the Moray Firth are inhabited by a hardy, daring, and very enterprising race of fishermen. The writer's earliest impressions of the place date from boyhood, forty years or more ago. At that time the population was separated, as the fishing class generally is, by sharp lines from the mere "landfolk," was strictly clannish, intermarrying, following their own fashions, and exhibiting both vices and virtues peculiarly its own. It had, I suspect, a large infusion of the old Norse, or Danish blood in it. The fishermen, in their passionate love of the sea, their stolid, nay, prideful defiance of its dangers, and their patience of hardship, had much of the spirit of the old Vikings.

Unlike the Scotch in general, they cared nothing for school learning. To be able to count a dozen haddocks, and read a little, was all the learning that a fisher lad could want. Of course, superstition was rife, and ungodliness and moral debasement prevailed all along the coast. The men, as a class, exhibited a rough independence, were generally improvident, reckless, and greatly addicted to whisky-drinking, which necessarily involved them in debt and misery. On the women devolved all the hard work of "the calling" on land. Their life was one round of slavish toil; but they were noted for their faithfulness as wives, their strict temperance, and cheerful manners.

At the period to which I refer, there were few indications of religious life in Scotland. Moderatism was still supreme in the Established Church, and Dissent was feeble, polemical, and ultra-Calvinistic. The large fishing population seemed to be left - as to municipal government, sanitary arrangements, and religious instruction and guidance - pretty much to its own devices. An occasional sermon from a Methodist preacher, or Independent missionary, was about all the Evangelical teaching it then enjoyed. But a new face has been put upon some of these villages, and markedly on **Portessie**, where a Wesleyan Home Mission station has been established for the last five or six years. The change to moral beauty and gladness which characterizes these villages is directly traceable to three remarkable visitations of Divine influence in connection with Methodist preaching."

E. McH

After showing how the ground had been possessed by Wesley so early as 1776, a chapel and dwelling-house being held by the Wesleyans in **Buckie** until about thirty-six years ago, and that much labour had been bestowed on what appeared to be a barren soil, he goes on to state that the first visitation was in connection with the labours of Mr. Turner.

With the exception of the first anxious meeting in **Portknockie**, I shall not attempt any description of the work there, but introduce instead as many of these subjects of grace as my space will admit to tell for themselves, one after another, of the first dawn of heavenly light upon their minds - of their throes of penitence - of their struggles with unbelief, amounting to agony at times - of the false steps taken, arising from wrong notions of Divine requirement - of the manner in which the difficult lesson of self-abnegation was learned - the suggestions of Satan met and conquered - the simple trust in Christ exercised - of the growth of the inner and higher life - of the way in which they were disciplined to fruitfulness and Christian submission. On these and kindred topics they gladly give here their written testimony in the hope that an account of God's gracious dealings with them may stir others up to seek a conscious participation in the same blessed experiences.

When Duncan Matheson was preaching in **Cullen**, a few of the **Portknockie** men went over and invited him to preach in their town also. He came and held one meeting; could not be prevailed on to remain, but promised to send a man who could do so.

This desire for spiritual help arose thus - There were three men in **Portknockie** who had for years been subjects of Divine grace, but instead of letting their light shine, it was put under the bushel, and if it had not quite gone out, the light it gave was not very perceptible.

By means of an accident, one of the trio was awakened out of his spiritual torpor. He suffered much pain, and in the hour of extremity went to the Lord and said that if granted longer time and needful grace he would devote himself to the Lord's service more than he had been doing.

Shortly after, the work called "The Power of Prayer" fell into his hands. He read it, and got his two friends, J__ F__ and W__ W__, to do the same. And not only did they read the book, but they arranged to meet in his house on Sabbath evening, and also on Wednesday evening, when possible, to read it and pray. These meetings were kept strictly private - only the people were at the time so generally indifferent that they likely would not have joined them - for even the wife of one of these men, a Christian woman, would often say derisively - "Oh, ye needna be at the pains to read that book, nor yet to pray; for the like o' that ye'll see will never come here."

"Well, we'll see," her husband would quietly reply, and went on praying with his friends for at least three months. About that time their Father, who had been seeing them in secret, began to reward them openly.

As already stated, these men had secured one visit from Duncan Matheson, and now they waited and prayed for the man he promised to send them. At length, one evening, a stranger came to F__'s door -

"Can I have a meeting here?" was his inquiry.

"Are you the man Duncan Matheson promised to send?"

"No; but I am sent. God has sent me."

"Ah, weel, if ye're sent of God for the benefit of this people, we'll soon get a meeting;" and having acquainted his two praying friends of the advent of the stranger - James Turner, - the son of one of them went round with the bell and announced a meeting in the hall. In a short time three hundred had assembled. His text was "Who is on the Lord's side?" The apparent results were a considerable amount of talk regarding the man, and a great degree of interest excited in his message. That there were deeper results still, afterwards became manifest.

Next night the people turned out in such numbers that they had to adjourn to the Free Church. On the following day, the 6th of February, he wished to get away to **Findochty**. "Not one step," said F__, unless you have given a positive promise to be there; you cannot go and leave the people in such a state."

"I did not give a positive promise, I only said if I saw my way clear I would go to them to-night."

"Then ye're free, for ye canna see your way clear to leave the folk jist at the turning-point between life and death."

"Syne (said F__ to myself a few days ago) he did stay, and that very night the power of God came down, and the Banffshire coast was shaken to its very centre - then he thanked God, and me too for having stopped him"

That night, the 6th of February, the people at the close of the service appeared unwilling to dismiss. Seeing this, James Turner said, "Dear people, if there are any of you anxious about your souls I will meet with you in J__ F__'s house." The house soon filled. As the meeting went on a girl was prostrated - "fainted" as the people thought, and not recovering soon she was laid on a bed, and the place cleared by main force.

But in a little while, when the nature of the case was understood, the house filled again, and then it was that God began to work mightily. Just while Mr. Turner was speaking one young lad - the one who rung the bell - began to cry bitterly.

"What's the matter wi' ye, Wildie?" asked one of his relatives.

"O, it's my *soul!*" was the bitter wail, "It's lost! *lost!* LOST!" he cried in irrepressible anguish.

"What is the matter with you?" asked James Turner at another young man who was making "a *great noise.*"

"Ye needna spier that, ye see that I'm a lost soul."

This young man's history was one of special interest. He had a fine voice, and having led the singing at some meeting held by Hector M'Pherson from **Huntly**, he turned to the young man and said, "What a pity that fine voice should wail in hell."

Possibly some irreverence had called forth the remark. But which way soever, the saying stuck to him, although he did not think himself in danger, his life being a morally correct one, excepting that he kept a public-house.

Two of this young man's sisters had found the Saviour at an earlier part of this meeting on the 6th of Feb., and when he came in seeking his sisters, the power of God laid hold of himself.

While he was in this state his sisters were weeping and praying for him, "Oh my brother! my brother!" wailed one of them, "he's been getting his doors marked 1,2,3, and 4, to let the fouk ken far to gang to drink the stuff that will sink their souls to hell; but Lord, save his own soul." The young man wept and prayed for himself in great anguish.

"Let go yer sin and take hold of Christ," said James Turner in answer to his question "What must I do to be saved?" - "Ye canna get mercy and hold sin fast; no, ye canna be saved and keep the public-house too."

"I give it up!" he cried, and no sooner had he done so, then by the power of God, he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

"Glory be to God!" he cried, "I was to get a new sign on my house, but now I've got a new sign on my heart, the new sign of the BLOOD!" then hugging his sisters he mingled his tears of joy with theirs.

Then leaving the meeting, with some other young converts, and getting a poker, as no more convenient instrument was at hand, they wrenched off his sign; then went through his friends and relations telling them what God had done for his soul.

This is only one case; there were many others of equal interest that night. One young man, while lying prostrate under the mighty power of God, kept dragging himself along the floor, as if trying to get away from some very awful object. Reaching the wall, he pressed and pressed, until he had assumed a sitting position, and then still kept pressing against it; his whole appearance expressive of the utmost horror.

On recovering his power of speech a little, he began gasping out—"hell! *hell!* HELL!" and still he pressed backward. It turned out that while in this state of prostration he had a view of hell, opened up right before him, while the friends were doing their utmost to drag him down; therefore the extraordinary exertions he made to get away from it. When brought into liberty he was so filled with joy by the Holy Ghost, that he took W__ W__ in his arms, kissed and clapped him, "Until," said the good old man, "I thought he would have kill't me."

A young woman was in like manner prostrated, and, had also a view of hell and felt its sulphurous fumes; but a still deeper weight falling upon her, for about half-an-hour she was perfectly unconscious except that she heard music of wondrous sweetness. She recovered consciousness with the words on her lips, and the feeling in her heart -

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,

I am my Lord's and He is mine.

- then she sprang to her feet and began to pray and praise God.

One woman, being much displeased, left the meeting. She was a little afraid as well, and had resolved to run as long as she had the power to do so. But before going many yards she was laid prostrate in the snow - some two feet in depth. A messenger was sent for Findlay to go and speak to her, and before leaving the spot she rejoiced in conscious salvation.

These incidents, however, are only a mere specimen of what went on in a multitude of other cases. "The people were falling like sheep a' round about him." Of course the consternation of outsiders was great. Findlay, in whose house the meeting was held,

had gone into his neighbour's house at the commencement of the third meeting, and so was not aware of what was going on, until a woman in breathless haste came crying, "**Rin!** RIN ! Finla, for they are a' either deed or deeing in your house!!"

Findlay ran as desired, but like Peter at the sepulchre, he did not go right in, but to use his own words — "I stood outside the door and gave a keek in to see what was doing. Seeing three big men lying on the floor prostrate, and all the others more or less in the same condition, I stood almost paralyzed, the thought in my heart being, 'Is't you that's deeing a' this, Jamie Turner, or is't God by His Spirit?'"

His cogitations, however, were soon cut short by James Turner asking him to come in and pray for the souls under conviction. "And I went in," says Findlay, "much in the state of the man who saw the hand-writing on the wall against him, for my knees were knocking against each other, and I only prayed shortly, for I couldna think about anything but just the hand on the wall.

I suppose he had not been pleased with my prayer for he said, 'My brother, you've been praying for the work of the Spirit of God, and now that it's come ye don't believe it!'"

Another of the praying men had left the place before the prostrations. But about the time that the work began he was raised from sleep by a voice saying - "**Rise!** The Spirit worketh!" He rose, went in to see, and help, and share also in the spiritual blessing, for his son and daughter, if not more of his family, were brought to Christ that night.

By three o'clock in the morning, most of them had found peace, and the house was cleared. And strangely enough this mighty work was begun in the very house of the man whose wife had so often said - "Ye needna be at pains to read that book, nor yet to pray, for the like o' that work ye'll see will never come here."

The young converts instead of going home to bed, went to their friends and relations to tell them the great things which God had done for them. A general awakening thus took place. Meetings were held almost every night and day, not only in public, but in private dwellings as well.

"Not only houses," says one, "but the very holes and caves in the rocks were full of people crying for mercy - even the very hen-houses were filled with the children in like condition."

The Banffshire Journal Feb.28,1860 reported:

The meetings which were held in **Portknockie** every night were generally continued to two, three, and four o'clock in the following morning, and there is scarcely a family in the village in which there have not been cases of mental or physical prostration. Mr. Fraser, the schoolmaster of the place, was very deeply affected. The children, as in all the other villages, were much affected; and could not be tired of praying and singing hymns. One day in the school, while devotional exercises were being gone through, previous to commencing the work of teaching, such was the ardour with which these were entered into, that even there, cases of striking down commenced, and spread very rapidly - one man who was sent for, reporting the result to be that when he arrived the whole school was prostrated at one time - some twenty pupils.

E.McH.

For six weeks this continued. During that time not a boat went to sea. Yet, though a people that had to work day-by-day for daily bread, they lacked nothing - hearts, houses, and tables, were all open day and night - and, did time and space permit, many interesting stories could be told of how the barrel of meal never wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed, while these Pentecostal scenes continued.

It would be impossible to give in detail all the conversions which took place about that time in the village, I can only give a few of those brought to Christ on the memorable evening, or rather morning, of the 7th of February, as their spiritual history illustrates at once the origin, working, and results, of this remarkable movement. I return, therefore, to the point at which I diverged - the breaking up of the meeting.

When the people had fairly dismissed, the three men who had so long prayed for a similar work to that in America, met to rejoice over it with the one honoured by God as His instrument in effecting it. And the next hour was passed in holding a kind of experience-meeting. It was commenced by James Turner saying, "Brother - can you give us any idea of what the Lord is doing for your soul?" The answer came in these words—

"My soul is now united to Christ the living Vine,
His grace for long I slighted, but *now* I feel Him mine;
I was to God a stranger but Jesus took me in,
He freed my soul from danger and pardon'd all my sin.

You shall give Him glory,
And *I* shall give Him glory,
We all shall give Him glory,
For glory is His due."

"And you, J__ F__ when did God begin to work in your soul?"

"It was when I was led to ask A__ N__ what was *his* confession of faith. And he replied, 'My confession of faith goes into little bulk;' then put a New Testament into my hands, and, through the reading of that New Testament, I was led gradually to see the truth and receive it in the love of it."

There is only one of the men alive who took part in that experience meeting, and his story I will give in full, as he wishes, not merely to authenticate what I have written, but also to give his personal testimony to the reality and value of the salvation purchased for us by Jesus Christ. But before giving it, I may as well finish my account of this night of blessing. The house in which the meeting had been held being small, it was arranged that James Turner was to sleep in the larger house of another of the praying trio, with one of his sons, which son being a decent young man, and not at all, as he thought, in want of these things, had not been at the meetings. On the way to the house he asked the lad's father if his son was converted, the father answered "no," no further remark was made on either side, and how this ended will be best told in the lad's own words.

"When the meeting was done, and Mr. Turner and my father were coming up the close, I heard him ask, "Is your son converted?" "No," my father replied; so I expected to be hauled up, and had my mind somewhat prepared to stand my own ground. When we

had gone to bed he said quietly, 'Are you prepared to meet God?' This was not quite the line I was prepared for, so I could only say 'No.'

'You may be called to meet Him to-morrow,' he again said quietly, and turning his face to the front of his bed, did not speak another word.

"I had been prepared to argue it out with him, and felt thoroughly disappointed to be thus shut up. And not only so, but the simple words he spoke kept me from my sleep that whole night.

"In the morning he did not speak to me about my soul. I did not see him again until the gloaming, when I met him, and I mind fine how he put his hand on my shoulder, and said:- 'Do you think that you'll take the Lord Jesus to be your Saviour?'

"I was silent for a little, there being a struggle in my mind between two feelings, one as if it were, seemed to say, 'you *can't* believe;' and the other said, 'you *can* believe.' I had therefore to make up my mind, which I was to do. At length I said, '*yes*.'

"As the result of this decision I had peace but not assurance. But one afternoon while sitting in the room where James and I slept, I was reading the 8th chapter of Romans, reading of course for a purpose. I was trying to understand what I was reading, and trying to apply it to my own case. So doing, I read on to the 32nd verse. To be plain, there was a lot of the chapter that I did not understand, but when I came to the words, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?' I saw then, that if, when I was careless and not seeking to be saved, God gave His Son, *now* that He knows that I am earnestly seeking to be saved, He will not withhold His salvation from me; no, for He is unchanging.

"For a considerable time after this, however, I was of little use as a worker, not indeed for several years until I got another baptism. I remained a passive Christian until one night. I remember the very spot where I sat in the U.P. Church in **Portknockie**, when the truth came before me with such force that it was my place, not only to refrain from bearing *wild fruit*, but that I was to bring forth *good fruit*, not in order to *be saved*, but because I *was* saved. And in that moment I began to speak for Christ and continue doing so until this day."

E.McH.

I now introduce another witness, James Wilson, the young man who rang the bell, and who was the first whom the Spirit constrained to cry aloud for mercy.

James Wilson:

I was born in **Portknockie**, Nov. 16, 1844. The Spirit of God began to strive with me very early, and led me to think of the Saviour who, while on earth, took little children into His arms and blessed them. And many times did I wander away among the rocks, and, going into the caves, where I was sure no one would either see or hear me, would read God's Word and pour out my soul in prayer to Him. In short, I was trying to justify myself by the deeds of the law. I thought by my works to please God, so I attended the church very regularly, and the Sabbath School was my delight.

I could not get on quite steadily, however. Sometimes I would be drawn away by my companions to break the Lord's Day, but I was miserable in doing so, as I felt that I was

sinning against God. And one day especially the Spirit of God came upon me so forcibly that I was obliged to call them all round me, and then we sat down on the grass, and I read God's Word, and told them that we were sinning against Him in breaking His holy day.

In such ways did I go on trying to weave out a robe of righteousness to cover my sins, being quite ignorant of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, until I was about fifteen years of age, when that blessed child of God, James Turner, visited **Portknockie** and preached a crucified Saviour.

The night he came, I went round with the bell, then went with many more to the hall to hear him speak from the words, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ". His doctrine was new and strange to us. We had never heard such things before, for in **Portknockie** the word conversion was not used, scarcely known, except, perhaps, by a few who had been praying for some months that God would send *some one* or *some thing* to help us.

Having never heard such things before, it pressed home upon men and women with tremendous force. For myself, especially, I felt that if God were to call me that night I would be lost for ever, as my sins were still upon me. I had no love to Jesus Christ in my heart. I was not a partaker of His Spirit. Something I wanted, I knew not what, but get it I must or perish.

A meeting was appointed for the truly anxious in J. Findlay's house, which soon filled. A prostration occurred, and the people were afraid and wanted the house cleared. The anxious ones were not willing to go, and I was in such despair about my soul that I would not go out, but I helped to put out the others by force. The ejected ones, however, would not go away, but stood round the door, and as soon as the girl got better, made their way in again.

James Turner seemed moved at their persistency and said, "Dear people, you that want to be saved may be saved *now*, so we'll all to our knees and seek the power." And no sooner had they gone to their knees than, as quickly as to the persistent ones of old, who let their sick one down through the roof when they could find no better way, did God yield to their urgency and the power came, for, after James Turner had prayed and another man had prayed a few words, all in a moment the house was filled. I, for one, was struck down to the earth, or rather to hell, under the pressure of my sins, for I could see nothing but total darkness, and eternal hell beneath me, and I cried, "Lord, save me!" for about fifteen or twenty minutes at the top of my voice.

What a mighty struggle there was in my soul ere the king of darkness let his captive go free. I lay on my knees about an hour unable to move - pressed down, sinking down - and just as James Turner laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Jesus died for you," - in a moment, as quickly as one could turn up the gas, the light of the glorious gospel shone into my heart, and I saw one standing before me with blood streaming from His hands, His feet, and His side, and His visage 'marred more than any man's.' My heart broke within me as I looked, and I said, "Was this done for me?" "YES, all for *you*. *I* died, that *you* might live." And as He spoke these words the burden rolled of my soul. I started to my feet and sang at the top of my voice —

'And *now* I love the bleeding Lamb,
Now I love the bleeding Lamb,
Now I love the bleeding Lamb,
Because He first loved me:

By the grace I now receive!
I can! I will! I do believe!
I can! I will! I do believe!
That Jesus died for me.'

Then filled with inconceivable joy and gladness, I flew out of the house; knocked up the people, especially my own relatives, and kneeling down at their bedsides, told them what God had done for my soul. When morning dawned, the converts were going up and down the place praising God. **Portknockie** had never such a sun-rising! As soon as the people had a little food, a prayer-meeting was called; which, once begun, lasted all day - and every day and night also for six weeks after.

A lot of those converted about the same age as myself held meetings separate from the public meeting. We went to private houses where there were any sick, or when any other cause kept them at home. One night the house we met in was full. It had not gone on long, for we had merely sung a hymn, when some prostrations occurred. I had not been prostrated, so having the idea that I wanted something which others had received, prayed that I might get that something.

So that night while I was singing, my soul was filled, and my body completely overpowered. While thinking of the words 'Behold the Lamb of God!' all at once I got another sight of Jesus, - hung up between heaven and earth as the substitute for sinners and thus I lay, *hour* after *hour*, looking at the glorious sight, and the more I looked, the more I was filled with the love of God; tears continuously running down my cheeks; *unable to move for the world*. I had merely power to ejaculate occasionally, 'Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!' etc.

Being all young people, they at last got frightened at my continuing so long in such a state, and went and got some of the older folks to come in. When they had come in, and seen the condition in which I lay, they could only say, "*This is the work of God.*" After they prayed for the young that had given their hearts to Jesus, they dismissed the meeting. And about one o'clock in the morning I was able to go home, and did so rejoicing.

After this I formed a prayer meeting for the young every Monday night in the school-room, along with two other young men about the same age as myself, and we addressed them night after night about from a passage of Scripture during the winter and spring months, and I had also a kind of tract society; at least, I collected a little money from those who were willing to give it, and sent for gospel tracts which I distributed among the people.

When my employment called me to leave home for a while, the first one I met with on reaching our destination was one of my old ungodly companions, whom I had offended the season before, and who had been lying in wait for my hurt since that time. Knowing this, I was somewhat dismayed, but when we came close up he caught me in his arms and embraced me as his brother, and told me that the Lord had changed his heart and he did not want to hurt me now. From that time our souls were like those of Jonathan

and David, knit to each other with the bands of Christ's love, and the hearts that were filled with enmity were filled with the love of Jesus and each other.

He sought out a place for a meeting, and having got a suitable one, we held a meeting on Saturday night; on Sabbath also, and any other night that we might not be at sea - these were generally protracted until a late, or rather early hour, for it was oft-times morning ere we separated, and many professed to have been blessed in them.

When the second movement commenced, we had to leave home for the fishing. One of us had two brothers and the other had three brothers with us in our boat unconverted. All the other boats went to sea but we stopped on shore to hold a meeting, we were so much impressed with the condition of the unsaved. In that meeting there was great power, convincing power, and some were made to feel deeply their need of Christ. Next day we were obliged to leave, and while upon the sea, on our way to the fishing ground, my mind was still deeply exercised about the condition of our unsaved friends, everything on which my eye rested, round and round me, ever deepening these impressions. If I looked at the dark-blue sea, my mind also took in the fact in all its force, that there was only an inch of wood to protect them from it. If my eyes rested on the boat, I could not help also realizing that there was a few feet at most between them and the gaping mouth of a gulf which had swallowed up thousands. In short, I became so impressed, and so fully alive to their danger that I could not help speaking to them, and pointing it out to them, and entreating them to flee to Christ, the only refuge for the soul. While I spoke they were greatly impressed.

When we had reached the fishing ground and shot our nets, the other believers and myself began to pray, and so impressed were we with the mighty power of God that, for three hours we continued on our knees, reiterating our *one* petition - 'Lord, save the unconverted in this boat who are dear to us by the tie of nature.' - The only variety was one who cried, 'Lord, save my brother!' During the time we were so engaged, we were down below, and our ears caught a sound from above which it will not be easy to forget. It was a voice singing -

'But Christ, the heavenly Lamb.
Takes all our sins away -
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

Believing we rejoice,
And feel the curse remove;
We praise the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love.'

It was one of those for whom we had been praying who had found peace. Next day we went ashore on the other side and got up a meeting at **Pultneytown**. The same mighty power was manifested in that great meeting, and never will I forget the sight when another of our crew - I think I see him yet, a great stout man - threw himself back and exclaimed, 'Another sinner saved by grace ! *Glory be to God!*'

Several others, strangers to us, also professed to find peace, and all our crew, except one, have, since then, been brought in, and up to this time are standing firm.

After one of the revival times in our village, having sung and spoken almost continuously, I was pretty much broken down. One day long before, I had heard a man say to James Turner that he, James Turner had killed himself (*was killing himself with overwork*). He brought that up as an objection against his religion, and now the enemy came in accusing me of the same thing, *viz.*, that I had killed myself, and tried to disturb my peace. So we, *i.e.*, I and my friend, J__ F__, resolved to go out to the country a bit to recover our health. After leaving the town, we went on the road till we came to a small cottage on the roadside. We went in and had some food. Then we began to make enquiries whether they were all converted. The parents professed to be so, but none of the family, and they wished that we would petition the Lord on their behalf. We gave out the hymn-

'We've found the precious Christ of God,
My heart doth sing for joy.'

As we sang, the place was filled, and as we prayed the cry was raised, 'What must I do to be saved?' Two of the family then and there found peace. I was so filled with God that my weakness was all gone, and when we came home at 9 o'clock, I called a meeting, and there was not one soul in that meeting but was led to pray, and one old man who had never prayed before prayed that night. I was so filled with the power of God that I was three days and three nights without sleep, and I spoke to every man, whatever they were; one in particular, a great rough man, who, from his size, etc., could have easily mastered me, was so awed that he slunk away, and from that day to this I have been in perfect health.

We, *i.e.*, W__ W__ and J__ F__, the reconciled friends, were called upon to go to **Crovie**, and there we saw some of the blessed fruits of James Turner's labours. Most of the men were at sea, but we held a meeting.

Six women engaged in prayer in succession, all of them his spiritual children. The influence of that meeting was felt over the whole town. When we went to visit a place on the Lord's service, we always took James Turner's plan as much as possible *i.e.*, to visit among the people through the day. In doing so, we fell in with an old man, 60 or 70 years of age, and I asked,

'Have you peace in believing on Jesus?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'I was in peace until you came here and disturbed it - a lot of fellows going about the country stirring up the peace and quiet of the people. You are preaching the people mad, and driving them to their wits' end, etc.'

'Were you in the meeting to hear what we preached?'

'Yes.'

'Was it God's Word, God's truth that we preached?'

'Yes.'

'Then, if we have delivered God's message, who is to blame for any irregularities that may be produced by it?'

Seeing himself shut up, he stormed and raged to a terrible extent, thinking to get rid of us in that way. But I threw my arms round his neck, and, embracing him just as a child would do a father, I said, "You have no settled peace, and the false peace that you had, God has disturbed it. We will now make you a subject of prayer before God that you may have that peace which springs from believing in His dear Son." His reply was a stone, which he took up and threw at us.

That night we prayed for him, and next morning, when we had called a meeting, about 9 o'clock, a.m., he came in amongst us, and his first words were, 'Oh, pray for me, I am a poor lost sinner;' and before he left the place he professed to find peace in believing.

There were also some cases of prostration - one very protracted, some 36 hours, ended at length in a genuine case of conversion. We walked home and visited every house in our way. Ourselves light in the Lord, we were astonished at the amount of spiritual darkness and apathy that we found among the people.

E. McH

The next case I give is one of this man's converts, as **related by one or two of his near relatives:-**

J__ W__ P__ was a very dissipated man. He not only drank his money, but ill-used his wife to a great extent; was exceedingly ignorant, could not read. So far gone in sin was he that no one was willing to go in the boat with him. In this time of extremity, James Wilson had compassion on him and took him into his boat in one of their far-off fishing expeditions. At the end of the fishing he came to his wife and put all his money into her hands. 'Johnny, my dear!' said the astonished woman; 'what way hae ye gien me a' this?' 'Oh, Mary,' was his reply; 'yon's nae a man that I am sailing wi' noo, it's an angel. An' I'm a new man mysel', an' a' thing in the world's new, that new that it looks as if it were turned upside down. The things that I likit afore I hate noo, and the things that I hated, I like. I hae nae words tae express to ye what I feel, but it's a' here!' said he, striking his breast; 'it's a' here, though I hav'na words to let it oot.'

E. McH

This man remains a consistent Christian, and I heard him pray with great power and beautiful simplicity on the 4th of April, 1875.

I return to the two friends. Going out one day into the country near **Banff** to fish for souls, they, following their usual plan, began to visit among the people before holding their meeting. In one house was a woman, who, anticipating their errand, began to speak without reserve of what had happened to herself. Being a woman of correct moral life she was perfectly satisfied with her condition - did not in fact know that anything else was needed until she heard of what was doing along the sea coast by the preaching of James Turner. Too serious a matter to pass over lightly, she went to her Bible to see what it said. As she read on, she got more and more dissatisfied with herself; and at last became fully convinced of her lost condition. She had none to open her mind to but God, so she wept and prayed for nights and days together, her burden of guilt ever becoming heavier and heavier, her unrest of soul compelling her to wander about, sometimes even through the night.

She read much in her Bible, the plan she took being to read right through. She came to the 8th chapter of Romans and the 34th verse, and as she read the words - "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." In a moment, quick as lightning, the blessed Spirit flashed that truth in all its fullness upon her soul, and set her at liberty; then believing, she was enabled to rejoice - with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

She wrote to her husband who was at sea, telling him the great change that had taken place in her experience. The result was that he also became troubled and got no rest from that time until he came home, when he also found the Lord after a short struggle, so wonderfully did the work of God spread without direct human instrumentality.

Story of James Fife, in whose house the meeting was held:-

I became deeply concerned about my soul at the age of sixteen, but was afterwards led away by ungodly companions into folly and sin. When godly relations interfered and spoke to me about my soul, I soon learned to set them at defiance, and when I got drunk I was quite ferocious to them that loved me and used them ill.

For seven or eight years I continued in that state. Then I got married, and my wife, being a moral woman, expostulated with me to little effect. When the Lord's Day turned round, I went to the Established Church in the forenoon - not to get good to my soul, but principally to please her. The rest of the day I spent with company such as myself.

On and on I went in iniquity until at last a fisherman, Andrew Noble by name, came along the Banffshire coast. Through the simplicity of his preaching my wife was led to seek the Saviour; but I grew worse from day to day, and only jeered and mocked at her and at what she said about conversion.

One Sabbath afternoon, I went away to meet a couple of associates as wicked as myself, to rejoice in iniquity by reading profane books on God's holy day. I had been taught from my infancy to reverence the name of Jesus, but now that I was a man I abhorred and slighted it. On that afternoon, while going on as usual, I began to get disturbed in my mind, so much so that I left my ungodly companions and went to the little chapel where I knew my wife was worshipping God, and stood at the door like a poor outcast, afraid to go in lest I should be seen. Then I went home and took my Bible and shuffled through it and through it, with no heart for the contents of the blessed book; and so one way or other I got the blessed day passed away, and with the labours of the week, all my serious impressions vanished.

Next Sabbath, a Wesleyan Methodist, Andrew Baillies, came from **Banff** to preach the gospel to the despised few in their chapel. I went to hear him, and his text was - 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.' (Matt. 25v46) As he described the torments of the damned throughout eternity, the thought struck me - 'Will I be one of those who will have to endure these torments? I am a sinner; will I have to endure these punishments for sin?'

Thus I began to realise my lost estate, and when the man began to describe the happiness of the saved soul, how, when it is severed from the body, it would dwell with God and see His face, all he said came with power to my soul. As he went on speaking, I began at length to think, 'However in the world does he know about me? Who could have told him about me? - or how could he know I was there? It must have been my uncle, no other body could know about my circumstances sae weel. Ah wait, my lad, thought I, till I get my hands on you, and I will give it to you for telling the man about me.' Every word he was speaking was knocking me down to the very earth, and I went home in a moody, disconsolate state of feeling.

On Monday morning, I went to my work and began relating to my companions what had taken place yesterday. They blew me up that it was all a farce, and then we joined and got a dram. We drank until I got quite tipsy, and then I went to my uncle. I swore at him dreadfully, and called him everything that the devil put into my mouth.

Time wore on. I went back and fore to the chapel, sinning and repenting alternately. Then my uncle's son got converted, and no sooner had he got the truth himself than he began to think about me, I suppose as being the worst of his relations. He got quite a hold of my heart, however, and I went from one place to another with him as he preached the gospel; but although I was so much taken up with him, sin had still such a hold of me that I lagged behind sometimes, and went into the public-house and took a dram to myself.

Sometimes he would set upon me with the truths of God's Word, wanting matters brought to a point with me, I would parry him by saying -

"Geordie, I know God's Word as well as you do. I know every portion of it that speaks about Jesus just as well as you do yourself; but what does faith mean? Tell me that."

"Faith is to believe."

"But what *am* I to believe--what does *believing* mean?"

Though I put him off with these questions they were not meaningless cries, there was to me a deep and real difficulty lying behind them; which I scarcely expected him to explain. Having changed my residence from **Cullen** to **Portknockie**, I did not see him much, and so had to face these difficulties by myself, and the consequence was that I got into a state bordering on despair, and had certain dark thoughts in my mind about destroying myself.

One day things came to such a pitch that I fairly struck work and set off to **Cullen** to see my cousin George, the son of the man whom I had formerly abused on the supposition that he had told the minister about me. When I asked for him, my uncle said.—

"What need *you* ask for George, you and him can have no communication.'

I did not speak, but my aunt seeing the tears trickling down my cheeks said, "Aye, Jamie, ye'll see George, he's up the stair there, just open that door and ye'll see him."

So up I went and found George he was studying a subject for preaching at **Findochty** next Sabbath.

"George," says I, "will you come and take a walk with me along the sands of **Cullen**?"

"To be sure," he replied, and laying aside his Bible at once came with me. And no sooner were we on the ground than the old difficulties were brought up, and the old story of the *Cross*, and the *Blood* and *whosoever believeth* placed in counter-position. And he pressed me hard with that verse, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life,' insisting that I was one of the whosoever.

"How," says I, "am I to know *that*, when I canna lay hold on it. I know that these are Christ's words, but how am I to believe, or know, that Christ said that about *me*? *That's* what I want to know:'

We had paced the sands up and down for some time, and now we stood again beside the rocks about to part, without me having gone a step beyond the point indicated by the words, '*That's* what I want to know;' and he said to me, "Now, my dear brother, I have through the grace of God declared to you what Christ has done for sinners and you will not accept it. I *cannot* do more. "

"What! my dear cousin," said I almost in despair, "Is my soul to be cast out and numbered with the damned? Is the loving Saviour that ye speak so much about to let my soul go down to hell? Am I to lift up my eyes in that place of woe, and curse the day I was born? Has God led me thus far to forsake me now?"

"By no means," said he deeply moved, "God has opened up a way for your escape. I was just going to leave you, but God in his mercy has brought an incident to my mind which may help to show you what faith is, though I cannot bring it out to you.

There was a minister in **Edinburgh** belonging to the Wesleyan connection who had a little boy called Tommy, and there was a woman - a precious soul - seeking salvation. He had laid the truth about Christ before her, and also the truth that it was by faith in Him, and by no other means that she could be saved. Like you, she failed to apprehend it. Unable to say more than he had done, the idea of giving a practical illustration of the act of faith occurred to him; and calling for little Tommy he placed him on the parlour table.

"Now Tom," said he, "did ever papa promise to do anything without doing it?"

"No, papa."

"Well, Tom, I want you to leap from the table, and I'll receive you in my arms."

"Your back is to me papa," said the boy.

"Remember my promise, I'll receive you in my arms."

The boy made a spring, the father caught him, and the woman cried - "I see it! - disregard all appearance - take the promise - make the spring, out of self into Christ!"

And, glory be to God, I saw it too! "Out of self into Christ!" —"Away," cried I, "with all my own doing! Let Christ's Word and Christ's power have full swing!"

So I left my cousin, and up the brae I went, singing like a lark, for the word burned in my heart like fire, and home to my wife, who also sung praise with me for this deliverance though still in bondage herself. But the Lord did not leave her long in that state - He soon prepared an instrument and set her free also.

From that time, 1844, I went on very well for a while. April, 1859 however, found me in a somewhat careless condition. Knowing that my own soul was safe, I cared little about my neighbour's, and was far less frequent at the throne of grace than had been my wont.

But on the 6th of April, this state of matters began to be reversed. While hacking a piece of wood against my will, I got a cut which led to the loss of my finger. I suffered much pain, but the pain of my mind was greatest, for I was thoroughly aroused to see the sinful state of lukewarmness and backsliding in which I had been living, and I will have to bless God through all eternity for the loss of that finger. It was better for me indeed,

that one of my members should perish than that my soul should be cast into hell fire. That portion of God's Word was literally fulfilled in me.

From that time, up to January, 1860, myself and other two men pleaded with God for the salvation of those around us. Sin was abounding to a great degree, and our souls were grieved at the thought of hundreds of precious souls round about us treading the downward path to everlasting woe. So we pleaded on, and in God's good time, and in His own blessed way, He answered these prayers by the visit of James Turner. In the providence of God he was led straight to my door. My wife sent for me on the evening of the 3rd February. When I went in he was sitting by the fire. Looking into his face I asked,

"Are you the young man that Duncan Matheson promised to send?"

"No, I'm not the young man sent by Duncan Matheson, but I am sent; God has sent me."

What transpired in my house after this the reader already knows, but there is just one other incident in my spiritual history, which for the glory of God I wish to make known, and which never has been mentioned by me but once before in a little assembly of Christian friends.

The day I found peace in the year 1844, after I had begun to my work, a suggestion of Satan came to my mind with great force, *viz.*—that what I had seen at the sands was all a farce and a falsehood. This suggestion held its ground most persistently, and as the night wore on my mind got into a most disordered condition.

Towards morning, before day broke, I rose and went up and down the streets for some time. Then I went to one of the caves at the sea shore - a dark cave, where I knew no human being could come and disturb me, while I poured out my soul to God, in pleading with Him to show me whether what I had experienced and seen on the sands was a right salvation or not.

As I went into the cave I took up a large stone in my arms, laid it down in the middle of it, then kneeling upon the stone, I told the Lord that I *would not* remove from that stone until He told me that salvation was a reality or otherwise.

While pouring out my soul thus to God I fell into a trance or vision, and I saw the Lord Jesus suspended before me on the cross. I saw the marks of the nails on His hands and feet, and the wound in His side; and I heard a voice, as coming from that vision, say, 'I have suffered this for thee, what doest thou for Me?'

I do not know how long I lay overpowered, but when I came to myself I was still upon the stone, with my hands clasped and my face gazing to the rigging of the cave. It was almost twelve o'clock when I came out of the cave and turned homewards, and I found the whole of the little town astir looking for me. I did not tell them what had happened to me, but for four years after I scarcely ever ceased, when awake, to leap for joy and praise God, and I never related it until in an experience meeting, at **Whitehills**, after I sat down at the Lord's table there."

E. McH.

This account, which I have given *verbatim* from the lips of one of these fishermen, with the story of another of them in verse, will better show the calibre of the praying trio

than anything I could say about them. From this narrative in rhyme merely a few extracts have been given, but these, though connected with him as an individual, will also cast some light upon the social habits and customs of the people generally along the Banffshire coast.

In a village called **Portknockie**, skirting the Moray Firth,
In the year eighteen and eighteen, my mother gave me birth.
My father was a fisherman, who laboured on the sea,
As did the Lord's disciples on the sea of Galilee.
But on the twenty-fifth of May, eighteen and twenty-one
Though fifty years have passed away, a painful scene I scan.
A mighty wave in fury frowned, then poured forth its flood;
Alas! six helpless men were drowned, one only death withstood.
Oh, dark-blue sea, a look at thee brings to my eye the tear;
Far down beneath thy briny waves, then sank my father dear.
By this event I then was left to a widowed mother's care,
And in this world of trials, since then, I've had my share.
Three sisters older than myself, also a younger brother,
Were left, from human point of view, dependent on our mother;
But we did find the promises in Scripture to be true —
The Lord to us a Father was, our mother's husband too.

The time had now arrived when I instruction did require,
But how could that accomplished be without the means to spare.
To make an honest living, my mother laboured hard,
The Lord, in His kind providence, her labours did reward.
She saved a very little sum to meet my college fee,
And in her hand to school I went, right full of youthful glee.
I dearly liked to go to school that I might learn to read,
So lesson first, the alphabet, I scanned with rapid speed.
My teacher next to me then did the shilling book present,
I also very soon with it did make myself acquaint.
A catechism, large in type, was then my book the third,
And from beginning to the end I learned every word.
My book the fourth was Proverbs, bound very neat and tight,
And in its subject-matter I took very great delight.
My last but best of books, the fifth that I at school went through,
They were the precious Testaments, the Bible old and new.

The period of my stay at school was much improved but brief,
And of the blessing being deprived, my heart was brought to grief.
I was not taught to write nor count, though that was my desire,
But for to learn to do the same I often did aspire.

But where there is a will, it's said, there always is a way,
And I did realise the same upon a future day.
When I was searching through some books, my mother kept with care,
Left by my father when he died, I found a copy there.
By imitating of the same, I soon did learn to write,
And having learned before to read I soon learned to write.

But, ah my youthful, thoughtless heart began to take delight
To wander in forbidden paths out of my mother's sight.

I tremble when I think how near a victim once I was
Unto intemperance, but the Lord He undertook my cause,
And me delivered from its grasp by His almighty power,
And by His grace has me preserved unto the present hour.
But many, many heinous sins, open and secret too,
Committed in these days of youth, rise up into my view.
The whole black catalogue revealed in God's own book of truth,
Has been by me committed, in thought or deed, in youth.

Now in these days of which I write such customs did prevail,
Which makes me very much ashamed their nature to reveal;
In every business matter then, a crew had to transact,
They went into the public-house to have a social crack.
The social glass was introduced, and round and round it went,
Till our hard-earned money thus most foolishly was spent.
As soon as e'er a boat was launched, and put into her berth,
Then scenes of revelry began, of feasting and of mirth.
The skipper reigned supreme in power, and he a law did make –
That every married man his wife, into the feast must take;
And all the young unmarried men must not from this desert,
But each one to the feast must bring his neighbour lad's sweetheart.
I blush to think upon the spots with which those feasts were stained,
The name of God blasphemed, and His most holy laws profaned.
Another sinful practice, which my muse would now reveal,
Kept up through generations, did very much prevail—
A new boat on her first voyage out to prosecute the sea,
At her return on shore, the crew must taste the barley bree;
A bottle full of spirits strong, each wife gave to her man
Before he set his foot on shore, to drink it if he can.
At births, and marriages, and deaths, what awful scenes I trace;
To paint such pictures in these lines, it would my rhyme disgrace,
And more - me charity forbids to draw the veil aside.

My youngest sister's husband and a cousin did agree,
That I with them a herring boat should have among us three.
Upon the temperance principle, the boat she launched was,
The owners all had taken the pledge connected with the cause.
There never was a boat before, brought home in such a way
To any town on all the coast; so did the people say
And gossip through was spread — "the boat no luck would get,"
And all for want of mountain dew, the fishermen to treat.

There was a custom then prevailed, which I am loath to name,
For which as well's the fishermen, the curer was to blame.
Among the other perquisites, when contracts then were made,
An anchor full of whisky strong, was by the curer paid.
That most pernicious custom, we resolved to expose,

And our first opposition commenced was in Montrose;
As there the curer lived to whom we were engaged to fish,
So we unhesitatingly expressed to him our wish -
That he for spirits unto us would be at no expense,
As through the fishing we with it could perfectly dispense
That money, worse than thrown away, we firmly did dispute,
Would purchase to the fishermen, a useful substitute.
For instance, he in canvas dealt, and we a sail did need
To prosecute the fishing with, for him at **Peterhead**.
So we instead of whisky, took the canvas for a sail,
Which lightened the expenses which the fishing did entail.
Time flies, I hasten now to show how our teetotal crew
Did work without the spirits, and how we prospered too.
'Tis not for me to boast but say, to make my verses short,
Our active and industrious crew had gained a good report.
The herring fishing was but poor, that year in **Peterhead**,
But notwithstanding our new boat did pretty well succeed.
To superstitious minds how strange did that event appear,
That such a misert shabby crew should get such luck was queer.

Through ignorance our minds were filled with superstitions dread,
Our child would not be saved, they said, if unbaptized it died.
The light of God's revealed truth was dawning on my mind,
Such doctrine in the Bible, friends, I said, I could not find.
But for the parish minister they urged me sore to go,
The____, my superior, said I must not answer no.
The reverend old divine at once my summons did obey,
And he dispensed the sacred rite upon the Sabbath-day.
This ceremony through—behold! - more solemn still
The minister he drained a glass of whisky with goodwill,
And quite astonished was at me, and knew not what to think,
When I, a member of his church, nor handle would nor drink.
A female friend our waiter was, he thus did her address—
How hard to muzzle up the ox that out the corn doth press;
O how the Scripture wrested is to tolerate a cause
Which by the Bible is condemned in God's most holy laws.
We need not wonder then that those blind leaders of the blind
Cause both to fall into the ditch, as we in Scripture find.
An influence most mighty thus was brought on me to bear,
But I unscathed, escaped the snare and kept my pledge with care.

But alas! these tempting customs were before another year
By me indulged, I broke my pledge, which caused me many a tear.
Our second child, a girl was born, eighteen and forty-three;
For to make toddy to my wife, I then came to agree.
I touched, tasted, handled, so thus I broke my pledge,
And thus at once came down unto the moderate drinker's stage.
An actor on that stage I was but for a little while,
The serpent of intemperance round me threw his deadly coil;
He fawned and flattered me until I in his snare was caught,

And for many years I deeply drunk the intoxicating draught.
Though oft I did succeed from man my guilt and shame to hide,
My conscience did alarm me, and often did upbraid.
Methinks I hear that warning voice still thundering in my ear—
Beware, O man, the drunkard's doom doth follow in thy rear!

My family circle here again comes in to claim attention,
And what particular things took place here only will I mention.
The year eighteen and forty-four, November sixteenth day,
A boy * to us was born, and I the Lord did humbly pray **(The boy who rung the bell.)*
To spare him, and I would devote the child to Him,
that He might use him in His service as His wisdom fit might see.
This was about the time the Church of Scotland and the State
Began to disagree, and hold that long and firm debate
About the Headship of the Church, which caused the separation
Between the Churches, fixed and free, throughout the Scottish nation.
What has been wrote on Church and State by wiser men than I,
Forbids me more on this to say, I therefore pass it by.
A non-intrusion I became, the establishment did leave,
And to the voluntary Free, I firmly then did cleave.

Our plan of fishing now is changed from what it used to be
Upon those days of which I write, when labouring on the sea;
Our boats are also much improved in these, more modern times
Likewise our nets and gear, such as our herring nets and lines.
Through spring and summer, in these days, our work was most severe
Both night and day, on land and sea, we laboured late and ear;
Especially in the month of May, when to the south we went
To sell our fish, which we had caught, about the time of Lent.
Kirkcaldy was the part to which for many years I went,
I with the dealers there in fish, had made myself acquaint.
Both up and down, scarce any town, that skirts the Firth of Forth,
But what I've been in with, my fish, each side, both south and north.
When out upon that voyage from home, both men and women too,
Enjoyed more time of rest than what we got the whole year through.
Provisions also we brought home to serve the household use,
Which, to our family's comfort, did in many ways conduce.
The ropes and bark to rig our nets, the sugar and the tea,
With soap and soda, coals for fire, were all brought home by me.
Each member of the family got a present from the south,
The mother, girl, and baby, with the young man and the youth.
And O! the joy and happiness around the family hearth
When father safe arrived at home with all these stores of wealth.
I to remembrance here will call the goodness of the Lord,
His loving-kindness unto me I gladly will record.
Next season at the fishing time we did pretty well succeed,
From worldly cares and anxious thoughts by this our minds were freed
My family cares more light became, my mind began to think
About the interests of my soul, I then did drop the drink.
Much interest I in books did take and more especially those

Which were of a religious kind above all else I chose.

The people highly us esteemed and paid us due regard,
We were very enterprising and laboured very hard.
Virtue has its reward, it's said, we proved that proverb true
By Sabbath observation maintained among our crew.
One Saturday, a shoal of fish appeared upon our coast,
The boats put out on Sabbath night, time could not then be lost
We too in preparation were, but thus we did agree
To let the hours of Sabbath pass before we went to sea.
Before the hour of twelve had struck, each boat was on the ground,
Exactly where the shoal of fish on Saturday was found.
Before I left my lodging-house the Sabbath hours were gone,
And when we to the harbour went, our boat was there alone.
We put to sea, but not alone, an unseen Hand did lead
us to a spot our nets to cast - *we only* did succeed.

The Lord in His wise Providence - some means had used which brought
My mind to deep conviction, and anxious earnest thought.
Some years had passed in which I lived an inconsistent life;
With conscience and the carnal mind there now began a strife.
Though faith, by grace, the carnal heart, a change did undergo,
Which soon experimentally the Lord brought me to know.
In wisdom, Providence did choose to lead me by a way
I knew not then, till afterwards upon a future day,
But all the dealings of the Lord in grace I will reserve
Until my second part when these more fully I'll observe.

The cause of total abstinence again I had embraced,
How to advance that noble cause my mind was much impressed.
Intemperance, to a sad extent, most powerfully did tell
Upon the people's moral life 'mong whom I then did dwell.
That awful tide of vice alone for months I had to stem,
Until, in answer unto prayer, help from Jehovah came.
James Turner, that dear child of God, was sent unto our coast—
He was a man of mighty faith, full of the Holy Ghost,
His mission was to preach of Christ, the dying sinners' Friend,
To tell how He, upon the cross, His life for them did spend.
The Lord a mighty work of grace did through that man commence.
I laboured in the work and got a blessed recompense.
Part of my family then was brought through grace into the truth,
To testify for Jesus they began in early youth.
A powerful influence was brought on people's minds to bear,
And not a few about their souls in deep conviction were.
When many, through the Spirit's power, had passed the saving change,
To Mr. Turner I proposed that we should now arrange
To have a temperance meeting. Would he advocate the cause?
A society then form we would, and make abstinence laws.
The loving, Christian man at once did cheerfully comply,
And at his post of honour soon he stood most solemnly.

Of temperance powerfully he spoke, judgment, and righteousness,
And most abundantly the Lord He did that service bless.
Hundreds of names were then and there signed to the temperance pledge,
And it to keep through God's own strength did solemnly engage.
Good cause have I to bless the Lord that several sons of mine
Have never swerved from the cause since ever they did join.
Out of these hundreds not a few fell back to their old vice,
And the intoxicating cup again did make their choice.
But through the grace and power of God a goodly number still
Are bearing witness for the truth, in faith, with heart and will.

E. McH.

At this point the narrative stops. Death ruthlessly put its veto on his purpose of telling in tuneful numbers, the story of grace as wrought out in his own soul, and others among whom he lived. It remains only, therefore, to say how this witness for the truth died.

This I do in **the words of his son**:-

His peace flowed like a river. I saw him a few hours before he passed away.

"Father," I asked; "is Jesus with ye noo in the dark valley?"

"Oh, Jamie," he said, looking up with a smile; "Dee ye think that the Christ that has kept me so long in the world would leave me in the valley!"

"What do ye think of Him?"

"He is my complete redemption; I am resting on Him, on His mercy, His faithfulness, and His love."

E. McH.

The following case is interesting, as showing how the blessed leaven of divine grace spread through whole families; how the precious ointment, coming down first on the *head*, spread quickly to the other members; and also, how little reserve there was in speaking about soul-matters amongst them.

The narrative is given pretty much in the words of the mother, one of the several cases who were struck down among the snow.

"If yon be their fine meetings, I'm nae gaen back again," said I, as I ran out of the place of meetin' in high dudgeon one evenin'. I was not a little afraid as well as angry, and I thoct it would be just as well to rin while I was able. But I had not gane mony yards when the Lord struck me doon on the snaw.

"Lord, have mercy on me," I cried; "I went to the meetin' seekin' the salvation of my soul, and tried to rin awa' like Jonah! but oh, have mercy on me I and save me here, jist where ye've laid me amo' the snaw!"

And glory be to His name, I knew Him to be my Saviour before I left the spot. My son was also troubled and anxious about the salvation of his soul at the same time, but he did not get peace until the second awakenin'. He went to hear ae nicht in deep concern, and came hame nae better, and wandered up and down the room. Then he came into the kitchen, and cried, "Mither, rise and pray, for I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

"My dear Johnny," said I, after I had prayed, "dinna ye see that a' that ye have to dee is just to lay hold on Christ?"

E.McH

And Johnny did see that he had nothing to do but lay hold on Christ, and he did by faith lay hold; and to this day he is holding on, a consistent, faithful, working Christian. A sister also, when 'liberated' some time after while in her own house, rushed into the meeting, filled with the glory of God, crying, "I'm the Lord's now. He's bought me! *He's bought me! He's, bought me!*"

Another son of the same family got also at this time such abundant blessing, that he could not keep from leaping and dancing in the fullness of his joy.

When a staid Christian was remonstrating with him, about what he considered an unseemly way of expressing his joy, he replied with the greatest seriousness, "Oh, F__! Bid me do anything that ye like, and I'll do it, but dinna bid me keep from dancing, for it seems to me that, if I did stop dancing, the very stones would cry out."

Another one connected with this family, and led to God by James Turner, died with this testimony on her lips. Addressing the young man above, she said, "I have not known so much of the truth as you, Jamie, but I am convinced that I am the Lord's. I am resting entirely on Him. I leave the world without regret, fully satisfied that He will keep that which I have committed to His care."

A young man, one of these first converts, after a lingering illness, was supposed to be dead. Some of his young friends stood round his dying-bed, and now, as they thought, looked upon his lifeless body, but again the lips, that seemed closed for ever, moved. And once more the hushed voice raised the triumphant strain —

"The Lion of Judah shall break my chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

And so singing, the soul of this believing fisherman passed into the presence of the Lamb of God, who is the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Other two of them, a mother and daughter, also went home in much the same manner. The daughter's life had been especially devout; she had established and continued female prayer-meetings, which were of great use. A little before her departure, with a face already radiant, she gave a copy of the well-known hymn-

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet hath trod,
And I reign in glory now.

"There, Jamie," she said, "that'll shadow out to you what I'll be."

Thus the line of testimony runs on, and would run on, even from one place, to an extent which the limits of this book forbid. The following case will however, answer the question as to how the fervour of these young converts stood the test of time, and how the spirit of opposition was met and overcome by them, it will also illustrate.

Six years after James Turner's first visit to **Portknockie**, a young woman came into the meeting to make sport at God's people.

"I had been praying," **said one of the first converted**, "and she had been making sport at me. 'Helen,' I said, turning round to her, 'did ye come in here to laugh at God's people? Ye may think that, but mind it's nae them merely, it's God Himsel' that ye're mocking. Oh, Helen, do you not know that Jesus died for you? Do you not know that you have an immortal soul that must live either in heaven or hell through a never-ending eternity?' Her head drooped to the seat as I spoke. The Spirit of God wrought mightily, and in a few minutes was heard the cry, 'Oh, God, have mercy on me, the worst of sinners! Oh, God, I'm the *worst* of sinners! etc. She had but a short struggle, for, as I prayed, she found peace, and, I'm sure, for half-an-hour we rejoiced together.

From that time she kept a most steadfast, consistent Christian, more than ordinarily careful in her walk before the world, and a glorious worker. For example, she spoke to one woman who was a very rough character. She was very angry.

"Oh," said Helen, meekly, "it's just because I was such a big black sinner mysel', that I canna haud my tongue. I *must* tell you about Jesus. I *must* clear my skirts of your blood, and, if you do not repent, I will be a swift witness against you in the day of judgment."

The answer to this loving, faithful exhortation was a volley of stones.

"Au, weel'," said Helen, "they stoned Stephen to death, and they tried to stone Christ Himself, and what am I, that I need expect anything ither?"

E.McH.

From a multitude of other cases, I will merely, in closing this chapter, give the case of one little lamb that the Redeemer took lately from the family-fold of one of the earliest of the **Portknockie** converts.

On Sabbath her father was absent at some distant fishing. The child was in perfect health, yet, many times throughout the day she took a little stool which she claimed as her own, and, kneeling down beside it, prayed thus —

"My dear Jesus, bless my dear father hin owre the sea. Dear Jesus, bless Margaret Ann, an' make her a good girl. Dear Jesus, bless William, and make him a good boy. Dear Jesus, bless James, and make him a good boy; an' bless my dear, dear Mammy!"

There was nothing unusual in her praying, but the frequency of her doing so somewhat drew their attention. Next day she was seized with scarletina, and was soon very ill.

"Granny," she said one day, "I'm gaein' awa noo."

"Far are ye gaein', my little lamb?"

"Hame, to my ain dear, dear Jesus!"

"Granny, does Jesus love Isabella?" she asked at another time.

"Yes, my lamb, Jesus loves you. Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, granny, I love Jesus. My *dear*, DEAR Jesus."

And very soon after the Good Shepherd gathered her in.

When eleven years have passed since the events described in the earlier part of this chapter took place, the following letter will again, as it were, lift up the curtain and give us a glimpse into the spiritual condition of **Portknockie**.

The letter is given exactly as written by one whose experience is found upon the preceding pages.

James Findlay

PORTKNOCKIE, 16th March, 1871.

I take up the pen with heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for His goodness to us as a people. There were about two hundred young men and women left this for **Buckie** yesterday, and were joined by the brethren from **Findochty** and **Portessie**, and went on as far as **Portgordon**, singing as they went, and were conveyed on their way home as far as **Findochty**; and when they were away, we had a meeting in the hall for the anxious souls. Oh, C___, it is a glorious time just now; but when I think of the glory that is yet to be revealed. My soul is rejoicing! O praise the Lord with me! O angels, help me to praise Him! I will soon be there all His glory to share. O my Jesus! I long to be with Him in glory! within the jasper walls of the New Jerusalem.

Brother, I went to the U. P. Kirk eight days past, and when I went in they were leaping and praising God. I was not pleased with them, and I called a Christian brother out, and reasoned with him on the impropriety of his conduct, and he said, "O Findlay, I am willing to hear you on anything, and do anything you bid me, but stop I cannot, for the love that I have got into my heart is boundless, unexpressible. I must dance for joy, and praise God."

I came away down to the house astonished. I took my Bible and went up the stairs, and down on my knees, and cried to God for the same blessing for about an hour, and rose from prayer without it. I took my net to mend. The knife and needle fell out of my hands. I came down and sat down at the fire. I took my Bible again. Looking up to my Father, I said, "if they are enjoying any blessing more than I do, Lord, since you have given me the great joy of salvation, give me this one too."

I opened the Book and began to read the 31st chapter of Jeremiah, about the children of Israel being restored. I read, and while I was reading, my feet began to move. I closed the Book and sprang to my feet, and leaped and praised God; and why should we not praise and leap for joy? Every particle of our body, every faculty is redeemed. We are entirely consecrated to God. In Him we live and move. In Him we have all things in time and in eternity. All the blessings that Christ has in store is ours through faith in Him.

Brother McLean is coming up to see the work of God, and to get a blessing to his soul. The people from **Buckie**, **Scotston**, and **Banff** have been blest. All the fishermen, in short, all the men that came from all the country round have gone home rejoicing. Praise the Lord, there never was such mighty power of God felt as there has been at present. The first three weeks we had but few to help forward the work, but our brothers from **Findochty** came nobly to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and we had power with God and prevailed. There have been none saved to-day, but there are many anxious, just about to step out of self into Christ. Oh, how blessed, out of self into Jesus!

Oh, my soul, praise Him! Yes, I will, as long as I have breath, and, after death, shout glory. Yours in Christ, Amen.—J. F.
Love to all friends. Hallelujah !

Brother - three of the clock - the bell is through the town, and in a few minutes there will be no room for one that is a little late to stand, foreby to sit.

I take my pen at half-past four. A middle-aged man stood up and gave his experience of the Lord's work upon his soul.

"Two days ago I was without God, and without hope in this world. I have attended all the means of grace, and there is not a single passage in God's Word but I am well acquainted with, but all the sermons I heard has been the same as though they had fallen upon a granite rock; and although I was never guilty of sins that my country could take hold of, yet my sins are more than thousands - millions - they cannot be counted, yet the blood, the precious blood, has cleansed me! Here I stand, a monument of Divine grace through your prayers. Go on, my brethren! God has blessed, He is blessing you! and there is not a saint in **Portknockie** but I love as my own soul, nor sinner either; I love them all. O may God bless you!"

Other two were converted the little while I could stop. On Friday, a publican - one of the devil's drill-sergeants - laid hold. There are four or five whole boats' crews converted. The men prayed for their crews, the good is done privately, then they come to the meeting rejoicing. A few days after we came from Banff there were meetings day and night - no stops. The leading men are about worn out; we are all united - of one heart and mind - nothing but the salvation of souls. J ___ F ___.

E.McH.

Perhaps I cannot close this chapter more appropriately then by giving some extracts from a sermon preached by the Rev. J. Murker, of **Banff**, on Sunday, 25th Feb., 1860, on the then present religious awakening - its varied aspects and probable results :-

Banffshire Journal Reporter

The present great movement - for he (*Rev. J. Murker*) called it a great movement - the agitation, the awakening, the convulsions, the upheavings of society among us, presented itself to him in three, different aspects.

In the first place, there was much that was divine, in the work. Whatever opinions people might form regarding certain excrescences and ramifications, there could be no doubt that God had come among us in a way we never saw before, that God had sent His Spirit to awaken slumbering sinners, and turn many to Himself. Even the ungodly themselves, when they looked on, acknowledged that the finger of God was in this work. Who but the Holy Ghost could arouse the indolent thoughtlessness of so many? Men whose sensibilities were by no means susceptible, individuals in love with their sins and asleep in careless indifference were arrested, and with the simplicity of little children, were seeking the way of life.

In the second place, there was something in the work that was inexplicable, there were many things he could not explain — that he could not understand. We had heard of

prostrations in Ireland and elsewhere, and they had now come among ourselves, and we had witnessed them.

“We have seen individuals struck speechless, motionless, and unable to do anything, and many a time when there was nothing particular going on to produce excitement. I have looked at them both at **Banff** and **Portsoy**, handled them, and watched them, and feel in the same position as reflective individuals elsewhere who freely acknowledge that they are unable to explain these things. I am puzzled. I have no theory on the subject, either physical or mental, only it has struck me that God seemed either to produce, or permit these things for the purpose of arresting the sluggish attention of the hardened and careless.”

Intelligent men had looked at these things; medical men had looked at these things; men having a deep knowledge of mental philosophy, of metaphysics, of the operations of the human mind; men who could walk without giddiness on the heights of abstract thought, had looked at these things and acknowledged that they could not explain them.

In the third place, there was not a few things to be regretted, but he would not enter upon them. Fault-finding was a trade that could be carried on with very little capital, but precious little returns was got for the business carried on; and those who did commence in this way ought to take into account that the people were taken by surprise. When matters were brought home to their minds of which many had no experience; when there was an upheaving of society and an arousing of minds - was it to be wondered at that things were brought up that might be regretted ? . .

“But at the same time I believe as firmly as I do in my own existence, that the results will be permanently glorious. From what I have witnessed in many cases, without specifying individualities, in connection with this great work, I am convinced that much of the good will be permanently glorious, and that after many days it will be found that many of our most useful Christians will be those who have been aroused in this glorious movement; and, in the day of the Lord, when the history of **Banff**, **Macduff**, **Portsoy**, etc., will be unrolled, there will be a brilliancy connected with the present period, and many names would be there inserted in the register of heaven connected with this movement, that would never be blotted out, and would be look backed to - aye, not a few would look back to the scenes they had one night witnessed in the United Presbyterian Chapel when they hardly knew whether they were on earth or heaven”

It would be found that many on the heights of eternal glory would look back to those seasons when Christ came with His crown and conquered them and laid them low, and applied His peace-speaking blood to their consciences.

- Banffshire Journal

CHAPTER X

WITNESS BEARING - FINDOCHTY

E.McH.

"To grind the world into religion by the ceaseless motion of church machinery," says one, "is a hopeless task." "But bring the flame of one lighted candle into contact with the unlighted - wick of another, and this second is set on fire. Repeat the process, and one by one numbers are kindled up. In like manner are souls to act upon one another till all receive the flame of true religion. 'Every man' is to teach 'his neighbour, and every man his brother,' 'Till all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest.'" To insist upon this action as the duty of Christians, if there burn not within their hearts the intense yearning desire for the salvation of souls, is of little use. Where it does burn, the history of this work on the Banffshire coast will show that *urging* to the duty is unnecessary.

In **Findochty**, the converts, like the first Christians, were conspicuous for their holy zeal. In them burned a fire restless to seize upon everything that came within its reach. This they carried with them wherever they went, and set hearts all around them in a blaze. If they crossed the sea it went with them. If in the prosecution of their calling in other villages, towns, or even crowded cities, still it went with them and made them burning and shining lights.

These remarks apply to all the places where James Turner was, in the first instances, privileged to apply his heaven-lit torch; but in the following chapter we are to see how the little town of **Findochty** in particular bears them out. I do not know how I can tell its story better than by giving one after another the personal narratives of a few of its inhabitants, noted down from their own lips, and which is merely a tithe of what could have been gathered from among them. The testimony of hundreds of these people as given to myself might be summed up thus - "For all that we have and are, all that we enjoy now, and all that we hope to enjoy throughout eternity, and for which we give God the glory, we are indebted under Him, to the labours of James Turner."

I have only further to preface, that in **Findochty** as in **Portknockie** a striking illustration is afforded of the correctness of James Turner's remark, "I find that not only has the Spirit of God been preparing me to go round the coast, but has also been preparing the people for me."

The following account is, by a man whose consistency of walk and conversation for the last fifteen years, has put his Christian character beyond the range of doubt. It is given in his own words.

JOSEPH FLETT.

In 1859, there were six praying-men in our village. The people in general had a sort of reverence for the Sabbath as manifested by regularly attending Church at least once a day.

In the south country, that season, I went into a bookseller's in **Bo'ness** for something I wanted. There was a heap of loose papers lying on the side of the counter, headed 'The

Revival'. I asked what kind of papers these were? His reply was, 'I'll give you the whole lot for threepence'. These papers I took home, read them myself, then gave them about me to read. The news of the work in America stirred up the dormant feelings of the praying people, while the news of the work in Ireland excited something like a spirit of expectation among them.

About that time, Mr. Brown, Congregationalist minister, came round with Hector McPherson, and established union prayer meetings, which were successful as to the outward attendance, and prepared the people for future events. 1860 found the meetings still being carried on, and the people beginning to manifest something like real anxiety. Next came the news of what James Turner was doing along the Buchan coast; which news and the power accompanying, awakened a great desire among us that he should visit this place also.

At last the time came that he did so, on or about the 7th of February. His text was 'Who is on the Lord's side?' During this first meeting there was no demonstration of the Spirit, only the people seemed to be awe-stricken at the simplicity of his preaching and his solemn appeals. At the close of this public meeting in the hall, he announced a private meeting, at which, he said, he would be happy to see as many as would like to come. I went for one, and another man along with me. He began this meeting by giving out the verse -

'His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.'

Then after having read a few verses of Scripture, he engaged in prayer. As he prayed, several cried aloud, and some professed to find peace.

"I see the light! I see the light!" cried one man in jubilant tones.

Another man began to pray, and, in tones that showed him to be awe-stricken at the power which rested on him, said - among other things - 'It's not *me* that's praying, it's the Holy Ghost in me!"

When I came out of the meeting, the whole village seemed to be on the move. I saw James Turner taking down names on a paper, of those who were willing to become abstainers. I had got no good spiritually as yet, but when I saw the names going down, I thought, 'I can easy do that,' and so put down mine too.

Next morning, at nine, the meeting opened in the hall, but to describe that meeting is impossible except I use the words of the poet—

'The cries of the lost ones, the yells of despair;
And loud halleluiahs all met in the air.'

Scarcely had he begun the service ere the whole people seemed moved. First came the cry for mercy. One who had loudly boasted before going in, that no power should make him cry out - he was only going in to hear what the little mannie was going to say - was heard above every one crying - "I'm a whited wall; I have nothing to cover me but leaves!"

On the 11th of February, I went to the meeting deeply impressed, resolved not to leave until I had found Him whom my soul desired to love. The word that day was clothed with power and many were the slain of the Lord - from the child of eleven years to the hoary-headed man and woman; they were shouting the praises of redeeming love. But no peace to my soul as yet, so I resolved still to tarry.

At the next meeting for the anxious, God divested me of all pride, and made me willing to be a target to be prayed for publicly. It was a terrible crisis to my soul. The powers of darkness seemed all engaged to keep me back from finding peace with God. Fifteen years before I had been brought down so far as to weep and pray under Mr. Tarras, a preacher in connection with the Methodists, and now this day while on my knees as a penitent, the suggestion was thrust into my mind, 'you have sinned away your day of grace,' and not only was this thought injected, but a picture of myself as I wept and prayed on that day, was placed before my spirit's eyes, with this further suggestion - '*That* was the time when you did it.' It was indeed as I have said a terrible crisis to my soul. But the enemy did not get the victory. One of the newly liberated began to pray for me, and he had not been five minutes engaged, when the power of God came down on me, and I was constrained to cry aloud for myself. I had not cried long ere the Lord revealed himself to me as he did to Thomas, and like him I was constrained to cry out, '*My* Lord and *my* God!' Then out of the meeting I got, and went round all my relatives telling them what God had done for my soul.

At the meetings after that, I had in particular, great power with God in prayer, and on the spot obtained direct answers. But sometime after, through ignorance of Satan's wiles, and of the Scriptural way of resisting him, he got the advantage of me so far as to get my mind darkened a little by shoving doubts into it. And though I still kept close to God by prayer, I lived a powerless life as a Christian until I had as it were a second conversion, which stripped me completely from fear of man.

It came in this way. A cross was laid before me, so heavy, that the thought of lifting it up made me tremble from head to foot, and to the very centre of my being. I did not stay to reason with flesh and blood, nor to cavil with the devil, nor with men in regard to lifting it up; and when I did so at God's command, He was not only faithful in giving me needful strength, but also great blessing to my own soul, and to other souls through me.

The cross was this. We were at **St. Ninian's**. I myself and all the crew had given our hearts to God. We attended the meetings. Mr. McDonald, the East Coast Missionary, asked me to take his place one evening. When the time came - to be real honest I went to **St. Ninian's** trembling like an aspen leaf - the devil had driven me through and through the Bible trying to prevent me fixing upon any passage from which to speak.

Still I went on; took God at His word for help in this time of need. He lifted me wholly out of myself; the Spirit took possession of me. I spoke truly as He gave me utterance and that night upwards of one hundred souls professed to come under conviction. The work begun that night, went on, but as the details of it are pretty well known, I need not here go into them. I will only mention one little circumstance which happened at that time. Just before we sailed, a young man, clerk in a merchant's store, came down to us and said -

"I have been observing you all the time since you came to this harbour. I have not been at any of your meetings, but I have heard of them, and of what has been said, and done in them, and I have just come down to tell you, that you have been the means of my conversion!"

WILLIAM SMITH

I was brought to the Lord in a time of sickness, but though I got at that time a hold of Christ which I never afterwards lost, I lived but a poor, dying life.

During 1859, a few of us got so impressed with the state of the people that we arranged to meet and pray that the Lord would come and bless our village. Shortly after, we heard of two men, Williamson of **Huntly** and Forbes of **Drumblade**, being at **Buckie**. And with a neighbour I went over - and invited them to come to us. The man who went with me to **Buckie** was convicted of sin there, and after struggling a night or two with his convictions, he found peace in believing. This was so strange to him that he came into my house to tell me that he thought he had found out something new. Seeing him in such a happy state of mind I began to laugh, for he spoke as if he had got something which no one else knew, but when I smiled he saw that I also knew something of the same experience.

The conversion of this man put new energy into me, and I went over to the Independent Minister in **Cullen**, to ask if he thought any of the Revival Preachers would come to us at **Findochty**. Soon after he came and brought McPherson from Huntly with him. The people gathered out well, and were very attentive, and I think some were converted. One woman at least was brought to feel her own righteousness was no better than a fig-leaf apron.

After establishing the meeting they left, and soon after I sailed for the Highlands with a crew of eight men and two lassies. The first letters we got from home spoke of something that had taken place among them that they had never seen the like of before. The effect these letters had on our men was great. They wept as the scenes in the meetings were described, and all of them came under a certain amount of conviction. The next letter spoke of things still more new and strange, and wrought so effectually upon our little party, that they were found afterwards on their knees among the rocks.

When Sabbath came we had our usual devotions in the morning. After that I became sorely burdened with the thought as to how this work of God could reach us in our distant island, but could see no human possibility of it doing so. After morning service, I went to the top of a mountain and remained a long time praying that the work might reach us. I came down in the full belief that God had heard my prayers, and that the work would reach us, but so limited were my conceptions of God's resources, that I thought if any human agency was used, it would be a letter.

I had only to wait until next Sabbath. On that day God showed me that He could use other agency than a letter, and He did use it on that day with a power and might such as I will never forget. On Saturday night some friends came over from a neighbouring island. Six of them had got the blessing before leaving home, and had come over for the express purpose of telling us what the Lord had done for them; on Sabbath morning they commenced to sing:-

'I can, I will, I do believe.'

and other hymns that we had never heard before, After breakfast, some of our men went outside and we were in a little time aroused by the cries of one of them who had been awakened by hearing the others tell what God had done for them. We went out, and, the man being brought into the house, we all kneeled round him, one praying after the other. Ere fifteen minutes had passed away that man had found peace, and other three were awakened, one of the three being laid completely prostrate. To one after another of these men the Lord revealed Himself in the fullness of His saving grace, and by-and-bye all the four were singing at the top of their voices –

'Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.'

Our two lassies, though also in great distress, did not at this time find peace, but through the night we were awakened by the jubilant shout –

'I *am* my Lord's, and He is mine.'

Next night the other girl found peace, and for the next two weeks we did nothing almost but pray and praise the Lord, day and night.

The people around us were all Roman Catholics. They thought we had all taken some kind of disease, and could scarcely be prevailed on, any of them, to come near our place.

After being so filled with the Spirit of God, I thought that there would never again be a jarring note; that sin and selfishness had got completely on the head, but it seems to me now that the nearer the spirit is brought to God, there is all the more need to attend to the loving Saviour's oft repeated injunction—
"*Watch and pray.*"

I have also to say further that the time of blessing now described does not stand alone in our experience; we have found that when the same means are adopted, the same results invariably follow, *viz.:-* two or three agreeing to meet and pray on for revival, and keep holding on, God *will* give the blessing. I have seen other means tried, but they always resulted in failure; but when the simple means of faith and prayer alone were resorted to, the desired result invariably followed. As I heard James Turner once say to an anxious soul —

"Aye G__ ye may greet an' ye may pray till ye be black and blue in the face, but after a' ye'll just have to take the Lord by faith, and syne ye'll get the blessing."

A CONVERT'S STORY *A CONVERSION WHICH COST FIVE POUNDS.*

Before James Turner came I was quite careless. Under him I was led to see my lost state by nature. At his first visit I thought I did not feel the burden of my sins enough, and so did not at that time lay hold of Christ. At length the Lord gave me such a sight of myself that I despaired of mercy, but he (*James Turner*) was away by this time. I thought I had committed the unpardonable sin - the sin against the Holy Ghost. O! If I had only James Turner to speak to! I would give a thousand worlds if I had them, for just *one* word. For my idea was that no one but him could do me good. Other Christians came, and spoke

and prayed, but without effect, for I felt lost! lost! lost! and I was at least three weeks without sleep, crying almost constantly, "I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

They thought I was going mad, and got a doctor to me. He put a blister on the back of my head, but my disease was too deep for a blister to reach. That struggle for my soul cost me five pounds all but four shillings!

It was quite against my will that they got the doctor, and when they insisted upon getting him, I heard it spoken as distinctly as though it had been a voice from heaven - 'A doctor cannot deliver *you*; my Son hath died!'

They next brought my children to me, but I could not look to them. "No! no!" I said, "not any earthly object until I get God's peace to my soul." I refused to be comforted with anything else.

When Mr. Turner came, I heard him with a sort of trembling awe, but did not receive the blessing. But after he had left the place his words came back to me with power, especially these - "Come to Christ with nothing of your own! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

As the Spirit flashed these words on my mind with all the vividness and power of lightning, I felt like a hind let loose, and oh, how ashamed I was before the Lord for my folly after I saw His face! I also saw my unbelief to have been so provoking, that had the Lord been like men, He would have thrown me and my case aside altogether.

When James Turner came back the second time I got great good, and also my family, all of whom are in Christ but one.

Sometime after my conversion I had a great desire to hear a faithful sermon preached - "one," just as the old women said, "with the name of Jesus often enough in't," and truly I got my desire - one day when Mr. B__, the U. P. Minister, preached from the word, "*The Lord is thy Keeper*".

A very curious thing happened in connection with the preaching of this sermon. A girl who had been in a state of prostration, received, when in that condition, a message, as she believed, from God to the Rev. Mr. B__, U.P. minister, to the effect that he should preach a sermon from the words, "The Lord is thy Keeper." The message was delivered, and the sermon was preached. While preaching, the power resting on Mr. B__ was so great, that he asked some of the people afterwards, whether all that he had said was the truth, and if he'd spoken it coherently - he had been under such an extraordinary influence. To the curious coincidence in these circumstances I merely draw attention without attempting to explain. But certainly by means of that sermon the Lord did make His promise good. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him," (Psalm 145v19), for the effect of the sermon was so great, and so fully did it meet her especial desire, that she came out of the church like one filled with new wine; flinging off her bonnet, she ran among the people, crying - "The whole earth is full of the glory of the Lord." And did space permit, the connection could be traced from these circumstances to the revival which afterwards began with the children in **Findochty**, and which spread to adults in it, and in all the other villages.

J.F.D. *"I'LL BE FORCED TO TRUST THAT."*

Before that ever James Turner came, I had certain ideas that I would like to become a Christian, and thought that if I were in a married state, I would become one.

After being married, I commenced to become a Christian. I tried to learn prayers, and managed not only to learn the prayers, but also to *say* them, sometimes with tears; and with managing to shed these tears, I managed to get myself to believe that I *was* a Christian.

I dinna ken what way it was, but I likit the means of grace, and I likit to hear the gospel at that time, and with all these thing tegether I left home for the Highlands with the idea that I was really a Christian man.

To one of our crew, one day, I was *expressing* myself as a Christian. Not *proving* myself to be one, he told me that I was *not* a Christian. I did not believe him to be correct in his judgment of my state; still it led me to a more earnest anxiety to be a true one.

In doing so, I watched him and the rest of the crew, and finding that I had more prayer than any of them, as they sometimes went to their beds without prayer, which I could not do, I concluded that they were the hypocrites, and I was the Christian after all.

"But ye'r not a Christian" always kept the hold, and I began to examine myself, being determined to find out the truth of the matter. It was from the words -

That man who *trusts* upon the Lord,
Shall be like Zion's hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.'

that I came to see my real position. I considered, or concluded, that I was not right, or I would not be so much *troubled*.

After this I got still more in earnest, so much so, that my very earnestness began to make me alarmed, and I got myself persuaded to stop thinking about religion altogether. The reason of this was certain suggestions that came into my mind, *viz.:* - that I should throw myself out of the world to get rest.

I went to bed that night resolved to think no more about religion, as I *could not* get it. But instead of dropping thinking about it, I thought about it all the more, and even dreamed about it when asleep.

We have an idea that to dream of a boat with white sails is a sign of good luck, or prosperity. So I dreamed that I saw a little boat with a white sail, with the half of it in. When I wakened, the dream was quite vivid in my mind, and my first conscious thought was, 'Lord, grant that it may be prosperity *to my soul!*'

The day's work was just about over, and we were returning from the sea, when the very same boat that I saw in my dream actually appeared coming from **Findochty**; and by the time we had arrived at home the boat was in also. They seemed to be new men.

They had a strong desire for singing and prayer; and they *could* sing and pray, and they *did* so at every convenient time. I stopped in their company as long as I could. At last I got tired. I thought it childish to sing such hymns, and left them.

Then I went up to the loft and one of them followed me - a former companion of my own, and one that I never thought had moral greatness enough to think about religion, although I thought I had enough myself to do so. So he came up and set himself down just beside me.

"Dee ye fin' onything the matter wi' ye, Jock ?" says he.

"Preserve me!" thought I, "Hoo dis he ken that there's onything the matter wi' me?" but in addition to that he says—

"If ye fin' onything the matter wi' ye, come awa ben to this end and I'll pray for ye."

That was jist rather muckle to bear, but I followed him to the ither end, and he prayed for me and I prayed mysel.

By this time the crew were a' in the place, and when I looked round I sees my uncle haulin' the vest ower his head in his distress.

"Preserve me!" thocht I, "he's gaein' mad and I'll get the wyte o't."

In a very short time, however, three of the company professed to find peace, but for a' my prayin' there was none for me - how could there - I was only puffed up by thinkin' that I was a better hand at prayer than them that was prayin' for me.

Dinner time came on, and I was no better, but much worse in my estimation. In looking at the company I thought that I had cheated the whole, and I wished not only that I were oot o' their company, but oot o' the world, so full was I o' regret for what I had done.

After dinner one man prayed, and I noticed in prayer, the petition - "Lord, take away all hypocrisy." "Ah," thought I, "*he* knows, if no other one does - *he* sees through me, that I have been *seemin'* to be rejoicin' all the time, that I had not that feelin'."

I was in a sad plight; and just when on my fit about to go out, I began to think, "Well, I *will* have to try Jesus, for I see that *I* canna get it". I turned round to the table and noticed a tract. I took it up and my eyes fell on the lines :-

'Tis finished - the Messiah dies
For sins, but not His own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.'

"Now, Lord," thought I, "I *must* trust that, I'll be forced to *trust that*, and do the best I can. I'll try't at any rate!"

But as soon as ever I trusted I got new eyes; by faith I saw Jesus portrayed as clearly as I see you. I do not know if it was as He was crucified or not, but He was on a cross, and as I gazed I felt my whole nature changed, and everything around me was changed, the very heather around me seemed shinin' again, a' thing was sae bonny. And now -

'Many years have passed away,
Since I began to pray,
And I feel His love today.
Bless His name.'

And now, though all the men in the world were to try to shake my faith in that foundation that I know to be laid in Zion, they could not do it. **J. F. D.**

G. F. - *"IT'S ALL OF GRACE."*

I heard that James Turner was in **Portknockie**; I also heard what he was doing, and believed that the work was from God. I had also a kind of expectation that I would get something from him, though I did not know how I was to get it.

At the first meeting in the hall I was deeply impressed; next day I was still more deeply impressed, and up early. Before we went in, I said to the man who was with me-
"This will be a terrible day in the hall."

"What way?"

"O," say I, "ye'll hear the cry for mercy th' day."

"It'll be impossible to make *me* cry out." But for fear he sat down in the very farthest corner of the hall. And he was not very long in ere I heard him crying out, "I'm a whited wall!"

By-and-bye, the condition of the hall was such that I cannot describe it. My own impressions became deeper. I wept and prayed, but was no better. I went to the caves among the rocks and wept and cried but found no peace.

One night James Turner came and asked me if I was saved.

"I dinna think it," said I.

"The devil's telling you that," he replied. My brother was speaking to me and describing the simplicity of the way of salvation. I thought there was something that I could not give up, and I had been crying to the Lord to take away the something, when he said to me, "Couldn't you just credit what God has said?"

"Yes, I *can*," said I, and that moment my burden fell off; and the love of God poured itself into my heart, and I could say, "He is mine and I am His, and it's all of grace".

G. F.

J.S. - *"BASED UPON THE WORD OF GOD."*

"About fifteen years or so, before James Turner came to **Findochty**, there was a Mr. Tarras took up a Bible-class for us young people. He had a great power of winning, and keeping our attention, and of bringing down whatever truth he was teaching to the level of our understandings.

He always illustrated his subject. Most of his lessons, as well as the illustrations of them, I remember as distinctly as though only heard yesterday, instead of thirty years ago. As an example of this, he was one day impressing upon our minds the great truth that God did exist. The illustration was that of a Sabbath-scholar who in coming home from the school one day, was met by an infidel.

"What is that in your hand?" asked the man.

"A Bible," answered the boy.

"What do you do with it?"

"It learns me."

"What does it learn you?"

"It learns me about God."

"I do not believe there is a God."

"Then who made the sun and moon?" said the boy, looking up to him in astonishment.

"Why they just came by mere chance."

"And the stars and everything?"

"Yes, they all came by chance."

"And who made your hat?"

"Why, the hatter to be sure."

"And who made the hatter?"

The man was silenced, and if the question proved as an arrow in a sure place to him, the story was no less so to me, for God was always a great reality to me ever after that. He also learned us to sing some nice hymns such as-

'Fight on, fight on, my comrades dear,
The land appears in view.'

And this he explained by saying that when a boat was coming in from sea, the crew seeing no land would be in suspense, but if one who was on the watch cried out, "I see the land," that encouraged all the rest to row for the shore, and so, he said, we needed to see heaven by faith, and then we would pull hard to get to it. He taught us also to sing, 'The prophet Daniel,' and encouraged us by saying that if we grew up in the likeness of Christ we would be able to fight all the lions in the world.

Through such teaching a deep impression was made on my mind. I thought much about eternity and how it would fare with me when I died, and many a time did I weep on account of my sins, but I never knew the way of salvation.

After he left, all these impressions wore off, and I rushed into sin like a horse into battle, and cast aside all thoughts of soul, death, and eternity, until about the year 1860, when I was again led to see and feel myself to be a sinner through the instrumentality of James Turner.

By the first sermon I heard him preach I was convinced of sin, and trembled like an aspen leaf. At the close of the service he called an anxious meeting in a small room in the village. I saw a soul saved that night, and believed that God was in the meeting, which made me weep bitterly. Although I went to bed, I slept little that night, on account of my consciously lost estate.

Next morning, when the meeting assembled in the hall, I was there, and many more. My mind was very dark in regard to the truth. I did not understand the way of salvation until James Turner explained the Gospel. And whenever I heard it spoken in its simplicity, my heart received it, and the words "He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" were engraven on it by the power of the Holy Ghost. *Then* could I rejoice in the God of my salvation, and thus did the 8th of February, 1860, become the beginning of days to my soul.

Next morning, the enemy's signal was, 'You are not converted,' and for want of having experience of this Satanic power I thought it was true, but at the same time resolved to go and ask Mr. Turner about it. I met him as I was on my way to his lodgings, and when

I told him how I had been tried that morning, he said with a smile, "That's the devil, just go to your knees and tell him that you *are* converted, and take the Lord by faith and you'll get the witness that ye are converted."

That was my first turn at temptation, but I have found that every step of advance made in the divine life he has tried to undermine my faith, but by the grace of God and the information then derived from James Turner, I have been able to withstand him.

For a long time I was of very little use in meetings, etc. I had very little knowledge of the truth but I served the Lord according to the abilities I had, but my soul did not thrive. The cause of this I found out to be, that I rested upon the love that I had received, more than upon the love of God to me. Then when I came to see that my standing in the world against all opposition must be based upon the *Word of God*, I entered into the glorious liberty with which He makes His people free. So now

'I rest upon His word,
His promise is for me,
His succour and salvation too
Shall surely come to me.'

I have little more to say but this, that I have never repented giving my heart to the Lord. He has brought me out of dangers, seen and unseen by me; and when it has been my privilege to speak in His name He always fulfilled His promise, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." This He has done over and over again, and for this reason I am determined by the grace of God to fight the good fight of faith and to lay hold on eternal life. J.S.

Anon. - "*HOLDING ON BY THE SKIN OF THE TEETH.*"

On the 8th day of February, 1860, I went into the hall in **Findochty**, quite a stranger to grace and to God. But while James Turner spoke, God wrought by his Spirit, and I began to feel myself to be a sinner, and that I had to do with a *just* God. I got also some idea how I was to be justified but not the personal realisation of it.

On the following day, at twelve o'clock, there were meetings held in private houses, and in the east-most one in the town, while Joseph Flett was praying, my soul was set at liberty - and by the grace of God I am still holding on my way with not a little variety of experience. Sometimes just holding on by the skin of the teeth; at other times I have been so filled with the Spirit of God, as my brothers there can testify, so to be quite unconscious for days together of what was doing round me. And at one time for twelve days, as the whole of this village will bear witness, I was in that state as that I could not tell whether in the body or out of the body.

JEANNIE - "*I KEN NOO THAT I AM BORN AGAIN.*"

One season, when a girl, I was at the herring fishing at **Fraserburgh**. The curer, G__ B__, a good man, asked me to a meeting. I was somewhat ashamed to go lest my companions should see me, but at last consented.

It was a meeting of Christians; most of them were young ladies and I was just the fisher girl. After they had prayed and sung, they read a chapter verse about. I was very much

ashamed when it came to my turn, as I had no Bible, and besides I could not read any except the smallest words, such as the, to, etc.; only I knew all the letters.

My master had taken me to a seat beside himself; and when it came to my turn to read he let me look on his Bible, and helped me to spell out the words - he did not tell me the words until I had spelled them out for myself; and that made me so much ashamed that I thought if I were only once out, I will never come back here again. Next time, however, Mr. B__ watched for me and took me back. I was afraid at the jeers of my companions, and to blind them as to where I was going I left the house barefooted, but took my shoes in my hand, and put them on at the meeting-house door.

The people were interested in me coming in such guise and prayed earnestly for me. I scarcely understood what it meant, and when it came to the reading I was as much put about as before, and again resolved that I *would not* go back. But in spite of my resolves, when the time came, a power which I could not resist drew me to the meeting.

After coming out one night I resolved to pray myself. I had no peace, so I went to the fields and there I wrestled with the Lord until four o'clock in the morning. I had gone home after I came out of the meeting to let my mother see that I had been na wrang gate, and then when I went out to the fields to pray, I took my knitting in my hand, as if I had been going into a neighbour's house to spend an hour. But now at such a time in the morning my difficulty was how to get into the house without her seeing me, so I just said to the Lord - "Lord, gar my mither sleep soun', that she mayna hear me comin' in."

She did not hear me, and next meeting I went back, and that was the last one before we went home. For four months after that I laboured under deep conviction and aye kept on praying. My mother at last began to notice that there was something the matter wi' me. I wanted her to keep family worship. "Na," she said, "I canna pray, it needs gran' fook to pray". At last she took a Bible, and we had a prayer-book, and she took it, and after reading a chapter oot o't, she read a prayer afore we gaed to our beds, but as we sleepit th'gether I aye gaed to the hills after, or to the rocks, for I had to get a place to pray oot o' sight.

In my ignorance I expected to *see* the Lord, and asked Him to give me a sign. One night my mother read the portion where it says, "There shall no sign be given them but the sign of the prophet Jonah". This confirmed me in my idea about getting a sign, but what the sign of the prophet Jonah was I did not know, only I said, "Lord, I'll haud *that* gweed. I canna read it for mysel." Away then I went to the braes and cried to the Lord - "Lord, give me some sign that I am born again." But the sign or revelation that I was seeking so earnestly never came.

"After this I got a little damped because He would not give me a sign, an' me seekin' for't sae earnestly.

"Ah, Jeannie, Jeannie," said my auld grandmither ae day, "I'm doutin' ye'll need the lunatic shortly if that be the religion yer gaen to follow after".

I never spoke, for there was something working wi' me that I couldna tell. But I got a hint of a prayer meetin' that was held in oor place. I didna like to ging in till't lest it sud be like the ane in **Fraserburgh**. So I went to the door merely, and lay doon an' listened

to what they wad say. They prayed for a 'revival' to come, and I wondered what *that* could be, what kind o' a thing a revival was, that they were praying might come.

About a month after that James Turner came to oor place. It was in oor house that he sleepit, and I told him my state of mind. He presented the blood and bade me have faith in God. "I had faith," I said, "but I would like to *see* the blood." And he explained to me that it was enough that *God saw* the blood, and that I did not need to see it.

The meetings went on and I said to mysel', "This is the revival come noo that the fouk were prayin' for". And I gaed to the meetings like the rest, and cried out for mercy like them; but I did not know what I was needin' - only James Turner kept pressing upon me faith and the blood.

One day I ran to the meeting in great haste, and as I was climin' the little brae, a passage came to me very clearly, but I did not know whether it was in the Bible or not, the words were - "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." "O, I wonder," thinks I, "if this be the truth or not?" but had nae way just then o' kennin'. I went to the hall where James Turner was preachin' and I canna tell what cam' owre me, but a' the desire for the sign left me. I just rested on that promise - light broke into my mind and I saw as clearly as onything what faith and the blood meant.

My mother was brought to the Lord that day tee, and when she came hame she said, "We can pray noo, Jeannie."

"Aye," said I, "this is a' richt noo, we'll get awa to heaven."

I in my ignorance thought there would be no hindrance to our gettin' hame at once.

After this, I got into a kind of darkness about not being able to read. My mither read to me, but I wanted to read for myself, an' I cou'dna wait till I would learn. And the devil tempted me and said, "Yer nae richt converted." And I wanted to learn to read just at once, an' prove the Lord by that.

One forenoon, my mither went oot to the meetin'; I had to stay at hame and wash. I was alone, and Satan came tempting me as usual, and saying I was nae richt converted - that I was still on the road to hell.

I was washin, as I said, and as I washed I was aye sayin', "O Lord, if I could only wash the sin oot o' my soul as I'm washin' the dirt oot o' this stockin".

At length Satan had tempted me to that degree about nae being richt converted that I stopped my washin', took my Bible and said,

"*Noo*, Lord, I'll prove *you*. If I can read *one* verse, I'll believe *you* that I am converted, and I winna believe Satan when he says *I am not*."

I then took up my Bible and shut it; I also shut my eyes, and with my eyes shut I opened it, then placed my finger on a verse. The distinct thought in my heart was this - that if I could read *the verse* on which my finger rested, I would believe and never doubt more. I also had faith sufficient to expect that there would be something in the verse itself which would just meet my case.

On opening my eyes, my finger rested on the first verse of the 103rd. Psalm, and that verse -

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." And the next: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits"; - I read off without the slightest difficulty. Then I read the 3rd verse in the same way. At the end of the verse I clapped my hands for joy and cried, "Praise the Lord, I ken noo that I **am** born again." And as the love and the joy was pouring into my spirit, I said - "This **is** being born again, Lord!"

I then read the 4th verse - "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

"Aye, Lord," said I, "I sometimes was feart to lift up my fit lest my next step should be into hell; aye, it's truly a great destruction that ye've redeemed my soul from!"

In this way I read doon the whole psalm stoppin' at every verse, an' tellin' the Lord my feelin's. I just seemed to have Him beside me, an' spoke awa to Him without onything like fear, not as if He was awa up in heaven, but just as if He was in the house beside me.

Then this verse came into my mind: "Old things are passed away and all things are become new." An', someway or ither, everything **did** appear to be **new**; every little picture on the wall; everything in the house seemed to be that lovely. I went out to the door, and the very sea, and the rocks appeared to be quite different, and I just praised the Lord, for I was that happy I didna ken what to dee.

"Ah, mither!" said I, as soon as she made her appearance, "a' thing's become new! just look at that ! an' at that, an' at that! is na a' thing grown bonny?"

"Aye," she said, "a' things truly become new."

And she was so overjoyed that she began singing –

His work's reviving all around:
That's the news! that's the news!
And many have redemption found:
That's the news! that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosannah to His name;
And all around they spread His fame:
That's the news! that's the news!

To her utter astonishment I began to sing with her, for before I had not the power to sing at all; now I found I **could** sing, and can do so still. I cannot start a tune in a meeting, but I can follow and have some tune.

E.McH.

These are the testimonies of living witnesses. I now give the testimony of **one of these early converts, a middle-aged married woman** with a family of small children.

"AND I WILL SING HALLELUIAH!"

"M_, I'm gaen awa to leave ye," she said one day to a neighbour who had been ministering to her.

"Maybe no, ye'll maybe get better a whilie, Babie."

"Na, I'll never get better o' this; I'm gaen awa to my sweet Jesus. Dear Jesus - I'm nae lookin' on His garments, but on His face His blessed *beautiful* face!"

At another time she said,

"I see my crown! and I *will* cast it at the dear feet of Jesus that died for me —unworthy me! Ah, Jesus, I thank ye for yer death an' for yer sufferings, for a worm like me!"

"Seek Jesus, and seek Him in yer youth," she said to a young man who came to see her. "Dinna hae to seek Him on yer death-bed. I wouldna been able to seek Him at this time if I hadna had Him in my heart afore. He is my all in all - I can part with everything for Him."

It was not because human affection was uprooted in this woman that she so spoke - the strength of her affections had been her greatest weakness - but while human love still kept its place, divine love reigned supreme. Her husband was absent the last few days of her illness, but being expected, she often made inquiries about him.

"I've jist one request to make to the Lord," she said, "and that is, that I may live to see my Sandy."

Towards night she asked if there was any appearance of the boat coming. When there was none, she asked them to bring his bonnet. Taking it into her hand she held it for a considerable time in silence then handed it back without a word. Shortly after, she said, "I see the angels; they're whispering in my room — dee ye hear that singing?"

"No, Babie, I dinna hear't."

"What! dinna ye hear that beautiful music?" And she began to sing –

'Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.'

Then stopping she said-

"I canna sing noo, but I likit to sing; but I'll soon get a new voice and a new instrument to sing wi', and I *will* sing *Hallelujah* to God and the Lamb.

"Dear Jesus, I'll soon be eternally shut in we ye, I winna be a transitory guest."

There 'ill be no more sorrow there,
There 'ill be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love:
There 'ill be no more sorrow there.

This happy death-bed is of especial interest, as the dying one, fifteen years before, while in a state of prostration, was conducted into the invisible world, and had, as she thought, mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity.

A YOUNG FISHERMAN - "*I'M RAAL MISERABLE.*"

I went to the meeting in the morning, after James Turner came, just out of curiosity, quite ignorant and careless about these things. I knew nothing at all about Jesus, in fact, I do not remember ever having heard His name until that day. I might have heard it, but it had made so little impression on me, that I seemed never to have heard it before.

I sat down on the end of a seat close by the door. The people were nearly all crying. I did not know what they were crying for, but out of sheer sympathy I cried too. James Turner came up where I was sitting, and said -

"Have you found Jesus?"

"Oh, no," I did not even know what finding Jesus meant.

"You *may* find Him," he replied, "for He is here to-day;" then he repeated the words, "God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3v16) ", and passed on.

I did not then find peace, but from that time I kept going among God's children, and had great enjoyment, and felt very happy. Then I sunk back into a careless sort of state in which I went on for some twelve months.

About that time, as we were coming home through the Caledonian Canal, we heard that the work of the Lord was going on in **Findochty**. I wasna very anxious to get home after that; I would have rather fled from it, but had to come.

There was a meeting that night in the hall, by Mrs. Tennant, one of James Turner's converts. I had taken a seat on the same spot that he first spoke to me. Mrs. Tennant came up to me and asked—

"Are you happy?"

"Nae verra happy —I'm *raal* miserable."

"If yet not happy, I'm sure yer on the road to hell," she said and turned away from me.

Her harsh words cut me to the very heart, and I wept in the desolation of my spirit. But just then, the Lord met me with His divine sympathy. His peace and love flowed like a mighty river into my broken heart. Her want of love to my soul prepared me for this blessed revelation of His mighty love to it, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

After receiving this great blessing, I felt constrained to leave the hall and go to some relatives who were careless, and entreat them to come to Jesus, particularly my aunt and grandmother who lived together. There was another person with them who wished me to go away, indeed, bade me go. But I was so filled with God, and with love to their souls, that I could not go out, I knelt down on the floor instead and prayed for them, and for as enraged as that woman was, she was silenced, and the other two, with whom I went to speak, were aroused and truly brought to Jesus, and one of them is now in glory, the other is still walking with God.

It was next impressed upon my mind to go and see an aunt that had a public-house. I went, and when I began to speak to her about the dangerous position she was in, she bade me go out. But I wouldn't go for all that she could say. I went to the Lord in her presence and told Him all about the case. When I arose she took hold of me and thrust me out, first at one door and then at the next. I still stood in the entry and continued to speak to her about Jesus. At length, springing upon me, she thrust me out into the street

very roughly, using all the time very bad language. I suppose that would be her last call, for soon after she died.

I think it was about a year after that circumstance that I and a young brother began to meet among the rocks for prayer. He was quite as young a myself, but he had much more experience in the divine life, and I got a great start from him in the knowledge of Jesus. One night when we were at prayer the power of God came down upon us in an extraordinary degree. I could not tell how I felt at the time, but you will have some idea when I tell you, that when we rose to come home, there was so much of the divine presence resting upon us, that I forgot that I had a bonnet, and I went right on, stopping at no place till I came to the hall. It happened to be a meeting night. There were a good few people there, and as I went straight through them up to the desk, I kept repeating -

'The work's reviving all around:
That's the news! that's the news!
And many have the Saviour found:
That's the news!'

And then I told them what the Lord had done for me, how He had revealed Himself to me that night among the rocks. It was a time of great blessing amongst us, for as I spoke the place was filled with the glory and presence of Jesus. The Lord's people were not only quickened, but many souls were brought to Him.

Another night I went with some other young men to hold a meeting at **Deskford**. To the eye of sense there was little to encourage us, for a ball was being held that night, and the snow lay on the ground to the depth of two feet.

We commenced our meeting in the open air, right before the ball-room door. We sang, and prayed, and gave short addresses. The people in the ball-room held out for a while; at last they all gave in and came to our meeting. I never felt more of the Divine presence than I did that night, and at the close when the people were spoken to, several were found to be very anxious.

Such was our first prayer meeting held in **Deskford**; and two years ago when in the same place at a meeting, some of the people holding it reminded me of the night that I held the meeting at the ball-room door, and stated that they had received their first start on the Divine life that night. To God be all the glory!

We were on the way one year to the far away Highlands - to Loch ____, and were lying at a place they call **Fort Augustus**. About seven o'clock my brother, James C ____, and myself, opened the meeting by singing a hymn and in the course of a few minutes we had a great meeting of men, women, girls, and boys. At the close of it, I never saw so many souls seeking Jesus at once. The first two or three that spoke to us offered us money to stop with them. We told them that we did not want their money; it was not that at all, it was their souls that we wanted. When we came away the quay was crowded, we could scarcely get away; it seemed as if they would have taken us in their arms and kept us. It was the only place where we met with no opposition.

While in **Inverness** I went one day to a barber; he was so happy that he could not shave any - his joy was that great. He shut his shop and took me away to a meeting. Sometime

after, when again in **Inverness**, I went back to the same meeting, as he still kept it up, whenever he saw me he came right across to ask why I was there. When I had told him, his next question was -

"Have you gathered in any souls for the kingdom?"

He was one of Mr. Turner's converts.

A young meal-seller also got blessing under Mr. Turner. I met him afterwards preaching in the village of **Clachnaharry**, and last year we were out the same way and I asked one of the dock keepers - who had also got the blessing through the same instrumentality - if the meal-seller was always keeping firm.

"O yes!" he replied, "he's a noble champion, and he is still coming out here every night he has an opportunity."

FINDOCHTY FISHERMAN - *JAMES TURNER'S STORM.*

"Ye'll no doubt have heard about the storm that kept us at home so long. He (*James Turner*) was in my house at the time, so I can tell you the richt way about it.

The day was very fine in the morning, and I was greatly disappointed, as weel as many others, at the thought of going away and leaving the work and it only just begun; but whenever I said onything about our feeling; he just always said in his own quiet way, "Never fear; not a boat will go out of this th' day."

My faith, however, did not rise to his standard; and about eight o'clock, a.m., I went out to look at the weather. I came in somewhat disheartened.

"Mr. Turner," said I, "I'm afraid the boats will go; wind and weather are both favourable."

"There's no fear of that," said he, "the Lord has a work to do here, and there's not a boat will go out of this today."

About half-past nine I again went out to reconnoitre, and on coming in, I said, "I do not see anything in the sky but what is favourable to the prospect of going."

"Never fear, you will not go," was all he said.

When I went out again about eleven, a light breeze was coming from the north-east, and at two o'clock, the sea and wind were in such a state that no boat could venture out. When I came in and was expressing my astonishment and delight, he quietly checked me by saying —'

"Didn't I tell you?"

And for a fortnight we were free for the Lord's service.

Well do I remember, also, his last visit to us. I said to him -

"Yer prohibited, I believe, from speaking?"

"Yes, the doctor says that if I speak the vessel will burst again, and then there is no hope; but I've given it a good trial, and I'll try it again."

Many a time had he been the means of blessing our souls, but during that last visit he got great blessing to his own. On Sabbath forenoon, by request of the people, he addressed us. By the time he was finished he got bathed in tears, and was obliged to pause for a time.

When he had walked to **Portknockie**, he stood upon the top of the hill, and looking over to the hall here, he said -
"I'm not weak in the nerve, but I do not know the time that the Lord has manifested His power and presence to my soul as He has done this day";
and for a considerable time he stood gazing steadily in the same direction, the tears quietly trickling down his cheeks.

He had a great spiritual insight - it seemed scarcely possible to deceive him. And wherever he went, it was his constant practice to visit the old and the sick, and as soon as ever he entered in, the Spirit of the Lord seemed to use his very presence to awaken the people. Many a heavy burden did he lighten, and many an oppressed one was he the means of setting free. Yet he was a man of few words, but the little that he said had great weight. For instance, there was one that I know well, began to tell him how she doubted. He heard her story fully, and merely said in reply -
"All doubts are from the devil."
It was enough: God blessed that simple remark to the liberation of her spirit, and to this day she is a happy Christian.

The first time that he came into my house, my wife had an infant of a few weeks old on her knee. He put the question to her very pointedly as to whether she could give up that child for God. When he had obtained a satisfactory answer, special prayer was made for that boy, and as the people of this village can testify, he grew up a remarkable child; it seemed as if from that time the Lord had taken possession of him by His Spirit, and just as when —

'On Samuel, yet a tender child,
The Lord in kind compassion smiled,
And called him by His sovereign grace,
To do His will and seek His face
The youth replied in holy fear: -
Speak, Lord, for I thy servant hear.'

So did the heart of this little one respond to the touch of Divine love - prayer was preferred to play - no greater treat could be given than to tell him about —

'That beautiful land, the city of light
Which never has known the shades of night;
For in vision its glories he did behold,
Its beautiful gates, its streets of gold,
The river of life, the crystal sea;
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree;
The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture ranging the plains of light
While their glorious Saviour's matchless grace,
In one harmonious choir they praise.'

"Father," he asked one day before his death, "will I get to that bonny place?"

"Aye," said I, for my heart was too full to say more.

"Oh," said he, in his own earnest childlike way, "say *surely*."

"But I dinna want to say mair aboot him." said the father, "for I would like to avoid anything like glorification, but among the last things he said was —

"I'm gaen to my Father."

E.McH.

I learned further from this man, that there is not a *young* man, religious or non-religious, in the village of **Findochty**, that would go into a public-house to take drink - "They have more self-respect," said he, "than would do it."

James Turner was often spoken of as a man of *few words*, and not only was the impression very general, but the reason assigned for his paucity of words in private, was the same in all the different places, *viz.:-* that he was afraid to grieve the Spirit. Some curious examples also are preserved by the people of his power of repartee.

Mr.____, Minister of____, asked him to come to his place and hold meetings, but put in by the way of proviso, "you'll not make the women pray."

"Oh, no," was the reply, "but if the *Lord* make them pray, you won't hinder?"

It is stated, also, that this gentleman's own wife was the first to be filled with the Spirit to such a degree, that she not only prayed in the meetings, but even preached - at least spoke publicly also.

"Sit under no dead minister - be sure he'll bring you down," was the concise, pithy advice given to a band of young men who had come to seek some spiritual counsel by which they might steer their course after his departure.

On his return home, one of these young men, being connected with the Established Church, sought the use of it for meetings, but did not get it. On Sabbath, however it was opened at 9 a.m. to ring the bell, and this young man accompanied by another, went in and prayed, between the hours of nine and eleven, that the words spoken, even by a spiritually dead man, might be "clothed with converting power," or as the other one expressed it, "accompanied by Divine power."

And it is a fact that many of the people in that inland parish were afterwards brought to Christ.

From **Hopeman**, some men, hearing of the work in **Buckie**, went to visit their friends there, and see it. Among them was the precentor of the Free Church. After he had received the blessing for himself, "and also," to use the words of my informant, "like most of James Turner's converts, the *working power*, returned home. And on the first Sabbath after, as soon as the minister had concluded, he commenced a meeting which did not break up until next morning - thus began a good work which is producing fruit to the present day."

"*That's* the beauty of James Turner's work," said one of the people, "its stability! Take up the cross and follow was aye his direction, and the secret of their stability was that so many of his converts did so."

The fruit which this work of grace bore in 1871 is thus described by William Smith. I copy the following account from notes taken by him at the time.

WILLIAM SMITH

This year, 1871, begins with a descent of the Holy Ghost upon the people of **Findochty**. The first was a stirring amongst God's people. The next was a desire with the ungodly for the means of grace. In a very little, many became anxious and by-and-bye got savingly converted to God. The Spirit wrought mightily, and many souls were saved. Night after night, the meetings were crowded; addresses were delivered, and prayers offered from many a heart that every soul in the village might receive the blessing.

The work got on favourably. After the meetings were dismissed from the church, the anxious met in private houses, and persons interested met with them and gave them suitable directions, which they received, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, were enabled to lay hold by a simple faith on Jesus as their Saviour. Indeed, it was a special time of God's power, every day sounded forth its new song of praise to the God of love for souls saved. This blessed state of things continued until young and old professed to find peace through a Saviour that was willing and able to save them. There were many striking and wonderful manifestations connected with this blessed work of grace; but, thanks be to God, it all bore His own fingermarks, and the fruits were peace, love, joy.

One thing especially that took all considerate Christians by surprise was the dance. It was never for once dreamed of, and at first seemed to many very unseemly. But a prayerful consideration of the source whence it sprung, and the spirit in which it was performed, and the fruits which followed and was manifested by those under the power, at once excluded all doubts regarding its propriety as an act of worship acceptable in the sight of God.

Its first appearance was among the children, and then among persons more advanced in life, and perhaps stranger still, many advanced in the Christian life also came under its power, and in many cases irresistible power. And the persons thus engaged showed symptoms of the greatest joy - and truly their very appearance bespoke them to be under a high divine impulse. This state of things still continues, but not to the same extent. The power of God is still with the people, and some are visiting the place every night from other places, and generally the Lord blesses them, and they go home rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

An impression came that they must visit the neighbouring villages. Accordingly arrangements were made for an organized demonstration. They got dressed for the occasion, and started with banners waving, all of them bearing suitable inscriptions. The day was fine - the weather being mild for the season - and the long train marched on to the westward, each with uplifted heart shouting forth with all their might the praises of that loving Saviour who had so filled, and blessed their souls with His love. I think I shall never forget that day from an incident closely connected to myself personally - my own child coming to a saving acquaintance of the truth as it is in Jesus

That, and circumstances connected therewith, made an impression on my mind that eternity will not efface.

When the procession reached **Portessie** they formed into a circle at the east end, and at the request of the brethren stayed in that position for some time until they got ready to join our ranks. This being done, we again got marching orders, and away to **Buckie** we went, our people in the front, and the **Portessie** people in the rear, with our banners raised, and singing as we went along. We soon came to **Buckie**, halting for a short time while some bread was distributed to the young people and others also; Mr. Mitchell bearing all the expense of this entertainment.

After this we went on through part of **Buckie**; onlookers were very much affected, and we learned afterwards that a most powerful effect was produced. After sometime we turned our course homewards, the people all the time praising the Lord; and, as they did so, the power of God upon them waxed stronger and stronger amongst them. Many were overcome by the mighty power of God, and began to exhibit such manifestations as we had never before seen.

Men and women were to be seen in numbers, from one end of the village to the other, who, to a stranger, would have appeared to be under the influence of drink. All appeared to be moved by one great but common impulse, and with a quick pace their long irregular train moved on, multitudes now having joined them without any preparation, dressed just as for household work - and thus they marched along singing out of an overflowing heart the praises of God.

As soon as they reached **Portessie**, the people of God in that place caught the flame and came under the same power. Onwards to **Buckie** they went, and every one, male and female, preached the gospel; both warned the sinner, and invited them to Jesus.

(It appears that the following two paragraphs refers to a separate earlier incident described later on page 132) letter Feb 10th 1871

I will now state what effect the demonstration had on **Portessie**. Previous to this an idea had been circulated by some persons, that all that they had experienced in conversion went for nothing, unless they came to be baptized by immersion. The minds of the people had been so disturbed by this, that all their early joy was gone, and marks instead, of mental anguish appeared on many a countenance. As soon as the great train of rejoicing believers entered their village, the same mighty influence quick as lightning, spread throughout the whole place, and many cried as they joined our ranks: "No more water for me! nothing but the blood of Jesus! nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

We believe this movement was wholly of the Lord, because the people of **Findochty** knew nothing whatever of the state of mind in **Portessie**, and it was begun by an instantaneous impulse, which could not be restrained but by physical interference, and they were blind to the purpose for which they were led there.

A short time after, the people of **Portessie** under a similar impulse, came along to **Findochty**. The people turned out in great numbers and went to meet them. When they did meet they embraced each other in the most loving manner, and without any stop, the multitude set their faces toward **Portknockie**; and very soon they arrived there,

preaching the gospel to every creature they could get at, without doors or within. And such was the powerful effect of these simple means, wielded, I believe, by the Holy Spirit, that the whole of the people were awakened, and for several days there were great convictions of sin, and many seeking the way of salvation - and praise God, many found it, and like the lame man who was healed, leaped for very joy, and almost all who spoke their experience at that time, testified to the power that accompanied the demonstration, generally, in these words -

"Praise the Lord for the company that came over the hill the other day, for He has saved my soul and filled me with His love. Glory! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

In a very short time these people were to be seen in great numbers passing through the villages, singing, shouting, and dancing; telling all with whom they came in contact of the love of God, and how happy they were, that it seemed as if all things around them were changed - as if old things had passed away, and all things had become new - and certainly new and striking incidents were occurring every day.

The departure of the boats, on going to sea, was very grand. All the people gathered out from every part of the village, singing and dancing, and waving their hands to the men in the boats. While the crews themselves, as soon as the boats were under weigh, joined in, every man, with the people along the shore, and continued until distance hid them from our view. It was the same at their return, young and old turned out and gave them a hearty welcome.

E.McH

The following letters written in 1871 by some of the parties whose spiritual history has been given in these pages, are not only interesting in themselves, but will afford further particulars regarding the work in **Findochty** at that time.

FINDOCHTY, 26th June, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER C—,

I received your note this morning with great pleasure. May God bless your visit to this place, and that not only to your own soul, but also to all the dear brothers and sisters in **Peterhead**. The Lord can work without any of us, but it is the way He has promised, and that we have to look to, and that is through human agency, and to Him be all the glory.

Dear brother, the work is still widening - **Portessie** is subdued almost to a man. There is a good work going on in **Buckie** and in **Cullen** also. There was a call from **Portknockie** last night, and the P___ with some of his crew went over and had a good beginning. We had a demonstration on Saturday, when all the people of God went over to **Portessie** in marching order, singing as we went the praises of God. When we arrived there we halted for a short time, then all the **Portessie** people came up in the rear, and marched on to, and through **Buckie**. It had a powerful effect on that place. Many were seen weeping as we passed through. Such a multitude, and all converted, you never saw! None could join but those who have the witness within.

We had a glorious day on Sunday. The chapel was crowded. Only one hour's interval the whole day, and such testimonies given of the grace of God, you never heard. Glory be to the name of our Lord for ever and ever!

I have been out at sea for two days and nights, but singing and prayer was the most of the work that was done. The young men you saw on the platform were my crew, so you may judge.

W. S.

FINDOCHTY, Feb. 10, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER,

I was much gratified to hear a little of your welfare, but was disappointed to learn the hopeless appearance of the progress of the revival work in **Peterhead**. It grieves my soul to think that any man or class of men should, in the least degree, hinder the blessed work. . . I cannot but think a man who stands in the way, under whatsoever pretence, has a very low estimate of the realities of eternity - when the souls of men are seen to be of almost infinite value, we are prepared to let everything go and take God's way and stand aside and see the Lord's work taking its own course.

But, dear brother, I must tell you something about the Lord's work in this locality; but how to do it I know not. It is very difficult to find words to describe it, for the same features or manifestations of revival work were never known here before. It seems to me as if a cloud of glory were hanging down, hovering over the whole village - the whole of it I may say is blessed. But Oh, my brother, there are new manifestations of God's love and power, yes, every day we have to gaze upon them with wonder and solemn awe.

Since you were here the work has assumed another aspect. Nothing is attended to but praise to God, which never ceases night nor day. I can see groups of men, women, and children, through every part of the village, dancing before the Lord for whole days. Perhaps you will think this is going a little too far. But Oh, dear brother, if you were here you would say at once - "I never thought there could be so much love on earth!" O, C__, hundreds have the blessing of perfect love! I have seen strong powerful men, of great experience, laid powerless with the love of God - yes, I have seen it today! Glory! glory! be to our God and the Lord for ever and ever! J__ S__ has been filled these three days, and marvellous to relate her deafness is all gone. And many other cases, which have been confined to their beds for a considerable time can now be seen on the streets, every day and at any hour, dancing before the Lord and shouting His glorious praise with all their might, from a heart filled ready to burst with the love of God.

But what of **Portessie**, you will say? Well, I am sorry to say the devil employed some persons to go to that field and sow tares and discord, which were effectual, and on Wednesday the whole village was in great trouble. On Thursday, a great company of men and women under the baptism of the Holy Ghost went over from this, led by the Spirit, I believe.

As soon as they reached **Portessie**, the people there caught up the flame, and those who had been trusting in the water cried out in the open street— "No more water! nothing but the blood of Jesus!" So it is all right with **Portessie** now - the work is going on there

as it is here. May the Lord prosper it for His own glory! We are all well in body and happy in Jesus.

W. S.

FINDOCHTY, March 6, 1871.

. . . By this time you will be thinking I have forgotten you, but that is not the case. . . For the last two weeks I have been on a fishing expedition. For a few days Providence led me to the town of **Wick**, when He blessed the feeble efforts of His own children, to the conversion of souls. Every night we were there we were taken out to the meetings and many were seeking the way of salvation. Our general mode of procedure was to start from our boats in one band and sing all the way to the meeting place, 'With steady pace the pilgrim moves,' or some other favourite hymn. The people seemed panic-stricken, and a great many were seriously inquiring about the reality of the work of God in our coast, and I am glad to say some have got the blessing, and apparently a good work is begun, glory be to God!

Dear brother, our home interests are going on satisfactorily. The tone of our meeting is still rising. The high blessing is almost universal in our village. It fits the people for every branch of the Lord's work. Fear and shame are quite gone, and with a holy boldness they will do anything and everything for the glory of God and for the good of souls. And while I write these few lines, the sound of praise is rising from every part of our village and never ceases but when the people are asleep. For me to describe the work and what accompanies it is, I confess, impossible. It far surpasses my knowledge, and to what I cannot understand, I bow in humble submission. I am lost in wonder at the mighty working power of my God and Father; to Him be all the glory! it is all of God from first to last.

We are all in our usual health, and what is better rejoicing in the love of the Lord our God, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Our sympathy to yourself and wife, and all the dear ones we love in **Peterhead**. May the Lord bless you all and revive you and yours, in Jesus, W__ S__

E.McH.

The following opinion regarding, and description of, this movement will conclude the story of **Findochty**.

ELGIN COURIER

At the weekly prayer-meeting held in the Free Church School, **Nairn**, in Wednesday evening, Mr. McDonald, banker, **Buckie**, in addressing a large meeting on the interesting religious movement agitating the fishing communities on the Banffshire coast said - the 'gospel dance' as it has been called, is made use of by scoffers to cast contempt on the good work, but he could distinctly assert that it is a gross misrepresentation. What is represented as a dance is simply a simultaneous movement which the crowd of people unconsciously make in singing some of the lively hymns; and no one who has worshipped with these people and is cognizant of their devoutness, could easily refrain from joining them.

Hearing that excesses were committed, and to satisfy himself of the genuineness of the movement, he visited a meeting at **Portessie** on Saturday night, when he thought the majority of the villagers would be busy at home. But the hall, which is capable of

containing three hundred persons, he found to be quite filled with an orderly and attentive audience. A young man, who had been seriously influenced in the last revival, addressed the meeting, and judging from the pointedness, intelligence, and clearness of his exhortation, which was founded upon a text of Scripture, he felt himself warranted in saying that few laymen, in more pretentious quarters, could have given a better address.

He was followed by a woman, and of such a kind was her prayer that he was convinced that never in his life did he hear anything approaching to it, either from pulpit or platform, in tenderness or beautiful simplicity. The intelligence displayed in the prayers of the other young women was truly marvellous.

Another man got to his feet, and delivered a calm and sensible address; full of pointed truth, and quite the opposite of the ranting discourses one sometimes hears in other meetings. The exercises lasted three hours, when one of the men - not an old man, reminded his friends that it was Saturday evening, and it was the duty of all to get the week's work closed, and seek sufficient rest to fit them for their duties on the Lord's Day. They then sung a hymn and quietly dispersed.

Mr. McDonald lingered about the door, and observed a group of thirty or forty persons - chiefly women - gathered together in the area of the hall, singing a lively hymn, and keeping time as they sang. The motion seemed to get more and more rapid, and latterly it was so simultaneously and gracefully done, that the spectator at a distance would have thought it was a dance. On going nearer to the company, and almost mixing with them, he observed all eyes closed, and their countenances as if wrapt with heavenly joy. These were women who had maintained a Christian character, and we should not hurriedly condemn them for this expression of their joy however demonstrative. *Elgin Courier*.

CHAPTER XI

WITNESS BEARING - PORTESSIE

E.McH

From **Findochty**, Mr. Turner proceeded a mile and a-half further west to **Portessie**, where the meetings (there being no hall at that time in which the people could congregate) were held in an unfinished house. There is nearly always one or more of these in each of the fishing towns, it being customary when a fisher intends to settle in life, first to build himself a house; but as the progress of the erection depends upon the success of the fishing, sometimes a considerable time elapses before the house is ready.

In the skeleton of such a dwelling, roughly seated for the occasion, the first meetings were held. The revival in **Portessie** could not therefore be attributed to a heated atmosphere, for the house, which stood within a few yards of the ocean, had as yet neither doors or windows, so was fully exposed to the cold stormy winds of February, 1860 - a season, as perhaps some will remember, of unusual severity. Yet the cold, comfortless room was not only crowded - windows, rafters, and all; but many who could not get room in either safe or unsafe position inside, stood around the door - snow all around them to a great depth.

It will be interesting to begin the story of **Portessie** by introducing the man who at present occupies this house, to tell for himself how the meetings held in his unfinished house affected him, and other members of his family.

AN ELDER'S STORY

I was a decent, respectable chap, elder in the church, etc. Went to hear James Turner in **Findochty**, and was somewhat impressed. Followed him to **Buckie**, and was still more. On Monday night, went to the meeting in **Portessie**, and to my surprise, it fell on me to commence it. I was speaking when James Turner came in, and the first thing he did was to cry - "My God! Save that unsaved man."

"I knew he was right, though others thought me a Christian. I knew I wanted a change of heart, but how it was to be obtained, I could not see, and like the Psalmist I could say,

"The pains of hell got hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow."

In this state I continued for three days. I was born again on the mighty deep. The boats were not so well fitted up then as they are now. The whole boat's crew sat round me, and when the change passed, I began to pray. And the prayer meeting went round from ten o'clock, a.m., until six in the morning, and before that time three of them gave evidence of being born to God.

My wife also went to the meetings, but got no good at first, but she will tell you for herself.

WIFE'S STORY.

I came home from the meeting as hard as a stone - really hardened against the truth. I was pretty worldly. My heart would not quit its hold of the earth. I had also a fear that I would not stand out suppose I did make a profession like the others.

By the time Mr. Turner came back, I was thoroughly awakened, and I had great expectations from the meetings, for by this time my heart was *largened* out to go to them, but was hindered by the baby; now I was made to see how wrong I had done in neglecting the *first* opportunity, and was afraid that if I lost *this* chance I might never be saved.

My anxiety became at length so great, that I left the child - left it with the Lord, to *His* care, and I always found it right.

One night I felt in a dreadful state - I felt sinking as if in a gulf. Cried hard for deliverance, for pardon for what I had done. I felt a dreadful weight upon me - all the single instances of opposition I had given to my husband, would not sit down with him to family worship, and acts of like nature lay heavy on me. While in this state I looked and saw Satan like a man coming towards my bed with a great bundle of bank-notes in his hand, like a pack of cards.

"Will you come with me," said he, "and I'll give you *all this money*?"

"No," said I, "I canna go wi' you, my soul's afore money," and with that he turned and went to the table on which my family Bible was lying open, and shut it with a great clap, and that moment my soul got liberty.

I rose from my bed and flew to the meetin' without a thing on me but my short sleepin' gown, bare feet and head; right into the meetin' I went, and up through them all, up to the pulpit, crying -

"Rise all of you and praise the Lord for saving me."

And the whole house rose and praised the Lord.

Then some of the women took me home and made a cup of tea for me, and no sooner had I got on my clothes, than I went to every house in **Portessie** tellin' them what the Lord had done for my soul; especially did I go to those who had any grudge at me, or me at them, and to all sects and parties I went alike. And from this arose at new stirrin' up, and many were led to go to the meetin's.

After this, my little boy Johnny used to go in my hand to James Turner's meetin's. One time that he went alone, he stoppit owre lang - the whole night indeed, for he didna come hame till mornin'. Then I questioned him about bidin' sae lang, a' the answer he gae me was - "O, mither! it was sic a fine meetin' I couldna leave't; an' O, if I could only pray like John Smith-Bodie."

"Ye'll seen be able to pray like him, my dear," said I, "Jesus is wautin' yer young hairt, and if ye gie Him't, He'll seen enable ye to pray."

"But I would be ashamed to pray afore the fouk, for the fear of man is on me, mither. I'm feart that I would say onything that they would pick up and speak about it,' etc.

This fear of man remained the child's snare up to within nine days of his death, but from this time, he lived a quiet obedient life, and communed much with God, but could not lisp a word about his spiritual state, not even to his father. But his Bible was his constant companion, and often he shut himself up in his closet, or 'up the stairs' for prayer, and he was often heard with great earnestness and simplicity, pouring out his soul to God.

About six months before his death he took a cold, and grew worse and worse. As he grew weaker in body, he seemed to grow stronger in spirit, and greatly regretted his past shamefacedness; and one day when Mr. G___, U. P. Minister, had prayed for him as one perfectly ready to go home, he said at the close,

"Mr. G___, I'm not in the state you think me in - I'm in darkness, and I do not want to deceive myself nor others."

From that time, his uncle, a godly man, never left his bedside, and was the means of leading him into the light. About nine days before his death, he got great liberty, and told his father that he could now rejoice as one of God's children. After this, he regretted still more deeply his past reticence on soul matters.

"Oh, mither," he would say, "if my strength were to be given back again, I would speak for the Lord."

He was very anxious that his death might be made a blessing to his brothers and sisters, and charged them earnestly to meet him in heaven.

One day a young man asked him if he was happy —

"Yes, Bob, praise the Lord, I'm happy," and when the lad turned away, he said very earnestly, "come back and tell me if yer happy yersel"

"You're going to leave us, John," said an ungodly neighbour.

"Yes, J___, an' isn't comin' time for to you to think that you have to *leave us*, as well as me? You know you've got a changed son, and you need to be a changed father; and you know that it's his desire to have a changed father."

The man sat dumb. The deein' lad sat gazin' steadily, at him as if he would, through his e'e, affect his hairt. Then he speer't,

"What o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine."

"Weel, mither," he said, turnin' to me, "I'm yours till a quarter past five."

That night - it was the last - his twa uncles were in the room.

"Tell my uncle James to pray, and Peter tee," he whispered. I was sittin' on the bed aside him, and he raised himself up, and throwin' his arms - his thin wasted arms, roon' my neck, he kissed me wi' sic a lang yernin' kin' o' kiss - it was the last.

"Yer feet are in the river noo, Johnny, my dear."

"Yes, mither, gie me up to the Lord - I'm yours nae langer - you've had your time o' me; an' ye've others left ye to care for. Good-bye," he said, and shook hands wi' them a' roon' the room. Just afore he deed, he lookit roon' as if seekin' for somebody; then a gleam o' licht, that I canna describe, shot across his face.

"Jesus is come," he said, gripping his father by the breast. "Father," he said, an' held out his hand, then grippit the hand hard - smiled - closed his eyes - raised his hand, and as he waved it backwards - died.

E.McH.

The next testimony is from a young man who went to the meeting "to get fun." He says for himself:

A YOUNG MAN

I went up purposely to the joists of the house to mock, and no sooner was I up than I was touched.

"Young man up there," said James Turner, fixing his eyes on me, "yer laughing, and yer mocking; but if you do not repent - you who are companions in iniquity here, will gnash your teeth one with another hereafter in hell."

These words made a great impression on me. I was a smart kind of a chap, and began trying a great many things to make myself right. I tried to pray myself into a right state. Indeed I was a kind of a *prayer* before that, but it would not do. I would have rather kept by the same sort of preaching we were accustomed to. I thought James Turner's was something like blasphemy, and the conflict that went on in my soul was something terrible - but one morning, before I was out of bed, two of my companions were sitting by the fire speaking about what was going on. The truths they were speaking of just suited me, and as they spoke, the light broke into my mind. I rose from my bed like one alive from the dead, and went out at once through the whole town telling them what the Lord had done for me. I told them also that it was so easy that if they would only *come*, they would get it too, *just now*.

I got my breakfast at four o'clock in the afternoon, I had quite forgotten it, for I had gotten meat to eat of a better quality - the hidden manna, the bread of life - and to this day I am eating it.

W.S.L. (William Smith Latin?) AN ELDER AND SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.

Some twenty years before James Turner came I was convinced of sin, and was doing the best I could - trying as well as I could to reform from everything evil. About the year 1841, when first convinced, I gave up drinking and other bad habits. In connection with that I entered as teacher in the Sabbath School, and was made an elder in the Free Church. But I was very jealous of myself - I was happy in my teaching, but I did not like my eldership at all, I did not feel myself fit for its duties.

I did not go to **Findochty** like some of the others to hear him when he was there; but waited until he came to **Portessie**, and with some of the others helped to put the place in order for him, *i.e.*, a new house unfinished. It was a deep fall of snow when he came. The house was crowded, not only the lower parts, but the rafters not being closed in they were full of young people, who had clambered up and looked down upon the people below.

At the commencement of the meeting I had my own burden removed by one of the young converts, who came along from **Findochty** to tell his parents of his newly-found joy. He had been a very thoughtless lad, and I was now somewhat doubtful as to whether it was real or not. He had come into my house first, and when he left me to go to his parents, I went out to look after him. He was just running along by the side of the houses like a bird, and as I looked at him a shaking came over me, I could not understand the meaning of it. When I turned round to make for my house, my sight went away, I

thought the rocks were split right open to swallow me up; and I made a tremendous leap over the chasm to get into the house.

I went straight to the bedside of my wife who was poorly, and kneeling down, tried to pray, but could get no comfort in praying, being so bound up in spirit that I could scarcely speak. Very soon a neighbour came in to tell me that my friend just mentioned had come home out of his mind, and, being the elder, I was asked, to come and pray for him, but I could say nothing: but just "*I canna* pray for mysel'."

Then another neighbour who had found the Lord, came in and I told him my state, and also that of the young man - then we both went out th'gether to see him. When we went in to his father's house, he was singing at the top of his voice –

'I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause.'

His parents were wringing their hands.

"Whenever I went in, my burden fell off, and down at once I went on my knees and began to pray *for his parents*. The house filled in a trice, and there was a great power of the Spirit.

On my way home, I went into all the houses of those who I knew were living careless, and warned them; and when I came home I found my little daughter, a girl of fourteen, preaching, and the house full about her. The ablest men in the place were trying to confute her, but in vain - only one of them, a teacher in the Sabbath School, prayed with her and encouraged her to go on in the good ways of the Lord.

She did so, and continued in them until her death. She was born in 1845, and when married in 1865, went to **Banff**, where she had a class of young men until her death, and so great was their love for her that some of them stood by her dying bed until the last - watching by it night by night until she passed away. One of these lads is now a minister of the gospel.

E.McH.

At this point of the narrative, a Bible was handed me, on the fly-leaf of which was written —

"**Portessie**, 17th Feb., 1860. W— S— L— (*William Smith Latin?*) received the Spirit of revival, and hope that the Lord will continue the Spirit with me so long as I am in the world, and when I am removed, He will take me to the world of bliss. That day I gave my whole heart to the Lord. Lord, keep me always in the path of duty, and Thou shalt have the glory. Written in my Bible the morning after I got the blessing."

W.S.L

A day or two after, one of my sons got the same great blessing of salvation. My wife, too, was convinced of sin, but did not find peace until the second visit of James Turner.

W.S.L.'s WIFE - "*A CHARTER OF LIFE.*"

When James Turner came first to **Portessie**, I could not get out to the meetings, but I did not mind much, as I thought myself good enough. At length, seeing the others all

happy and rejoicing in God, I began to feel that surely everything was not right with me, and by the time of his second visit to **Portessie**, I was quite anxious.

On the evening of the 19th of December, 1860, my two eldest sons found the Lord, and about 10 o'clock I left the meeting to attend to my child. Although I went to bed, I could not rest. About 4 o'clock I rose, took the Bible, and went to my knees and said, "Lord, if there be anything that I want, (*lack*) show it to me."

I even told Him that I would not rise from my knees until I got the blessing, and I did get the blessing. Before rising from my knees, I opened the Bible, and the words that turned up to me were John 14v12-14. By these verses my soul held Him fast - they were like a charter of life to me; and getting on some clothes, I went out and through the town to tell others the blessing I had received.

There was a great power upon me, and I couldn't but speak and tell what good had been done for me. To quiet me, someone said Mr. G___, the minister was coming. "Mr. G___!" said I, "neither Mr. G___ nor a' the ministers in the world 'll stand afore me; I've gotten such a blessing I *canna* haud my tongue."

While on the way to speak to a man who was questioning the reality of the work, the words flashed on my mind, "Blessed is she that hath not seen yet hath believed." My soul was filled to overflowing. I went into the house.

"What a cargo you've got," said he, "is there any left for me?"

"Oh, yes," says I, "plenty of the new wine for all who will receive it." I asked him to sing that hymn -

'The Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory, again and again'

Then I went home. The tea was laid down, I could not take any. I had to go forth - and forth I went singing -

"Come to Jesus' come to Jesus!"

I went to the people that did not come to the work, and for eight days, I continued making a feel o' mysel' for Christ's sake, though I didna think there was mony like me afore that.

E. McH. *A DRUNKARD'S STORY.*

Next case is that of a husband and wife who went up to the hall together, both anxious. They did not find peace, and after a while, they left the hall and went down the hill together, arm-in-arm, companions in grief. (The husband, according to his own account, was a quarrelsome man, a drunkard, and so ignorant that he could scarcely read a word.)

He was not long in finding his way back to the hall again, and doffing his cap, he went with it in his hand right up to the upper end. Then, after standing still for a moment, he said,

"I've never been so far ben in the hall since ever it was biggit, as I am the night, I aye took a seat next the door, or in some bye corner, an' the thing I've come so far ben for, is to seek a' the fowk here to pray for me."

He soon received the blessing, and his son also, a boy of 12 or 13 years of age.

His wife was at home in deep distress of soul. In her anguish, she crawled on her knees round the house, and the singular thing was that whenever she knelt, the wall before her seemed all written over with the threatenings.

By-and-bye, however, she found peace in believing that the sword of justice had been sheathed in the heart of Him whose blood had made atonement, and being justified by faith, she had peace with God.

Subsequently, the husband was so filled with the Spirit, that day after day he stood on a form addressing the people, and telling them what the Lord had done for his soul. And when they expressed their astonishment that a man so utterly void of learning could speak so continuously, and to such purpose, he said, by way of explanation, that he "just ate the bookie" - the Bible.

On the 10th day of March the son died peacefully, saying –

"There is not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I soon shalt mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well."

A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR'S STORY

From the first time that James Turner came, I was awakened and anxious. After the first meeting, I went home and told my mother about the people crying out, being especially moved by seeing my Sabbath school teacher crying out too for mercy.

"Weel," said she, after I had done speaking, "if you go back there again I'll give you a good whipping; the people's all mad."

I did not go back next night for fear of the whipping but next night I went with some of my companions, unken't to my mither. So when she came to know that I had been at the meeting, and disobeyed her, I got the whipping.

I did not get back again for some time, but the Lord put the most encouraging passages of Scripture into my mind, such as - "Pray to your Father which seeth in secret." "I love them that love Me", and, "they that seek Me early shall find Me."

I had also much help from my Sabbath school teacher, who had now got the blessing, in finding the Saviour.

About the time that the work began, my father went to the Western Isles off Barra Head, to the cod and ling fishing.

He wrote home for the news, and I wrote out the hymn—

'What's the news? what's the news?'

and sent it to them. And they wondered what kind of news this could be, for they were new to them as well as to us, for they had never seen nor heard such things before. One of the young men gave it a tune, and they sung the hymn. But they were still more astonished on coming home, to find the town turned upside down - drunkards become praying men, and men who had formerly spoken for Satan, now speaking for God. They never had such a welcome, for when the boats came in sight, the whole town turned out to welcome them in with the hymns.

There's mony a thing I could tell about James Turner, and what's been deen through him amon' us here, for we could fill fifty books instead o' one about him, but I'll just tell what I think were the last words he spoke, the hin'most time he was in **Portessie** -

"Young men and young women," said he, "I will never see you again in the flesh, and I've nothing greater to leave with ye than this - take to your New Testaments, and to your knees."

The men were just about to leave for the fishing, and many Highlanders were present, so he said,—

"Ye Highlanders, had I a voice that would reach the Highlands I would cry aloud. But though I cannot speak to you, God *will bless you!*"

And a good work was soon after begun in **Caithness**, and in many other parts of the Highlands. And many of the converts then brought in are standing fast to the present day. In **Wick** and **Pultney**, just a harvest of souls was gathered in. Whenever the Banffshire fishermen came into that place, they would come and compel them to come out of the boats and hold meetings, and some marvellous conversions took place.

One especially powerful man and very wild was arrested and led as a little child to the feet of the Lord Jesus, and is now a wonder to the place, a standing witness for God, and a gallant worker. He got up a stated prayer meeting, and is sent for to visit death-beds, so great is the confidence that people have in him. A brother of his was also brought in about the same time.

The case of William Henderson is well known. He is a great size of man. All the family are the same, and they are all converted and speak for the Lord. William was so ferocious and wild, that fishermen were afraid to go out with him in a boat. He became like a little child, and is standing fast since his conversion, a glorious witness of Christ. Another man came to the meetings and became deeply impressed. After a great struggle, he was enabled to lay hold of the words -

"I am the resurrection and the life."

In the heat of his zeal he went to his minister, and said,

"Sir, I was unconverted, and you never told me that; can you feed me now that I am converted."

A WOMAN "A NEW SONG." -

I was told that there was a man come who was turning things upside down. My husband went to one of the meetings, and when he came back he said he had never seen the like. That night he went to his knees, a thing he never did before. Then he went to the minister of **Buckie**, who told him that he was good enough, that he did not see any change that a good decent man like him needed. But he did not mind the minister, but just kept going to the meetings. He had been resting on the general mercy of God, but now, in the meetings, he was shown that it was *Jesus only* - and he was enabled to lay hold by faith, and came home rejoicing.

I went to the meetings two or three times, but I had to be helped out, the power upon me was so great. I went to **Buckie**; Mr. Turner saw me and came and asked if I was any better.

"No," said I, and just as I spoke a woman at my side found peace. I came home in distress at everybody getting peace but me - so great was my distress that they heard me weeping outside. At last the truth that saves and sets the sinner free found its way into my heart, and the words

"Oh thou, my soul, bless God the Lord," etc.,

was the new song which the Lord put into my mouth; and I got out of bed and sang it at the pitch of my voice. I sang it that loud that the people thought it was just rather ill - that I might keep decency. My voice soon tired singing at such a pitch, but bless the Lord, my hairt hasna tired singing it to this day.

A PHARISEE'S STORY

J___ (*Smith Frazie*) was one of a few praying men before James Turner's time. His wife, while professing herself to be a Christian was very much opposed to the work, until her eldest son (*James*) was brought under conviction. James Turner had gone in to see them one day, and while speaking to the lad was interrupted by her telling him very rudely that her son did not need that, as he had been a Christian from his birth, etc. She let herself out so freely, in short, that he was able to take her spiritual diagnosis, and he scrupled not to tell her very freely that she was '*a pharisee*'.

His words stung her to the heart - she could not get them from her. In the evening she went to the meeting and confessed that it was even so, and both herself and son found peace that night. Soon after other four of the same family (*William, George, John, Alexander*) were brought in, and a very little after, were all lost in one day (25th Oct 1864). Another man in the same boat (*Shamrock BF743*), was also brought to the Lord by James Turner. His wife, converted at the same time, and by the same instrumentality, died rejoicing in the Lord. Among the last things she said was,

'There is not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount to the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.'

In the same boat were another young man and his father (*both called John Smith Bodie*), also James Turner's spiritual children. Such was the fate of this crew!

Two of them were to be married on the day they were drowned. One of the brides never recovered the shock - yet died rejoicing in the Lord, singing to the very last:

'The sweat of death is on 'my brow,
All is well!
My feet are in the river now,
All is well!

Another of their widows dying soon after, said to a brother: "Willie, I have got the perfect love noo," and at the last, 'I'll not be lang noo, Jesus has come."

"These were all James Turner's converts," said the person who gave me this information, "and though their fate was sad, yet it would have been sadder still, had he not been the means of leading them to the Saviour - as it was, sudden death to them was just sudden glory."

PORTESSIE RESIDENT

But these were only a few of James Turner's converts.

There was A__ C__, a drunken man all his life, until he was awakened under him, though he didna find peace till after his death; then every Sabbath, after he came under the power, he used to go to a place in the middle of the town and preach - warning every man with tears - I never saw him speak with dry eyes. This continued up to his death, which was a very happy one.

Then there was George Smith Gager, who died also very happy in the Lord.

And A__ S__, also dead, who used, every Sunday after Chapel, to take off his cap and stand up at his own door and preach the gospel. Faithfully indeed did he warn the people and tell them what the Lord had done for his own soul, and urge them to seek the salvation of theirs.

S__ was also a very intelligent man, and gave much help to the anxious, and instructed the ignorant ones up to his death. These were only a few of them, who are sown in the earth, through whose instrumentality many others have since sprung up to the Lord like willows by the water courses.

Another old man, one of the roughest in **Portessie**, and so ignorant also that he could not read the Bible, yet after his conversion became so instructed that he preached in the streets - and preached with such power that one woman and all her family were awakened and brought to the Saviour through it.

Aye, and the Rev Mr. L__, Independent Minister of ____, is also one of James Turner's spiritual children."

A FISHERMAN - "*WE'RE GLAD WE ARE CONVERTED !*"

I heard James Turner first in Banff. He began his meetings by singing—

'What's the news?'

Thinks I, if that be a Revivalist he's a gey queer-like man. But he had not prayed many sentences ere I felt the power emanating from him- I had spiritual perception enough to discern this, for I had been brought to Christ before, but the life I was living in Him was na very full.

One night in **Portessie**, he preached from the five foolish virgins. The meeting wasna very lang opened ere several were struck down, and some were crying for mercy.

Old John Macintosh stood up and cried,
"You that are against the work, come and see if this be chloroform," for whenever James Turner began to speak they tumbled down like sheep round about him, and all through the meeting.

A few days after the meetings began, we left for the other side (*of the Moray Firth*). We were sorry to leave, but our men began meetings in our own sheds. One of them who had been convinced in the meetings, was led to the Saviour, and found rest to his soul on the way.

The people began to flock to our meetings (*on the **Caithness** coast*) till our places would not hold them. Then we got the Established Church School, then when it was too little, we got the Free Church of **Dunbeath**, and also the Established Church of **Berriedale**. In the first meeting in the Established Church, there were about forty crying out for mercy. Mr. M___ led the meetings, while we fishermen spoke and prayed. In our first meetings in the Free Church there were 700 people. Some of my other brothers will likely tell you some of the results.

After the meetings had gone on a while, Mr. C___ came down to our sheds and asked if we could read the Bible, and the Shorter Catechism.

"Lord," said I, lifting up my heart to God, "what will I say to him?"

Then said I quietly,

"Thank God, Mr. C___, we did not come here to learn to read the Bible, nor yet the shorter Catechism, nor yet that Jesus died for our souls."

So he never came near our sheds again, nor yet to any of our meetings.

It will give you some idea of the change wrought in our little town when I tell you what a young woman said at an experience meeting one day. There was many a tear of joy being shed as one and another told what God had done for them. Giving a glance round at those who had been witnessing for God, she came over a line or two of the hymn —

'We are glad we are converted,'

then said - "I am sure we women have to thank God for the great change wrought since this day twelvemonths, for the wickedness was come to such a pitch that we were afraid sometimes to go out on the very street for fear of our lives, the place was in such a seethe of sin. "

UNKNOWN

After leaving the house that the meeting was in, I went up to the hall, and on looking round at the number of young men who had been so changed, I was much impressed. Now, thought I, if these men all stand firm to the grace that God has given them, they will be the means of Scotland's conversion.

Some years afterwards, when at a meeting in **Findochty**, and looking at the noble band which God had raised up there, I had the same impressions again very strongly. And when I thought of James Riach and his work at **Peterhead**, and along the **Wick** coast; and then of Joseph Flett and his crew at **St. Ninian's**, etc., Fifeshire, and many others, it seemed to me as if Jesus was again, as in the days of old, saying to these fishermen, "Go ye and preach the gospel to every creature." Far, far, and wide, wide, through these men, whom he was the means of bringing to the Saviour, has James Turner's influence for Christ spread beyond the sphere of his bodily presence."

ANOTHER FISHERMAN - "*CALL THEM IN.*"

Another fisherman thus briefly tells his story :-

Several of us who were anxious went over to **Findochty**, and when we went to his lodging-house, James Turner asked us individually as to our state. Me he asked, "Do you know that your sins are forgiven?"

- a simple question but it was a word from God to me, and spoke to my heart and conscience powerfully. I knew well that I was a sinner, but as to being forgiven that was another thing; so the question remained unanswered - I was silent.

Next day, twelve of us held a prayer meeting. All professed to find peace, and I also, thus - something in my heart just seemed to be speaking the substance of that beautiful hymn —

"Call them in!" - the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their weight in gold?

"Call them in!" - the weak and weary,
Laden with the guilt of sin.
Bid them come and rest in Jesus:
He is waiting, "call them in!"

"Call them in!" - the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."

Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; "call them in!"

And just at that last idea - that of the Father running forth to meet the lost ones, without any special consciousness of believing, or submitting, or of making any effort, my whole being, simply and without effort, seemed to be borne away to Him through Jesus. And now, after fifteen years' time to test and scrutinise the work of that hour, I can still with a profound sense of my own unworthiness, yet—

'With humble confidence draw nigh
And Father! Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself His child.'

A TROPHY OF HIS GRACE "A MAGDALEN"

On the Thursday before James Turner came here, I went to **Findochty** to hear him, but could not say that I got much good - only I saw that it was from God. On Saturday he came here, and preached at 6 o'clock from the ten virgins, and I was made to feel that I had been indeed foolish - that I was a great sinner, a Magdalen.

"Surely, this is an awful man," thought I, "for he seems to know everything that I've done."

But, by-and-bye, the Lord, blessed be His name, washed me in His blood and filled me with His Spirit, and I am here today, a trophy of His grace."

SMITH - "FRUIT BEARING."

First time I heard James Turner was at **Findochty**, "Behold the Lamb of God," was his text. I came home much troubled that night. Went back next day, but did not hear him preach. After the meeting, called for him at his lodgings and told him I was unsaved, and wanted to know how I would get saved. All that he said after I had told him my state, was -

"You're convinced of sin, just have faith in God."

I came away greatly disappointed, thinking I would have got much more from him than that.

The next night I was one of a party that prepared the meeting place for him in **Portessie**. A fisherman came over from **Portknockie** that night to begin the meeting. I got no relief, but became still more deeply convinced of sin, and more troubled than ever about the state of my soul.

The following night Mr. Turner came over and preached a sermon from the words— "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalms 9v17). And if I was ill before, I was worse now. I went to all the dark corners of the house trying to seek mercy, but it was of no use.

Next morning, Sunday the 12th February, I called to see him, and he said as little to me as before - no advice nor anything, but just, "Have faith in God."

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock he preached from the words— "Look unto me and be ye saved".

I thought myself somewhat relieved by that sermon, but I had no peace. After the prayer meeting I went to meet him, and said -

"Well, Mr. Turner, I don't think there is any peace for me, but I will go to **Buckie** with you, if I thought to get good there."

"Well, Smith," said he, "if you are going to **Buckie** to get good, you will not get it, you have more chance at **Portessie** - ah, how simple, "**Look** unto me and be ye saved".

How it was done I cannot tell, but that moment I looked and lived; then without a word I turned and ran to the meeting, and told the people what the Lord had done for my soul, and how long I had been in agony, and I never ceased telling the same story, until nine years after that I got myself disabled from active service by an accident.

While labouring for the Lord, I was much tormented with Satan tempting me to doubt the reality of my conversion; trying to get me from the work. Two brothers, after special prayer for me one night, said,

"It's the devil, tell him he is a liar; that you know the very day that God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all your sin. Tell him, if they were not pardoned then, that they are now." Acting on that advice, in less than two months the temptation vanished altogether.

A fortnight after receiving the blessing, I went to a place called **Forse**, on the **Caithness** coast, and along with some more of our new-born brothers, got use of the Free Church, and for three months held meetings twice a-week, walking four miles to it, and scarcely held one meeting without souls being brought to the Lord. In one, a deacon of the Church was converted and confessed it openly, and does to this day; and Mr. Davidson, the good old minister, also professed to get great good.

About fifty of the men were so full of faith, and had such clear minds and simple hearts that, for about four years, with them it was only to ask and receive - even three of them were sufficient to obtain the blessing. Three of them have sometimes gone to a corner of the hall where the worst people were, and have had the house filled with power.

One night James Turner, during his second visit, asked five minutes of silent prayer, and during that silence the Holy Ghost came like a mighty rushing wind and filled the place. James Turner broke the silence by saying, "Now we have the power," and there was a mighty work. At another meeting the same thing was repeated, and I am sure that at least there would be twenty cases of real conversion, proved to be so by long years of fruit-bearing.

Mrs _____ S _____ *A WIFE'S STORY - "BLOWING THE HORN."*

J__S__ M__ (*John Smith 'Miss'?*) came in from one of the meetings to get a cup of tea, and before going away, he said,

"Mrs. S __, ye' wouldna like to see your husband in heaven and you in hell, would ye?"

I was very angry, but could not get the words out of my mind. Then my husband, not knowing about this, began to speak to me and tell me my state, and among other things, spoke about prayer, and said that without it, I could not enter the kingdom

"He thinks I canna pray," said I in my own mind, "but I'll lat him see that I *can* pray."

So after he went out to the meeting, I went to the side of the bed and knelt down, and when I did so, Satan just seemed to lay hold on me by the back, and I flew in terror to my bed and covered myself up with the blankets.

About twelve o'clock my husband came in from the meeting, and said that if I likit to go up to the hall, he would keep the children, and pray for me a' the time.

At this point the husband took up the story, and said—

She went to the meeting, and I prayed until two o'clock in the morning, and as she wasna come, I went to bed with the child and fell asleep. About six, I was wakened by a voice coming round the corner. "That's nae my wife," said I to myself. But it was her, and a neighbour woman coming home th'gether rejoicing. She came right up to me, and for about fifteen minutes, laid upon me wi' her hand, saying,

"Oh, if 'e only knew what I've gotten, ye would not have left me sae lang without tellin' me about it!"

"I'm sure I've not shunned to declare to you the whole counsel of God," said I, "and tell you the state ye was in."

"Ah, but ye did not warn me enough. Ye kent the state I was in - without God an' perishing, an' ye shouldna latten me be!"

"After this, she and the other woman made me get a horn for them; and after getting it, they went through the town. My wife sounded, and the other cried that there was to be a meeting in her house. I led the meeting, and that woman's husband was brought to the Lord that day; and for seven days the two women carried on meetings in our town, in **Buckie** (where they got at least two souls), and in **Findochty**."

E.McH.

These women still retain their working power, and have been, and still are, very useful.

ANNIE

“STORY OF A FAMILY'S CONVERSION”

My first impressions were from a servant girl, and a very frolicsome one she was. She had been in **Portknockie** a servant, and got the blessing there; so comin' in to me, she says,

"Annie, are ye comin' to the meeting?"

"I have my wark to dee," says I, I canna win to the meetin'

"Yer soul's abeen the wark," she said, "gang ye to the meetin'," then the lassie began to sing the hymn-

'The Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.'

By this time my heart was beginning to soften, and the tears to trickle down my face.

"Weel," says she, "I maun be gaein, the meetin'll be begun, an' O, Annie," she said, takin' my han' an' gripin't, "gi yer hairt to Jesus."

I didna gang to the meetin', however, but on Sabbath mornin a brother-in-law cam' in an' said -

"Noo, sirs, ye mann gang awa owre to the meetin', for this is a time o' the Lord's passin' by, an' ye may never hae sic an opportunity again."

He was anxious himsel' at the time. I left the house about nine o'clock, and it was four ere ever I came back again.

I got no good at that meetin', though there was a great work going on, and from that day, Sabbath till Wednesday mornin', I was very unhappy. What made me miserable was this, they sang that hymn –

'I feel I've an interest in the blood.'

An' I couldna say that. On Monday I got sic a sicht o' mysel', that I could do nothing but wring my han's and cry, "O, my sins! my sins! they *crucified* my Saviour!" And my son was in the same condition.

On Wednesday I began to wash, and I felt as if there was a mountain comin' doon to smore me.

On Wednesday night I was still in the same awful state. I thought I should have signs like St. Paul - a light or something. I had been at none of the meetin's, except on Sabbath night. I went to bed, but could not sleep. I began to ponder on the truth about believing, and it came to me that I had to believe for myself; and all at once I saw the truth, and about two o'clock in the morning I was led to the cross. I saw Jesus *so near* that I could have laid my hand upon Him, and the blood was streaming. And whenever I saw Him hanging there, I believed Him to be *my* Saviour. Light flowed into my soul, and now I could sing, "I feel I've an interest in the *blood*". And I gave utterance to my joy by singing as loud as I could-

"Oh, thou my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up, His holy name
To magnify and bless."

Both heart and lips began to shout; just then my boy came in.

"Mither, what ails you?"

"O, George, I've found the Saviour"

"Mither," says he, "I've found Him too."

He had been in James Turner's meeting all the night, and had exactly the same manifestation. Then my young man finding his mither thus, 'safe in the arms of Jesus,' knelt down and said.-

"Oh Lord, save my father at the sea," and so went on.

Mornin' wore on, and I was longin' for somebody to open their door till I would tell what the Lord had done for me. At last I knocked at one, for I couldna wait langer.

"Open, Doddie," said I, "I've found Jesus."

"Have ye?" said he, "Hoo does it work in you?"

"I *know*," said I, "that my sins are all pardoned, and if I had a thousand souls, I could lay them down for Jesus."

I had a great struggle with my husband who was much opposed. Three months I never held my tongue. Whoever came into the house I tried to tell them about the Lord. My husband was very angry and said it was the work of the devil, for if it was of God, I would haud my tongue sometimes. For seven years I struggled with God for his soul, and, praise His name, prevailed.

When Mr. Major (*Methodist minister*) came, he held services in the garret, which were much blessed. So ae nicht, after my husband began to lay aside the drink, I said to him, "Michtna ye come owre to the meetin'?"

"Na," said he, "they'll be a' lookin' at me if I gaed there."

"Nae fear o' that, there'll be plenty o' your kin' - they winna look at you."

So he went to the sermon, and after that he never gaed back to the auld kirk. Mr. Major noticed him comin', and began wisely to win his confidence. The week before the new chapel was opened (*Dec 1866*), he got the blessing, joined the Temperance Society, and has kept a steadfast Christian, and temperance man ever since.

"My daughter was also brought to the Lord when she was thirteen, and has been a credit to His cause, or as her mother-in-law phrases it, "she is a *terrible good lass*," and was the means of awakenin' her father-in-law, for it was under her prayer in the hall that he was first brought to feel.

It was her that went to Mary Smith when she was awakened and so distressed in the hall. She rose out o' her seat, and laid her hand on Mary's shoulder, and said -

"Are ye seekin' Jesus, Mary?"

"Aye am I."

"Weel, gang awa doon the brae an' pit a' the stuff oot o' yer hoose that ruins souls, and then seek Jesus."

An' the woman rose up, and forth, down the hill to her house, took down the sign, poured out the whisky, then threw the gill stoups, etc., into the sea, and both Mary and her husband noo are steadfast Christians.

At the second awakening on a Friday forenoon, I said to a man that was lyin' in his bed:-

"O, Jock, what are ye thinking? what are ye gaein' to dee? Are ye to gie up that drink and gie your heart to Jesus? There's sae mony gettin' the blessin', an' if you would dee that, ye'll get it tee.

"I dinna ken," said he, "I dinna just see what's to put fouk in sic a state aboot their souls."

I gaed but to the ither end an' said maistly the same words to ____, but he was vera angry, and said, "If I rise I'll put my neive (*fist*) through your soul".

On Saturday, the first man, who had got no rest since I spoke to him, went to the meetin' and was brought to Christ. The ither is a hardened sinner to this day.

B. _____ (a mother)

"NO OIL IN MY LAMP."

I lived in a way that made me think myself better than many. I had a gweed father and mither, and when Mr. Turner came to **Findochty** my mither sent owre her servant to ask if I would be able to come owre and hear the man of God, who was deein' sic mighty works. I was na able to go, but a neighbour gaed owre, and next day he came in and tel't me about what was gaen on.

"What kin' o' man is he?" I asked, "Is he a stoot man that he has such pooer?"

"Na, he's nae a stoot man, his bodily presence is weak, but his speech is nae contemptible - many a stoot hairt does he gar trem'le."

"Does he preach the same gospel that we've heard already - he canna preach anything but what we've heard before surely?"

"Na, it's nae a new doctrine that he preaches; it's a' oot o' the Bible that he speaks. First he sings a hymn, then reads a chapter that I've heard afore; but I never saw the Bible in the same licht that I see't in noo. He hadna spoken vera lang when the stootest man in the place began to cry for mercy. I saw your twa brithers at that. Ane o' them found peace, the ither ane was still cryin' when I came awa."

Anither neighbour man went to **Findochty** next day, and I went owre to his house to sit till he cam' hame, I was sae anxious to get the news. I waited lang, but it was mornin' ere he came, sae I had to go back to my ain house. When I cam' in, my brither who had found peace was there afore me

"Weel B___," said he, "Hoo are ye?"

"Gettin' a little better," said I.

"O, but it's yer soul, an' not your body that's my care - is it safe, answer me that?"

"There's naebody," says I, "can know that but God."

"O yes, B___, *you* must know."

And he commenced to tell me about the man of God. By this time I'm greetin'.

"W___," says I, "I've deen nae ill; I gang to the kirk, and I read my Bible, an' I de nae harm to my neighbour - I thocht I was weel aneuch - an' I'm feart to come oot o' the way I'm in, for fear I be waur, instead o' better."

"O but," said he, "A' that winna dee. Oor faithers afore oor day didna see the works that are workin' in oo'rs - but it's a marvellous work. O the dear man! O that dear man o' God! that's come sae far to save our souls!" and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"O, W___," said the woman that cam' in wi' me, "will ye pray for me?"

And he did pray, and then she prayed, and next night, when James Turner came ower, she found peace. But in the meantime I was ashamed at my brither praying in public - a thing that I thocht should aye be confined to the closet. This was on Saturday night, and on Sabbath he cam' ower and set the children and me doon to our knees and prayed, but I remained the same.

The first night that James Turner came ower, I thocht if there was any gweed to be gotten, I wou'd get as close till him as I could win - I was that ill to get gweed fae him. The hoose was crowded. Those who had found peace and were rejoicin', lookit like angels, with their beamin' faces as they claspit each ither, some in han's, and some in

arms, as they sang their songs of joy. It was a wonderfu' sicht to look upon. These, thocht I, are a' ready to go, and the rest of us are a' lost!

Thus at length I began to come out of my self-security. The same brither whom I ha' already mentioned, came to me and speer't if I had found Jesus.

"Oh, na," said I, "I havna found Him."

Beside me stood Dr Hinds of **Buckie**, and Mr. Barras, U.P. Minister of **Buckie**. I listen't to hear what they were sayin' - they had come ower to see the work - and I was prepar't to be influenc't by what the like o' them thocht o'it. Some forty of the new converts were prayin' th'gither—the noise was great, as many were also cryin' for mercy. The Dr. turned to Mr. Barras, and said,

"Did you ever witness such a power of God?"

"No, not in my life," said Mr. Barras.

Then James Turner read the chapter about the ten virgins. "How many of you," he asked, "in this meeting would have oil in your lamps if the Bridegroom were to come in the midnight watch?"

These words reach't my hairt. I felt as if I had no oil, and was not prepared for Him comin' in the midnight watch.

Nicht, after nicht, I came hame weepin', nae rest for me. I aye thocht that I had something to dee to mak' me fit to come to the Lord. One nicht in partic'lar some were lauchin' wi' joy.

"Oh," said I to a neighbour, "I wish to the Lord I were that people!"

Then I began to read Bunyan, and I wished from my hairt that the Lord wou'd just dee anything wi' me if He only saved my soul. That mornin', about three o'clock, I awoke prayin', and I got that happy that I thocht to mysel', "Noo I see that the people canna help lauchin' and rejoicin', for I am made to dee the same mysel'."

But Satan's aye busy, and I stoppit prayin, for I thocht I heard someone in the house. Then I heard as if a voice said to me, "Pray on," and I did pray on, and I got that much power that I prayit and spoke until about ten o'clock in the day.

"Is she no well?" asked a woman at the door.

"Praise the Lord," said I, "better than ever I was before. I was asham'it to speak afore my minister, but I'm not asham't noo to speak afore the whole world,"

When the people went out, Satan said I had made a feel o' myself and a thousand other devices, and I was caught in his wiles.

About twelve o'clock noon, I went into a neighbour's house who was an opposer, and he said to me –

"It was as weel that ye was in yer bed when ye got yon shak'; if ye hadna been in yer bed ye wad a been dead."

And he advised me nae to gang to the meetin', and I yielded to Satan and him, and did not go. For a fortnight I remained in a miserable state; my misery being all the greater that people thocht me richt. I had come to that, that when passin' through fields where cattle were feedin', I used to wish myself a cow, that I micht nae ha' a soul to be lost, and that text kept continually ringin' in my ears - "No oil in my lamp."

Next year the horn went through the town for a meetin'. James Turner had come. (*Dec 1861*) Before I got to the hall it was crowded. I went in and sat down beside a woman, and when the children, some forty of them, cam' fae **Findochty**, and James Turner began to pray, they all began to pray th'gether. It seemed to me like a chorus of angels, and me still so utterly miserable; but the woman that sat beside me said, "I don't think that's right, it's too much excitement."

"Weel," thinks I, "I'm lang eneuch aside *you*." So I rase and went further ben, and got a seat beside a Christian woman and her daughter.

I had scarcely sitten down when twa women frae **Findochty** baith rase and telt what God had deen for their souls. The woman beside me turned roun' and said, "Oh, B__, its twelve months since we were brought to the Lord, and could we stand up and testify what these have done?"

Her words deepen't my anguish of soul to a degree that was insufferable. I could not speak, but I rase fae her side and gaed in beside the twa women, and telt them a' that I've telt you - like her in the Song of Solomon, I was seekin Him whom my soul loveth.

"Oh," said they, when I had telt them my story, "yer gaein' a far-aboot road when there's nae need for't."

And just as they said that, the passage cam' up to me, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth". And oh, what a glorious deliverance was in that moment wrought out in my spirit, and immediately I pitched the psalm—

'I love the Lord because my voice
And prayer He did hear,
I while I live will call on Him,
Who bowed to me His ear.'

When the psalm was sung, I turned to the rest of the women who were weepin', and said, "Dinna greet; just come till Him - it's so easy an' so simple, I canna just tell ye!"

As I was speakin' to them, I heard a voice cryin' behind me, "Oh, mither, is there room for me?" It was my own daughter.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "there's room for you, and millions more." She is noo within the fold.

A FISHERMAN (father of Sabbath School Scholar -see page141/142)

At the beginning of the work I left home, but hearing about it, I wrote home for the news, and got this hymn sent me in return-

Whene'er we meet you always say,
What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the tidings of the day,
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And trampled over death and hell,
That's the news! That's the news!

The lamb was slain on Calvary;
To set a world of sinners free.
Twas there his precious blood was shed
'Twas there He bowed His sacred head,
But now He's risen from the dead,
That's the news! That's the news!

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone:
He's passed triumphant to His throne.
And on that throne He will remain,
Until as Judge He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around
And many have redemption found.
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosannah to His name,
And all around they spread the flame,
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sins:
I feel the witness now within.
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now,
Your sinful heart He can renew.
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news! That's the news!

And then if any one should say,
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh tell them you've begun to pray
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land;
That's the news! That's the news!

But I did not at that time join the conquering band; it was not until the second meetings that I did so. There was no hall to hold meetings in the first time that James Turner came, but by the time he came back, there was one built by oursel's at the back of the town, on the brae. We built it oursel's with the money that would have gone to the public-house; and it was built on this principle, that whoever asked the use of it *first*, kept possession of it as long as they had any need of it, for the good of the people.

When Mr. Turner came back, Mr. S__ opposed, and came down to the hall to keep him out. Mr. Turner, however, had asked the use of the hall first. Then there arose a contention which of the two was to have it. There was one man had paid the money for the hall until the others had gathered it up, so it was referred to him, he was to be umpire, so he stood up and said -

"By the rules and regulations on which the hall was built, it belongs to James Turner." Then James Turner stood up on the table and said -

"Now by authority, the hall is mine, and the work will go on, though there were as many devils before me as there are men,"

and it wasna vera mony minutes ere five of the fouk were lying prostrate.

Mr. S__ stood over one of the bodies, and more than one of us heard him say,

"Lord, if I'm not in the way, put me into it."

Then he went from one to the other looking at them, then went out.

That night left me shakin', but I was not brought to Christ until the opening of the new chapel. (*Dec 1866*) Then the Spirit was again poured out, and there was a great work. It was not so much what they were sayin' as this one thought that came to me -

"What if this were to be your last day?" To this I could give but one answer, "I would be lost" - *more, I was lost.*

Mr. Major invited the anxious to the penitent form. I went. I did not hear what they were saying to me, but it just flashed into my heart - CHRIST. God was pleased to reveal his Son in me (Gal. 1v16), and that moment I laid hold of Him. My heart filled with joy. I jumped up, and ran through the chapel askin' every one to come to the same place and they would get Him too. My heart was that full, I could not keep in the joy.

About four years ago (*1870*), Mr. Mangles, another of our ministers, wished to see his friends, and sought twenty days' leave. One of the class leaders preached, and there was a prayer meeting every night. One night there was great power in the meeting, about twelve were praying at one time, and just all at once, as with a clap, the Holy Spirit came, and every soul in that place was filled with the mighty power, except one man who was passed over.

HIS WIFE Mrs S

Here his wife broke in,

I min' well that night when he cam' doon fae that meetin. I was in bed when he cam' in, first he took aff his bonnet, then, his coat.

"Now," says he, B__, I've given everything to the Lord - wife, children, house, *all* things." "Aye," says he again, "this is it noo. My heart's burnin'."

And he began to dance, and danced for joy. Then cam' in another man from the same meetin' an' a' that he could say was, "Love! love! love!" and then the twa men danced. I was ashamed, and hid my face below the blankets till the thought came to me that I

was like David's wife, ashamed of him for dancing afore the Lord, and so I began to pray for him, and for mysel', that I might get the same blessing.

On Sunday morning a man came in and asked about my sore foot. "Oh," said I, "don't ask me for my foot, ask for my soul."

That day I was able to go up to the hall, but before I went up, my youngest son read about Joseph begging the Lord's body, and I seemed to see His garments rolled in blood. I saw the amazing love of God then; but I also saw Him so near now, that I cannot describe it. I saw the Scriptures all opened out before me. as if written on letters of gold. And when they offered me meat, I said, "Oh, no! I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

I could have gone out and spoken to the people, but not being able, I preached to all that came in. Our minister came in one day.

"What are you doing, Mrs. S ___?" he asked.

"Just sittin' here, Mr. Mangles, wondering how ministers can look upon a paper, or have their sermons on a paper, for, praise the Lord, I've had a' the Scriptures opened up before me like letters of gold."

In particular, I seemed to see Him riding into Jerusalem. I saw him standing on the brow of the hill, weeping over the people. And I seemed to see Him doing the same over the people in **Portessie**; for He is as earnest for the people now, as He was then.

Next day I heard a girl praying for her father and sister. Sore foot and all, I went to her. The sister tried to run away from me, and I said to her, that though she might run from me, she could not run from the Lord - "He will find you out." The words laid hold on her, and she soon after came to the Saviour. There were several women sitting by the fire. They had professed to be converted before, and I said to them,

"Dear sisters, ye profess to be the Lord's, and what have ye deen for Him?"

And I went on speaking, the speaking turned to prayer, and the power came down, and I had to go out to the lane and invite all to come to the blessed Saviour.

Mr. Lowther, also one of our ministers, was in great distress of soul that he saw no fruits of his labours, and was in travail as if in birth for souls before going into the Chapel the night that the work began.

Two men had been holding meetings in **Portessie** for a week. The two nights of Monday and Tuesday they were in our Chapel. On Wednesday the people thought first of going after them; but J__ S__ said it was not right to go. And that night Mr. Lowther preached with great power, and the service was turned into a prayer meeting. One woman prayed, and then I was so burdened that I could not help crying out, "Lord, save my dear L__'s soul!" In a little I heard a voice behind me - it was my daughter's voice crying for mercy, and also my daughter-in-law, and both soon found it. Then other three began to cry aloud. The minister had never seen such work in a church, and did not know what to do.

Then he went out and asked guidance from God as to whether he would go in with it or not. I know not how he received guidance, but, when he came back, he went right into the work with all his heart, and many souls were brought to God at that time.

On Sabbath evening, the two girls who first found peace went over to **Portgordon**, and after the sermon one of them spoke, and then the other girt prayed; and thus a work of the Lord began there which lasted several weeks. On Monday, a man came over to us praising the Lord for the two young instruments He had sent over to **Portgordon**.

METHODIST WOMAN

The most of the people in this place joined the U. P. Kirk, but there were nine young men and two women that didna join them, they were mair inclined for the Methodist doctrine. Well, they met th'gither to consult about gettin' a Wesleyan minister, and ane o' the lads - he's deid noo - prayed that if their project was nae from God - for His glory and for the salvation of souls - to take the meetin' oot o' their hands a' th'gither and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. But instead of scattering the meetin', He poured out His Holy Spirit until every soul in that meetin' were like feels - at least like fook filled wi' new wine. Then we couldna help speakin', and by-and-bye we had forty that met in the garret, and then we petitioned for a minister. And now we have a minister, an' a chapel capable of haudin' four hundred, an' a manse, a' free o' debt. And the vera first time that the chapel was opened a great work of grace began. Our forty members grew to a hundred and forty, and nae ane o' them but can conduct a meetin'; an' if the minister should happen not to be well, or ha' ony place to gang till, there are at least twenty of them who can take the pulpit at a moment's warnin'.

When we were needin' a precentor we held a prayer meetin' for ane. And the Lord not only gave us a precentor, but a converted precentor; an' at the time that we held the prayer meetin', he was a member of the Established Church and in his carnal state. An' as soon as ever he was converted he came and joined the Wesleyans, and then offered himsel' to be our precentor, to sing for the Lord, not for money. He praises the Lord for His gift of song; an' as long as the Lord continues it to him he is to use it in His service.

E.McH (*PORTESSIE "POETS"*)

The last story I give is thus summarily told in rhyme -

"Oh, my Lord, what hast Thou done?
Thou my wicked heart has won,
Unto Thee I will give praise,
All my few remaining days."

The same man thus commemorates the labours in **Portessie** of the man who was the means of winning his heart to the Saviour -

For many and many a year,
Portessie town lay dead,
Until that man of God sincere
Did come from **Peterhead**.

He did the gospel plainly preach,
And many did believe;
While others very anxious were
Salvation to receive.

But some did foolishly reject,
Or would not heed the call;
While others gladly did accept,
Then built a public hall.

We will give the praise to Jesus,
Who hath done all things well,
And by His blessed Spirit's power,
Hath plucked our souls from hell.

We will give God the glory,
For unto Him it's due
And singing Hallelujah,
We'll on our way pursue.

With still greater brevity, another tells the same story in rhyme -

James Turner laboured very hard,
The people to convert;
And through the country he did go,
And acted well his part.

With power he opened up their case,
And made them very sad;
While some there be who do declare
He has put the people mad.

CHAPTER XII.

WITNESS BEARING - PORTESSIE

E.McH.

In the individual histories and fragmentary accounts of the work of grace in **Portessie**, as given by the people themselves in the last chapter, observant readers will have noticed several points round which their varied experience arrange themselves. These are the first and second visits of Mr. Turner - the meetings in the "garret" and the opening of the chapel. Of the two latter events, the following brief account has been sent me by a gentleman who often attended the meetings in both places. A more extended account of the same by the Rev. H. Pope, Wesleyan minister, with a description of a more recent movement by Mr. McDonald, **Buckie**, will complete the testimony for **Portessie**, that the work done in it by James Turner was truly of God.

PORTESSIE MAN

The story of the *nine* you have - how they met and prayed - how they got a minister, and he a man of God, full of faith - how he preached in the garret, and the mighty blessing that followed - all this you know, and also, I suppose, that these nine were a few of the beloved Turner's converts who did not, like most of the others, join the U.P. body, who at that time formed a congregation from among the newly converted.

At two of the earliest of these meetings I had the pleasure of being present, and their position to me seemed exactly like that of the early believers while they waited in the upper room, all together, with one accord, in one place, they waited for the descent of the Holy Ghost. And praise God! the Spirit did come, with mighty power, as some of your narratives will show.

After this time of blessing, the nine increased to forty, who met still in the garret, the Lord meeting with them. After the minister's advent, (*Mr Major 1864*) the members still kept increasing. Then the chapel was built, and built for the Lord, and at its opening much good was done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus.

It was a chapel-opening somewhat out of the usual order, for the Lord, as it were, took formal possession of the house that had been built for His glory. But He did not do so by sending down the material fire as in days of old to consume the material sacrifices, but that ethereal fire which affects the spirits of men, which can touch the quick of the soul, and burn its way into its innermost depths, and by its touch, not merely give the consciousness of its Creator's presence, but the still more blessed consciousness that He has taken possession of it, as His chosen and permanent habitation.

Of course, there was a diversity of operation in the descent of the Spirit that day. Those who were already His own, He filled with a joy of which they had previously no conception, so I need not attempt describing the outburst of that burning moment, when, glowing with celestial fire, body, soul, and spirit seemed to blend their powers together in pouring out the rapturous, "Glory be to God!"

Still more visible tokens of the Spirit's presence were given by the work which He accomplished in the heart of the King's enemies. Great strong men were brought to

submit to Him and cry aloud for mercy. I myself saw two notable drunkards brought to bend their stubborn knees to the Saviour. Then the people prayed for them and the prayer was answered. Then filled with the Spirit, both supplicants rose and praised the Lord for His mercy. The two men had been enemies, and when they noticed each other standing up publicly praising God as pardoned sinners, they actually ran and fell on each other's necks, embraced and kissed each other.

One of them, sad to say, was an elder of the Free Church, **Buckie**, and previous to the event now described, his religion, he said, was just mere form, "I had a hold of the pulpit by the tips of my fingers, and expected my position, so close to it, was to launch me into heaven; but now I saw it was *all form* and that form would be of no avail when the Refiner comes to try every man's work."

Both of these men are now consistent Christians.

Well, the work thus happily begun went on, and in a very short time the Chapel was filled with members, and great blessings have from time to time been received by them - perhaps it would be more correct to say that many special times of blessing have been vouchsafed to them.

One of them about three years ago - the time that Mr. McDonald writes of in the papers you have - a mighty work broke out then, and many were the slain of the Lord. I mention it specially from its connection with the work of grace which commenced in **Portgordon** at that time also. (1871)

There was a girl belonging to **Portgordon**, in **Portessie** a servant. During the awakening she was laid down by the mighty power of God in a state of complete prostration. While in that state she received a message direct from God, through the Saviour, to **Portgordon**. As soon as she recovered consciousness she was led by her sister and another young woman to **Portgordon** - led by them literally, for she was quite blind; as completely so as the one of old who had to be led to Damascus - and it was not until she had delivered her message that the power of vision was restored. What that message was, and the results of its delivery, will be told more fully by the people of **Portgordon** themselves when you come to write of the work which God wrought among them.

Mr. M 'Donald's remarks in the papers referred to above were as follows:-

ELGIN COURIER REPORT

At the weekly prayer meeting held in the Free Church School, **Nairn**, on Wednesday evening, Mr. McDonald, banker, **Buckie**, in addressing a large assemblage said that it was about eight weeks since news got afloat that prayer meetings had been held in **Portessie**; not only in the evening but during the day.

For a whole fortnight, the population - men, women, and children - to some extent suspended their ordinary work, and devoted themselves to religious exercises, meeting in the hall every day, and every night till a late hour. It cannot be inferred that they neglected their work entirely, for the stormy nature of the weather favoured them in the growth of their new life.

Such was the intensity of their feelings, that prayer and religious exercises formed the main part of their work during that fortnight; and strangers were induced to visit the village, some suspicious of the good done, others to find amusement. In all cases, such was the earnestness evinced that even sceptical men could not fail to be struck with a feeling of awe at the proceedings.

These meetings were at first characterized by a great deal of what might be called excitement. Not that there were excesses, but the feeling was so intense, that strong men might be seen wrestling, and even weeping like children - men too, who for stolidness and general heroism, are not often to be met with. Men who had formerly been open and flagrant sinners, became all of a sudden, thoughtful and religious.

In the village of **Portessie**, religion has abounded since the revival movement eleven years ago, and there are many intelligent and consistent Christians. These preserved order in the meetings, so that the imputations of impropriety were groundless. Parties visiting the place, having no sympathy with the religious exercises, and to whom earnestness in prayer and praise was unknown, thought the fishermen were exceeding the bounds of propriety; still to anyone who felt in himself the power of religion, there seemed less excitement than might have been looked for. Anybody could conceive how easily, and even unintentionally, a stranger misses the truth in attempting to give a description of a prayer meeting; but those who have examined the matter closely, and at the same time are imbued with becoming reverence, see, underneath it all, a remarkable and deep earnestness.

At **Portessie**, the results of the movement are seen in the greatly improved character of the village. He defied anybody to point out a case of unbecoming behaviour in connection with these meetings during the last month or two. In that village, the door of a public-house is never darkened; not because abstinence is looked upon as indispensable, but because the people are anxious to avoid temptation; and scrupulously kept it at a distance.

Merchants bear witness to the fact that the sale of spirits is at an end, and people have become honest to the payment of the last farthing of their debts. And further, there seems to be a brotherly love manifested among the fishermen, for, while during bad weather it was impossible to go to sea, a system of visitation has been instituted, and pecuniary and other relief is granted when necessary.

Men are stimulated also to increased diligence in their perilous vocation, and there are few things more beautiful than the sight of old men, who would gladly linger at home for the culture of their devotional feelings, cheerfully going out to sea at the call of duty. Scarcely a fisherman will sail without having his Bible for his companion, and very often the melody of their sacred songs comes floating over the waves long after they have quitted the harbour. Light literature is abandoned, and an attempt is being made to devise a plan for affording systematic instruction. - *Elgin Courier*.

E.McH

I next give some extracts from the account given by Henry J. Pope, Wesleyan Minister in the "Methodist Family." After describing the general features of the work which has already been done sufficiently, he goes on to say -

HENRY J. POPE

Although Mr. Turner was a Methodist local preacher, yet his labours during the revival were altogether of an unsectarian character, and he readily worked in any church opened to receive him.

"Souls to Christ" was his ultimatum, not the introduction of Methodism, such a result he never anticipated, nor even dreamt of the possibility of effecting; yet in the providence of God, it was ordered that in **Portessie**, one of these fishing villages, the light and influence of Methodist teaching and influence should be re-kindled on that coast.

When Mr. Turner commenced his labours, there was no place of worship or public hall in the village. Most of the people were connected with the various churches in **Buckie**, a town about a mile and a half distant. On the eminence behind the village now stands, 'as a monument to Mr. Turner's memory,' a public hall erected at that time by the fishermen with money which would formerly have been wasted in dissipation.

As in other places, so here, the result of Mr. Turner's labours issued mainly in the benefit of the churches to which the people already belonged. But to a few, the religious earnestness of the Methodists, their private means of grace, and their revival labour, and the free salvation preached by them had strong attraction. So, a small band of the warm-hearted converts met regularly together, twice on Sabbath for prayer and exhortation, and through the week also many times for the same purpose.

Ultimately the company increased to forty persons, among them was a family who had been members of the old Methodist Society in **Buckie**, many years previously, and who still preserved the old pewter sacramental service belonging to it, as a precious relic of their religious history, or as a pledge of their faith in the resuscitation of the church of their choice.

Perhaps the desire for Methodist ordinances was deepened by the annual visit of the fishermen during the herring season to **Peterhead**, where they attended the Methodist meetings, and eventually the little company made application for the appointment of a Wesleyan minister, which was not at the time granted.

Nothing daunted, the believing few waited on in faith and prayer, still keeping up their meetings, and receiving many tokens of Divine approbation. When the forty had increased to fifty, they again applied for a minister, guaranteeing £50 per annum towards the expense of the appointment, stating, also, that they had already begun a chapel building fund, beginning with £22 from a very few persons.

This application happily resulted in the appointment, at the conference of 1864, of the late Rev. Thomas Major. Thus the prayers of the people were answered, not only in the commencement of the mission, but especially in the appointment of a man whose whole soul delighted in the work of God, and whose intense religious earnestness was combined with a sound judgment and considerable administrative abilities.

On his arrival at **Portessie** with his excellent and devoted wife, the prospect must have been sufficiently discouraging. There was no chapel or preacher's house, and nearly all

the men who wished to become Methodists were away at **Peterhead** prosecuting the herring fishery.

When they returned, their first place of worship was a small room in one of the houses, but soon becoming too small it was exchanged for the long attic of a fisherman's house, the roof of which sloped down to the floor on each side of the room so that no one could stand upright except in the middle, and in many parts no one could even sit upright.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the Sabbath services in the 'upper room' were crowded, and at the expiration of the first year, the suspicions and prejudices at first entertained by the inhabitants of **Portessie**, respecting the Methodists, had so far been removed, that without one dissenting voice they decided to give them the use of their public hall, which accommodated three times as many as could be crowded into the garret. The result was greatly increased congregations, and a still stronger hold upon the people.

Meanwhile, strenuous efforts were made to erect a chapel, but in this enterprise the faith and patience of both the infant church and its pastor were tried in an extraordinary manner. The financial resources of the people were just at this time unusually reduced by the almost total failure, for several years together, of the herring fishery, on which the population so largely depend. Again and again their hopes were raised, only to be disappointed, and after the most noble and self-sacrificing endeavours the work had to be repeatedly postponed.

Chapel-building difficulties are common enough, but in most places a variety of circumstances may be adopted to overcome them. There was only one possible in this case and it was taken - the whole company of believers betook themselves to prayer, and looked for the Divine interference - and prayer was answered; several friends at a distance were raised up to help the cause, and the erection of a neat, comfortable place of worship, capable of seating 400 people, was commenced, though not without predictions on the part of many foes, that some of the pious fishermen would have to sell their houses to pay for the kirk.

The events which afterwards transpired completely changed the position and prospects of the little church, and several of these prophets of evil things, when converted to God, helped by their free-will offerings to falsify their own predictions.

The determination and self-sacrifice shown by the people in their endeavours to build a place of worship did not interfere with the Church's highest work. Everything was regarded as subordinate to the conversion of sinners, and the progress of the new erection was constantly associated with the gathering of living stones into the spiritual temple. But a more extensive work was desired, and this was sought in the use of the ordinary and appointed means.

"We did not," said Mr. Major, "send for some eminently useful man to come and do our work. We believed that God would hear *our* prayers, and save souls by *our* labours."

Accordingly, for two years and three months, more than forty of the members, according to agreement, met at the throne of grace for private prayers, at a given hour,

on a certain day in every week. The blessing seemed to linger, and faith was tried by two years' waiting. A number of weekly prayer meetings was then resolved upon, and sometimes six and sometimes ten were held in one week, and all the cry was, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?"

"At length the answer came, and so powerfully that even devout men were, astonished. In the beginning of December, 1866, every praying man and woman seemed conscious of an unusual degree of grace attending the Word. A few weeks after this, God poured out His Spirit upon both **Portessie** and the adjoining village of **Findochty** in an extraordinary manner, and many persons were awakened and converted.

Meetings were held in both places every evening, conducted for the most part by the fishermen themselves, some of whom were remarkably qualified for exhorting the people, and expounding scriptural truth, and had besides, a most wonderful gift in prayer.

It was just at this crisis of the work that the day arrived for opening the new chapel, and then it seemed as if the prayers of all the former years were answered at once; as if the blessing had been delayed and praying faith allowed to wait, that the answer, when it came, might be more striking and memorable. God showed that He took the place which pious hands had reared amid so many anxieties and sacrifices.

From the first hour of its opening, He began to do His own blessed work of saving souls in it, and thus to "make the place of His feet glorious." As at the dedication of Solomon's temple, the fire from heaven descended in answer to the monarch's prayers, in sight of the assembled multitude; so at the dedication of this humbler sanctuary, the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire was given; the cloud of the Divine presence filled the place, and multitudes of precious souls, as they were turned from darkness to light, were led to feel,

"The Lord is in this place, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Both in its erection and consecration, we see fulfilled the ancient prophecy respecting the Head of the Church,

"Even He shall build the temple of the Lord, and He shall bear the glory".

It was with feelings of profound gratitude and holy joy that the people called Methodists, in **Portessie**, assembled on Sabbath morning, **December 23, 1866**, for the opening of their new chapel. They had occasion for such emotions, not merely in the completing of their undertaking, but in the fact that their prayers for another 'revival' seemed about to be answered. A deep religious awakening had already commenced, and it was known that some of the most abandoned sinners were under conviction. The prayer meeting in the fishermen's hall had been largely attended, and to the Methodists chiefly had been assigned the work of conducting them.

An hour before the morning service, a prayer meeting was held in the hall. The people came from all parts of the neighbourhood, and some from villages several miles distant.

At eleven o'clock, the chapel was densely crowded by a thoughtful and devout congregation, and it was soon apparent that the praying people were accompanying the

Word with earnest supplications. They did not pray in vain. Whilst they waited and expected, the answer was given. It was a season of overwhelming influence. The Word came with power and many were pricked in their hearts. Amongst a people ordinarily quiet and undemonstrative during divine worship, some trembled on account of sin, while from others arose exclamations of joy. Then a short adjournment followed, and an experience meeting announced for two o'clock.

At two o'clock the chapel was again filled in every part. With great clearness and unction the people of God gave their testimony to the power of saving grace, almost every one attributing their conversion to the revival that had taken place six years previously, and related some of the trials and temptations which they had since been enabled to overcome. Thus the influence of the morning was intensified, the unsaved more clearly realized their alien and lost condition, until at length their misery became insupportable. One and another began to cry in the bitterness of their spirit, and soon from all parts of the chapel arose the cry of anxious souls. Thus the "experience meeting" changed its character, being forthwith turned into a "penitent meeting," which lasted several hours. The whole congregation was engaged in prayer, some for themselves, some for their relatives who were seeking the Lord, and some for the whole village and neighbourhood. Not a few were enabled to rejoice in a newly found Saviour, and to testify for the first time of the sense of God's forgiving love.

In the evening, the crowd that gathered filled the chapel and the fishermen's hall, and in both congregations the scenes of the former part of the day were repeated. These meetings were necessarily continued to a late hour, for the people could not be persuaded to leave, and it seemed cruel to urge them to do so, labouring under the deep distress which burdened so many.

Besides, to a population composed entirely of Fishermen, there was nothing unsuitable in the late hours. Their periods of labour and rest are determined not by day and night, light and darkness; but by the ebb and flow of the tides. It is not an unusual thing to see the entire population, both young and old, stirring in the middle of the night in pursuit of their ordinary calling; and if, when required, they followed their secular pursuits regardless of the hour, no wonder though it seemed reasonable to them to do this when the salvation of their souls were at stake.

The tea meeting on the following evening proved to be a sort of Christian festival in connection with the opening of the chapel, and ministers of the different denominations were present to offer their congratulations. But the customary speeches were felt by nearly all to be out of place. Many anxious souls were there asking what they must do to be saved, and there was no relish for the ordinary topics.

After a short address from each of the speakers, a prayer meeting was commenced. Several persons exhorted the penitent and unconverted, who at length were invited to come to a spot set apart for those seeking peace with God.

The next moment was one of intense interest: more than twenty persons, chiefly men, pressed through the crowd, and came forward to the place appointed. There was the young man of twenty, and the old man of seventy years of age, bowing in penitence before God, and earnestly pleading for forgiveness in the name of Jesus. And ever and

anon one would rise up and tell before the whole congregation how God had revealed His pardoning love to their soul.

The meeting was thrilled to hear such testimonies from those who had never before spoken a word about religious things. An amazement like that of the multitude on the day of Pentecost was felt, as some of the most unlikely characters in the neighbourhood stood up to disclose the wonderful works of God. There were many others in all parts of the chapel unable to get forward for the press, seeking the Lord and following the prayers and exhortations of believers who were near them. Some who had come only because it was a tea meeting, and who would never have dreamt of being found in a prayer meeting, were arrested by the Spirit's mighty power and influence.

Several of these convicted formalists, who were prominent office-bearers in neighbouring churches, were constrained to cry aloud for mercy. The work was felt to be entirely of God; but little of human instrumentality was used at all, and that of the simplest kind. The power to pray had been given to God's people, and the answer to praying faith had been vouchsafed in this outpouring of the Holy Ghost. It was a season never to be forgotten by those present, and when the meeting was at length concluded, many small companies might be seen in the moonlight wending their way homeward by the sea-side, to some neighbouring village; but amongst them all, there was only one theme of conversation - they glorified God, saying, "We never saw it in this fashion".

This blessed work continued with ever increased power for some time and spread to other places on the coast. The Rev. Mr. Major, who laboured incessantly, wrote respecting it thus -

REV. THOMAS MAJOR

The tremendous power which marked this revival was seen in a variety of ways. The excitement was intense. For nearly three weeks men forgot their worldly business, and attended to that of saving their souls. Meetings were held day and night with only three or four hours' intermission. Persons who went to them resolved to seek their souls' salvation quietly, were often so powerfully affected, that in spite of their resolution they cried aloud for salvation.

Men, who for hours stood with their hands in their pockets coolly surveying the scene, in one moment would be pierced with strong conviction of sin, and would literally roar aloud for mercy. It was no unusual thing for persons to go to bed to sleep away their misery, but unable to do so, rise and come to the meetings in an agony of distress.

Nothing will explain these scenes except the principle of Divine power at work. I have preached two years and a-half to the people, and have yet to learn that they are more excitable than other people. I have never heard shouting or ranting in the ordinary means of grace, and I am afraid many would think us rather dull. Yet, during the period just mentioned, scores of persons would be crying for mercy at the same time, and this too after hours of quiet waiting, and with as much suddenness as a thunder-shower.

The power of the work was also seen in the different classes which came under its influence.

Formalists are generally considered hard to convert. Yet the formalist was "smiting upon his breast," and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Men of orderly lives, and office-bearers in churches, stood up to tell that they were whited walls. One such found himself a guilty hell-deserving sinner. His distress was awful, and fears were entertained that he would go mad. The moment at which he found peace will never be forgotten by those who were present - the scene surpassed description.

Backsliders in heart were found out by the convincing Spirit. Some who once had the oil in their lamps, but had lost the power without giving up the profession, stood up to tell of their wanderings in heart. But the work was not confined to these moral characters. Some of the most notorious sinners in the place were brought to the feet of Jesus.

Scoffers were penitently seeking the Saviour. There was one man specially distinguished as a mocker of godliness, besides being a drunkard and almost everything bad. When drawing up the boats on the beach he would swear on purpose to vex the souls of the Methodists. Their reproofs only increased his swearing, and they confessed that he was a terror to them. He went further, and told them they were not the true sort of Christians, or they would get him converted, as Jesus Christ had said, "Ask, and ye shall receive". These words, in one sense, led to his conversion.

The Methodists went to the rocks on purpose to pray for him and for another man. His name was mentioned in every prayer, and, on that very day, conviction seized him. A few days later, this man was seen in a prayer meeting, and the whole village was filled with astonishment when it was known that the worst man in the place was converted.

Another of the scoffers was about sixty years of age. The women he called "poor fanatics" - the revival, "excitement of the brain". He went up to the church to see "the excitement," as he called it, and did not leave until he obtained peace with God. For three days afterwards he could scarcely do anything but weep.

"I mingle my drink with my tears," he said, "as I think of those who oppose the work. I thought it all excitement of the brain, but now I find it is the love of God, in the heart."

Drunkards formed a very numerous class of the converts. At least twenty hopeful cases of conversion among drunkards occurred in **Portessie** alone. The publican was one of the first to confess his sins. When saved, he went home from the meeting and pulled down his sign, gathered together his glasses and smashed them among the rocks, and opened the largest room in his house for a young men's prayer meeting.

It is impossible to tell the entire number of persons who passed from death to life on that coast during the revival. But, without doubt, more than a thousand persons were under conviction, and there is little doubt the numbers of the saved amounted to more than 600 persons. In **Portessie** alone, at least one-sixth of the entire population, or 150 persons, turned to the Lord.

The membership of the Methodist Church at once increased from 60 to 140, but this increase gives no idea of the number meeting in class. Members of other Churches sought for and obtained permission to attend the peculiar means of grace among the Methodists; and in **Findochty**, three or four score of young and old converts, belonging

to the Presbyterian Church, formed themselves into classes, and were generally met weekly by members of their own denomination.

With this amazing spiritual success, all the financial difficulties of the new chapel were at once overcome. The people could pay as well as pray, and the new converts found that their pockets were converted as well as their hearts.

In order to avoid offence, it was found necessary to call at every house for a subscription, and amongst nine hundred people, there was only one refusal. The amount raised included the widow's sixpence, and showed on the whole, an average of two shillings to every family in the place. The chapel was thus presented to the Lord without the blemish of a single shilling of debt.

A complete revolution in the sentiments of the inhabitants towards Methodism had gradually been taking place, and was now completed. It had had its days of annoyance and petty persecution, but at length half the village called itself **Methodist**. If curses had not been heaped upon their heads, certainly, until the revival, they did not get many blessings. They were taunted that "Methodism was rotten, class meetings were popery, the chapel was too large and would make a good store-house".

Some predicted that it would be the curse of the village, and would ruin those who had to pay for it. But some of the very persons who uttered these taunts were converted and joined the church with all their families. The goodwill of the people was shown in the announcement of the village crier, who went round when the chapel required cleaning, with the summons:

"A' the young women i' the toon mann awa' to the Methody kirk wi' buckets and brushes an' clean it."

The stated congregation filled the chapel, and almost all the seats to let were rented. Sometimes when the sittings in a new chapel are let, there are unseemly disputes for certain places, and people have been known who have left the church altogether - gone back into the world, and at last down into perdition because they could not have a particular pew. There was no such case at **Portessie**; but there was one man who requested a particular pew, and for this reason: He came to that seat during the opening services, a stranger to God; there he had been so powerfully awakened that for a time he durst not move, for he felt himself hanging over the mouth of the pit; nor did he leave the pew until the believing view of a crucified Saviour had banished his guilty fears. Of course, his request was granted, and with his family he was permitted to occupy the very place in God's house where he first, saw the light of God's countenance shining upon him.

E.McH.

Shortly after this gracious work the health of their minister failed. But before he bade his charge farewell he was able to write of them thus:

REV. THOMAS MAJOR

As I look upon the improved moral aspect of this coast, I am led to exclaim "What hath God wrought?" The wilderness and the solitary place hath been made glad by showers of blessing; while the desert hath rejoiced and blossomed s the rose. In our own church

the class-meetings are better attended than at any former period. Prayer meetings are not confined to appointed times, and whenever a storm keeps the fishermen from going to sea, the horn is sounded and the people assemble. In the meetings, opportunities for exhortation as well as prayer are given, and it is most gratifying to witness how the use of talent has helped to growth in grace. Our chapel is quite paid for, and money invested to meet the yearly ground-rent. A debt on this society is also liquidated. But for the revival we should still have been struggling with debt, and the chapel only three-fourths paid for. Every difficulty, however, has vanished before the mighty working of the Spirit of the Lord.

E.McH.

Such was the work of God in **Portessie** as described by one intimately conversant with it in 1866. And should any one ask how it stood, the following paragraph from the Methodist Recorder, 20th March, 1874, will be sufficient answer.

W.B.L.

PORTESSIE - The wonderful work of grace at **Portessie** and the adjoining villages still continues and spreads.

Ever since the opening of the new chapel at **Portgordon** it has been steadily enlarging and growing. Almost every day there have been new and clear cases of conversion. Among others, an elder of a neighbouring Presbyterian church has been heard crying for mercy in the prayer meeting.

Many persons from **Buckie** have caught the flame of revival at **Portgordon** and **Portessie**, and the fire has broken out among them at home. In the house of the Methodist class-leader at **Buckie**, many scores have during these last few days found pardon. So deep was the anxiety for salvation throughout the town, (**Buckie** is a place containing several thousand souls), that the Presbyterian churches were constrained to throw open their doors, and the unwonted sound of sinners in distress crying loudly for mercy have been heard there.

Many who have been railing at the work, are now unwillingly compelled to own that it is of God and not of man. I could fill pages with further accounts of the glorious movement.

Yesterday (March 15), -will never be forgotten at **Portessie**. Even at the morning service, the church rang with cries, and rejoicings, and hallelujahs. Such wide-spread and profound anxiety for salvation, I never saw before. We ascribe all glory to God, who by his quickening Spirit has wrought so mightily among us. W. B. L.

A few days later **the same gentleman** again writes-

PORTESSIE, March 30, 1874. - At our communion service yesterday, the results of the recent revival were very manifest. A considerable number sat down with us at the Lord's Supper for the first time, and the season was one never to be forgotten. There would, I think, be few, if any, short of 300 persons who thus solemnly joined together in showing forth the Lord's death, according to His Divine ordinance. Never, I believe, was such a sight witnessed in **Portessie** chapel before.

A fellowship meeting followed in the afternoon, when one after another of the young converts, in homely but touching terms, told of their new-found peace, and of the mighty change which God had wrought in their heart.

In the evening the chapel was densely crowded, and the power of God to save was felt to be present by the waiting worshippers. Altogether it was a day of grace, a season of spiritual refreshing from the Lord.

At **Portgordon**, the new chapel, which is about the same size as the chapel here, is rapidly filling with regular hearers. During the few weeks since the opening, many have been born again of the Holy Spirit. *Methodist Recorder*.

E.McH.

One of the special seasons of revival with which the Banffshire coast has been visited, I am informed, began with the return of the fishermen from **Fraserburgh**. Previous to their sojourn there during the fishing season, they had been cooling down a little, but they returned home with hearts all on fire. The following letters from one of themselves at a distance, will help to show how the fire was kindled. They will also show how fully these fishermen were, like the early Christians, "able to admonish one another," (Rom.15v14.)

W

11th August, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER in a loving Jesus, I need not say what pleasure it has given me to hear from you, for your letter was long, long looked for. I know well, however, the great bustle of the fishing season, and am fully aware that you must exercise some degree of self-denial in the way of wanting sleep, before you can spare any time for writing, therefore I do not blame you in being long in writing. . . . The first thing to be done in **Fraserburgh** if the power of God would be displayed, is to get the Christians quickened and made alive; get them set a-praying in right earnest; get them to make heaven's door shake, and pull the blessing down.

You tell me there is a band of noble Christians in the town, but what are they doing? Have they got their strength shorn by sleeping in some Delilah's lap, or what is the matter? Has the devil stopped their mouth, and silenced their tongue of fire? Has the world rusted their faith and rendered them almost useless? Are they choked with anything, that they cannot breathe the breath of prayer as they were wont to do?

Oh, if you would see **Fraserburgh** come down at the feet of Jesus, all to your knees, and agonise with God. All clasp your hands together, and while you clasp your hands, clasp the Hearer of prayer in the hands of your faith, and hold fast till the power comes, and Satan's kingdom shake, totter, and fall. Ply the throne of grace, commence rattling, and a knocking at mercy's door with all your might - not a gentle lady-like touch, that will not be heard inside at all; no, but knock as those who mean to have, who are determined to get the door of mercy opened, and their request granted.

Oh, dear brother - all of you to the work! Every one of you put your shoulder to the wheel! The cause of your Master, in **Fraserburgh**, demands it. You must all speak for

Jesus - never be ashamed of Jesus. Heed not what a godless world may say. Fishermen though you be, you are commanded to tell of the "glad tidings".

The great Spurgeon in one of his sermons, says,
"I sometimes think whether we had not better go back to the days of fishermen once again, and give men no sort of education whatever, but just send them to preach the truth simply, rather than go the length they are now going; giving men, I know not what of all sorts of learning that is of no earthly use to them, but which only helps to prevent the simplicity of God. I love that word in my text, "not with fleshly wisdom".

Now I believe he is quite right in this, for if you would all set to it hand-in-hand, you would soon see a glorious result. Oh, show this to be true of all you in **Fraserburgh**. I do expect to hear of an outpouring of the Holy Ghost; but you must ask for it.

I can fancy many of them are not a little astonished to hear the dear sisters pleading for blindfolded **Fraserburgh** which the devil is rocking away in his arms, hushing its inhabitants asleep on the very mouth of the pit; and he will continue rocking them in the cradle of self-righteousness and formality, till he rocks them into hell, if they don't look alive, and awake out of their God-dishonouring and devil-pleasing state. The adversary could not have laid a better trap for them; he will cause them to make stepping-stones of the Word of God, and their church-going, to damnation, and make them believe that they are going to heaven all the time. He will get the ministers to preach smoothly, and speak to them as if they were glory-bound saints, and thus he will get hell covered up in the best way he can, but at the same time they are dancing on the mouth of it, though they think they are almost at the portals of heaven.

Live near God in the midst of your busy calling. It will be difficult to do so, and you will perhaps hurry over your duties, and not feel that delight in them you have done before. I know that the fishing has a tendency to act upon you in that manner, for I have been at the herring-fishing myself; and I know it. And I am afraid that it is exercising this influence on not a few. Oh, to be always in the secret chamber of the most High, and getting our souls ever bathed in the Redeemer's love!

I am happy to hear that you are all well. I am enjoying good health and full of the joy that the stranger knows nothing of. I hope to hear of a great fishing of herrings and a great fishing of souls.

Yours in the Lord,

W_____.

F_____

2nd July, 1863.

. . . . I am glad to hear of the faithfulness and steadfastness of all the young men, may the Lord bless them! Oh, dear brother, I cannot keep off my knees praying for your village. Oh that you may get a blessing before the fishing that will extend over the whole of **Portessie**, that will enable you all to battle with the temptations of the ensuing herring time!

You know that the backsliding will increase by the separation of the people; for the coals when taken out of the fire and scattered here and there, soon get cold.

So with the spiritual coals - they cannot be expected to burn as they would do when in the principal fire of the living body of God's children, all together, except they keep constantly applying to the heavenly Altar above, where the fire ever burns and cannot be diminished.

O that a fresh baptism of this heavenly fire would descend upon **Portessie**, to enable them to burn amid the Greenland coldness of the fishing, and to show their light to a world lying in wickedness! Let us ply the throne of grace, the Lord will appear. I dearly love your village and cannot but feel concerned in its spiritual welfare. O may the Lord bless us in our several spheres! and fill us more and more with that perfect love that casteth out fear; that we may speak the Word with all boldness, and warn souls of their eminent danger.

Keep praying for me, I ask you this. Give my kind love to your family, to all my friends. I am quite well, praise to our God, and getting on gloriously with our meetings here.

Yours in Jesus,

F _____

W _____

(Edinburgh) 18th July, 1863.

It was certainly very cheering to hear of what was doing among you in the spiritual line. I am very glad to hear of the blessing you have recently had, for I have been very much impressed with the need of one about this time, to strengthen the people for the temptations about the fishing.

I do pray that spiritual prosperity may abound in all your village, and the good things of this life as well. Beloved brother, let us follow on, and let us fight like great and gallant soldiers in the service of our king, Jesus.

Today a regiment of soldiers arrived from India - the regiment that performed such brave deeds in the relief of Lucknow. As they were marching up through Edinburgh they were cheered on every hand; handkerchiefs waving from every window; and the streets crowded with people raising shouts of applause to these conquerors as they passed along.

Ah, thought I, while looking on, but that will be nothing to the acclamations that will greet the heavenly conquerors through the Blood of the Lamb as they enter the portals of the city with the jasper walls, and march up through the New Jerusalem. Dear brother, if we are faithful, angels will shout, and make the vaults of heaven ring with hallelujahs as we enter the Holy City in triumph. Let the prospect of this animate us, and embolden us for enduring hardships as good soldiers of our Lord. Go on then, dear John! Work as an heir of glory and follower of the Lamb. The Lord give you strength to overcome every obstacle and difficulty, and enable you to do your duty in your native village, and make you a blessing.

Remember me to all the dear children of God in **Portessie**. I trust they will keep the fire of Divine love burning brightly in their hearts. . . . I am in good health and feel most delightfully happy in Jesus.

May the grace of God, the comfort of the Spirit, and every blessing through Jesus be with you at all times. Write soon and let me know what is doing. Have faith in God.

"Yours lovingly in Jesus,
"W—."

F_____
28th July, 1863.

I was rejoiced to hear from you, and see that you are all holding on in the way of Life. I would like to get amongst you once more. . . . I am glad to hear the Lord is so richly blessing you. Oh, keep pleading and working, praying and fighting for Jesus - how energetic we should be in getting as many souls as possible brought to Him, seeing we may expect him to come it may be soon!

I have had word pretty frequently from **Fraserburgh**, the Lord is pleading His cause in that town. I expect to hear of a great blessing upon it soon, if they keep declaring the Word and walk consistently. Oh, dear brother, let us pray that they may be enabled to shine as lights in the world!

Remember the eyes of the **Fraserburgh** people are upon the **Findochty** and **Portessie** folks that are there, and it depends greatly upon how they walk that an awakening will take place. . . . May the Lord bless you all! I am quite well and happy in Jesus. F_.

W._____
11th September, 1863.

I gather from your letter that the spiritual fishing is *low, low*, and therefore there is as urgent a necessity for good shots of souls, as of herrings, needful though the latter be - yea, far more, as a soul is of more worth than all the herrings that ever were, or ever will be caught.

Fraserburgh seems to be hardened against the truth, beseeching as it were the Saviour to depart out of their coasts, and grieving and quenching the Spirit of God. Ah, but the time is coming when something else will take place of their scoffing, and of their giving the work of God the cold shoulder of contempt, for if they will not embrace the light while they have it, the candlestick will be removed out of its place, and the just judgments of God will follow.

What is all their church-going? What is all their profession of godliness without the power? They will prove worse than useless, for they will become withered leaves and branches to feed the very flames of hell.

May the Lord bless the young men of the association, let them go on, the Lord will give them fruit; let them pray and wrestle in secret, and then go to the meetings and gather up their prayer - *i.e.* the fruit of them. . . . Go you on, dear brother! Fight for Jesus! Add to your faith courage, and the King of Saints bless you.

Yours in a loving Jesus, W_____.

UNKNOWN

....I have been so happy that I cannot express it. I intend to be with you a short time at the end of the year. Do pray that my God and your God my send me filled with the Holy Ghost. I hope to see God's power manifested before I leave. I not only hope, but believe, God is the same.

....I am very glad to hear that **Peterhead** is being visited with the power of the Holy Ghost. It is a blessed thing that life is manifested somewhere; and we have reason to praise God that **Peterhead**, the native place of dear Mr. Turner, who now walks the plains of light, is being revived. How it will delight him while he from heaven witnesses it, and how he will rejoice when the angels bring the tidings to heaven.

J _____ F _____

PORTESSIE, May 13, 1871.

DEAR BROTHERS, - It rejoiced my heart and soul greatly, to see by your letter that you had gone home with the power and spirit of Him upon you that spake as never man spake. May He bless you more and more. And as the desire of your heart is that the Holy Ghost may be poured out in your midst, and that the preaching of the truth may be carried home to the hearts of saints and sinners with power, may the desire of your heart be granted.

May God, by his blessed Spirit, help you and me to pray as the Apostles of old, who were met in the upper room, when the place was filled with the Holy Ghost. Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. Let us therefore, wrestle like Jacob of old until the blessing come, until sleepy souls be aroused, and the dead raised, and times of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord.

Dear Brothers in Christ, you will excuse me not writing sooner, as this is a very busy time, we are going away to the Lewis fishing, and our occupation comes with so much hurry that we have scarcely time to do anything - but thank God it is possible with us "*to pray always and not faint.*"

A ___ S ___ is away. He bids me give you his love, and we unitedly pray that the Lord may bless you, and if we never meet here on earth, we will meet in heaven.

Yours in Jesus,

J _____ F _____

E.McH.

Such is the evidence which **Portessie** affords, that a work of God has been accomplished in their midst. An effect has been produced on a multitude of hitherto careless sinners, which is clearly contrary to the course of corrupt human nature. If so, there must be an invisible and effective agency. That agency cannot be diabolic, nor from vitiated human nature, or the fruits would be similar to the root from which they sprang, but when the results are, in hundreds of cases, high morality, clearness of Christian experience, regular attendance upon all the ordinances of religion - in other words, holiness of heart and life, peace and good will among men, few will, I suppose, be inclined to doubt that the hand which wrought it must be divine.

CHAPTER. XIII.

WITNESS BEARING - BUCKIE.

E.McH.

The next town on the coast is **Buckie**, only about three quarters of a mile from **Portessie**, with a population of some three thousand. Mr. Turner's first service in **Buckie** was held in the Free Church on Sabbath evening, 12th February, (1860) on which occasion about fifteen hundred were present, and tokens of the Spirit's power were not wanting.

The following night he again preached in the same place which was once more filled to the door. A great degree of excitement prevailed at this second meeting, which was much to be regretted, and which at one time endangered the success of his mission to that town. Some individuals, having been stricken down under strong convictions, were carried out in a helpless state, and this raised such a tumult among the multitude assembled, both within and without the building, that all order was immediately at an end, and Mr. Turner had no longer any control over the audience. It was in vain that he urged them to be calm and allow the Lord's work to go quietly forward. The commotion once raised, could not be so easily allayed, and the upshot of the matter was that Mr. Turner had to close the meeting and adjourn to the U.P. Church, which, to the credit of all concerned, was at once thrown open to him, and was soon filled.

He often referred to what happened in the Free Church as a severe trial to his faith, as he was led to doubt whether, after such a scene, God would bless his labours in this town as He had done in other places. Before entering the U.P. Church, he spent a considerable time in prayer to God that his faith might be preserved and strengthened, and that he might not be left to hinder God's Spirit by his unbelief. His prayer was heard. He felt assured that God would give him success in his labour still, and the meeting which was then convened was blessed in a very remarkable manner.

In one of his letters, Mr. Turner refers to the way in which some of the first cases of prostration in **Buckie** were treated by the medical men and some others who were present. They seemed to think that the whole was to be attributed to the crowded state of the meetings, and the want of proper ventilation, and hastened to remove the individuals into another apartment, and apply such restoratives as are usually administered to persons in a fainting state, "as if air and water," says Mr. Turner, with a touch of humour, "could give relief to a troubled soul, or remove the load of guilt that was pressing it down".

It seems, also, that some were foolish enough to suppose that he produced these prostrations by the secret use of chloroform, and when the first cases occurred, numbers rose up hurriedly and left the meeting. One person, who, for the first day or two was very suspicious of the whole movement, but who was afterwards brought to see things in a different light, said to Mr. Turner -

"Don't you remember that at the close of one of your meetings some days ago, when you came up to shake hands with me, that I drew back, and declined to do so?"

"Yes, I think I do. What was your reason for that?"

"O, I thought you had chloroform in your handkerchief, so was afraid to come near you."

Such is the account given in the little memoir already referred to of Mr. Turner's labours in **Buckie**, but as in the other towns, the people will now speak for themselves how these labours affected them; not to the same extent as in other places, however, my visit to **Buckie** being not only shorter than to the other villages, but made also at a time when the greater part of the men were either gone to a distant fishing, or so busy in preparation for going, as to prevent my having much conversation with them.

AN OLD MAN'S EXPLANATION

"Suppose, my friend," said an old gentleman to one who was complaining of the great noise that attended certain revival meetings, "you were about to build a house, and should employ me to quarry stones sufficient for the intended edifice. Well, I and my men go to work with crow bars, pick-axes, wedges, and hammers - all are employed. But finding the rock very hard, and, scandalized with such a small heap of stones, I consult with my men whether we had not better adopt some more effectual measures to separate the rock. The result is - and we are all agreed - that it is going to be a losing concern, unless I would permit them to try the effects of gunpowder. To this I agree, and after several days hard boring we succeed in getting one good blast, and then another, in short a succession of them. At length, who should appear but yourself in great agitation, exclaiming: - 'What means all this? I insist upon it, that you put an end to this unearthly noise, Sir; neither myself nor my family can bear it; in fact it is most outrageous. The whole neighbourhood is in a stir. That I want stone for my house I admit, but I don't want it at the expense of such a horrible uproar.'

Now what do think would be my answer? What but this?

'You have employed me, Sir, to quarry out stone for your building. You have no right to interfere with me so long as I injure no one, nor damage any person's property. And while I procure you first-rate stone, I have had, indeed, to resort to powder, in consequence of the hardness of the rock, and we have had a shaking time. But behold the execution! Examine the material. These ten or a dozen blasts have done more than my men could have accomplished in their ordinary operations with crowbars, etc., during six months, and we have only been a few days at the work.'

Now, my friend, you have good sense enough to apply this illustration to the revival of pure religion that took place in _____. That there was a noise I do not question, but look at the *results*. The great end of all preaching is being realized; the gospel of Jesus Christ is producing it's *distinct* and *appropriate effects* in the awakening and convincing of sinners. That these powerful blasts are attended by a corresponding noise is not to be doubted; but a tremendous execution is being done in the quarry."

E.McH

With the aptness of this illustration to what took place in **Buckie**, readers will be amused and see at once how it applies - and the people of **Buckie** will now tell for themselves the execution done in their part of the quarry.

A fisherman's letter as given in the first memoir begins their testimony:

A FISHERMAN

Mr. Turner's labours have been blessed among us here to the salvation of many a soul. I can give this testimony for myself and for my family who are all rejoicing in the love of Jesus Christ. Several who were brought to the truth under his preaching have carried the good news to other places, and have been greatly blessed. Some souls who were the

fruits of Mr. Turner's labours here, went to glory before him, and many will follow after.

MARY - *AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.*

On Sabbath night, the 12th of February, 1860, James Turner preached his first sermon in the Free Church of Buckie. I just felt a little, and I wished to hear him again, and agreed with a neighbour woman to go to **Portessie**. Our difficulty was how to get out of the town, for we saw Mr. S___, and we were afraid he would come to know where we were gaein'. We at last arranged to gang, ane half an hour afore the ither, then wait at the boathouse till the ither came up.

Weel, I'm on the road noo, just in the middle of the new town, gaein to **Portessie**, when who do I see but Mr. S___.

"Weel, Mary, where are you going?"

"To **Portessie**, Sir, to see the work."

"I'm sure, Mary, you can read your Bible at home, etc."

"Yes, Sir, but I've friends there and they've got good, and I wish to see for myself."

On I comes to my neighbour who was waitin' at the boathouse, and I says till her, "Weel, ___ I've disobeyed the servant of the Lord, and wouldn't turn back when he wanted me, so we'll just go on."

Ye see she was some doubtfu' whether we were deein' richt or no.

When we got to **Portessie** we asked if the horn had been blawn for a meetin'?

"Yes," said they, "and the people are a' gatherin' - Mr. Turner's just awa afore you."

And by-an'-bye we saw Mr. McIntosh an' him on afore's, an' gaed in after them. An' when I saw sae mony rejoicin' and their faces beamin', I thought myself into another world.

Then my friends began to pray for me by name, and that took me by the heart at once. Then a woman at my side began cryin' for mercy, an' fell down, her distress was that great. Her man came an' lifted her up', an' telt her that she would soon be better than ever she was.

Then I began to say "Lord, give me what I want," (*lack*) an' as I spoke, something just laid hold on me as if a person was rowin' me roon an' roon wi' chains or ropes. Then I cried for the Lord to break the chains. I do not know how long I cried, but before that terrible chain was broken, cap and shawl was off, and my clothes in a very disordered condition, but I kept the Bible firmly clasped in my hands.

When I had cried for a considerable time, the words came to me - "The snare is broken and you are free," and I felt such a glorious freedom in my spirit. I saw a CROSS spreadin' out very wide. I did not discern any form on it, but I saw an inscription written in great big letters of the colour of blood - intensely vivid. I could not make out all the writin' but the words, "Redeemer" and "Salvation" were perfectly clear to me.

"I got up then with my Bible in my hand, and haudin' it up abeen my head, I cried - "Glory be to God! Though I've been a prayin' woman this twenty years, I never knew that I needed the blood of Christ afore! Oh, my blessed Saviour! I thocht a' ye was

deein' was against me, but noo, praise the Lord, I feel a' thing has been workin' for my gweed!"

There's nae ane in **Buckie** could at that time lay a flaw to my character; but what did that matter as lang as I hadna Christ. A' this time James Turner had left me alane, but when he saw me stan'in' wi' the Bible abeen my head he came up to me, an pattin' me gently on the shoulder, said, "Speak for Jesus now."

"Oh, dear! are you awa fae me noo, Mary?" said my neighbour woman as I left her side to join those who were singin' wi' the beamin' faces.

"I've naething adee wi' ye noo," I said, "Naething. I must join my ain company;" so I left her weepin', nae kenin' vera well what was the matter wi' her.

James F___ took me awa to his house, an' they made a cup of tea for me, but I couldna eat nor I couldna sleep - just to get hame to speak for Christ was a' my desire. James Turner was to begin his meetin's in **Buckie** in the Free kirk that night, and when I got hame, I heard the fouk sayin' that the key o' the kirk couldna be gotten and there wouldna be a meetin'. Sae to the man I went, who had the charge o't, "Now, tell me the truth," says I, "Canna the key o'-the kirk be gotten?" "Aye," says he, "the key 'ill be gotten, come ye at the time, an' ye'll see it 'ill be a' richt afore ye make yer appearance."

So I went back triumphant - you know this was the 13th of February.

The church filled to a great degree, some 12 or 1300. Some of the heads of the meetin' gave out a hymn, and said that a woman from **Buckie** had that day witnessed a good confession. The eyes of Mr. S___ that moment fixed on me, as no other woman, he thought, had gone out of **Buckie**. He would likely have remembered his desire to stop me on the way.

That night there was a great tumult. A good few were struck down and were carried into the vestry. James Turner came down out of the pulpit.

"Oh!" says I, "yer nae gaein awa?"

"I *must* go," he said.

At length, John McIntosh stood up and proposed that they should adjourn to the U. P. hall, as the doors of it were thrown open to them. But before James Turner gaed owre, he spent some time in prayer. When I gaed into the hall, the Spirit was upon me to that degree that I couldna haud my tongue, and there I spoke with the Bible abeen my head.

Next day, Mr. Dewar of **Fochabers** and Mr. S___ came to see me.

"Now, my dear woman," said Mr. Dewar, "sit down and tell me all about this great work in you, as plain as you can tell it."

An' I'm speakin' awa as plain as I could, when he stoppit me an' said,

"O, my dear woman, what you've got of God; but you must come down, your frame will not stand it."

Mr. Tulloch and Mr. Davidson, also, both came to enquire about the work which God had wrought in me.

There was terrible stories gaed about me.

"Mary," said one person to me, "I'm sorry for yer son that ye've gien him sae muckle to dee. I've heard that ye broke a' the things in yer hoose after ye came back frae **Portessie**. Christ's voice wasna heard on the streets," etc.

"Weel," says I, "if ye can haud up your hand and say, Christ is mine and I am His, I'll gie in to you, but if you canna say *that*, it's time for you to stop."

She was silenced, and never afterwards said a word against me."

A BUCKIE WOMAN

- *BONDS LOOSED.*

After James Turner came, I was in an awful state about my soul. One night in the meeting, I was just, as it were, nailed to my seat, and out of that I could not rise. As Mr. Turner was out of the meeting, no one minded me for a while. At last, a few young women came and began to sing to me, but I told them not to sing to me, for I was not right. I could sing," said I, "as well as the best of you, but there is something that I want."*(lack)*

This was at eleven in the forenoon. Mr. Turner preached from the words, "Escape for thy life, stay not in all the plain." I cannot describe the feeling that came over me. I asked a woman to take me home, and I went to bed in an awful state, with all my burden upon me. Passage after passage came into my mind, but I could not stay my mind on any of them. I was just the same as if I had been bound with ropes.

At last that blessed verse came into my mind just like a dart, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light," and, I wyte, I was made to rise from the dead, for I rose up from my bed, and cried to the Lord at the top of my voice; and as I cried, my bonds were loosed and my soul was set at liberty, and next day I could go through the town and tell what God had done for my soul, and many more besides me were doing the same. I had no difficulty in speaking, for the Bible seemed to be just like a new book, or else I had new powers of understanding it.

I had a good deal to suffer in various ways just at that time. But the very next day at the meeting, I had such a glorious manifestation of the Saviour as raised me above it all. He appeared to me in a corner of the hall as on the CROSS in all His bloody gore, groaning and dying. The blood seemed to be running down, and somehow it seemed to be running over me - over my whole body - and the wonderful sympathy I then realized between my spirit and Him, made me think nothing of my own *little* sorrows.

My mind was that way now that I could go nowhere but where Mr. Turner was. And when I left my old Church, the minister came and rated me awful. He said the Lord would *punish* me for leaving His Church.

"Oh, no," said I, "Mr. C___. The Lord will punish me for nothing but sin, and I must go where I find most good to my soul."

Then a Mr. B__ came to the U. P. Hall, and he said in the meeting that he had received more good from Mr. Turner than he had received all the years he had been at College. After he was placed a while, he came round on a pastoral visit. After sitting a little while, he asked about the state of my soul. I said,

"My soul is prospering, but I am not getting nourishment from your preaching, it shoots over my head."

"Preaching is not all for you," said he.

"No, but surely," I replied, "I ought to get my portion of meat in due season; and that I am not getting as I used to do."

I continued with him, however, until he interdicted the young men from preaching as they used to do. He also began to speak slightly of James Turner, and I could not suffer him after that. And on one such occasion, I said,

"Mr. B__, I'm astonished to hear you, whom I've heard say that you received so much good, going on that way. I canna sit to hear him ridiculed, for we thank the Lord for sending him round here, we have got much more good from him than from any of you - though he was but 'a poor cooper'."

He was not long in giving in his resignation, and I could almost have jumped for joy. When he left, we were long of getting another minister, and so I went to the Methodists, who by this time were come to **Portessie**, and, thank God, though I have had ups and downs in the new life - I have had no outs and ins.

WILLIAM STEWART - *A HEART MELTED.*

I knew nothing of the work of God in revivalism, nothing of the work of God in the soul, until I went to hear that man of God, James Turner. I went out of mere curiosity. When I went into the Free Church of **Buckie** it was crowded with people - to the number I'm sure of fourteen hundred. My first conscious feeling was that of astonishment, both at the crowds and at the little man in the pulpit. And I was still more astonished at the power there seemed to be in his words when he began to speak; and when he called upon some of the young converts to pray. When they did so, I was a kind of dumbfounded at their fervency.

At last, James Turner gave out his text (Exodus 32v26) - "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me."

While he was addressing the meeting he divided the people into three parties. First he asked those on the right hand, "Are you on the Lord's side?" Then those on the left hand he asked the same question; and lastly those in the middle of the church where I was sitting. A strange feeling passed through my heart; it was the Spirit of God wounding me though I had little conception of that at the time.

Next morning, when I went to sea, a strange awe came over my mind. I could not conceive what was the matter with me; when all at once, with the force of an avalanche, the words rushed into my mind - "You are not on the Lord's side". It was even so - I had nothing to say, and my heart sank within me as I realized my position. But the Lord only wounds to heal, for just as if prompted by His spirit, I rose up and gave myself to

Him there and then. But Satan, who is ever on the watch, got hold of me, and I sat down again with a feeling as if the bargain had not been endorsed.

When we got ashore again, the meetings were still going on in **Buckie**. I was so much impressed with the Spirit's power that I went to the meeting without tasting food. Like David I might have said, "My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread." (Ps.102v4.) For three nights running I sat without relief, so much oppressed that I concluded myself an outcast from God.

At last James Turner announced that any person or persons who wanted a private conversation with him might have it next day from ten to twelve o'clock. Availing myself of this I went, amid other three men with me - all the four of us cousins - and all anxious for our souls. Three of these men witness for the Lord, and are preachers of His gospel to this day. So to his lodgings we went, and, on asking for him, were shown by a servant-girl into a small room - where we found him sitting reading the Bible.

"Come away, my young men," said he, looking up, "are ye anxious to be saved?"

"Yes, we are."

"Can you read the Bible? Do you know the book?"

"We do."

"Do you believe it to be God's Word?"

"Yes."

"Can you then trust your soul's salvation on the Word of God?"

No answer. Then looking at us with a long, earnest, and kindly looks he said -

"Would ye like to be saved?"

"Yes"

Then down he went on his knees and pleaded for us. He must have received in himself the assurance that his prayer was answered, for he rose up and thanked God for it, then said to us-

"Come away, young men, to the meeting with me. I believe this day, by twelve o'clock, God will set your souls at liberty. "

We went to the meeting with him, and he placed the whole four of us on one seat, then took his stand on the end of the seat and preached. In a short time the youngest of the four professed to find peace in believing; then another, William Stewart Cooper; then the next youngest, William Reid, professed also to have found peace then on the spot.

By this time I was almost in despair, there seemed no mercy for me. I tried to pray, but sat down speechless. But scarcely a minute had elapsed ere I felt a change - a giving way in my heart - a something which I cannot describe, but I was enabled there and then to cast myself wholly on Jesus as a hell-deserving sinner. What I realised then is utterly impossible to tell, but Jesus there and then - all glory be to His blessed name - accepted me as his own, melted my heart by His love, and sent me home rejoicing. And to the present day I continue doing the same - William Stewart, elder, still labouring for the Lord, and not ashamed of my Master.

About four days after I had found peace, James Riach went down to **Portessie** to scoff, but was soon after brought to a saving knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of James Turner; and for two months he went on his way rejoicing. But

after going on ship-board, his mind became clouded, and Satan's devices almost drove him to despair. "You are not converted" was the point that the devil wished to carry. This battle lasted for three weeks. When he came on shore he at once sought out James Turner, who opened up the Scriptures to him, and sent him out to work for the Lord.

After having wrought away well for a considerable time, he began again to complain of lack of grace, and on making his moan to James Turner, he was at once met with the pointed question – "What have you done with the grace that God gave you?"

The man stood speechless. Then James Turner looking round to some men that were working near, he said, "Go away, and tell these poor sinners about their souls and about Jesus, tell them that they're on the way to hell, and that God wishes them to turn and go to heaven.

He went immediately and spoke to them, and from that day to the day of his death had grace in abundance. He laboured much for the Lord wherever he went at home and abroad.

About the same time, George Reid King was brought to Jesus. He had for fifteen years been an elder of the Free Church without grace. At the same time he thought himself living for the Lord, as he led a decent moral life which no one could challenge, and it's quite true that he was known for that, and noted for his uprightness. But he had not listened very long to James Turner ere he came to see that he had not yet attained to the standard of Bible Christianity. Then he commenced to revise his life, and got quite anxious about his soul. Then he went to James Turner and opened up his mind to him. Soon after, he found peace in believing, and lived and witnessed for the Lord many years. He was the means in God's hands of building up believers, and of bringing many souls to Christ.

At one meeting there was a strange thing happened. A man engaged in prayer, I'm afraid not in the right spirit. While he was praying James Turner came in quietly. After listening for a moment, he knelt down and cried out –

"My God, hear and answer me. Shut that man's mouth."

That moment the prayer was answered. The man had not power to utter another word, but stood immovable for a while - a monument before the people; and to this day that man remains a hardened sinner.

The meeting went on. And as two ministers who had come from a distance to see the work were going along the passage, they were very much attracted by a little girl lying prostrate. While in this state she was either softly ejaculating - "Sweet Jesus, I love thee," or praying for the ministers and people. One of the two bent down and listened with his ear close to her mouth. After a while he turned round to his brother minister, and said –

"Sir, I must confess this is the work of God."

Then they went ben towards the platform, examining the cases, and looking at the scenes going on. Then another minister directed them to look into the vestry. When he

looked in, there were about sixty anxious souls weeping and crying for mercy. Turning to James Turner, one of them said - "What is to be done with this people?"

"Go in and speak to them," said James, "and give them a word of consolation."

But he seemed struck speechless, for he never answered James a word, nor yet attempted speaking to the people - and that was Mr. Dewar of **Fochabers**.

In that same meeting was a man who had not his match in the parish for power of intellect. He went in purposely to scoff, but before he went out, was both made to feel and acknowledge that the work was of God. Not only so, but he told the scoffers outside to leave the work alone, as it was of God. Before, this man had been almost, if not altogether, an infidel. Five or six years after, he died. Before his death he was asked this question - "What is your hope regarding the eternal world?"

"Good hope," was the reply,

"On what grounds?"

"On God's truth - He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." (John 11v25).

The questioner was the Rev. Wm. Barras, who I heard make this statement for himself - "Though I do not undervalue the college or the learning to be had in it, yet I have got more good in one meeting than I did while there. Mr. Barras was a U.P. minister. There is a large body of them now in **Buckie**.

There were from a dozen to twenty of them met in a hall close to the Free Church for worship on Sunday.

When the meetings began in the Free Church, and souls began to cry for mercy, Mr. S__ called for a constable to close the Church. When John McIntosh began to speak, Mr. S__ said, "You have no office in this Church, and are not entitled to speak."

On that, up starts one of the deacons and said -

"I, as an official of this Church, ask you one question,

'Do you want to kill or make alive?'

But there was no reply but "Clear out the Church."

So some of the U. P. people that were there offered the use of their hall, and John McIntosh stood up and announced that the meetings were to be adjourned to the U.P. Hall, and in a few minutes the hall was crowded. From that time this congregation increased, and now they have a splendid Church, and Manse for their minister also.

A. S. C.

- "THE LOST FOUND."

A deputy came to begin the meetings before James Turner came. I went out of mere curiosity to hear. When I went in, James Falkner was praying. I was struck at once by his prayer. "O," thought I, "what would I give to be able to pray like that!"

On Sabbath evening I went to the Church in a state that I can't explain. My heart was pierced with a sense of sin, and I had not only the sentence but the feeling of death in myself. But there was a great change wrought in me that night. The devil was shaken out of me, and the love of God filled my heart.

I couldn't hold my tongue, and I was shouting - "The dead's alive, and the lost is found," when the tumult took place in **Buckie** Free Church.

Two or three days after, we went over to the Caithness coast, and we held meetings there. One young man from **Thurso** found peace. At **Dunbeath** we were forced to shift from our own wooden sheds to the Government school. And then we got the Free Church to hold our meetings in - and the two ministers, Established and Free, became friends through our meetings. Mr. L___, Minister of **Wick**, also came over to our meetings; for the Lord went with us, and the power went with us; and the Free Church schoolmaster's daughter was the first brought to the Lord, and having received the spirit of Jesus, she became greatly desirous of healing the breaches between the divisions of Christ's Church, and was made a great means of doing it.

While I was speaking one day, I was asked by a minister to tell how I had found peace in believing in the Lord. And so I told him, and when I had done so, I asked him if he had found peace in believing? And he told me he could not say he had. Then I tried to show him that he ought to be able to say it - that these things were not done in a corner - that we had not received any special privilege, but were merely the witnesses of God's readiness to give the *knowledge* of salvation by the remission of sins, and the spirit of adoption through faith in Jesus.

After being put out of the Free Church of **Buckie** I never went back, but joined the U. P. body six months after, and through grace am still holding on my way. *A. S. C.*

UNKNOWN

There was a Minister, the U. P. Minister of H___, (*Huntly?*) and he came to **Buckie** for James Turner, and took him away in a gig, and on the road that man was brought to the *saving* knowledge of the truth, with which before he dealt with merely in a way of intellectual traffic.

There also was the Rev. Mr. B___, who took James Turner to a private place and began to question him about several points of doctrine. "Leave me alone Mr. B___" said he, "I did not come here to quarrel. I am a servant of God, and He can easily let you know that."

So to his knees he went, and in a few moments Mr. B___ was prostrate, and afterwards got great blessing.

And Mr. Mangles, too, the Wesleyan Minister in **Portessie** at the time of the 'dance revival' as it was called, when he was brought to account for the part he had taken in it, and also for allowing such things, he, in defence said, that he had learned more among the white caps and blue jackets than ever he had learned during his course of preparation for the ministry.

"I would to God," he said, "that all in this great assembly had come and witnessed for themselves," and in all the three places to which he has been shifted since he left us, there has been a revival, so fully had he caught the spirit of revival from the people.

In compliance with the Moderator of the Session of the U. P. Church at **Buckie**, Mr. Baxter of **Banff**, in a meeting held by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Banffshire in **Aberchirder**, on the 20th of March, 1860, said:

MR BAXTER

"I paid a visit to the village when the revival took place, and mingled freely with the inhabitants. I must confess, I went somewhat doubtful of the work when I heard of the physical phenomena connected with it. The first time I went, there was nothing in which the audience differed from any Christian assembly, with the exception of the deep earnestness which pervaded every countenance.

The second time I went to **Buckie** I was present during one of the most deeply moved meetings which had been witnessed in the course of the work. One girl in particular arrested my attention, and at first made an unfavourable impression. She screamed at the top of her voice, and subjected her body to many contortions; then sunk into a state of apparently unconscious repose. While she lay in this state I spoke to a pious and cautious fisherman, who informed me that this girl was his servant, and for eight days had been smothering her convictions of sin. In a few minutes she rose in perfect composure, and gave vent to her feelings in a prayer - breathing the deepest gratitude to God for his mercy, and otherwise containing many suitable petitions and confessions, clothed in natural language.

After a pretty minute investigation of the whole events of what I saw and what I heard reported, I am firmly of opinion that the God of all grace has poured down his Holy Spirit, and wrought salvation in not a few souls. The following are a few of the reasons which compelled me to come to this conclusion:

There was very deep contrition for sin in the hearts of many hundreds. In some cases it extended over many hours. This repentance was not the sorrow the drunkard feels after a debauch for money spent, character blighted, and health impaired; but repentance towards God. Now this repentance I regard to be the work of the Spirit.

Again, in a great many instances the deep repentance was followed by faith in the work of Jesus Christ for sinners, and that led not merely to the removal of the bitter agony of soul, but to joy in God through Jesus Christ. This faith, joy, and peace, I reckon to be the work of the Divine Spirit, and not the fruit of fanaticism or mere reason.

Further, there is an intense love for hearing and reading the word of God in public and in private, and an abandonment of those sinful courses which were formerly followed.

If the Lord pointed to Saul as one of his followers from the fact that he prayed, the same may be said of many a blasphemer and wicked person in this village. So far as experience goes, the testimony is in favour of the work; many are growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Family worship is observed in the houses of almost every professed convert. Those who were accustomed to do evil or live idly are now doing good in many forms. Hundreds of neglected children are getting religious instruction at home and in the Sabbath school. Those who lived in enmity are united in the bonds of a firm friendship, and the very countenances of the people wear a different expression.

Errors and defects, arising from previous ignorance and vice, are not more numerous than were to be expected from imperfections inseparable from human nature, and over and above, we have results which must be ascribed to God alone.

Glad I am my eyes were privileged to behold such a work in places renowned for their ungodliness, and with profound gratitude attribute all the glory to the God of salvation.

Time will no doubt sweep away much of the chaff which has mingled with the grain, but I am persuaded that enough of the latter will remain to cheer the spirits of men and angels. To receive so much evidence as I did that the work was of God, and yet withhold my belief; would be, (in my opinion), to commit sin.

In regard to the much controverted cases of striking down which has raised so many prejudices against the work: - After giving the matter considerable thought, I confess the subject is involved in considerable difficulty. The fact is that there are two distinct classes of phenomena ever present when we think of them, which we are apt to confound.

I thought at first the physical results might have originated in the power of sympathy or excitement. I was driven from that position by the fact that they often took place amid the calmest exercises in public, and also in private, when no exciting objects presented themselves. I heard, in the first meeting I attended in **Buckie**, of a woman who had been prostrate in her house, and who had only been in one meeting some nights before.

Without making the smallest pretensions to the claim of being a psychologist, yet it is universally admitted and felt, that mental and moral phenomena have a powerful effect on the physical frame, but *how* remains a mystery.

We have received the testimony of three competent judges present, that the whole of the cases they have seen and heard of, were connected with religious feelings.

In conversing with James Turner, the principal instrument in producing these awakenings, he was of opinion that in many cases there is first conviction of sin, then perception of the saving truths of the gospel, to which succeeds the prostration, and such returning to consciousness give expression to feelings of joy and faith in God.

The facts seem to be these, (let us account for them as we may), sin first appears in all its terrible features, which arouses the consciences; the terror on the soul works on the body, calling forth sighs and groans, and often entire unconsciousness, varying from a few minutes to many hours. Some awaken in the enjoyment of peace and joy, others to renew the mental conflict, terminating in faith, - and sometimes in indifference to religion.

We must judge of the change wrought in these prostrate by the fruit they bring forth, and discourage any from thinking that it is an aid to conversion, far less necessary. Let us also restrain from pronouncing a harsh and premature judgment on those who have been the subjects of these physical phenomena, bearing in remembrance that sin and the glorious truths of the gospel, are fitted to exert a more powerful influence on the mind than they generally do.

I am quite of opinion that the rule of beginning and closing religious services should only be departed from when extraordinary circumstances demand it. I believe such to have been the case in **Buckie** and other villages. Considering the agony of soul in which

many were placed who sought relief in prayer, praise, and Christian council, to have withheld them would have been an act of inhumanity, not to speak of Christian unkindness. Many of the people thus situated were not able to get to day meetings. Besides, immediately after the Spirit was poured down after the ascension of Christ, those who believed remained for weeks doing nothing but joining in religious services. *Banffshire Journal*.

E.McH. - *JAMES RIACH.*

Perhaps the most notable of all Mr. Turner's spiritual children was the now sainted James Riach.

"One," says Mr. Green, U.P. Minister, **Buckie**, "of the most Christ-like men, in humble life, I have ever been privileged to know. What the late Robert Murray M'Cheyne was among ministers, James Riach was among the fishermen of our Scottish North-East Coast."

James Riach's story of grace cannot, as in most other cases, be given from his own lips, for "he sleepeth." But his resting place is no quiet churchyard, not there does he wait the final waking. In the depths of the fathomless sea he slumbers, until the hour that it gives up its dead.

Though not in the direct form, yet indirectly his testimony can be given pretty fully as the details of his conversion and after career are garnered up in the minds of the people, while the place he held in their hearts is abundantly evidenced by the remarkable spontaneity with which these details spring up whenever the work of God on the Banffshire coast is the subject of conversation. Little difficulty was therefore found in procuring material for the following brief sketch.

Born at **Buckie** in October, 1839, he grew up, according to his own account, a true scion of a fallen race. While James Turner held his meetings in the unfinished house in **Portessie**, he, with three companions, went along one evening to scoff. Being a little late, however, they could not get in. Thus prevented from giving annoyance inside, they contented themselves with raising as much disturbance outside as possible.

W.S. (William Smith?)

"They carried on to such a pitch," says W. S., "that I at last went out and spoke to them."
"What a shame," said I, "to see four big lads like you behaving so. The Lord will punish you for what yer about, if you dinna gie it up."

But, instead of being ashamed, they began to speak back and justify themselves. So, as I could make nothing of them, nor get back into the meeting for the crowd, I turned homewards. The whole four came after me, speaking all the way, and holding their own side. Into the house three of them followed in; still cavilling with all their might, but James Riach stood at the door and did not come in like the others.

At length I undertook to get them into the meeting if they promised to behave. They did promise, and I managed to get them crushed in somehow. At that time when strangers came into the meeting they were prayed for at once. So when we went in, as Mr. Turner wasn't preaching, but just going through the anxious people, the lads were prayed for in the usual way.

This took them somewhat aback, and when they saw Mr. Turner making his way towards them, they ran for fear. All the four felt themselves quite able to meet any one, or any passage of Scripture, but they had a dread of *him*.

So home they went ingloriously, contending among themselves all the way - some of them saying it was the work of God, others saying in plain terms that it was the work of the devil. All of them, however, much more deeply affected than they were willing to admit, for next day the whole four were constrained to come to the meeting and openly confess that they were anxious about their souls; and about that time James Riach got the blessing. *How* he got it, a young man from **Portgordon** will now tell:

YOUNG MAN FROM PORTGORDON

I had been at **Buckie** through the day at the meetings, and, with a friend, went back again in the evening. On our way we called in at James Riach's, and he came along with us. The meeting was crowded, and the work going on with great spirit. Just in the heat of it I wanted off. It was too late for me to go home, so James took me down to his house. When I was in bed I heard him slip away to a corner of the dark room, and kneeling down he began to pray, very quietly at first, but as he got nearer and nearer to God, and the Spirit powerfully wrought with him, his voice rose, and rose, as he pleaded with yet more and more importunity. Quite forgetful of me, at length he wept and made application for pardon and the new heart - it was C. Wesley's splendid hymn, "Wrestling Jacob," passing again into actual fact-

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold
Art thou the man who died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be love.

My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeakable I now receive!"

That it was so, James Riach must have suddenly realized, for, all at once, rose the joyous shout - "I've found the Saviour! Praise the Lord!" then up he got from his knees and ran.

"Stop," I cried, "and tell me about it," but he was off straight to the meeting to tell the people there of his great deliverance, and when I saw him next day he was rejoicing in God his Saviour.

E.McH

"A man," says one, "is soon enlisted, but he is not soon made a soldier. He is easily put into the ranks to make a show there, but not so easily brought to do the duties of the ranks."

How he was enlisted and put into the Christian army, has been stated. How he was trained to do duty there as a good soldier in it, reminiscences of various parties will now make known to us.

A FISHERMAN

For about two months after his conversion, says a fisherman, James Riach went on his way rejoicing, but having previously joined the naval reserve force, on being drawn up, that became the wilderness in which the devil was allowed to test him pretty severely. The temptation which troubled him most was of much the same nature as "If thou be the Son of God?" for it was "Are you converted?" The adversary did not assume the serpent, however, until he had been first foiled as the lion.

While on board the training-ship, James Riach was ordered along with the others to scrub and wash the decks on Sabbath. This he refused to do; and, when threatened with punishment for disobedience to orders, he boldly declared himself ready to suffer any punishment which the laws of his country, or the Board of Admiralty might inflict; but to disobey the law of God in regard to the Sabbath he would not.

It was like to become a serious matter, for as Riach persisted in his disobedience, he was reported to the captain. But it was all the same, he remained refractory even when summoned to his presence - nay, went further than persisting in his determination not to work, he justified himself by appealing to the Bible, then afresh expressing his determination to abide by it at any cost.

Half-puzzled, half-pleased, the captain, determined to find out whether this was a conscientious scruple, or merely a plausible pretence for the evasion of duty, made searching enquiry into his manner of life. The result was so satisfactory, that henceforth James Riach was freed from all unnecessary labour on the Lord's day.

Thus foiled in the open field, Satan tried the covert mode of attack in which he was far more successful. With a secret but almost inconceivable energy, the malignant foe filled his mind with blasphemous thoughts and suggestions to evil so skilfully, that James Riach, ignorant of his devices, mistook them all for the product of his own heart, and doing so, became a sort of terror-stricken at his condition.

This point gained, the enemy's next move was to get him to doubt the reality of his conversion. At this point the two spirits joined issue; the depths of Satan's malice and cunning seemed to be drawn upon in order to carry it. But greater was He who was for the helpless spirit so exercised, than all that was against it - God in His faithfulness did not suffer him to be tempted above what he was able to bear, so out of these sore temptations he made a way of escape.

It was opened up simply. The herring season drew on. James Riach was engaged to fish in **Peterhead** - brought into contact afresh with James Turner - his skilful hand was again employed to break the snare and let the captive go free.

E.McH.

One version of how his spiritual deliverance was effected has already been given in one of the preceding narratives. But he must have either relapsed again into a state of uncertainty, or else required to have the spiritual correctives repeated before the insidious poison was thoroughly cleared out, as various examples of the same spiritual regimen - work for Jesus - being administered almost perforce, are given by professed eye or ear witnesses. Here, for instance, is one —

UNKNOWN

James Riach, after his conversion, got into a very dark state. He was in a meeting one night in **Peterhead**. Others were praying, but he was silent.

James Turner came up, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "What way is it that you, after crying to God so much to open your mouth, are sitting there keeping it shut?"

To this question there was no reply. After a little while James Turner came back and said nearly the same words. Still there was no response. A third time the same question was repeated. Then up James Riach rose, opened his mouth - opened it wide - God filled it, and never by restraining prayer did he shut it any more.

JAMES RIACH

According to his own account as given by him to a brother fisherman, he was led to speak in public thus —

James Turner was to have an open-air meeting. I was there among the rest. After the hymn was given out he said, "James Riach will pray."

This set me a-shaking, and I wished I had taken a place at the back where he couldn't have seen me. I prayed, then after he himself had spoken a little, he said, "James Riach will now address the meeting."

"O! Why did you say I would address the meeting?" said I, edging my way up to him, "I have nothing to say."

"*I* am not bidding you say anything. Just say what the *Lord* bids you."

Being thus shut up, I had no help but speak. So I just began to tell what the Lord had done for me, but I made a poor job of it. My mortification was so extreme that I fancied everybody was looking at me. On Tuesday morning James Turner came up to me and said, "Well, Riach, I hope ye'r none the worse of speaking on Sabbath?"

"No," says I, "but the devil's been telling me that I've begun a work that I'm no very fit for."

"Just like him, - but mind James, you've put your hand to the plough, and you must never look back."

E.McH

Of the preaching so begun there are many loving reminiscences among the people.

UNKNOWN

It was not only the things which he spoke, says one, which impressed you so much as the loving earnestness with which he spoke, and the deep sympathy he made you feel, both with himself and the things he was saying. He made *you* feel that *he* was in earnest - carrying out an embassy from God to the souls of men. He did 'preach'

As if he ne'er' should preach again,
And like a dying man to dying men.'

For all the times that I heard him in **Peterhead**, he never spoke with dry eyes. James Riach was not one of those who -

'Prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks.'
But he did—
'By actions show his words sincere.'

And his heavenly words were endorsed by heavenly deeds. One instance of this in particular, I thought much of. Through stress of weather and other causes fishermen often suffer seriously from the loss of nets. One very rough night a boat lost the whole fleet of their nets. The men in that boat were the enemies of James Riach. Well, how do you think he acted? He got out his own fish as quickly as possible, and rough as the sea was, the brave man, set out in search of his enemy's nets - aye! and, heedless of danger, searched until he found the whole fleet and brought them all in safety to their owner. That is but one instance - only one such act is sufficient to show what manner of spirit a man is of.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN

I remember, says another, that on one occasion on our way to the **Lewis** fishing, we were obliged to put into Loch-harry-pool (**Loch Eriboll**) for want of wind. We had scarcely landed when we heard a voice at a distance which sounded very familiar to us. "Surely" said one of our women, "that's James Riach!"

And it was just James Riach, standing on the side of a hill, in fishing clothes, long boots and all, surrounded by a great multitude of people, inhabitants of the place, but especially fishers who had been there for the winter fishing. He had come into the place, like ourselves for want of wind, and seized the opportunity thus afforded him of preaching the everlasting Gospel.

By many such things, without intending it, James Riach made himself famous. Let another fisherman give an instance of this:

ANOTHER FISHERMAN

We were in **Stornoway** one year, and there was a D.D. (*doctor of divinity*) there who had come from **Glasgow** to preach to the herring fishermen. We went to the Free Church to the forenoon service. Well, this gentleman said, - "I have been informed about a fisherman from **Buckie** who has been preaching, and I will be very happy to hear his voice. I should like him to tell us something of the work that has been done on the Banffshire coast."

We knew at once who was meant, and James Riach knew too, but he never moved. At last one of the elders came up to him and said,

"It's you that's wanted."

And I think I see him yet, how he rose up and sculked along the passage as if feeling ashamed, to the foot of the pulpit, then he said,

"I am somewhat taken aback, but I'll do the best I can, but we'll engage in prayer first."

And then he prayed with such power and fervency, that the congregation were quite carried away, and groans and amens were coming fast and thick where they had hardly ever, I suppose, been heard before.

Well, after the prayer, the minister came down from the pulpit and took him up to it, then James gave an account of the **Banffshire coast**, beginning with a sketch of his own conversion, and then how the work had gone on up to that time. I have heard that there was fruit from that day's labour, among which were two elderly ladies; this much is certain, however, that they ever after showed the greatest regard for James, up to his death.

E.McH.

The reminiscences might be greatly multiplied, but I give only one more, not from the people, but from one of the **Buckie** ministers, as it is found in his prefatory note to the tractate on the subject of this sketch.

G.G.G. (Green? U.P. minister)

James Riach was no ordinary man. He had but few educational advantages, and this rendered his power of address all the more remarkable. Endowed with a rich powerful voice, he usually threw into his simple evangelical discourses so much heart and soul that the people could not help being moved. His texts were often remarkably striking and out of the way; and he usually handled them well, carrying home the lessons they contained to the hearts of his auditors most effectually.

As a specimen of his texts I may refer readers to the following - Eccles. 8v10. Luke 23v31, from which I myself heard him deliver very impressive addresses. He had too a most remarkable gift in prayer. Brethren in the ministry and other friends, who have been associated with me in conducting evangelistic meetings, have frequently remarked this.

Best of all, his life, so far as I have ever seen or heard, corresponded with his religious profession. He was an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was to guile. He not only *preached* but *lived* the gospel, and this undoubtedly was the great source of his remarkable influence.

Buckie, February, 1872

E.McH.

Instead of collecting more of the people's reminiscences of the life and labours of James Riach, I give a kind of summary of them in a few extracts from the little memoir already referred to.

G.G.G.

If there was one part of James Riach's character which shone with more lustre than another, it was his faithfulness to that God who had done so great things for him. From the time of his conversion to the hour of his death, no one could challenge his sincerity, or point to any dark spot in his Christian life. No doubt some of the children of the

world, and enemies of the cross, spoke hard things of him, but these very enemies who could call him fanatic or enthusiast when he lived, joined in the general mourning when he died.

During the thirteen years of his Christian life he was meek and lowly, often preferring others to himself. But at the same time he was bold and valiant for the truth, always supporting his arguments by the Holy Scriptures, which he studied much, digesting their glorious truths, and putting them in practice in every-day life. He was remarkable for reproofing sin wherever he saw it, either in the drunkard or profane swearer, in the liar or Sabbath-breaker. It mattered not how high in rank the offender might be, he was sure of reproof; and that in accordance with Scriptural warrant. . . . On one occasion, when summoned to appear at a Justice of Peace Court, and asked to swear, he refused to do so. And when asked by the magistrate his reasons for not taking the oath, he boldly answered that he found it written in the Word of God, "Swear not at all".

A detailed account of *all* his works of faith and labours of love would fill a large volume; as in a word it may be said of him truly, his meat and drink was doing the will of God. With flesh and blood he conferred not when the work of God required his help. The sick he visited, speaking to them words of kindness and love, reading the Scriptures, and praying with and for them, and often by the couch of the dying did he cheer the child of God, in passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

On the other hand, he fervently urged unbelievers, neglecters of the great salvation, to flee from the wrath to come, and pointed them to the sinner's refuge - the only hope of man - the Saviour.

Then again his labours in preaching the word have seldom, if ever, been surpassed by any poor man who had his own and family's bread to earn. Like the rest of his seafaring brethren, 'he got his bread at the peril of his life'. But when driven by storm or stress of weather to the **Caithness** coast, if in health, he was sure to be testifying for Christ in the streets, or lanes, or any place provided for the purpose; however humble. Nor did he take any thought whether it was Sabbath or Saturday - just as he was, in heavy sea-boots and fisher garb - he stood up and spoke the words of life to listening hundreds. **Dunbeath, Helmsdale, Portmahommack, Lossiemouth**, all in this manner heard from his lips the Gospel of the grace of God.

At the time of the herring fishing at **Peterhead**, when multitudes of fishermen were collected from all parts of the Scottish coast, his noble form would often be seen standing erect amidst thousands who were eagerly listening to the earnest pleadings of that sweet manly voice as it tenderly said - "Come, come to the Saviour," or "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Away too among the rocky shores of the **western isles** of Scotland his voice was often heard above the waves of the mighty Atlantic during the time of the **Lewis** fishing. In the moral wastes of the **Island of Barra**, where ignorance and superstition reign triumphant, his voice was often heard like another John the Baptist in the wilderness of Judea, crying - "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" - and frequently, in all these places, mighty power accompanied the word spoken, so that many believed on the Lord to the saving of their souls.

One reason of his success was his unshaken faith in God, and his entire dependence on the mighty life-giving Spirit to carry home with power the truths which proceeded out of his mouth.

Riach held office in the Wesleyan Church in **Portessie** as a local preacher: and class-leader. As a preacher he was well received, his discourses were full of Gospel truth - the threatenings and promises of God were fully declared by him, but he gloried in the cross, in Christ's atoning work and peace-speaking blood. As a class-leader he was kind and affectionate, but withal faithful - giving encouragement when needed, reproof where required, and was always ready with a word in season to them that were weary.

For several days previous to his departure from this world, it was noticed that he was much more in earnest than usual. You could see that his whole soul was in his discourses. All unknown to himself or his fellow townsmen, he was fast ripening for glory, and about to be gathered in. Little did those who saw the stalwart form of James Riach going down to his boat that day, in the full vigour of manhood, think that they would never see it more. Yet so it was, and as he walked along with his lines under his arm he sang at the top of his voice—

There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free
My Jesus is there, and He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by-and bye;
There with friends hand-in-hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high?

There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said, no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say 'good-bye';
When over the river we're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.

Thus James Riach went down to die, though he knew it not - singing the song of the 'Beautiful Land,' of which he was so soon to become an inhabitant. During the time they were at sea he talked to his crew as usual of the things that pertain to the kingdom, and sung its songs, but as they were returning home from the fishing ground on the night of the 4th of October, 1871, while the boat was 'tacking,' he fell overboard. Nothing, it seems, could be done for him, and the pitiless sea closed for ever over all that was mortal of the much-loved, much-respected James Riach.

"And I have often thought," said a fisherman, "while speaking of this sad event, "how strange it was that his body was never gotten." *Now*, I think it's well that it was not so, for so great a hold did he have of the folk here, that I fear they would have been in danger of paying almost idolatrous respect to his body, and to the place too where it was laid."

E.McH.

The two following letters, written but a short time before his death, will, doubtless interest some readers. With these, and one other little loving reminiscence from one of his Christian brethren, his story of grace will be concluded:

JAMES RIACH

BUCKIE, 4th February, 1871.

"DEAR BROTHER C__, I received yours. Am sorry to have been so long in writing, but I have been very busy since you left. God is still working in a wonderful manner in **Buckie**, and many are inquiring the way to be saved.

I do not know how to begin telling you about God's marvellous workings in this place, but amidst all the reproach and ridicule of men and ministers, He is still working in great power. Our great loss is the want of a place large enough. You will be astonished to hear that I was asked to preach in the Free Church on Wednesday night. I wanted the church into our own hands but they would not give it. Still I went and preached, and after I had done so, Mr. S__ dismissed the meeting.

I am almost knocked up. Tell brother H. I would need him and yourself; for what could God not do by us when filled with the Holy Ghost. Had we a town-hall large enough we would have a glorious work, but we must submit. There are three or four meetings in different places every night; the mission hall crowded to overflowing, and many outside. On Sabbath night I had to preach on the street to Papists and all sorts, and had this, that, and the other objection thrown in my teeth, and you would have wondered how God gave me a word to them in return. The Papists are wild, but I believe the truth has laid hold of some of them, although I have not heard of any decided case yet. I cannot describe the state of this place. ___ is even bolder than myself - has spoken several times, and has got the right thing I assure you, and is manifesting it, too, in the best of all ways - the daily life. O that every soul were saved! I hope you are having faith in **Peterhead**. If brother H__ were here, he would get plenty to do. God's people have been greatly blessed. Love to all.—Yours in Jesus, "*JAMES RIACH.*"

JAMES RIACH

BUCKIE, 13th March, 1871.

I do not know where to begin to tell you about the manifestation of God's power among us at present. A great procession of Christians from **Portessie**, **Findochty**, and **Portknockie**, went through **Buckie** and on to **Portgordon** - what a marvel of God's grace. I wish you were here to see, for to tell you I cannot. It will astonish you to hear that ____, filled with the Spirit, is preaching the Gospel right and left, and today was the means of awakening five souls - I wish you were here to see. We had Pope on Sabbath; he is a noble fellow; but I do not think I ever heard a young man like Mangles. He is filled with the power of God. You would hear the hallelujahs ringing through the chapel when he preaches.

Give all my brothers in Jesus my love,. especially H. and K. We have to thank God for a Methodist chapel. McLean is to be with us on Friday - they are dancing for joy, W ____ and some others surprise me. Have faith in God.

Yours in Jesus, "*JAMES RIACH*"

A FRIEND OF JAMES RIACH

During this time of revival when the people were literally made to dance for joy, he was complaining one day that he did not share in it to the same extent as others.

"Well, James," said I to him, "the Lord has reserved you for a special purpose. There's nane of us all so capable of speaking to the anxious as you are, and the Lord, has reserved you for that."

How glad the dear man was when I said that, for he had been thinking that there was some resisting element in himself - something at least that was hindering the Spirit from filling him as He had done the others - and the thought of the Master employing him for this special service, filled him with joy to overflowing, his former concern having arisen more from the fear of having grieved or resisted the Spirit in any way, than from a selfish longing to share in the general enjoyment.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITNESS BEARING - PORTGORDON.

MR. BAXTER

After a visit to **Portgordon**, Mr. Baxter, in a sermon preached in **Banff**, Feb., 1860, remarked -

Repentance had in many instances been succeeded by peace in God, the most transporting joy and blessed hope. Self-denial had been willingly undergone when called for. Business for a period had been sacrificed; and the house of the publican, but a few days ago the constant scene of dissipation and uproar, had been converted into a house of prayer. Old feuds had been forgotten, wrongs confessed and forgiven, and malice gave place to love.

In **Portgordon**, parties long at enmity were seen walking arm-in-arm, and showing their neighbours that they had been changed. No terms could be found strong enough by which to express gratitude to God, and love and admiration of the Lord Jesus Christ. Humility has taken the place of pride and pretension. Singular decision and heroism had been in some instances shown when persecution had exposed young converts to trial; genuine concern for the good of relatives and neighbours had been crowned with success. The spirit of hospitality was ungrudgingly shown. Brotherly love was strong, and there was a zeal which indifference may brand as enthusiasm. On, the whole, I think the movement ought to draw forth gratitude in every Christian heart to God, whose work I believe this movement to be.

He (*Mr Baxter*) had been at **Buckie** and **Portgordon** at the end of the week before, and that was the opinion he gave. - *Banffshire Journal*.

E.McH.

Such, according to this witness, was the work done in **Portgordon - Portgordon**, "renowned for wickedness," "famed for drunkenness," - and the human agent used by God to accomplish it was, as in the other places - James Turner.

He was first led there through the instrumentality of an old woman. Some years before, his brother George had been in **Portgordon**, and lodged in her house. Now, hearing what was being done in **Buckie** through his brother James, whom she also knew personally, her cry was,

"I would like to see him before I die—I would rather have him than a minister."

At length a letter was written inviting him to come to them for a day, to rest himself, and cheer his old friend. This note was committed to the care of a young woman who went daily to the meetings in **Buckie**, and so careful was she to execute her mission properly, that she would give the letter into no hand but his own, which she did when he was in the desk in the U. P. hall in **Buckie**.

He opened the letter at once, and on reading it, he said, "I thank God for this; I am greatly in need of a day of rest, and this letter has secured it to me. Tell them," he said to the girl, "that I'll be over at **Portgordon** by eleven o'clock to-morrow."

The old lady's daughters, who were only at that time *professors*, not possessors of religion, felt somewhat doubtful about his coming, and hearing about the strange things that had been done in **Buckie** and other towns along the coast, were afraid to come near him lest they should be affected too.

THE OLD LADY'S DAUGHTER

But the very first words I heard him speak, said one of them, affected me much; they were- "Y'er nae doubting Him, are ye, Granny?"

"Na, I never doubt Him, I'm only doubtin' mysel'."

"Well, ye canna doubt yourself too much, if your trust in Him be siccar."

And then turning to me, he said, "and how's your soul?"

I didn't give him an answer, so he took no further notice at that time. He went back to **Buckie** that night, but on Saturday he came back to begin the meetings, and I was very happy to have him in my house.

The first night there was nothing done to speak of. After the meeting was dismissed, Miss M___ came down to the house after him. She came for the purpose of asking him to let the meetings out at an early hour -

"It was a dangerous thing," she said, "to keep them so late, and so many young people."

"I'll see what the Master will say," was his reply.

She still talked away, so he just turned to her and said,

"When were you converted, ma'am, if you please?"

The answer she gave was one which led to very faithful dealing on his part, and she did not again attempt to interfere with his meetings.

That night proved a memorable one to me. The whole of it was spent by him in wrestling with the Lord in prayer.

"Ah!" thought I, "if that holy man needs to pray so much, what will become of the like of me?"

Like one of old, he had power with God. When at breakfast, he said -

"The King will be here in His beauty tonight, and the Spirit of God will prowl through every corner of **Portgordon**."

"I hope so."

"It *will* be so, I've faith for it." and that Sabbath night, it was just as good as he said.

The schoolhouse, was crowded, and from every part of it rose the cry for mercy. There were many cases of prostration, and many also rose to tell that they had found Jesus, people that we knew perfectly well had never thought of Him, and would not have known how to speak of Him had they not done so. And I believe it was just as he said - "the whole town seemed that night to get a special call" - young and old were moved to serious thought, at least for the time being, and to very many the call was effectual.

I was greatly amused one day by a woman that came in from the country to see what was going on. I asked if she was going to the meeting.

"Well. I would like to ging, but I'm feart."

"What are you feart for?"

"I'm feart for the chloroform. They say he has a white pocket-napkin full o' it, an he just tak'st oot, as ye gae by him, or him by you, an' comes a puff across yer nez wi't, an' yer jist awa 'ere ever ye ken, an' I wouldna' like to be knockit doon in a strange place."

The people really had a sort of terror on them, for one man came up to the door of the meeting, and stood there with it open, looking in for a considerable time. A person feeling a strong smell of drink went up and said,
"**You** are not going in, are you, William?"
"O aye, man, I'm gaein' in," but, understanding that the doubt expressed about him going in referred to the drink, he said, "but I've just ta'en twa or three glasses to keep it from affectin' me."

They had some cause for their terror, though not from James Turner, for there was one lad, G. M____, came down from the farm of **Leichiestown** to scoff. He was struck down, and lay for three days in a room a spectacle for all; and when at last he recovered his speech, the first thing he said was—

How delightful the thought that the angels in bliss
Daily bend their wings to a world such as this;
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above
To breathe on our bosoms some message of love!

They come! on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to cheer or direction afford,
Or lay him asleep in the arms of his Lord.

He had come down to scoff, stout in heart and stout in body.
Now broken in heart and enfeebled in body, it was with difficulty that he walked home.
"Eight days after," said some friends who went to see him, "as we went round by the back to a bothie place where he was lying, we wondered where the music was coming from, and as they drew nearer found it was the stricken man still singing the same song—

'How delightful the thought.'

Another young man, Peter G_____, scoffed at and resisted the truth, as spoken by Mr. Turner. He was completely humbled before his death, however, and gave satisfactory evidence of having passed from death to life. Hearing, one evening, someone singing the songs in which he formerly delighted in, he was greatly distressed, "Oh!" said he, "how I detest these filthy songs now. Dear Mr. Turner will rise up and condemn many a soul before God from **Portgordon** on the day of judgment. I wonder that God had mercy on me, for I was a *devil* against him, and scoffed not only at him but at all that was brought to the Lord through him."

This young man died: strong in the faith he once sought to destroy.

There was great havoc made among the public-houses while he was there, and more than one sign was taken down in consequence of his faithful dealing. But there was one man, a publican, to whom James went, but he would not hear him, and he was obliged to come away, but he warned them faithfully, and shook off the dust of his feet for a testimony against them. Well, in a short time they were turned out of that place, and the

sign was. taken down, and not long after the man died in despair, and, what is very sad, his wife, an old woman, still lives, but is just mad against everything which is good. These cases are a sample of the kind of material James Turner had to work upon.

The scenes that took place in my house I couldn't describe, nor could I tell the number of the anxious ones that came seeking after him.

There was one case, to me, however, such a memorable one, and so closely connected with myself, that I will tell it:—

About a week after the meetings began, a girl came to the door one morning, with a shawl over her head, and her big black eyes almost starting from her head.

"Is Mr. Turner in?"

"Yes," said I, and showed her into the room where he was, and on entering it she gave a scream, and fell down ere ever he had time to say a word. Then she began to wrestle, as if with some invisible being, before she spoke. It reminded me of Jacob, for it appeared as if her joints would be dislocated.

Then she began to speak, and say that she saw the devil and a river between her and the Saviour, and that the wrestling was to get away from Satan to Jesus. After a while she began to smile, and her face was just like an angel as she said,

"I see Jesus with the five bleeding wounds in His hands and His feet, and in His side where the sword pierced Him."

And then she rose and went towards him, crying out -

"Blessed Jesus! BLESSED JESUS!"

And just as she went towards the corner of the room where she saw Him, I also saw Him, but not in the same manner as she did. It was entirely by faith that I saw Him, and my title ***through Him*** to eternal life; and all that I could say was -

"The wind bloweth where it listeth."

It had blown on me, and I knew that I was born of God. After I had recovered myself, - I mean realized for a minute or so the blessed change that had passed upon me, I said, "Oh! Mr. Turner, isn't it so simple?"

That same day the Lord revealed himself to my sister, and she said the very same words - "Isn't it so simple?"

After that I had not just the peace I expected. I thought now that I was born again, that I would be ***real good*** but instead of that I saw myself to be real coarse. Then I went to the Lord in secret, and pleaded with Him to show me what was wanting. And it was just spoken to my heart as clearly as though it had been a voice from heaven -

"With Christ and His righteousness I am well pleased."

Then I saw that all the goodness was ***in Jesus***, and what I had to do was to abide in Him - grow up with Him in all things day by day. And my children also, I am glad to say, are also safe within His sheltering arms, and a great comfort to me.

But to return to James Turner. It was always morning 'ere he came, and there was always a lot after him, and sometimes he had to go back to the school again to them. One night after he came home there was a Mrs. Simpson came to him; and she found the blessing of salvation before she went out. She had a tremendous struggle, but she was enabled to believe. She was not prostrated, but went about the room, and the things

she said and did were extraordinary. He did not attempt to do or say anything to her, and when I said to him -

"Really, Mr. Turner, I'm feart that she will ging mad," he quietly said—

"Never mind her, the two spirits are striving, and the weak must be dispossessed by the strong" - and so it was.

Some of the things she said were most extraordinary. In the very height of her struggle she looked to a picture which I had on the wall of the Queen. She looked steadily, and then said -

"I have the Queen before me, but Queen though you be, ye have a great trial before ye. Ye will lose Prince Albert."

At another time she mentioned by name a lady well known in the locality, and said -

"She's a good woman, she has the Holy Ghost, but Miss___ is not what she is thought to be."

At another time she said -

"Before my brother died, ten years ago, he said that the Lord would send an ambassador to **Portgordon**, who would turn it upside down. This place has been a noted place for its wickedness, for its Sabbath breaking, its lying, its drinking, etc., and the angels were wanting to pour out wrath, but Jesus was pleading to have patience with it until He sent the ambassador, and now he has come."

"At length," as Mr. Turner said, "the strong man was cast out by one stronger than he - the one who has all power in heaven and in earth."

And after she was enabled to believe to the saving of her soul she rejoiced greatly. Her gratitude to James Turner was so great that she seemed unable to rest until she was allowed to give some practical proof of it, and she begged to be permitted to wash his feet. For a long time he would not do so. At last we prevailed on him to allow it. Then she wished me to give her one of my best towels to wipe them - such was her feelings to the man who under God had been the means of leading her to the Saviour.

"He is," she said, "an ambassador sent by the Lord, and as such I pay him that honour."

For ten years after this Mrs. Simpson lived to the Lord, then died to Him. She had a practice of always carrying a little hymn-book in her pocket and when on the road between **Buckie** and **Portgordon**, there was a particular spot on which she always sat and sang her favourite one, viz.:-

Come thou fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering soul to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

E.McH.

The preceding narrative is given almost verbatim; the narrator being a very respectable character in **Portgordon** - a member of the Free Church there. That the things now stated took place in her house, there can be no question.

Many other cases of the same kind took place in that little town. Stranger still than those now related, some of them are, yet that such things did take place cannot be controverted, as in some instances there were hundreds of both eye and ear witnesses. Some of these cases, without, however, making the least pretence to explanation, I now state: - still, as facts, they do present a curious study for the psychologist.

The first personal narrative is a very simple one - that of the girl who carried the letter to James Turner, and one of a whole family won to Jesus through his instrumentality.

PORTGORDON GIRL

The first that I heard of James Turner was that all the fook were confessing their sins to him, and, he was pardoning them. I felt I was a sinner, and I thought, "Well, if he be pardoning sin, I have need of that I'm sure, so I'll go and hear".

There was, as you may be sure, a great amount of talk about him and his work, among a people so ignorant of spiritual things as we were at that time in **Portgordon**.

"Wasna that terrible like wark," said one man, "he's jist turning a' the coast upside doon?"

"Did ever ye hear the like?" says another man, "pardoning fook's sins?"

It was the last idea that I thought so strange, and good too if it was true; but I concluded if the folk said he was pardoning sin, there must be something in it, and I'll go and hear for myself.

Then I set out to **Buckie**. On the way I met a young man whom I knew to be a very rough character. That *he* was changed needed no telling, for his face was actually shining with angelic joy. When we met, instead of his former rough jokes, he merely lifted up his eyes, and said, "I've found peace in Christ."

It made a great impression on me, and I wept.

"Don't weep," he said, "you'll soon get it. Go home, and if there be any one that you love more than another, bring them here to get their souls saved."

So I turned and went home and got a companion of my own, and went to **Buckie**; and eight nights I went to the meetings there. I just came home for a little, and back again, and however incredible it may appear, during all that time I scarcely either ate or slept.

My distress of soul was very great indeed, for James Turner was not long of letting me see that my guilt was too great for him or any other man to pardon. It was a heavy burden, and I thought I was doing well to carry it. But one day ere ever I was aware, my soul became as the chariots of Aminadab, my burden was left so far behind.

I went to the hall one day - it was crammed to the door. They were singing the hymn,
"What's the news?"

Scores were crying to the Lord for mercy at once. The verse they sang as I went in was—

The Lord has pardoned all my sins
That's the news! that's the news!
I feel the witness now within
That's the news! that's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day:
That's the news! that's the news!

I do not know whether I had gone with feelings of closer expectancy, or more vivid faith that day, but there was a certain sense of having reached a point, but it was not the point which the words now quoted indicates, so I was silent; but as they sang—

"And Christ the Lord can save you too:
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve;
This moment, if you now believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive
That's the news! that's the news!

In a moment, I cannot tell how, I saw, and saw clearly that I had nothing to do, for the pardon and deliverance I had been seeking so persistently was already mine. The feeling of that moment I need not try to describe, only those who have felt that unearthly joy which the human spirit experiences, when for the first time it consciously receives the touch of its Creator, will understand, without description, the emotions that filled my heart. Then I saw that instead of doing well in grieving as I had done, that I had positively no cause to grieve at all, in fact, could not do it. My soul seemed just swallowed up in one boundless desire to praise God.

On going home, I told my mother about the blessed change that I had experienced; what I said did not please her at all, for her reply was, "Ye impudent gipsy, do you really mean to think you can teach me?"

Much more passed which did not mollify her any, and it ended by her expressing a wish, "that that mannie would ging awa and lat her children back into a rational state,"

for by this time my brothers and sisters were all anxiously seeking the Lord for themselves.

"O! W___." I said to a brother one day when setting out to a meeting, "come awa' to **Buckie** and get your soul saved."

"Go yourself; you've muckle need," was his rough reply.

But it was only a pretence at anger, for his voice was faltering, and he came to **Buckie**, and had his heart searched and changed by that strange subtle power which had laid hold of so many. And to this day he is a noble champion of the cross, and has such a measure of the Spirit as enables him, from time to time, with clear and copious utterance to tell of redemption achieved by power as well as by price, *in him*, as well as *for* him."

E.McH.

Strangely corroborative of this girl's story was an account I had lately of an incident connected with him. Not very long ago his ship was lying in an English port. Through parties connected with it, the work on the Banffshire coast was partially known. That Captain ___ was one of the converts and acquainted with it was also known, so he was asked to come to a meeting and give some account of it. Captain ___ expected to find only a few interested friends, but to his astonishment the large church was *crowded*. His courage almost failed at the great sea of human faces, and he went into the vestry for a short time, and to use his own words,

"There, God - the God about whose work on the Banffshire coast I was called to give an account, and who first revealed Himself to me there - again met me and so strengthened me that I could talk as unmoved to that vast assembly, and as freely as though I had been talking to a friend at my own fireside."

THE PORTGORDON GIRL AGAIN

A few days before James Turner came to **Portgordon**, I got a letter to carry to him, and so pleased was I with my commission, and anxious to execute it to the very letter, that I would not let it into the hand of another, but I went up right through all the people and put into his own hand, and it was such a gratification to hear him thank God "for the letter that the girl had just put into his hand," and tell the people how sorely he was needing a day of rest, and how this letter had opened the way up for him to get it.

Then I got my message to carry over in return - that he was to be in **Portgordon** next day by 11 o'clock. My sister met him on the way both going and coming, but she can tell you all about that for herself.

For a long time I felt a great power upon me constraining me to speak to others, I had not only a great power of feeling given me, but new thoughts and fresh ideas, and I had also the ability given to pour them out in suitable language - indeed, many times I could not but do it - for it would rush on me with a force too overwhelming to be resisted, to tell my perishing fellow-creatures about the great and glorious salvation. But I have said enough, my sister will now tell you her story.

MRS ISA TODD

THE SISTER'S STORY.

While James Turner was holding his meetings in **Buckie**, S.(*Sandy*) Macintosh came over from **Portessie**. I happened to see him as he, and another man with him, came along clapping his hands - just like one demented, at least, quite above the fear of man. "Well, Mrs. Todd," said he, coming up to me, "we are just come over to have a meeting before James Turner comes, that he may not have quite so much to do."

As the man spoke, my whole being received such a shock, something struck me - just as if a great quantity of cold water had been suddenly dashed on my head, and poured over my whole body, and inwardly I felt as if my heart had *died* and that I, stripped of everything, stood a naked spirit, a lone and helpless culprit before God, and for three days I remained in that condition.

The men passed on in search of a place to hold their meeting in, but nobody would give them room. At last a Roman Catholic woman opened her door, not from any sympathy with the movement or the errand, but because one of the men who came over was her brother-in-law.

When the meeting was over, the men, being acquaintances, came into my house, and some of the neighbours soon gathered in after them.

"Have ye faith?" asked one, at the men who had been speaking.

"Yes!" said he, "I've faith, or I would not have been here."

"Aye, but have ye savin' faith?" he persisted - *puir man!* He kent little enough at that time what faith was - repentance, faith, or being born again were things unknown in **Portgordon** then; or, if the *words* were known, the deep realities lying below them they certainly were ignorant of.

As the talk went on, one man, Peter Geddes, got quite anxious, and one of the preachers asked him to pray, so he began, just sitting on his chair, to say - ,

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord, which was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven and sits at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; the life everlasting. Amen. "

"Oh," thought I, as he was rattling ower the words, sittin' a' the time on his chair, "that's nae the way to pray at a'", an' I knelt down at my chair and wept.

"Open your mouth, Isa, and ye'll get the blessing," said Sandy McIntosh, but I couldna open my mouth - I could only weep. I dinna ken what kin' of weeping it was - it was fountains, not tears.

Next day, Friday, I went over to **Buckie** and met James Turner. I felt strangely impelled to speak to him, but could not. I stood and looked after him as if he had something to give me. On my way home I met him again. He looked hard, but did not speak. "Weel," thought I, "if ye were the *out-and-out* kind o' man they say ye are, and have such power, ye *would* have spoken to me."

On Saturday night, Mr. Turner held his first meetin'. When first struck, I felt as if stripped of all, as Eve with no fig-leaf apron; and I seemed now as I wanted some place to hide in, but could not find it.

On Sabbath I again went to the meeting, but came home much the same. After my sister had read and sang, we gaed to our knees in the closet. My sister prayed first, and then I prayed; and as I did so, the light broke into my mind, and I rose from my knees with the words on my lips -

'Tis done, the great transaction's done
I am my Lord's and He is mine.'

Nor were they words merely - there was a divinely wrought consciousness that it was so, and I could rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

YOUNG MAN

- A YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

"I attended Mr. Turner's meetings in **Buckie**, from curiosity I may say - certainly it was neither for love or desire of religion - still I went. I had the feeling that there was something more than ordinary about the man.

I was not a little surprised at the people under conviction crying out for mercy, it was something new in that day. For years before, I had felt that there was nothing satisfying to the spirit in the things of earth. I had been led to feel that there was an aching void in my heart that the world could not fill. Now, as I attended the meetings, I began to get a step beyond that; I got a glimpse of the reasons why it was so; that the foundations of my nature were out of course; that I was a *sinner*, in short, a *rebel* against God, and deeply convinced, indeed, did I become of the awful nature of my position.

For fifteen days I continued in this state - that of a convicted sinner, much impressed and much burdened; it was a heavy load to carry, sin. Heavier and heavier it became, until too much for human mind to sustain - sin with its penalties; hell with its horrors; the law of God with all its dreadful sanctions; and the all-absorbing consciousness that I, a *lost sinner*, deserved, and was exposed to it all.

Out of this depth - this terrible depth I cried, and cried in earnest for pardon and deliverance. My cry was heard, and deliverance came thus. All at once Jesus appeared visibly to the eye of my faith as my Saviour. To that *cross* on which I saw Him extended, I was made to *see* and *realise* that *my* sins had nailed Him; and I saw too, in a way that I cannot describe, that He was thus become the end of the law for righteousness to *me*. And if I had wept for sorrow days before, I wept for joy days after.

This took place early in the year 1860; and praise the Lord, my relationship to Him now, early in the year of grace 1875, remains unchanged, a child of God, through faith in His Son, Jesus Christ."

JOHN GEDDES

- *A TIPPLER'S STORY.*

John Geddes, Carpenter, **Cullen**, was first awakened when a boy, by attending one of the Methodist meetings. I used after that to take my Bible and go to the braes and read it, and consider the truths in it; but I did not understand them, nor did I know anything about prayer, except what I was taught to repeat as a child, *viz.*:- the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and a verse of the 23rd Psalm.

The corruptions of my nature, however, soon swept over these lets in their course, and my mental exercises were all hushed up by indulgence in sin. I left **Cullen**, and went to live in **Portessie**, and there went from bad to worse - for some twelve years. About that time I was again somewhat impressed with my state; the sight I got of it made me blush in the countenance, but the impression was not deep enough to make me alter my pace or give up my sin.

Then came February, 1860, when James Turner came to **Buckie**. I had been hearing of all that he had been the means of doing along the coast side, and I got thoroughly aroused. Now that he was so near, a kind of expectant spirit was stirred in me. At least I was very desirous to hear him, but was ashamed to let it be known that I was anxious about my soul.

I went to **Buckie**, however; but with a lie in my right hand, *i.e.*, I made some sham or ither, I dinna noo min' what, to keep the fouk in **Portgordon** from thinking what was my real errand.

Twice I went to **Buckie** in this Nicodemus-like fashion. Yet his words were burning their way into my soul deeper and deeper every time I heard him, but by the 18th, when he came to **Portgordon**, the quick was touched, my heart completely gave way and I grat from that time till the 21st. The bitterness which a man feels for the loss of his first-born was nothing to the bitterness with which I was made to weep for my sins.

One sin in particular troubled me much. I was a tippler, and sometimes I went beyond that and drank myself into the condition that deprives a man of his manhood. That sin troubled me much, but the love of it was completely rooted out of my nature in this way:- I was coming along the road one day and had a strange vision. I was near a public-house, and all at once I saw round the door of it a group of men in all the different stages of drunkenness, and Jesus suspended in the air above them, as if being crucified by them. That sight loosed my bonds, and has acted up to this day as an effectual preventative from my returning like a dog to that vomit.

During the three days that I wept, I told James Turner my state, but he said very little to me. Often all that he said, on seeing me at the meetings or elsewhere, was, "You'll soon be better, John".

About this time, my wife also was awakened, and very simply. A man came into our house one day and began speaking about the work that was going on, and said that it was astonishing to see those who could not read a word in the Book, how the Spirit wrought on them and taught them, and made them speak and pray in an amazing manner.

The things he said touched her at once, for she was one of the unlearned. The blessed Spirit by that simple means opened up her heart, and her distress was soon so great that I had to go for Mr. Turner. Before I came back, the house was full of people, and every one of them crying for mercy. By some incomprehensible power, all these people were suddenly brought to feel that God, eternity, sin, death, heaven, and hell were terrible realities.

The meeting was going on, and we all went off to it together. I had not been long in, when the Lord, by His Spirit, applied the Balm of Gilead, and bound up my broken heart, and made me rejoice with joy unspeakable.

No sooner was I into the light myself, than I began to do what I could to get others into it also. I set to work at everything or anything my hand could find to do. I kept the young people out of the public meetings, held meetings myself, spoke and prayed, the Lord giving me power to do so. Many were anxious, very anxious. There were some prostrations and some were brought to Christ. There was one thing especially that I liked to do, and that was to visit the sick, five or six of them in a day I would be at. They couldna get out, ye see, to share our blessed times outside, so it was only right to share one's own sweet morsel with them.

There's just one other thing that I will tell you, and it's for God's glory that I do so, for by means of it He taught me a lesson of great importance.

I have told you of one vision which was the means of curing me of my tipping propensities. The one I am now to relate taught me this other important lesson, *viz.*, of making straight paths for my feet:-

One morning, while lying in bed, I saw before me a very high hill, and a vast number of people from all quarters climbing it. The majority of them took a *squat* path.

E.McH "What is that?" I asked.

"All to one side," he replied, and of course that was much the easiest way of going up a steep hill.

Well, when they had got up the hill in this easy-going round-about path, they tumbled down, and I saw them no more. I had to go straight up an almost perpendicular path, and when I got up, the once crucified but now glorified *One* received me at the top, and ushered me into a scene of unspeakable glory - unspeakable I may well call it, for I know of no words which would give any idea of the glory which I saw.

But I can say this, that these two visions have had a strong effect on me. The one took me as it were away from the world, and the other built me up in the faith; and still I'm climbing up Zion's Hill, and, praise the Lord, right up the straight path, and not the round-about fashion.

YOUNG MAN

- A LITTLE BOY'S STORY

When the news came to **Portgordon** of what James Turner was doing along the coast, many of the people were quite in a consternation. But my mother, who was a Christian woman, understood it, and sent the servant with us to **Buckie** to get the blessing. I was then a boy of 12 years, my sister and brother each two years younger.

Well, we went to the U. P. hall, Mr. Barras, the minister at the time, was preaching, and I was very well pleased with him for Mr. Turner. But he stopped and said, "Mr. Turner will address the meeting."

Then came up that dear man of God. I was greatly disappointed and said - "Is *that* the great man? I think nothing of him at all." - Of course I was looking to the outward appearance.

Well, he began to speak, gently as a lamb at first, but as he went on he seemed to open up as it were, more and more powerful he grew, until he was completely master of the position - until at least he had full command of the hearts of the people. In every one of them the Word of God seemed to have free course and be glorified. The truths he spoke had taken effect.

Just before us a girl fell prostrate. This startled us, but some of the workers came up to her and we then had a sort of satisfied feeling as if all was right.

Mr. Turner then began to go through the place, speaking to the anxious. At last he came up to us. He asked where we had come from. So, the girl told him the whole story - how we had been sent down to be converted, etc.

He seemed amused with our simplicity, and asked the Lord to bless the woman who had such faith. After he had spoken to us about the Saviour, he asked me to pray, just in the seat where we were, but I would not. He then asked my sister to pray, and off at once she started with "Our Father, which -art in heaven," then—

"I lay my body down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep
If I should die before I wake,
Take me to heaven for Jesus sake. Amen."

Then came—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

Next came the Creed, which being rattled off in splendid style, the whole closed up with a most emphatic "Amen".

Then turning to me with the air of one who was very conscious of having done well, she said, "Now, say your prayers".

I did not by any means feel inclined, but from fear of being reported to my mother if refractory, I began repeating the same things as my sister. But while doing so, I will never forget how forcibly and suddenly the thought struck me,

"That is not right, it is to God you should pray,"

so immediately I left off repeating my learned prayers, and cried to God to pardon my sins, and make me a good boy, and save my soul for Jesus' sake. Then I wept from a deep consciousness of my own wickedness, and vowed in real earnest - that I would be *a revival*.

While weeping and praying and vowing thus, Mr. Turner again came and pointed me to the Saviour, and I did then in a measure lay hold of Him by faith. Someone then asked me to go into the anxious room among the other lads. A number of them were singing and waving their hands.

"Oh," says one of them coming up to me, "are you come in to join our happy band?"

Then holding out his hand he asked again,

"Have you found the Lord?"

"Yes," said I, and at once he struck up with the hymn -

By the grace I now receive,
I can, I will, I do believe!
I can, I will, I do believe!
That Jesus died for me. etc.

and sang the hymn through, holding my hand all the time, then they prayed for me; and as they prayed, my faith grasped the Saviour more fully, then joy such as they appeared to feel, poured itself into my spirit, and I did feel happy, really happy.

When the meeting closed we went home, and mother questioned us pretty minutely about what had transpired. We both told her we had got the blessing. But after a multitude of questions she seemed much better pleased with my sister's statement than mine; and even I felt more confidence in her conversion as being the real thing, than my own. But I went back in the evening, and kept going to the meetings in **Buckie** all the time he was there, by which means I got my heart established in grace - confirmed in the faith. And then when Mr. Turner came over here to **Portgordon**, I was one of his witnesses, and by following him I got power to resist sin, and was enabled to witness for the Lord publicly.

When he left this, we kept up meetings, and the work prospered, and the people grew strong in the Lord. I started a young men's meeting here, and good was done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. And I thank God that I have never regretted the decision then taken; and today I rejoice in the liberty wherewith he makes His people free.

OLD FISHERMAN

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I was a very moral living man up to the year 1860, so much so that I would not allow the house to be swept even on a fast-day, and I invariably reproved everyone that committed sin or blasphemed God's name in my presence. But for all that I was led into immorality to a great degree. In this intermittent state I continued until the great revival in **Ireland**. Reading the accounts of it in the public papers, I was constrained to think much about the meetings. All the varieties of the work done in the meetings - the preaching, the praying, and the anxious meetings - were separately the objects of long, earnest consideration.

"Early in February, I heard of Mr. Turner being in **Portessie**, and of the work he was doing there, and without the least hesitation concluded that this was a man come to revive our coast. When he came to **Buckie**, I heard about it by my daughter who went there and came home crying, being in deep conviction. But I did not go after him; I waited until he came to **Portgordon**.

I felt sure he would do good when he came, and truly it was so, for during the first week, all my family excepting myself and wife, were converted. After he came I attended every meeting and got no good. I shifted from side to side of the meeting-house, putting myself in his way, thinking he would speak to me, but he did not, and I thought I was undone.

This continued until the Saturday before he went away, when I received a deep wound of the Spirit, even the sentence of death in myself, for I was made to feel that I was a great sinner and condemned before God. Deep and real as my distress of soul now became, it was really a relief from what my former state was. Now the element of hope seemed mingled up with the new sorrow, and before it was nothing but the blackness of despair. The Lord seemed to be passing me over. And what made it worse for me to bear, the people all thought me a good man. One night before James Turner came, I could not help weeping for very anguish at the sight of five young people who had come into my house. They had been at the meetings in **Buckie**, and three of them had found peace and two of them were under conviction. They had all the idea that I was right, and one of them began to tell me what she had to endure in consequence of her openly-professed faith in the Saviour, and what hard things the people were saying to her.

I encouraged her as fully as I could, and counselled her to stand fast and not mind what they said to her. The others who were under conviction told me their sorrows, but I could say little to them. I was in reality suffering more than them; they were getting vent to their grief, while I had to stifle mine.

Unable to bear this longer, I left the house and took a walk by myself down to the pier. As I was walking along, a man in deep distress of soul came up to me and began to pour out his sorrows to me as one that could help him, which, of course, increased my anguish. I fear the poor man got little help from me, only I tried to meet his case with the Word as well as possible. What especially was my trial at this time was the idea that I was being passed over, and, of course, seeing so many others subjects of divine power aggravated the evil, and confirmed me in my opinion. It was, therefore, as you will see, a positive relief to be conscious of the initiatory operations of the Spirit, as it were, in producing this deep, feeling sense of my sinfulness.

This was the position in which I was when James Turner left, and for about six weeks I remained in it, but I had to get deeper down still in the miry clay ere the Lord saw good to lift me out of it.

During these six weeks I had given way to no known sin excepting that of taking my morning *(drink)* Oh! The power of habit, especially if it be a bad one, and this one was too inveterate to be broken. I tried and did what I could to refrain from it, but the temptation could not be resisted.

About the end of the six weeks however, I went a step further than my morning. One day I went with my wife to the merchant's shop to buy some clothes for our family. It was the custom, then, to take the purchasers ben to the back shop and treat them to spirits of any kind that they liked to mention, and so fully established was this custom that the more abundantly the merchant treated, the more likely he was to increase his customers. Accordingly we were, as usual, ushered into the back parlour to have some refreshment.

I was miserable when I saw the spirits presented, and determined not to taste. Twice it was offered to me and I resisted. But the third time when it was offered, my wife backed them up by saying that it would do me no ill, so I was done for. I gave in and took it.

Conscience now began to rage fearfully, so much so as to affect me physically. I grew quite ill, went home to bed, and soon became so seriously ill that the doctor had to be called. The hand of the Lord was certainly upon me, for I became a nuisance to myself and family, as a most racking cough was accompanied with profuse expectoration of the most loathsome character.

While my body was thus chastened with sore pain, my mind suffered still more severely. I had the most fearful apprehension of death, and I was oppressed with the devil, who filled my mind with terrible apprehensions. With Job I could have said, "When I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me through visions." (Job. 7v13,14.)

A point, however, was nearing. I fell asleep one day and dreamed that I was away getting the whisky again. I rose to get out of the company, and in the act of running out I met the landlady with her bottle, right in the door, and so she began to tell me that this was much better stuff than what the company were getting, and pressed me hard to remain and take some. Twice I thought I resisted her very pressing entreaties. But the third time I yielded, and when I put it to my lips and had tasted, it took fire and the flames went over my head. And the whole house was roused as I roared in my agony and cried to the Lord to forgive me this once, and I never would taste it again. And, praise His name! I never have tasted it, and never will.

The most curious thing of all is that from that hour I began to amend. I was looked upon as a dying man by all who saw me. They never expected I would rise more. But the next day I had so far recovered as to be able to go out.

Though my body was thus suddenly restored, my mind continued in much the same tempted condition, and had no one to comfort or direct. One night I was taking a walk along the pier. I was singing a hymn, and the suggestion came most forcibly that I would better throw myself over the pier at once and end the matter, as I was not converted.

Knowing the source from which that came, I turned at once and went home. When I went into the house, there was a man sitting there telling his experience, and in the course of doing so, he mentioned that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. That was a message from God to me. Through the energy of His Spirit the words reached my heart, and in my deepest consciousness I felt that I was a free man in Christ Jesus, and oh the blessedness of that hour when I first realised that I was indeed no

longer a subject of the kingdom of darkness, but brought into the liberty of God's dear sons.

My spiritual strength was not of a robust type at first, but I at once began to put it out in willing service for Christ Jesus, and exercise improved it greatly. But by-and-bye came a testing point. I was asked to take the lead of the meeting, and the enemy at once put a bar in the way, by suggesting - "You are in debt and will bring disgrace on the cause." I was very sensitive on that point, and so it seemed as if the bar thus put in the way of my taking a prominent stand for Christ was likely to be an effectual one.

Deeply exercised in spirit, I went to the sea that evening. After the nets were shot, I went to my knees and laid my case before the Lord, and asked Him not to let my debt stop His work. I was willing to work for Him but this hindrance stood in the way. I could not remove it myself; it therefore remained with Him.

In about fifteen minutes my nets were full. My hair almost stood on end. That night my debts were paid, and since that time, by His grace, I have stood in the forefront of the Lord's battle.

When James Turner came back to us again (*Nov 1861*) he was in a very bad state of health. We did not wish him to speak, but we did press him hard to make his appearance merely at one of our meetings.

"If I go," he said, "I am sure to speak."

And he did speak with great power, his words were like fire, searching and burning the spirits of the people, such as were in a state of backsliding seemed to be particularly affected, and many of them cried aloud for mercy.

The second night, however, was the memorable one. The Spirit of the Lord was present in an extraordinary manner. There was nothing visible the eye, but there certainly was a mysterious sound - as of a mighty rushing in at one corner of the school - onward it swept over all the school from that one corner to the other. Every one in that room was conscious of the presence and working of some mysterious power, all were moved by it, simultaneously moved, to decision for God. One young girl alone, of all that was in that room, resisted the Spirit of God. *Every heart* in that room was melted that night but her's, and James Turner made the remark that she seemed to be possessed with seven devils.

At the close of that service he was very much exhausted. But he sat down and exhorted the people to follow on to know the Lord, and to abstain from all appearance of evil. How we hung upon his words of sympathy and encouragement; we knew it would be the last, and though our mouths were filled with thanksgiving and praise, yet, like those of old at their final parting with the one who was their spiritual father, we sorrowed that we should see his face no more.

"Dear Friends," he said, "attend your meetings regularly, and I would advise you to keep together. The body of Christians that I belong to meet together in classes to tell their experience, and then there is a leader in every class, and he asks them round to tell their experience, and I would commend these meetings to you. You have all experience that you can tell here to-night, make this the first class meeting."

We did so, and wonderful experience was related that night as one by one, with melting heart and strangely softened countenance, rose to tell what God had done for them.

One effect of the Spirit of God dealing so mightily with us was a great tenderness of conscience. Just to give one example:—

I was one day off at sea, and in the act of shooting our lines. A fish pulled at the lines while I did so, and I turned and said to the lads, "There's plenty of fish here, for they are pulling behind my hands."

They did not believe me. Turning round to them, I said, "Faith!"

But oh! if you only knew what I suffered for that rash word, a whole fortnight I wrestled and pleaded for conscious pardon, and I can assure you it did learn me to bridle my tongue afterwards.

Up to the time of Turner's visit our house used to be one of songsters, and I many times gave them a dance, with the fiddle. But since he left this I have never during these years heard a carnal song sung in it - psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, however, we do have in abundance.

Spiritual knowledge was at a low ebb when James Turner came round our coast. The name of Jesus was scarcely ever heard in a service, except at the end of the prayers in the phrase "for Jesus' sake". I took seats in the Established Church, resolved to abide by it, but now that my spiritual nature was alive and needed food, I found I did not get it - nay, instead of nourishment I was getting what would do me positive injury - as for one thing they spoke of the impossibility of a man knowing that his sins were forgiven, and moreover, some three or four of the ministers came to try and persuade me the same.

But from that night on which I heard the man speak of the cleansing blood, and by the power of the Holy Spirit had it applied to my own heart and conscience, I have had the best of all evidence of the truth of a doctrine - the inward experience of it - and so in a manner am made a witness of the very opposite doctrine, *viz.*, that a man may have the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins.

I continued to attend, however, until the sacrament time came on, then I took so much to heart the fact of receiving the cup from a man who I knew to be an unworthy communicant, that I was in misery. After the tables were served I went out, and J. ___ asked me if I was going in again.

"No," I said, "I'm not going back," and didn't go back.

Thus I left the Church I had resolved to stick by, and went to another, the Parish Church of ___. I attended the ministry there for six months, and so intended to partake of the sacrament there. I attended his examination classes. Although I had done this, he refused to admit me unless I got a line from my old minister.

"No," said I, "Mr. ___, I'll rather set up a temple of living stones in my own house, and take sacrament with them.

But I did not do that. I went to the garret with the tiled roof in **Portessie**, and I only left it when we got a similar garret in our own town of **Portgordon**.

One young man, A__ T__ was in a backsliding state. He came into the meeting, but took a seat as far back as possible that no one might see him. He had not been in very long when he was prostrated and lay in that state for three or four hours. When he revived he rose up like one from the dead, and when they began to sing; "Hush." he said, in a kind of long whisper. "Oh, ye backsliders of **Portgordon**, he began to say, the avenger of blood is at your heels! The wounds of Jesus are bleeding afresh for you tonight. Every band must be broken. I have seen the bonds that are binding your hearts, and that bound mine; they are earthly things. The Lord has broken their power over my heart by showing me the things that are spoken of in the sixth chapter of Revelations, and I was bidden tell you to read it."

POWER OF PRAYER.

[This letter was headed INQOUIISH, C. B., 4th May, 1874.

I think that the writing of the original letter has been misread. I think it may be Ingonish, Cape Breton – Nova Scotia] Page 234 says: (We still had the Rev. Mr. Purves with us, who helped us much. He left us for America. I enclose you a letter from him since he went there, of which, for the glory of God, you may make any use you please.)

DEAR D—, I cannot express the mingled feelings of sadness and joy with which I read your long and deeply interesting letter, which I may tell you has been read in many of the little wooden houses of Inqouish.[Ingonish]

I need not tell you that my prayer went up from Inqouish [Ingonish] to the throne of the Eternal, there to join those of the brethren in **Portgordon** on your behalf.

Well, so Jacob has prevailed! The strong crying and tears of the garret have come up as a memorial before God, and according to His faithfulness He has again said, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt".

'O wonderous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the Almighty grace!'

How certain the good people used to be that the Lord would make bare His arm at the opening of the chapel; and of course, they have not been deceived:

"Prove me now, and *see* if I will *not*".

Glory be to God. I have been in the habit of praying -

"Let Inqouish [Ingonish] be as **Portgordon**, and **Portgordon** as the garden of the Lord". And blessed be His name, He is doing *both*. Pen cannot describe the wondrous change that has come over this place since New Year's Day. There are very few souls in the seven or eight miles of settlement, but have either found the Lord, or are under conviction of sin. Only the *manner* of the Lord's working has been altogether different to His way in **Portgordon**.

Floods of water would not have suited this soil I suppose -it is too stony - so as the *dew* on Hermon, softly and silently has the good Spirit been operating here. Special services I had *none* - how could I? There was not a man on whom I could call to offer a prayer. There were three or four old people who had once met in class, but when I came, there

was I believe, only one old man living in the enjoyment of true religion, so that I had to go on alone, preaching, visiting, and praying, yet not *alone*; "It was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and this prevailed: "the barley cake smote the tent," and over it tumbled.

Not having the faith and prayers of others to help them, the poor people had to mourn in secret places, and, for the most part, found the Lord in their own houses. Now, however, since so many stones have been turned into Abraham's sons, a living temple is being raised, meetings of some kind are being held nearly every night, and in *these* one after another is being set at liberty. Last Friday evening one very poor woman got her burden removed. Another got one to carry. In most of the cases their struggles have been long: and severe - sometimes bring on strong hysterics - but now that prayer meetings have got organised, the prison doors are sooner opened.

The first case was my *landlady*, then a woman of violent temper, very passionate, but now she can curb her temper as splendidly as Ellen Thain (Tartar) used to do, and better. I have often to magnify the grace of God in her, as I see her going through the duties of a large household patiently and cheerfully.

The next case was the schoolmistress, a handsome little woman of better looks than reputation, who had made up her mind to run away from her husband. On the Sunday night she was exceedingly diverted at the "penitent-form performance, " and could laugh merrily over it, but the very next night that I spoke to her in our house, she *fell*. She is now a lovely character, though just now under a cloud, through, I believe, an over-scrupulous conscience. Pray for her.

Another is a fine fellow of six feet odd, who served in the American war against the rebels. Their regiment went into action one time 1300 strong, and came out with only 600; but the big man who could go unflinchingly through the blood, and fire, and smoke of the battle-field could not stand before the keen-edged sword of the Lord.

Other two were brothers, who were concerned in an extensive robbery at ____, and who came home here to elude the arm of justice - hiding by day in the woods, and tramping by night, they arrived at home, but were shortly after converted to God.

Yet another case is that of a widow, with large family, who intended leaving them to themselves, though they were but children, and going to a town where she would most certainly have gone to ruin. That poor woman did drink of the "wormwood and the gall," "but now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come". The last time I visited her, as we sat before the wood fire hardly able to see each other for the smoke, she said in a quiet, firm voice, "I would not swop places with the Queen on the throne".

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things and blessed be His glorious name for ever and ever. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

We have now above forty meeting in class, and others joining almost every meeting. All these I have to lead myself, for I have not a single leader to help me, but I hope to get one or two into office before I leave.

And, now, how is your dear mother? I often think of the snug little parlour at **Portgordon**, and the class-meetings she and I used to have together. Indeed, the Banffshire village, and the white capped fisher wives are rarely out of my thoughts - how can I forget it? Every time I go out in the snow I have to wrap up my throat with a certain grey muffler, or a certain white one which brings either good A___, or your dear sister to my mind. And seldom can I pull a pair of stockings on in the morning, without being reminded of aunt Bell or good Widow Farquhar. Nor can I go to my handsome keeper for a handkerchief, and forget your dear mother. And when the kerchiefs, etc, etc, have all rotted away, the remembrance of my six months' happy experience in **Portgordon** will still be fresh and green. I should just like another visit before meeting you all in heaven; just once more to hear Sandy Murray's experience, to see Maggie Corkie's white cap, to hear Isa Todd pray, and to feel the warm grasp of her father's hand.

Well, you certainly did right in accepting the loan of the hall. It seemed, as if the Lord, before blessing you, sounded you on just that weak part, and finding you prepared to forgive others, said, "It's enough," and sent down the shower, or, as old Willie Cowie used to say in his prayers, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel," therefore, "the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them".

I am sorry to hear that the churches in B___ are not yet prepared to receive the salvation of the Lord in *His* own way, and therefore put it from them. I had thought by this time they had learned wisdom from the things they had suffered.

I saw from the *Recorder* that a good work has been going on in **Portessie**. I suppose it would begin before yours, and hope Mr. Lowther is in the midst of it, blest, and made a blessing. Remember me to him and Mr. Allan.

So little Susan has been taken home! Well, the memory of that little lame child will long be as "ointment poured forth", not only in her own home but others.

I do rejoice that your father's feet have at last found the rock, and that Ellen has been confirmed in her faith, and that little Agnes has, as "a rose when offered in the bud", given her little self to the Lord. Wonderful! The Lord is doing something of the same kind here; some serving Him in the dew of their youth, "from the womb of the morning".

And now, D___, again I say adieu. Remember me to Mrs. and Miss Badenoch (I need not say *your own household, my whole letter* is to them), George, and Bell, and family, and every brother and sister in the place, from Peter Napier's' house in **Gollachy**, to Mary Farquhar at the head of **Portanochy**, I beg for their continual prayers. Next to the all-prevailing prayers of our own exalted Saviour, I depend on the intercessions of the Church of God in **Portgordon**.

The Lord be with your Spirit. —Your loving brother in a common Lord, W.P.

AUNT BELL'S STORY.

On the 12th of February, 1860, my daughter went to **Buckie** to see some friends. The change in them was so manifest, that she was fully convinced of the work going on being of God, indeed, she herself became a proof of it, for she came home deeply awakened, crying bitterly.

"What's the matter wi' ye, lassie," I questioned.

"O, mither," she answered, "**Buckie** is in such a state, the people there are a' getting converted."

"That's just like the Buckiemens," I said, "they make a sough about little."

Her impressions were too deep to be laughed off, and turning to her brother, she said - "Willie, Willie King bade me tell you to come ower to **Buckie** and get yer soul saved." His reply was rough; but she prevailed upon him and other two brothers and two sisters to go with her, and all got the blessing of salvation during these meetings. They pleaded sore with me to go to **Buckie** with them, but I had so many duties to attend to among my young family, that I made that the excuse for not being prevailed upon to go with them.

But while that was the reason I held out for not going - I really did not care for going, or I could easily have made way to do so. Indeed, I did not think I had any need of such change as they spoke about. I read my Bible, I prayed and had been confirmed by the bishop, and therefore did not think that I was in want of anything from James Turner.

At length they got me persuaded to go to the school where the meetings were held. There was a great crowd and I did not go in. Went back a second time but did not get in either, but on going home, was not quite easy in my conscience - I couldn't quite answer the question whether, if I had made a little more effort, I might not have got in? So as I could not quite settle it, I resolved to try again, and this time I went in the name of the Lord, with real honesty of purpose to get in, if possible.

When I got to the door the third time, there was a vacant space sufficient to admit me, and when I came close up, there seemed as it were bands put about me which drew me in. As I entered, the hymn, "What's the news?" was struck up - it proved a memorable hymn to me. I could not say that I had gone there a seeker of salvation - there merely was an honesty of purpose in going to hear this salvation spoken about, and Jesus, as it were, completely forestalled me in this, for I was actually in possession of it ere I had begun to seek - for just in the twinkling of an eye, as they sung the verse -

'The Lamb was slain on Calvary:
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free:
That's the news! that's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed,
'Twas there He bowed His sacred head;
But now He's risen from the dead
That's the news! that's the news!

A veil seemed to be taken away from before the eyes of my soul, and I saw these things to be great and glorious realities. It was very much as if a blind man who had never seen the light of day had suddenly had his eyes opened at noonday, while he had his position in the midst of a glorious landscape. But to describe what I then realised is

impossible, for there was not only the knowledge given of these things being realities, but I had the sense of possession, rather of being possessed, for I was conscious that Jesus had taken me for His own, and that the heaven of heavens was streaming through my soul in beams of light and glory, such as cannot be described.

To every line of the stanza my heart did respond, and I could have asked all the people if they saw it all as I did. Then as they sang the next stanza—

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone:
That's the news! that's the news!
He's passed triumphant to His throne
That's the news! that's the news!
And on that throne He will remain,
Until as Judge He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train:
That's the news! that's the news!

the veil of the present was again drawn aside, and I seemed to see him coming in reality, surrounded with all His dazzling train; and thus I stood a good while as if transfixed to the spot, gazing at the glorious spectacle, and all the time that I did so, all my admiration was how the Lord had borne with me, and how He had not put me into hell long before. All my own past, also, was spread out before me - how the Lord had dealt with me, and striven with me by His Spirit, and it seemed especially clear to me that though I had not such light as I had received this day, that I had got light enough to show that I had done wrong, and I had had enough, suppose I had never received more, to make me speechless.

I went home in a sort of maze at the strange things that had happened to me, at the new world into which I had been so suddenly ushered, and at the new life of faith in Jesus Christ as *my* Saviour, which I had so unexpectedly begun to live.

One of the immediate effects of this new life was a strange sympathy which I now felt with every child of God - a fellow-feeling as it were of their infirmities, and a great desire to cover up everything that would be hurtful to the cause of God.

Another effect was that everything became new; the whole world became so beautiful. I saw such beauty in every object of nature; the very birds seemed to allow me to come nearer to them. I saw God around me in everything - every object animate or inanimate bore His impress.

After I was thus brought to taste the joys of redeeming grace and a Saviour's love, I became in a measure distressed and perplexed, not with doubts in regard to my justification and membership in the family of God, but with a consciousness notwithstanding, of deep-rooted evils and tendencies to ungodliness in my heart. Deeper and clearer grew this conviction, and also so oppressive that my body seemed weighted down with it as with a heavy burden. I could not understand my spiritual position, I knew that I was justified and accepted, I could not, therefore, ask God to do either of these things when they were already done, and as I knew of no higher blessing, I had just to make up my mind to carry the burden of which I saw no means of getting rid.

So one day, while on the road going into the country, my burden was more grievous than ever, my perspective spiritually to an unusual degree gloomy. So, just where I was on the middle of the road, I stood still and clasping my hands together, I said - "Lord, if I have this burden to carry, I am willing to carry it to my dying day if it be Thy will."

But ere five minutes had passed my bonds were broken. The manacles of sin - the burden - the dead body of sin was dropped, for it just seemed as if something was stripped off my spirit, and I could almost flee, and the spirit of adoption whereby I could fearlessly cry, "Abba, Father", took possession of my soul; and as soon as I had received that gift I began to witness for Him, and have continued from time to time to do so these fifteen years, and by His grace I am determined to go on to my dying day.

At the time of James Turner's last visit I got a great blessing. I was on my knees, and the power of God on me was so strong that I could not get up from my knees until about two o'clock a.m. - I felt as if nailed to the earth. It was a time of extraordinary workings of the Holy Spirit. That night as in the days of old, He came as with a mighty rushing wind into our midst and filled the place, and so conscious was I of His operations on my spirit, that they seemed more physical than spiritual.

I felt as if my *material* heart had been actually emptied and then cleaned out; then after being thus emptied and cleaned, as if there had been a little image of the Saviour put right up and down in it. Though I felt this, I knew it was a spiritual process; it was the living Jesus in all His fullness as my complete sanctification that I had received.

And I heard as if a voice had said to me, "henceforth you are dead to the world - you are dead to sin." I would not have been surprised had the Lord taken me away then, and, oh, I would have gladly gone to Him.

But that was only the moment of transfiguration, from which I had to come down again and suffer not a little for His truth's sake. In the simplicity of my heart I thought I had only to tell others of the great blessing I had received, that they might seek it too; but I had to learn as never before the meaning of the Saviour's injunction - "Give not that which is holy to the dog, neither cast ye your pearls before swine."

About the first time that I opened my mouth to pray in public, I had a strange vision. I thought myself up in the sky and had a bird's-eye-view of the coast. The sun was shining brightly, and I saw the ministers sitting at ease, clothed in long hairy cloaks. And the power upon me was so great that I could not help crying out in prayer for those who were "sitting at ease in Zion".

I was also permitted many times to see the moral condition of people with whom I came in contact; it was by a distortion of body in some way corresponding to the distortion of spirit. For example, I went into a woman's house one day, and I saw as if her mouth was all turned on one side. I had to leave her for a few minutes, and when I had come back and sitten down, she at once began to speak against the work of the Lord in **Banff**.

"Oh, Bell," said I stopping her, "dinna say anither word, for I saw it all in your mouth before you began to speak", then I told her about the appearance I saw on her

countenance. She was surprised, became anxious, and afterwards got the blessing, and when I paid her a visit subsequently to that, her greeting was - "Come awa, the crooks are a' awa noo."

This was no solitary instance. The same thing happened frequently. The crook in the mouth, however, was the most frequent appearance, and always when I saw it on a person, I knew that they were either a swearer or a liar; I did not know which, however, until something occurred to bring it out but I knew that it betokened either the one or the other of these sins.

I often too got a message from the Lord, just like a clap, and I had to rise and go out at once, sure that I would meet or see the one to whom it was to be delivered. I could give many instances of this, and of the results, if it did not take up so much time. But there was one night I got a great blessing in the meeting. I got up - I could not sit still - and I remember telling them, among other things, that the Lord just used people to speak with, as a man would use his pen to write with. And the Lord used strange instruments sometimes.

There was a dear boy, a grand-child of my own, who got the blessing, and the things he said, and the experience he had of the Lord's dealings, was often remarkable. "Old ma," said he one day, "I dinna ken what's to do today, but I can't say anything but, "Lord save souls".

One would suppose that with these extraordinary exercises, our natural powers both of body and mind would get exhausted; but it was not so, but the very opposite.

E.McH

So far the oral testimony of the people of **Portgordon**. The following written testimony sent me quite recently will give further particulars of the work of God there:

J C

Fochabers, 14th June, 1875.

My Dear Sister in Jesus,

I think I was converted in 1853, but if I was, I went sadly back to the beggarly elements of the world about a year afterwards. This I attribute to the want of sympathy or fellowship, for I was very young and could get no one to speak with me about the good work of grace; and the idea of one so young (nineteen years of age) being asked or encouraged to pray at that time in public, was quite out of the question where I lived.

In this state of backsliding I remained up to the year 1860, and oh, how well I remember one Sabbath evening sitting in the dining-room of a very worldly family; and after dinner the gentleman took the newspaper (*Banffshire Journal*). After reading quietly to himself for a time, he exclaimed -

"Hear this blasphemy," and then he read aloud about a man of the name of Turner who was preaching in **Buckie**, and saying that he was *saved*, and that he *knew* he was saved, and a great deal more of the proceedings - a most exaggerated account I am now sure of the sayings of this saint of God, and of the poor simple people who were experiencing the New Birth.

"Dear me," he said, "for any one to say that they *know* they are saved!"

"Yes," I replied, "and they alive on the earth!"

Ah, but these mocking words, apparently so lightly spoken, sounded like a death-knell on the ear of my spirit. Conscience set upon me with mighty power, and opened up the tablets of my own memory, and brought me back to the time when I passed through a similar change, and, like the wicked king of old, my knees smote together, I was afraid and longed to be gone. I knew I was serving the devil there that Sabbath afternoon, and resolved if I should get away once, I should never again accept a Sabbath invitation to a worldly family and by the grace of God I have kept my resolution.

From step to step I proceeded, seeking rest and finding none for more than a year, because I could not humble myself to accept salvation as I did at first, I thought I must get some new way, I thought I must have deeper convictions, etc. etc. And certainly I got plenty of that for I was nigh losing my reason until I got a small leaflet-hymn put into my hands, "Seeking Soul I will Keep Thee". The verse in that hymn to the backslider was blessed to my soul; I got new light, fresh zeal, and more love tenfold. From that time to this I have been fighting for King Jesus, sometimes up, and sometimes down, sorely cut by the enemy, the flesh, and the devil, but always coming off victorious through the *Blood of the Lamb*.

About 1864, I visited **Findochty** along with another brother for the purpose of seeing how the Christian fishermen got on, for we were told by two sisters who had visited shortly before, that this village was overshadowed with the Holy Ghost, and we found it so in very deed. We had never seen anything like the power that was here manifested in prayer; and that by illiterate - but pious fishermen. It had a most humbling effect on *me*. The people were gathered together to hear us speak for the Master, but speak I could not. My brother spoke and spoke well, and the people were blessed under him; but I could do nothing, I *was nothing*. I saw myself with all my education and talents as nothing, and less than nothing; and could, and did, sit at their feet, and learn from them of Jesus.

After my first conversion, if I was converted, I had a prayer, a very pretty prayer, not learned from a book, but well studied and put together by myself; this prayer I could suit for births, marriages, or deaths, if need be, just as it was required. This prayer was often favourably commented upon by other people, but what was it? It was but the prayer of self-conceit parroted off in order to please man more than to make any requests known unto God. Well, what I want to say is, that this prayer God robbed me of that night in **Findochty**, and from that day to this I never could repeat it.

The power of God so came down on me in answer to these dear men and women in prayer, that I was confounded and ashamed, thus I was humbled and blessed through the instrumentality of these fishermen and women, all of whom professed to have been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of the late James Turner.

Well may I revere the memory of that man of God though I never saw him; for did not the reading from the *Banffshire Journal* of his mighty work (though not intended) smite my conscience and convince me mightily of my awful position; and now was I not

robbed of my hypocritical prayer, humbled and made willing to be nothing for the dear Lord, who did so much for me, through the instrumentality of his children in the faith?

From time to time I made frequent visits to the coast after this, for I delighted to worship with those who so simply, earnestly, and zealously worshipped their God, and I never did so without profit.

In 1871, I got a very pressing invitation to come and help them at **Buckie**, and I was only too glad to respond.

I went on the Saturday evening, and we had a good meeting, a very good meeting. It was quite evident from the solemn countenances before me that the truth had been taking hold of the minds of the people for some time, and from the prayers of the people one could see that the blessing was nigh at hand. Several of the local brethren, along with the East Coast Missionary, and the late James Riach (a Prince in Israel) had been labouring zealously, and with good effect, for it now only required the slightest fanning to put all in a blaze.

In the afternoon of Sabbath we had a precious meeting in the East Coast Mission Hall. While addressing them, I was three times interrupted by people, grown up, stout, hardy men and women, crying for mercy to their souls. I was quite a stranger to this sort of thing, but I was only too glad to stand still and dumb until they got their cry out, for I knew it was the work of the blessed Spirit. Whether these tidings got to the ears of the clergy I know not, but one of the Established clergy appeared at the evening meeting, for what purpose we knew not then, but we were not kept long in ignorance.

While the address was being given, one woman got up saying she could wait no longer, and she very intelligently prayed to God to have mercy upon her, and save her soul; that she had long professed him but had never possessed Him. This woman sat down blessed, and I believe saved. While she was praying, his reverence seemed very uncomfortable.

Thinking my former address was too arousing, and that I was somewhat to blame for harrowing up the feelings of this female, as soon as she was done I changed my text and subject, but, had only spoken a few sentences when other two, a man and a woman, both at once cried beseechingly for God to be merciful, and save their souls. This was more than the rev. gentleman could stand, and he got up and endeavoured to interrupt.

By this time both were about finishing, and some friends remonstrated with him not to interfere with the meeting, saying that he would grieve the Holy Ghost; and for fear the people should hear the bantering between him and them, I struck up the chorus of a hymn. During the singing of this hymn, or chorus rather, I witnessed such a sight as I trust my eyes shall never behold again.

Those of his people who were in the body of the hall wished him to get a hearing, while those of us who were near enough to hear his arguments, would not allow him to interfere, and kept on singing the chorus. His people were up standing on the tops of the seats, gesticulating dreadfully, and others beside them were pulling them down.

As soon as I could get the chance (for I had always to keep the chorus going), I said,

"You see, Mr. ____, what havoc you have made of the work of God."

"Ah, but is it the work of God?" was his reply. "It is nothing but witchcraft and hysteria."

"If it's witchcraft and hysteria," I replied, "the sooner you are out of it the better; but if it's the work of God you will find yourself in the awkward position of fighting against God; and for His sake go home, for I'll sing this chorus till midnight, in order to prevent you getting a hearing."

A minute or two afterwards he vanished, but his baneful influence he left behind. The work of God seemed marred, every soul was downcast. We appealed to the common sense of the people whether it was right or not to allow this man to try to stop the work, merely because *he* thought it was witchcraft and hysteria. Like the disciples of old he would rebuke poor blind Bartimaeus for seeking mercy. I asked the people if they would consider it right or fair for the East Coast missionary (Mr. Grant) to go up to this man's church and interfere with his services, the more especially that he was never sent for. Then I asked those who were to follow Mr. ____ to go, and those who wished to follow Christ to remain.

All sat down except one lad, who went out, but not to remain, as will be seen presently. We commenced that meeting again, but with little apparent effect, every soul seemed wounded, thus Jesus was pierced in the house of His friends. One prayed after another, but there was no power. *I* prayed, but I might as well not have done so. At last an old woman, Janet Murray or Duncan, prayed in her mother tongue, but with such plainness of speech, and close dealing with God, as I had never heard before. God answered *this prayer at once*. I was much blessed, so was James Riach, who told me she was one of James Turner's converts, as he was one himself, that he had watched ever since she was converted, and that her life was in every way consistent; to use his own words, "she never took a step back".

The meeting was somewhat better now, but our faith for the night was exhausted, and Mr. Grant proposed closing, to which we were all agreeable, for none of us saw any good of continuing it any longer. *Now*, however, was God's time to work, and when He works, who dare hinder?

The blessing was pronounced just about twelve o'clock at night, and the parting hymn being sung, when the mighty power of God came down, as a mighty rushing wind; never shall I forget it, nor do I wish to forget. Of all the sights I ever looked upon in this world, to me it was the most solemn and interesting.

I saw about forty men and women all at once, at the pitch of their voices, weeping, as they cried for mercy; the men, strong men, bowed down, or rather bent back, for their hands were outstretched upwards, with their faces, full of agony, looking heavenwards, and their backs bending backwards. Such was their desire for mercy, each called for himself or herself; and all at one time, none heeding the prayer of his neighbour.

To the world, to those of the world there, this must have appeared a Babel, but one feature I noticed in this work was that every one who thus humbled himself or herself to *seek it openly*, generally sat down rejoicing or satisfied that they had got the blessing.

Talk of an after-meeting, this was one led by the Holy Ghost; no need for other workers, although there were eight or nine of us there, willing to work, or direct anxious souls, our services were not required. The Lord seemed to say, "Stand aside and behold My glory".

For a considerable time this went on without the slightest intermission, and without interruption, for none of us dare put a hand to it to guide it the one way or the other. We were in no fear of the Ark of God, although it seemed to rock to and fro, and to suffer from apparent confusion and want of order, we were all fully persuaded this was the work of God, and it was perfectly safe in his own keeping.

By-and-bye there was a calm in the meeting, when a young man (a seaman) stood up, and now there was perfect silence in the hall, and all eyes were fixed upon him when he stretched out his hands heavenward, as if imploring God's mercy, but sat down without uttering one word. Again he stood up, and did the same, with the same result, his face indicating a soul on the borders of despair. The third time he stood up, he got his mouth opened, and I will give you his own words as nearly as I can remember them:- "Oh God, hae mercy upon my soul! Oh Lord, will ye no hae mercy upon my soul? I'm the guiltiest sinner in a' **Buckie**. Lord, will you no save my soul? Oh Lord, save my soul! Lord, I have scoffed at yer work for the last sax weeks. Lord, ye ken, we gaed four o' us th' day to **Portessie** tae scoff at yer blessed work, we took four glass o' whisky tae steel our hearts against Thee. The Lord bless the lad that spak tae me about my soul at the door o' the chapel, but Lord, ye ken its nae saved for a' that. Lord, will ye nae save my soul?"

His cry, poor fellow, was piteous. It was enough almost to break one's heart to hear it. We were all broken-down, and we all shed tears of compassion for the poor fellow in distress, and sent up our silent petitions along with his, that God might be merciful to his soul. He sat down without relief, and with a face black with despair.

A hymn was struck up. We were well acquainted with speaking to anxious souls, but none of us felt inclined to put our hands to this work, or to go and speak with him. But before the hymn was done he rose up again, and this time it was to praise his God for mercy received, and to testify, as he did testify to every one there, that God had been gracious and had saved his soul.

He preached for half-an-hour, and during his speaking a young man was seen to come in from outside the door and take his seat at his feet. This young man (a mason) was weeping like a child, and we all *marvelled*, for he was a scoffer, and had withstood us all. He had been preached to, and warned of his evil conduct, and spoken to lovingly by our beloved brother Riach, now in glory, but all apparently without effect; yet under the preaching of this new-born child of God, who was yet a few minutes before a child of the devil, he was broken down, confessed his sin, and professed to find peace. Shortly after this, the meeting broke up at twenty minutes to four o'clock, a.m.

This was a long meeting, from 7p.m. till 4a.m., yet none of us wearied so much as we have done during one and a half hours of the dry orthodox preaching we too often get from *some* of the clergy, thank God not from all.

Shortly after this I was driving through **Portgordon**, when I met, or rather called at the door of a Christian family and asked for the mother. I had known her for a long time. She is one of "Turner's Converts." This woman is a seaman's wife, and I mention this because I think it's an honour to do so. She adorns the Gospel. Her equal I know not for gifts and graces in *any class of society*. She has what no education or any amount of training could give her. She is highly gifted of God *physically, mentally, and spiritually*. She talks as if she had been trained in a boarding school. Her language is eloquent when giving her experience, and speaking on spiritual subjects, and I have never heard her without being blessed. She has three sons and four daughters, all of whom are *advanced Christians*, and almost, if not all, converted before herself, through the instrumentality of "dear brother Turner," as they call him, and all in 1860; and from that time to this they have, without exception, continued not only Christians but working Christians in the vineyard of "Turner's God".

This woman, her family, and a few others, held on for years, never taking a step backwards, but always progressing in the divine life. Not finding food either in quantity or quality where they used to worship, they resolved to go to **Portessie** where the Methodists met, and whose teachings were more congenial to the tastes of new-born children of God, desiring the sincere milk of the Word. There they got food that contained all the properties necessary for the support of the soul (blood, flesh, sinew, bone, and marrow of the Gospel).

For their refusing of the husks, or the refusing of the stone when they asked and required bread, they suffered much persecution at the hands, not of the ungodly, but at the hands of formalists and mammon worshippers - but this persecution did them a world of good - it made them cleave unto the Lord, and so became a distinct and peculiar people of the Lord in **Portgordon**.

Still they held on, and still they prayed, and aye desired a place of worship nearer their homes where they could serve him more faithfully and fully, and most certainly our God has not disappointed them, but has fully given them their hearts' desires.

They formed themselves into a society in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, and I had the *high honour* and precious privilege of conducting their first service, and never shall I forget the power of God felt in that meeting in an upper room, belonging to another man was also converted through the instrumentality of "dear Turner".

This man cannot read, yet in prayer and conversation quotes Scripture most accurately; his prayers are something wonderful; their straight face-to-face dealing with God; his strong faith, and his very consistent walk and conversation, along with his faithful dealings with the souls of men, have a power in **Portgordon**, and wherever he goes to pursue his daily calling, - and will have, so long as he keeps humble at the feet of Jesus.

Many a happy meeting we had in this man's upper room; but although large enough to hold them all, and comfortable enough to worship in, it did not fulfil their desires, nor satisfy their strong faith - they must have a chapel of their own, now that they had a minister, and with a stout heart set their faces towards this up-hill work, and now they have a most beautiful little chapel - I know none better on the coast, it holds, I think, about four hundred, and though, of course, not quite full, is fast filling up.

The first Sabbath of this chapel was a day I shall for ever give God glory for, in that He allowed me to witness so much of His power and glory. The dear man of God, who was pastor to this people at this time, was a man of strong faith, undaunted zeal, and a holy man with much spiritual discrimination, which was very much in requisition at such a stage of this Society's history.

His first sermon in the chapel was really one delivered with much power, but not up to the desires of this man of God, for he expected to *see* results, and at the end of the sermon, seeing none of these, he was humbled in the dust, and could scarce conclude the service, he wept so. "He who humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he who exalteth himself shall be abased." It was really so in this servant's case, as I shall presently show.

In the afternoon we had a love feast at 3 p.m., and so manifest was the power of God, and so overflowing, that the one half could not get their experience told before 5 o'clock, the usual hour of dismissal. We separated, each one blessed, and desiring to be more blessed still.

Evening service was commenced at 6.30 p.m., in which the Lord made his arm bare to save, every soul seemed as if face-to-face with God, each seemed seeking after God.

The prayer meeting commenced about half-past eight o'clock, and now was the time for this pastor to rejoice, and for his people to clap their hands with joy; for there was such power in the prayers of each child of God as proved the downfall of the devil's kingdom in many hearts, hitherto unmoved by all the previous seasons of revival that had passed over **Portgordon**. Never had I witnessed anything like it except the night (of the right hand of God) in **Buckie**, already referred to.

One woman (a spiritual child of James Turner, and converted when quite young) I saw go very gently up to a stout weather-beaten captain; she shook hands with him and whispered something into his ear. I know not what, nor do I know what reply she got; but this I know, she stood by his side, with her face towards heaven still retaining his hand in hers, and there she prayed with such eloquence and living power as I never heard coming from the lips of male or female, it was truly pleading in the Holy Ghost.

It was much too powerful for the anxious soul at her feet, and up he got in the middle of her prayer and cried for mercy, weeping like a child; his prayer was very short, but it entered into the ear of a loving and gracious God, for he sat down at peace with God. His rising up and praying thus abruptly did not in the least disturb this princess in Israel, but it certainly altered the features of her countenance from those of anxious pleading to those of *joy*, *thanksgiving*, and *praise* to her "dear Lord" for thus answering prayer on the spot.

The face of this woman beamed so with the heavenly joy over this new-born son, that it appeared to me the most beautiful countenance I ever beheld. This ship-captain still follows on to know the Lord, and, if I mistake not, is an office-bearer in the church. To give an account of this meeting after this is simply impossible; souls were seeking God in every corner throughout the chapel; suffice it to say, this sort of work went on till about 12.30 a.m.

About this time a girl, I should suppose about twenty years of age, was struck down and became quite prostrate, this was the first case I ever saw of prostration, and I will give you my opinion freely what I think is the cause. I know it has been said by many that it is "a faint", produced by overcrowded meetings and bad ventilation; this case happened in the chapel where there was neither the one nor the other.

She became anxious in the early part of the evening, and was spoken to very gently and beseechingly by several of the people of God to do as others had done; *seek* mercy if she really wanted it, that what was worth having was worth asking. She was naturally of a very shy, timid nature, and the enemy on one hand telling her not to pray; and her sins, her conscience, the people of God, and the Holy Spirit on the other hand, urging her to ask it, there she remained on her knees for hours, sobbing and weeping freely. But not a word would she answer those who spoke to her, nor would she address one petition to her God to be merciful to her soul; thus she would do neither the one or the other, and she was *prostrated* between the two powers, heaven and hell.

She was carried home at six o'clock in the morning, and remained in this state for eight days. Turner's converts, if I may style them, have had many such cases in their hands during the last fourteen years of their experience, and so have been taught of God how to deal with them.

Some of those who had been prostrated in the early part of their experience went back to the beggarly elements of the world, which proved a source of great grief to them, and gave the world cause to blaspheme; and the reason *they* attach to this is, that when these people came out of this prostrated condition, they were allowed to go away with the impression that because prostrated, as a matter of course *converted*. Thus self-deceived their back-going was merely a question of time, because they trusted more to prostration than they did in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But this case was very differently dealt with, I think, to any other case that had previously been in the place. I heard the woman (who prayed so eloquently in the first part of the night) say to the minister, "When the girl comes out of this state, be sure and press Jesus upon her, and let her not trust to her prostration. Not only so, but point out to her that she was prostrated on account of her *disobedience*, and that her continued resistance to the command of God to believe and ask mercy, was the reason why she *was prostrated*."

This advice was acted upon, and she had to accept the salvation offered by Jesus after a much greater amount of exposure than if she had got up and asked it in the meeting before us all. She has turned out a most splendid case. She is timid, shy, and very gentle naturally, and one would be apt to think she would not make a bright Christian, but the very reverse is the case; she is a very bright one, and mighty in prayer.

A great many were added to the church - people more powerful in prayer it would be most difficult to find in any church. A *united loving people* they are, and if there be such a thing as our friends in the glory seeing us down here below, it must give Brother Turner very much joy to see so many of his children in the faith, living up to the mark, and working so faithfully in his Lord's service.

I delight to worship amongst them, for I know of no better or truer followers of the Lord Jesus, and our frequent class meetings is just heaven below.

I remain,

Yours in the Lord Jesus, *J ___ C ___*.

E.McH.

Many remarkable cases of spiritual blessing have been recorded in the preceding pages, yet multitudes remain unrecorded more remarkable still. Only a few more of them can be given here, but these few will afford us a glimpse, as it were, of the wisdom and grace of God in actual operation, in linking one work of awakening with another, in choosing His own instruments to do that work, and in using these instruments in a way that stains all human glory.

One of the narratives in the preceding chapter on **Portessie** closes with an account of two girls going over to **Portgordon**, and of being there made the means of spiritual blessing to others. The following letter from **Portgordon** begins with the details of that remarkable case.

A RESTORED BACKSLIDER

Portgordon, June 16th, 1875.

A young girl belonging to this place, but in service in **Portessie**, was laid down in a state of complete prostration. She underwent a mighty struggle while in that state. When recovered, she said that she had received a message to **Portgordon** which she had to deliver there at once. Accordingly, led by her sister and another girl, for she was perfectly blind from the time of her prostration until after the message was delivered, she came to **Portgordon**, and well do I remember the day - a blessed day to me that they came across.

There was a meeting in the school at the time, and the place well filled. There was a revival going on in **Portessie**, and the people were expecting it over to **Portgordon**. The Free Church minister was preaching, and the service was about half-way through when the girl came in and sat down quietly. Patiently she waited until the service was over, then rose and asked modestly if she would be allowed to address the meeting, as she had a message from God to **Portgordon**.

"No, No!" said the minister hurriedly, then ran out as fast as possible. Only a very few of the people followed him.

The girl then asked if she might speak to them, and of course they allowed her, knowing well that she was no impostor, but a common fisher girl, whose parents, belonging to the same class, decent people, lived in their midst.

Her message was that of the woman of Samaria. She began speaking about the woman seeing Jesus at the well, and spoke to the point. Then she invited them all to come and "see Jesus," whom, said she, "I saw in **Portessie**, and who sent me here direct to tell you in **Portgordon** to come to Him. I was a great sinner, and went to scoff at the work. When spoken to about my soul, I resisted the mighty power of God, and was laid down. Then Jesus came and spoke to me, and gave me to drink of the living water, and bade me come to **Portgordon** with this message to the people there, that they were to come to Him."

And praise the Lord, through that message, and that weak instrument, He shook **Portgordon** that night. The meeting-place was crowded with people anxiously enquiring how they could come to Jesus, and many found the way to Him. Many backsliders also were restored, and the believers also were stirred up to more active service in the mighty harvest field.

Regarding the backsliders, I can speak more feelingly than of the others, for I was one myself, and then I saw the once-loved Jesus visiting us again. I was made to tremble, and I hid myself from the women lest they should see me, and speak to me about the spiritual declension, of which I was now very sensible.

"Oh!" said a man, coming up to me, as I stood at the corner, after coming out of the meeting, "It is God visiting us again, and last time I did not get the blessing, but I would like that He would bless me now."

How my heart smote me as he spake these words to me, thinking I was still the same earnest Christian that I once was. Instead of speaking to him I turned away to weep and pray for myself.

In about a week the whole place was in a flame, and even drunkards had not only become new men in Christ Jesus, but were out preaching the good news to others. The state of the town reminded me of the retaking of Mansoul, for the ungodly were forced to hide themselves, and I among the rest, for if you went out, some young soldier of the cross was sure to attack you about your soul.

To get out of the way for a while, I went on pretence of business to **Cromarty**, where I resolved to remain until the revival was over, but I succeeded as ill in fleeing from my troubled conscience, and from the presence of the Lord as did Jonah when he went down to Joppa - for the very first gentleman on whom I called, in regard to my business, at once asked—

"What about *The Work* in **Portgordon**?"

From the very tone in which he uttered the phrase "THE WORK", I knew he was a believer, and conscience smote me more severely than ever for my folly in running away from God, who had thus through one of His servants, again met me as it were right in the face.

Notwithstanding these feelings, I told him about what was going on as well as I could. Indeed I felt a sort of love for him because I saw he believed in the work; for, despite my backsliding, had he spoken against it, I would have stood up in its defence. But that was not needed, for he manifested the deepest interest, and said when I concluded, "I wish I had time to go down, I would soon be there."

I suppose I had looked my astonishment, for he began to explain to me that he knew well about that kind of work, as he was a convert of James Turner's in 1860.

"It was then," he said, "that I got the blessing of salvation through him."

The upshot of this interview was, that I resolved at once to return home, and when there, give my heart to Jesus again, and like David of old, I made haste and delayed not, for I

imagined that I could not get the blessing but in the old school where James Turner used to preach, and which had been the birthplace of so many souls to the Lord.

After I had left the coach and come to the top of the brae, the first thing I saw was a great procession of converts, some preaching, some praying, and all rejoicing. "Oh," thinks I, "they are just going on as much as ever", and as I did not feel in condition to join them in their joy I kept out of their way until I got home. When I got there I found my sister at the top of the movement.

"Oh, brother," she cried, as I went in, "you are welcome. What a work has been done here since you left us."

And she began to relate case after case of conversion, until I was fairly astonished; some of them were really wonderful, as for example, a whole crew of drunkards - great open sinners. They all went into a public-house together, and called for some 'grog.'

"See, men," said the landlady, "I've just got in a cask of whisky, and there's nobody now to drink it but yourselves," and left them.

The men looked at each other in silence.

"Well, men," at last says one, "you've heard what she says, that there is nobody now to drink her cask of whisky but ourselves, what do you think of that?"

No one said what they thought of it, but, by one man, the question was put most emphatically - "What's to be done?"

"In God's name," said the captain, "I will not be one of them that drink it. If everybody be looking out for themselves, it is time for me to do so too," and he rose and left the house, the others following.

They knew not what was the matter with them, but the Lord, by means of that woman's words had reached their hearts. They went to sea, and many prayers were out up for them, and the Lord heard and answered. While at sea, they resolved to join in signing the pledge, and the captain made it out in one of the ports in the north coast, and they all signed.

When they came home they went to the meetings, and having laid down the weapons of their rebellion, they found peace in Jesus, and today they are living the life of faith in Him, and are sober men. One of them is the man I told you about last week, that was on the point of the harbour musing over his new life, and saying what a happy life the Christian life is to that he had been living before he had got the blessing.

Well, the work thus begun went on, and many, very many were the slain of the Lord. At last came the sifting time, and in this way. The place of meeting was to be taken from the town if the "revival meetings" were not stopped. Imagine the consternation of the people when this was announced. However, they were ready to take the hill-side with their services, rather than give them up.

A meeting was called, and a deputy appointed to wait on the proprietor to see if he really meant to do as he said. He did. So another meeting was called when the people

proposed to build a town's hall for themselves for general use. The Free Church interfered, and sad to say, the people were split into two parties. Those who met in the garret of **Portessie**, and some of the converts who had joined the Methodists there - and who were the people who kept the fire of the revival burning, and had been the means of all the revivals along the coast beginning with James Turner - they formed one party, while the Free Church people were the other party, and they wanted the place to be a Free Church hall, and keep out the Methodists altogether.

Now this was not right, as the few Methodists in **Portgordon** had been the means of the work, and they wanted no honour, but simply to have a part of the hall, and a good part of the Free Church people wanted the same, and stood up for the Methodists. Thus the people were divided, and the work of God marred for a time, and fires of a different kind began to burn, which tried the graces of both new and old converts.

On these things I do not wish to dwell, nor would I mention them but for what followed. The place was granted to the Free Church people - I mean the site - and they built upon it. What now were the "poor Revivals" to do, and the people who had joined them, with no place of meeting? Well, the Lord was on their side, and became their helper in this time of need. John Hendry, fisherman, **Portgordon**, opened his garret, and those who had been thrown out of the synagogue met there and God met with them.

They had a good deal to endure for a time, but by-and-bye the spirit in which they suffered began to tell on the opposing party, and many among them began to feel that they had separated from their brothers and sisters, and began to drop in to their night meetings; then going away blest, they came back again, and thus the breaches began to be healed, and all who met in the garret were called Methodists, although there were many Free Church people came to it.

Having thus met for a while, and found it good to do so, it was proposed that they should separate themselves from the world, and form themselves into a church. The proposal being acceptable, the thing was done, and a Methodist Church formed in the garret; the order of it being that each male member take the chair every Sabbath in rotation, with power to call upon any other one present if he had not much to say himself. In this "one accord" they met, and very soon the place was filled. Then the wish of our spiritual father, James Turner, was carried out, and proper classes were formed, and the Lord blessed and prospered greatly.

In little more than a year we were in a position to call a minister. Our call was responded to. Then the church was properly formed, and the place filled to overflowing. But another time of trial came. Our minister left us before the time. Then the hue-and-cry got up against us. But praise God, - He was on our side, and sent help in one of our own members, who came home just at that time, who was a "local preacher," belonging to **Portessie** Church, one of the '*nine*' which formed it; at the same time he was one of our little band, and a convert of Turner's in 1860.

He at once stepped into the gap, and took the place of our minister, who had deserted us, and mighty power was granted him to win souls to Jesus until we got another minister, Mr. Purves from Newcastle - a dear man of God, who nourished our little society, and "built us up in our most holy faith".

Our motto was progress, and the next step in advance was a meeting being called by Mr. Reid, one of our members, at which it was proposed that a chapel should be built. This was agreed to, and in a wonderfully short time the thing was done - for as in times of old, the people wrought and gave willingly when the Lord required a house to be built.

Mr. Reid with his ships, and the fishermen with their boats, brought the stones, every one of which was prayed over and put into its place in the name of the Lord; and the burden of our cry was, "Lord, crown the labours of our hands with Thy blessing, and make the house which we are now building to Thy glory the birth-place of many souls."

(We still had the Rev. Mr. Purves with us, who helped us much. He left us for America. I enclose you a letter from him since he went there, of which, for the glory of God, you may make any use you please.)

Before giving you the opening of the chapel, I will give you some idea of the work done in the garret - just a slight sketch of one day's work:-

Mr. Reid was chairman, and spoke on the subject of the halt and maimed being offered to the Lord in sacrifice - forbidden in Leviticus 22v22-25, and the practice reprov'd and punishment threatened for in Malachi 1v8-24. Among the worshippers that day was a young lady from Edinburgh, who had come to see the garret and the meeting, etc.

Well, after the service, in the prayer meeting that followed, the mighty power of the living God came down on us and filled every soul. The effect was the same as in the early days; we *all* praised God. As we were doing so, one of our members, a widow, who had been mourning sorely for her husband, and refusing to be comforted, rose up, and such a clearance she got - it was marvellous! I will not attempt to tell you how our spirits were thrilled as God spoke to us through this weak instrument, but by-and-bye all were on their knees before Him but the young lady referred to and my sister, who sat beside her, and tried to restrain herself for her friend's sake. Unable at length to do so longer, she also knelt before the Lord, and in substance her cry was—

'Shall I for fear of feeble man
The Spirit's course in me restrain?'

then pleaded with the Lord mightily to save her friend.

It was not long ere her friend also was on her knees beside her, trying to cry to God for herself. But strange to say she could scarcely say a word. At length she got out—
"My God! - My GOD! - Will - you - not - help - me - to - - pr - ay! - My - God! - take
- away - PRIDE! Lord! - give - me - the - blessing! etc"

Seeing the agony of soul she was in, we all began to pray for her, and at last she got liberty. She rose and praised the Lord as heartily as any of us. And the amusing, or rather pleasing, bit of it was, that up to this time she was very much against "making such a noise about prayer".

In speaking of this circumstance afterwards this young lady, who, I may say, was at the time governess in a family of rank, said -

"I have passed all the Government examinations almost without a wince, but down in that garret, among a few women and two or three men (*being the fishing season the people were away*), I could not get one word to say but to cry for my sins. It was truly the mighty power of God alone, and I bless God for the garret at **Portgordon**, it has been a blessed garret to my soul!"

Time would fail me to tell you all that has been done in that garret, but the Lord knows. Blessed be his name! So I will go on to tell you about the opening of our chapel.

On Wednesday the 4th of June, 1872, the foundation stone was laid (a blessed day - a slip of the proceedings of it I enclose you), then on Feb. 1873, the chapel was opened.

That night the God that hears prayer remembered the many petitions that lay before him from that garret, and the many tears that he had bottled up from it, and said - "Let the blessing fall," and glory be to His name! it did fall, and that at least ten souls found the Saviour, and a good few who left us at the time of the division came back and joined our little band - of 56 - saying that they could not longer stay away.

It had been resolved to hold a week of special services, and Sunday (the opening day) was the first of them, with results as stated. But by the end of the week, such a blessed revival had broken out that it was thought advisable to leave the chapel open night and day, and the place was continuously filled with seeking souls, four and six being every night brought to the feet of Jesus, many of them those who had stood out against the former works of grace.

A great work was also done among the young, many of whom received the grace of God in truth. We have a class of these young converts on trial, till they come of age to be received unto full membership. This class you saw for yourself, and heard them tell their experience, so I need not say more about them but that their walk and conversation become their profession.

Dear Mr. Purves had gone to America before the opening of the chapel, and our present minister, a noble soldier of the cross, was with us at that time, and laboured hard in his Master's service. When our meetings were brought to a close we had sacrament, and during that week our roll of membership had risen from 56 to 103 full members, and what is more, there is only one or two out of that number who cannot take part in a meeting, all of them converted men, and it, can be humbly testified - ascribing all the glory to God - that they are burning and shining lights, and the one that was employed to kindle them was that dear man of God, James Turner; and often yet in our class-meetings is his name mentioned, and the blessed year 1860 referred to, as the time when the work of God, the reign of grace, was inaugurated in the soul, and thanks given to the God of all grace for what He has wrought in individual hearts, and also in our little town since that time.

I will now give you a few cases of note during this awakening. A girl was in one of these meetings convinced of sin, but failed to find peace through unbelief. Special prayer was made for her, and the mighty power of God came down upon her which she resisted until she was laid prostrate. Her case was then left in God's hands, as all other cases of prostration were, and the meetings went on.

At twelve o'clock that night the meeting was brought to a close, but still she lay completely prostrate. Her mother lived quite at hand, so she was sent for. A few more, also, remained with her to pray, expecting that she would soon recover, but no, all that night she lay, only now and again showing symptoms of life.

Next day she was taken to the prayer meeting, which, by the way, went on at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued day and night for six weeks. Well, she was taken there and for *eight* days she lay in this condition.

"A very singular thing also was that she spoke on the second day, and said that God was to open her eyes on the *eighth* day - her eyes, I may remark, were turned up. On the eighth day she was brought to the chapel, and at twelve o'clock she opened her eyes and praised God for the first time.

But there was one thing she would not do, she would not move, but kept playing as it were on an instrument, and would wonder and laugh, as it were to herself; then at other times she would shudder and cry, "Hell! Hell!" This was during her prostration, then after her eyes were opened and she was brought round, what mighty blessing that girl got! and such power in prayer as astonished everybody.

You will easily conceive that a case like this made quite a sensation in the town and neighbourhood, and those who were "without" were not slow in throwing the blame on the chapel and the Methodists. Our minister, therefore, watched the case most narrowly. The doctor also was brought in, but after hearing her speak he said he would do nothing - it was the Lord that was working with her. And truly it was the Lord, for she has turned out one of the best cases. You heard her yourself in prayer, and saw the girl, and, in short, I may just say of her that she is a pattern-girl to this day.

While in a state of prostration, she said, among other things, that she saw Mr. Brown's father in heaven, and others which she mentioned, as well.

To prove this, Mr. Brown, who is an Englishman, got his album, which she had never seen, and asked her to point him out. Mr. Brown had previously asked if she would know him. She took the album, and, in turning over the leaves, she laughed at several of the cartes, as if she recognised them, but said nothing until she came to Mr. Brown's father, to whom she at once pointed and said, - "That is him ".

Mr. Brown, in astonishment, was constrained to say, "Truly this is marvellous, as the sign of God!!"

Well, to sum up my long letter, before James Turner's visits we had TEN public-houses, and *all* doing a good business. Now all these houses are gone, and the families gone to ruin - some are in America, after failures - and *all* are in low circumstances. We have now in **Portgordon** but *four* open houses, and they are far down in business.

In fact, our fishermen, or the revival population, are a most sober industrious people, and their families growing up in decency, and in order, serving the Lord. Such are some of the fruits of the labours of James Turner; but the half has not been told, very many are already in heaven praising the Lamb through his labours in **Portgordon**, and many

more are determined by the grace of God to swell the ranks of the multitudes whom no man can number.

By way of finale, I send you two extracts from the *Elgin Courant* of Oct. 30, 1874, one of which will show pretty clearly that in the same ratio that public-houses have decreased, so has the business and general prosperity of the town increased, while the other will show that the happiness of the people, as well as health, physical, moral, and spiritual, are all on the ascendant.

D. REID

Mr. D. Reid, merchant, in replying, said—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I feel honoured in being coupled with the town and trade of **Portgordon**. . . . I may say that the trade of **Portgordon** is not on the decrease, but in a very flourishing condition. Within the past few years we have increased both in the fishing and the shipping interest.

Now, in 1874, we have 1695 registered tons of shipping belonging to **Portgordon**, besides 70 large fishing boats and some 30 small boats, all manned by fishermen of **Portgordon**.

The cost of the floating property belonging to the town would be from £43,000 to £46,000. We have 26 captains who have passed the Local Marine Board while under 30 years of age, all belonging to **Portgordon**, and all in charge of vessels. Then we have also 10 or 12 young men who have passed as first mates, and are ready to pass for captain. I am confident that there are very few towns of the size of **Portgordon** that could say the same thing of its seamen.

On the same occasion, a great demonstration at the completion of the new harbour at Portgordon, the procession is thus described:—

ELGIN COURANT

Tuesday last was such a day as the people of the village of **Portgordon**, now grown into one of the most thriving and prosperous villages on the coast, will never be forgotten. In order to show their gratitude to His Grace the Duke of Richmond for so munificently providing their children with a good and free education, and in bestowing upon them such a magnificent harbour, the inhabitants resolved to march to Gordon Castle in procession to thank His Grace in person. .

Half-past nine o'clock was the hour at which the grand muster of the male inhabitants was to take place.

All are ready, marshalled in splendid order on the Square. The signal is given, the band strikes up a lively air, and the procession moves on amidst the loud cheers of the spectators. . . . Immediately following the committee were the various boats' crews. One of the best sights of the day was to see these men - taught skilfully to guide their boats amid the mountain-high billows, men following an occupation most dangerous, - as they marched along in boats' crews, and with uplifted banners flying in the breeze.. .

A fine-looking set of men they showed themselves, as in capital order, in firm and equal pace, and shoulder to shoulder, they marched onwards to pay in person their respect to His Grace the Duke of Richmond. . . .

Flags were flying over their heads as thickly almost as stalks of barley in a field, and there was nothing more striking than the prevailing tone of the mottos on their flags. Very nearly all were connected either with religion or temperance, and how very important it is to have these subjects prominently before the minds of the young, the remarkable improvement of the fishermen and seamen of **Portgordon**, within the last twenty years affords abundant and most undoubted proof.

We noted the greater part of the mottos. Now and then was to be seen one in this strain—

"Richmond for ever", "Long life to the noble Duke or Richmond", and so on, but of the others this was the strain—

"And the Lord said to the wind, peace be still", "Rejoice in the Lord", "God knows the heart", "Be sober and watch unto prayer", "God is love", "Abstain from the appearance of evil", "The Lord is my shepherd", "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God", "Drunkenness clothes a man in rags", "Praise ye the Lord God", "Temperance, Love, and Unity", "Praise and Salvation", "Washed in the blood of Christ", "God is my Father".

This clearly shows what is well known, that there is no place in which there is more attention paid to religious matters than in **Portgordon**. Not to sour the people, which religion was never intended to do, for they enjoyed themselves to the full under the fluttering bunting that displayed their veneration and love of sacred things, but to inspire them with the feeling by no means common in villages of its class - that it is a shame for a fisherman to be seen going into a public-house, and that a man's highest duty is to act well his part in this life, and to be fully prepared for what follows.

Elgin Courant.

E.McH.

LITTLE SUSAN.

In "a little boy's story" (*page 209*) it is stated that he began meetings among his companions. These meetings were much blessed, sometimes as many as six boys being brought to the Lord in one meeting. Part of these boys have gone to a better land, and part of them are standing fast in Christ to this day, and are working for Him. At a meeting held by these converts some four years ago, little Susan - mentioned in the 'Inquoish [Ingonish]Letter'(*page 216*)- was awakened, and brought to Christ. Having already told us his own story, the little boy will now tell us the story of "Little Susan " also.

D _____ R _____

About four years ago some boys were converted; these boys were taken to meetings held expressly for themselves, conducted by those who had been brought to Christ in similar juvenile gatherings. Little Susan, a girl of nine years, came to one of these meetings, and was awakened. She was pointed to the Saviour and found peace in Him; then went home, to her mother - rejoicing. Her mother, a converted woman, questioned her narrowly; and so fully did the Lord perfect His praise out of the mouth of this babe in Christ, that the mother was convinced the change wrought in her little daughter's

heart was real, and certainly the practical results were soon such as left no room for doubt on the subject.

Her father and several other near relations were unconverted. With them little Susan began her mission by seeking to win their hearts to Jesus. Soon after, a chain of circumstances occurred which made her a very effective worker.

She got her leg hurt, then was seized with sciatica, which soon made her helpless. But while being moved about in her little perambulator she became a most powerful witness for Jesus; ready ever to reprove sin or speak a word as occasion served. Then for two years she was confined to bed, but weak and suffering as she was, never was an opportunity lost of speaking for Jesus.

It was among those connected with the garret that she had found the blessing of personal and conscious salvation, and with an amount of decision and spiritual intelligence altogether unusual in one so young, she cast in her lot with them.

Her father and friends, being connected with the Established Church, used to question her as to the reasons for this preference. Her reasons she was ready to give, and they were:

First, that when she got among the people in the garret they set her soul in a flame by the warm way that they worshipped God.

Next, "Because," said she, "they offer a free salvation to all, and my Saviour does not want any to perish".

Next, she liked to meet with them because it was through them that she had got her soul saved, and that they were the only people that had spoken to her about her soul.

Another reason was that she liked the class-meetings.

While her final reason or reasons were: that they loved one another - that they had kind ministers - and that they were her brothers and sisters in the Lord.

To the services therefore in the garret this suffering little one was carried as long as she was able. Often in their meetings did she engage in prayer; so simply did she speak to the Lord about their "upper room," and so tenderly would she plead with Him to bless them, with such firm confidence also that He would do so, that often the meeting was brought to groan with uncontrollable emotion, so near did this little one, by her pleadings, bring them to the source of love and light.

When it was proposed to build a chapel, little Susan rendered most efficient help. It will be interesting to tell you how. Her father sailed his own vessel, and when he came home on one occasion she asked if he would give her a pound.

Surprised at the request, he asked what she wanted it for. So she told him in her own quiet gentle way that she had something to do with it which he would know afterwards. So he promised to let her have it when he got his freight, and she was content. Besides this subscription so obtained she had been hoarding up all the money which she had got for herself. Into a little box it was carefully put until it amounted to the same sum asked from her father—*viz.*, one pound.

By the time her father had returned home he had forgotten all about the pound. And in giving the rest of the children something he offered Susan one shilling.

"Father," she said, gazing into his eyes, "have you forgotten your promise to me?"

"What promise, Susan?"

"My pound?"

"Ah, yes," - to be sure he had, and Susan got her pound.

Then one day soon after she asked to be taken up to me, and while sitting beside me after tea, she said,

"Go for your book, D___, and let me see how you are getting on with your chapel-money."

I went and got the book, and then she took out her box and handing it to me, said,

"You will find two pounds there which will help you to build the chapel."

"That is too much, Susan," I said in my surprise.

"No," said she, looking steadily at me, "it is not too much for Jesus. If I had hundreds, He would get it all to build His house. I have prayed Him to bless the chapel and He will do so."

Without another word I put down Susan's two pounds for the Lord, and this act of the little lamb stirred up many others, and by the end of the week I had many donations from those who had been moved to liberality by hearing of what she had done. But a richer reward than even this was vouch-safed her - her father's heart was moved, and he began to think seriously.

Susan had not only given her money, but she continued giving what was of greater importance - unceasing prayer, believing prayer, for a great blessing on the opening of the chapel, and that it might signally, and continuously become the birth-place of souls. Well, the time drew on that it was to be opened, and she requested her friends to go to the opening services. Her father and five others, near and dear to her, were savingly converted to God.

How she rejoiced when she heard the glad news, and gave God all the glory as the answerer of prayer. Among other things she said, "I was the only Methodist in this house, and I have prayed to God to convert you all and make you all Methodists. I have lived to see you all converted to God, and I can die now."

She then called them all round her and asked them to pray. And she had the great joy of hearing her father pray, also the others, and rejoiced in the consolation. Then she charged them to continue to the end and meet her in heaven.

And as she spoke, that strange mysterious change overspread her countenance which betokens the near approach to the confines of eternity.

Dearer to them than ever, her friends saw the harbinger of death and wept. But with a face radiant with joy she said, "Weep not for me, I am going home to die no more, and I will meet you on the banks of the river - good - bye - dear - friends - I - am - going - home."

And so little Susan fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

D.R.

E.McH.

While in **Portgordon** I had the following account of a curious case of prostration communicated to me. It occurred in 1871. There were several others which I thought more interesting related to me, but had not, as in this case, the opportunity of taking notes. I merely relate the circumstances connected with this case without any pretence at explanation. But as the fact that such a case did take place is beyond question, it will with several others of like nature found in this volume, present, as said before, a curious study for the psychologist.

Some fifteen years ago, a little girl was awakened by hearing about the work that was doing in **Portgordon** through James Turner, but having no one to speak to, the impression wore off again. When grown to womanhood she went to serve at a farmhouse. Soon after, while assisting at a threshing mill, she got her arm torn off, and her person otherwise injured.

Great, however, as was the pain of her lacerated body, it was nothing to what she was enduring from a wounded spirit - she literally roared in the disquietude thereof.

When the doctor came, he begged her to hold her tongue or she would destroy herself. "**How** can I hold my tongue, Doctor?" was her reply, "when I am on the mouth of hell?"

"My poor girl," said he, "look to Jesus", and very soon she was enabled to do so, and even before she was out of his hands, she was entreating the farmer's wife (her mistress) to "flee from the wrath to come".

After some time this girl again lost her keen perception of spiritual things, and, to some extent at least, was a backslider. During the special awakening in 1871 she came down to **Portgordon** to see the work. She was not favourably impressed by what she saw - was indeed more inclined to oppose, but had her unbelief checked by being "struck down", and remained completely blind and helpless for two or more hours.

On recovery, instead of returning to her home, she remained in **Portgordon** some eight days, and during that time was several times prostrated, and while in such condition had some remarkable glimpses into the invisible world, and had mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity by a conducting angel, who accompanied her, spoke to her, and answered her questions.

First, she was permitted to see the state of the blessed, which she represented as infinitely exceeding the most elevated conceptions of mortals, the glories of the New Jerusalem being such as no language could describe - but she saw its golden streets, the river of life, and the trees, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations. She saw many people whom she knew in this place of blessedness.

(I am not quite sure whether it was this girl or another, who remarked that there was a difference in the appearance of these glorified spirits, some of them being much more glorious than others, in their crowns, especially was the difference visible, though all had them. James Turner she described as having **towers** of stars on his crown.)

By her conductor she was also taken to a place where she saw the crowns and palms laid up for those who had not yet won them - who were yet on earth - and some of these crowns had the names already upon them.

Before leaving the state of the blessed she was taken to an apartment where all the instruments of God's vengeance were laid up. She saw the seven vials - "just", she said, "in shape like the large bottles which are about farm-houses for holding vitrol". The last one was lying on its side, emptying itself out upon the earth.

She also saw the golden censer in which Christ presents the prayers of His saints, and the sword of justice also, which was being slowly drawn out of its scabbard to do its terrible work. It seemed about two inches out. The records also of what saints and sinners had done were also in the same place.

After this she was taken to a place where she had a view of hell, a description of which she gave too terrible to repeat. One curious thing is - that while in this part of the invisible world she had, she said, a view of the destruction of Rome. She saw an angel, with something like a shovel in his hand, flee to a place between heaven and earth. Out of that place he took a shovelful of fire and poured it into the City of Rome, and she heard as it were the yells of the fiends in the pit when it fell.

To yet another place she was taken, where she was shown the moral and spiritual condition of many people, principally those whom she knew about **Portgordon**. All whom she saw had on cloaks which corresponded to their inward character.

One woman in particular had a cloak on so very perfect that for a long time no hole was visible in it. At last she held up her arm and then a hole under it was distinctly visible. This woman was named by the girl, and there was this singular coincidence, that shortly after this vision, the woman who had been looked upon as a very exemplary character, lifted her arm as it were against God, in that she did all she could to oppose His work.

For this account, which gives only a mere tithe of what was stated regarding this girl, I am indebted to the people in whose house she was several times prostrated. It is also a curious thing that when these girls were struck down and having these visions, that they were always careful to secure a "witness," to whom they related very fully all that they had experienced. This person was always pointed out to them by their conducting angel, who always accompanied, and spoke to them, answered their questions, and gave them instructions. Their faces also when in this state were, I am told, like that of Moses when he came down from the mount - as they had a seraphic glow upon them.

Such is the evidence from the Banffshire fishing towns regarding the work commenced amongst them by James Turner. Having added the quota of moral marvels afforded by **Portgordon** to those already recorded on these pages, my work is done - the summing up of the evidence is left to the individual reader. May each, under the guidance of the same gracious Spirit who so markedly led to the collection of it, be inclined to weigh in it the "balances of the Sanctuary", and test it by the standard of the "Law and the Testimony"; there being little doubt that whoever does so will find in it every element that goes to constitute a true work of God.

Without entering into any minute analysis of this work of grace, or of the Christian character and experience described as the result of it, let me, in conclusion, call attention to one or two lessons of deep practical importance.

The first is one that may nerve the arm of the most spiritually feeble -viz., That if commissioned from on high, fitness or unfitness is no hindrance to the putting forth of the mighty power of God - when the arm of Omnipotence wields the feeblest instrument, who dare set limits to its power?

A trembling and trusting spirit, conscious of its own weakness, and really little in its own eyes, God will - as in the case of James Turner - freely use, as He can do so without endangering a fall, either by pride or vanity.

Let others come forth in the same spirit, and the Lord of Hosts will afresh show that He can render the feeblest instrumentality mighty and victorious when nerved by His almighty power.

In the second place, the facts recorded in these pages illustrate most forcibly the essential relations between strong faith, earnest prayer, and successful labour. And also that as soon as a man is set in a right relation to God, he seeks also to be set in right relation to his fellow-men; not by coming down to them who have not found sure footing on the Rock of Ages, or who are sitting under the shadow of any moral or spiritual darkness, but by efforts, however little appreciated, to raise them up to his own level, or to let the light shine out upon others with which his own soul is permeated.

Another very important lesson may be learnt from the fluency with which these people relate what God has done for their souls. A thing which at once affords convincing proof that the work is of God - the principle being laid down by the Lord most emphatically - that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh".

There is nothing in all the world so profuse as the soul of man. The sun is not more full of beams than the heart of thoughts. When the temper of the soul is carnal, there is a vile expense of thoughts upon base or trifling things; but when the soul is changed and renewed, turned round to God, then the thoughts by troops run up to heaven and unbosom themselves in Him. A soul when thus truly converted to Him also feels a strong desire for His glory in the salvation of lost sinners. To this there seems as strong a tendency as to God himself; so do the thoughts, not only rush into the mind, but also leap in words from the tongue or pen to effect the purpose. In fact, this principle is so clearly laid down in Scripture, and so fully illustrated by the experience of saints both

ancient and modern, that the one who has believed with the heart to righteousness, and yet has not made confession with their mouth unto salvation, may be certain of this, that they are neglecting the duty, and resting short of the privilege of being witnesses for God.

And lastly, in the facts recorded in these pages, of the prayers and tears, long and bitter cries for mercy, and in the joyful and triumphant exclamations of new-born souls in the glad hour of salvation, we get a just view, or proper conception of the wonderful effects of truth upon the mass of minds; and, if a few of the living coals of eternal truth, scattered over the quickened consciences of the ungodly, produced such an uproar among terrified sinners, even while their ears were filled with the offers of salvation, how terrible will be the fire when long-resisted TRUTH shall call upon eternity to vindicate its rights?

May the thought of it stir up many, while they have yet the opportunity, to make their calling and election sure.

To anyone inclined to criticise severely and find fault with the apparent improprieties or irregularities in the scenes described, I have nothing to say that would equal the closing remarks of a sermon, preached in 1860, by the Rev. Hamilton McGill, secretary to the Home Mission Committee, U.P. Church, Banff:-

REV. HAMILTON MCGILL

Let me, in concluding, advert in a word or two to circumstances and things suggested by the conditions in a spiritual sense in which I find the population here.

I have seen evidence that the Spirit of the Lord is here...

... I have found, in reading the history of revivals, that there are many objectors. I find that men spake of their being filled with wine on the day of Pentecost. The coarse explanation of their change required the use of drink - drinking alone could explain the apparent extravagance of the scene.

There are objectors who fix upon those apparent irregularities, those apparent departures from propriety. But there are answers to these objections. For example, the nocturnal meetings - I am not here to defend them; but, in meeting an objector, I would say this - there are other nocturnal meetings. There are dancings, there are drinkings, there are boisterous assemblies, there are sounds on the street, and there are howlings of the drunkard heard even at midnight. Are these to be passed over without remark?

But when the Spirit of God arrests human minds, and prostrates human hearts, and when sinners are crying for eternal life, and prolonging their cry through the whole night, is all the objection to be directed against them, as if nothing else were to be condemned?

If an individual seems to be extravagant almost to the brink of madness, why should all accusations be reserved for that individual because the apparent madness is connected with religion?

There are banks reduced to bankruptcy, and men, who have their worldly all in these banks, are seen to grow pale; their very bones are vexed, and their bodies wasted, and some of them go to the Asylum; but this leads no worldly man to the conclusion that

banks should be for ever broken up, and that the entire banking system ought to be condemned.

A word before I close to those who are still hard in heart, and continue in their sins - theirs is the madness; theirs is the folly. If there be a mystery in the earth it is this, that a sinner, on the brink of hell, should be told of Christ and His death, and of His salvation, and that sinner should be so cold and dead of heart as a stone - there is folly! There is madness! In the name of God I declare it to be the worst of madness.

But why should a poor sinner be unconcerned when the Gospel is proclaimed, when he is told that Christ has come and died upon the cross, and opened heaven to receive him, and be all the while buried in the earth, sinking in the sand of this world, on the brink of death, on the brink of life, hearing these words as if he heard them not - "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, O house of Israel?" *Banffshire Journal.*

E.McH

On commencing his work among the coast towns, James Turner made the remark that not only had the Spirit of God been preparing him to go out on his mission to them, but that he found the Spirit had also been preparing the people for him.

While in these towns some months ago, several facts illustrative of this came under my notice; these have always been fully stated. Since this volume was completed, a paper has been forwarded to me by the Rev. James Murker, congregational minister, **Banff**, which throws considerable light on this preparatory work in **Banff**. This paper is valuable not only as throwing additional light on this subject, but as confirming and strengthening the statements made by some of the converts - for example, they say about a hundred received spiritual benefit on the memorable night between the 10th and 11th of March. Mr. Murker says hundreds. It is with pleasure, therefore, I append this additional testimony to the results of James Turner's labours in **Banff** and vicinity which should, had it been received earlier, have appeared in the chapter devoted to that locality. *[In this reproduction it is included in that chapter – page 72]*

END