

at the thought of it, lest I might not be thought worthy to attain to it. These thoughts troubled me so much that when engaged in prayer the question came incessantly, "What if you are not elected?" But I got thus far in finding an answer to the troublesome suggestion: "Have you not as good evidence that you are as you have that you are not elected?" But this reply could not by any means fully silence the temptation.\*

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper falling to be dispensed in Moulin on the 2nd Sabbath of July, 1742, and wishing to become a partaker, in order to prepare myself, and set apart a whole day for fasting and humiliation: but being ignorant of the true nature of fasting, I went about the duty in my own strength. But God, who never ceased to carry forward his gracious purposes in me, taught me, by my faults and failure in the duty, the utter worthlessness of my performances. According to the rules I laid down, I rose very early in the morning and retired to a cave in the rocks and there began the work of the day by spreading before God the black book of my sins (which I had written some time before): but, sad sight indeed, I had not proceeded far with my duties when sleep annoyed me, to such a degree, at length, that I was helpless. I prayed against it, but with no effect. I then grasped the Bible, hoping by it to prevail, but the Book dropped out of my hand. Towards evening I returned to my home downcast, sad, and dissatisfied with the duties of the day, because I knew well such fasting could not be acceptable in the sight of God. *"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down the*

*head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him: wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord?"* Isa. lviii. 5.

The next day I went to Moulin, where I met with intelligent Christians, who were pleasant company to me (at my own homo none understood my case) and from whose conversation and answers I derived some spiritual benefit, but I could not venture to partake of the Sacrament because I found *unbelief* strong in me, because I could find *no one mark of true love in me*, nor any other grace, and because my *old temptations* still threatened me. On the Sabbath forenoon the Rev. Mr. Halley preached the Communion Sermon from this text: *"That we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us."* Heb. vi. 18. While he was preaching I was in great distress, shedding tears, for the depths of my heart were laid bare to me. Mr. H. was greatly assisted to speak with power to the hearts and consciences of his audience, and further he took out of the way many stumbling stones that block the faith of those who are fleeing to the city of refuge. Among other things he spoke as follows:—

"If you are a man who is trying to flee to the city of refuge, Satan will try to hinder you by telling you that you are not chosen to eternal life, and that, therefore, it is vain for you to run. But tell you that Accuser that he does not know who is chosen and who is not, for he has never seen the Lamb's Book of Life. But this attack does not suffice him, for he will go on next to tell you that you have continued too long in sin, that your day of grace is past, and that, therefore, it is vain for you to run. But tell him again that the doors of the city of refuge are open day and night, so that, at whatever hour the poor refugee came, there was a welcome for him. Then he will tell you that even after you get in to the city you are not safe, for the Avenger of blood may meet you some day and destroy you. But tell him that all this is false, for you are, once within the walls, under the protection of the high priest, and secured in immunity from any punishment by nothing less than the word of that God who changeth not and cannot lie. so that once inside the walls you are safe."

\* This chapter of the story onwards is very interesting, as giving us a glimpse of ministers and sermons upwards of a century ago in Scotland; and giving us also a glimpse of the great revival of Cambuslang, of which Christians are reminded by the season of refreshing now in Scotland.—*Translator.*