

have been a strange commotion on the day of Pentecost, when Peter's words pierced through thousands of hearts. Paul preached at Miletus all night. It must have been an exciting time about 1742, when, as authentic history teaches us, a harvest of some two thousand souls was reaped in Cambuslang, and its neighbourhood, under the appeals of Whitefield. I can remember scenes when some Highland gorge filled with thousands who had flocked near and far to hear that apostle of God, John Macdonald, as the strong-spoken man poured forth his fervid message in that Gaelic he loved so well, suddenly become a Bochim, a place of weepers. And once more, when minister of Stornoway, I often heard elderly Christian men speak of the *Faomadh* (pronounced not unlike the French *fumer*) or fainting in the island of Lewis, nearly forty years ago, when a very general awakening took place in the parish of Uig, attended by substantially the same physical manifestations as are now seen in Ireland. On all these occasions God was manifestly carrying on His work. There was great bodily excitement—groans, sobs, faintings in some cases. Multitudes of souls were saved. Men waited on God in awful earnest. Earth was brought near to heaven. Do I approve of excitement? Do I approve of preaching all night? Yes, if *necessary*. And would to God that I had to sit up till three in the morning, like some brethren I met in Ireland, dealing with those who could not stop the cry—What shall we do!

"2. It is said, 'Would it not be better if there were less of those bodily manifestations? I don't know. For aught I know, God may have ends to serve in thus affecting men's bodies which none of us can comprehend. It is mysterious to see men actually struck as by lightning. Sympathy can have next to nothing to do with it. I cannot describe the feeling of awe which never left me during my visit. Thought I, "Since God is here, shaking the land, raising the dead, it is high time for us to put our microscopes in our pockets at present, and to tremble rather!" The very phraseology of the people in speaking of this great work as of some mysterious epidemic spreading with resistless power from house to house, and bringing death to the old habits, and thoughts and hopes, was to me not the least affecting part of my experience. "She *took* it, and was very bad with it." "Took what?" "Oh! just the revival." "I have a brother and two sisters, and none of us took it." As the right focus in looking at a painting, so an awe-struck, reverent frame of soul in looking at this Irish revival, is indispensable.

"3. Is our dread of excitement in these times a mark of *spiritual life*? Is it well that crowded prayer-meetings, sermons every night, daily prayer-meetings in town halls at early hours in the morning, are rarities? Have we not as much to fear from formality, coldness, worldliness, as from religious excitement? It is said, "Do not extravagances arise at these revivals?" Yes, through human weakness. "They have attended most great revivals. But of what account at this day are the extravagances which attended the revival of the last century