

Isle of Lewis Revival Eyewitness Testimony

by Mary Peckham

The Isle of Lewis Revival was a powerful movement that brought conviction and conversion to many people, transforming their lives and communities.

Duration: 46:49

Scripture: Isaiah 53:5, Matthew 6:33

Topics: "Revival Testimony"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares his personal testimony of how he was converted to Christianity. He describes how he had no peace in his heart despite being converted, until one night when he attended a crowded church service. The preacher began to speak about the story of the foolish virgins from the Gospel of Matthew, which deeply impacted the speaker. As the congregation sang hymns praising God, the speaker's perspective on life and his ambitions drastically changed, leading him to surrender his life to Jesus.

Transcript

A mistake was made this afternoon. You're not going to hear Mary Peckham's testimony. You're going to hear the Lord's testimony and what He has done.

The great C. H. Spurgeon used to say that we should never testify of our own experience, but of the truth of the Word of God. And the truth of God's Word is this, that the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which is lost. My background is, I'm sure, different from yours.

In the first place, I was born on an island 40 miles west of Scotland. Furthermore, I was born on an island where, at that time, we learnt English at school. We spoke Gaelic.

I've often given folk John 3.16 in Gaelic, just to convince you that it isn't English, and that it isn't broad Scots, but it is Gaelic. And I know that this is what the Lord said to me, that I should never testify of my own experience, but of the truth of the Word of God. You might have thought that the revival that took place in the Hebrides was in English, but actually it was in the language of heaven, Gaelic.

And you better start learning it. It isn't like that today in the Hebrides, but as I grew up as a child, there had been, previous to that, numbers of revivals, local revivals and general revivals. I remember hearing my grandfather speaking of how he crossed the Moors, walking between 30 and 40 miles with his shoes in his

hands to save them for the weekend, walking to a place called Uig, where there was a mighty revival.

And it is recorded in the history of revivals that 9,000 people had communion outside during that time, because they couldn't come into church. That was revival. But the influence of revival influenced the way of life in the Hebrides, and children were brought to the Presbyterian church to be, as we say, christened.

They're all Presbyterians in Lewis. And then the parents had to promise to bring up this child in the nurture and fear and admonition of the Lord. And unconverted people would have family worship morning and evening to fulfill their promise before the congregation.

They may not necessarily have gone to church after that, but they did believe that they should bring up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And that was to read the Bible to them and to get down on their knees and pray. They didn't stake their eternity on that.

They didn't say because they did that, that they were saved. But they did that out of a sense of duty and tradition. Great emphasis was laid upon the Word of God.

And in the school, we had to learn the Old Testament and the New Testament stories, and even try to spiritualize them. I remember being happy to put up my hand in class and to suggest the spiritual meaning of the story that was read to us. I don't know what the meaning was that I gave at that time, but at any rate, I made an attempt.

And then we had to learn the hundred questions and answers from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, the Westminster Confession of Faith. And so, I found myself as a primary school child coming home with these commandments and these questions. What is man's chief end? It started.

Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever. Oh, what is repentance? Repentance is a saving grace whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred turn from it to God with full purpose of and endeavor after new obedience. Can you imagine a primary school kid coming home to learn that in the language that they weren't brought up in, in the English language? Well, we were soaked in the Scriptures.

We had to learn Isaiah 53 off by heart in Gaelic and in English, Isaiah 55, the Beatitudes, and many of the Psalms because the Psalms were the hymn book of the church. There were no hymns sung in the churches. There were no hymns sung in the revival in the churches, but the hymns were sung in house meetings afterwards.

That was the atmosphere in which I grew up. And it wasn't a strange thing for me, as a young person, to attend family worship in our own house, to go to the neighbors and find that they were at family worship, and they wouldn't stop. If they were on their knees, you got on your knees.

And then going up to Grandfather's house and finding that Paddy the dog was on the doorstep outside with his head lifted high and trying to sing as high as he could, wailing. And then inside I would go to find my grandparents singing the psalm and reading the word and getting down to pray. Paddy was always put out because he disturbed the worship.

Well, that was the atmosphere in which I grew up. Into my teenage years I became a very rebellious teenager, looking upon every adult as a threat to my freedom and a threat to my peace. All I wanted was to enjoy the pleasures that the world had afforded me.

Going to the concerts, which didn't happen very often and were usually arranged by the locals, and I would be introduced to the concert platform then. And then going to the annualized Stedford, which was the great day of the year because then we tasted ice cream for the only time in the year, and we saw the big shops of the town, as we thought they were big shops anyway, until we saw bigger ones later on. But there we were, growing up in that atmosphere, in that community, and for me, my longing was to get away from the island, get on to the mainland of Scotland, see what they did in the big cities, and enjoy myself.

That's what was underlined in my life, enjoy yourself. And okay, religion was all right for the old people who were on the downgrade, but for me, religion, I didn't want it. I had enough religion in the background I had.

For example, the keeping of the Lord's Day. You know, clean up a child in the way he should go, and when he's old, he will not depart from it. And thy word, said the psalmist, is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

And in Proverbs we read, the commandment is a lamp. And you know it is, because when I left the island of Lewes and went to Glasgow, the city of Glasgow, I found that I was still being held by the commandment that I learned as a child. Remember this, Abba, day keep it holy, six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son nor thy daughter, thy manservant, thy maidservant, nor thy cattle nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it. You know that in our home on a Saturday night, my father polished his shoes to go to church on Sunday, and the last thing he did before he went to bed was he shaved, because he didn't want to shave on the Lord's Day. Well, you might think that that is going a bit too far, but my parents were not converted at the time.

But you see, they kept the Lord's Day, and there was nobody out in the fields, there wasn't a car on the road, there weren't very many cars about, and if anybody was seen on a bicycle, then they would come into the village phone box, and we would listen on the Monday morning when the postman came round to tell us who was sick, and who was this phone-in-the-doctor on the Lord's Day. There was an atmosphere about the Lord's Day, there was absolute peace, and even the unconverted would put on their best clothes on the Lord's Day, even though they didn't go to church. But all that was something that came down to them from the past, and had become part of the culture.

They were godly people. Thank God for that. I had godly grandparents.

My granny lay in bed for seven weeks, crippled with arthritis. You couldn't take her fingers out of her palms. Her bones, her joints were so bent and painful, and I remember listening to granny as she would sing the hymns away up there in her bed.

She was a joyful, faithful Christian. But there was I in Glasgow, and I was going to enjoy myself. But I was held to a certain extent by that which I had learned.

And I went about with my own Gaelic-speaking people who were there working in the city, and then I got a phone call. It's amazing the insignificant thing with which God comes into your life. A phone call.

And the phone call stated that my parents were sick, and would I go home. Because I had determined that I would not go back to Lewes until the revival was over. I wasn't interested, and I let everybody hear that I wasn't interested.

I condemned it. In fact, I swore about it. It was the only time I used the name of Christ.

And I was full of rebellion, and yet I was hiding inside the fear that gripped me at the thought that my generation were turning to Christ. Well, I had to go home. Son of man, let's come to seek and to save that which is lost.

I knew I was lost. I knew I was going to hell. But I knew it in my head.

And I believed it in my head. But it had never troubled me because so many people were going to hell. And so many people were, as I was, just going after the pleasures of the world.

When I got home, things weren't as bad as I had anticipated. And I was a bit angry about that too. But I was stuck then.

I had left my job. And there I was. I would go to the village shop.

They were talking about the revival. I'd go to the neighbor's house. They were talking about the revival.

And the road would be black with people in the evening going to the meetings. But I wasn't going to go. I determined that I would make my grandmother an excuse and I would look after her as I had never looked after her before and would leave her dishes until they were away to the meeting and then use that as an excuse so that I wouldn't be led to go to the meeting.

I would use every excuse that I could think of until one night my mother, who was a very strong woman, I don't mean physically, but she had a tongue and she sent word to me I must go to the meeting. My brother used to say the only reason why Rome wasn't built in a day was because Mother wasn't there. So this night Mother determined that neither she nor my father would go to the meeting that night unless I would go.

But Mother, I haven't got clothes to go to church. They're laid out on your bed, Mary. Upstairs you go, put them on.

But I don't know when to sit and when to stand in a service and what the order of service is. You just go, Mary. You're going tonight or we're not going.

And I knew they would spoil my fun if they didn't go because my method was to turn the Scottish dance music on full and have a wonderful evening there while they were at church. In fact, Mother said, I'm not going to church tonight and leave this home to be a synagogue of Satan while we're in church. Well, it wasn't very much of a synagogue of Satan, I assure you.

We would just sit and listen to the Scottish dance music and that to her was a synagogue of Satan. Anyway, two and a half miles walk to church when many, many cars about at that time and that was the way it was. Rain, hail or snow.

And so we walked. And I came to the church and I walked into the church. It wasn't like churches here in America.

Nobody would speak. You moved silently into the church. It was the house of God.

And you sat silently in the pew and you said nothing. And you waited. And I sat.

And the silence itself sent shivers down my spine. And then they began to sing the psalms. No musical instruments, no solos, no duets, no choirs.

Form of service never changed. They sang four verses of a psalm. They were singing the Word of God in an atmosphere of God.

And it sent shivers down my spine. The preacher was Duncan Camber and he stormed up and down the pulpit and the perspiration poured from his face. And he thumped the pulpit and he thundered out the truth of God's Word, judgment and repentance and sin.

And I knew one thing by the time he finished, that he believed everything he was saying. And I also knew that he was totally sincere in his preaching. It was a very quiet Mary that made her way home.

But I had to put a face on as I came into the house again and my father said, Well, Mary, did you enjoy that meeting tonight? And I shouted out, No, I did not. And I stormed off to bed without my supper. I only suffered for that.

But, the next night, strangely, Mary was ready and dressed for church again. And the next night, and the next night, and the next night, there was a sort of a drawing towards the sanctuary. And there was an atmosphere even in the homes.

And something else, a fear of God descended on us. It was in the neighbour's house one day and they were talking about who was converted the night before in the meeting. And I felt a literal warmth within me towards the subject.

It was as if there was a glow inside me that was drawing me towards the subject. And I turned on my heel and I stood with my hand on the knob of the door to go out. And I turned to those who were inside and I said, I'm getting out of here in case I get converted.

I could already feel as if God had His hook in me. I didn't understand it all. I heard my father at his bedroom door crying.

A big sailor he was. Sailed seas all around the world. And he was a big man.

And I heard his sobs and his cries from behind this bedroom door. Oh God, be merciful to me, a sinner! He'll go down to the harbour and kneel behind the boat. Oh God, be merciful to me, a sinner! You see, when He has come, He will convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment.

Of sin, because they believe not on me. Of righteousness, because I go to my father and he sees me no more. Of judgment, because the prince of this world, Satan, is judged in all his works.

Conviction of sin. Well, that didn't reach me right at that moment. I just continued to go to the meetings.

And then one night Mother said to me, Mary, would you like a Bible for yourself? Here's some money. Buy a Bible in the vestibule of the church because they're selling Bibles there. And I wound my way in in the crowd and I bought a Bible and I saw some of the young people.

They were around Duncan Campbell and they were asking him to put a text or something in the flyleaf of their Bible. These young people were saved in the revival. Oh, there was such an atmosphere of God.

But what impressed me, I thought, he doesn't know that I'm not converted. I'll ask him to put something in my Bible. And then when he did and he spoke to me, I don't remember what he said, I thought, but he's so ordinary.

He's so human. He's so down-to-earth and he's so nice. I think I'll go to the cottage meeting tonight.

And every night after the service in church it was announced that there would be a house meeting here, a house meeting there, and the people would go and fill the house upstairs, downstairs, in the kitchen, everywhere. They crammed in. They put planks down on chairs and they sat on the planks and every step of the stair became a pew.

And the same atmosphere as in the church. Oh yes, first of all, it was informal. They served us a cup of tea, hot tea.

And then they would welcome us and they were so happy, the people of God. They were just overflowing with joy and they were missionaries. They were grabbing us and bringing us in.

I sat with two of my friends from the village. The preacher wasn't preaching very long until the handkerchiefs came out and they began to weep. My friends, I didn't feel like that.

I was still far away. And then I thought to myself, oh yes, well, Norma lost her father when she was only a baby. And Catherine, well, her mother is sick in bed.

Well, they are crying. Maybe the word is coming home to them. They are going to get converted tonight.

And then another meeting was announced and I wasn't listening very attentively. I didn't realize that they wanted those who were really concerned about their souls to go into a room that would be emptied and they would be prayed for. I didn't know and I thought, well, I'll go to that meeting too.

And I went to the meeting. My two friends went in. Duncan Campbell followed us and he closed the door behind him and I thought, oh, I'm in the wrong place.

I shouldn't be here. But I was absolutely dumbfounded. I couldn't say a word.

And Duncan Campbell didn't give much chance to say anything. He sat down in front of us and he asked the one, Catherine, he said, are you really in earnest about seeking Christ? Do you want Christ to be your Saviour? She was weeping, oh yes, she said. And Norma, what about you? Do you really in earnest want Christ to be your Saviour? And she wept and she said, yes.

She's going to ask me, what will I say? And he did. And I said, yes. And I felt such a hypocrite.

And I was frightened to death. And then he got down to pray. And I thought in my own mind, well, that's wonderful.

He's praying for me. I've never heard anybody praying for me. And certainly I need to be prayed for because I am lost.

I don't have Christ as my Saviour. And then he quoted some verses of Scripture for their comfort. And I thought, well, I don't want him to give me a text of Scripture.

I don't want to put my head on a pillow that he gives to me. That can't be my hope for eternity. God must give it to me.

And I'm sure that this isn't God speaking to me. It's just the minister speaking. Then he said, Amen.

And we got up off our knees. And we went out into the night. It was now two o'clock in the morning.

Sense of time was gone. It just went on and on. There was such a hunger.

And a hunger not to be entertained, but a hunger for the Word of God. People were turning to the Bible, the Word of God. And the Word of God was being quoted over and over and over again.

And there stood the congregation outside waiting for these new converts. Why? Weren't there new converts coming every night? And weren't they rejoicing every night to see teenagers, older people, crying and seeking God? And they were singing. They were singing some Gaelic hymns.

And then they were singing an English hymn. And I was standing there absolutely silent and awed and afraid. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

I sang to you eternal light how pure the soul must be when placed within thy searching sight. It shrinks not, but with calm delight can live and look on thee. God is infinitely holy.

And you cannot separate revival from holiness. And you cannot separate revival from repentance. I was preparing myself at that time to sing at a big concert in Glasgow.

My kilt was in the making. That was my ambition. That was my life.

That was my joy from childhood. But suddenly as they sang, all my castles were demolished. All my thoughts after pleasure were gone.

And they were singing, Take the world, but give me Jesus. All its joys are but a name. But His love abideth ever through eternal years the same.

And how they sang, O the height and depth of mercy! O the length and breadth of love! O the fullness of redemption! Pledge of endless life above! And they sang and they sang and it reverberated through the village singing the praises of God. One of their favorites was There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains. I do believe, I will believe That Jesus died for me That on the cross He shed His blood From sin to set me free.

Ah, it was a very thoughtful Mary That went home that morning And at three o'clock in the morning I bent my knees by the old stove in the kitchen And I cried what my father cried And what my mother had taught me as a child When my father would be at sea Oh God, be merciful to me The sinner, the sinner As if there was no other sinner in the world I didn't feel different when I got up off my knees I went to my bed, but oh, in the morning Oh, when will the meeting be?

And off I went to the meeting that evening With the rest And when we would come near the church Conversation would die When we would enter into the church There was that stillness, that silence We

went to a meeting the other night And as we came into the vestibule of the church Oh, the drums were going And the noise and the musical instruments were going I said to Colin, oh, we're in for it tonight We don't understand silence We don't understand reverence We don't understand, we think And he took his mantle and he covered himself And we in the Hebrides, we too As we came into the sanctuary of God Fell silent And there we were waiting expectantly We didn't know what was going to happen But something was happening every night All over the congregation, the crowded congregation All over the congregation Out would come the handkerchiefs And the sobbing and the sighing Silently in the presence of God That is revival If you cannot find authenticity in the word of God For revival, it isn't revival When He has come, He will convince of sin And here I was amongst the people of God now Here I was identified with them But I was like the foolish virgins in the companionship of the wise I had no oil in my vessel with my lamp I had no inward peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ I had no assurance in my heart of salvation Yes, I was converted, yes I was converted All things had passed away My old life was gone and I had no desire for it Converted I was But I had no peace in my heart One night we were late for a meeting about 30 miles away I and my friends, the service had started The church was crowded And as we were going up the path to the church I suddenly looked at them and I said There are five of us and they'll be preaching tonight on the foolish virgins You wait And we went and we came in the vestibule We opened the door And Duncan Campbell's voice came booming down the aisle This evening my friends We are going to consider together The Gospel according to Saint Matthew Chapter 25 And we will tonight dwell upon the story of the foolish virgins Tell you, I was silent And at that time, oh I'd be searching the Scriptures during the day And if anybody came to the door of the room I would put away the Scripture And I would be reading a magazine called The People's Friend Which was a very tame magazine, I may tell you That night in the crowded meeting Duncan Campbell seemed to point his finger at me In the congregation And he said, young person, you're in the meeting tonight And you've got the Bible in one hand And The People's Friend in the other I don't know if Duncan Campbell knew what The People's Friend was But I nudged my friend next to me And the fear that gripped my heart And I tell you, my ears were open to what he had to say But what did he have to say?

Every night he seemed to lead me to the judgment bar of God Every night he seemed to lift up before me The Word from Genesis to Revelation The Word of God was unsheathed The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God And the Word of God is despised and rejected of men A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief And we hid it where our faces from him He is despised and we esteemed him not Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted But he was wounded for our transgressions He was bruised for our iniquities Were we not singing, there is a fountain filled with blood My dear friends, God was everywhere It was as if there was a canopy over the whole community I was walking on the verge, on the grass verge of the road

one day And the Word comes to me Put off thy shoes from off thy feet The place whereon thou standest is holy ground And I stepped onto the road Put off thy shoes from off thy foot The place whereon thou standest is holy ground And I thought, well, there's nowhere where I should stand This is God's creation The fingerprints of God are upon this creation On the grass, the larks singing The heavens above, the blue heavens above As I went out in the boat with my father Looking down in the depth, the fish swimming around God made them, the Creator God And He was everywhere, everywhere I thought one night, no, I'll go, I'll go and watch a movie tonight They only came about once a fortnight in a van with a movie And the first movie was The Wonders of the Deep God was even there People would be

in the pub in Stornoway And God was there speaking to them My friends, revival is not the norm Isaiah cried, oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down That's revival When God comes down That the mountains might flow with thy presence You can't work up a revival God is a sovereign Lord I am the Lord God, He said to Israel of old I will bring you up out of your graves, oh Israel And I will put my spirit in you God is sovereign in revival And when God is going to move in revival He puts His people into a state of travail of soul When Zion traveled, she brought forth children And travel is a painful thing The people of God traveled And God came down Oh, the wonder of it I was brought up a hyper-Calvinist, the little that I knew of church But in the home also Well, if you're going

to be saved, you'll be saved If you're going to be lost, you'll be lost And if you're not in the elect, you're lost anyway And I made up my mind after three months of conviction That I was not of the elect And that that was why God was not doing for me what He was doing for so many others Giving them peace about their sins I had no peace Remember one night, weeping myself to sleep I was lost That's what we need today We are offering life jackets to people who are enjoying a good swim, as it were, in the world But when they're drowning, they'll cry for a life jacket And I was drowning I said in the end, in my heart Oh God, I love your people Allow me the privilege of their companionship for the rest of my life And then, Lord, send me to hell That's what I deserve That's what I've worked

for all my life, my short life There were hundreds of churches in Glasgow I never darkened the door of one of them It wasn't what sin had brought upon me that I was concerned about But against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight That Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest and be clear when Thou judgest Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to Thy lovingkindness According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies Blot out my transgressions But I wasn't in the elect 24th of August, 1950 I sat listening to the prayers of the people of God In the sanctuary, the prayers were over, the singing of the Psalms Oh, and what an atmosphere And the minister was closing in prayer I was sitting there, not looking for anything I was not in the elect But I wanted now to be

with the people of God They thought I was saved And as he prayed, he quoted Isaiah 53 verse 5, which I knew I knew the whole chapter, knew it in my head But suddenly it seemed as if God took me from that prayer meeting Alone And he sat me down at the place called Calvary And I saw it all He was wounded for your transgressions He was bruised for your iniquity The chastisement of your peace was upon him And with his stripes you are healed The tears coursed down my cheeks And I went out of that meeting that night not saying anything to anybody But as one walking on air Where's the next meeting?

Where's the next meeting?

Next meeting was 12 miles away And we went to that meeting And I thought, I'm going to heaven I'm going to heaven soon Heaven had come down my soul to greet And glory had crowned the mercy seat I'd seen him I was saved Saved by grace And as later an elder prayed and quoted these words His spirit beareth witness with our spirit That we are the children of God I thought in my heart, that's what happened to me last night The following day on the street I met another friend I said, you know Maura, something new happened to me in the prayer meeting last night And as I was saying it I thought, I'm spoiling it It was better than that And she burst into tears and ran away On the village street Conviction of sin She later came to Christ Something new had happened And then, to whom much is given,

of him much shall be required Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men And oh, how I longed I was but a woman And I was brought up in the Presbyterian church There where they sent

their women to the mission field To preach to the black people But oh, not at home Oh, I would have preached at that time to a field of turnips It was so burning within my heart I'd leave my loom When I was weaving harris tweed I'd go up to my bedroom and fall on my knees And pray for everybody in the village, we knew them all I would weep for them And my heart would go out to the ends of the world Had I known the hymn at the time It would have been the expression of my heart Oh, that the world might taste and see The riches of his grace The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind

embrace And I would weep Over the times that I stood on the town hall platform From I was a child Listening to the encore at the evening concert For the prize winners Trembling as I sang the songs And I would weep then and say Lord, I had nothing to sing to them I had nothing to say to them Oh, God, if only I could tell them about Jesus And what he's done for me They would sometimes sing Time has gone, I know that They would sometimes sing at the close of a service Psalm 45 and verse 10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider And incline thine ear Forget thine own people and thy father's house So shall the king, the king of kings Greatly desire thy beauty For he is thy God And worship thou him And the devil would come and say to him Mary, you're just a village girl You don't know very much

You've never spoken in public In English or in Gaelic Not even prayed in public In English or in Gaelic Because the womenfolk were not allowed to Pray out loud But they prayed, thank God they prayed And then one unforgettable night After we had been at communion service And that day, I remember Duncan Campbell read the chapter For the communion And I don't know how I handled that common cup As it came round I was trembling And the tears were flowing And I was hearing the chapter being read And I was seeing it Who is this that cometh from Edom With dyed garments from Bosra This that is glorious in his apparel Travelling in the greatness of his strength I that speak in righteousness Mighty to say And my heart broke As I heard these words Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel And thy

garment is one that treadeth the winepress I have trodden the winepress alone And of the people there was none to help Therefore have I trodden them in my anger I have trampled them in my fury And I could see him The King of Kings and Lord of Lords His garments dyed red Coming back from Edom Back from the battlefield And I saw him King of Kings and Lord of Lords At the cottage meeting I sat on a polished table It was the only place to sit The place was full Duncan Campbell was in a far off room And we couldn't see him But he had a booming voice and we could hear him He had lost his voice in the church And we wondered if he could preach in the house But it didn't matter It would be a prayer meeting And the presence of God Isn't it the presence of God that makes the feast friends?

The presence of God was there Nowadays I find in churches That they are not sensitive to the presence of God The presence of God was there And then it came to the preaching And he stood up and he gave his text And then he sat down for his voice was gone It came booming through the house Right into my heart And the text was Mary Mary The Master has come And he calleth For thee For thee How I was humbled Was he calling for me the Master? Would he turn aside and call for me? Who am I?

When I consider the heavens The work of thine hands What is man that thou art mindful of him? Or the son of man that thou visitest him? Mary The Master has come And he calleth for thee Monday morning came And the Reverend MacLennan Whom some of you have heard of He went into the dance hall And that night revival broke out in the dance hall As he prayed And led in the singing of a psalm He was preaching The ministers, some of the ministers in the island Who were involved in the revival They too were blessed They too were used And that morning he stood up and I sat there And his text was I press toward the mark For the high calling of God The prize of the high calling of God In Christ Jesus I press

toward the mark God was calling me I said, Oh God, I You don't need to call me from the housetops I know your calling I know your voice And I'm going I'm going The rest of the story is history And here I am With you today Telling you what God can do Let God arise And let all the earth be silent Before him Shall we continue to pray As we return to our congregations Oh, get the Oh back in our prayers Oh, that thou wouldst strengthen the heavens And come down

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