

# Lewis Land of Revival (Revival Testimonies)

by Duncan Campbell

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*The Lewis revival was a period of spiritual awakening and renewal that took place in the 1940s and 1950s, characterized by a deep sense of God's presence and a widespread conversion of people to Christianity.*

**Duration:** 1:00:04

**Scripture:** Psalm 126:1-3, Isaiah 53:5, Matthew 5:5, Matthew 9:12-13, Matthew 21:12-13, Matthew 25:1-13, Luke 19:10

**Topics:** "Revival History"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher describes the supernatural experience of a revival where young people were deeply moved to worship and seek God. The focus of the revival was not on man, but on the holiness of God. The preacher shares how people were convicted of their sins and the judgment of God, leading them to despair. However, through the message of Christ's satisfaction for their sins, they were lifted out of despair and a thorough work was done in their hearts. The sermon also mentions a specific instance where the preacher predicted the topic of the sermon, the foolish virgins, and how it caused a sense of fear and self-reflection among the listeners.

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## Transcript

Lewis, Land of Revival In 1949, a faith mission evangelist came to the island of Lewis in the Arrow Hebrides for a two-week mission. He stayed for more than two years. The reason? Revival.

Here, with the amazing story of that awakening, are the islanders themselves and the evangelist, Duncan Campbell. And that the mountains might flow down at thy presence, to make thy name known to thine adversaries, that the nations might tremble at thy presence. When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence.

I never read that verse without my mind going back to what actually happened in the parish of Barber when God in his mercy visited that parish. When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down. I had been converted about the end of March, 1949, and a few young people became Christians at that time, and I suppose there was quite a hunger in the congregation and a liveliness among the Lord's people, and a new minister came to our congregation at the beginning of April, and that again is new life, new interest, and there was a fantastic urgency in prayer among the whole congregation, really, in the prayer meetings, and there was always a prayer for revival.

In the summer, the minister went away to some convention or something, and when he came back, he was thrilled with everything, and he had heard about Duncan Campbell, and he thought, well, I'm going to ask if he'll come to Barber for our fortnight's mission. He was invited to come, of course, by the Rev. Mackay, who was Seer James Mackay at that time, and there were two old ladies there praying for a revival, and they told the Rev. Mackay to send for Duncan Campbell, and that the revival would come, and he sent for Duncan Campbell, and Duncan Campbell couldn't come at the time. He was engaged somewhere else, and she said, it doesn't matter, he'll come to Barber, he's going to come to Barber, and wherever he was going, I don't know, that had to be cancelled, and he had to come to Barber.

The day came when I found myself in the town of Stornoway, arrived by boat, was met by the minister and by one of his office-bearers. Just as I stepped ashore, the office-bearer came to me and said, Mr. Campbell, might I ask you a question, are you walking with God? I was happy to be able to say, well, I can say this at any rate, that I fear God. That was my first contact with the people of Barber.

He did come, and there was a fortnight of meetings in the church, grand meetings, real sense of the Lord's presence, but until the very end of the fortnight, no one had made up of the profession, and then the end of the second week, five or seven people, young folks, came the same night. The floodgates seemed to open at that time, and many young people came to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal saviour. So that night was really marvellous for all of us, it was a breakthrough at last.

I'll never forget that night. First of all, we pronounced the benediction, and I suggested to the people that they should go out, as I stood there, this young deacon came to me and said, Mr. Campbell, God is hovering over us, he is going to break through in a mighty move. And then the doors opened, and the session clerk came in and said to me, come to the church door and see what is happening.

I saw a crowd, there must have been at least 600 people out there, and I would suggest that we sing a psalm. So he gave out a psalm a hundred and two, when Zion's bondage God turned back, but men that dream where we, men that dream where we, men, are come with melody. With all the heathen shed, the Lord great King for them hath wrought.

The Lord hath done great things for us, whence joy to us is brought. And they sang, and they sang, and they sang, and then the whole crowd came back again. Of course the church couldn't accommodate them now, they are standing outside, the place is packed, the pulpit steps, the pulpit itself, and I had managed to get into the pulpit, there was a young woman lying on the floor of the pulpit, a schoolteacher, who had been at the dance when God swept in, she's now under deep conviction of sin, she's cried to God, and I can still hear her kneel before God.

There were similar incidents quite often really, you know when there'd be prayer and you were aware of the Spirit of the Lord there, and you knew somebody was having a struggle, usually lots of people were having a struggle at the same time. Our house was the sort of house, you know, you could have meetings there any time. My mother wasn't in the meeting, my father was, he was the church officer and an elder, and I was in the meeting, and the minister intimated at the end of the first service, and we'll have another meeting, say in about an hour, in Mr. Macdougall's house across the road, that was the first we'd heard of it, so that was fine, I just rushed home and told my mother, here we'd better get to it and see if there's going to be a meeting in here, when people have gone home and had a cup of tea.

So that was the way it was, we had lots of meetings in the house, and the house, every night we had a house full of people. It was just an excellent meeting, and you were very much aware of the unity. I think

that was one thing you would have to, to say, stood out.

When you try and compare it with how things are now, and the usual run, this sort of everyone united together, praying for the same thing. The Lord's people were all praying, and lots of unconverted people were coming to the meetings, and they were, seemed to be enjoying them, but I think they were convicted very, very much indeed. I didn't want to go to the meeting at all, and this night, one of the boys came to me and he told me I would have to go to this concert in Calloway, so I was determined to get to that concert, I was told to play the pipes there at the night concert, and I went there to the meeting a few nights before, and the Lord spoke to me, and it was the Lord's voice, but I was, like Paul, I was kicking against the pig, I didn't want to give in at all, but the Spirit of the Lord was convicting me all the time, and instead of going to the concert on Friday, I went to the meeting, and that's the night that the Reverend Mr. MacLennan went up to Calloway and prayed in the dance hall there.

The minister standing there turned to his wife and said, look, there are the two pipers that were to have played at the concert and danced in our parish tonight, and they are crying to God for mercy, so we'll go home to the parish and we'll go to the dance and we'll tell what happened. Mr. MacLennan just felt inspired to come into the dance hall that night, and he came in. My son was the emcee of the dance.

I was the emcee of the dance that night, and one of the girls who were with us in the concert party was singing a Gaelic song, and she had just finished singing, and we were all sitting down in a kind of circle when the back door of the hall opened, and in walked this minister and his wife. Of course, this had never happened before in anyone's experience, a minister coming to a dance in Louis. My son didn't really meet him very cordially.

I had a bit of drink that night, of course, and I immediately got up and was very angry and more or less tried to get rid of him. In fact, I ordered him out of the dance hall, and I asked him point-blank, have you got a ticket to come in here? The man said, no, he had a ticket that would bring him anywhere. So my son said something to him, spoiled, you step either way and look there, there's not coming the back door.

At that stage, one of my pals tried to pull me back, but she thought I was going to really throw him out. My son called for a dance. Nobody moved, and I said, well, I just know this is where he'll go off.

I sat down for a moment anyway, and the minister said he'd heard this girl singing, and that she had a lovely voice, and he wondered if she'd join him in singing a psalm, and afterwards they would have a word of prayer. I said to him, well, if you start, I'm quite sure that you'll get quite a number to follow you. So he did.

At that time, I didn't realise what the psalm was, but it was Psalm 139, and they were singing these words, Whither from thy spirit can I fly, though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, thou art there. Before my friend had spoken a lot, my son got up, and I thought that the same thing was going to happen again. I said, be quiet for a minute, he won't be long going away.

So, it's all right, mummy, he said. He had quite a different voice to what he had, you know, so he went in and apologised, and that was his conversion. It was just as if something hit me right between the eyes.

I don't know what it was, it was the power of God in that place, and I was broken, and I had to get up and I apologised to him, and I couldn't stay there any longer. I was really, I was shattered, and I had to leave the dance and go out, and I went to the bus that was sitting outside, and I sat in there, and I wept my eyes out.

I was just, you know, under absolute conviction of sin.

I had met with God, so to say, it was a face-to-face experience with God. That's really what it was. I don't think I ever felt drawn to my knees so much, although I wasn't converted, as I did that night after we came home, hoping that it was the Spirit of God with me.

Will you come with me to Galliard, where the Holy Spirit is saving people under the banner of His wings? When God led the flock in the wilderness long ago, earth shook, and there was a mighty shower, because they felt the power of God. The village of Lemreway is blooming. Arise, my soul, loudly sing, for I am so pleased that the church of L'Chippan is full to capacity.

Isn't grace wonderful? Coming from on high like Jude, giving life in place of death, and grace in place of ignorance. I was wrapped up in a school concert. It was actually taking place that very week, and then this news came like a thunderbolt.

Your friend, Christiane, she was converted last night. She just stayed behind, and she told Uncle Campbell, I want to find God, and she's converted. So, there was I standing, thunderstruck, not having a clue what had happened to her.

So, I went down to see her, and there she was, and I just took one look at her, and she was transformed. There's no other word for her face, glowing. So, I said, you've got it.

She said, oh, Faye dear, we were so blind. It's not it at all, it's Him. The Lord Jesus Christ, she said, weren't we blind and dumb? And I burst into tears.

And I went over the following day. Chad Barber arrived at my friend's about dinner time, and her old mother and her old father were in the house, and they just down-tuned us, and both of them enveloped me in a great big hug, and tears streaming down their faces, and I said, my dear friend, maybe you've come to for the Lord to have mercy on you. I said, well, I hope so, and I remember they were making a dinner, and they just said, never mind the dinner, and they sat down, and they prayed with me straight away.

This was revival, and then we had some sort of dinner. It didn't matter what it was, and they said, go for John Muddow on a Saturday afternoon. I didn't know who John Muddow was, but apparently he was John Muddow from next door, who's now the minister in Loch Maddie, and they said, John Muddow starts singing.

So the whole afternoon, on a busy Saturday afternoon with all sorts of things to be done, they just laid them aside, and they and John Muddow spent the afternoon in prayer, and I could only think of my emptiness and desolation when they were all so full. My dear friend, and mother and father, and John Muddow just pouring out praises to the Lord, and prayers for me, and then they prayed for everybody around us who still hadn't found the Lord, and as I say, it was a revelation of real revival, where truly the things of the earth took complete second place, back to it, and only the Lord and his kingdom seemed to count. Time came for the meeting, and we went into the church, full, the church was absolutely packed, and straight away the singing of these Gaelic psalms just gripped my mind, set me open, and to me the gates of righteousness, all the prayer of my heart.

O me, the age of night, till I enter into heaven. Just seemed as if every word they were singing, the cry of my heart, just put me to work. So I sat there beside Christian's father, sobbed and sobbed quietly, tears onto the floor, did never hang the sheep, but he passed me his big hanky, and that was a lot better, just

cried into that, and Duncan Campbell preached beautifully on the song of Solomon, the voice of my beloved, the one where he's showing himself through the lattice, and he talked about the various hindrances and walls that separate us from God, and I knew all about that, but I didn't know what they were, I only knew that it existed, and he so inspiredly, you have to say, just went up, and this could be a wall that keeps you from God, and went through one after another, and so they were, every one of them.

He said, you're sitting there saying, but I do pray, and I was just at that moment thinking, but I do pray, this is revival, and he said, but what do you pray for? And I thought, well, I'm asking God to make me good, and he said, you're asking God to make you good? My dear friend, if God could make you good, why did the Lord Jesus Christ have to come into the world? What a prayer! God cannot answer it. I thought, oh, I'm undone. The only prayer I had, and he said it was a blasphemy, but I realized it was, and really for that moment, I believed that I was totally without hope.

That was my one prop. I didn't realize I'd been leaning on it so heavily, my prayers, and he demolished it. I've been shown how my prayer answered.

The Lord Jesus did. He came to bridge this terrible gulf, to demolish this terrible darkness, to bring us back to God, and it was just as the Song of Solomon went on to say, the ringing of birds, and the heart freed from this awful, awful darkness, and the Lord Jesus Christ actually setting one free, and you sat there marveling how on earth you could never understand it when you knew it all so well, and it was really actually happening, and you were, from that moment, a child of God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, delivered, set free, the singing of birds, and the whole hall just seemed to be full of songs. I was still dead in trespasses and sin, and I thought that these services were more or less primarily for the Lord's people, but then I was persuaded to go, and I went, and the first night I listened to the Word of God being preached, I knew it was preached in a different manner, that again I felt that the Word went home with power and authority, and I believe that the seat to prove that night in my own life, I'd been brought up in a good home, went to Sunday school and all that, it had a certain amount of influence on my life that I wasn't transformed in my life until the time I arrived.

When I came home this night from the 10 o'clock meeting, I went to bed, I couldn't sleep, it was two in the morning when I found myself doing something that I never did, like Paul on the Damascus Road, the holy prayer. I could say my prayers, but here was really praying and earnestly asking the Lord to come into my life and to take everything if he took me as I am. I woke up the following morning and I looked out on the whole village, and I felt that the whole village was transformed.

There was a change even in the very rugged beauty of the village, and I went to town that day to Stornoway, and I knew that something happened, because when in town, I was looking forward very much to getting back to the meeting. Now at that time, the revival was indeed spreading. In Fallon Quay, in July 51, Duncan Campbell came with me in December, and we had a campaign starting in the church, having a service, a leading service in the church, and then after that, we went to the other end of the parish, to a place called Loch Crosje, where we had another service there, and the people were following.

Transport was very difficult at the time. They were using lorries, motorbikes, and those who had cars. After that service, again, we used to have a prayer meeting on the way back home, a kitchen meeting, which took the form of a prayer meeting, and Duncan Campbell used to give a lecture there as well.

The first few nights we thought was pretty hard, but we persevered, until one day I was cutting grass in the glade, and I saw Mr. Campbell coming out the front door, and waving his hands and shouting that revival

was on the way. And I just waited until he reached me, and he asked, what? And he said, I got through to God just now, he said, and revival is on the way. We had the services that night as usual, but the revival broke out that night.

The parish, when I left it three years ago, mostly all the members there were received at that time. Here in the parish of Uig, where there was quite a mighty movement of the Spirit, because the majority of our Spirit in the U Congregation at the moment are converts of Revival 52, 53. It made a big difference, as far as people attending church was concerned.

There were some before then, of course, that were half-hearted and that weren't attending regularly, but at the time of that, everybody is roused up. The members that came in, some went in for the ministry all over Uig, you know, according to the revival. This had an influence on the whole community.

It's great, you know, when a revival breaks out in a place. I was only 11 years of age. My knowledge of anything to do with Christianity was limited to what I'd learned in school.

I think I'd once been inside a church. I couldn't have told you what a thunderstorm was, far less what it seemed like. And to wake up in the morning to a hush, to a deadly quiet in the house, wondering if somebody was ill or if somebody had died, only to be told to keep very quiet because something had happened the previous night.

Wondering, puzzling what was happening, and more importantly, to see that evening my mother going and looking in a cupboard for something, finding a box, opening it and bringing out a Bible, which my father read for the first time ever in the home. That kind of incident and event is of an order that lives, obviously, in one's memory forever. Churchgoing certainly became the thing to do.

I met real living Christians. It just totally transformed my childhood. The impression left on me was the whole home was different, changing the whole circumstances, changing the whole way that folk reacted to each other, and especially changing the visitors to the home.

That altered so dramatically that it was something that obviously affected myself. And it wasn't all that long afterwards till Mr. Campbell himself was actually staying with us and having a mission based on our own home. He came to preach just next door to us.

He lived with ourselves for several weeks. I knew to my cost because it was the pre-electricity days and I used to go three quarters of a mile down to the shop every day with two gallon tins of paraffin to get the heat from the lamps lit for the meeting at night. In some ways, I could have seen him far enough because it was quite a tiresome, sore thing to do.

But I did go every night. Again, I can't remember very much of what he actually said, but there was an awareness in an 11-year-old night after night of God searching me. I was afraid each night of what would happen, in fact, if I managed to get away from that meeting and continue to struggle with God.

At that stage, hope would have been converted every night, either in the hall or in the house meetings afterwards. I did. I managed for several weeks during that time, I think, just to push it away from me at a particular stage.

But obviously, a deep, lasting impression was made of my own soul. My conscience became very tender. And when I wasn't converted for the following years, I thank God for the works every night.

I felt in the first place that the preacher was very sincere, deeply sincere. I had never heard preaching more sincere before. And the singing of the congregation sent shivers down my spine.

But other than that, it didn't touch me personally. I continued to go because my friends went. As God moved during the course of the meeting, and sometimes you could hear a person break, sob during the meeting, and as the meeting progressed, the whole atmosphere was so full of God, not just the preaching, but the singing, everything.

And looking back, one realizes that there were men there and women of fairly long experience who had known God in the Bible previously, who knew what it was to pray through, to pray with the preacher. My interest was awakened, and then one night I went to my first cottage meeting, which was a less formal meeting. I thought it was just another meeting.

But my two friends who were with me, they understood what an afternoon meeting was, and I went with them. And then when Dr. Campbell prayed for us, I realized that we were there supposed to be seeking God. The inquiry procedure was a time of prayer.

Dr. Campbell would ask one or two of the men to engage in prayer, and then he would speak to them as a group, very simply, but again with no pressure whatsoever. And there was almost a fear indeed of putting any pressure on. When he prayed for me, I felt grateful that anybody would pray for me.

I'd never heard anybody pray for me personally before, but I knew he could do nothing for me. But when I emerged from that meeting and heard the young people outside singing, I had a deep, subtle conviction in my heart that they've got something that I haven't got, and I'll never be content till I find it, whatever it is. I was being drawn irresistibly to attend these meetings, and the truths that I learned as a child in the day school, the scriptures that I learned of my heart, they were going through my head constantly and powerfully, and I was aware of the fact that these scriptures were going through my head.

And well, the Bible says, the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which is lost. And he was seeking me, but I was unaware of it at the time. I in private started to read the Bible, but I didn't want to be seen by my mother or by anybody else.

So I kept the Bible in one hand and the People's Friend magazine in the other. So when anybody came across my path, I was reading the People's Friend, but when I was alone, I was reading the Bible. And that night, sitting in the meeting, Duncan Campbell pointed me out, it seemed to me, in the congregation, in the packed church, and said, you're sitting here tonight, you've got the Bible in one hand and the People's Friend in the other.

I nudged my cousin who was sitting beside me because she was aware of what was going on, and we were stunned silently. We just didn't know how to react to it. I remember another occasion, five of us were left for a little on the other side of the island.

Church was packed and we arrived. And as we walked up to the church, I said to the other four, there are five of us here tonight, and he'll be preaching on the foolish virgins. And I wasn't mocking when I said that.

There was a fear that maybe he would, because I felt that I was in that category of the foolish virgins, in the right company, but not prepared. And so as we entered the church, we heard his voice thundering from the pulpit, I'd like to turn your attention this evening to the gospel according to Saint Matthew chapter 55. I'm going to speak to you tonight on the foolish virgins.

Well, I was stunned to silence again. Everything that was said from the pulpit was a further condemnation on our heads. But again, it was the Lord fulfilling his own word.

When he has come, he will convince the world of sin. And God wanted us to see ourselves exactly as we were. We'd always believed it, but then we had to see it.

He was wounded for your transgressions. He was bruised for your iniquities. The justicement of your peace was upon him.

And with his stripes you are healed. And I felt healed. I knew I was healed.

Nobody had spoken to me, but God had spoken. No person had pointed me the way, but God had pointed me the way that night. And I knew that I had passed from death unto life, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Saturday night, there was a meeting in my aunt's house. And Duncan Campbell, he had been sitting down beside the fire before the meeting started, and I was up in the passageway. There were two rooms like this.

There was one here, one there, and there was another passage. And I was in the passage, you see, so that I could out the door if things were becoming too close. So, dear Duncan, he got up when he was going to start, and he came to me, and he said, will you sit down where I was? He says, I want to have free access up and down the passage.

And I went, and I sat in that chair, and I said, why in the world did he pick on me? So, the service went on, and I didn't know what was happening. I was hearing someone talking, but not a word was getting through. The service ended, and Duncan Campbell said, I would like that top room cleared, so that anyone who has come to the point where he knows that nothing in this world will satisfy, can go up there.

Now, he said, I cannot convict anybody, but Christ can, and Christ is here. I was sitting down in that chair. I was in real trouble.

And I sat there, and I looked, and the people in my room, they hadn't moved. And I looked at them, and I thought they all had about a hundred heads. I've never seen as many people packed.

I mean, there weren't as many people there at all. It was Satan, I'm sure, who did that. But anyway, I remember one old man, he got hold of me.

I thought he was going to break my leg. This was with joy, seeing me going up. The moment I stood up, I mean, my whole world changed.

I knew that I was born again. I went up to the room, and I started looking. I sat down.

The sun had crept, and I was just in heaven. I've never heard before or after singing like what I heard during the revival. I heard one Christian who's now gone to be with the Lord, saying the Lord's presence was felt in a much deeper way during the singing than at any other time during the meeting, and that the singing in many of the sermons was an indication of the type of service that was in progress.

I remember in one or two services that one felt you could continue singing throughout the whole service, and during the singing, converts were born again into the kingdom. I mean, when the Spirit of the Lord is

present, it is not up to what we say or do. Things happen which no eye can see, no ear can hear.

And I would believe that quite a number came through in singing to the Lord at the time of the revival. In the meetings, one didn't know what was going to happen. Even in some of the church services, I still recall vividly a lovely, saintly, and very quiet Christian lady getting up out of her seat in a packed church hall, gliding, is the only way I can describe it, gracefully down the aisle, and standing on the pulpit steps as Mr. Campbell preached, a face just glowing with God, without any distraction either to Mr. Campbell or to the congregation.

Duncan Campbell was a most gracious man, a lovely man to have in the home, a very good preacher too. When Mr. Campbell began the mission in Vilas, he preached the whole counsel of God, and this was emphasized in all the mission services. He did preach sin, and he preached condemnation, and he preached hell, but the way of salvation he reserved for the after meetings when those who were genuinely seeking God were present.

He didn't preach salvation to the unrepentant. There was a real deep brokenness which had nothing to do with emotionalism at all. It was of a different order altogether, and you can get folk worked up in a situation where a whole group of folk, and almost to hysteria, can react.

It wasn't that kind of thing. You could have one person on one side of the church, another person away, totally away, and there didn't seem to be a connection between the one and the other. It was an individual response.

In the after meeting he spoke, normally on one verse, my sheep hear my voice, I know them, and they follow me, and I will give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. But those who came to the after meetings were people who couldn't do anything else. They were absolutely writhing in agony, and under conviction of sin, and of the judgment of God.

Folk were so much under conviction that they could see no hope whatsoever for themselves, and the pressure that a venue was put on was to show them the satisfaction Christ had made for their sin, and to lift them out of despair rather than to put them into it. But there was a very real work done, and a very thorough work done. The question of assurance was something, again as well as conviction, that was quite unique looking back.

There was a groping, a determination that they wanted to know, and to know with the witness of the Spirit within them that that work had been done. And when it came, the resultant joy was obviously all the greater. Oh We had 150 on the communion roll at the end of December 1947.

There had been two additions during 47, a further two in 48, and five additions in 1949. Now in 1950, there were 39 names added to the communion roll. The following year in 1951, there were seven additions.

In 1952, there were two additions. In 1953, there were four additions. All these figures have been attested by the authority of the Presbytery of Luz.

Oh I remember Duncan Campbell. One of the first sermons I heard him preach was he was preaching to the Lord's people, and he had this text, I will say to Zion first, A revival is when the Lord's people are right, and when they work together, and when they pray. It's wonderful, just wonderful.

It seemed, you know, as if the very air was electrified with the Spirit of God. And I often think since what a wonderful experience the old Christians had then I would love to go through to see him again. It doesn't matter what you were doing all day, you were dying to get to this prayer meeting.

You were working your way there at the cropping, you didn't feel as if you were working at all, you were more or less floating in air all the time. And you were praying without ceasing all the time for this prayer meeting and for other people that they would be converted. And you were going like that all the time, and the Spirit of the Lord was pouring on you, and even you didn't know where it was coming from.

That's the way I felt then. When I look back upon these days, I look back upon the period as a time when people were aware of the Lord, but there's everything else. You cannot explain revival to anybody who hasn't been in it.

Scotsman said it's better felt than felt. But I don't think that there is anything in Christendom today that can compare with revival. No good campaign, no wonderful meeting, there's just no comparison at all.

Because in revival, God is completely in control, and the whole community is aware of that. I say sometimes to people who say, oh that we had revival, I don't think they know what they're asking for. Because it can be a terrible thing when you're face to face with God.

This is what I found in my own personal experience. You're up against something completely out of this world, it is supernatural. The awareness of the holiness of God is something that really is difficult for anyone to describe.

I think the most wonderful thing was the desire in the hearts of these young people to worship, to attend church, to read the Bibles, to find satisfaction in life. In a good campaign, one can be very conscious of the man and the program of the evening. But in revival, the overwhelming consciousness is not man but God.

I think there is joy unspeakable and full of glory that comes as well. A generation was touched. My generation were touched.

We were teenagers at the time, and the whole teenage world of that time were touched either one way or another. Many of them rejected and turned away from God, but they could never be the same again. Many of them were saved, and of course were never the same again.

There were people coming to the mass, you know, to see Duncan Campbell and myself, that weren't in the services at all. They were touched, you know. And I remember one person in particular coming in.

Duncan Campbell asked him, what touched him when he said, what's here just now, he said, seems to be in the air. It doesn't matter where I go. I can't help thinking of things that are going on.

Now there were instances like that, you know, that convinced you and that encouraged you to believe that there was nothing else but the Spirit of God that could ever be. There were the converts here and there throughout the villages, and I even heard of one, and I heard this from his own lips, that he fell on his knees down on the cross without anybody near at all, and he was so convinced of his sin, convinced of his need of a Savior that there and then he fell on his knees on the cross and gave his life to Christ. There was no quenching of our desire for the Lord and for the things of God.

There was no need to entertain us or to put on any special program at the church. We were just hungry for just the word of God itself. The places of pleasure were being closed for lack of interest, and the young people were flocking to the meetings.

We went by lorry, we went by car, we went walking whatever way we could, and it didn't matter when, sometimes right through the night. I've seen me coming home at six o'clock in the morning just from such meetings. But one thing is characteristic of a genuine revival that is not characteristic of a campaigner, and it's this, that very few go back into the world.

The work is genuine, lasting. I remember passing actually the church in Barbas the night I was going to Carloway, and there was a meeting in the church there around Duncan Campbell, and I was playing the accordion. And I remember passing that church, playing that accordion as hard as I could, thinking I was going to drown whatever was going on there, little knowing what was going to happen to myself within about a matter of five or six hours afterwards in Carloway.

I recall one day speaking in the neighbor's house about the people who had been converted the night before, and I suddenly got up and walked out and said, I don't want to stay here because I'm afraid of being converted, because I felt a strange drawing towards the subject we were discussing. Just what one would expect, a fair degree of mockery, so-and-so was converted last night, in fact they had a name for it, the Curum. Curum in Gaelic means care, concern, but it had become actually a derogatory term.

I remember my girlfriend at the time determined I was going to go, and I said, I'm not going there, because people are getting converted there, I want to stay, I've got plenty of time for that, plenty of time, why am I to go there? Now I must tell you something that took place at the meeting. In this particular part of the parish we were met with bitter opposition, so much so that very few people attended the church in which I spoke, just a mere handful. The church was crowded by people coming from other parishes, but so far we did not touch, or revival didn't come to Arnhem.

One night a certain clerk came to me and said, there's only one thing that we can do, and that is that we gave ourselves to waiting upon God in prayer, and I've been to a certain farmer here, and he's willing to give us his home. Church will be cold, so we'll meet in his home, he's not a Christian, his wife isn't saved, but they're God-fearing, and they're happy to give the farmhouse for this meeting. So I would say perhaps about 30 of us met in this house to wait upon God in prayer.

I felt the going very, very hard. I prayed, and others prayed, and I think all the ministers prayed, but one felt that the very powers of hell was let loose. About midnight I turned to one of the elders and said to him, I feel the time has come when you ought to pray and behold God.

That dear man rose to his feet, and he must have prayed for about half an hour. Of course, remember we're in revival, and in revival time doesn't exist. And then, paused for a little, he lifted his right hand and said this, God, do you know that your honor is at stake? You made a promise to pour water on the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground, and God, you're not doing it.

And then, after a pause of a second or two, again he lifted up his hand, and he cried, God, your honor is at stake, and I now challenge you to fulfill your covenant engagement, to pour water on the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. And at that moment, that huge granite built house shook like a leaf, and as soon as this dear man stopped praying, I pronounced the benediction a little after two o'clock in the morning, and went out to find the whole village ablaze with God. I was through the village some years after that, and an

old elder from the neighboring congregation met me and said, Mr. Campbell, do you see that house over there, windows boarded up, doors boarded, yes? Well, it is that was the drinking house of the village, and I'm happy to tell you that 14 of the men who frequented that place before the revival were praying in our prayer meetings last week, 14 of them.

That's revival. When I was over at Kinloch with Duncan Campbell, before there was any indication that there was a spiritual movement in that area, in the Kinloch area, Mr. Campbell mentioned something that we should send for reinforcement, and he meant praying people, because in most communities you find people who will enjoy the fruits of revival, the fruits of stealing, but who are not prepared to probably pay the price of being burdened, and he was much exercised spiritually that he should have a number of people who do the groundwork, the spadework, and then they could expect something to happen. As a minister of the gospel, I would emphasize the necessity of prayer, not that we can work out anything on the human level in that sense.

It must come down, but yet at the same time God uses, in the sovereign love and grace, he uses human instruments where there's been revivals and stealings. Will you come with me to Gariabard, where the Holy Spirit is saving people under the banner of his wings? When God led the flock in the wilderness long ago, earth shook and there was a mighty shower, because they felt the power of God. The village of Lemreway is blooming.

Arise, my soul, loudly sing, for I am so pleased that the church of L'chibam is full to capacity. Isn't grace wonderful? Coming from on high like Jew, giving life in place of death, and grace in place of ignorance. You brought it to touch with the powers of the world to come, and something, something indefinable lives with you.

You can never be content with anything less than what you have seen, and you live to see it again. We still feel that we are a waiting community, waiting for the breath from heaven. What we need is on our mind.

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