

Eliz: Willson. I was born in Yorkshire in
in the parish of Leeds in Feb^{ry} 21st 1731. baptized
in the Church of England. I was educated by my
parents till I was 13 Years of age, then I was put
apprentice for 6 Years, w^{ch} I serv'd faithfully, tho'
not without hardships, but I being of a lightheome
turn of mind I got thro' better. for at that time I
knew nothing of our Sav^r, neither did I think of any
religion, so I went on without tho't, sometimes my
Father wou'd ask me, come will thou go with us to
hear the preaching to day, at w^{ch} I was griev'd, & said
no never while I live, will I go to hear them naughty
people, then my parents tho't I sh^d come into something
bad, because I seem'd so wild, but for all that, I had
no liking to that w^{ch} my companions follow'd, but
always felt an aversion against it in my heart, at that
time, I did not know how it sh^d be so, but now I
know

know that it was my dear Lord that kept me, from
all hurt & shame. — In my 17th Year my Master
had the misfortune to be kill'd, this struck me very
much, but that went off again without thinking any
further, but that he was at rest; — In my 18th Year
I had a dream w^{ch} made such an impression on my
heart, that I never forgot, my parents were afraid
that something had happen'd to me, my Mother
ask'd me if my mistress had been hard with me,
I answer'd no, it was something that I had dream'd,
then my Father came to me, Priscilla, come now tell me
what it is, but my heart was quite full, however
I told it; It was, I tho^t a man came to me, dress'd
in a white surplice, stood over me, & look'd very solid
at me, then he spread his hands over me, then
folded them upon his breast, & I ~~was~~ knowing that
I was in Bed, tho^t I lay quite still, & see what

he w^d do to me, then he smil'd at me, & began to
write with his finger upon my forehead, for a good
while, then he laid his hand upon my head with
such a powerfull feeling, that tears flow'd without
number, then he look'd again at me and smil'd &
turn'd away & left me, then I tho't I will fetch a
looking glass to see what was done on my forehead,
But I tho't if he has wrote, I cant read writing, however
I w^d look, & when I saw there was written in large
letters in crimson, & I cou'd read it, & it was;— I
will take care of thee, thou shalt not be lost, & when
I awoke my pillow was quite wet with tears, &
I wept almost the whole Night, & cou'd not help it,
for the impression remains to this day, & will
remain till I go to kiss those hands, w^{ch} was held
over me, then I began to think that my time w^{as} ^{not} over,
for then I had almost 2 Years to stay, w^{ch} indeed

indeed seem'd to me very long, but I began to think I
will forget this feeling, & be as I was before, but I
cou'd not, for it always came to me again, once I
went to my Father's & privately took their A. Book,
& bro't it away with me, for I tho't I w^d see what my
Sis^r sung out of that book, for they often sung when
I was there, & when my Mistress & all were in Bed,
I read in it, & that verse: Yea wounds of Jesus bless
me now; that verse soon took my mind, for I began to
think who is that Jesus w^{ch} has wounds, I tho't I
know no meaning of this, however I r^d it over & over,
& the same time tho't, as soon as my time is out, I will
go to hear those people, that I have despis'd so much,
perhaps they will tell me more of that Jesus; - so I
did, when my time was out, I went with my parents,
to hear the B^{pt} to my great joy for the first time, I
heard them, they told of that Jesus, full of wounds
w^{ch} was made for poor sinners, this struck me deeply,

then I was soon taken into the society, I went on &
felt our Sav^r near my heart & was so happy that I
tho^t I wanted nothing more, in this way I went on
for near 7 Years, then I began to think of being rec^d
into the Congⁿ, & spoke about it, it happen'd that
some were rec^d. ~~Before~~ one out of my class, & I was
left, then I was griev'd, & tho^t they chose the worst,
& leave the best, for I tho^t myself the fittest, I
therefore went away perplex^d indeed, but it did not re-
main long, for my dear Sav^r soon shew'd me, that
I was the worst of all, & my happiness was nothing;
then I felt quite miserable & tho^t it is no wonder, that
I am unrec^ded for I am not fit for the Congⁿ, nor any
thing else, I tho^t I had griev'd our Sav^r so much, that
I dare not ask him to forgive me, in this situation
I went on for almost a week, & on Sunday I went to
hear

hear Bⁿ LaShobe preach, he began with inviting all those
that were the most sinfull of all, & said that our Sav^r
stood ready to forgive every one that wd come to him, even
just as you are; O then I tho^t I will go to him & try
whether he can forgive me, I therefore throw myself at
the thro pierced feet of our Sav^r, & said to him dear
Sav^r here is one of the poorest of all thy flock, cannot
thou forgive me. The feeling wth over power'd me, at
that hour, my poor tongue is not able to express;
it was as if our Sav^r said to me, I forgive thee
all thy sins, yea I forgive thee ev'ry thing I view
thee as one of my little flock. —