



THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
 AND
MONTHLY RECORD.

(Issued by a Committee of the Free Presbyterian Synod.)

*"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may
 be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. lx. 4.*

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THE

Free Presbyterian Magazine

And MONTHLY RECORD.

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Britain's Just Cause.

THE great War has now proceeded for a year and eight months, and there is no immediate sign of its termination. The marshalling of vast forces in our country, seems to point, however, to some decisive events before the current year is out. In view of circumstances presently emerging, we think it may not be unprofitable to review some of the grounds on which we consider that Great Britain and her Allies are engaged in a just cause in the present conflict, and that they are doing a good and noble work in fighting against the Central Powers now arrayed against us.

1. Let us observe the manner in which the War was begun. A dispute arose between the immense country of Austria-Hungary, and its small neighbour Serbia, in which there is good ground for thinking that Papal Rome had a subtle but powerful hand. The Archduke of Austria and his wife were shot with fatal results by a Servian at a place called Serajevo. Austria demanded satisfaction, but its demands were impossible for Serbia to meet, and the consequence was that Austria declared war on Serbia. This event brought Russia into the field, as the friend of the smaller country, while Germany stood forth as the ally of Austria. Owing to international agreements, this step on Germany's part called France into action as the ally of Russia. Germany now boldly declared war upon France. And—let it be carefully noted—contrary to express treaty, she sent an army through the intervening country of Belgium with a view to invade France. Here was the critical step in regard to Great Britain. The treaty referred to was a long-standing one between Germany, France, and Britain, to the effect that in the event of hostilities between these countries in which Belgium had no part, they would not make Belgium, a much smaller country than any of them, a highway for their armies, but would go round about it by other roads. This fair and entirely Christian compact in view of Belgium's case, was agreed to by Germany as well as the others, but now, at the first opportunity when self-interest is at stake, Germany deliberately

violates the treaty and sends her armies through Belgium with instructions to beat down all resistance. Here, then, is one of the first "powers" in the world casting all moral obligations to the winds in order to pursue its own plan of advancement. Should such falsity have been condoned or tolerated by this country, there would have been a fatal betrayal of all righteousness and honesty between man and man, and no treaty would ever afterwards be secure between the nations. The civil and moral stability of the whole world would have been destroyed. Every effort was made by our Government to rectify the situation, and maintain peace before matters came to their full height, but Germany was obdurate, and every effort was in vain. No alternative was left. Great Britain was compelled in justice to all concerned to declare war upon Germany. Whatever faults we have or not as a nation, we rose to the full pitch of our Christian duty in this particular case. We had nothing to gain, and possibly much to lose by war. We were largely peace-loving and eminently unprepared for such a terrible conflict. And yet we stood fast, and declared that we would die rather than that Germany should immorally and ruthlessly trample upon every honourable engagement as "a mere scrap of paper." From more than one point of view, it may be said of Britain's steadfastness, "The thing was of the Lord."

2. Let us observe the manner in which the War has been carried on by our enemies. Should the War not have originated at all so honourably to our country and her Allies as it did, the manner in which Germany in particular has carried it on justifies every lawful form of opposition that can be employed against her and her agents. Witness the atrocities that German soldiers perpetrated in Belgium. Cruelties, shocking in the extreme, were inflicted, by the express order of those in authority, upon helpless peasants and unarmed townspeople. Nothing worse has been recorded in the annals of pagan barbarism. Still further, the same merciless spirit has been shown upon sea as well as upon land. Many defenceless steamships, large and small—some of them carrying hundreds of men, women, and children—have been put to the bottom by Germany's submarines, contrary to all international law and contrary to the most elementary dictates of humanity. The case is parallel to that of a ruffian outlaw who defies the claims of justice, decency and mercy, and strikes down at his own sweet will every unoffending person he meets with—becoming a terror to civilised society at large. Is it not just in the highest degree to resist such a murderer, and bring him to deserved punishment? Mercy as well as justice to others and himself calls for such procedure. If ever there was a just cause under the sun, from the standpoint of Christian morality, it is the present. No doubt there have been greater causes where the Gospel of salvation in its fundamental principles has been immediately at stake, and where the sufferers were with all their souls contending for "the faith once delivered unto the saints." But this does not alter the

present case in the least. And what Gospel have we worth the name, if the moral law of God is not upheld in connection with it? A contest for the moral law in its precepts is a contest for an eminent part of Christianity.

3. Let us observe that the Allies are engaged in a just cause when they are fighting those who are the servants in this conflict of the two greatest spiritual foes of mankind, Popery and Rationalism. Time and again, it has been shown in these pages that the Pope and his emissaries have had a deliberate hand in bringing about the War, and have proved themselves the friends of Germany and Austria in the conflict. The facts are plain to the world at large from press information. The Pope hopes to regain his temporal power, if Britain, the strongest Protestant nation (with all her faults) is defeated. Are the Allies not engaged in a just cause when they are fighting against the unholy ambitions and efforts of "the Man of Sin?" Still again, Rationalism in its crudest form is to be seen in Germany's methods. Rationalism has produced Evolution, and Evolution has brought forth gross Materialism in Germany. Human beings are treated as if they were masses of flesh, destitute of a soul. Some of her leading thinkers have declared that the State as such is not amenable to the moral law, but may break its precepts, if supposed self-interest demands. Might is right: the stronger deserves to win. The German forces on land and sea and air are obeying in the methods they pursue the dictates of an infidel Rationalism that obliterates moral distinctions and destroys human life without justice or mercy. Are those who are fighting against such enemies of righteousness not engaged in a just cause? Assuredly they are. Whether all or only a few of the individuals employed realise the exact principles at stake is an entirely different question, and does not affect the essentials of the case. We are totally ignorant of what righteousness is, if this cause is not just.

4. Let us notice, lastly, a few points of objection. Some people, who are entirely patriotic, look at the War from the standpoint of our Parliamentary rulers, whom they distrust owing to their past and present unfaithful proceedings in the matter of our noble Protestant faith. Such friends point to the taking away of the substance of the Coronation Oath, the sending an envoy to the Vatican, the unfair indulgence granted to Nationalist Ireland in the matter of enlistment, and the general disregard of the Sabbath law in high places, and they can hardly believe that those who do such things are capable of true patriotism and of doing what is noble and just in the best sense. While we have great sympathy with the objection to these lamentable defects among our rulers, we must insist on looking at the War as a thing by itself, and examining the action of the Government in relation thereto. As is the case with individuals, so it may be with Governments. We may find a man, who is very weak in one direction, very strong in another. The thief is not always a drunkard, nor is the drunkard

always a thief. We cannot therefore infer that because the Government has been seriously wrong in some things, it is so in all. It may have done the very best thing in the matter of the War though the worst in some other transactions. Again, the fact of moral looseness at home and abroad, our lack of progress against the enemy, and the loss of many brave and gallant men are features that appeal to some as suggesting a doubt as to the righteousness of the cause. But the conclusion does not follow. Many bad men as well as good have played a part in just causes. The history of ancient Israel and modern nations proves this. Moreover, the Most High's purposes are complex. He may have the purpose of chastising us for our personal sins, at the same time as He has the purpose of crushing the pride and power of Germany and her associates. All such objections, however serious as to the cause of truth in general, are beside the point in the present case.

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. D. A. MACFARLANE, M.A., ROGART, ETC.,
SUTHERLANDSHIRE.*

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"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN iii. 3.  
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THERE are set forth in this chapter—and more especially in this first portion of it, dealing with Nicodemus—many of the outstanding truths of the Christian faith. What we are continually exposed to, regarding such a field of divine truth, is the danger of growing weary of meditating therein, or of hearing of it with any degree of frequency. The successive truths as to the new birth, the kingdom (the mystery, yet reality of it), the death of Christ, and the love of the Father antecedent to that death and manifested in virtue of that death, all seem so unquestionable, so generally accepted, as to be beyond the shadow of a doubt. So, to a great extent, we hasten to agree that these superlative truths should receive due attention, and forthwith allow and encourage the mind to wander to and in fields congenial to our sadly disordered and diseased frames.

If the Spirit of truth be our guide and enable us in our time of need to receive the wisdom which is pure and peaceable, the word before us will renew its youth in interest and freshness, and be unto us as a path loved by reason of association, wherein we may walk and talk with our hearts, and come to know what is said of wisdom: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

* Mr. Macfarlane, who resides meantime at Rogart, is minister of the combined F.P. congregations of Lairg, Dornoch, Rogart, and Bonar.—ED.

Let us note at the outset that, though we shall have especially before our minds this testimony of our Lord regarding the kingdom and admission to the presence of the King, we shall not restrict our remarks to this verse as such ; but, as necessary, endeavour to bring the substance of the record regarding the Saviour and Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, to bear on this central truth—a truth which continues to be proclaimed wherever the Gospel is preached, and in all times of the Church's history till He come.

In endeavouring, then, to handle this portion of the Word, we may deal conveniently with these main aspects of the subject :—

1. The necessity of being born again ;
2. What it means to be born again ; and
3. The result of a soul being born again : that soul sees the kingdom of God.

1. It is very evident that in our hearing about being born again and the necessity of it, we are not to take the language of the Teacher come from God literally, any more than we are to look upon Him as a door or gate when He says, "I am the door ; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." Nicodemus apparently did not understand our Lord, and so—most probably in unfeigned astonishment—proceeded to inquire into the meaning of these words from a literal point of view. "How can a man be born when he is old?" Nevertheless, though one can be born into this world only once and have only one such birthday, there is another kind of birth into another world or state of being, and we must have our real, actual, heavenly birth into it, and birthday connected with it, be it known or unknown to the soul at the time—and that must take place while we are in this world—otherwise "that which is born of the flesh" will in principle remain "flesh," not only in the world that now is, but also in that which is to come. Why, the soul may ask, must one be born again? Why this unspeakably necessary change, so utterly beyond the power of a created being that it requires the exceeding greatness of the gracious power of God to perform it, and so to Him will belong the glory of it forever? Why, but that we are "born of the flesh." And so we inquire briefly what this word "flesh" means for us. A twofold use of the word will suffice for our present purpose. First, it has a *good* meaning ; and, secondly, it is used in a *bad* sense, or to convey a meaning of an evil nature.

As to its *good* meaning, a passage or two may be found in this gospel to serve as an example. There are the well-known portions : "And the Word was made flesh." "And the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day." As used thus, the word obviously refers to the coming of the Lord into humanity and to the work of redemption in its full extent, which

He undertook to accomplish. In this He was sinless, yet sin-laden. The word, therefore, when employed as above concerning Christ, involves complete freedom from impurity and pollution. He took upon Him our nature, and made manifest to all ages that it is possible to have a body of flesh and blood or flesh and bones, and yet to be untainted with evil.

Prior to examining the word in its opposite meaning, we may here remark that it is very frequently used in what may be called a relative or non-moral sense. This is especially common in the Old Testament. Adam said of Eve, when the Lord brought her to him, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." Many such instances might be given. The main meaning in such cases is what in general and naturally belongs to rational being.

But the meaning which falls to be most closely attended to in the present connection is of course that pertaining to moral evil, to sin, as involving the penalty of death, and that "filthiness of the flesh (literally) and spirit" which invariably is its accompaniment. That "flesh" should be employed to mean what is sinful, polluted in body and depraved in the sphere of spirit, is not surprising. It is plain that when lust first conceived and brought forth sin, the members of the body very effectually became instruments for evil of the perverse will and besotted mind. The lower passions and appetites obtained dominion. Moral purity—native love of holiness—ceased on the entrance of sin, and the whole man now minded "the things of the flesh." Self-satisfaction became the leading motive in action, the leading end in existence—even in matters otherwise quite lawful, not to mention what is forbidden. And so, having become "sold under sin," we desire independence of God, and were the depraved nature permitted, we should deprive Him of His eternal independence. "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

This, then, is what is true concerning all mankind since "sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Adam, the first father and representative of the race, "begat a son in his own likeness, after his image," and ever since—with the exception of the last Adam, the Lord from heaven—"that which is born of the flesh is flesh." Now, to be a sinful creature, as Nicodemus was, until "washed with the washing of regeneration," involves two things.

The first is, that the Christless person is under the curse of his Maker, the Judge of all. This is, verily, sad truth. Who can understand it in its unsearchable depths—what it implies for a soul to be *separated* from the God of holiness and love? "Who knows the power of thy wrath?" Yet we are plainly told that the soul under the sway of sin—unholy, unhealthy, and continuing disobedient to Him to whom all rational creatures, by necessity of nature, owe loving obedience—will inevitably be *outside* of His gracious kingdom, and so be an object of that holy displeasure which for ever is "the wrath to come." For the soul continuing alienated from the life of God in Christ, is yet God's prisoner—a

prisoner of divine, unchangeable law. And a prisoner is one who is not allowed to go free until the law is satisfied as to his innocence, or until the penalty of his misdeeds has been paid. The way whereby we, as his prisoners, may go free is amply set before us in this portion of the Word, and the time may be nigh—even at our doors—when for us the Gospel will cease to be proclaimed any more. “But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him.”

The second truth is, that the sinner is not only worthy of death, but that, in his moral nature, he is directly contrary to the nature of God. It is true that he is a rational being, and continues to be so—accountable to the Creator. Sin does not deprive man of his rational faculties, but rather perverts him in the God-honouring use of them. Without enlarging on our want of will to take any spiritual interest in His ways and works and house and kingdom, and our depravity in general, we may rather here seek to know that while sin reigns in our mortal bodies we remain unhealthy in soul and body. The slave of sin is moribund, that is, full of death. The Psalmist recorded what is true, whether we are conscious of that or not. “There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger: neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.”

Is not, then, a change necessary—one so great as to require new life, a new beginning, an entrance into a state of freedom which we do not, as “sold under sin,” enjoy, and in addition a nature like that of God? Otherwise we shall die in our sins—Christ-less, faith-less, hope-less, life-less.

2. So we proceed to inquire, in brief, what is implied in being born again. To be born after a natural manner means that a being different from all others is brought into the world. New life is there, and a new beginning. There is need of care and cherishing. So it is in a spiritual way. There is new life, and also—as the Lord tells Nicodemus—a mystery connected with the work of the Holy Spirit therein; just as there is mystery in the blowing of the wind, which “goeth toward the south, and turneth about toward the north; it whirleth about continually.” We do not see it nor grasp it, yet we do not deny its presence and power. The new life is real and spiritual, as its issue, in a life and conversation becoming the Gospel, duly shows. But there is something in addition to the work of the Spirit of Christ in the soul in regenerating and bringing into the kingdom of God, which must previously be, otherwise there is no salvation. This is that specific work of the Redeemer Himself which He alone could perform, for all the ransomed are indebted to Him for redemption. It is to this work which the Father gave the Son to do that attention may first of all be directed.

In considering what the Father gave the Son to do, and what

the Son undertook to perform, we shall here confine our remarks to two essential things : first, that this Saviour is the Son of God ; and secondly, that He is a Priest in order to His being a Prophet and King over the holy hill of Zion.

First : that He was, is, and ever shall be the Beloved Son of the Father, is a truth we do not render thanks to God for as we ought. We have much reason of heart-grief to think how little we wonder and are amazed at the divine love, that it should please the Father to set apart the Son, the Ancient of Days, to be the Rock of Salvation as well as the Rock that begat all things that exist. If we gradually realise how little we at most know—even though there be reason to conclude that one may have saving knowledge—of this theme of praise and thanksgiving to the taught of the Lord, it is surely becoming to seek earnestly an increasing knowledge of the glorious object of salvation, of Him who is God, with whom there is fulness of grace and truth ; the Saviour, born in the city of David, who is Christ the Lord, who “became what he was not, but never ceased to be what he eternally is.” May the eyes of our understanding be opened to view the abounding excellence of the Mediator of the better Covenant, for were we engrossed more in all that He is in Himself, and in what He became and accomplished in order that sinners might eventually be with Him where He is and behold His glory, how changed we all should be ! What manner of persons we should then be in all holy conversation and godliness ! May He grant us hearts to know Him, that we, too, may be permitted to sit at His feet and, in spirit and in truth, drink in that doctrine that drops as the rain and that speech that distils as the dew !

Secondly, let us observe that Christ, the Son of God and the Lord over all, blessed for evermore, became a Priest in order to His being a Prophet and King in a gracious way. If God has a kingdom of grace, mercy, and peace, and the Son rules over this kingdom, wearing a crown that shall flourish for ever, it is because He, the Son of Man, was lifted up, “even as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness.” It is because He was “given” as a surety, a sacrificial victim, a Lamb to take away the sin of the world. Hence the work of the Lord Jesus in offering Himself without spot to God, comes previous in order to His being a King, to subdue and hold sway, and to His being a Prophet, to bless His people with bread and advance them for evermore.

There is much that merits attention in meditating on such a subject as the Priesthood of our Lord. Such an Epistle as that to the Hebrews is taken up avowedly with it. Meantime, let us keep in view some of its main features. Foremost among these is that our Lord was the *called one* and the consecrated of the Father, to do this foundation work of salvation. To that end He received the Holy Spirit not by measure. In the human nature the Son-servant acted on behalf of all for whom the Father, in His sovereign authority, delegated Him to act as surety, as near

kinsman, as the heaven-chosen and heaven-qualified propitiation. This is a truth evidently set forth in the Word of Truth. Secret things belong unto the Most High, and while this is rightly so we are called upon to wait patiently on Him alone, and to use the means as means which are set before us in His Word for our salvation. Let us also bear in mind that Christ, the Priest of the Most High God, offered the sacrifice of sacrifices only *once*. His obedience began with His being made flesh, and embraced His pouring out His soul unto death in bearing sin away by enduring the penalty due thereto. It was an obedience unto death, and included His being buried and coming under the power of death for a time, to the end that He might abolish death and bring life and incorruptibility to light through the Gospel. By one offering He hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified, and has become the author of eternal salvation unto all who believe on Him. For if any soul receive not Christ as Saviour from the guilt, stain, and being of sin, it is not due to the lack of merit or worth in His infinitely meritorious work—He being a person of infinite dignity—but rather because that soul will not come unto Him to have life. He offers Himself—whole and undivided—to every sinner to whom the tidings of great joy come. May He enable us to receive Him, that we may be made whole!

Such, then, are some of the outstanding truths concerning this foundation work of the Son of God, who “shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne, and shall be a Priest upon his throne.”

What is it, then, to be born again, in view of the Lord of Glory being lifted up on Calvary's Cross, and dying without the gate, in the place of the unclean? To be born again is to come as a guilty creature and morally unclean unto the Lord Jesus Christ, for salvation from death and for cleansing from all unrighteousness. It is to come in order to be made whole by Him, that we may love, serve, and obey Him who is the good Master, and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through Him. This coming is performed in the exercise of that faith whereby we appropriate to ourselves or receive Him as all our salvation and all our desire; whereby we rest upon Him wholly, finally, restfully, for salvation as He is offered to us in the revealed will. In believing in the Lord Jesus, a change occurs in a moment. The sinner, hitherto a prisoner of God, is now for ever free, and is accounted righteous with the righteousness of Christ. The sinner now stands upon Christ's merits, and knows no other stand. The Judge will remember his sins and iniquities no more. May our entreaty be that many be washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, that many, in view of such a gracious provision, may be espoused unto such a Bridegroom; that this man and that man there may be born in Zion, and be enrolled among those who say, “I am the Lord's,” and surname themselves by the name of Israel.

But not only is the soul in virtue of union to the Head of the Church brought into an estate of freedom, but he comes to be a partaker of the nature of the first-born among many brethren. Now Christ is the alone fountain of His people's holiness as well as the source of their righteousness. He puts a new heart and a right spirit within them, gives them an heart of flesh. They become lovers of God and of moral purity and of His truth, and are taught by Him in many wonderful ways what sin is and what its dire effects are. They grow in the loathing of sin and its false pleasures as they grow in their knowledge of Himself, their physician and source of health. Thus they are endowed with new life and begin to live unto God. This life is holy life and deathless life. No person, no power, no thing opposed to God and His kingdom can reach such life to cause irretrievable harm. Death hath over this rich life no power. And just as there is progress in natural life and need of daily sustenance, so there is progress in the spiritual sphere and daily need of the bread of life and of an appetite for it, and of being guided and preserved in all our goings, and that by the keeper of Israel, who slumbers not nor sleeps. As an instance of such development and fruit-bearing unto holiness, the case of Nicodemus himself may be cited. He is found on the death of our Lord with Joseph of Arimathea wrapping the body of the Saviour in the bundle of myrrh and aloes and laying the body in the new tomb in the garden. He was in this honoured in being permitted to do what he could. His work was a labour of love and all like-minded will likewise be heirs of the kingdom that fadeth not away.

There is a truth that might again be adverted to and emphasised before passing on to the closing part of our subject. It is that while a soul, willingly and consciously, believes savingly in Christ and becomes a debtor to the grace of God for salvation, yet it is God by His Spirit, all unconsciously to the soul and most mysteriously, who prepares the heart to receive Christ. The heart of man is in His hand "as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will." By His almighty gracious power He disposes the man to seek and empowers him to lay hold upon Christ. To receive the Son is to receive the Father, for "he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."

No one of himself desires to forsake sin with its delusions and service. May we learn this and be diligent in the use of the appointed means, waiting for and expecting, for the Mediator's sake, deliverance right early, if we have no reason to conclude that we possess it now. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

3. With these remarks on the unalterable change which takes effect when the Lord Jesus Christ reveals Himself to a sinful creature, and that person closes in with Him, saying, "I am thine: save thou me," let us note the issue of this new creation. "Verily, verily," says our text, "Except a man be born again, he cannot

see the kingdom of God. "A man is born again by the reception of Christ through the Spirit as his all-in-all. As Prophet, Christ lives for ever to show the soul the path of life which in His capacity as Priest He opened up when He obtained the new and living way into the holiest of all with His own blood which cleanses from all sin. And as King He leads sinners into that way and guides them therein, bringing them at last to the full enjoyment of the kingdom that cannot be moved. This part of the subject leads to a large sphere. A few chief truths regarding the kingdom may here be noted.

First, this kingdom of Christ is especially a gracious and immovable one. God is in Christ "reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." He rules over the chosen and causes all things here below to work for His glory and their good. It is also an immovable kingdom, and yet in certain aspects of it, transitory in as far as limited by the conditions that now exist. The world and the fashion thereof pass away, and when His kingdom in this world reaches the bounds which in God's secret will are appointed to it, it will cease to exist in its present form. His children enjoy now the earnest of the abiding inheritance, but when He comes without sin unto salvation, the gospel will cease to be proclaimed and the sacramental bread and wine eaten and drunk in the courts of His house. Yet in its main features, this kingdom is immovable. For as "the Lord shall reign for evermore," so also

"His kingdom hath none end at all;
It doth through ages all remain."

Secondly, in this world there is no personal perfection, though souls are brought into the number and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God. We see in our day British prisoners freed from an enemy country, but, sad to say, coming home broken down in health. They are free from imprisonment, yet sorely require restoration to health. So with the soul in the day of mercy. It is freed as a bird out of the snare, yet it is to a great extent in ill-health spiritually, and has repeated occasion to lament, "O wretched man that I am!" but yet the renewed man can, in gratitude and good hope, add, "I thank God." The believer is being restored to health, is dying unto sin, is learning of the greatness of the great salvation, and in the day of Christ, will be without spot or blemish or any such thing.

And in conclusion, let it be a word of encouragement to know that, whereas an earthly monarch cannot be expected to know more than a few of his subjects in a personal way, not to mention their needs and frailties and goodwill toward him, this King, eternal, immortal, invisible, having our nature in union with His glorious person—and the otherwise bridgeless gulf between creator and creature so spanned—knows each one of His own. "I know them, and they follow me." Not one of them will be outside of

the kingdom in the day when He makes up His jewels. He took knowledge of them helpless, godless, wilful, dead. He knows them when quickening them that they may call upon Him. He knows them in their frailty, despondency, and mourning their felt distance from the kingdom of God. He knows them in their repentance, love, and new obedience, for they are indebted to Himself for all heavenly growth. And in the great day when the good work begun among men in Eden will be brought to completion, He will confess them before the Father and before the holy angels, "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me."

May we be among them in that day, and now obtain repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ. "None perish that Him trust." Amen.

An Address on Work in France.

BY THE REV. EWEN MACQUEEN OF KAMES, CHAPLAIN TO
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

*Delivered in St. Jude's Hall, Glasgow, on Monday evening,
6th March, 1916.**

WE might look, first, for a few moments, as the Lord may enable us, to the 18th verse of the Psalm we have just now read, the 66th Psalm: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

We find here, friends and fellow-sinners, a man of God, David, of whom the Most High declared that he had found a man "after his own heart" who would do all His pleasure, putting himself to the test, and as he tests himself, there is an acknowledgment in the test. And the acknowledgment is this—that he feels iniquity in his heart. But at the same time that he acknowledges that he feels iniquity in his heart, there is a caveat, as we may say, that although he feels it, he does not love it, which he expresses in this way: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." This is the way in which he puts himself to the test. He does not murmur at all against God for not hearing him, if he regarded iniquity in his heart. Now, there is an acknowledgment that sin is there, and whether you or I acknowledge it or not, sin is in our hearts. You were born in sin, and so was I, and shapen in iniquity; and in our very constitution, in every fibre of our being, sin is there. But although sin is in every fibre of our being, blessed be God there were those in the world, and there are those in the world, who have been made to realise that sin is

* The Address was taken down by a shorthand writer.

there, and as they have been made to realise that sin is in their hearts, they are made to hate the sin that is in their hearts. And this was the case with the Psalmist of Israel. But is it the case with us to-night? If not, my friends, it would be better for us that we were never born than to go to eternity without knowing that sin is in our hearts. Now, I am not going to take up time going over all that is in the heart, but one of the greatest sins that we have in our hearts—and I think the youngest child here might know it—is greed, greed, greed. And there is no satisfying of that greed. We speak about the expanse of the Atlantic, but I will tell you something that is more extensive and more expansive than even the Atlantic; it is the greed that is in the human heart. Have you ever met a man whose greed was satisfied? Never. When you see greed in the heart, it assumes many forms. There is the greed for gold, and there is the greed for power, and there is the greed for authority, and I may say that this has been the cause of the awful War in which we are engaged at the present moment, greed in the heart. Many volumes may be written on the War and its causes, but the radical cause of this War is greed in the heart of man. You may with every scholastic attainment that you may possess put volumes together, but one phrase will describe it all—greed in man's heart. This greed is no doubt in the hearts of the British as well as others, because all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. But in the present terrible struggle, although greed is in our hearts as well as in the hearts of the German Emperor and his subjects, I do hope that we did not enter upon this War with greed for more power and more land. Although I cannot claim to be free from greed in my heart, I hope I may claim this, that I did not go to France with a desire to get an acre of land or any silver or gold whatsoever. And I believe that the British nation were free from that greed when they entered upon this War. But it seems perfectly plain that it was greed for more land and more power that has made the Kaiser engage in it.

Now, I suppose most of you will be anxious to hear some of the things I have met with. I left Glasgow on the 27th of November, 1915, for England, and on the 30th day of November at London I was warned that I had to leave Folkestone in the morning. I may tell you that, but I am not at liberty to tell you any of the places I visited when I come to speak about France. I do not want, as a chaplain or as a soldier, to betray my countrymen, or to tell where they are. I would like them to be secure for time and for eternity.

Now, when I reached the Victoria Station in London I got the first smell, I may say, of what it was to be a soldier. I came in contact with hundreds of soldiers who were going to the seat of war, as I was. Then when we arrived at Folkestone we got the next smell of it. We were told there that there was no boat crossing till such a time. The authorities take great precautions

in sending over the troops to our foreign field, and it is really marvellous the number of soldiers that are sent across, nothing happening to their bodies. But there is one thing that I may point out. To be a soldier is not an enviable thing altogether, although a soldier's life has its bright side as well as its dark. We arrived at Folkestone, then, and when the boat came along, there were four or five transports going across the same day. When we went on board the first thing we got was a life-jacket, covered all over with cork. The Celts are said to be an imaginative people, and I must blame myself for having a strong imaginative faculty. Sometimes it is not a pleasant thing to have too strong an imaginative faculty. When I put on the life-jacket I felt myself wondering what was to be next. Then the boats were thrown out on the davits. They were ready to be lowered into the sea, and we had the life-jackets on. But we made our seaport in France, without a greedy German touching us, and without a submarine boring a hole in our steamer. When I arrived in France I had to report myself, and whenever I reported myself I was then a soldier out-and-out. It does not matter whether you are a captain, a sergeant, or a corporal—when you are a soldier you are a soldier—and the only answer you get is, "Active service, sir; active service, sir." As soon as I went ashore, then, I reported myself, and I was told to go immediately on board the train. I said in reply: "The train does not leave till such an hour in the morning"; and the answer I got was, "It does not matter, sir; better for you to turn into the train just now than to turn out of your bed at four o'clock in the morning." So off I went to the train, as directed, and if I did not sleep, I lay in the train the whole night and morning, until it started away for some place up the line. I arrived at a certain place about eight o'clock in the morning, and then went to a quarter where I was to get my instructions. As I have said, soldiers are soldiers. We were there huddled together—Roman Catholics and all kinds. You might say that, to a certain extent, the lion and the lamb had to be together. I do not claim to be a lamb, but whether I am a lion or a lamb, a Roman Catholic and a Free Presbyterian were under the necessity of being together. Whenever I got to the quarter mentioned I got instructions to depart for another part of the line, and when I arrived at this part I found out that it was a Casualty Clearing Station.

Now, I shall try, briefly, to describe a Casualty Clearing Station to you. The station that I was connected with was an old convent. You know, of course, that convents are places where nuns are counting their beads, and attending to similar forms. Like most of the convents in France, this convent had been taken by the French Government from the Roman Catholic Church ten years ago. It is a large building, with about fifteen wards in it. It will hold from two hundred to three hundred patients. The

wards begin on the floor ; then there is the second flat, and lastly there is the third or top flat. The wards are all numbered in the usual way. As my bedroom I occupied a cell where a nun used to sleep in. When I arrived at the place I was asked if I needed food, and I said "No ; I had my breakfast about an hour or two ago." So I entered upon my duties. I was a soldier. Would to God that we were soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ ! A soldier must be a clean person in his body, and it is the desire of the British Government that their soldiers should be clean in their minds. Ah, friends, no filthy man can be a proper soldier ; if he be filthy in his mind or in his habits, he cannot make a good soldier. We have to rise earlier than some of you do in Scotland. Whether it is cold or warm, snowing or raining, we have to turn out at half-past six in the morning. They call the ministers *Padrès* (*Padrays*), and, of course, *Padrè Macqueen* had to be out at half-past six as well as the rest. Then, when we turned out in the morning, the first thing was to wash our bodies, and to dress us for the duties of the day. And, friends, whenever we had this done, the man who had a mind for an hour in private with the Most High, that was the time he got for it. Once you had dressed yourself you had an hour to plead with your Maker to defend you during the day. And I am glad to be able to say that our Commanding Officer was a man who valued that hour, and I must admit that I was fortunate in falling in with such a Commanding Officer. He would say to me now and again : "*Padrè Macqueen*, the best time in the morning is the hour we have to plead with our Maker, and the best time at night is the hour we have to plead with our Maker before we go to bed." Now, that is one good thing to meet in the British Army, a commander who fears the Lord. Of course, the Roman Catholic *Padrè* went off to his chapel for Mass, but we had private worship in our rooms. We came down to breakfast about eight o'clock. At breakfast every man had to ask a blessing for himself, every man who would do it. I do not say all had a mind to ask God's blessing, but some had, and the first to bow his head was the Commanding Officer, acknowledging God's goodness. Then, as soon as breakfast was over, we got all the patients' letters for the purpose of "censoring" them. That was part of the duty that fell to the *Padrè*. Some of them were writing to their sweet-hearts, some to their mothers, and others to their fathers. As soon as that was over, we went through the wards. The doctors went first. There were eight doctors, and seven nurses, or sisters as they are called. The doctors went first through the wards and looked at everybody, and I must say that the British doctors are good to the patients. In every letter almost that a soldier writes he has a word of praise for the doctors and the sisters. As soon as the doctors were out, we went in. I specially searched out the Scottish men. I would ask if there were any Scottish there, and some of the doctors would cry out, "*Padrè Macqueen*, here is

one of your flock—a Scottish Presbyterian.” But, of course, I had to look after not only the Scottish Presbyterians but all the Nonconformists of England as well. There were a Church of England clergyman and a Roman Catholic clergyman besides myself, who attended to their own people. Some of the men were having their legs amputated, and others their hands cut in many places. But, as a rule, when I went in and spoke to them, they were bright. Sometimes when I would speak to them about eternal things, I would get a good hearing. Very few would laugh, but I have seen a few so light and vain that they would laugh when I would speak to them about eternal realities. My dear friends, I am sorry to say it, but it is the case; I fear that one of the reasons why the Most High is chastising us is that we have neglected the Word of God. I came across some soldiers very ignorant of their Bibles, but I found that most of them gave me a good hearing.

I take this opportunity of thanking all who have been so kind in sending money and other things with a view to provide comforts for the soldiers. As they lay there on stretchers, whatever pain they had—unless they had sickness—they all liked “a smoke,” and those who were much wounded, “longed,” as they said themselves, “for a cigarette.” If you went in with a bundle of “Wills’s Wild Woodbine,” you would get a smile on everyone’s face. I also went round them with writing paper which friends in Scotland and England sent, and also sent money for.

As soon as the soldiers were able to travel in any comfort from the Clearing Station, we were not supposed to keep them. Those who were able to be put in a “Red Cross” train and could stand the shaking, were put there, but those who were too unwell to travel thus, were sent to barges on the canals. You know, friends, that France is very level, and there are canals here and there throughout France which come in exceedingly useful for carrying the wounded from all parts down to the base.

So you see my work was not limited. Some friends were not satisfied that I was not writing home more news from the seat of war. Well, of two evils choose the less, as the word goes. We got a warning from the Government that we were not to be writing home to Magazines, and that we were not to tell anything that would help the foe, and I can assure you that I for one did not wish to help William the Kaiser.

Sometimes I would go to speak to what are called the Flying Corps, which were all around us. I suppose some of you have seen an aeroplane. It is quite like a bird when it begins to go up in the air. First of all you hear a sound like a gun going off, and then *birr, birr*, and at last it begins to go up in the air. Then it begins to hover round, and as it goes round and round it goes higher and higher in the air. Not a day would pass when those men could fly but that they were here, there, and everywhere. You would see them flying over your head everywhere.

Sometimes when I would be on horseback, some of the horses did not like their noise, but I got so accustomed to them that I did not care so long as they were not the Kaiser's birds. Now, sometimes they would send for me, and I would go to them on the Sabbath. Perhaps at half-past eight in the morning a motor ambulance would come for me to conduct a service up at the aerodrome. Sometimes there would be a good few men present, but then at other times they were out flying and I would get very few. Once I turned away without getting any. If there was much pride in a chaplain, he would get it brought down. He has to be satisfied sometimes with a congregation as small as the glorious Head had at Jacob's Well, speaking to the woman of Samaria, one, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Besides going to the Flying Corps I also went to places where the Signal Companies are. As a rule, you would notice them with a kind of blue band on their arms. They were sometimes about fifteen kilometres, that is, about ten Scottish or English miles, away. When I went to those places I left very early in the morning, and when I would arrive there a good many men from the city of Glasgow would meet me—the H.L.I.'s, the Glasgow Highlanders. Although the H.L.I.'s are not specially connected with the Signal Companies, I came across a good many of them. After speaking to the Signal Company I would then motor back as fast as the motor would go, to the town where I lived, and I would begin to speak there at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. This shows you that I was not idle entirely the time I was in France. My only complaint is this—how little I saw of the fruits of the Word of God. But we must leave it all to the God whose word it is. He has promised—and His promise will not fail—that His word will not return unto Him void.

At other times I would go out in search of the Highlanders—for although I love the Lowlanders, I must say I have a warm place in my heart for the poor Highlanders—when I would come in sight of "the kilties" and hear their old musical instrument, the bagpipes, I used to feel: "I am coming near those that I love most. I am coming near the Highlanders." Sometimes I would not have very long time, and I would ask them in Gaelic, "If I would come and give a kind of sermon to you, would you come to hear me?" and they would say, "It is we that would be pleased to see you and hear you, Sir."

Now, I suppose it is time I was coming to an end of this rigmarole, as I may call it. As I was drawing near the time when I was to get leave—you see, a soldier is a soldier—the last fortnight before I got leave I felt longer than the two months and a-half previous to that, because I have a human heart, I hope, and my heart longed to see my dear family once more in the land of the living, and as my heart longed to see my dear family, my heart longed to speak once more to my own congregation. But the week before I got away, word came stopping all leave, and I

can tell you I had to go on my knees to seek submission from God, if I should be kept back. For you know there is a rebellious heart inside, and when I had made up my mind to see my friends, the old rebellion was ready to come to life again. But at the very last moment word came round that I would get home on special leave. Immediately on getting word, I left the place where I was and came to the seaport that very night, and when I arrived at the French seaport I thought I was a few years younger. Then, there was the same thing over again. The boat was not to sail till half-past three the next afternoon. My heart sank a good bit that I was to be kept so long. Whenever we went on board, we required to have our life-jackets on again, and the boats ready. I am sorry to say that one of the P. and O. Company's boats had been sunk a few days before then in the Channel, and we had to take extra precautions.

I may say, in concluding my remarks, that I believe the soldier in chief command of the Army in France, Sir Douglas Haig, is truly a sensible man, and I believe a reader of his Bible. I also believe that the officer next in command is a lover of the Word of the living God. Then as regards the commander I had, as I have said already, the Word of God was his companion, and prayer was his resort. As far as I came in contact with those in command, I found there were none of them lovers of evil or longing for the destruction even of their greatest enemy, but longing for this, that God would give repentance to Germans and to British. And, dear friends, if we only got repentance for our personal sins, I may say, before God, that it would be the strongest weapon that ever was found for conquering our enemies. Do not think for a moment that we are at the end of the War. I say that much to you; do not think for a moment that your friends will be home in three months. God can do that; but don't you build your hopes upon that. At the same time, let the people of Glasgow pray, pray, pray for the spirit of repentance to themselves and for the spirit of repentance to our soldiers. When I asked some of them, "Do you pray in the trenches?" they replied, "We cannot do anything else but pray, for when you are there sometimes, you would think that the end of the world had come." There are the machine guns going at the rate of over a hundred shots a minute, and not only machine guns, but other guns as well. Some days we would hear the sound of the guns going the whole day, and our Colonel would remark, "We are strafing each other to-day."

I am glad to say this about the British soldiers that there is very little contagious trouble among them. There is one thing I omitted to tell you. We have to get a needle pressed into our breast every now and again. A man comes along with a long needle and asks you to open up your breast, and when you do so, he stabs the needle into your breast. It won't do to say, "You must not put it there." The stuff put in is rank poison, as people would say in Skye, but that rank poison is there to counteract or keep

away enteric fever. France is not extra clean—the smell is not very nice at times—and this poison is put into your breast to prevent fever. I must say, however, that there is very little fever among the troops in France, and that by reason of the precautions that are taken. The preventative is called anti-typhoid inoculation, and although you take typhoid fever, if you have been inoculated twice, you take it very slightly, and it does not affect you much at all.

Now, my friends and fellow-sinners, this then is what we all ought to seek, that we do not regard iniquity in our hearts, that we do not seek in greed the land of others, and that we do not seek with malice the destruction of others. But we must defend ourselves, even according to the moral law, and use all lawful endeavours to preserve our own lives and the lives of others. May the Lord bless His Word, and may He prepare you and me for the day when we shall all have to meet Him, not in battle. We shall all have to meet Him at the hour of death, for “it is appointed unto men once to die,” and after death, the judgment. This much I may say at the close, that I once used to think that I would like to have my body laid along with those of my friends of my congregation in my own native land, but now I am come to this, that, although my mortal body would lie in France, and my remains be torn of dogs, if my immortal soul would be safe in the hands of the glorious Saviour, I know that He would raise my body at last to join my soul, to be for ever with Himself. May He bless His Word!

The Diary of Dugald Buchanan.

(Continued from page 429.)

* [HE, as a faithful Shepherd, warned me of my danger when I began to turn aside, but I would not hear, neither did I wait for His counsels, and so wandered from the footsteps of His flock to the dark mountains of vanity, where I stumbled and fell grievously to the cutting and wounding of myself. He also suffered the evil angels to come upon me, who spoiled me of my whole treasure.

The Lord my Shepherd was, as it were, obliged to hunt me with the devil and guilt of sin. They overtook, got me down, and wallowed me in the mire to such a degree that no one could think I was a sheep belonging to Christ. And truly I thought they would end my days, but then I cried unto the Lord and said, “deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of dogs.” And my Shepherd was not far off from me, for He heard me from the horns of the unicorns and restored my soul again; and if He had not restored my soul, I would have remained an eternal captive of sin and Satan.

* Passages between brackets indicate that these are omitted in the Gaelic translation.

O the discoveries which I had of the love of this Shepherd ; how He laid down His life for the sheep, and by His care and watchfulness He sees the wolf coming before the sheep observe him themselves ; whether they be sleeping or waking, His watchful eye is still upon them. "Behold He that keeps Israel slumbers not nor sleeps," etc. And His sympathy towards His sheep is great. "In all their afflictions he is afflicted" (Is. lxiii. 9). And also by His power and faithfulness none of His sheep were ever lost, but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures which cannot be broken might be fulfilled. None can pluck them out of His hand, for if any could, I had not this day been a believer in Christ. If it was possible that the seed of God's grace could die or rot under the clod, I should not have had one grace in exercise in my soul this day. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for His seed remaineth in Him," etc.

My Shepherd is wisdom itself. He leads His flock in the way of righteousness and in the midst of the paths of judgment. Therefore, when I saw that the whole perfections of the Godhead were in my Shepherd, I gave myself up wholly to Him to lead and feed me in His own pastures, also to be corrected and chastised when necessary, and to defend me from the roaring lion that sought always to devour my soul.]

Next morning, although very weak in body, I went to the place where the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed, and had such a sense of God's presence upon my spirit in this journey of eight miles that He was either instructing or comforting my soul every minute, which made it very agreeable.

In the evening after sermon was over, I retired into a secret place to give my soul a new vent, for I was full of matter. The Spirit within me constrained me. My meditation was fixed upon the following Scripture: "If a man love me, he will keep my commandments, and my Father will love him, and we will come into him and make our abode with him." O astonishing grace ! If the Son of God, the Amen and faithful witness had not said it, who would have believed it ? But, indeed, He manifested Himself to me in that place and shed His love abundantly on me through Jesus Christ, and to that degree that my narrow soul was quite overcome and could hold no more. Then I said, let it this evening be published among all the heavenly host and resounded upon their golden harps, "That the free grace and love of God in Christ has got a complete conquest over my whole heart and soul, and that I am this day a willing captive of the cross of Christ in point of obedience and subscription, and that the same be registered in the book of conscience never to be reversed. No ; not when grasping with the king of terrors that I was allowed to read my interest in Christ and in God's everlasting love without any doubts after the most impartial enquiry respecting the soundness of my faith, and the effects it produced in my soul evidencing to my conscience that it was the faith of God's elect."

I came away from this pleasant spot having my soul brimful of the love of God, and therefore could think of nothing else but the love of God in sending the Son of His love to save sinners and me the chief. O! what would I have given to be among a company of experienced Christians to reveal my mind to them? The love of God was like to overwhelm my soul. I may well say with the prophet, "That this view of the Lord turneth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men." Blessed be God, who caused my deaf ears to hear His voice and who quickened and enabled me to open to Him, and blessed be His holy name to all eternity who of the fullness of His love has given me such a feast, the like of which I never got before. O! may I not now say that I am sealed with His Holy Spirit of promise? And is not this the earnest of the inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of His glory? How happy am I, and what a change has come upon me! I can now say with the greatest assurance, "The Lord is my rock, my fortress, my God, and my strength, in whom I will trust," etc. I then retired to my lodgings, being "filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory," etc.

Early on Sabbath morning I awoke and my sleep was sweet, finding my heart and affections in the same frame in which they were when I lay down, which was not usual. But this morning I awoke full of love to God and my affections set upon things above. My very soul resembled "a field which the Lord had blessed." "My beloved spake unto me and said, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone," etc.

When I came to the church, there Christ manifested Himself to my soul in His dying love in a wonderful manner. O! the sumptuous table which was covered to me in the wilderness. Behold a feast of love, unparalleled love! God the Father being pleased to bruise His own eternal Son, the Son of His love, and gave Him body and blood to be food for thee, O my soul! Christ giving Himself with all the benefits of His life and death! yes, and His Holy Spirit over unto me in the feast.

Everything so crowded upon me and shone with such beauty that my soul was almost swallowed up.

The subject of the action sermon was from 1 Cor. x. 4, "And they all drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ." From which the Lord Jesus Christ was eminently held forth in His fulness and sufficiency. My soul drank abundantly of the water which came from the rock. Streams of salvation and consolation flowed in great plenty from Christ, and I got my soul sheltered in the clefts of this rock. I sat down under the shadow of this rock in a weary land and built my faith and hope eternally upon it, despising all other foundations, therefore I believe that the gates of hell shall not prevail against me.

My God is a rock and His way is perfect. His work of grace in my soul shall be perfected in due time as well as the work of creation. I saw that it was in the cleft of this rock and nowhere else that I could hear God proclaim His name. Jealous, just, and holy, who will by no means clear the guilty as well as gracious and merciful.

I was made to suck honey and oil out of this rock. Oh! may I never be unmindful of God who hath thus formed me in Christ Jesus. I compared myself to the animal plant which is said to live upon a rock and defend itself by shrinking into the rock upon the least touch, and cannot be taken from it but with the utmost violence. This is my case indeed, for I live upon the rock, Christ, and defend myself in Him. He is a life-giving root unto me and without Him I can do nothing, and here lies my comfort that all the violence of sin and hell cannot pluck me from this Rock of Ages, and by virtue of my union to the Rock, I stand firm upon it. The Lord liveth, blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted!

I came out of the church refreshed with the wine of wisdom and with the bread of God which came down from heaven, and the delicious honey-comb of God's testimonies was a sweet morsel under my tongue. Christ conquered and I gathered the spoil: He sowed in tears, agony, and bloody sweat, and I reaped in joy and gladness. He was shamefully used, and I was honourably entertained. Since I found favour in His eyes, how honourable have I been? That saying is true indeed, "one soweth, and another reapeth." Lord, hasten the day when Thou who sowest and I who reap, shall eternally rejoice together. Oh! was there ever such a contrivance of love and grace as the death of Jesus Christ the Son of God! Oh! my soul, where art thou? "I am," says my soul, "lost in the ocean of God's love, which has neither bank nor bottom."

"Worthy is the Lamb who was slain to receive power and riches," etc. Hosannah to the Son of David! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

I retired now to a secret place to return thanks and to praise God because He shewed me so much of His marvellous loving-kindness in a strange city, and I found my heart flowing out in acts of humble submission to the Lord in all His ways of dealing with me. I saw that the Lord carried on the designs of His grace in the elect by dark dispensations of providence, so that that which in itself seemed to obstruct the designs appeared in the end to be the only means of effecting them, and I had at this time some such providences in view which were gloomy in themselves at the time they took place, which was about the time I was twelve years of age; but at this very day they were so cleared up to me by another providence that it wafted my soul to heaven.

Oh! the love, grace, and wisdom of God which now appeared

in crossing and disappointing me in former days, and I then said "this shall be the happy upshot of all that God doth with me in time; and though I cannot expect to read the real designs of all my crosses in this world, I will read them in eternity."

Here I viewed God as the great husbandman who prepares the soil and soweth the seed of His word in the heart, and also that He is the sole disposer of the weather which brings the seeds to ripeness, and since the harvest redounds wholly to His own praise and glory, I am made to believe that He will send such weather as His infinite wisdom shall see fit to produce a plentiful harvest of the fruits of righteousness in my soul.

I compared the grace of the Spirit to different grains of seed, and observed that that which would utterly destroy one grain was absolutely necessary for another. I compared faith to the grain of wheat that outstands all the winter storms of frost and snow and which is made better thereby, while other grains not of so hardy a nature would certainly die by the same storms. Therefore I am resolved to submit to whatever weather the Lord may send in my lot here below.

Then I lifted up my heart with my hands to God in the heavens, and said, "O glorious and almighty God! who of Thy free love sent Thine eternal Son, Christ Jesus, to reveal Thy name to ignorant mortals, and who hast revealed Thy name unto me under the notion of a husbandman, who, by His Holy Spirit, prepares the souls of His chosen to receive the seeds of His grace and fits them for Thy presence."

I therefore, with all my heart and soul, submit to Thy Spirit's working in me the good pleasure of Thy goodness and the work of faith with power. O Thou eternal Spirit of Truth, God equal with the Father and the Son, who, by Thy almighty power, quarried me out of a natural state; and it is Thou who carvest and framest every stone and pillar of state which is to be in the building of grace which the Godhead is to inhabit.

O Lord, I confess to my shame that I have been too long directing Thee how to work upon my soul. I here this day submit unto Thee to work upon me as Thou pleasest. I yield myself up unto Thee, Lord, to form me as seemeth Thee good, and use what instruments Thou pleasest to accomplish Thy work. I am sure Thou wilt do Thy work and not overdo it. O Lord, I see such dimness in my reason, such darkness in my understanding, such perverseness in my will, that I am as glad to be from under their conduct and government as if they were so many poisonous serpents or furious lions! O Lord, take the conduct of my path and the government of my lot, for I have not one reluctant thought in renouncing myself and accepting Thee, O Spirit of God, for my guide and comforter to the other world.

I believe it is not for me to know the reasons which Thou hast reserved in Thine own hand; therefore send snow in summer or rain in harvest; give bread of adversity or water of affliction; take away one of my comforts to-day and another to-morrow; do

Thy whole pleasure with me and mine, and by Thy grace I will say, "good is the will of the Lord."

Now, Father, Son, and Spirit, three persons in one God, I take heaven and earth to witness that I am no more my own, but Thine to work upon, Thine to work by, Thine to work for. I do not, Lord, intend to lay aside my rational faculties as useless, neither dost Thou command it; no, Lord, I will use them with the utmost prudence and diligence of which I am capable, only do Thou superintend them all. Cross my will, turn my wisdom to foolishness, my strength to weakness, when I lean to them and not to Thee, and let all Thy counsels stand fast and let mine fall.

Now, Lord, let this my renunciation be registered in heaven, and I am resolved never to reverse it while on earth; that I, and all that I possess, or may hereafter possess, be at the disposal of God.

[O Lord, do not punish me by giving me my own will, for I reckon it the greatest punishment out of hell to be at the disposal of my own passions. I doubt not, if I live any time, but fleshly ease, my honour, or some carnal consideration would willingly retract the renunciation. Yea, perhaps, these delicate pleasures and darling passions which are interwoven with my very constitution will be compelling me to pray back the renunciation. And if I, through fear or pain, should yield unto them, O Lord, hear me not. O shut out my prayer in that respect. Reject my cries and tears when contrary to Thy will and my own interest. O Lord, if Thou lovest me as Thy child, spare not Thy rod; go through with Thy work in me and spare not the flesh for its crying.]

This is the prayer of faith, hear it, and reject the prayer of sense, carnal reason, and present ease, O Lord, use the means which will effect Thy work. Hear my heart, my soul, and my faith; but O reject my other passions, though they cry mightily unto Thee. I do this day enter a protest in the hand of my Advocate in heaven, at God's right hand, that they be not heard; and I promise in the sight of God and the holy angels; and take my conscience and all about me as witnesses, that where I shall observe Thy will to be, that I shall not fight nor pray against it, but submit. Save me from myself, for I am my greatest enemy.

I bless Thee, O my God in Christ, who hath enabled me to renounce myself so freely in Thy sight and for giving me such a soul-submission to Thy yoke.

Now, Lord, let the dedication of myself to Thee, and my accepting of Thee, as my God in Christ, and my being the subject of Thy spiritual work, be like the day that is past, and cannot be recalled again. Let it be ratified in heaven, and I will sign it upon earth.

DUGALD BUCHANAN.

Dugald Buchanan lived after he had written the above Diary for eighteen years, but we have no account of those years from his own pen. We may, in a future issue, give English translations of his Gaelic Poems.—A.M.

An t-Uisge Beo.

SEARMOIN LEIS AN URR. LACHLAN M'COINNICH.

“Oir doirtidh mi mach uisge air an tartmhor, agus tuitte air an fhearann chruaidh; doirtidh mi mach mo Spiorad air do shliochd, agus mo bheannachd air do ghineil: Agus fasaidh iad suas mar anns an fheur; mar gheugaibh seilich ri taobh nan sruth-chlaisean. Their am fear so, Is leis an Tighearna mise; agus ainmichear fear eile air ainm Iacoib; agus scriobhaidh fear eile le laimh do'n Tighearna, agus sloinnidh se e fein air ainm Israeil.”—ISAIAH xlv. 3, 4, 5.

THA fìor phobull an Tighearna nam pobull meath-chridhach; 'se sin, tha iad buailteach do laigse creidimh, a dhain-deoin na tha Dia gach là a' deanamh air an son. Ach ged tha iad gealtach agus meath-chridheach nuair nach faic iad cuideachadh am fagus, tha iad treun mar an leomhann fuidh cheannard na Slainte! 'Se 's aobhar d'an smuaintibh ana-creideach am mothachadh a th'aca air cruas agus feòlmhorachd an cridhe—cha'n eil iad a' faotainn ni maith air bith anna fein. Is ann, uime sin, a chum cridheachan a phobuill a neartachadh a sgap Dia a gheallaidhean sìos agus suas feadh 'Fhocail. Tha earrainn luachmhor a chaidh an ceart-uair a leughadh làn do shòlas agus do aoibhneas dhoibhsan a ta ri bròn ann an Sion—dhoibhsan a ta gluasad an dorchadas agus nach eil a' faicinn soluis—dhoibhsan a ta 'faicinn am feum air an neamhnuid luachmhoir sin ris an abra'r *gràs*. Ann an so tha geallaidhean da-rìreadh luachmhor agus solasach. Cha'n eil iad, tha e fìor, arson muinntir a ta air an seideadh suas le'n leithide so 'san leithide sud de bhuidhean nadurra—air an leithid so do mhuinntir bhiodh iad air an tilgeadh air falbh—cha'n eil iad a' faicinn feum ac'orra; ach do'n dream air am bheil iotadh—dhoibhsan a ta air an coimeas ri fearann tartmhor, agus a ta air an aobhar sin a' faicinn am feum air Chrìosd, dhoibhsan *tha* iad luachmhor.

Ann bhi labhairt nis faide o'n cheann-teagaisg so, bheir mi, le comhnadh Dhe fainear.

I.—Co iad d'am buin na geallaidhean so.

II.—Minichidh mi na geallaidhean fein, mar chaidh an leughadh.

III.—Nochdaidh mi an toradh a ta sruthadh uatha anns an dream aig am bheil còir orra: agus

'*San àite ma dheireadh*, Ni mi co-dhunadh aithghearr.

I.—Nochdaidh mi co iad d'am buin na geallaidhean.

Tha na geallaidhean uile a' coinneachadh a chèile ann an Chrìosd. “Oir geallana Dhé uile annsan is seadh iad, agus annsan is amen iad, chum gloire Dhe.”—2 Cor. i. 20.

Tha geallaidhean ann a chaidh a thoirt do Chrìosd ambhàin geallaidhean eile do Chrìosd agus do'n eaglais; agus cuid do'n eaglais ambhàin: agus gun eolas slainteil—gun solus spioradail

cha'n'eil e furasda eadar dhealachadh a chur eatorra. Ach thugamaid fainear, ged a bhuineas na geallaidhean a ta air an toirt do Chriosd amhàin dh'a fein anns an t-seadh is àirde, gum buin iad ann an seadh eile d'a eaglais agus d'a phobull.

Ged tha Criosd, mar thug mi cheanna fainear, air a ghabhail a steach anns gach gealladh, labhraidh mi umpa anns an àite so mar bhuineas iad do'n eaglais: Dh'ise tha 'n Tighearn' a' tairgse comh-fhurtachd ann am briathraibh ar teagaisg fuidh 'n ainm *Jacob* agus *Israeil*. Tha'n tainm *Iacob* a ciallachadh *anmhuin-eachd* ach an tainm *Israeil*, *cumhachd* no aon a fhuair buaidh. Thuirt Esau mu Iacob gur maith a bhaisteadh e, do bhri gu'n tug e'n car da uair as, an tùs mu thimchioll a chòir-bhreith, agus a ris mu thimchioll a bheannachaidh. 'Sann 'nuair bha'n gleachd aige ris an aingeal agus a thug e buaidh a fhuair e'n tainm *Israeil*.

Air a' fagail dh'i fein cha'n'eil an eaglais ach lag agus anmhun, gun chomas air bith; ach 'nuair, tre chreidimh 'na Fear Saoraidh Glormhor, a ni i greim air Dia, bheir i daonan buaidh, cha'n'e amhàin sin, ach, "bheir sinn *tuilleadh is buaidh* tridsan a ghràdh-aich sinn."

Ma thuigeas sinn na geallanna so, mar air an toirt do Chriosd, tha iad a feuchain dhuinn staid a ghleachdaidh agus fhulangais agus mar an ceudna a bhuaidh a thug e mach air a naimhdebh fein agus ar naimhdebh fein agus ar naimhdebhne; agus air lorg sin gu'n dhfhuair e ainm oscionn na h-uile ainm araon air neamh agus air talamh.

II.—'Se'n dara ni 'rùnaich mi na geallaidhean luachmhor a chaidh a leughadh a mhineachadh dhuibh.

'Se'n ceud aon diubh so, "*Doirtidh mi mach uisge air an tartmhor*."—Leis an "uisge" tha sinn r'a thuigsinn anns an àite so *feartan buadhach an Spioraid Naoinh, a dhoirteas e' mach air an anam a tha'n teinn—a tha mothachadh 'fheum air Criosd mar Shlanui'-ear*. Mar bheir uisge fionnarachadh do'n fhear-thuruis a ta sgith agus fann leis an teas, sa chridhe 'plocartaich le ìotadh; mar sin tha soisgeul na slainte do anam a pheacaich. Tha gràs na ni ro luachmhor, agus 'nuair bhios a mhiann air an Tighearn' a bhuileachadh cuiridh e na tùs iartras laidir anns an anam, air a shon.

Is meur do ghràs eadhon an dian-iartras so-fein, agus gach neach a dhiarras ann an treibhdhìreas a chridhe, gu cinnteach gheibh e. 'Se tart no ìotadh is treise agus is mi-fhoighid'niche d'ar miannaibh uile. Tha e gun nàire gun fhoighidinn, mar gum beadh; *feumaidh* e bhi air a shàsachadh. Tha e cosmhuil ri Rachel mu shliochd, "Thoir dhomh clann ar neo gheibh mi bàs." Their an tart spiriodail an ni ceudna mu Chriosd, "Thoir dhomh Criosd ar neo cha bheò dhomh." Cha tug Dia togradh air bith dhuinn an diomhain. Cha'n'eil a h-aon dhuibh nach do chruthaich e lòn d'a reir; chruthaich e leinn togradh arson bidh is dibhe, agus mar h-ullalchadh e biadh is deoch 'dan réir cha bhiodh e ach a fochaid air a chreutairnean. Feudaidh ar

miannaibh nàdurra air uairibh a bhi fuidh dhroch stiùradh, agus 'sminic a tha; 'nuair tha chuis mar so cha'n'eil e mar fhiachaibh air Dia an sàsachadh: ach do thaobh ar n' iarrtasa spioradail cha'n'eil iad air an toirt an diadhan uair air bith-'s eigin gu'n sasuichear iadsan. Cluineamaid ciod a ta ar Tighearn' e fein ag ràdh mu'n tart spioradail so. "Ma tha tart air neach air bith thigeadh e do'm ionnsuidhsa agus òladh e."—Eoin vii. 37. Agus a ris, Agus a deir an Spiorad agus a bhean-nuadh-phosda, Thig. Agus abradh an ti a chluineas, Thig. Agus thigeadh an neach air am bheil *tart*. Agus ge be neach leis an àill gabhadh e uisge na beatha gu saor.—Tais. xxii. 17.

'S'en dara cuid de'n ghealladh—*Agus tuitte air an fhearann thartmhor*. Feudaidh an t-anam cha-ne 'màin a bhi tartmhor, ach eadhon mar mhìr do fhearann air a losgadh leis an teas, Feudaidh, cha-n'e mhàin mothachadh agus mor-mhothachadh bhi aig air fheum air gràs, ach mar an ceudna faireachadh air mòr-thruaighe. Bha staid rìgh Daibhi ann an fàsach Iuda an càileigin mar so. Tha e 'coimeas staid 'anama ri cor an àite anns an robh e. "Tha tart air m' anam a d' dheigh, tha m' fheoil a' togradh a t-ionnsuidh ann an tìr thioraim agus thartmhoir as eugmhais uisge."—Salm lxiii. 1. Bha rìgh Daibhi anns an am so air a dhruideadh suas o mheadhona nan gràs; ach feudaidh e bith gu bheil an crìosdaidh a' mealtainn nam meadhona agus, gidheadh, gu bheil e mar fhearann cruaidh agus tartmhor fodhpa. Ma's e so do staid a chrìosdaidh, co-chuir riut fein an gealladh; ge cruaidh da-rìreadh do staid bha muinntir eile na leithid romhadsa, agus fhuairead furtachd o'n ghealladh so. Ciod i càinain an anama a ta na leithid so do staid? O! ars 'esan *cha'n'eil sràd do ghràs agam!* Ma'sann mar so tha, thig 'dhionnsuidh Chrìosd. Ach ars' an t-anam, *Tha mo chridhe cruaidh—cha'n'urrainn mi urnuigh' dheanamh—nam faighinn saorsa chum urnuigh' dheanamh—nam b'urrainn mi deur a shìleadh—nam b'urrainn mi mo chridhe fhosglaidh do'm Dhia bhithinn sona!* An i so da-rìreadh do staid? 'Anaim bhochd! 'S tus' an ceart duine arson an d'rinneadh an gealladh, agus ris an bheil briathraibh mo chinn-teagaisg a' labhairt. Tha do chridhe 'na fhàsach tartmhor gun fhaireachadh. Eisd ris a ghealladh a chaidh a thoirt do mhuinntir ann ad' staid-sa: "Oir anns an fhàsach brisidh uisgeachan a mach, agus sruthana anns an dithreabh: Fasaidh am fearann tioram 'na linne, agus am fearann tartmhor 'na thobraichibh uisge."—Isa. xxv. 6, 7. Nì-headh, tha dòchas do thaobh neach a's measa cor na thusa: "'Nuair a bhitheas am bochd agus an t-ainnis ag iarraidh uisge agus nach bi e ann; agus a bhitheas an teanga air tiormachadh le tart, mise Iehobhah freagram iad; Dia Israeil is mi nach treig iad. Fosgalaidh mi aibhnichean anns na h-ionadaibh àrda, agus tobraichean ann am meanhon nan gleann; nì mi 'm fàsach na linne uisge; agus am fearann tioram na shruthaibh uisge."—Isa. xli., 17, 18. Theagamh nach urrain duit urnuigh a dheanamh—tha thu mothachadh gu

bheil do chridhe cruaidh, agus cha'n'eil fhios agad ciod a their thu. 'Stu an *ceart duine* a tha aig mo cheann-teagaisg 'san amharc. Bu mhiann leat urnuigh a dheanamh, ach cha-n urrainn thu. Bheir esan dhuit, cha-ne mhàin deoch a chasg d' iotaidh, ach doirtidh e tuiltean ort. Cha'n aon fhras a dh' fhoghnas dhuit —bha do thìormachd ro fhada: Frasaidd e 'nuas *gu pailt*—doirtidh e 'mach tuil ort. 'Nuair thig furtachd, ciod air bith an t-àm, cha bhi do shòlas gann—cha bhi do shìth diombuan. 'Nuair bhios oighreachd an Tighearna sgith, silidh e 'nuas uisge gu pailt. Ri linn na tìormachd so, theagamh gu'n do ghlac peacadh neart san anam —'theagamh gu bheil smuaintibh uamhasach ag eiridh suas anns a chridhe. Tha'n Tighearna uime sin 'gealltainn gu'n leighis e so mar an ceudna; oir ars' esan, "doirtidh mi mach mo Spiorad air do shliochd, agus mo bheannachd air do ghineil."

Tha'n comh-fhurtair an Spiorad naomh air a ghealltain do uile phobull De. Se a dhreuchd-san, cha'n e ambain géur-mhothachadh a thoirt dhuinn air ar peacaidhean, ach mar an ceudna an t-anam a neartachadh. 'Se maitheanas peacaidh am mòr-bheannachadh a cheannaich am Fear-saoraidh arson a phobuill; agus tha'n Spiorad a' cur an ceill na beannachd so gu h-uaignidheach ann an cluais na coguis, trid an Fhocail. Tha'm Focal a' labhairt sìth ris gach neach a threigeas peacadh, agus a philleas ri Dia. Ach feudaidd sinn a bhi ann an staid réite ri Dia, agus feudaidd am Focal sìth a labhairt gun an t-sìth sin bhi air a cluinntinn 'sa choguis. Bi'dh eagal air an fhìor-chriosduidh roimh shìth bhréige, agus cha'n fhois dha gus am fair e 'bharrantas ann am focal Dhé. Dealràidh an Spioraid, air a ghealladh, agus bheir e air cuspair a ghràis gum faic e gum buin e dha. Brisidh e sìos cumbachd an ana-creidimh agus le dearbh-bheachd a thoirt do'n choguis air fìrinn a gheallaidh, mar thug e roimhe air fìrinn a bhagraidh. Their an *lagh* ris a choguis, *Is tusa am peacach*.—Their an Spiorad Naomh, trid an Fhocail, *Thainig Iosa Crìosd a chum an t-saoghail a shàbhaladh pheacach a bha caillte*. S ann air a leithid so do dhoigh a tha an spiorad beannuichte labhairt sìth ris an anam.

Thigeadh do'n pheacach gun meadhana nan gràs a mhi-bhuileachadh no dearmad a dheanamh air féin-cheasnachadh, mar 'eil a chridhe mar bu mhath leis, cha-n urrainn e àicheadh: co dhiù, nach 'eil an Slanan'ear comasach air a chumbachd a dhearbhadh air. Ma's e, an àite naombachd nach 'eil e 'faotainn ann fein ach luibhre pheacaidh, feudaidd e dol a chum an t-Slanan'ear le briathraibh an lobhair roimhe. *A Thighearna, ma's àill leat 's comasach thu air mise ghlanadh*. Ma tha e' faotainn a chridhe cruaidh agus neo-aithreachail feudaidd e innse da Shlanan'ear gu'n cual e uime gu'n robh e air àrduchadh mar Phrionns' agus mar Shlanan'ear a thoirt aithreachais do chloinn Israeil agus maitheanas peacaidh. Ma tha e faireachadh ana-creidimh ag oibreachadh feudaidd e 'ràdh, *A Thighearna, bu*

mhiann leam creidsinn, cuidich thusa mo mhi-chreidimh. Ciod sam bith truailidheachd a tha g oibreachadh anns an leth stigh, dheanadh beantuin re cumhachd Chrìosd a leigheas.

Uime sin. Thugamaid amhain oidhearp air creidsin oir dhoibsan a chreideas, tha na huile nithibh comasach.

III.—'S e'n *treas* ni 'chuir sinn romhain an toradh a ta sruthadh o na geallaidhean so anns an dream aig am bheil còir orra 'nochdadh. *Fàsaidh iad suas mar anns an fhéur, mar ghéugaibh seilidh ri taobh nan sruth-chlaisean.* Cha'n'eil ni ann a's luaithe dh' fhàsas na 'm féur, ri am uisge agus drùchd, agus cha'n'eil craobh no preas 'sa choill a's luaithe dh' fhàsas nan seilleach ri taobh nan sruth-chlaisean. Is amhuil a bhios fàs an fhìor-chrìosduidh 'nuair a theid 'anam a bheothachadh le drùchd agus frasaibh nan gràs. "Mar an t-arbhar bidh e air athbheothachadh; agus fàsaidh e mar an fhionain, agus bitidh a bholadh mar fhìon Lebanoin." Tha e nàdur do ghràs a bhì fàs, ach cosmhuil ris gach pòr eile, iarraidh e 'uisgeachadh o'n airde; agus mar faigh e so seargaidh, agus cromaidh e 'cheann; ach 'nuair thùirlingear an dealta neamhaidh, "brisidh e 'mach, agus thig e fo' bhlàth mar an ròs." Agus mar ann an Nàdur 'samhuil mar an ceudna ann an gràs: tuitidh an drùchd air uairibh agus beothaichidh e gach féur agus luibh, gidheadh cha chluinn a chluas a's fearr claiستهachd e—cha'n fhaic an t-sùil a's geire seallaidh e. Air uairibh eile thig an t-uisge 'nuas na bhoinibh tlà, air uairibh na fhrasaibh trom agus air uairibh le stoirm agus le buaireas gailbheach: ach ciod air bith *modh* air an tuit an tuisge 's ann a chum math na talmhainn. Air a mhodh cheudna tha cuid do dhaoine air an toirt o dhorchadas gu solus, uidh a's uidh, air mhodh nach urrainn neach a chomharachadh—theagamh, trid beannachadh Dhé air oilean diadhaidh; tha cuid air an tionndadh o pheacadh gu fireantachd 'nan òige, gun mhòr dheuchainn inntinn; tha cuid eile ris air an toirt gu sliabh Shinai—tha tàirneanach agus dealanaich an lagha air an leigeadh fuasgailt air an coguis, mu'n dlùthaich iad ri Crìosd anns a ghealladh. Ach ciod air bith mar thig iad, is sona iadsan a ta ann an Crìosd: *fàsaidh iad suas mar am féur—mar an seilleadh ri taobh nan sruth-chlaisean*—fàsaidh iad ann an gràs, agus theid iad air an aghaidh o neart gu neart, gus an nochdar iad coimhlionta an lathair an Dé ann an Sion. An sin dearbhaidh iad mar dh'fhàs iad ann an gràs.

Their am fear so is leis an Tighearna mise. 'Se sin tagraidh e' chòir air Crìosd—Thig e chum an Fhìr-shaoraidh, agus dlùthaichidh e ris trid creidimh an t-soisgeul. Thig e gu Crìosd agus cha tilgear a mach e. Mar urrainn e 'ràdh gur leis Crìosd, bheir e air a char a's lugh oidheirp air a ràdh gur le Crìosd esan. Ged nach urrainn e 'ràdh le muinghinn gu bheil gràdh aig Crìosd dh'a, 's urrainn e 'ràdh le Peadair gu bheil gràdh aigesan do Chrìosd—mar urrainn e 'ràdh gu'n do tharruing Crìosd e, 's urrainn e, le irioslachd, a ràdh *tarruing mi agus ruithidh mi 'nad*

dheidh. Bi'dh e tagradh ris an Tighearna gur Dia tràcaireach e, 's ged dhiultas se e 'gidheadh leanaidh se e cosmhuil ris a mhnaoi o Chanaan. Cha b' urrain do'n mhnaoi bheannuichte sin a ràdh san 'am, Is leamsa Crìosd; gidheadh thagair i a cùis; rinn i, mar gum beadh, deasbad ris, agus le buanachadh mar so fhuair i a 'miann. Feumaidh an t-anam an ni ceudna a' dheanamh—feumaidh e bhi do ghnà ag amharc ris an t-Slànu'ear—do ghnà ga thilgeadh fein aig a chosaibh—do ghna a' gleachd an aghaidh ana-creidimh, agus gun sgur gus am faigh e buaidh. Bheir an Tighearna beannachadh da leanamh fein; ach feumaidh an leanabh a spìonadh, mar gu'm beadh, à lamhaibh Athar. Tha'n Tighearna gu dearbh a' gealltainn gu'n crath e *uisge glan* air a phobull—gu'n toir e dhoibh cridhe nuadh, agus gu'n toir e air falbh an cridhe cloiche, ach 's àill leis gum *fiosraichear e do thaobh an ni so, le tigh Israel.* Is furasd' an ni briathraibh steidh mo theigisg aithris. *Is leis an Tighearna mise;* ach creid thusa mise, cha'n'eil e cho furasd an *creidsinn*, agus an aithris tre chreidimh. Tha cuid de dhaoine am barail nach eil ann an creidimh ach ni furasd. Air mo shonsa dheth, tha mi, le Pòl, de atharachadh sin do bharail. Theirear cogadh ris, agus 's math a thoilleas e'n t-ainm. Cha ghnìomh furasd greim fhaotainn air Crìosd agus an greim so a chumail le féin-fhiosrachadh. 'Si so cainnt an scriob-tuir agus mothachadh pobull Dhé mu'n chuis.

Agus ainmichear fear eile air ainm Iacob.—Ceanglaidh se e fein ri eaglais agus ri sluagh Dhé. 'S ann de mhòr shonas gach fìor Israelach gum feud e aoradh a dheanamh do Dhia maille r'a phobull, ann an spiorad agus ann am fìrinn. Cha'n'eil anns an ainm *Israelach* agus neach a bhi na bhall de'n fhìor-eaghluis ach an t-aon ni. 'Si'n eaghluis corp diamhair Chrìosd, agus 's e creidimh an ainm a ni neach na fhìor bhall dhi.

Agus scriobhaidh fear eile le 'laimh do'n Tighearna, agus sloinnidh se e fein air ainm Israel.—'Nuair a dhaontaicheas neach le cùmhnant no le còrdadh cuiridh e a lamh-sgriobh ris. Tha neach a scriobhadh le 'laimh do'n Tighearna a' ciallachadh gu'n aontaich e leis a chumhant' shiorruidh. 'Nuair a phòsas bean gabhaidh i dhi fein sloinneadh a fìr-posda. Air an doigh cheudna 'nuair bheir an t-anam e fein do Chrìosd gairmear e air 'ainm. Far am bheil an tomhas is lugha de ghràs tha e ag aontachadh leis a, "Chumhnant' a ta air a shuidheachadh anns gach ni agus a choimh-dear."—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

Feumaidh sinn *ar toil* a thoirt suas do Dhia, agus leigeadh leis-san a thoil fein a dheanamh ruinn. 'S ann de bhriathraibh a chumhnant ris am feum sinn ar lamh a chur ma theid sinn air seachran gu *smachdaich Esan sinn leis an t-slat.* Feumaidh sinn an t-slat a phògadh—sinn fein irisleadh, agus scriobhadh le'r laimh do'n Tighearna: 's e sin, feumaidh sinn a bhi naomha mar tha Esan naomha, oir as eugmhais so cha'n'eil e comasach dhuinn a mhealtuinn aon chuid 's a bheatha so, no 's a bheatha ri teachd. Is aithne do'n Tighearna iadsan a's leis fein agus se comhara cho

soilleir 'sa ta nam biuthas gu'n do *threig iad aingi'eachd*. Tha sinn do thaobh naduir a dheasbhuidh naomhachd, agus, uimesin neochoimasach aon dleasnas a dheanamh air mhodh taitneach dh'asan. Le scriobhadh le'r laimh do'n Tighearna, tha sinn ga'r toirt fein thairis dh'a a chum 's gu naomhaich e sinn. Feumaidh sinn dol a mach asainn fein gu tur, agus gabhail ri gràs anns a staid inntinn is iriosaile. Ach an deigh gach ni is urrainn sinn a dheanamh gheibh sinn mach nach 'eil ar naomhachd ach fada o bhi *coimh-lionta*.

Tha na h-uile fìor-chriosduidh coimh-lionta 'na 'mhiann—'na run—'na oidheirp. A dh'aon fhocal, bhiodh e coimh-lionta nam b' urrainn e.

A nis, do bhri nach urrainn sinn an lagh a riarachadh arson 'na tha seachad d'ar beatha, a thaobh gu bheil ar cridhe truailidh, agus gu bheil peacadh air a mheasgadh le'r dleasnais is fearr, tha aobhar againn Dia 'bheannachadh gu bheil ann an cumhnant nan gràs fireantachd air a h-ullachadh. Ris an fhireantachd so feumaidh sinn ar lamh-scriobhaidh a chur, agus sinn fein a nochdadh an lathair ar Dé ann an éideadh deallrach umhlachd an Fhir-shaoraidh. 'Nam bu mhiann leinn am beannachadh fhaotainn feumaidh sin truscan ar bràthar is sinne 'chur oirnn. 'S e naomhachd amhàin a ni neach iomchuidh arson nèimhe; ach 's i ùmhlachd Chriosd amhàin tha toirt còir dhuinn oirr'. A ràdh gu foghainn ùmhlachd Chriosd gun naomhachd caithe-beatha, cha'n eil an so ach amaideas. Cha'n'eil neach a ta cur luach air fireantachd Chriosd da-rìreadh nach eil le 'uile anam an deigh air naomhachd beatha. Cha'n fhan mi'n thraths' ri dhearbhadh co ac tha *truscan na bainnse* 'cialluchadh gràs anns an anam, no fireantachd Chriosd air a cur air an anam: feudaidh, do reir mo bheachd, an da chuid a bhi air a chiallachdadh; air mo shonsa dheth cha'n urrainn mi'n sgaradh na'm inntinn. 'S e ar dleasnas creidimh—aitheachas—irioslachd—gràdh agus gràsan eile an spioraid a bhi againn: agus ged bhiodh iad so uile againn, cha b' urrainn dhuinn an tagradh mar am bonn air an gabhadh Dia ruinn. Feudaidh, air uairibh, neul eiridh air an inntinn:—feudaidh dorchadas agus marbhalachd—caoin-shuaraicheas agus cruas seilbh a ghabhail air a chridhe. 'Na leithid so do staid thugamaid aire nach tuit sinn ann anearbsa—amhairceamaid ri fireantachd Chriosd. Ged a chailleas fear-fearrainn a phaipeirean, ma tha' chòraichean ann an leabhraichibh an rìgh, tha a staid tearuinte. Leanamaid naomhachd le'r n' uile chridhe, ach na caileamaid gu bràth sealladh air umhlachd an t-Slanui'eir. 'S esan carraig nan linntean—'Se ùmhlachd a choisinn an Spiorad naomh dhuinn—'S e'n Spiorad naomh *ughdar* ar naomhachd, agus 's e naomhachd an tobar anns a'm bheil ar sonas a co-sheasamh.

"An ni a cheangail Dia, na sgaradh duine": gun suil a chumail air fireantachd Chriosd tha e ea-comasach do neach a bhi naomha: agus ciod am feum a ta air Criosd, ma tha ar n'

ùmhlachd fein iomlan — mar biodh *ar fireantachd fein mar bhroinneagaibh salach*. Nam faiceamaid sin fein dìreach mar tha sinn, agus mar tha Dia 'gar faicinn, bhiodh ar cridheachan a' ploscartaich an deigh naomhachd, mar shlaiente spioradail ar n' anama—agus an deigh fireantachd Chrìosd mar stéidh ar dòchais agus ar sonais.

Ma thuigeas sinn gu cubhaidh na firinnibh luachmhor so, chithear gu soilleir an toradh 'nar giulan. 'Se Crìosd ar LEIGH, se NAOMHACHD ar SLAINTE: An abair sinn gur h-i ar *slainte* choisinn ar n' oighreachd dhuinn? A dh'aon fhocal, feumaidh sinn teachd gu Crìosd mar pheacaich, agus *sgrìobhadh le'r laimh do'n Tighearna*:—feumaidh sinn a leigeadh fhaicinn gu'n d'rinn sinn so ann an treibhdhireas ar cridhe le caith-beatha *stuama cothramach* agus *diadhaidh*—a deanamh deadh-sgeul ar soisgeul an Iosa a shaor sinn.

IV.—Ni mi nis, anns an àite ma dheireadh, tilleadh ris na chaidh a ràdh, a chun gu'n deanamaid cò-chur.

Chuala sinn gum feud pobull an Tighearna 'bhi gearan air cruas cridhe, agus sin eadhon fuidh mheadhonaibh nan gràs: ceasnaicheamaid sinn fein a chum an *t-aobhar* fhaotainn a mach: theagamh gu bheil sinn a' toirt fàsagaidh do pheacadh eigin ged tha ar coguis ag innse gur peacadh e. Bheir so cruas-cridhe 'na lorg—fuadaichin e'n Spiorad air falbh. Biomaid air ar faicill roimhe so, agus eisdeamaid ri cogar na coguis a chuir Dia 'nar taobh stigh.

Ach, theagamh gu'n do cheadaich Dia 'na àird-uachdranachd, cruas-cridhe a leigeadh oirnn, a chum ar creidimh agus ar faighidinn fheuchainn, mar rinn e air Iob naomha roimhe. Cha'n eil ar coguis ag innse dhuinn gu bheil sinn a' toirt fàsagadh do pheacadh air bith, ni's mo no bha 'choguis san. Ma's ann mar so tha, feitheadhmaid air Dia, agus rachamaid le'r cridhe cloiche dhionnsuidh Chrìosd. Ni esan a thaiseachadh, agus bheir e air gach ni oibreachadh a chum ar math.

Theagamh gu bheil thu gad fhaireachadh fein falamh. 'Anaim bhochd! tha thu cruaidh agus tioram—tha thu salach agus neo-ghlan—tha t-anam air a thruaillleadh le luibhre a pheacaidh! Thigsa mata gu sruthanaibh an ionaid naomha a dh' fhion-araicheas! Thig gu uisge na beatha! thig gu Crìosd anns a chumhnant, ceart mar tha thu! gabh ris na gheibh thu agus bi taingeil.

Cia mar tha thu gad mhothachadh fein? Peacach? Abair gu bheil thu peacach, tha Slanu'ear an so agad. Theagamh nach eil thu cho maoth-chridheach 's bu mhaith leat: thig a chum an uisge so, taisichidh agus naomhaichidh e thu. Tha Dia a' gealltainn aithreachas a thoirt, bi cinnteach gu'n coimhlion e 'fhocal. Am bheil thu salach agus truailidh? 'Se do bheatha teachd gu Crìosd: glanaidh fhuisan thu: Tha e sìneadh a laimhe is àille dhuit: sin thusa mach do lamh a ta dubh—salach truailidh, agus cha diult e breith oirre. Am bheil eagal ort nach

eil so fìor? 'Stu nach ruig a leis. Tha e air fhocal—tha e air a mhionn gabhail riut. Cìod air bith is galar dhuit tha leigheas aigesan dhuit; cìod air bith do leion, tha aigesan pailteas; Thig air t-aghaidh, thig mar tha thu—thig gu Crìosd agus 'se do bheatha. Ge be thig air an doigh cheart cha teid a thilgeadh a mach; gabhadh e de uisge na beatha *gu saor*. Tha gach, nì ullamh, thigibh a chum a phòsaidh; *Thigibh*, arsa Gliocas Dé, *ithibh dom aransa agus oluibh de'n fhion a mheasg mi*.

The late Mr. John Auld,

ELDER, JOHN KNOX'S, GLASGOW.

IT is with very deep regret that we record this month the death of Mr. John Auld, 14 Ronald Street, Glasgow, elder in John Knox's Congregation. Mr. Auld, who was only a little more than a fortnight unwell, caught a severe influenza chill from which he never rallied. Some time ago, however, he was six months laid aside with a pretty serious trouble, and it is feared that this trouble left effects behind, which unfitted his constitution for resisting another attack of severe illness. Be this as it may or not, Mr. Auld was called away, in God's providence, on the 9th March, in the midst of his usefulness, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine years. He has left a great blank in the congregation to which he belonged, as well as in his own family.

Mr. Auld was a native of the village of Tollcross on the outskirts of Glasgow. His parents were worthy and pious persons, who died a few years ago, and notices of whom appeared in this Magazine, in February, 1912, and October, 1913. His father was an attached adherent of the ministry of the late Rev. Jonathan Ranken Anderson, and continued in connection with the John Knox's Tabernacle Congregation, after Mr. Anderson's decease in 1859. The subject of this notice, who was not born till 1866, was trained up at the feet of the elders and others who survived Mr. Anderson and conducted the meetings of the congregation. It was during this time, when he was probably about seventeen years of age, that he came under decided concern for his soul. We cannot supply many details, but we know that he was in considerable distress for a time, and that it was the case of the Syro-phœnician woman, powerfully applied to his mind, that gave him the first ray of hope and spiritual comfort. "Truth, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." The deep sense of personal unworthiness which was evidently begotten by the Spirit at this period, was a feature in his Christian character and exercises to the last.

In 1896, Mr. Auld, along with the remnant of the congregation, joined the Free Presbyterian Church, and when a division took place at a later date, remained in close association with said Church. As a deacon and elder, in the John Knox's Free Presbyterian congregation, he did noble service, which can never

be fully told. For several years past, through death and other causes, he was almost alone in the performance of the various kinds of work that fell to him as an office-bearer, but he did all with great conscientiousness and care in an ungrudging and self-sacrificing spirit. He acted as congregational treasurer, and as clerk of deacons' court and session. On Sabbaths, he taught a class for young people, and when the minister was absent, he often conducted the regular services. Through diffidence he never delivered addresses of his own, though we believe he was quite capable of doing so if he had chosen, but read sermons of ministers, past and present, in a reverent and appreciative manner, and that with such ability of elocution and expression as made them equal to spoken discourses, and very edifying to the hearers. Mr. Auld did not acquire much education in his early boyhood, for he went to work when he was between 12 and 13 years of age, but he improved himself at evening classes later on, and became quite an accomplished man, being, among other things, a first-class shorthand writer. His prayers were always orderly, comprehensive, reverent, and spiritual. He had thoughts of the gospel ministry in his earlier years, and the special enlargement and ability which he manifested at times suggested possibilities of future usefulness on earth, which, sad to say, are now for ever closed.

It is not too much to state in conclusion that Mr. Auld was an office-bearer of rare efficiency, possessing wisdom, humility and practical worth in a marked degree. While diligent in many ways in connection with the Church, he was exceptionally quiet and unobtrusive, and manifestly sought the honour which cometh from God only. So lately was he in his place, looking after the affairs of the congregation with his accustomed regularity, that some of us can hardly realise that he has gone the way of all the earth, never to return. But we have the profound satisfaction of sorrowing, not as those "who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." His death is a great loss to Church and world, but to him it is unspeakable gain. Without exaggeration, we may affirm that he was one of those servants to whom the commendation of the Lord, recorded in the 25th chapter of Matthew, is given: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

The deepest sympathy is felt for his sorrowing widow and young family of five, the oldest being only seventeen, and also for his sister, Mrs. A. Sinclair. May the Lord, who has been a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless in all ages, be very gracious to them and provide for their needs, both temporal and spiritual! And may He sanctify to us all this solemn dispensation of His holy providence! The call goes forth: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

J. S. S.

Brief Obituaries.

By REV. N. MATHESON, HALKIRK, CAITHNESS.

THE following are short notices of three members of the Halkirk Free Presbyterian congregation, whom we believe entered their eternal rest. Though to a certain extent hidden from the world, they were not the least prayerful of the Lord's people.

(1) THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM BAIN, HALKIRK.

Mrs. William Bain (or Isabella Miller) was born in Achanenies, Harpsdale, about the year 1827. In her young days she had the blessed privilege of being taught by her parents in the Word of God. With them and others who desired to hear "the word of truth," she often went to the meetings held at the Achreny Mission, where the late Rev. Finlay Cook and other eminent servants of Christ laboured. More than once we heard her making reference to Mr. Cook's powerful preaching and to how much she and others felt the influence of the Word preached. In her case we believe it was more than the natural melting of the heart and affections, for she manifested by word and actions that the Word of God was of more value to her than anything that perishes. She heard, she said, Mr. Cook on one occasion saying—(Bu chor dhut eisdeachd ris an t-soisgeil bho ghob eorn) "You should listen to the Gospel though it should come to you through the beak of a bird," meaning, no doubt, that however insignificant the means might appear that the Lord would use to bring the Gospel to our ears, that we should listen to it. She was a diligent reader of the Bible and religious literature even in her old age, her eyesight, for which she expressed her gratefulness to the Most High, having kept quite good. Sometimes she would say—"What could I do without His Word?" It was her chief comfort in her loneliness. During twelve years she was mostly alone. Her husband predeceased her by that time, and there were no surviving children. When cast down as to her hope for eternity, she would look to the Lord's Word for comfort.

A few years after the formation of the Free Presbyterian Church she joined the Free Presbyterian congregation of Halkirk, and remained a true and faithful friend of the cause to the last. These words, which came to her as an answer to prayer, "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him," were the means of making her decided as to her duty in joining the Free Presbyterian remnant in Halkirk.

At the time of her marriage about fifty years ago, her husband and she came to reside in Halkirk, where they showed in their home the greatest hospitality to strangers who came the way at Communion seasons and other occasions. These occasions, when she was privileged to meet with so many of the Lord's true people, she confessed, were the happiest times of her life. Her niece, Miss Sutherland from New Zealand, kindly and dutifully attended on her for about a year before the end. She passed away on the 22nd of July, 1915, to her eternal rest.

(2) THE LATE MRS. DONALD MURRAY, SCOTSCALDER.

Mrs. Donald Murray (or Christina Sinclair) was born at Leosag about 77 years ago. Her husband, who predeceased her by two years, and of whom a short notice was given in our magazine, was a truly pious man. Mrs. Murray was of a very quiet and reserved disposition, and on that account spoke but little of her spiritual experience. But she gave evidence by her life and conversation that she feared the Lord. She was an exercised, praying woman. The warmth of her heart towards the Lord's people and others was more noticeable by her actions than by her words. Not only will her own family miss the tenderness and affection of a beloved mother, but all who knew her will miss her kind look and presence. Having been in feeble health for the last three years, she was unable to do hardly anything of her ordinary household duties, but was able to read the Bible and other religious books. She was particularly fond of Rutherford's *Letters*. This showed the spiritual bent of her mind. One of her favourite Psalms was the 42nd, which she often rehearsed to herself. She passed away on the 24th of November last. A week after her decease, her sister, Mrs. James MacDonald, Rangag, Latheron, also a member of the Halkirk congregation, was removed from us by death. We regret we had very little acquaintance with her, Rangag being about 14 miles distant from Halkirk, but from what we knew of her, we believed her to be one to whom the Lord was made precious as her Redeemer.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to the relatives of both deceased sisters, and pray that the Lord would raise up their children and grandchildren to be living witnesses for Christ.

(3) THE LATE MRS. JAMES SUTHERLAND, TOFTINGALL.

Mrs. James Sutherland (or Jane Bruce) was born at Achshebster about 82 years ago. When quite young the family came to live at Toftingall, where they had a small farm which one of her sons still holds. Her husband predeceased her over 40 years ago. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Sutherland got but very little education when young, she was wonderfully familiar with the Scriptures of truth. The only school she ever attended was a Sabbath School held by the late Mr. James Macadie. "He took great pains," she said, "in teaching the children the doctrines of truth, and would give them as a task to learn by heart the Scripture proofs bearing on the Shorter Catechism questions." No doubt this training was the reason why Mrs. Sutherland was so well versed in the Word of God. In her young days she would walk long distances to the means of grace, Toftingall being situated in a kind of central place to the various places of worship in the county. She took liberty to go at Communion seasons, and on ordinary occasions to Achreny, Halkirk, Thurso, Bruan, and Latheron, where eminent ministers of the gospel were placed. This we take as evidence that she thirsted after "the water of life." She

remembered distinctly the Disruption of 1843. In her last illness, which lasted for a few weeks, she suffered very much, but was remarkably patient. She felt her need of the Lord's strength in her weakness. She was heard saying, "I am weak, but Thou art strong." When asked if she thought she would get over her trouble, she replied—"I am willing to submit to whatever His will is." She departed this life on the 14th of December last, we believe, to be free from all sorrow and pain.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to her three sons and daughter who are left to mourn her loss. May the Lord be their comfort in their sorrow!

Literary Notice.

John Knox Tracts.—Two of this series by the late Rev. Jonathan R. Anderson have been reprinted in neat form. The titles are "No. 7, The Refuge of Sinners," and "No. 64, The Vital Question: Will the Prevailing Religion of the Present Day lead to Heaven?" These tracts are sound and Scriptural, pointed, practical and solemn, well-fitted by the divine blessing to be useful unto salvation. They are now re-issued in a small neat form, with good print, suitable for insertion in a letter to a friend. May be had at the very cheap price of 3d. per doz. from Messrs. J. Anderson & Sons, 196 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, or from Mr. M. Graham Coltart, "Selma," Kilmacolm.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

MR. ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY, Gen. Treas., *pro tem.*, Woodbine Cottage, Glenurquhart Road, Inverness, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations up to 23rd March, 1916:—

SUSTENTATION FUND.

"A Friend," Detroit, U.S.A., £1; Per Rev. J. R. Mackay—"Malachi iii. 10" (Lairg postmark), £4; Per Rev. A. Macrae—"The Region of the Somme," £5 5s.; Mr. D. Cameron and Family, Isle of Soay, by Oban, £1 15s. 2d.; Mr. K. Macaskill, Isle of Soay, £1; Mrs. Margaret MacLeod, Auchintraid, Kishorn, 15/; Mr. A. Grewer, Eskadale, Beauly, 5/.

JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS FUND.

Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—"A Friend," Glasgow, 3/; Helmsdale postmark, £1.

ORGANISATION FUND.

"A Friend," Ontario (one hundred dollars), £20 10s. 8d., per Mr. Phineas Macdonald, Newton, Ontario.

MISSION TO FORCES FUND.

"A Friend," California, 4/, per Mrs. Munro, Inverness; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—"A Friend," Detroit, U.S.A., 20/6, and J. M. P., Diabaig, Torridon, 15/; Per Rev. A. Macrae—Mrs. Lamont, Kistlo, Portree, 5/; Helmsdale postmark, 5/; Per Rev. D. Graham—Miss Mackenzie, Annat, 5/.

Rev. Neil Cameron, Glasgow, desires to acknowledge, with thanks, the following donations:—For Bibles, etc., to Soldiers and Sailors—"Two Lady Friends," Broadford, £1 and 10/- respectively. For St. Jude's Sustentation Fund—"F.P.," Skye, 10/-; A. MacVicar, Coatbridge, £1. Miss C. Nicolson, Largs: for Bibles to Soldiers and Sailors, 5/-; for Kaffir Psalms, 5/-; and for Greenock Sustentation Fund, 5/-. For Foreign Missions—J. M., Udrigle, £1; and Mrs. C., Glasgow, £1, per Mr. Young. Mission to Forces—H. MacPhee, Glasgow, 5/-; and "Passer-by," 5/-. "A Friend," Clydebank: Foreign Missions, 5/-, and Bibles, 5/.

Rev. A. Sutherland, Ullapool, acknowledges with thanks, 10/- from Miss Macdonald, teacher, Ardindrean, for Lochbroom Manse Building Fund; and 10/- from Mrs. L. Mackenzie, Shore Street, Ullapool, for Notepaper, etc., to be sent to Rev. E. Macqueen, C.F., for Soldiers.

Mr. W. Grant, 8 Wellington Square, Chelsea, London, S.W., acknowledges with thanks, per A. MacGillivray, Esq., Inverness, 5/- for London Building Fund from "Anon" (Helmsdale P.O.)

COMFORTS FOR THE FRONT FUND.

Rev. J. S. Sinclair acknowledges, with sincere thanks, the following donations to above Fund:—J. M. P., Diabaig, Torridon, 5/-; Miss R. Kennedy, Inverness, 5/-; J. R. MacNelly, Detroit, U.S.A., 10/6; M. Mackenzie, Berriedale, 2/6; "A Friend," Glasgow, 3/-; Mr. and Mrs. M. Macrae, Milton, Applecross, 5/- each; Mrs. G. Reid, Port Dover, Ontario, 5/8.

Per Rev. M. Morrison, Lochinver: *Ardrisnich*—M. Macleod, 5/-, Mrs. A. Macleod, 2/6, Miss Sutherland, 3/-, Mrs. D. Sutherland, 1/-. "Friends," Achmelvich, 13/-; Mrs. J. Grant, Lochside, 2/6. *Badidarroch*—Miss C. Fraser, 2/-, D. Munro, 2/-, Hugh Graham, 5/-, D. Fraser, 2/-. J. Skinner, Culag Hotel, 5/-; Mrs. C. Kerr, Culag, 2/6; Miss A. Kerr, Torbreck, 2/6; Mrs. N. Macleod, Inverkirkaig, 5/-; R. Macdonald, ground officer, 5/-. *Inver*—Mrs. Paterson, 7/-, and "A Friend," 5/-. *Lochinver Village*—Miss P. Mackenzie, 5/-, Hugh M'Lean, 5/-, and Mrs. Wilson, P.O., 2 6.—Total, £4 2s. 6d. Also per Rev. M. Morrison: "F.P. Friends" in Balchladich, Clashmore, Culkein, and Achnacarnin, £3 4s. 6d. for Bibles and Comforts.

Per A. M'Gillivray, Gen. Treas., Inverness—"Anon" (Helmsdale P.O.), 5/.

Rev. E. Macqueen, C.F., 4th Cameron Highlanders, I Company, B.E.F., France, acknowledges with many thanks the following donations:—Miss B. Macleod, Bermuda, £2, and per same, Miss Macmillan, 10/-. Per Mr. Fraser, missionary—Stockinish Sabbath School, £1 15s. 3d. Mrs. M. M. Smith, 23 Cornwall Gdns., London, £1 1s.; Misses Mackenzie and Macleod, Claverton Street, London, £1; Nurse Macdonald, Portland Place, London, 10/-; Lady Macleod, Shandon, N.B., parcel of notepaper.

Church Notes.

Communions.—Stoer (Sutherlandshire) and Ness (Lewis), first Sabbath of April; Lochgilphead (Lochfyne), second; St. Jude's, Glasgow (Jane Street, Blythwood Square), fourth; Greenock, and Wick (Caithness), fifth. Kames (Kyles of Bute), and Oban, first Sabbath of May; Edinburgh (Hall, Riego Street, near Tollcross), second. Coigach (Ross), first Sabbath of June.

Communion Services of the London Mission.—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will (D.V.) be dispensed at the London Mission on the fourth Sabbath of April. The address is as usual: Conference Hall, Eccleston Street, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. The days and hours of service are as follows:—Thursday, Fast Day (20th April)—Gaelic, 3.30 p.m., and English, 7.30 p.m.; Friday (21st)—Gaelic, 3.30 p.m., and English, 7.30 p.m.; Saturday (22nd)—English, 3.30 p.m.; Sabbath (23rd)—English, 11 a.m., Gaelic, 3.30 p.m., and English, 7.30 p.m.; Monday—Gaelic, 3.30 p.m., and English, 7.30 p.m. The Revs. D. M. Macdonald and N. Matheson are expected to officiate.

Annual Meeting of Synod.—The Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland will (D.V.) meet in the Free Presbyterian Church, North Church Place, Inverness, on Tuesday after the second Sabbath of May. The Moderator, Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall, is expected to preach at 6.30 p.m.

Free Presbyterian Chaplain in France.—Rev. Ewen Macqueen, C.F., arrived safely at his field of work at "the front." He has now been transferred from the Casualty Clearing Station to a regiment. His address is the Rev. E. Macqueen, C.F., L Company, 4th Cameron Highlanders, B. E. F., France. He earnestly desires the prayers of all who frequent the throne of grace on behalf of himself and his work among the soldiers. In his new connection, he has occasion to be constantly engaged in regular religious services, addressing large bodies of men, while he has greater scope for the use of the Gaelic language.

Mission to the Forces in England.—We have much pleasure in stating that in response to the request of a number of men stationed at Ripon, the Mission to Forces Committee have arranged that the Rev. Andrew Sutherland, Ullapool, proceed there to conduct regular services for eight weeks. The work began on the last Sabbath of March. This is a new field of usefulness, and we earnestly pray that the Lord may abundantly bless the labours of our minister among our brave fellow-countrymen at Ripon. The Mission to Naval Men at Chatham and Portsmouth still proceeds, and the Rev. Norman Matheson, Halkirk, is expected to succeed the Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, Rogart, at an early date, in the conduct of these services. May the divine help and blessing be richly bestowed!

Late Rev. W. Scott, Chesley, Ontario.—We hope (D.V.) to be able to publish a sketch of Mr. Scott's life, already partially prepared, in the May issue. Meantime, we are requested by Mrs. Scott, his widow, to express her cordial thanks to the Chesley Congregation for their liberality in paying funeral expenses, and also to all friends at home and abroad for their kind letters of sympathy in the great bereavement she and other relatives have sustained.

CORRECTION.—We regret that, owing to mistake, the name of "Kyle" was mentioned in last issue instead of "Dobie," as name of one of the leading men recently taken away in the Chesley Congregation.

The Magazine.

Notice to Subscribers.—Price of Magazine to be Increased to 2½d. per Copy.—We respectfully remind subscribers that April is the last month of the Magazine year, and that payments due for past and future will now much oblige. We have also to inform them that, owing to the present shortage of paper and rise in its price, we are under the necessity of adding one halfpenny (½d.) to the price of each copy of the Magazine, beginning with the May number. This, of course, will only be continued as long as the circumstances arising out of the War will demand it. Subscribers will therefore understand that each copy is to be 2½d. (postage, ½d. extra), and that the Magazine for the year will now cost 3/ (including postage) instead of 2/6 as hitherto. All who order directly from the Editor and Treasurer are requested to send their subscriptions to address, 248 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Subscriptions Received for Magazine.—Dr. Simons, B.A., Ph.D., London, 4/; R. MacLennan, Rodney, Ontario, 1/5½; Mrs. J. Mackenzie, Blussary, Strathcanaird, 2/6; Mrs. Macaulay, Knockintown, N. Uist, 2/6; Miss K. Mackenzie, Torbeg, Lochinver, 5/; M. Beaton, Waternish, 2/3; Miss J. Fraser, Lynedoch Street, Glasgow, 2/6; J. Sutherland, Culgow, Loth, 2/6; Miss M'Innes, Achmore, Stornoway, 2½d.; Miss Sutherland, Tannachy, Rogart, 2/6; Mrs. Macleod, Big Dornie, Achiltibuie, 2/6; Mrs. D. Gunn, Brouchroy, Dunbeath, 1/3; Miss Yendall, Kingsmills Road P.O., Inverness 10/7; Mrs. J. R. Macrae, Kyle, 5/; Mrs. Malcolm, Wallasey, 2/6; Miss Matheson, Badnaban, Lochinver, 2/6; Miss Livingstone, Inchgower, Row, 2/6; Miss Dewar, Manse Brae, Lochgilphead, 2/6; D. Mackay, Plockton, 18/; Mrs. A. Mackenzie, 12 Aultgrishan, Gairloch, 2/6; E. Macintosh, Boat of Garten, 10/; Mrs. Macbean, Daviot, 2/6; J. Macdonald, shoemaker, Torridon, 8/; Miss M'Gregor, Boat of Garten, 2/6; Mrs. Ross, Reef, Achiltibuie, 2/6; Mrs. Macleod, F.C. Manse, Carloway, 5d.; Mrs. A. Finlayson, Arrina, Shieldaig, 4/; Per A. Maciver, Stornoway—Miss M. Macleod, Butte, Montana, U.S.A., 3/; D. Macleod, for St. Jude's Collectors, 41/6; N. Shaw, Port-Glasgow, 2/6; D. Macleod, Shegra, Kinlochbervie, 2/6; Captain K. K. Macleod, Culduthel Road, Inverness, 10/; Miss M. A. Macbeth, Manse of Applecross, 3/6; M. M'Rae, Milton, Applecross, 2/6; D. Maclean, missionary, Applecross, 2/6; Mrs. G. Reid, Port Dover, Ontario, 2/6; Miss J. Fraser, Devonshire Gardens, Glasgow, 2/6; A. Thomson, Victoria, B.C., 2/6; Mrs. D. Mackenzie, Park Hill, Ontario, 4/; J. Macleod, Plumas, Manitoba, 2/6; Mrs. Finlayson, Toronto, 2/6; Gunner F. Macleod, Rothesay, 2/6; M. Macrae, Lochinver, 2/6; K. Macleod, Gairloch, 2/6; Miss K. Livingstone, Arrina, Shieldaig, 2/6; Miss Matheson, Wardhouse, Aberdeenshire, 2/6; Miss M. MacCallum, One Oak, Kames, 2/6; Mrs. Maclean, M. Charles, Aultbea, 5/; J. Macdonald, roadman, Munloch, 2/6; A. Mackenzie, 13 Coast, Inverasdale, 2/6; Mrs. Mackenzie, Forres, 2/6; Per Rev. N. Cameron—J. Mackenzie, Udrigle, Aultbea, £1.

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(Several Subscriptions and Donations are held over till next issue.)