



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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Our Foreign Mission and the Psalms in Metrical Kafir.

IT is now eleven years since the Free Presbyterian Mission was started in Matabeleland, South Africa, under the superintendence of the Rev. John B. Radasi, native missionary. Mr. Radasi, who received his secular and theological education in Scotland as a student of the Free Presbyterian Church, was ordained to the office of the ministry in Glasgow on 16th November, 1904. He proceeded shortly thereafter to South Africa, and began his regular work as missionary in 1905 in a new district allotted by the authorities to our Church. Like the Apostle Paul, Mr. Radasi was anxious to preach Christ where He had not hitherto been made known. There is reason for much thankfulness at the measure of success which under God has attended his efforts. His work has been well spoken of even by "those who are without."

From the beginning of the Mission, it was the resolution of Mr. Radasi and of the brethren at home that the work of the Mission should be conducted on the most Scriptural lines possible, and that, among other things, the Psalms only should be used in the regular worship of God. Here a serious difficulty presented itself. There was no Psalter in Kafir metre. The difficulty, however, was so far surmounted by the discovery on Mr. Radasi's part of a few Psalms mixed with uninspired hymns in a native hymn-book. These Psalms were then selected and employed in worship. But this was regarded as only a temporary expedient. Steps were taken by the Church at home and by Mr. Radasi with a view to secure a competent man who would make a translation of the whole Book of Psalms in metrical Kafir. These steps at first did not lead to any definite result. But six years ago the Rev. John R. Mackay, M.A., Inverness, visited the Mission as

the Church's representative and deputy, and when he was there, he entered into correspondence with Principal Henderson of Lovedale Institution, on the subject with encouraging results. On Principal Henderson's recommendation, the Rev. John Knox Bokwe, a missionary in Griqualand, was asked to undertake the work of metrical translation. Mr. Bokwe, assisted by another missionary whose name we do not at present recall, prepared drafts of a number of the Psalms in Kafir metre. These drafts have, in part, undergone final revision by competent hands at Lovedale, and the latest result is that a small booklet has been issued from the press there, containing the first twenty-four Psalms in metrical Kafir. As the work of literary preparation was proceeding slowly owing to various circumstances, and the people of our Mission were anxiously waiting for the new Psalm book, it was felt desirable that an instalment such as this should be printed and published as soon as possible to meet their desires and needs.

Recently we received a letter from Principal Henderson, in which he gives us the encouraging news that the new Psalter is being favourably received by missionaries, and is likely to be widely used. He also states that a second instalment will be pushed forward as soon as possible. Along with this letter he sent us a copy of the "Christian Express," dated 1st November, a journal of missionary news, issued at Lovedale, in which there is a review of "INDUMISO: A Translation in Metre of Psalms I. to XXIV." The review contains the following commendatory remarks: "This unpretentious but valuable booklet has lately been issued from the Lovedale Printing Press for the Free Presbyterian Church of South Africa. The printing and get-up are excellent. Selections from the Psalms are found in most vernacular Hymn Books; but this is the first attempt to provide the Psalter in metre for the Kafir people. Thanks are due to missionaries and others who have compiled the collection. It is earnestly hoped that they will continue their labours, and issue at no distant date the whole Psalter. It would be a distinct enrichment of the praise of the sanctuary. The translation is a piece of good work. Psalms xvi. and xxii. are outstanding examples of idiomatic and euphonic Kafir. Suitable tunes for each Psalm are indicated. . . . In these days of sorrow and desolation the Church is learning anew what a treasure it has in the Book of Psalms. The Kafir Church and people may have days before them when they will also find that no book expresses their feelings like it." (This is a quotation. We give the whole review elsewhere.) We feel much gratified at these favourable remarks, and express the fervent hope that the whole of the new Psalter may soon be in the hands of the Kafir people.

We cannot conclude our article without some allusion to the reviewer's remark that "in these days of sorrow and desolation the Church is learning anew what a treasure it has in the Book o

Psalms." When the reviewer here mentions "the Church" as learning anew the value of the Book of Psalms, he refers principally, we believe, to Presbyterian Churches that have, in modern times, gone in largely for uninspired hymns in divine worship. It is certainly very significant, and to some extent hopeful, that the people of these denominations are beginning to see the immense superiority of the Psalms, which are the Word of the living God, to the best uninspired compositions. The "sorrow and desolation" caused by the present terrible War call for the strong consolation that is only found in the inspired and infallible words of truth, counsel, and promise. As the best sermons of the best divines, outside the Scriptures, are not to be put for a moment on the same level with the inspired writings of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, so the best hymns of the soundest hymn writers are not to be regarded as at all equal to the divine and infallible songs of Zion, given by the Holy Ghost. The Psalms—as a part of God's inspired and unerring Word—are in their very nature on a higher level than the works of ordinary men, however excellent, who were not the immediate spokesmen of the Holy Ghost, and had no promise of being infallibly preserved from error.

We earnestly pray that the Lord may over-rule the solemn events of His providence to lead people more and more to the living fountains of water that are found in His own Word, and that He may abundantly bless the present humble attempt of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland to give the inspired Psalter for purposes of praise to the poor people of Matabeleland, and kindred places in South Africa.

WE see all countries round about us in a confusion, and we—as it were the "three young men in the fiery furnace"—safe (Daniel iii.), without so much as smoke or smell of fire, as if we were the only people of God's delight. Now, what is that which God careth most for amongst us but His truth, which if we suffer, as much as in us lieth, to take any detriment, God may justly make us the spectacles of His wrath to others, as others have been to us? Beloved, God hath a cause and a people in the world, which He esteemeth more than all the world besides. Let us, therefore, own God's cause and people; His side one day will prove the better side.—*Sibbes*.

O! THE kindness of God, in stripping innocent fields, guiltless flocks, and harmless vermin, to clothe me, a sinner! O! His astonishing kindness, in stripping His dear Son of His glorious apparel and clothing Him with clay, guilt, and condemnation, that I might be made all-glorious within, and have my raiment of wrought gold; that I might be arrayed with the silken robe, the full atonement of Jesus, who became a worm and no man, that I might be decked and warmed with the fleece of the Lamb of God.—*John Brown*.

A Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, B.A., OF
PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Preached at Moorfields and Kennington Common in 1739.

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

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"Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of man cometh."—MATTHEW xxv. 13.  
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THE Apostle to the Hebrews informs us that "it is appointed unto men once to die;" after that, says he, cometh the judgment. And I think, if any consideration be sufficient to awaken a sleeping drowsy world, it must be this: that there will be a day wherein these heavens shall be wrapt up like a scroll—the elements melt with fervent heat—this earth, and all the things therein, be burnt up and every soul of every nation summoned to appear before the dreadful tribunal of the righteous Judge of quick and dead, to receive rewards or punishments according to the deeds done in their bodies. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, when brought before Felix, could think of no better means to convert that sinful man than to reason of temperance, righteousness, and, more especially, of a judgment to come. The first might, in some measure, affect; but I am persuaded it was the last consideration—I mean that of a judgment to come—that made him tremble. And so bad as the world is grown, yet there are few have their consciences seared with a red-hot iron so as to deny that there will be a reckoning hereafter. The promiscuous dispensations of Providence in this life wherein we see good men afflicted, destitute, tormented, and the wicked permitted triumphantly to ride over their heads, has been always looked upon as an indisputable argument by the generality of mankind that there will be a day in which God will judge the world in righteousness and administer true judgment unto His people. Some, indeed, are so bold as to deny it whilst they are engaged in the pursuit of the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but follow them to their death-beds, ask them when their souls are ready to launch into eternity what they then think of a judgment to come, and they will tell you they dare not give their consciences the lie any longer. They feel a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation in their hearts.

Since, then, these things are so, does it not highly concern each of us, my brethren, before we come on a bed of sickness seriously to examine how the account stands between God and our souls and how it will fare with us in that day? As for the openly profane, the drunkard, the whoremonger, the adulterer, and such like, there is no doubt what will become of them; without

repentance they shall never enter into the kingdom of God and His Christ. No; their damnation slumbereth not; a burning fiery Tophet, kindled by the fury of God's eternal wrath, is prepared for their reception, wherein they must suffer the vengeance of an eternal fire. Nor is there the least doubt of the state of true believers; for though they be despised and rejected of natural men, yet, being born again of God and joint-heirs with Christ, they have the earnest of the promised inheritance in their hearts; they are assured that a new and living way is made open for them by the blood of Jesus Christ, through which an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven shall be administered to them at the great day of account. The only question is, What will, become of the almost Christian?—one that is content to go, as he thinks, in the easy middle way to heaven without being profane on the one hand, or, as he now falsely imagines, righteous overmuch on the other. Multitudes there are in every congregation, and, consequently, here present, of this stamp. And, what is worst of all, it is easier to convince the most notorious publicans and sinners of their being out of a state of salvation than any of these almost Christians. And, if Jesus Christ may be our Judge, they shall as certainly be rejected and disowned by Him at the last day as though they lived in an open defiance of all His laws.

For what says our Lord in the parable of which my text is a conclusion, and which I intend to make the subject of my present discourse? "Then" (that is, at the day of judgment, which He had been discoursing of in the foregoing chapter, and prosecutes in this) "shall the kingdom of heaven" (that is, the state of Christians in general) "be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom." In which words there is a manifest allusion to a custom prevailing in our Lord's time among the Jews at marriage solemnities, which, being generally in the night, it was customary for the persons of the bride-chamber to go out in procession with many lights to meet the Bridegroom. By the Bridegroom here you are to understand Jesus Christ. The Church—that is, true believers—are His spouse. He is united to them by one Spirit, even in this life; but the solemnizing of these sacred nuptials is reserved till the day of judgment, when He shall come to take them home to Himself, and present them, before men and angels, as His purchase, to His Father, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. By the ten virgins, we are to understand the professors of Christianity in general. All are called virgins, because all are called to be saints. All who name the name of Christ are obliged, by that very profession, to depart from all iniquity. The pure and chaste in heart are the only persons that will be so blessed as to see God. As Christ was born of a virgin's womb, so Christ can dwell in none but virgin souls—souls made pure and holy by the indwelling of His Holy Spirit. But what says the

Apostle? "All are not Israelites that are of Israel." All are not true Christians that are called after the name of Christ. "Five of these virgins were wise"—that is, true believers—"and five were foolish"—that is, formal hypocrites, whited sepulchres, mere outside professors. But why are five said to be wise, and the other five foolish? Hear what our Lord says in the following verses:—"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." "They that were foolish took their lamps;" that is, the lamps of an outward profession: they would go to church, say over several manuals of prayers, come perhaps even into a field to hear a sermon, give at collections, and receive the sacrament constantly, nay, oftener than once a month. But then here lay the mistake: they had no oil in their lamps—no principle of grace—no living faith in their hearts; without which, though we should give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, it would profit us nothing. In short, they were exact, nay, perhaps, superstitiously bigoted as to the form, but all the while they were strangers to, and, in effect, denied the power of godliness in their hearts. They would go to church, but, at the same time, think it no harm to go to a ball or an assembly, notwithstanding they promised at their baptism to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. They were so exceeding fearful of being righteous over-much, that they would even persecute those that were truly devout, if they attempted to go a step farther than themselves. In one word, they never effectually felt the powers of the world to come; they thought they might be Christians without anything of inward feelings; and, therefore, notwithstanding their high pretensions, they had only a name to live.

And now, sirs, let me pause a while, and, in the name of that God whom I endeavour to serve in the gospel of His dear Son, give me leave to ask you one question. Whilst I have been drawing, though in miniature, the character of those foolish virgins, have not many of your consciences made the application, and with a small, still, though articulate voice, said, Thou man, thou woman, art one of those foolish virgins, for thy sentiments and practice agree thereto? Do not then stifle, but encourage these convictions, and who knows but that the Lord, who is rich in mercy to all that call upon Him faithfully, may so work upon you, even by this foolishness of preaching, as to make you wise virgins before you return home!

What they were you shall know immediately: "But the wise," says our Lord (verse 4), "took oil in their vessels with their lamps." Observe, "the wise"—that is, the true believers had their lamps as well as the foolish virgins; for Christianity does not require us to cast off outward forms; we may use forms and yet not be formal. For instance, it is possible to worship God in a set form of prayer, and yet worship Him in Spirit and in truth;

and therefore, brethren, let us not judge one another. The wise virgins had their lamps. Herein then did not lie the difference between them, that the one worshipped with a form, and the other did not: no, as the Pharisee and Publican went up to the temple to pray, so these wise and foolish virgins might go to the same place of worship, and sit under the same minister; but then the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. They kept up the form, but did not rest in it. Their words in prayer were the language of their hearts, and they were no strangers to inward feelings; they had savingly tasted the good word of life, and felt, or had an experimental knowledge of the powers of the world to come; they were not afraid of searching doctrine, nor affronted when ministers told them they by nature deserved to be damned; they were not self-righteous, but willing that Jesus Christ should have all the glory of their salvation: they were convinced that the merits of Jesus Christ were to be apprehended only by faith; but yet they were as careful to maintain good works, as though they were to be justified by them. In short, their obedience flowed from love and gratitude, and was cheerful, constant, uniform, and universal, like unto that obedience which the holy angels pay our Father in heaven.

Here, then, let me exhort you to pause again; and if any of you can faithfully apply these characters to your hearts, give God the glory, and take the comfort to your own souls. You are not false, but true believers. Jesus Christ has been made of God to you wisdom, even that wisdom whereby you shall be made wise unto salvation. God sees a difference between you and foolish virgins, if natural men will not. You need not therefore be uneasy, if a like state of misery and mortality happen to you both; I say, a like state of misery and mortality; for (verse 5) "while the bridegroom tarried," that is, in the space of time which passeth between our Lord's ascension, and His coming again to judgment, "they all slumbered and slept." The wise as well as the foolish died;* for dust we all are, and to dust we must return. It is no reflection at all upon the divine goodness, that believers, as well as hypocrites, must pass through the valley of the shadow of death; for Christ has taken away the sting out of it, so that we need fear no evil. It is to them a passage to everlasting life. Death is only terrible to those that have no hope, because they live without faith, and therefore without God in the world. Whosoever there are amongst you that have received the first fruits of the Spirit, I am persuaded you are ready to cry out with holy Job, "We would not live here always; we long to be dissolved, that we may be with Jesus Christ; and though worms will destroy our bodies as well as others, yet we are content, being assured that our Redeemer liveth, that He will stand at the latter days upon the earth, and

* The ordinary interpretation of this passage is that both wise and foolish "slumbered and slept" spiritually—a time of general spiritual drowsiness.—ED.

that in our flesh we shall see God." But it is not so with hypocrites and unbelievers beyond the grave. For what says our Lord?

"And at midnight." Observe, at midnight, when all was hushed and quiet, and no one dreaming of any such thing, a cry was made; the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God was heard, sounding this general alarm to things in heaven, to things in earth, and to things in the waters under the earth. *Behold*, mark how this awful summons is ushered in with the word *behold*, to engage our attention—"Behold the Bridegroom," even Jesus Christ, the Desire of nations, the bridegroom of His spouse the Church: because He tarried for a while, to exercise the faith of saints, and give sinners space to repent, scoffers were apt to cry out, "Where is the promise of His coming?" But He is not slack concerning His promise, as these men account slackness; for, "Behold, He that was to come is now come, and will not tarry any longer. He cometh to be glorified with His saints, and to take vengeance on them that know not God, and have not obeyed His gospel." He cometh, not as a poor despised Galilean; not to be stabled in a stinking manger; not to be despised and rejected of men; not to be blindfolded, spit upon, and buffeted; not to be nailed to an accursed tree; not as the Son of man, but, as He really was, the eternal Son of God. He cometh riding on the wings of the wind, in the glory of the Father and His holy angels, and to be had in everlasting reverence of all that shall be round about Him. "Go ye forth to meet him." Arise, ye dead, ye foolish as well as wise virgins, arise and come to judgment. Multitudes, no doubt, that hear this awakening cry, would rejoice if "the rocks might fall on them, and the hills cover them from the presence of the Lamb." What would they give, if, as they lived like beasts, they might now die like them that perish? How would they rejoice, if those same excuses, which they had made on this side eternity, for attending on holy ordinances, would now keep them from appearing before the heavenly Bridegroom? But as Adam, notwithstanding his fig leaves, and the trees of the garden, could not hide himself from God, when arrested with an "Adam, where art thou?" so now the decree has gone forth, and the trump of God has given its last sound; all tongues, people, nations, and languages, both wise and foolish virgins, must come into His presence, and bow beneath His footstool. Even Pontius Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas, even the proud persecuting high priests and Pharisees of this generation, must now appear before Him.

For, says our Lord, then—that is, when the cry was made, "Behold the bridegroom cometh"—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the graves were opened, the sea gave up its dead, and all those virgins, both wise and foolish, arose and trimmed their lamps; that is, endeavoured to put themselves in a posture to meet the bridegroom.

But how may we imagine the foolish virgins were surprised, when, notwithstanding their high thoughts, and proud imaginations of their security, they now find themselves wholly naked, and void of that inward holiness and purity of heart, without which no man living, at that day, shall comfortably meet the Lord! I doubt not but many of these foolish virgins, whilst in this world, were clothed in purple and fine linen, fared sumptuously every day, and would disdain to set many of the wise virgins, some of which might be as poor as Lazarus, even with the dogs of their flock. Those were looked upon by them as enthusiasts and madmen, as persons that were righteous overmuch, and who intended to turn the world upside down; but now death hath opened their eyes, and convinced them, to their eternal sorrow, that he is not a true Christian, who is only one outwardly. Now they find, though alas! too late, that they, and not the wise virgins, had been beside themselves. Now their proud hearts are made to stoop, their lofty looks are brought low; and, as Dives entreated that Lazarus might dip the tip of his finger in water, and be sent to cool his tongue, so these foolish virgins, these formal hypocrites, are obliged to turn beggars to those whom they once despised. "Give us of your oil." O, impart to us a little of that grace and Holy Spirit, for your insisting on which we fools accounted your lives madness, for alas! "our lamps are gone out;" we had only the form of godliness; we were whited sepulchres; we were heart-hypocrites; we contented ourselves with desiring to be good; and, though confident of salvation whilst we lived, yet our hope is entirely gone now; God has taken away our souls. Give us, therefore, O, give us, though we once despised you, give us of your oil, for our lamps of an outward profession are quite gone out.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord," with this. My brethren in Christ, hear what the foolish say to the wise virgins, and learn in patience to possess your souls. If you are true followers of the lowly Jesus, I am persuaded you have your names cast out, and all manner of evil spoken against you falsely for His name's sake. For no one ever did, or will live godly in Christ Jesus, without suffering persecution; nay, I doubt not but your chief foes are those of your own households. Tell me, do not your carnal relations and friends vex your tender souls, day by day, in bidding you spare yourselves, and take heed lest you go too far? And, as you passed along to come and hear the word of God, have you not heard many a Pharisee cry out, Here comes another troop of His followers? Brethren, be not surprised; Christ's servants were always the world's fools. "You know it hated him before it hated you. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; yet a little while, and behold the bridegroom cometh;" and then shall you hear these formal scoffing Pharisees saying unto you, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." When you are reviled, revile not again; when you suffer, threaten not; but

commit your souls into the hands of Him that judgeth righteously; for behold the day cometh, when the children of God shall speak for themselves.

The wise virgins in the parable, no doubt, endured the same cruel mockings as you may do; but, as the lamb before the shearer is dumb, so in this life open they not their mouth: but now we find they can give their enemies an answer: "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." These words are not to be understood as though they were spoken in an insulting manner, for true charity teaches us to use the worst of sinners, and our most bitter enemies, with the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Though Dives was in hell, yet Abraham does not say, "Thou villain," but only, "Son, remember." And I am persuaded, had it been in the power of these wise virgins, they would have dealt with the foolish virgins (as God knows I would willingly deal with my most inveterate enemies): not only give them of their oil, but also exalt them to the right hand of God. It was not, then, for want of love, but for fear of wanting a sufficiency for themselves, that made them return this answer, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." For they that have most grace have none to spare. None but the self-righteous, foolish virgins think they are good enough. Those who are truly wise, are always more distrustful of themselves, pressing forward to the things that are before, and think it well if, after they have done all, being yet but unprofitable servants, they can make their calling and election sure. "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." These words, indeed, seem to be spoken with a kind of triumph, though certainly in the most compassionate manner; "Go ye to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Unhappy virgins! you accounted our lives folly, whilst with you in the body. How often have you condemned us for our zeal in running to hear the Word, and looked upon us as enthusiasts for talking about, and affirming, that we must be led by the Spirit, and walk by the Spirit, and hear the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirits that we are his children? But now you would be glad to be partakers of this privilege; it is not ours to give; you have been sleeping, when you should have been striving to enter in at the strait gate, "and now go to them that sell (if you can), and buy for yourselves."

And what say you to this, ye foolish formal professors? (for I doubt not but curiosity, and the desire of novelty, hath brought many such to this despised place, to hear a sermon). Can you hear this reply to the foolish virgins, and yet not tremble? Why, yet a little while, and thus it shall be said to you. Rejoice and bolster yourselves up in your duties and forms; endeavour to cover your nakedness with the fig leaves of an outward profession, and a legal righteousness, and despise the true servants of Christ as much as you please; yet know, that all your hopes will fail you,

when God brings you into judgment. For not he who commends himself is justified, but whom the Lord commendeth.

But to return. We do not hear any reply the foolish virgins make; no, their consciences condemned them; they are struck dumb, and are now filled with anxious thoughts how they shall buy oil, that they may lift up their heads before the Bridegroom.

"But whilst they go to buy"—that is, whilst they are thinking what they shall do—the Bridegroom, the Lord Jesus, the Head, the King, the Husband of his spouse the Church, cometh attended with thousands, and twenty times ten thousands of saints and angels, publicly to count up His jewels; and they are ready, the wise virgins, who have oil in their lamps, and are sealed by His Spirit to the day of redemption; these having on the wedding garment of righteousness, the covering of His holy Spirit, go in with Him to the marriage. But who can express the transports that these wise virgins feel, while they are thus admitted in a holy triumph into the presence and full enjoyment of Him whom their souls hungered and thirsted after? No doubt they had tasted of His love, and, by faith, had often fed on Him in their hearts, when sitting down to commemorate His last supper here on earth. But how full may we think their hearts and tongues are of His praises, now they are sitting down together to eat bread in His heavenly kingdom? And what is still an addition to their happiness, the door is now shut that so they may enjoy the ever-blessed God, and the company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect without interruption. I say without interruption; for in this life their eyes often gushed out with water because men kept not God's law, and they could never come to appear before the Lord or to hear His Word, but Satan and his servants and children would come also to disturb them. But now the door is shut. Now there is a perfect communion of saints which they in vain longed for in this lower world. Now tares no longer grow up with the wheat. Not one single hypocrite or unbeliever can screen himself amongst them. Now "the wicked cease from troubling;" now their weary souls enjoy an everlasting rest.

Once more, O believers, let me exhort you in patience to possess your souls. God, if He has freely justified you by faith in His Son and given you His Spirit, has sealed you to be His, and has secured you as surely as He secured Noah when He locked him in the ark. For a little while, 'tis true, though heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, and neither men nor devils can pluck you out of your heavenly Father's hands, yet you must be tossed about with manifold temptations. But lift up your heads, the day of your perfect and complete redemption draweth nigh. Behold, the bridegroom cometh to take you to himself; the door shall be shut, and you shall be for ever with the Lord.

But I even tremble to tell you, O nominal Christians! that the door will be shut; I mean the door of mercy, never to be opened to give you admission, though you should continue knocking to

all eternity. For thus speaks our Lord (verse 11): "Afterwards," that is, after those that were ready had gone in, and the door was shut, after these foolish virgins had, to their sorrow, found that no oil was to be bought, no grace to be procured, "came also the other virgins," and as Esau, after Jacob had got the blessing, cried with an exceeding bitter cry, "Bless me, even me also, O my Father," so they come saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us."

Observe the importunity of these foolish virgins, implied in these words, "Lord, Lord." Whilst in the body, I suppose, they only read, but did not pray over their prayers. If you would tell them they should pray without ceasing, they should pray with their hearts, and feel the want of what they prayed for, they would answer, they could not tell what you meant by inward feelings; that God did not require us to be always on our knees; but if a man did justly, and loved mercy, and did as the church-forms required him, it was as much as the Lord required at his hands.

I fear, sirs, too many amongst us are of this mind; nay, I fear there are many so profanely polite, and void of the love of God, as to think it too great a piece of self-denial to rise early to offer up a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. If any such, by the good providence of God, are brought hither this morning, I beseech you consider your ways, and remember, if you are not awakened out of your spiritual lethargy, and live a life of prayer here, you shall in vain cry out with the foolish virgins, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," hereafter.

(To be continued.)

Memoir of the Rev. Hector M'Phail of Resolis, Ross-shire.

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT MACDOUGALL, RESOLIS.

(Continued from page 348.)

THIS noted Evangelist's grey pony was well known over a wide district of the Highlands. Taught by its master, the docile animal soon learned to halt of its own accord in approaching or passing any person on the highway. After Mr. M'Phail's death the pony became the property of a very different master. Still it would insist on stopping as before on the way, and the irritated owner soon exchanged it for a more pliant animal. The pony would have suited the Welsh Evangelist, Mr. Charles, of Bala, who in those days seemed to have received part of the mantle of the departing northern pastor, and to have unweariedly preached Christ, not in the pulpit alone, but in the schools, in the huts, and on the highways and wild mountains. If Charles met a poor man or woman on the road, he would stop his horse and ask, "Can you read the Bible?" So that soon he became everywhere known from this practice.

Mr. M'Phail was ever most anxious that the young should be led to the Saviour, and never lost an opportunity of teaching them to pray. On one occasion he engaged in devotional exercises by the bedside of a young boy, Barrington Ferguson, who was seriously ill. As he was leaving the chamber, he said very earnestly to the youth, "Be you much in prayer, and you will one day be in a lovely place beyond the sun." The little boy recovered. He became in time a worthy and devout elder, fruitful in old age, and lived until 1850, when he soared into the land that is brighter than the sun.

Passing idle herd-boys, Mr. M'Phail would draw them to his side; and many were the genial and condescending methods he would have recourse to in order to adapt the truth to the capacity of the young and ignorant. Sometimes he would offer a silver coin on condition that the youngster should form habits of prayer in future. He took into his own service a herd-boy whose religious education had been sadly neglected. On being asked if he was in the habit of praying, the boy excused himself by pleading that he did not know what to say in prayer. His master forthwith replied: "Is there nothing that you stand in need of? Whatever want you feel, just make that the subject of prayer." Thereupon he quietly told one of the domestics, aside, to listen to the boy's attempts to pray. The stripling was soon in a quiet corner on his knees. He had no shoes—rather a common want in those days, for poor frugal parents ruled that the first shoes worn by their children should be purchased by their own youthful earnings. Then the boy's porridge, it seems, was cold when he came in hungry to breakfast from the herding. These wants he audibly expressed, in his retirement, in simple but earnest Gaelic expressions. The boy's grievances were reported to his master, and they were at once attended to. A day or two after that, Mr. M'Phail, in his usual earnest condescending manner asked the boy how he was getting on. With boyish glee he replied, "Oh! so nicely; I never was so well off as now; whatever I want, I have only to put it in the prayer, and I find it very quickly given me." This was the happy opportunity for which the pastor waited. He taught the boy that he had a soul neglected, guilty, starving, and showed him how to pray for better things than those bodily comforts that perish with the using. Henceforth the attention of the boy was turned to the more pressing necessities of the soul. Awakened by the Holy Spirit to a sense of his sin and misery, he was led in a day of power to a saving interest in Christ Jesus.

The story of Luke Heywood, having been published in tract form, is well known; but a brief account of the conversion of one who became afterwards an honoured witness for the truth, and a successful labourer in Christ's vineyard, may here appropriately be given. Fort George lies on the sea shore between Inverness and Nairn, on a point jutting out into the Cromarty Firth. It

was built in the middle of the last century, at a cost of £200,000, and it contains accommodation for nearly 3,000 troops. Beneath its formidable-looking walls there is a ferry about a mile broad. The boats are stationed on the opposite side, and cross for passengers by signal. There, 130 years ago, booths were erected for the convenience of the military for the sale of country produce. One afternoon, Mr. M'Phail was returning home from the east coast, and from Fort George ferry, northward, lay the direct route to Resolis, nine miles distant. As with his faithful pony he waited for the ferry-boat, a profane soldier, whose name was Luke Heywood, a private in an English regiment, stationed in the Fort, came out to the wooden shambles to purchase meat, and asked the price of a leg of mutton lying on the table. On being told the charge, the godless soldier imprecated damnation on his own soul if ever he gave that charge for the joint. But the butcher was inexorable, and much loud wrangling ended in the acceptance in full by the soldier of the original demand. Mr. M'Phail was all the while standing near, and greatly shocked at the profanity of the purchaser. As Luke Heywood turned in the direction of the Fort entrance, he was kindly saluted by the minister, who, entering into conversation, remarked, "What a fine leg of mutton you have got there." "Yes," was the reply, "and was it not cheap?" "What, may I ask, did you pay for it?" "So much," said the Englishman. "Nay! you are mistaken; I, in waiting for the boat, overheard the bargain. You prayed that God might damn your soul if you gave the figure you have just named. Know you not that you have thrown away your immortal soul for that piece of meat?" And now the way was opened for those solemn warnings and appeals which the devoted pastor was so pre-eminently skilful in addressing to the conscience. At length, bidding the saddened soldier farewell, Mr. M'Phail stepped into the ferry-boat which had by this time reached the pebbly beach. "The words of the wise are as goads," and they pierced Luke Heywood to the heart. As he returned to the barracks a tumult of emotion swept over his stricken soul. He tried hard, but could not shake off his convictions. The doom of a lost soul was thundering louder in his ears than all the cannonry of the Fort. At length, agonized in soul, he hurried out bareheaded to the ferry, and asked for the gentleman with the grey pony. Of course he was told forthwith that the person he inquired after was the well-known minister of Resolis, who by this time was far advanced on his way home. Then, in his agitation he said he must hasten after him, and making some inquiries as to the way, leaped into the ferry-boat now leaving for another passage. Arrived at the north side, he hastened over the heath-covered ridge that separates Rosemarkie parish from Resolis. Towards evening he arrived at the manse door, and anxiously asked for the minister, who gave him a most cordial welcome. What a change! the sword of the Lord had produced upon that

careless soldier, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit!" What cries from the depths were now rising up in one who had bartered his soul "for one morsel of meat!" But what a mercy for the wounded soldier to be under the treatment of so skilful an under-physician. The study of M'Phail was a veritable doctor's *surgery*, and very many were the cases of wounded consciences that were successfully treated there. Three days the soldier remained at the manse, days of concentrated agony, such as Saul passed at Damascus. All that tradition has handed down in regard to those days of soul-conflict is Mr. M'Phail's remark: "Poor Luke Heywood in three days passed through those depths in which I sank and struggled for so many long months."

Very remarkable was the deliverance out of the horrible pit, and deep the joy of this sincere convert on experiencing with power that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. With a heart yearning over him with parental affection, Mr. M'Phail parted with this new "brand plucked out of the fire." I can fancy the rapturous melody with which they both sang the 126th Psalm—

"When Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we."

But I must leave meantime Heywood going on "his way rejoicing" to the Fort. His conversion was a wonderful illustration of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners." A somewhat similar story is narrated in the Memoir of the famous M'Laurin, who laboured with such success in Glasgow, 140 years ago. Caught on one occasion in a crowd in one of the streets, he was subjected to considerable pressure and jostling. Some profane person near him annoyed at the crush exclaimed, "God damn my soul for Christ's sake." M'Laurin turned to him and remarked with impressive solemnity, "Sir, God has done many things for Christ's sake, and perhaps He will do that too." The remark sank into the conscience of the man. A blessed change of character ensued, which he ascribed to the simple but emphatic rebuke of the faithful, devout, and heavenly-minded divine.

So, in like manner James Thomson, a noted Resolis catechist, of deep Christian experience, was in his career of sin before his conversion, "in the act of uttering a tremendous oath to one of his horses when the arrows of the Almighty pierced his conscience; and after a fiery struggle between hope and despair, he became another and a new man," whose memory is revered, and that deservedly, in Ross-shire.

But let no profane swearer take encouragement from these pages to "continue in sin that grace may abound." These reformed swearers were made to feel with intensest bitterness the wormwood and gall of sin. So Saul of Tarsus, arrested in his career of mad persecution, is ever after vile in his own eyes, "less than the least of all saints," and "not meet to be called an Apostle, because he persecuted the Church of God."

Luke Heywood, in the full fervour of his first love, returned to resume his military duties at Fort George. "The Lord had done great things for him, whereof he was glad." One can fancy his feelings and emotions as he recrossed the ferry, and moving in a new world gazed upon the haunts of his former dissipation. It is likely that he brought a letter from his spiritual father to the Governor, Sir Eyre Coote, written, in part, like that model of elegant apology, Paul's Epistle to Philemon. Even supposing him punished for his three days' absence without leave, the severest penalties would be trifling to one who had so recently cried, as it were, "out of the belly of hell," and God heard his voice. Like the Gadarene demoniac, "clothed and in his right mind," he was longing to tell his comrades, "how great things Jesus had done unto him." Forthwith he began to keep a prayer-meeting, which the soldiers attended with feelings like those of the hearers of the newly-converted Saul of Tarsus, and similar results followed.

The story of so remarkable a conversion, and the fame of the prayer-meetings at the Fort, extended far and wide and were the talk of the country-side. Civilians, some of whom walked twelve miles from neighbouring parishes, mingled with the red-coats that listened, after the daily routine of military duties was over, to the wonderful things God had done for the fervid convert's soul, and had their hearts bowed as they joined in the prayer of the contrite spirit. How many of the soldiers were converted cannot now be ascertained, but there is no reason to distrust the reports handed down by tradition of the change effected in many hearts hitherto strangers to grace and to God.

But persecution because of the Word was not long in arising. The captain of the company to which Heywood belonged was an avowed and determined enemy of the truth. He resolved to put an end to this outbreak of fanaticism in the Fort, and threatened to punish the devout Christian leader with flogging if the meetings were not discontinued. The soldier, however, knew that he had broken no law of the army. Meetings for boisterous mirth and revelry had been, in the evil days behind them, allowed to pass unchallenged, and now that an evident reformation was spreading among the ranks, why should so good a work be interfered with? Heywood counted the cost. The sphere of conscience was invaded, and he must serve God rather than man. The God whom he served continually would deliver him; and, if not, it would be an honour to suffer shame for Christ's sake.

One day the persecuting captain and another officer—said to be a brother of his own—received an invitation to shoot on a moor near Culloden, a few miles from the Fort. Before starting on his hunting expedition, the captain summoned Heywood to appear before him. He then told him he was going from home for the day, and if on his return he found that he had been holding any prayer-meeting, he swore profanely that he would order the

culprit before him to be publicly flogged. Luke was silent for a minute or two, and then, almost echoing the words of doom spoken of old by Micaiah to Ahab, answered right solemnly, "Captain, if you return alive, God never spoke by me." Of course, the warning words were treated with contempt, only deepening the persecutor's resolution to stamp out the meetings as he hastened up the beach, and on to the hillside. In the course of the day he had occasion to crouch behind a dyke, watching the approach of deer, and his brother officer coming in that direction mistook him for game, and firing suddenly shot him dead on the spot.

It may readily be believed that there was no further interference with the prayer-meetings on the Fort.

But the Head of the Church had work for him in his native land. The regiment was soon afterwards ordered back to England, where Heywood obtained his discharge from the army. He is said to have laboured with success as a minister until his death.

Perhaps some reader of the *Echo* may be able to glean some memorials of his ministry. To Heywood, however, it matters very little whether his name is remembered or forgotten by his countrymen, for it lives on high among those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shine as stars for ever and ever.

"As a preacher," in the words of the late eminent Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall, "Mr. M'Phail was peculiarly edifying to the people of the Lord. He could deal with their cases more closely and more tenderly than almost any other minister in his day. He does not appear to have been so careful in the composition of his sermons as some others of the fathers in Ross-shire. He was careful to feel, rather than to arrange, the doctrine which he preached, but what his discourses wanted of order was well made up by their unction and freshness. Having to preach on a Sabbath in Petty, and after a large congregation had assembled to hear him, he was in the wood without sermon or text wrestling with the Lord. The hour for beginning the service had long passed before Mr. M'Phail was seen approaching the tent; but of all the remarkable sermons he ever preached, the one he preached that day was, perhaps, the most refreshing to God's people, and the most fruitful in the conversion of sinners. Some of his own people were there, and, wishing for their fellow-parishioners the benefit which they themselves had derived, and expecting a renewal of their former enjoyment, they requested their minister to preach the same sermon at Resolis. He did so, but those who had heard it before were this time greatly disappointed. Mentioning this to Mr. M'Phail, he accounted for the difference by saying, 'When in Petty, you were looking to the Lord, but in Resolis you were looking to me. There you got the manna fresh from heaven; here you got it after it had moulded in my memory.'"

Petty, here referred to, lies between Fort George and Inverness.

The minister, Mr. John Morrison, was distinguished for his piety and unflinching boldness in delivering the Gospel message. Mr. M'Phail assisted at the Communion there, and at such times people used to assemble from neighbouring parishes. The church could not accommodate half the gathering crowds, so a wooden tent was commonly erected in a carefully selected spot for the convenience of the worshippers, before the preparatory services of the annual Sacramental season came on. It was no wonder that the Petty assemblage should contain a good sprinkling of Resolis people. To some of them the distance would be only thirteen or fourteen miles, and people to-day travel much further sometimes to attend Highland Communion, where a notable evangelical preacher officiates.

The accounts handed down of M'Phail's death-bed sayings and experiences are what might have been expected of so devout and self-denying a Christian. His profound humility shone out in his life, and like the setting sun gilded with surpassing lustre his closing hours. A much-loved elder, the godly Thomas Holm, came to see him in the beginning of the illness that proved fatal. As he stood by the bedside, Holm inquired of him if he expected to recover. "Yes," said his pastor. "And what ground, may I ask, have you for the hope you are expressing?" "Well, that passage of Scripture, the message vouchsafed to Jacob of old, has been occurring to me with much power and sweetness, 'Fear not to go down into Egypt . . . I will also surely bring thee up again.'" "Good news, verily, for you, but sad, sad news for the people of Resolis, and for the Church in Scotland," was the sorrowing reply, "for it was Jacob's corpse that was carried back." "Yes, Thomas," said M'Phail, pleasantly, "you were ever ahead of me in discernment, and you have the advantage of me still." This is but one of many evidences of that lowliness of mind that esteemed others better than himself. One night, we are told, he was peculiarly restless. His friends, inquiring the cause, asked him was he in bodily pain or was any cloud coming in between him and the Saviour in whom he trusted? Were his evidences of a saving interest in Christ darkened? Or what was the reason of his tossings to and fro upon his bed? The memorable answer he gave was, "That he felt as much assured of being for ever with his Saviour as he was of lying on his bed," adding, "but I know not how I can look Him in the face, when I think how little I have done for Him." His deep sense of unworthiness and indebtedness to free sovereign grace constrained him to say, "I am an unprofitable servant." His death and burial, and the high estimate formed of him by contemporary worthies, may be left over for a concluding paper.

(To be continued.)

It is a miracle to believe; but for a sinner to believe is two miracles.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Interesting Letter from Rev. J. B. Radasi,

MISSIONARY, MATABELELAND.

THE following letter from Mr. Radasi was recently received by the Rev. John R. Mackay, M.A., Inverness :—

C/O NATIVE COMMISSIONER, BEMBESI,
MATABELELAND, SOUTH AFRICA, 23rd November, 1915.

MY DEAR MR. MACKAY,—I have received your letter of the 30th September, together with the Dictionary and the two discourses on the Great European War. Many thanks for the same. I have read with great pleasure your interesting and instructive pamphlet. You are not alone in thinking that this war must be the Armageddon of Revelation. Many European people here, too, are of the same opinion, although they cannot give the same convincing proofs as you have attempted to do. All you would hear them say is, that there never has been such a war since the world began. And it has had a sobering effect on some of them, as I hear that, since the War, churches are better attended than they ever used to be.

I have not heard anything from Lovedale as to how far they have progressed in the printing of the Psalms in Kaffir metre; they seem to be very slow about that important work. We were hoping that by this time we would have had all the book of Psalms completed in metre. Please write to Principal Henderson and make inquiries as to when does he think we will get the complete book. Our people here are always asking me about it. We were all very glad to get the first twenty-four Psalms completed.

The whole country is still suffering from fever and many people have died from it. We have also lost some of our people at Bembesi and Ngwenya, and some are still very ill. Kiwa Mhlahlo, too, has been ill for over a month, and has had to go home to (Induba) Gravesend Farm. Harriet Nzamo also is still sick, though not so bad as she was at first. She went to the doctor some time ago in Bulawayo, who gave her medicine. She is at present teaching in our school at Induba, at Chief Mhlahlo's kraal, though she is often interrupted from her work of teaching through illness. And so I am kept very busy visiting the sick.

I may here mention a case that I was called to, of an old heathen Matabele woman, who was very seriously ill. Her son, who came to call me, said that he did not know whether I would still find her alive, and that she had expressed a desire to see me at once; and so I went. I found the old woman very ill. She was left in a hut by herself, and the hut closed, and they used to go every now and then and peep into the hut to see if she had expired, as they were expecting her to die every minute. I found that they had already dug her grave. The heathen natives usually dig a person's grave before that person dies, if they think

that the person is so seriously ill that he or she cannot recover, so that the person might be buried at once. And if the person happens to recover, a mouse is killed and put in, and the grave filled up again. I found that she was quite conscious and that she could still speak distinctly and understand what was said, although very ill and weak. She said, "I have dreamt a dream which has greatly alarmed me. I dreamt that I was on a journey and got to a big river, and on the other side of the river was a very beautiful place. Some one from that place spoke to me, and said, 'You cannot come into this place; you are very, very filthy, and you need to be washed in order to get there. All those that are in that beautiful place have all been washed. The road that the Matabeles are walking on is a filthy road. You must go back and wash.' After the person was speaking to me, whom I could not see clearly, I heard many, many voices saying, 'Yes, it is quite true; the road that the Matabeles are walking on is very filthy. You must go back and wash.' After I had told them my dream they went to fetch me many buckets of water, to wash; but I told them that the water they had brought me would not do, and that they had better send for a minister at once. I could see that they thought that I was out of my mind and that I did not know what I was saying, and their intention was for calling a witch-doctor to see what was the matter with me. But I firmly refused, and told them that a witch-doctor would do no good to me, and insisted on them sending for a minister instead of a witch-doctor. That is why I sent my son to come and call you. I had heard about you from my daughters, who occasionally attend your church, and I want you to pray for me." I then prayed for her and read the Word of God slowly to her. She listened very attentively while I was reading, and then began to weep. I continued to visit her every now and then, and she recovered within a fortnight. I am glad to say that she has now been converted, and is a regular attendant of our church. She lives at Libeni, and I also go there every now and then and hold a service at that kraal. She seemed to realise that she was a great sinner and not fit to go to "that beautiful place," that Mlimo (God) was right in sending her away, and that her desire was that Mlimo should wash her and fit her for "that beautiful place."

I must now conclude.—With kindest regards, yours sincerely,
J. B. RADASI.

GOD and the world are two such contrary masters, that we cannot serve them both: besides, they are two such copious objects, that any one of them will take up the heart. If the world has got your heart, it will make it like the inn at Bethlehem; there will be no room for Christ there: and if Christ has got the heart, then the world must go to the stable and the manger.—*Thomas Boston.*

The Diary of Dugald Buchanan.

(Continued from page 310.)

*[SATAN, perhaps knowing that his time was but short, endeavoured by all possible means to give me a deeper plunge into the ditch than ever, thinking thereby to cause me to abhor all the ordinances of God. And it is my opinion that a few days more of this exercise would have driven me to a desperate end. One link added to Satan's chain would have devoured me. Indeed, my strength was gone, the water being spent in the bottle and no well appearing made me to cast away my hope for lost.

I had furthered the design of hell by my own compliance and foolishness, but God who is all eye to see as well as all ear to hear and who knows my frame then remembered that I was dust. O! sweet Scripture, if He should be always wroth or contend for ever, the grace which He had given would not only fail but the soul that He had made, etc.]

On my way home I sat down to rest and in a minute's time all my doubts were dispersed, the gates of brass and iron bars of unbelief were broken in a thousand pieces and my captive soul set at liberty. The Shepherd of Israel took my soul half-consumed out of the mouth of the lion. He took the spoil from between the teeth of the terrible and plucked me as a fire-brand out of the burning, and before I arose my tongue was loosed to sing the high praises of my God. At the same time Jesus Christ the Son of Righteousness arose upon me with healing under His wings.

[I might now say with King Nebuchadnezzar when he returned from the society of beasts, as I was from the society of lusts and devils, "I lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation" (Daniel iv. 34).

But, oh! when I lifted up the eyes of my faith and saw the lovely Redeemer leaping upon the mountains and skipping over the hills of crimson guilt and scarlet sins, I was even like one in a dream. And oh! His kindness was great, He did not so much as upbraid me for evils in His absence, but said, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

The whole gates of my soul lifted up their heads, and the everlasting doors were set open and the King of glory came in. O stupendous miracle of grace! O astonishing and unexpected visit! But O! when He came near me in the glory of His pardoning grace and mercy, proclaiming Himself the Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long suffering, etc., how was my soul overwhelmed with His grace! My soul failed when He spoke.] But was it any wonder that I was glad? It was rather a

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

wonder that I did not give up the ghost with joy. Though all the mountains around me were gold and silver and all my own, I would esteem them as dung and dross in comparison of the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord. Was it any wonder though I was glad to see Him whom I had not seen these few years but seldom, or as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night, and for the last two years not at all: But when my Redeemer was absent, O how was His love despised, His name reproached, His spirit vexed by my ungodly deeds! But now He is come! O He is come! Blessed be His name who hath taken away the difference. And what shall I say? Yea, what could David say more? "But is this the manner of men, O Lord?" I'll say, with Hezekiah, "He hath both spoken unto me and himself hath done it: I shall, by his grace, go softly all my days in the bitterness of my soul."

[If any should ask, What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? I'll tell in a word what I think of my Beloved. He is altogether lovely: He is a lovely king upon His throne as well as a lovely priest upon His altar, His law and precept are lovely as well as His promise and grace: He is altogether lovely. And I love Him to that degree that I can as well tell what are the outgoings of paradise as tell the various outgoings of my soul towards Him in all His offices and relations as Mediator, nor yet how my soul feeds by faith upon Him. He is a sun and shield unto me, He is my hiding-place and my shield.

My soul discovers many avenues where Satan can throw his fiery darts, and yet in less than a minute my faith can turn Christ, my shield, into a safe bulwark of defence at the head of every avenue, and then I see safety in Christ against all enemies and a complete fulness for all wants. He is dearer to me than my bosom friend, than my only son, etc. He is the very life of my soul and soul of my life. Yea, I had such a discovery of Christ in His mediatory offices as made me put my whole trust and confidence in Him. I am sure there was never a man born blind who trusted his father or any friend to lead him safely in the way, more than I trusted God to lead and guide me by His Spirit unto all truth.]

There is no devil nor damned reprobate in hell who can have more frightful views of their sins than I have of mine in all their most aggravating circumstances, and yet, when I view Christ as a Priest, and the efficacy of His blood, the merits of it in the sight of God and the sanctifying virtue of it in the soul when applied by the Holy Ghost, I am as much confirmed of the love and everlasting favour of God as the elect angels are who were confirmed in their first state and never sinned. And when I view Christ as King of kings and Head over all things to His Church, I undervalue the power of Satan and wicked men, etc., as I do the dust under my feet. I rejoice, I triumph, I conquer in Christ, and have no confidence in the flesh while I earnestly covet His example. And now that I am a believer in Christ Jesus, the peace of God that passeth all understanding fills my whole soul.

I came home the rest of my journey as one who had been raised from the dead. Yea, I could scarcely forbear to tell my joy to those whom I met by the way.

[13th December.—As there has not been one day since the 26th of July in which I have not experienced something of the love and power of God, and for the most part of that time there has not been five minutes at one time except when I was asleep in which the Lord has not been either instructing or quickening and comforting me. And at this day the high tide of God's consolation has almost overwhelmed my spirit. How long I shall enjoy the manifestation of God's love in Christ is not for me to determine, but I expect to enjoy it through all the ages of eternity. Therefore I shall record the fruits and effects of this grace of God produced in my soul, and what a glorious change grace has made upon my principles and practice; and, as it is with a design to glorify God, and partly that I may treasure up these things in these days of plenty—not knowing what is between me and the grave, but that I may have need to remember God from the land of Jordan, etc.—so I shall, as a person who hath obtained mercy of the Lord, declare the truth as near as I can, and nothing but the truth, in these works of righteousness which evidenceth the truth of faith to my conscience, according to the written record of God. For, as the Apostle saith, "though I have whereof I may glory, through Jesus Christ, in those things which pertain to God; yet I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me," or in me by his spirit (Romans xv. 17, 18). "Neither will I," as the same Apostle saith, "boast of things without my measure" beyond my real experience; for in this I am not afraid to exceed my warrant at all, because I know, that while in the body I'll never declare the hundredth part of that which God hath manifested to me of His love; nor yet shew forth, either by my words or practice, these draughts of Christ's image which are engraven in my heart, not by pen and ink, but by the Spirit of the living God. I am sure if a person of more learning were to write these matters of fact he would do it to much better purpose.

A "Song of Praise," taken from Isaiah xii., which I sang to Jehovah and the Lamb for my deliverance; or, "A Thanksgiving unto God" for former deliverances, for present mercies, and future expectations.

I.

I in this day will praise the Lord,
For though He angry was with me,
Yea, though He made me feel His ire,
His love in that I now do see.

II.

From me Thine anger's turn'd away,
And Thou comfort'st my drooping soul;

My darkest nights Thou turn'st to day,
Thou fester'd wounds Thou makest whole.

III.

Thou hast redeem'd my soul from hell,
Thy grace my pardon did declare :
My clouds of guilt Thou didst dispel,
Which held me fast in black despair.

IV.

Thou hast delivered me from death,
And from the power of the grave :
When I deserved Thy fiercest wrath,
Thy mercy free did then me save.

V.

God's my salvation : I will trust
Him with my wounded guilty soul ;
Though His fierce wrath to me be just,
I trust His grace will make me whole.

VI.

The Lord Jehovah is my strength,
He's my salvation and my song ;
His love to me He shewed at length,
Tho' my distress was great and long.

VII.

Thy loving kindness that excels,
Thou, Lord, hast magnified to me ;
With joy Thou mad'st me drink the wells
Of Thy salvation, full and free.

VIII.

The sole Foundation of my peace,
The screen from vengeance that me hides,
Is the free fountain of Thy grace,
Which flows from Jesus' bloody side.

IX.

With Thee the fountain pure remains,
Of life and of salvation free ;
And open wide Thou set'st the same,
To all in faith who come to Thee.

X.

This well of life my thirst doth quench,
I bathe my guilty soul therein ;
The living streams that flow from hence,
Renew my strength and kills my sin.

XI.

O Lord, Thy grace's a fountain free,
Whose streams are one eternal flow;
That grace which pardons sinful me,
Can neither bounds nor limits know.

XII.

I long to get my soul above,
To worship prostrate at Thy throne;
To talk the wonders of Thy love,
The grace and merits of Thy Son.

XIII.

In praises of the great I AM,
I'll spend eternity along;
The glory of the slaughtered Lamb,
Shall be the burden of my song.]

(To be continued).

The late Mr. Roderick Johnston,

ELDER, NORTH UIST.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born in North Uist about sixty-one years ago, and departed this life in May, 1915. We are not in a position to give many details concerning his life, but such as we mention indicate that he was one taught from above and an heir of eternal salvation. Roderick was left an orphan when of tender age and was reared by relatives. In his life he was exemplary from childhood, but had reached man's estate before he was "created anew in Christ Jesus." When listening to the Gospel, as declared by the late Mr. Neil Gillies, a godly Gaelic schoolmaster, who taught at one time in Uist, he was powerfully impressed by the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—quoted by Mr. Gillies, evidently in referring to the Saviour's sufferings. A transformation seemed to take place in all the faculties of his soul, and he himself reckoned that this was the time when he was enabled to cast his burden upon Christ, and to build upon Him as the only foundation laid in Zion.

When a testimony for the truth was raised by the Free Presbyterian Church in 1893, Roderick was led to see that it was his duty to associate himself with those who formed our congregation in Uist, and from that time was a steadfast supporter of the Church. He held the office of elder for some time, and was highly esteemed by those of our people who knew him.

Being of an extremely modest and reticent disposition he did not say much during his illness, but from some remarks made to a friend we infer that he was weaned from the world and that his end was peace.

We desire to express our sympathy with his relatives and widow, who devotedly attended to all his needs to the last.—D. M. M.

Review of the Free Presbyterian Psalm-Book in Kafir Metre.

THE following review is taken from "The Christian Express" of 1st November—a missionary journal issued at Lovedale, South Africa :—

"*Indumiso*.—A Translation in Metre of Psalms I. to XXIV.

"This unpretentious but valuable booklet has lately been issued from the Lovedale Printing Press for the Free Presbyterian Church of South Africa. The printing and get-up are excellent. Selections from the Psalms are found in most of the Vernacular Hymn Books; but this is the first attempt to provide the Psalter in metre for the Kafir people. Thanks are due to missionaries and others who have compiled the collection. It is earnestly hoped that they will continue their labours, and issue at no distant date the whole Psalter. It would be a distinct enrichment of the praise of the sanctuary.

"The translation is a piece of good work. Psalms XVI. and XXII. are outstanding examples of idiomatic and euphonic Kafir. Suitable tunes for each Psalm are indicated. St. Ethelreda set for Psalm XXII. expresses well both its plaintive and triumphant notes.

"In these days of sorrow and desolation the Church is learning anew what a treasure it has in the Book of Psalms. The Kafir Church and people may have days before them when they will also find that no book expresses their feelings like it. If space permitted a modern example could be given. 'Men of the Knotted Heart' tells of an elder who asked Mr. Struthers to sing the New Testament at a service he was taking in a strange church. The man, who never gave out a hymn during his long ministry in Greenock, replied—'Very well, we'll do that; let us begin with the twenty-third Psalm, and then go on to the seventy-second.'

"Could one's hope and confession of faith be more beautifully expressed than in this verse from the Psalms? :—

'For I have all my confidence
Thy mercy set upon;
My heart within me shall rejoice
In thy salvation.'"

We thank the reviewer for his interesting notice. It would have been to advantage, however, had the review made it plain that the Book, in its origin and cost, is the work of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and so the property of that Church; though the Church has been much indebted to members of another denomination for the work of metrical translation. The Mr. Struthers referred to is the late Rev. J. P. Struthers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Mr. Struthers was a Cameronian of the more

modern type, who sometimes said things that would have been better left unsaid, but on this occasion spoke well and to the point. The Christ of the New Testament is in the Psalms as certainly as He is in the Gospels and Epistles.

Account of Mission to the Forces in England

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE, PORTREE.

DEAR Mr. EDITOR,—At the request of the Convener of the Committee of Mission to the Forces, I agreed to labour for a second period among the troops. So many reports of work among them have already appeared in the *Magazine* that little remains for me to say.

I arrived in London about midnight of Friday, 29th October, intending to make my way to my temporary lodgings at Wellington Square, but the fog, for which London is proverbial at certain periods of the year, was so dense that all vehicular traffic was quite at a standstill. I had to drop for the night into an hotel adjoining the Station Hotel, to which with difficulty I made my way. Early on Saturday morning I drove to Wellington Square, where I was privileged to have the kind and sympathetic companionship of Messrs. Wm. Grant and Angus Fraser.

On my arrival there, arrangements were made for conducting the services on the following Sabbath at Chatham. In January and February, the sphere of my labours covered a wider area than on this occasion. Then many Gaelic-speaking troops were in training in Bedford, Kimbolton, and other places, who have long since gone over-seas on active service. Many of them, I regret to say, add to the roll of those who lost their life in their country's cause; and without intruding into a region from which we are excluded by every law of propriety, they deserve to be sympathetically held in remembrance by us. They made a great sacrifice, but only in the ever-meritorious sacrifice of Christ is there efficacy for salvation, and the Judge of all the earth will do right.

On this occasion, my attentions were confined chiefly to naval men in Chatham and Portsmouth. By arrangement with the Admiralty, services were held alternately at each of these places. At Chatham, they were held fortnightly on three consecutive evenings—Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday. Our headquarters being in London, this plan cut off one journey, at least, to Chatham, and resulted in reducing the expense of working that station to a minimum. Portsmouth is probably more than twice the distance from London that Chatham is, and there services were conducted fortnightly, on Friday and Sabbath evenings. The intervening Saturday was utilised by visiting the Gaelic-speaking sailors at Haslar Camp. It is situated to the south-west of Portsmouth, beyond Gosport. In the evening a religious

service was held. The official Chaplain there kindly receives our Deputies, and affords every facility for holding Gaelic services with the men.

At Haslar Camp, Portsmouth, and Chatham, I met men from the western islands and from districts on the western seaboard of the mainland. They are at some disadvantage with respect to attendance upon the means of grace. In several cases, at least, the will may be taken for the deed. For instance, both at Portsmouth and Chatham, many who attended the Sabbath evening service could not be present at the week-day evening service, however willing, for the reason that they had to be on duty. The fact that so many were debarred by having to serve at their respective posts affected the attendance, to some extent, both at the Sabbath and week-day evening meetings. It would add to the several instances of consideration already shown by the Admiralty if they released those men from duty at the time fixed by them to conduct the official Gaelic services for their benefit. Besides, drafts of men are constantly sent out to sea, some to distant parts. These frequent changes affect the attendance until the inflowing process begins on the return of the men. In this respect Chatham particularly has suffered. There some men, who exercised much influence for good, were sent off to serve their country elsewhere. However, both at Chatham and Portsmouth my experience of the services and of the work generally was decidedly pleasant and encouraging.

I should mention here that I was glad to meet the Rev. Ewen Macqueen, Kames, in London on his way as a chaplain to France. I saw him off at Charing Cross Station on Tuesday morning the 30th November. It is my earnest desire that the Lord may abundantly bless his labours, and bring him safely back again.

It was my privilege to visit many of the wounded soldiers from the Highlands, lying in the London hospitals, in company with Mr. Angus Fraser, who was then in charge of our London Mission. They expressed deep gratitude for the interest taken in them, and one could not fail being solemnly impressed by their thrilling account of their terrible experiences. The Lord rescued them from the jaws of death, but many of them are rendered helpless for life. It is to be hoped their trials may be blessed to them. The process of devastation going on at present has hitherto been unheard of. It is in fulfilment of the divine purpose. May the Lord grant that the present visitations—so fitted to inspire us with awe at His judgments—may be the means of effecting a real return, on the part of all classes of the people, to the Lord, and of bringing about a revival of genuine religion everywhere!

ALEX. MACRAE.

It is a pity that those should ever be uneasy, under the want of earthly good things, who may be sure they shall inherit all things at length.—*Boston.*

La Bhreathanaís.

“AN uair a thig Mac an duine 'na ghloir, agus na h-aingil naomha uile maille ris, an sin suidhidh e air cathair rioghail a ghloire: agus cruinnichear 'na lathair na h-uile chinnich; agus sgaraidh e iad o cheile, amhail a sgaras buachaille na caoraich o na gabhraibh. Agus cuiridh e na caorich air a laimh dheis, ach na gabhair air a laimh chli. An sin their an Rìgh rìusan air a dheis, Thigibh a dhaoine beannuichte m' Atharsa, sealbhuichibh mar oighreachd an rioghachd a ta air a deasachadh dhuibh o leagadh bunaitean an domhain. Oir bha mi ocrach, agus thug sibh dhomh biadh; bha mi tartmhor agus thug sibh dhomh deoch; lomnachd, agus dh' eudaich sibh mi: bha mi euslan, agus thainig sibh a m' ionnsuidh. An sin freagraidh na fireana e, ag radh, A Thighearna c'uin a chunnaic sinn thu ocrach, agus a bheathaich sinn thu? no tartmhor agus a thug sinn deoch dhuit? No c'uin a chunnaic sinn a' d' choigreach thu agus a thug sinn aoidheachd dhuit? no lomnachd agus a dh' eudaich sinn thu? No c'uin a chunnaic sinn euslan thu, no am prìosan agus a thainig sinn a t' ionnsuidh. Agus freagraidh an Rìgh, agus their e riu, Gu deimhin a deiream ribh, a' mheud 's gun do rinn sibh e do h-aon de na braithribh is lugha agamsa, rinn ribh dhomhsa e.

An sin their e mar an ceudna riubh-san air a laimh chli, Imichibh uam, a shluagh mallaichte, dhionnsuidh an teine shiorruidh, a dh' ullaicheadh do'n diabol agus d'a ainglibh: Oir bha mi tartmhor, agus cha d'thug sibh dhomh deoch; bha mi'm choigreach, agus cha d' thug sibh aoidheachd dhomh; lomnachd, agus cha d' eudaich sibh mi; euslan, agus an prìosan, agus cha d' thainig sibh g'am amharc. An sin freagraidh iadsan, mar an ceudna e, ag radh. A Thighearna c'uin a chunnaic sinne thu ocrach, no tartmhor, no d' choigreach, no lomnachd, no euslan, no'm prìosan, agus nach do fhritheil sinn dhuit? An sin freagraidh esan iad, ag radh, Gu deimhin a deiream ribh, a mheud 's nach d' rinn sibh e do'n neach a's lugha dhiu so, cha d' rinn sibh dhomh-sa e.

Agus imichidh iadsan chum peanaís shiorruidh; ach na fireana chum na beatha maireannaich” (Matt. xxv. 31-46).

Nach solaimte, a Leughadair, an sealladh a tha'n so air a chur fa d' chomhair! cha sgeulachd a dhealbhadh le duine th'ann, ach firinn Dhe. 'Se so an latha ris an abrar anns na scriobtuiribh, “latha Dhe”—“là an Tighearna”—“latha foillseachaidh breitheanas cothromach Dhe”—“an la deirionnach”—agus, a nochdadh co cudthromach 's a tha e osceann gach la eile—“an la sin.”

O'n earrainn do'n scriobtur a rinn thu dìreach a leughadh tha thu faicinn co bhios na bhreitheamh air an la ud.—“Mac an duine”—Iosa, neach am feadh a bha e 's an fheoil air an d' rinneadh dimeas, agus a chuireadh air cul le daoineibh—agus, a'm

meadhon spid agus ainiochd a thug suas an deo, air a chrann-cheusaidh, air sliabh Chalbhari.—Thig e na ghloir, agus na h-aingil naomha uile maille ris, agus suidhidh e air caithir rioghail a gloire: oir, “thug Dia mar an ceudna dha ùghdarras chum breth a thabhairt, do bhrìgh gur e Mac an duine” (John v. 27). Feudaidd peacaich an crann-ceusaidh a chur an suaraicheas, ach cha chuir iad an suaraicheas an rìgh-caithir: oir, “Feuch, tha e teachd le neulaibh, agus chì gach sùil e, agus iadsan mar an ceudna ’lot e: agus nì uile threubha na talmhainn caoidh air a shonsan. Gu ma h-amhluidh ’bhitheas, Amen” (Rev. i. 7). An lathair a Bhreitheamh so tionalar gach uile chinnich—gach ginealach a ghluais air aghaidh na talmhainn o thoiseach gu deireadh aimsire! Is diamhain dhuit beachdeachadh air meud a cho-chruinnich so; cha-n urrainn d’ inntinn a ghabhail a steach. B’ fhearr leam thu ’chumail do smuaintean aig baile—thu stad agus thu thoirt fainear gum bi thu fein do’n aireamh: agus an uair a nochdas am Breitheamh, “aig am bheil a shuile mar lasair theine,” gné nam muilleinibh do-aireamh, agus a sgaras e iad, amhuil a sgaras buachaille na caoraich o na gabhraibh, a’ cur na’n caoraich air a laimh dheis, ach nan gabhar air a laimh chli, gum feum *thusa*, aon chuid d’ ait a ghabhail le gairdeachas air a dheis, no le ball-chrith agus an dochas air a laimh chli. Feoraich dhìot fein—“Nam faighin bas *a nis*, co dhiu comunn d’ am buininn air la ’bhreitheanis?” Theagamh gun dean na tha romhain do’n leabhran so do chuideachadh chum a cheist a fhreagairt. Is ceist anmharr cudthromaah i, tha moran an earbsa rithe—beannachadh *siorruidh*, agus mallachadh siorruidh. Theid iadsan air an laimh chli chum peanais shiorruidh, ach iadsan air an laimh dheis chum beatha mhaireannaich.

Fuiling dhomh car tiotain, leughadair, oir is ann chum leas t-anama a bheiream gu h-aithghearr oidheirp air cliu agus cor deirionnach na da chuideachd so ‘chur f’ad chomhair. Bithidh so soilleir dhuit, shaoilinn, maille ris an steidh air am faigh iad am binn, ma bheir thu aire cheart do na nithe a leanas.

Tha e soilleir o na sriobtuiribh gun teid breth ’thoirt air daoine *do reir an gnìomharra*. “Oir thig Mac an duine ann an glòir ’Athar, maille r’a ainglibh; agus an sin bheir e do gach neach a reir an gnìomharra” (Matt. xvi. 27).—“Oir is eiginnn duinn uile bhi air ar nochdadh an lathair caithir bhreitheanais Chrìosd; chum gu faigh gach neach na nithe ’rinn e sa chluinn, a reir an nì a rinn e, ma’s maith no olc e” (2 Cor. v. 10). “Agus chunnaic mi na mairbh, beag agus mor, nan seasamh am fianuis De; agus dh’ fhosgladh na leabhraichean: agus dh’ fhosgladh leabhar eile, eadhon leabhar na beatha: agus thugadh breth air na mairbh as na nithibh sin a bha sgrìobhta ’s na leabhraichibh, a reir an gnìomharra” (Rev. xx. 12). O na h-earrainibh so tha e dearbh-shoilleir gun teid oibre dhaoine ’thabhairt chum breitheanais. Ach ma ’sa fìor so, nach d’ thigeadh dhuinn fhiosrachadh, “Co is urrainn seasamh an lathair an Tighearna De naomha so” (1 Sam.

vi. 20). Gabh beachd air a chliu, an Tighearna Dia *Naomha*? Is eigin gu bheil lagh an De so, mar e fein, “naomha, agus cothromach, agus maith,” ann an tomhas neo-chrìochnach (Rom. vii. 12). Is e suim an lagha so, Dia ’ghradhachadh le’r n’ uile chridhe, agus le’r n’ uile anam, agus le’r n’ uile neart, agus le’r n’ uile inntinn” (Mark xii. 29, 30); ’s e sin, umhlachd iomlan cridhe agus caithe-beatha. Agus is deimhin nach ’eil an Ti Uile-naomha, agus Uile-mhaith ag agairt tuille ’sa choir.

Bhris thus’ agus mise agus an t-iomlan do shliochd Adhaimh an lagh naomha so. Leis an lagh so, uime sin, tha sinn air ar tur dhiteadh. Oir, “Is malluichte gach neach nach buanaich anns an h-uile nithibh a ta scribedh ann an leabhar an lagha chum an deanamh” (Gal. iii. 10).

Na clisgeadh so thu, cha’n’eil mi fein saor ni’s mo na tha thusa. Ni h-eadh cha’n’eil mac mathar don chinne-daon a ta saor; oir, “Cha’n’eil ionnracan ann, cha’n’eil fiu a h-aon” (Psalm liii. 1-3). —“Oir pheacaich na h-uile agus tha iad air teachd gearr air glòir Dhe” (Rom. iii. 23). Is i cheist mata, ’N do bhris thusa ’n lagh? Ma bhris tha e soilleir nach urrainn thu bhi air d’ fhireannachadh leis an lagh a bhris thu. “Uime sin cha bhi feoil air bith air a fireannachadh na fhianuis tre oibribh an lagha” (Romans iii. 20). Feudaidd tu lagh a dhealbh dhuit fein, ach cha ’n urrainn dhuit Dia ’cho eigneachadh gu breth thoirt ort a reir do lagha-sa. Ged theid oibre, uimesin, a thoirt chum breitheanais cha ’n urrainn gun gabh Dia ri peacach air steidh oibribh fein. Cnuasaich a chuis so.

Am bheil sinn mata ri eu dochas a’ ghabhail?—Cha’n’eil a charaid ionmhuinn; cha’n’eil: taing do Dhia tha dochas fathast againn. Tha sinn a’ faicinn o bhriathraibh ar Tighearna ann an toiseach an leabhraigh so ged theid iomadh aon a dhiteadh ann an la bhreitheanais, gun teid mar an ceudna gabhail ri iomadh; agus ma bheir sinn aire cheart do bhriathraibh a Bhreitheamh chi sinn an *steadh* air an ditear agus an saorar. Gabh beachd air ciod tha e g radh riusan air a laimh dheis: “Oir bha mi ocrach, agus thug sibh dhomh biadh: bha mi tartmhor, agus thug sibh dhomh deoch: bha mi ’m choigreach, agus thug sibh aoidheachd dhomh: lomnachd, agus dh’ eudaich sibh mi: bha mi euslan, agus thainig sibh g’am amharc: bha mi’m priosan agus thainig sibh a m’ionnsuidh.” Freagraidh na fireana le h-ioghnadh nuair a dhainmicheas e an caoimhneas da, ’sa cho tearc dhiu sa chunnaic riabh aghaidh ’s an fheoil gu’n caoimhneas a nochdadh. “Cuin a chunnaic sinn thu ocrach, agus a bheathaich sinn thu? no tartmhor agus a thug sinn deoch dhuit? Cuin a chunnaic sinn a’ d’ choigreach thu, agus a thug sinn aoidheachd dhuit? no lomnachd, agus a dh’ eudaich sinn thu? No cuin a chunnaic sinn euslan thu, no am priosan, agus a thainig sinn a t-ionnsuidh?” Reitichidh freagradh a Bhreitheamh a chuis uile, A’ mhead ’s gun d’ rinn sibh e do h-aon do na braithribh is lugha agamsa, rinn sibh

dhomhsa e.” Air an doigh cheudna, cuiridh e as leth na muinntir air a laimh chli gun d’fhag iad *gun deanamh* na nithe a rinn cach:—“Bha mi ocrach, agus cha d’thug sibh dhomh biadh; bha mi tartmhor agus cha d’thug sibh dhomh deoch; bha mi ’m choigreach agus cha d’thug sibh aoidheachd dhomh; lomnachd, agus cha d’eudaich sibh mi; euslan, agus am prìosun, agus cha d’thainig sibh g’am amharc.”—Agus ’nuair a nochdas iadsan cuideachd an ioghnadh gun agairte orra nach d’rinn iad an ni nach robh riabh nan *comas*, “A Tighearna cuin a chunnaic sinn thu ocrach, no tartmhor, no’ d’choigreach, no lomnachd, no euslan, no’m prìosan, agus nach do fhritheil sinn dhuit?” minichidh agus daighnichidh e ’chasaid le ’leithid eile do fhreagairt. “A mheud’s nach d’rinn sibh e do’n neach a’s lugha dhiu so, cha d’rinn sibh dhomhsa e.”

Nis tha na h-oibre chaidh aireamh, a nochdadh dhuinn, a thiotadh, biuthas na muinntir a ta g’an deanamh, agus nach ’eil g’an deanamh. Gabh beachd sonruichte air an *gne*. Is oibre seirc, agus graidh iad, ’chaidh a dheanamh *air sga Iosa*, d’a dheisciobluibh. Tha Iosa g’am meas mar gun deanta dh’a fein iad: feumaidh, uime sin gur oibre iad a chaidh a dheanamh *air a sga*. Tha bhi deanamh nan oibre so toirt dearbhaidh air oibreachadh aignidhean araidh an taobh a stigh: Tha gun bhi g’an deanamh na dhearbhadh air *di* nan aignidhean so. ’Nuair a labhras sinn m’a ni air bith a dheanamh *air sga* neach eile, tha sinn a ciallachadh gu bheil sinn ga dheanamh *o ghradh* dha. Tha na h-oibre th’air an cur as leth na muinntir air an laimh dheis a’ nochdadh gur h-e gradh do Iosa tha’n airde na’n cridhe—gur h-e ’n taigheadh tha riaghladh an giulain: agus tha’n gradh so sruthadh o eolas slainteil air, agus o’ chreidimh na ’ainm. Do thaobh na muinntir air an laimh chli, tha *di* na’n oibre so a’ nochdadh nach b’aithne dhoibh an Slanu’ear, nach robh creidimh aca ann, no gradh dha.

A Leughadair, am bheil *thusa* creidsinn ann am Mac Dhe? Is ceist ro chudthromach a cheist, oir, “Ge b’e chreideas, saorar e, ach ge b’e nach creid ditear e.” ’N do smuainich *thusa* riamh, gu cubhaidh, air a chrich chum an d’thainig e thun an t’ saoghail—air airde a chliu, agus air *gne* agus foirfeachd ’oibre? Thainig e, tha e fein aig innse dhuinn, “a dh’ iarraidh agus a thearnadh an ni sin a bha cailte” (Luc. xix. 10), ’s ann do bhrìgh gun robh e “r’a phobull fein a shaoradh o’m peacaibh” a thugadh Iosa ainm air (Matthew i. 21). Is Slanu’ear neamhaidh e—“Emanuel Dia maille ruinn” (Matt. i. 22, 23). “Dia air fhoillsicheadh ’san fheoil” (1 Tim. iii. 16).—“Iehobhah ar fiantachd” (Ier. xxiii. 6). Esan a chuireas cul ris tha e cur cul araon ri obair agus ri comhairle an De bhith-bhuan.

Chum a phobull a shaoradh o’m peacaibh “rinneadh am Focal sìorruidh ’na fheoil, agus ghabh e comhnuidh ’nar measgne” (Eoin i. 14). Le ’umhlachd iomlan, agus le bheatha gun smal

dh' arduch e'n lagh naomha agus rinn e urramach e. Le e dh' fhuilang bais o shaor thoil fein—le fhuil a dhortadh air a chrann mhallaichte—agus le 'spairn 'anama fuidh fholach gnuis Athar (Matt. xxvii. 46), rinn e lan dhioladh arson peacaidh, ghloirach e maraon ceartas agus trocair Dhe; agus rinn e saorsa an dream air son an d' fhiuling e onorach do riaghladh cothromach Dhe agus do uile bhuadhabh a naduir; air chor 's gur h-e bhi maitheadh peacaidh air sga Chriosd dearbhadh is mo air fhuath do pheacadh.

'N uair a lub Iosa 'cheann air a chrann-cheusaidh, agus a thug e suas an deo, thubhairt e, do thaobh na h-oibre thugadh dh'a r'a deanamh, "Tha e críochnaichte" (Coimeas Eoin xvii. 4, ri xix. 30). Dhaighnich Dia 'n fhirinn so le 'thogail o na marbhaibh: Oir tha aiseirigh Chriosd a' toirt a cheart theistis a thug an guth o'n ghloir oirdheirc, "Is e so mo Mhac gradhach-sa, le'm bheil mi lan thoilichte" (Matt. xvii. 5; 2 Pead. i. 16, 17).

Tha obair na saorsa, mata, críochnaichte. 'S i fireantachd agus iobairt-pheacaidh Emanuel an steidh—an t-aon steidh—an steidh uile-fhoghainteach tre'm feud peacach duil a bhi aige ri trocair. Ris an obair so *cha 'n urrainn* dhuit dad a chur—'s cha 'n fheud thu dad a *thoirt uaipe*. Cha dean feuchain ris an aon no'n aon eile ach a h-eifeachd a mhilleadh ort fein. Ma tha fuighair agad ri saorsadh air dhoigh air bith eile, tha thu toirt na breige do Dbia (Eoin v. 10), agus a sgrios t-anama gad uil' deoin. "'S so a chlach a dhiultadh leis na h-Iudhaich a rinneadh na ceann na h-oisinn: Agus cha'n'eil slainte ann an neach air bith eile, oir cha'n'eil ainm air bith eile, fuidh neamh, air a thoirt a' measg dhaoine, tre'm feud sinn a bhi air ar slanachadh" (Gnìomh iv. 11, 12). "Tha sinne guidheadh oirbh as uchd Chriosd (arsa Pòl) bithidh reidh ri Dia: Oir rinn se esan do nach b' aithne peacadh, na iobairt pheacaidh air ar soinne; chum gum bitheamaid air ar deanamh 'na'r fireantachd Dhe annsan" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21). Is e'n neach a chreideas fianuis Iosa 'tha air a dheanamh reidh ri Dia, agus a shaorar ann an la bhreathanaís. Oir "don ti a ni obair cha 'n ann mar gheanmaith a mheasar an tuarasdal, ach mar fhiachaibh. Ach do'n ti nach dean obair, ach a ta creidsinn anns an Ti a dh' fhireannaicheas an duine mi-dhiadhaidh, measar a *chreidimh* mar fhìreantachd. Amhuil mar a ta Daibhidh a' cur an ceill beannachadh an duine sin d'am meas Dia fireantachd as eugmhais oibre, ag radh. Is beannuichte iadsan a fhuair maith-eanas na'n eu ceartaibh, agus aig am bheil am peacaidh air am folach. Is beannuichte an ti nach cuir an Tighearna peacadh as a leth" (Rom. iv. 4-8). Agus a ris—"Is ann o *chreidimh* a ta'n oighreachd, ionnas gum biodh i tre ghras" (Rom. iv. 16).—"Oir is e tuarasdal a pheacaidh am bas: ach is e *saorthiodhlacadh Dhe* a bheatha mhaireanach, trid Iosa Criosd ar Tighearna" (Rom. vi. 23).

(*Ri leantuin.*)

One of the Haldane Folk.

OF those whom God signally honoured in the preaching of the pure evangel of Jesus Christ in Scotland, the Haldane brothers must ever occupy a favoured place. Through the blessing of God, their preaching was instrumental in the conversion of souls who in after days gave evidence that they were epistles read and known of all men. Recently, in reading the biography of a northern minister, we came across a brief sketch of one of "the Haldane folk," as they were called, that appealed to us, and which we now reproduce for the benefit of our readers. We are introduced to the aged saint near the end of her earthly pilgrimage, and her pithy sayings, laden with heavenly truth, are like the grapes of Eschol, telling of the fruitfulness of the land through which she had travelled. On hearing one of God's servants preach, she expressed the effect produced on her at the time in these words: "Ah! man, how he made the heart, conscience, and understanding *dir!* with the truth!"

Her homely address to a young minister whom she had invited to her hospitable home soon after his ordination, is worthy of being put on record. "Now, Mr. —," she began, "though ye're my minister, and I respect ye for your work's sake, ye'll no take it ill of an old woman like me to give you a word or two of advice, more especially as Scripture says we're to exhort one another. Ye see, ye are but a young servant of the Lord, and I am an old one, and I'll soon be going home for rest. I would like to think ye'll be a useful and faithful minister of the New Covenant long after I'm in another world; and I am going to give ye the fruit of my experience, as one that has seen a good deal of life, both among saints and sinners. Now, take your place, and keep it, as the minister of the kirk. Magnify your office and not yourself. Let no man despise your youth. Read the two Epistles to Timothy every week, and think much of Paul and more of his Master. Don't be creeping into a corner; modesty is very good, but ye must mind the trust the Lord has put into your hands. If, like Moses and Gideon, ye should be inclined to hold back at any time, yet, like them, ye must go to the front when the Lord commands. But don't be too forward. Man, but it *scunnors* me to hear of striplings bragging of what they can do. They're like David, but without the sling and the stones and the trust in the Lord, and they run away before every Goliath. Say '*whist*' to the promptings of vanity. If ye've any respect for yourself, never blow your own trumpet; if your trumpeter should die, rather have no trumpeting at all than do it yourself. Ye must learn to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Ye're not to think ye'll *ca'* [drive] the whole world before you. Ye're not to be cast down with every cold look or hot word; for ye must expect to meet ill-natured and *cantankerous* folk, even in the Kirk. Don't be in a hurry to leave the folk of your choice. Ministers used to *bide* with their flocks,

as a man with his wife, for better or worse, but now they're easy parted. If God has a higher place for ye, ye'll get it, if ye do your duty where ye are ; but ye're not to seek it—not to be *glowering* at something far away, like a sheep looking through a *paling* at richer pasture on the other side. Honour God, and take the word of one that has tried Him for more than three score years, and your honour and all your concerns will be safe in His hands."

On her deathbed her minister visited her, and in the course of conversation she said to him : "Oh ! aye hold up Jesus Christ to a poor, perishing, sinning world ; make Him the head and heart of all your preaching. What would I now be without Him ? Just an old, done, dying woman, going down to the cold grave and outer darkness, like a withered leaf dropping down with the wintry blast on a lonesome night." Her pastor on one occasion asked, "Does the fear never come across your mind that all your faith is a dream ?" Solemnly and slowly she answered, as if every word came from the depth of her soul, "If this is a dream, where's the reality ?" Then, as if speaking to herself, she said in a whisper, "He'll not forsake me ; He came to me when I was not seeking Him, and now, when I need Him and seek Him with all my heart, He'll not leave me." On her pastor saying that he did not feel so ready to depart as she did, she answered, "Ah, man, ye'll get grace to die when ye have to do it. You're young yet, and what ye need is grace to live and work. God does with His grace as He did with the manna. We do not get it aforehand, because we have not the sense to guide it, and it would all melt away."

The last day of her life on earth her minister asked, "Have you no fears at all in crossing the Jordan ?" "No," she said solemnly. "Why should I be afraid when I see Him who is the Resurrection and the Life on the other side ? His word drives away all the mists. I am like a bairn that's been away in the fields, pulling flowers, and I must confess, whiles chasing butterflies ; and now, when the sun's setting, I'm coming wandering home. I've a burn yet to cross, but there's the stepping-stones of His promises, and with my feet set firmly on them I have no cause to fear." After a while she again opened her lips, and was heard to say, "He is with me in the swellings of Jordan." So passed away that aged saint to that goodly land to which she, like others, had sailed in heart before.

"Happy the company that's gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
How loud they sing upon the shore
To which they sail'd in heart before !
Bless'd are the dead, yea, saith the Word,
That die in Christ, the living Lord ;
And on the other side of death
Thus joyful spend their praising breath :
'Death from all death has set us free,
And will our gain for ever be ;
Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,
To let the mournful captives go.'"—*Ralph Erskine.*

D. B.

Notes of Alexander Gair and Other Worthies.

(Continued from page 280.)

ALEXANDER GAIR.

On one occasion he is said to have asked a blessing on some food of which he was about to partake, in these words: "Their Thu ruinne gu bheil sinn crìona, agus bu dualach duinne; ach bu Tu féin Mac an Athar a ta fial, agus bu dualach duit. Thoir dhuinne dhìot féin 'na bheireadh ann a t-uidheam féin sinn; oir, mar toir Thu dad duinn, cha toir sinn dad duit, agus mar gabh Thu gnothuch ruinn, cha gabh sinn gnothuch ruit. Amen." Which may be Englished thus:—"Thou tellest us that we are mean, and meanness was hereditary to us. But Thou art Thyself the Son of the generous Father, and generosity was hereditary to Thee. Give us of Thyself what would make us dependent upon Thine help, for if Thou givest us naught, neither can we give Thee aught in return; and if Thou wilt have no dealings with us, neither can we have dealings with Thee. Amen."

Shortly before Alexander Gair died he said to Murdo Ross, a godly man: "When you hear of my being ill, you will not delay in coming to see me, for my persuasion is that the Lord will not keep me long waiting at the ferry." Very soon after saying this Alexander Gair turned seriously ill, and when Murdo Ross heard the news, he went at once to see his friend who was then nearing his end. "Oh," said Murdo, "you are very poorly, Sandy." "I am not poorly," was the reply, "and I'll not be poorly, and I'll be welcome when I reach." Such was the calm triumph of this man of God on his death-bed. His last words were, as already quoted in these pages:

"I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make." (Psalm iv. 8.)

(To be continued.)

WE expect to have (D.V.) in next issue a brief notice of the famous John Grant, and some interesting notes in connection with him.

Notes and Comments.

Germany and the Pope.—The Vienna *Reichspost* publishes a long article by Herr Erzberger, one of the most influential members of the Roman Catholic party in the German Reichstag. The article is headed, "Italy's Reward." Italy, says Herr Erzberger, signed the declaration not to conclude a separate

peace, and did so only on the condition that she would receive two milliard lires from England, and that the Roman question would not be discussed in the course of the peace negotiations, at which it would, in part, be declared no longer existent. Herr Erzberger comments indignantly upon these conditions, which he would seem to have invented himself, and tries to expose the perfidy of France and Britain, who have always professed to be protectors of the Papacy. In consequence of the War of 1870, he says, the Pope lost Rome, and so arrived at his present unworthy status. The War of 1914-15 offers an opportunity of restoring full freedom and independence to the Pope. It is, of course, made quite clear that this happy state of affairs can only be brought about by the Pope's reliance upon the Central Powers. It will be remembered that recently Herr Erzberger was thanked by Benedict XV. for his services to the Vatican.

Money Spent on Drink.—The national drink bill for the first six months of 1915 reached the enormous total of £88,084,000, as compared with £80,154,000 for the corresponding period of 1914. It seems almost incredible that the country is spending such an enormous sum on drink during the awful days through which we are passing. With the Government measures for the restriction of the sale of drink in certain areas, and the cry for economy, one would have expected a decrease instead of an increase of almost £8,000,000.

So-called Sacred Concerts on the Lord's Day.—Since the War began there has been no decrease in certain forms of Sabbath desecration—rather an increase. Many people imagine that the rendering of sacred pieces of music by trained singers, choirs, and orchestras, is quite lawful on the Lord's Day. There is an apparent recognition of God in these pieces, but everything is done simply to please human ears. It is the creature that is worshipped, and not the Creator. Recently a winner of the Victoria Cross was honoured by such an entertainment at Inverness on a Sabbath evening—a refined and subtle form of abusing the sacred day. In various military hospitals, we regret to say, entertainments are given weekly where positively light and secular pieces are mingled with those regarded as sacred, and applause and laughter are allowed, to the entire degradation of God's holy day of rest and worship.

Life and Diary of the late Rev. Jonathan R. Anderson.—This volume, consisting of Extracts from the Diary of the late Rev. J. R. Anderson, with a brief sketch of his life by the Rev. Neil Cameron, St. Jude's, Glasgow, is still to be had, and at a reduced rate. The cheaper binding at 4d. ; 2d. extra for postage: the better binding at 6d. ; 2d. extra for postage. Orders may be sent to Mr. J. Anderson, 196 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, or to Rev. J. S. Sinclair, 248 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow. Those who are interested in spiritual reading would do well to purchase the volume, if they have not already done so.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

MR. ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY, General Treasurer, *pro tem.*, Woodbine Cottage, Glenurquhart Road, Inverness, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations up to 18th January, 1916:—

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Correction.—"Mrs. Campbell, Shildaig, 5/," in last issue, should have been "Mr. John Campbell."

COMFORTS FOR THE FRONT FUND.

Rev. J. S. Sinclair acknowledges, with sincere thanks, on behalf of the Rev. E. Macqueen, C.F., France, the following donations to above Fund:—"F.W.," £1; Dumbarton Sabbath School, £1; "Garve," 2/; Miss MacLennan, Kilmarnock, 3/; Mrs. Munro, Dingwall, 5/; Mrs. H. Cattanach, Kingussie, 2/6; Mrs. Dewar, Edinburgh, 2/6; Miss B. Mackenzie, Edinburgh, 5/; Mr. and Mrs. White, Prestwick, £1; Miss Maclean, Tomatin, 2/6; J. Fraser, Carnoch, Strontian, 10/6; Miss Kerr, Pitlochry, 4/; "Friends of Truth," £1; "Friends," Staffin, Skye, per A. Mackay, missionary, £1; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gillies, Fladda, Raasay, 2/6 each; "Two Well-wishers" (London P.O.), 5/; D. Livingston, merchant, Applecross, 7/6; James Coltart, Glasgow, £1;

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Rev. Ewen Macqueen, C.F., personally acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the following gifts and donations:—Kames Congregation and Sabbath School, New Testaments (value £2 8/); Per Miss M'Callum, Kames, 1,000 Cigarettes; Per Rev. Neil Cameron—"Anon," Glasgow, 3/; B. Macrae, 2/6, and Mrs. Macrae, Glenelg, 4/; "A. S.," St. Jude's, 5/; Mrs. Gilmour and Mrs. Anderson, Glasgow, 5/—total, 19/6. Mr. Jas. Mackay, Balerno, parcel Writing Paper; Miss Porteous, Vatten Ho., Skye, Writing Paper; Mr. Dobbie, Glasgow, 5/; D. Young, 40 Airlie Gardens, Glasgow, 5/; "Friend," Bettyhill, 5/; "Friend" (Glasgow P.O.), £1.

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The Rev. D. Graham, Shieldaig, by Strathcarron, acknowledges, with thanks, £11 from Mrs. Maclean and Friends, New Zealand, towards Lochcarron Church Building Fund.

Church Notes.

Communions.—Dingwall, first Sabbath of February; Stornoway, third. Ullapool, first Sabbath of March; Kinlochbervie, fourth.

Mission to the Forces in England.—We have now to state that the Rev. Alexander Mackay, Oban, has returned home from this Mission, and the Rev. Duncan Mackenzie, Gairloch, has taken his place. We trust the labours of the successive deputies will be attended with an abiding blessing. It may also be mentioned that the Rev. Donald M. Macdonald has gone to supply the London Mission in the room of Mr. Angus Fraser, who officiated there for six months. We are glad to learn that the attendances at the services of this Mission are being well maintained.

Free Presbyterian Chaplain in France.—In recent letters, the Rev. Ewen Macqueen, C.F., informs us that he lately met many Highlanders of the Camerons and Black Watch. He was very pleased to see them, and they seemed glad to meet him.

He also states that among the wards he has come in contact with several interesting and cheering cases, but meantime he feels precluded from giving particulars. His address is the Rev. Ewen Macqueen, C.F., No. 22 Casualty Clearing Station, B.E.F., France.

The late Mr. A. Clunas.—We regret that a sketch of the life of the late Mr. A. Clunas, Inverness, by the Rev. J. R. Mackay, M.A., has arrived too late for this issue.

The Magazine.

Subscriptions Received for Magazine.—M. Beaton, Waternish, 2/3; W. Curry, Dorking, 2/6; Miss M'Kenzie, 8 Habost, Ness, 2/6; D. Maciver, 68 N. Tolsta, 10/-; Mrs. MacCallum, Thundergay, Arran, 2/6; Mrs. Jarvis, Devon, 2/6; Mrs. A. M'Pherson, Arrina, Shildaig, 2/6; Miss B. M'Leod, Park Circus, Glasgow, 2/6; Miss M'Pherson, Strathvaich, Garve, 1/3; Miss Miller, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 2/6; R. Neilson, Bookseller, Edinburgh, 3/7; Miss L. Taylor, Halkirk, 2/6; D. M. Macleod, Duartbeg, Scourie, 2/6; Miss Moffat, Greenock, 2/6; Miss MacLennan, Pitlochry, 1/3; Sister Nisbet, Stobhill, 5/-; A. Gillies, Fladda, Raasay, 2/6; D. MacColl, Benoni, S. Africa, 5/-; Mrs. H. Ross, Millbank, Ontario, 2/6; A. Mackay, Innisfail, Alta, 5/-; R. Reid, of Kilellan, 2/6; E. B. Long, Trowbridge, 2/6; E. Rootham, Kettering, 1/3; Mrs. Fraser, Dunkeld, 2/6; A. Mackay, Govanhill Street, Glasgow, 2/6; D. Young, Hyndland, Glasgow, 2/6; Nurse Watt, Glasgow, 2/6; W. Dallas, Aviemore, 2/8; Mrs. Dewar, Edinburgh, 2/6; J. Nicolson, Seaview, D. Harbour, Rona, 2/6; D. Sutherland, Castletown, 2/6; A. M. Gunn, Golspie, 2/6; Miss F. Murray, W. Helmsdale, 2/6; Mrs. H. Cattanaich, Kingussie, 2/6; J. H. M'Leod, Loch Clash, Kinlochbervie, 2/6; J. Adamson, Helmsdale, 5/6; J. Macaulay, Ardbain, Applecross, 2/6; M. Maciver, Old P.O., Achiltibuie, 2/6; D. Brown, Greenock, 18/-; D. Macleod, for St. Jude's Collectors, 39/6; A. MacLennan, Provanmill, 1/-; Miss Macmahon, The Mount, Tonbridge, 2/6; J. Macdonald, P.O., Newton St. Boswells, 2/6; G. Baird, Brucefield, Ontario, 2/6; D. Clark, Egmondville, Ontario, 2/6; J. J. Hogg, Stoke Newington, London, N., 2/6; D. Livingstone, Applecross, 2/6; J. Coltart, Glasgow, 2/6; Mrs. A. Macleod, Fodderty, 2/6; Mrs. MacGregor, Fernamore, Shildaig, 2/6; Miss M. V. Fraser, North Kessock, 2/6; J. Macdonald, grocer, Badralloch, Ullapool, 3/-; Miss Mackay, Hopepark Crescent, Edinburgh, 5/-; Miss Stewart, Whiting Bay, 2/6; W. Matheson, W. Langwell, Rogart, 2/6; Mrs. Clark, Unapool, Assynt, 2/6; Miss Cormack, Thurso, 14/8; Mrs. A. MacLennan, Roche Plain, Sask., 4/-; P. Mackay, Seaforth, Ontario, 2/6; D. Murchison, The Store, Rannoch Station, 2/6; D. G. Mackenzie, W. Kensington, 30/-; W. Fraser, Toberchuirn, Cullicudden, 2/6; Miss J. Mackenzie, Shandon, 2/6, and Donation, 2/6; Rev. D. Macleod, F.C. Manse, Carloway, 2/6; Miss J. M. Macleod, Achnacarnin, Lochinver, 2/6.

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