



THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
 AND
MONTHLY RECORD.

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

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

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THE

Free Presbyterian Magazine

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VOL. XX.

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NO. II.

The Sin of Profanity.

IT has pained us very much to learn that the sin of profanity is rearing its head with great boldness at the present time. The testimony has come from soldiers and civilians. If ever there was a period when God was calling upon us to acknowledge Him with awe, and to humble ourselves under His mighty hand, it is the present. And yet such is the depravity of human nature that, when men are left to themselves, they only wax worse and worse under afflictive dispensations. It appears very deplorable, for example, that young men who are being trained as defenders of the country in a critical time, should spend their days and nights uttering profane oaths and curses, obscene words, and such like, thus bringing awful guilt upon their own souls, and making the lives of others beside them miserable, who dislike such conduct. A few remarks on the general subject may not be without profit.

1. Such profanity is in direct violation of an express command of the Most High. The Third Commandment of the Moral Law is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." This precept plainly forbids all frivolous, irreverent, and blasphemous use of the divine name, and by implication enjoins the opposite—a holy and reverent use of that name and of everything pertaining to it. The Lord Jesus Christ is "God manifest in the flesh," and His name is therefore to be regarded with a reverence equal to that due to the other Persons in the Godhead. A profane use of it is certainly a breach of this commandment. In fact, there seems to us something peculiarly sinful and blameworthy in this form of irreverence. The name of Christ ought to be particularly dear and sacred in our estimation, as that of the wonderful person through whom God has been glorified upon

earth and the redemption of sinners accomplished. There is, indeed, nothing more painful to the believing mind than to hear the name of the Divine Saviour made the subject of a coarse oath or jest.

We recognise that there is a lawful swearing by the name of the Most High, in connection with a solemn and serious assertion of truth, such as takes place in courts of law. This partakes of the nature of a religious act. But, apart from this, let us remember the words of Christ: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." It is perfectly plain from these injunctions that all such expletives as "By Jove," "By George," and "By goodness," are not lawful, and should not be employed.

2. The sin of profanity is eminently displeasing to the Most High. He makes this clear in the commandment when He says, "for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." It is a sin directly against the person of God Himself, and therefore it is bound to be specially provoking to His infinite majesty. Among men an individual will bear with comparative patience any disrespect shown to some piece of work he has done, but where contempt is cast upon his person he regards the offence as much more heinous. So in the higher case before us. It is further implied in the precept that the Lord will not hold the profane person guiltless, whatever men may judge or do. He supposes that men may pass very lightly over this form of sin—as indeed they generally do—but declares that He will not act after their manner, but will regard the person who takes His name "in vain" as sinning, and worthy of condign punishment.

The original laws of our country were largely framed according to God's Word, and such evils as cursing and swearing and blasphemy were regarded as civil crimes and made punishable. We understand that these laws are still in force, but they are too frequently ignored. There is need that they would be vigorously revived at present. We are credibly informed, however, that the Army is exempted from some at any rate of these laws, and that this circumstance has become embodied in the saying, "*Swearing is the soldier's privilege.*" Truly this is a very lamentable exemption, and should be described as the soldier's loss or curse, and not his privilege. To our mind there are no classes of men who should walk more in the fear of God than soldiers and sailors. They are constantly facing serious danger and death. Eternity is in their immediate view, and the very thought that they may have at any moment to appear before their Maker and Judge should effectually deter them from every kind of profanity.

3. The sin of profanity, as well as other sins, militates against

success in the War. There is too great a tendency at the present time to put confidence in the arm of flesh, which cannot save, and to conclude that we are bound to win in the conflict by the sheer force of bravery, skill, munitions, and numbers. The principal factors in the situation—the favour and the power of God—are largely overlooked and forgotten. By His favour we live, and if He frowns on us we cannot succeed. Without the exercise of His power, no means employed will be efficient to accomplish the desired end. All things in heaven and on earth are in His hands, and thus it has been often seen that “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” Thus we also find the Psalmist saying, “In the name of our God we will set up our banners. . . . Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.”

It is, further, plain from the Bible that God is just in all His ways, and has threatened that if we walk contrary to Him, He will walk contrary to us. If people trample the Word of God under their feet, disobey His laws, and profane His name, they have no warrant to expect that He will show them favour and help them in the time of need. If soldiers and civilians combine to defy God to His face in this awful time, they are doing their utmost to procure defeat for their country. There needs be no doubt about that. He may, in His sovereign mercy and for the sake of His own name and servants, crown our efforts with success, but He will not do so on account of any favourable regard for wicked men. We may be quite sure indeed that profanity, drunkenness, infidelity, and other sins have procured for us the considerable degree of chastisement we have received already, and those who continue in their sins, when every voice in heaven and earth calls them to repentance, are adding more drops to the cup of wrath and preparing the way for dreadful strokes in the future. True it is that “if God be for us, who can be against us?” But the opposite is also true, that if God be against us, it matters not who is “for us.”

Should these lines, in providence, meet the eyes of any who have been living in profanity and other sins, we would affectionately warn them of their guilt and danger in view of eternity, and of the loss that is accruing to their country by their sinful manner of life. Every moral evil indulged is so much against us in God’s book. “The wages of sin is death.” The only men who are assets to the country, in the best sense, at this time are those who walk in the fear of God and the faith of Jesus Christ, hating that which is evil and loving that which is good. They are “the salt of the earth” and the shields of the nation. It would be an unspeakable blessing if some who have hitherto lived in the service of sin and Satan were brought to forsake their evil ways and live. Such newborn souls, enlisting under the banner of the King of kings as well as under the banner of the King of Great Britain, would, by the divine blessing, carry the flag to victory.

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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(Concluded from page 376.)

OBSERVE, further, the impudence, as well as importunity, of those other virgins. "Lord, Lord," say they, as though they were intimately acquainted with the holy Jesus. Like numbers amongst us, who, because they go to church, repeat their creeds, and perhaps receive the sacrament, think they have a right to call Jesus their Saviour, and dare call God their Father when they put up the Lord's Prayer. But Jesus is not your Saviour; the devil, not God, is your father, unless your hearts are purified by faith, and you are born again from above. It is not the being baptized by water only, but by the Holy Ghost also, that must purify and perfect your fallen nature. And it will do you no service at the great day, to say unto Christ, "Lord, my name is in the register of such or such a parish," unless the laws and image of Christ are written and stamped upon your hearts. I am persuaded the foolish virgins could say this, and more. But what answer did the blessed Jesus make? He answered and said (verse 12): "Verily, I say unto you"—He puts the word "verily," to assure them He was in earnest—"I say unto you," I who am truth itself, I whom you have owned in words, but in works denied, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." These words must not be understood literally; for whatever Arians and Socinians may vainly say to the contrary, yet we affirm that Jesus Christ is God, God blessed for ever, and therefore knoweth all things. He saw Nathaniel when under the fig tree. He sees, and is now looking down from heaven, His dwelling-place, upon us, to see how we behave in these fields. Brethren, I know nothing of the thoughts and intents of your hearts in coming hither, but Jesus Christ does. He knows who come like new-born babes, desirous to be fed with the sincere milk of the Word; and He knows who come to hear what the babbler says, and to run away with part of a broken sentence, that they may have whereof they may ridicule or accuse Him. This expression then, "I know you not," must not be understood literally. No; it only denies a knowledge of approbation; as though Christ had said, "You call me Lord, Lord, but ye have not done the things that I have said: you desire Me to open the door, but how can you come in hither, not having on a

wedding-garment? Alas! you are naked as you came into the world. Where is My outward righteousness imputed to you? Where is My inherent righteousness wrought in you? Where is My divine image stamped upon your souls? How dare you call Me Lord, Lord, when you have not received the Holy Ghost, whereby I seal all that are truly mine? Verily I know you not. Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

And now, "he that hath ears to hear let him hear," what manner of persons these were whom Jesus Christ dismissed with this answer.

Remember, I entreat you, remember, they are not sent away for being fornicators, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, or prodigals; no, in all probability, as I observed before, they were, touching the outward observances of the moral law, blameless; they were zealous maintainers of the form of religion; and if they did no good, yet no one could say they did any one any harm. That for which they were condemned, and eternally banished from the presence of the Lord (for so much is implied in that sentence, "I know you not"), was this: they had no oil in their lamps, no principle of eternal life, or true and living faith, and love of God in their hearts. But, alas! if persons may go to church, receive the sacraments, lead honest moral lives, and yet be sent to hell at the last day, as they certainly will if they advance no farther, where wilt thou, O drunkard? where wilt thou, O swearer? where wilt thou, O Sabbath-breaker? where wilt thou that deniest divine revelation, and even the form of godliness—where wilt thou and such-like sinners appear?

I know very well where you must appear, even before the dreadful tribunal of Jesus Christ. For, however you may, like Felix, continually put off your convictions, yet you, as well as others, must arise after death, and appear in judgment. You will then find to your eternal sorrow, what I just hinted at in the beginning of this discourse, viz., that your damnation slumbereth not. Sin has blinded your hearts, and hardened your foreheads now. But yet a little while and our Lord will avenge Him of His adversaries. Already, by faith, I see the heavens opened, and the holy Jesus coming, with His face brighter than ten thousand suns, and darting fury upon you from His eyes. I see you rising from your graves, trembling and astonished, and crying out, Who can abide this day of His coming? And now, what inference shall I draw from what has been delivered? Our Lord, in the words of the text, hath drawn one for me: "Watch, therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

"Watch"—that is, be upon your guard, and keep your graces in continual exercise; for as, when we are commanded to watch unto prayer, it signifies that we should continue instant in that duty; so, when we are required to watch in general, it means,

that we should put on the whole armour of God, and live every day as though it was our last.

And O that the Lord may now enable me to lift up my voice like a trumpet! For had I a thousand tongues, or could I speak so loud that the whole world might hear me, I could not sound a more useful alarm than that which is contained in the words of the text. Watch, therefore, my brethren, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, watch—be upon your guard. “Awake, ye that sleep in the dust; for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.” Perhaps to-day, perhaps this next midnight, the cry may be made. For in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the trump is to sound. However, supposing the final day of judgment to all may yet be a great way off, yet to us it is certainly near at hand. For what is our life? It is but a vapour—it is but a span long; so soon it passeth away, and we are gone. Blessed be God, we are all here well; but who, out of this great multitude, dare say, I shall go home to my house in safety? Who knows but, whilst I am speaking, God may commission his ministering spirits immediately to call some of you off by a sudden stroke, to give an account with what attention, and to what intent, you have heard this sermon? And it is chiefly for this reason that God has hid the day of our death from us. For, since I know not but I may die to-morrow, why, O my soul (may each of us say) wilt thou not watch to-day? Since I know not but I may die the next moment, why wilt thou not prepare for dying this?

You know, my brethren, some such instances have lately been given us. And what angel or spirit hath assured us that some of you shall not be the next? “Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.”

May such reflections as these, my brethren, crowd in upon my mind. At present, blessed be the Lord, who delights to magnify His strength in a poor worm’s weakness, I am at a stand not so much about what I shall say, as what I shall leave unsaid. My belly, like Elihu’s, is, as it were, full of new wine; out of the abundance of my heart my mouth speaketh. The seeing so great a multitude standing before me—a sense of the infinite majesty of that God in whose name I preach, and before whom I, as well as you, must appear to give an account—and the uncertainty there is whether I shall live another day to speak to you any more; these considerations, I say, especially the presence of God, which I now feel in my soul, furnish me with so much matter that I scarce know how to begin, and where to end, my application. However, by the divine assistance, I will address myself more particularly to three sorts of persons.

And, *first*, I would remind you that are notoriously ungodly in the land, of what our Lord says in the text. For, though I have said that your damnation slumbereth not whilst you continue in an impenitent state, yet that was only to set you upon your watch

to convince you of your danger and excite you to cry out, What shall we do to be saved? I appeal to all that hear me whether I have said, the door of mercy shall be shut against you if you believe in Jesus Christ. No; if you are the chief of sinners; if you are the murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers; if you are the dung and offscouring of all things—yet if you believe on Jesus Christ and continue to cry unto Him with the faith of the penitent thief, “Lord, remember us, now thou art in thy kingdom,” I will pawn my eternal salvation upon it if He does not shortly translate you to His heavenly paradise. Wonder not at my speaking with so much assurance, for I know “this is a faithful and true saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save all believing sinners;” nay, so great is His love that I am persuaded, were it necessary, He would come again into the world and die a second time for them on the cross. But, blessed be God, when our Lord bowed down His head and gave up the ghost, our redemption was finished. It is not our sins, but our want of a lively faith in His blood, that will prove our condemnation. If you draw near to Him now by faith, though you are the worst of sinners, yet He will not say unto you, “Verily, I know you not.” No; a door of mercy shall be opened to you. Look then, look by an eye of faith to that God-Man whom you have pierced. Behold Him bleeding, panting, dying upon the cross with arms stretched out ready to embrace you all! Hark, how He groans! See how all nature is in an agony! The rocks rend, the graves open, the sun withdraws its light, ashamed, as it were, to see the Saviour suffer! And all this to proclaim man’s great redemption! Nay, the Holy Jesus, in the most bitter agonies and pangs of death, prays for His very murderers: “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” What, then, if you have crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to open shame, yet do not despair—only believe, and even this shall be forgiven you. You have read, at least you have heard, no doubt, how three thousand were converted at St. Peter’s preaching one single sermon after our Lord’s ascension into heaven; and many of the crucifiers of the Lord of glory undoubtedly were amongst them. And why should you despair? for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Holy Ghost shall be sent down on you as well as on them if you do but believe. For Christ ascended up on high to receive this gift even for the vilest of men, for His greatest enemies. Come, then, all ye that are weary and heavy laden with a sense of your sins, lay hold on Christ by faith and He shall give you rest. For salvation is the free gift of God to all them that believe. And though you may think this too good news to be true, yet I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not; this is the gospel, this is the glad tidings which we are commissioned to preach to every creature. Be not faithless, then, but believing. Let not the devil lead you captive at his will any longer; for all the wages he gives his

servants is death, death often in this life, death always, everlasting death in the next. But now the free gift of God is eternal life to all that believe in Jesus Christ. Pharisees are, and will be offended at my coming here and offering you salvation on such cheap terms. But the more they bid me hold my peace the more will I cry out and proclaim to sinners that Jesus, the Son of David as He was man, but David's Lord as he was God, will have mercy upon all that by a living faith truly turn to him. If to preach this is to be vile, I pray God I may be more vile. If they will not let me preach Christ crucified and offer salvation to poor sinners in a church, I will preach Him in the lanes, streets, highways, and hedges; and nothing pleases me better than to think I am now in one of the devil's strongest holds. Surely the Lord has not sent me and all you hither for nothing; no, blessed be God, "the fields are white, ready unto harvest," and many souls, I hope, will be gathered into His heavenly garner. It is true it is the midnight of the Church, especially the poor Church of England; but God has lately sent forth His servants to cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." I beseech you, O sinners, hearken unto the voice; let me espouse you now by faith to my dear Master, and henceforward watch and pray that you may be ready to go forth to meet Him.

Secondly.—I would apply myself to those amongst you that are not openly profane, but, by depending on a formal round of duties, deceive your own souls, and are still as the foolish virgins.

But I must speak to your conviction before I can speak to your comfort. My brethren, do not deceive your own souls. You have heard how far the foolish virgins went, and yet were answered with a "Verily, I know you not." The reason is, because none but such as have a living faith in Jesus Christ, and are truly born again from above, can possibly enter into the kingdom of heaven. You may, perhaps, live honestly, and outwardly, moral lives; but if you depend on that morality or join your works with your faith in order to justify you before God, you have no lot or share in Christ's redemption. For what is this but to deny the Lord that has bought you? What is this but making yourselves your own Saviours, taking the crown from Jesus Christ and putting it on your own heads? The crime of the devil some have supposed consisted in this, that he would not bow to the name of Jesus when He came into the world as man, when the Father commanded all the angels to worship Him. And what do you less? You will not own and submit to His righteousness. And though you pretend to worship Him with your lips, yet your hearts are far from Him. Besides, you in effect deny the operations of His blessed Spirit, you mistake common for effectual grace. You hope to be saved because you have good desires. What is this, but to give God His word and all His saints the lie? A Jew, a Turk, has equally as good grounds whereon to build His hopes of salvation. Great need, therefore, have I to cry out to you, O foolish virgins,

watch ; beg of God to convince you of your self-righteousness and the secret unbelief of your hearts or otherwise, whensoever the cry shall be made, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," you will find yourselves utterly unprepared to go forth to meet Him. You may cry, "Lord, Lord," but the answer will be, "Verily, I know you not."

Thirdly.—I would speak a word or two by way of exhortation to those who are wise virgins, and are well assured that they have on a wedding-garment.

That there are many such amongst you, who, by grace, have renounced your own righteousness, and know assuredly that the righteousness of the Lord Jesus is imputed to you, I make no doubt. God has His secret ones in the worst of times ; and I am persuaded He has not let so loud a gospel cry be made amongst His people for nothing. No, I am confident the Holy Ghost has been given to some on the preaching of faith ; nay, has powerfully fallen upon many whilst they have been hearing the Word. You are now then no longer foolish, but wise virgins ; notwithstanding I beseech you also, suffer the word of exhortation ; for wise virgins are too apt whilst the Bridegroom tarries to slumber and sleep : watch, therefore, my dear brethren, watch and pray at this time especially, for perhaps a time of suffering is at hand. The ark of the Lord begins already to be driven into the wilderness. Be ye therefore upon the watch, and still persevere in following your Lord even without the camp bearing His reproach. The cry that has been lately made has awakened the devil and his servants—they begin to rage horribly ; and well they may, for I hope their kingdom is in danger. Watch, therefore, my brethren ; for if we are not always upon our guard a time of trial may overtake us unawares, and instead of owning, we may be tempted, like Peter, to deny, our Master. Set death and eternity often before you. Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith, and consider how little a while it will be ere He comes to judgment and then our reproach shall be wiped away ; the accusers of us and our brethren shall be cast down, and the door being shut, we all shall continue for ever in heaven with our dear Lord Jesus. Amen ! and Amen !

Lastly.—What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, one with another, of whatever sect or denomination, for I regard not that, I beseech you by the mercies of that Jesus whom I am now preaching, be upon your guard. Flee, flee to Jesus Christ, that heavenly Bridegroom ; behold, He desires to take you to Himself. Miserable, poor, blind and naked, as you are, yet He is willing to clothe you with His everlasting righteousness and make you partakers of that glory which He enjoyed with the Father before the world was. O, do not turn a deaf ear to me ; do not reject the message on account of the meanness of the messenger. I am a child, a youth of uncircumcised lips, but the Lord has chosen me that the glory

might be all His own. Had He sent to invite you by a learned rabbi, you might have been tempted to think the man had done something. But now God has sent a child that cannot speak, that the excellency of the power may be seen to be not of man but of God. Let letter-learned Pharisees, then, despise my youth: I care not how vile I appear in the sight of such men, I glory in it; and I am persuaded if any of you should be set upon your watch by this preaching, you will have no reason to repent that God sent a child to cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" O! my brethren, the thought of being instrumental in bringing some of you to glory fills me with fresh zeal. Once more, therefore, I entreat you, "Watch, watch and pray;" for the Lord Jesus will receive all that call upon Him, yea, all that call upon Him faithfully. Let that cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," be continually sounding in your ears; and begin now to live, as though you were assured this was the night in which you were to be summoned to go forth to meet Him. I could say more, but the other business and duties of the day oblige me to stop. May the Lord give you all an hearing ear and an obedient heart, and so closely unite you to Himself by one Spirit, that, when He shall come in terrible majesty to judge mankind, you may be found having on a wedding-garment and ready to go in with Him to the marriage.

Grant this, O Father, for Thy dear Son's sake, Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen! and Amen!

LITTLE do we know what times may befall us. There is danger abroad and, we have cause to fear, not far from us. It may be the clouds even now hang over our heads. Oh, if we would be hid in the day of the Lord's wrath, and have no evil come nigh our dwellings, let us, above all things in the world, make sure our interest in Christ and title to the promise. We should seek to know God more, and then we would trust Him more. "They that know thy name will trust in thee," saith David. "I will be unto them a little sanctuary in all places," saith God.—*Richard Sibbes.*

How fast approacheth that solemn period, when I shall stand on the shore, and see nothing before me but the sea, the ocean of eternity! Let Jesus' *Everlasting Righteousness* be mine; and Eternity shall be my glory and joy. O Eternity, it is thine to crown the joys above, to knit the bundle of life together.—*John Brown.*

No sooner was I naturally born, than launched into the sea of a troublesome world: no sooner spiritually born from above, than launched into a sea of new trouble from Satan, and a wicked heart: no sooner shall I be gloriously born in death, and the resurrection, than launched into eternal depths of perfect felicity.—*John Brown.*

Account of Mission to the Forces in England

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKAY, OBAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In sending you a brief account of my work in connection with the Mission to the Forces, I shall naturally have to refer to certain items which have been from time to time brought before your readers by my predecessors. Although the same road, however, has been traversed so often, and its various features so ably described, yet your readers, who by their generosity made the Mission possible, are entitled to a separate report from each one who has been labouring in this field.

I left Oban on the 8th December and arrived in London, after a comfortable journey, the following afternoon. My headquarters while in England were at 8 Wellington Square, Chelsea. After a day's rest I proceeded to Chatham, where I spent my first week-end among the naval men. Chatham, like many of our towns in Scotland, is practically in darkness at night, and I would have had no little difficulty in finding my way if I had not been favoured with the light of the lamp which the Creator hung out in the sky to rule the night. The services in Chatham are held at seven o'clock in the evening on Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday, every alternate week. During the three week-ends I was there the attendance was very good, and my work was most encouraging. The men are mostly from Lewis, but there are a few from all parts of the Highlands. I have met there lads from my own native village, Strathy. The men themselves keep a prayer meeting every night of the week that a minister is not present. As I conducted three services every week-end I was with them, I used to get one of the men to engage in prayer either at the beginning or at the end of one or more of the services. I must say that these exercises were a source of encouragement to me. It was a beautiful sight to see lads in naval uniform rising in the midst of their companions and calling upon the name of the Lord in prayer. These prayers were brief, earnest, hopeful, and scriptural. When I began my labours among them I did not expect to find such a number of Christians among our naval men, but I found out before I was very long in Chatham that there were a good number present who were exercised Christians, and not a few who were seeking the Lord. This made it easy for me to address them from God's Word, and every occasion on which I did so I felt it good to be there. My last week-end in Chatham was to a certain extent clouded by the news that many of the men were under orders to leave, and among them some of those who used to take part in the meetings. May the Lord surround them as with a wall of fire!

In Portsmouth the services are held on Friday and Sabbath nights at seven o'clock, and Haslar Camp is visited on Saturday

afternoons. The services at Portsmouth are quite as encouraging in one way as those held in Chatham. Perhaps there were not such a number of pious men there as at Chatham, yet at the same time there were a few whose very countenances, under the preaching of the Word, indicated that they knew the truth, and that the truth had made them free. I felt, however, that there were more at Portsmouth who were anxious about their salvation than even in Chatham, so that, as far as personal choice was concerned, I could not decide which place I preferred to labour in. The meetings in Portsmouth were well attended, but I had more there on my last visit than on my first. There are no meetings held in Portsmouth by the men themselves. The last time I was there a good number came in from Whale Island and also from ships in the harbour. I had in my audience, the last night I preached, sailors who had been in one of the engagements with the Germans, in which the enemy was sent to the bottom. They came to speak to me after the service, and said that they had not heard a Gaelic sermon since the War began. They were serious in their conversation, and asked me to remember them and H.M.S. — at a throne of grace. The men attending the services at Portsmouth are largely from Skye, although, like Chatham, there are some from all parts.

During my sojourn in London I paid several visits to the London hospitals, where I met many wounded soldiers from Scotland. These brave fellows were very glad to have such visits. Some of them are maimed for life. Others had their nerves shattered, through having been buried alive while under heavy shell fire. I met one brave lad there from Lewis, with whom I had an interesting conversation. His arms were literally full of shell splinters—"souvenirs," as he called them! He was also badly wounded in both legs. One has a curious feeling at the heart while visiting these hospitals, especially when one sees brave lads with a leg or an arm off, as the case may be. These are the most pathetic cases of all.

The time we are living in is one of sorrow such as the world has not experienced since "the flood." I gave away several New Testaments (Gaelic and English) to sailors at Portsmouth, to wounded in hospital, and also to soldiers in the trains. I had most interesting talks with soldiers, sailors, and others on my travels, but to relate these might seem too egotistical in a letter of this kind.

I should like to emphasise the necessity of keeping this Mission going. The men at Chatham and Portsmouth wished me to convey their grateful thanks to our Church for following them, as we have been doing, with the Gospel. My thanks are due to Messrs. Angus Fraser and William Grant for their kindness to me during my stay in London. May the Most High bless our weak, imperfect labours among our dear soldiers and sailors!—Yours, etc.,

ALEXANDER MACKAY.

The late Mr. Angus Clunas,

GENERAL TREASURER, INVERNESS.

THE January number of the *Free Presbyterian Magazine* brought the solemn news of the death of Mr. Angus Clunas to the knowledge of readers of the Magazine everywhere. His decease has caused real and deep mourning not only in the Free Presbyterian congregation of Inverness, which (apart from the nearest personal relatives) has been most directly affected by it, but also in the whole Free Presbyterian Church. The Editor of this Magazine, in a note suffused with fine feeling, which appeared in the January number, summed up the reason of this sorrow in a sentence: "Mr. Clunas was a man of God as well as a capable man of business."

In the little opportunity for biographical work which, in providence, the writer has at the present moment, little more can be here attempted than the giving of a brief reference to the turning-points in Mr. Clunas's life.

Angus Clunas, son of Andrew Clunas and his wife, Catharine MacPhail or Clunas, was born in Drumliath, Strathnairn, Inverness-shire, on the 27th of June, 1844. His father, Andrew Clunas, was regarded wherever he was known as a man of great integrity and a very capable man of business. His occupation at the time when Angus was born, was that of general contractor. Angus's mother, a truly pious woman, whom it was our privilege to have known, was an exceptionally kind and naturally genial person; and the subject of this memoir had, in this respect, quite a striking resemblance to his mother. When Angus was little more than of school age his father removed with his family from Drumliath to Inverarnie, also in Strathnairn. In Inverarnie the Clunas family were within a short distance of the Free Church school of Dalvourn. To this school, therefore, he went, and soon proved himself an apt scholar. His purpose evidently, when in his teens, was to choose the teaching profession, and with this in view he both became indentured and served an apprenticeship of five years as pupil teacher in the Dalvourn school. About the time, however, that Angus had finished this apprenticeship, his father removed from Strathnairn to Strathdearn, having taken from Sir John Fowler the farm of Laggan, which is situated towards the heights of the latter Strath. I have heard it said that the state of Angus's health was causing his parents some anxiety about this time, and they may have thought that farming would be more conducive to robustness than teaching, and this may, as one factor, have weighed with Mr. Clunas, sen., in resolving to add farming to contractorship in order to earn a livelihood for himself and for his family. But even after the family had settled in Laggan, Angus must still have had thoughts of improving himself educationally, as he is known, after their leaving Inverarnie,

to have for some time attended the High School, Inverness, as a pupil. But here again his studies had to be broken off, as his father, who at the time had a considerable contract at Inverbroom, required his services there as bookkeeper and overseer. When this contract was finished, the subject of this memoir seems to have settled down, first along with his father and afterwards as successor to his father, on the farm of Laggan. It reveals the desire he had for the public good that, even in his farming days, he used during the winters to gather into his home the children of the heights of Strathdearn, for whom the School Board had so far failed to provide the usual educational facilities, and gave them lessons in elementary subjects.

It is somewhat difficult to trace the rise and progress of Mr. Clunas's religious history with much fulness, as, although very genial and approachable, he was also somewhat reticent.

He was surrounded by strong religious influences from his childhood and during the whole course of his life in this world. What the domestic influence of his childhood's days would, in this connection, have been may be gathered from what has already been said of his parents' piety. In their close neighbourhood at Drumliath there lived—as deserves to be remarked—John Forbes, whom the late distinguished Donald Cattanach spoke of as “the heaviest grain of heaven's wheat” then living in those Straths. Mr. Clunas was, it is true, only a child when the family left Drumliath, but those to whose influence he was then most susceptible were not children, and his frequent allusions in his maturer years to John Forbes shows how much he himself felt this influence, although only indirectly.

When the family removed to Inverarnie he was, as one may say, within gunshot of the Rev. Archibald Cook's home and church, and although Mr. Clunas in his latter days looked upon himself as having been but a child of wrath when, say, in 1861, he left Inverarnie—that is, four years before Mr. Cook's death—yet it is certain that Mr. Cook's preaching made and left a powerful impression on his mind. It is only a few months since the present writer heard Mr. Clunas tell with great feeling how, when little more than a boy, he remembered seeing Mr. Cook stand and serve at the head of a Communion Table, and how Mr. Cook, with a loud cry—as of one that had got a fresh and reviving glimpse of his theme—again and again and again reiterated upon the preciousness of the blood of Christ as intrinsically enough to redeem a thousand worlds.

One has also, on good authority, heard how Mr. Clunas on one occasion made frank acknowledgment of the help he had derived from a sermon which he heard the late Rev. Francis MacBean of Fort Augustus preach on a certain occasion in Stratherrick. That must have been shortly after the Clunas family had removed to Laggan.

Mr. Clunas, all the same, must have reckoned that all the

religious impressions he was the subject of were evanescent until what time he heard the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, who is happily still spared to us, and was at this time Free Church minister of Moy. It is certain that, in connection with this ministry, Mr. Clunas learned the truth of his sinner-ship, and all that that implies, as never before; and there came then a turning-point in his life, when he had to learn the bitter lesson of the curse that by nature lieth upon everyone that keepeth not all the things that are written in the book of the law, to do them. It is a regret that one is not in a position to trace the steps by which Mr. Clunas was led to a sure and lasting peace, but it is not without reason that one says that, in his being brought out of the horrible pit—in his having a new song put into his mouth—his beloved mother and his scarcely less beloved pastor were mainly the instruments chosen of God to that end. From that time forth Mr. Clunas continued to make steady progress in the divine life.

But it is as the first General Treasurer of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland that Mr. Clunas will be longest most lovingly and sorrowfully remembered. The circumstances in connection with which he undertook and continued for twenty-two years to fulfil the duties of this office, were altogether such that those who prized him could never look upon him as General Treasurer, but as a gift from God. It was just about a year before the Free Presbyterian Church took up its distinctive position that Mr. Clunas was led to give up his farm in Laggan, and, with his widowed mother, came to reside in Inverness. No one could be more whole-hearted in counting that the Rev. D. Macfarlane's Protest and relevant other actions, in 1893, were absolutely necessary, if Scotland's testimony for the evangel were to go down unimpaired to succeeding generations, than was Mr. Clunas. When, therefore, the Free Presbyterian movement was set on foot and the cause was gaining adherents in many parishes—especially in the north of Scotland—and a General Treasurer became a necessity for the orderly administration of business, Mr. Clunas, on being asked, willingly undertook the service. It was a position to which at the first no salary was attached, but first and last it was with him a labour of love. His course, in providence, had given him the necessary clerking training, and his genial way and high character caused that it came about that one may, without exaggeration, say that there was not a single Congregational Treasurer in the Church but deemed it an honour and a pleasure to transact business with him. He always regarded the prosperity of the Church funds that passed through his hands as if it were a matter of direct personal interest; and we have no doubt that the general prosperity which has hitherto been the lot of those funds may be looked upon, in part at least, as an answer to his prayers, for in all that in which he took a deep and anxious interest his resort was to the throne of grace.

Mr. Clunas will be long missed in the congregation of Inverness,

where he was Sabbath School teacher, occasional leader of praise, Congregational Treasurer, and elder, and where, through the grace of the Most High, he performed the many duties inseparable from all these offices with much ability and with much unction.

Although, as a result of measles, he was subject from childhood to bronchial troubles, yet, up to the limit of the allotted span of life, he had a fresh and somewhat youthful appearance. This, in spite of the fact that for the past few years he bore unfavourable symptoms, led his friends to hope that he would, for some years to come, be usefully spared them. But such was not the counsel of the Wiser than the wisest. On Monday, the 29th November last, he attended the funeral of a friend belonging to the congregation, and seemed then in his usual. That night, however, he was taken with a severe pain in the region of his heart, so that himself and others reckoned that the end of his sojourn here below had come. His life was spared for just the week following. He never really rallied after that experience of the night of the 29th, but he did not in the interval endure much pain. He, in fact, seemed to feel no doubt at all during that last week of his life that the end had come, and he repeatedly expressed surprise at the calmness which he said he felt in the presence of death and of eternity.

Mr. Clunas had his own share of domestic sorrows. His wife and two boys predeceased him. He is survived by an only daughter, Catherine M. Clunas, for whom the sincerest sympathy is felt by her father's many admirers and friends. J. R. M.

Death of the Rev. Walter Scott,

CHESLEY, ONTARIO.

IT is with deep sorrow we record this month the death of the Rev. Walter Scott, our minister at Chesley, in Ontario, Canada. Mr. Scott, who was of delicate constitution, took a severe illness last year, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He battled, we learn, heroically, with his great weakness for a time, going from his bed to the pulpit and from the pulpit to his bed, but at last he was compelled, in God's providence, to succumb, and was wholly confined to the house until his death, which took place on the 18th January. We expect (D.V.) to have fuller particulars later on, but, meantime, we subjoin an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Scott, in which an interesting account is given of his last days.

Though suffering much weakness, it is quite plain that Mr. Scott had an "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He was a sound and lively preacher of the Gospel, and a faithful witness for the truth. His removal is a great loss to his congregation and to the cause of Christ in general.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his respected widow, to his sister, Miss Scott, and sister-in-law, Miss Macdonald, who are in Chesley, to the congregation there, and also to his friends in Scotland. May the Lord in His mercy console and strengthen them, and heal the breach on Zion's walls!

The following is the touching extract from Mrs. Scott's letter :—
"My last letter would prepare you for the sad tidings now. My beloved husband was taken on Tuesday, 18th January, to be, as we believe, for ever with the Lord. His latter end was that of the righteous. I wish you could have been a spectator. On Sabbath night he asked us to assemble at the bedside for worship. He then gave out the 103rd Psalm from the thirteenth verse, and although in great weakness of body, propped with pillows, he sang with all his heart. Then he asked us to read the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, after which he engaged earnestly in prayer. On Monday afternoon, he said to me, 'Well, my end is approaching, and for your comfort I wish to say that I am leaning to nothing in myself—for there is nothing there but filthy rags—but my hope is all centred in the righteousness of Christ, in His finished and perfect work. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' He then continued, 'My only regret is leaving the little flock pastorless, but the Lord knows what is best, and He can provide for His own people.' The weakness then increased, and he was not able to speak for some hours, when all at once he said distinctly, 'I'm going now; good-bye, my dear ones; the Lord bless and keep you. He will never leave, nor forsake you.' For several hours after he lingered, the breathing gradually getting less until we thought it had ceased for ever, when all of a sudden he raised his head (which before had been sunk for hours) to a sitting posture, with his eyes uplifted, and the only way I can express the look of his countenance was a heavenly rapture, a beaming smile overspreading it, and then his mouth forming the word, 'Oh!' The next moment, with a gentle sigh the spirit had flown. . . . Among his last wishes was one for an appeal to be forwarded to the Synod for the supply of the congregation."

Since the above letter was written, an appeal has been forwarded from a congregational meeting, held on 2nd February, for supplying the vacancy in this Church without delay.

The Chesley Congregation has suffered rather severely within the last three or four months. Besides the minister, two of the leading men, Messrs. Kyle and Thomson, have been taken away. We extend our deepest sympathy to all surviving relations and friends.

Oh, the noble purposes that have withered, the sublime prospects that have failed, the millions of immortal souls that have perished, by putting off the present season for a more convenient time! "Soul opportunities," says an old author, "are more worth than a thousand worlds." And they are rapidly sliding by with the days of your youth.—*J. A. James.*

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

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT MACDOUGALL, RESOLIS.

(Concluded from page 382.)

IN many modern sermons there is no adequate expression of the evil of sin, and no suitable acknowledgment of the believer's indebtedness to free sovereign grace. The old Highland divines resembled the English Puritans in their increasing acquaintance with the plague of their own hearts. They would readily echo the words of the prince of American theologians, Jonathan Edwards:—"I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness and the badness of my heart, since my conversion, than ever I had before. It has often appeared to me that if God should mark iniquity against me I should appear the very worst of all mankind; of all that have been since the beginning of the world to this time, and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell." From such exercises of soul arose the ever-deepening humility of Mr. M'Phail. As he lay in weakness and suffering upon his death-bed, he dreamed that he stood lonely and miserable outside the New Jerusalem, gazing wistfully at the closed gateway. Suddenly a cloud of witnesses appeared, among whom he recognized Noah, Abraham, and the patriarchs. For them the shining gate opened widely, and they had an abundant entrance into the joy of their Lord. Forthwith the gate is closed, and he is left out, forlorn and wretched. Then he hears another procession. There they are before him, Moses, Samuel, David, and the prophets. For them the gate swings open—amid rapturous melody they enter their Father's house. Again the gate is closed, to open presently for the apostles and early Christians, and at their welcome the bells of the city ring for joy. But still the despairing dreamer is left without. Next pass on triumphantly the Reformation heroes, martyrs, and confessors, but he shares not in their triumph. A fifth company presses forward. He sees friends and acquaintances who slept in Jesus. But though they seem to touch him with their shining garments as they pass, he cannot venture to join them. The gate again is shut, leaving the trembling gazer sinking into utter despair. But hark, the footsteps of a solitary pilgrim behind him! He looks up. It is Manasseh. Hope revives. He has barely strength enough to creep behind him. He knows that the gate has again opened, and as the glory of heaven flashes in his face, and he hears the gate closing behind him, he awakes to find it a dream. It is the life-long sense of his utter unworthiness asserting itself strongly in this vision of the night. A like humility clothed the late eminent Dr. Ronald Bayne, of Kiltarlity, near Inverness, whose successful ministry closed on 31st January, 1821. "In his

latter days," writes Dr. Kennedy, "Dr. Bayne was in the habit of speaking his thoughts, so that one who was unawares beside him, heard what was intended for no ears but his own. Standing at the window of his room one day, and thinking he was quite alone, one who happened to be present heard him repeating the words, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' After a pause he said, 'Paul, what do you mean by saying you are the chief of sinners? Do you mean that you are of all sinners, in all ages, chief? If so, I cannot agree with you, for Ronald Bayne is a greater sinner than you were. But, do you mean that you are chief of all the sinners who shall be saved? If so, then there is no hope for Ronald Bayne, for he is a greater sinner still. But if you mean, as I think you do, that each saved sinner regards himself as chief, then there is hope for Ronald Bayne, and you and he can both agree.'"

During the earlier part of January, 1774, Mr. M'Phail continued in extreme weakness of body, but strong in the faith giving glory to God. On the 23rd day of that month he entered into the joy of his Lord. Devout men carried his remains to the churchyard of Cullicudden in the upper end of Resolis, "and made great lamentation over him." It was felt all over the North of Scotland that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel. On the free-stone flag that covers his grave there is still legible the inscription: "Here lies the body of the holy man of God, and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Hector M'Phail, minister of the Gospel in this parish, who died 23rd January, 1774, aged 58 years."

Reference has been made in a former paper to Mr. James Calder, so often and so honourably associated with Mr. M'Phail. Mr. Calder was the grandson of Mrs. Lilius Campbell, an eminent lady of the Covenant, who with her husband suffered sore persecution for the cause of Christ. His father, John Calder of Cawdor, was eminently blessed in his brief ministry in the beginning of last century. James was every way worthy of his distinguished ancestors. In early life he became the subject of a remarkable work of divine grace. A very notable revival of religion took place during his earnest ministry at Croy, and his Diary, published from the original M.S. in 1875, gives evidence of the deepest and richest Christian experience, humility, prayerfulness, and unwearied devotion to the cause of Christ. In the said Diary there are frequent references to the high esteem in which he held Mr. M'Phail, who was in the habit of assisting him at Communion seasons at Croy, and of receiving similar help at Resolis in return. Thus on Saturday, 6th July, 1765, there is the entry: "This being the (Communion) preparation day, worthy Mr. M'Phail preached a most suitable seasonable sermon on John iii. 16, 'God so loved the world.' The Lord helped Him greatly. It fell to poor me to preach immediately after Him; but I had so little to say after the great things that were declared, that I was really ashamed to step

up to His place; and yet the Lord was pleased to give some countenance to the most unworthy of all His servants and afforded some new things that I know were from Himself, and such things have been blessed by Him."

Assisting at the Communion in Resolis, Calder records of the Monday or Thanksgiving Service, "Mr. M'Phail preached one of the best sermons my ears ever heard from Titus ii. 13, 'Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearance,' etc. Thus the solemn work was brought to a happy and comfortable conclusion, through the good hand of the Lord on us and with us."

"*7th January, 1774.*—Heard to-day with sorrow that my very dear and worthy brother Mr. Hector M'Phail was extremely low and weak in body, and not likely to live any time. Happy, inconceivable happy, will that change be to him, whatever time it comes. But oh! what a loss to his flock, his family, the Church, and to me! Help, Lord, for Jesus' sake! Amen."

"Sabbath evening, 23rd (Jan.)—When I began family worship this forenoon, with singing at the beginning of Psalm ciii., in our ordinary course, I was very much impressed with it that my dear and heavenly brother Mr. M'Phail had begun his everlasting song with Christ in Paradise. The impression became stronger in time of prayer, and upon retiring after worship I could not help breaking out into a flood of tears, and sighs, and complaints, and sorrows, for my sweetest, dearest, and most precious friend; not for himself, but for my own great and in appearance irreparable loss, and for the loss of his family, flock, and the Church of Christ; yet could not conclude absolutely that he was gone."

"Tuesday, 25th.—Received the mournful news of what was so strongly impressed on my anxious mind Sabbath morning, viz., the much to be lamented death of the most eminently pious, zealous, active, laborious minister of Christ I ever saw, and the most lovely image of his adorable Lord and Master that ever I was acquainted with. Alas! a brave standard-bearer, a great prince is fallen in Israel, a blank, a breach made on this declining Church, and in this poor corner in particular; the sorest, the most affecting I ever saw of the kind. 'Help, Lord! for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.' Lord, sanctify this mournful breach to his family and flock, to me, to mine, to all; and Lord, repair it in due time of Thy rich grace and infinite mercy. Amen. . . . O that the Lord would give me power and ability, as indeed He has given me will and inclination, to be a father to the children of the best of brothers, the best of friends, the best of men! He was exceeding high in the sphere of grace below, and now he is exceeding high in the regions of glory. He will have many a jewel to adorn his pastoral crown, and to rejoice his honest heart."

In less than two years Mr. James Calder followed his like-minded brother to the Saints' rest, joining sweetly a little before his

departure in singing the 138th Psalm. His last words were, "He's coming, He's coming;" and when one asked, "Who is coming?" he answered—"Precious Christ."

In full confirmation of Mr. Calder's high estimate of Mr. M'Phail's apostolic character is the valuable contemporary testimony of Mr. Lachlan M'Lauchlan, teacher and catechist at Lochness-side. M'Lauchlan was born in 1729, was in early life brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, and was widely known as an eminent instructor of high mental endowments and great Christian experience. For Mr. M'Phail, whom he frequently heard, he entertained profound veneration, and at his lamented death poured out the pent-up grief of his bereaved heart in a Gaelic Elegy of 228 lines. The poem begins with the utterance of the deep and wide-spread sorrow that pervaded the Church in the North. It then gives a high-toned eulogy on Mr. M'Phail's Christian and ministerial nobility of character. It tells of the fiery furnace of soul-anguish in which the evangelist was prepared to be the means of comforting the broken-hearted, and dealing with distressed consciences. It declares that the brightest light of the North will no more shine in their Communion gatherings, and asks if one knew any other minister whose labours were so abundantly blessed? "Of unsurpassed pulpit power, he was instant in season, out of season, seeking to benefit every soul that came within his reach. Distinguished by uncommon faithfulness in every department of his office, he was valiant for truth in Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly. How bright his crown!"

Mr. M'Phail was twice married. His first wife—the pious Elizabeth Balfour—died soon after the birth of her only child, Isabel, in 1757. In October, 1759, he married Anne Cuthbert, by whom he had four sons and three daughters, Jean, Paul, Magdalene, George, James, Elizabeth, William. James, born in 1766, became minister of the parish of Daviot, near Inverness, where he died 1st July, 1839. The youngest child, William, was under three years at his father's death. He became assistant to the eminent Dr. Erskine of Edinburgh, and was a preacher of distinguished ability. In November, 1802, he received a unanimous call from the large and influential Scotch Church of Rotterdam, where he long ministered with great acceptance, and refused repeated urgent invitations to become minister of the Scotch Church in Amsterdam. On Wednesday, 20th July, 1814, the day of Thanksgiving for peace, Mr. William M'Phail preached an excellent sermon on 1 Samuel xii. 24, which was afterwards published, and thus criticised by the famous Robert Hall: "It is an able, judicious performance, in some parts eloquent. It evinces a forcible mind."

It may be mentioned that Mr. Hector M'Phail never published anything, and no letter of his is known to exist. The popular narrative tracts, *The Highland Kitchenmaid*, and *Luke Heywood*, written by Mr. T. M. Fraser of Yester, appeared first in the *Christian Treasury* for 1848.

The Diary of Dugald Buchanan.

(Continued from page 389.)

AFTER I came home and got time to reflect upon what the Lord had done for my soul, the first thing I sought to know and examine was that which I apprehended to be the grand cause of all those miseries which came upon me these two years past. And I concluded that it was the harbouring revengeful thoughts against — who had injured me. Then I enquired seriously of my own heart as in the sight of God, and said, seeing God is reconciled to thee in Christ, not imputing thy trespasses unto thee, etc., art thou cordially reconciled to thy enemies, especially to —, not imputing their trespasses unto them? My whole heart replied to this question, yea, yea, I am; for since God is reconciled to me, even to me, I am this day reconciled to all mankind and to those with whom I was at variance, and wish the safety of their bodies and earnestly pray for the salvation of their souls without the least inward grudge as if they had never offended me, which I took for a good mark that the grace of God was in me of a truth when I could so freely forgive those enemies. For revenge and old quarrels are mountains above the power of nature to subdue, roots no man by his own strength can pluck up, because it is above the power of reason to subdue these thoughts when they rise, nor can any length of time weaken them. These lusts are the strongest limbs of the old man.

Now the sun shone comfortably upon my soul in every duty, the Spirit of God quickened the habits of grace and brought them forth into a lively exercise. My joy was “unspeakable and full of glory.” Sometime after this I fell sick, which sickness was like to be unto death, but I found the prospect of it both terrifying to nature and trying to grace, therefore I began to set my house in order and lay my account to die and not live. And here I had a very gloomy view of my conduct during the hiding of God’s face; but my unspeakable mercy was, that before God laid His hand upon my body, He healed my soul. Then I began to examine whether I had received grace, and if my evidence for salvation would abide the test and satisfy my conscience, since I was about to appear before the impartial judgment-seat of Jesus Christ. Whereupon I found the following marks of being a believer in Christ:—

Firstly.—I was convinced of the universal depravity of my nature, of being a child of wrath even as others and no way meriting the favour of God, and persuaded of my inability to help myself out of this dreadful state, etc.

Secondly.—I found that I had received the Lord Jesus Christ upon the gospel terms in all His offices, that I rested on Him as an able and sufficient Saviour able to save to the very uttermost, that I had accepted His righteousness as my righteousness, being the only ground of my justification in the sight of God, etc.

Thirdly.—I found that I had a high esteem and regard for the holy law of God, and desired nothing more than to follow Christ's example in fulfilling the duties which the law enjoined. I found that ever since God opened my eyes to see the superabundant grace of Christ in the gospel, that I desired to adorn that grace by conforming myself to the example of Christ, and that of all the errors which are in the world, I never abhorred any more than those which turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, making the holy Jesus a minister of sin. I further found that although I was now to all appearance on the brink of eternity, my aims were no more sincere to glorify God than when I was in perfect health; and that I had the same opinion and esteem of gold and silver, etc., save what was necessary for discharging my lawful debts and sheltering me from the inclemency of the weather, and for what nature might require of meat and drink.

Neither did I desire any new hold of Christ but what I had before. All my desire was to get strength to hold what I had already, because I enjoyed as much of Christ as my heart could contain or my faith could manage.

Fourthly.—I found my obedience flowed from a principle of love to God. And I can declare that although hell in all its terrors was uncovered, it could not influence me to such acts of willing and cheerful obedience as the love of God did.

Again: I was reconciled to all mankind without the least grudge, though far from being reconciled to many of their principles and practices, but had a fervent love to all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, although they might, in other things, differ wide from me.

These are some of the evidences which I had of the grace of God being in me, and that I should not come into condemnation; God's word and Spirit bearing witness with my conscience that I was not imposing a cheat upon myself. Yea, I had many sweet reflections upon eternity which I am not now able to write. O! what is it to have an eternity of holiness! an eternity of the most perfect obedience without weariness! an eternity of uninterrupted love! an eternity without any alternation! O eternity, eternity, how does the thought of it swallow up my soul! And yet I would fain live and fain die. O but the grim visage of death was terrible to my nature, but to all appearance there was no way of avoiding it. Therefore I considered myself as before God's awful tribunal and examined by these or the like queries: "What hast thou done with all the talents with which I entrusted thee? what improvement hast thou made of them? How hast thou spent the time of youth and strength? How hast thou embraced the motions of My Spirit? What improvement hast thou made of My ordinances of preaching the word and receiving the sacraments? How hast thou employed My Sabbaths? How hast thou commanded thy family and servants to fear Me, and how hast thou ordered thy conversation before them? What example hast

thou given them and thy neighbours? How hast thou extended thy charity to the poor in visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and keeping thyself unspotted from the world, etc.”

Unto all these and many more questions I was speechless and could not answer Him one of a thousand. O but the realising of eternal things is awful! Yet methought that I beheld the Lord Jesus Christ, who was my Advocate, performing this last office for me as Mediator, when I was arraigned at the bar of justice, opening His graceful lips in my behalf, pleading His own blood and merits, His doing and dying, His resurrection and glorification, by whose righteousness I was openly acquitted in judgment, to the everlasting honour of God's law and justice. O who can express the glory of this view of Christ! And then I beheld the Lord Jesus, not only as my Advocate and Redeemer, but as my Judge. “The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son.” And O how sweet a consideration is it to behold a Redeemer and a Judge in one person! Was not this the Lord strengthening me upon a bed of languishing? I could rather lie upon an iron harrow with these considerations witnessed by the Holy Ghost to my conscience, than lie upon a bed of down with the sting and guilt of sin.

The thoughts of leaving a loving wife and a pleasant child were very hard upon me, but at last I got over this difficulty, being enabled to act faith upon the following Scripture: “Leave thy fatherless children and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.”

After I had got my faith fixed on this promise and command, I was as well and better satisfied than though I had an estate to leave them with coffers of gold, and having got resignation to God's will, I was willing to live or to die as He pleased. But it was the good will of God to recover me to my wonted health, and I was enabled to offer to Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving for delivering me from the brink of the grave.

* [While I was in this distress of body, my soul was daily instructed in the mystery of godliness and the absolute necessity of faith in order to overcome death, the devil, and all the lusts of the world; and I was also made to understand something of the efficacy of faith and the nature and tendency of it in the soul to promote all other graces, so that for some whole nights I have been kept waking not so much from bodily trouble as from my soul's being wrapped up in the contemplation of God and eternal things.]

I profited more in this affliction than I had done all my life before. Being thus withdrawn from the noise and hurry of the world, I was the better prepared to receive divine instruction which the Lord was pleased to give me at this time. “Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law.”

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

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated in a neighbouring congregation, and I had a vehement desire to be there. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God; my soul thirsteth for God, the living God," etc. (Psalms xlii., and also Psalms xliii. and lxxxiv.) I quote these Scriptures because they were my meditation, and express the true desires of my soul to see the glory of God and to feel His powerful love in Christ constraining me, for I have experienced the ordinances to be like the "house of God and the gate of heaven."

[But the weakness of my body made it a question whether it was my duty or not; however, I had such a powerful desire to see a broken, wounded Christ crucified for my sins that I could go on my knees to His ordinance; yet to do violence to my poor weak body, I thought it might be sin in the sight of the Lord, who hates robbery for burnt-offering. So I spent an afternoon in secret pleading that He would shew me what was sin and what was duty. Which proved one of the sweetest days to me that ever I saw or experienced, for the Lord not only removed my doubts as to what was duty, but all and every one of my doubts concerning my interest in God's electing love in Christ Jesus; so that I spent that afternoon in praising Jehovah and the Lamb, and in calling upon all His works in every part of His dominions to praise Him with me.

I trust that the king of terrors in all his most formidable appearances will not make me forget that afternoon. O Lord, Thou art my God and my all. O Lord, my faith has ventured my soul, past sins and present imperfections upon Thy covenant of grace in Christ to bear me up and to be a God all sufficient to me as firmly as I venture Thy earth which is upheld by Thy mighty promise to bear my body.]

In this place I had a view of the Lord Jesus Christ as my Shepherd from these words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." I was made to view Christ as He led the children of Israel for forty years in the wilderness, and His patience in bearing with them notwithstanding their repeated provocations, and how they were brought at last into the promised Canaan; yet I saw that He was obliged, sometimes, to chastise them with grievous scourges for their rebellions and to reduce them to obedience. Lo, He dealt with me in like manner; He brought me from a worse than an Egyptian bondage and gave me good laws, right statutes and commandments, which, if I had observed, my peace might have been extended to me as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea. "But I vexed His Holy Spirit, therefore He was turned to be my enemy and fought against me" till those goodly armies of grace which were given me at my conversion were almost destroyed in the time of my backsliding.

(To be continued.)

Britain's Sin and Sorrow.*

IT'S righteousness which doth exalt,
And sin that bringeth low ;
And when the sinner owns his fault
He'll to his Maker go.

Remember then, ye British folk
What once your people were
Beneath the cruel Romish yoke,
And with that state compare
The honour that these islands had,
The progress that they made,
Till well-nigh all the world was glad,
And homage to them paid.

Those were the days when God was
owned ;

Men read and loved His Word :
And, on the Sabbath, preachers sound
Wielded the Spirit's sword ;
The first day of the week was kept,
God's precepts were obeyed,
Men prayed ere they lay down and
slept,

And when they rose they prayed.
The wide world o'er they were
renowned

As honest, true, and just ;
And where a British man was found,
In him folk put their trust.

Alas, alas ! those days are past,
The Holy Word's unread,
Upon it more than doubt is cast—
'Tis "fable," it is said.

The day of rest, 's not *holy*-day,
But *holi*-day become ;
"The work's so strenuous," they say,
"Men can't abide humdrum."

And so, forsooth, they take their rest
On river, road, or rail,
As it may suit their fancy best,
And shame forbids detail.

"My word's my bond," a man may say,
And straightway prove it's not ;
In this and many another way
The honest way's forgot.

Newbury, 31st October, 1915.

But first within the nation's church
Corruption had full sway ;
"Priests," by deceit, their cloth
besmirch,

And travel the broad way.
All the corruptions once cast out
By God-sent men of old
Are all these "priests" now care about ;
In law-breaking they're bold.
Wafers and images abound,
Virgin and saints adored,
But rarely can a man be found
Whose heart is gospel-stored.
And God, Who made our nation great,
Because we honoured Him,
In love, long warned us of our fate—
Our light's been growing dim.
And now, one last and heavy blow,
By war, He sends to call
Us to the way we used to go,
When He was "All in all."

The nation's church must first be
cleaned

Ere God will hear our cry ;
The people from their "pleasure"
weaned

Must to their Saviour fly.
It is because God is despised
We're held in light esteem.
For if He and His Word were prized
His smile on us would beam.

But God will not be on our side,
Nor give us victory,
Till we approach Him without pride
In deep humility.

And when the rulers of the State,
And people thus implore,
Then He Who made our nation great
Our greatness will restore.

Rise, Britain ! *now*, and own thy fault,
Repent, and turn to God.
Ask Him this people to exalt
Who own His chastening rod.

A. W. NEATE.

* These verses are reprinted from the *Protestant Observer* at a friend's request.—ED.

Notes of Alexander Gair and Other Worthies.

(Continued from page 400.)

JOHN GRANT.

THIS notable worthy was considered the most eminent of "the Men" in the far north of Scotland during the early part of the nineteenth century—a very rich time in living piety. He did not shine as a public speaker like Alexander Gair, but his mental gifts were otherwise great, and his spiritual experience was very profound. He was a man of great weight and influence, though at times his judgments were hasty and extreme. One remarked regarding him that when another eminent worthy could not rule a parish, John Grant could rule a kingdom. His nearness to the Lord at a throne of grace was proven by many answers to prayer and many intimations of God's mind with regard to coming events, which he received. To get a full account of him and other worthies, our readers must consult the "Ministers and Men in the Far North," by the late Rev. Alexander Auld. John Grant died at Brubster, Reay, on the 26th May, 1829, aged seventy-seven years.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING JOHN GRANT.

BY THE REV. JOHN R. MACKAY, M.A., INVERNESS.

(a) *A story in which John Grant refers to his natural state.*

JOHN GRANT, although he lived so long a distinguished Christian life, had reason, in reference to his pre-conversion days, to join with the Apostle Paul in saying, "For we ourselves were some time foolish." The following authentic story will illustrate this:—When John Grant was in Strathy he had for a neighbour a certain Mrs. MacLeod, a pious woman—a widow at this time—who had been left with a family of at least four boys. The eldest of the boys was useful to John Grant in looking after his horse, and in doing other kind turns for him, and John naturally took an interest in the fatherless boy. Once upon a time the boy discovered a wild bird's nest in the heather, and, as boys will, prized his discovery. Another boy, however, came to know where this particular nest was, and, ill-naturedly, harried the nest. When the boy MacLeod came to learn what this neighbour boy had done he was very indignant, and gave a good thrashing to the boy that had harried what he regarded as his nest. The mother of the boy that got the thrashing came to complain to Mrs. MacLeod of her son, and the latter, taking her neighbour's report against her own boy for truth, was about to chastise him for his conduct. But when he saw what his mother was meaning

to do, he set off, and rested not until he got to stand behind the chair of John Grant, whom he looked upon as his protector. Mrs. MacLeod followed her boy into John Grant's house, but when she asked him to be delivered up, John Grant steadily refused. When she submitted that she was a widow woman, who had the care and responsibility of her son, and that she felt bound to chastise him for his conduct, John said that he would not give him up until first of all he related to her something about himself, and if after that she would persist in whipping her boy, he would not stand in her way. What he had to tell about himself was to the effect that, when he was a young man or lad, he attended a funeral where strong drink had been freely indulged in, with the result that the funeral party came to quarrel badly among themselves. "I let down," said John, "the bier three times that day to engage in a fight. But that fight was made very bitter to me afterwards. What do you know," continued John to Mrs. MacLeod, "but this fight may yet become as bitter to your boy?" John Grant told this incident with such feeling that Mrs. MacLeod had no heart to carry out her purpose of chastisement in regard to her boy.

[The writer had this bit of information concerning John Grant's unconverted days from the late Mr. William MacLeod, Strathy, younger brother of the boy MacLeod.]

(b) *John Grant's Conversion.*

Mr. Auld says: "John Grant underwent a saving change in early life. A friend writes us, 'that before leaving his native place he was for a considerable time under such deep convictions of sin as to be almost driven to despair, in which state of mind he attempted to ford the river of Kildonan while in flood. That his life was preserved was a miracle, and that he landed on the opposite side a *new man* was a still greater miracle. This circumstance is graphically and beautifully described in a Gaelic Elegy, written shortly after his death, by Mr. Joseph Mackay.'"

Some of the readers of the Magazine will appreciate the lines of the Elegy to which the allusion particularly is made:—

"Do bhreith gun dàil, o bhroinn a' bhàis,
Le aisead a bha 'na mlorbhuil,
'Sann air an t-snàmh chaidh thu gu tràigh,
'S gu staid nan gràs, 's na diadhaidheachd."

(c) *John Grant's Disposition.*

The following incidents may be taken as illustrative of his external gruffness on occasion, of his deep tenderness, and of his genuine sympathy with those in distress of any kind:—

(1) The late John Sutherland of Badbea knew John Grant well and admired him greatly. John Sutherland had two neighbours of whom he thought well, as pious men, and he spoke to them often of the marvellous manner of a Christian man that John Grant was. Once upon a time John Grant visited John Sutherland,

and the latter, thinking this would turn out to be a great spiritual treat to his pious neighbours, sent them word to come and share with himself the fellowship of John Grant. They came, but towards them John Grant assumed so stern and unbending an attitude that after a while they lost heart and went away. John Sutherland felt for his neighbours, and, as he knew their worth and respected them accordingly, convoyed them for a little distance from his home. Great was his surprise, on returning to the room where John Grant was, to find his guest lying on the floor, and bemoaning himself in words which were somewhat in the following sense: "What an unnatural man I must be, when not even the Lord's own people can put up with me! But if those friends had only had the patience to wait until I had got over to the other side of the leaf, and I was enabled to declare some of the things that the Lord did for my soul, and they, too, were free to confess what He did for themselves, and we should thus become united together in the love of Christ, as long as I lived it would bring joy to my heart to see so much as a winged bird from the place of their abode."

(2) When the Rev. Finlay Cook was missionary-minister of the nations of Achreny, Halsary, and Halladale, there lived somewhere within his district a very pious man—Donald Sutherland to name—who was also subject to periods of great despondency. On one occasion this Donald Sutherland was very ill, and John Grant, who was also then living in those parts, accompanied Mr. Cook to see Donald. They found their friend writing very bitter things against himself, and speaking of himself as of one for whom only the blackness of darkness was reserved. John Grant took this way to help him out of the slough. He said that he would himself catechise Donald, with a view to ascertaining what marks of true grace Donald, after all, bore; and Mr. Cook was asked to note the marks, as they were discovered, on a slate that was at hand. The catechising is said to have gone forward on these lines:—

John Grant: "Tell me, Donald, if all the books you ever came across in your sojourn were pretty much alike to you."

Donald: "Oh, no one in his senses but knows that the Bible is an incomparable book."

(Mr. Cook was told to put this down as mark No. 1.)

John Grant: "Tell me, Donald, if it mattered little to you what your companions in time should be."

Donald: "Even if I am lost, I can truly say that I had no companions but the Lord's people."

(Mr. Cook was told to put this down as mark No. 2.)

John Grant: "Now, Donald, I will put it to your conscience, if really you think you could live always without prayer."

Donald admitted that he thought he could not, whereupon John Grant said to him: "Now, Donald, I will tell you what must happen when you go, as you say, to the place of woe. First

of all you will ask for the book of your choice. You will be told that it is not there. Then you will ask for the people of your choice, and you will be told that none of them is there. Then, missing book and friends, you will look out for a corner to pour out your sorrows in prayer. When Satan sees you, he will be sure to come up and kick you out, saying, 'Out, out of here with you; the like of this was never seen in the pit before.'

It remains to be stated that the catechising had a salutary effect upon Donald Sutherland's mind, in giving him a lift towards freedom from the slough of despond.

(3) The late Mrs. Gordon, Culfearn, Strathballadale, was one of the most loving and gracious Christian women whom it was our lot to know. One heard her say that she became a widow—(she had been married to an officer in the Army)—when not much over twenty years of age. She was on the point of distraction with sorrow. When thus afflicted, John Grant called to see her. She set down something for him to eat. In asking a blessing he used words like these: "Thou art the Wonderful, the Counsellor. When Thou givest counsel to the sea, it refuses to drown; when Thou givest counsel to the fire, it refuses to burn. Give counsel to the sore grief that is felt in this house, and Thou wilt spoil the grief of its iron edge." The words, she said, were spoken with such unction that she felt that, with the petition, the iron edge was taken off her trouble, and she was ever afterwards enabled to bear her loss with that patience which she thought becoming a Christian woman.

La Bhreathanaís.

(*Air a leantuinne o t. d. 397.*)

ACH, ged is ann tre ghràs amhain a ta peacaich air an tearnadh, do reir an t-soisgeul, gidheadh tha mor-chionta 'na dhiultadh. "An ti a cherideas ann cha ditear e; ach an ti nach creid, tha e air a dhiteadh cheana, 'chionn nach do chreid e an ainm aon-ghin-Mic Dhe. Agus is e so an diteadh, gun d'thainig an solus do'n t-saoghal, agus gu'n do ghradhaich daoine an dorchadas nis mo no'n solus, chionn gun robh an gnìomharan olc."

Cha 'n 'eil aite 'm faighear creidmheach ann an Crìosd nach freagair a chaithe-beatha do'n bhiathas a ta e toirt orra air là bhreathanaís: oir cha 'n 'eil e comasach gur fìor chreidmheach ann an Crìosd neach aig nach 'eil gradh dha, agus cha 'n urrainn gu bheil gradh aig neach dha mar 'eil e umhail dha, agus a' deanamh a riair gu toileach. "Am bheil gradh agad dhomhsa," deir Iosa ris gach aon againne. "An ti a ghradhaicheas athair, no mathair ni's mo na mise, cha'n airidh orm e."—"Ma tha neach sam bith," ars' aon d'a Abstoil, "nach gradhaich an Tighearn' Iosa Crìosd, biodh e na Anatema Maranata," "se

sin *mallaichte aig a theachd*" (Eoin xiv. 23, 24). Am bheil thusa toirt graidh do Iosa Chrìosd ann an treibhdhireas do chridhe—le t-uile chridhe—mar Shlanui'ear neamhaidh, agus mar an *t-aon* Slanui'ear? Ma ta, nì thu a riar. "Ma ghradhaicheas neach mise coimheadaidh e'm fhocal—An ti nach gradhaich mise cha choimhead e mo bhriathra" (Eoin ii. 15). Cha 'n 'eil ann an aidmheil ach diamhanas mar 'eil gradh Chrìosd gad, "cho-éigneachadh teachd beo dh'asan a bhasaich airson pheacach, agus a dheirich a ris." Ma tha thu toirt speis do pheacadh—ma 's e'n saoghal so tha 'n uachdar nad' chridhe, cha bhuin tha dh'asan. Their e ribh air an la ud "cha b'aithne dhomh riamb sibh." Oir, "ma ghradhaicheas neach air bith an saoghal cha 'n 'eil gradh an Athar ann," agus far nach 'eil gradh an Athar cha mho tha gradh a Mhic.

Far am bheil gradh do Chrìosd, chithear e gu soilleir ann a bhi toirt graidh d'a shluagh. "Is i so m'aithnese, gun gradhaich sibhse 'cheile, mar a gradhaich mise sibhse.—Aithne nuadh bheiream dhuibh, gun gradhaich sibh a cheile, mar a gradhaich mise sibhse" (Eoin xv. 12; xiii. 34, 35).—"Ge be ghradhaicheas an ti a ghin, gradhaichidh e mar an ceudna an ti a ghineadh leis" (Eoin v. 1).

Am bheil gradh agadsa mata do phobull Iosa? Theagamh gur toigh leibh cuid dhiu, do bhri gu bheil daimh aca ribh: ach cha 'n e so an gradh do na briathribh leis am "bheil fios aig crìosd-uidhean gun deachaidh iad thairis o bhas gu beatha" (Eoin iii. 14). Am bheil gradh agad dhoibh *mar chrìosdhuidhean*—a *chionn* gur le Chrìosd iad, agus gu bheil *iomhaidh* Chrìosd orra? (Marc ix. 41.) Am bheil do ghradh dhoibh a' toirt ort a' meas "mar fhlaithéan, agus am bheil d'uile thlachd annta? (Salm xvi. 3.) An toigh leat an comunn, no, am fearr leat conaltradh dhaoine saoghalta agus mi-dhiadhachd? Am bheil do gradh a co-sheasamh ann am briathraibh amhain, no ann an gnìomh agus am firinn?

Ceasnaich thu fein leis na comharraibh so, agus freagair a cheist, "nam faighinn bas a nìs co an laimh air an seasainn air la 'bhreathanais?" Leig sinn fhaicinn cheana gun d'theid iadsan aig am bheil eolas air an t-Slanui'ear—iadsan a ta creidsinn ann, a ta umhal, agus a toirt graidh dh'a chur air laimh dheis na trocair: am feadh a theid iadsan a ta gun eolas air Iosa—a ta gun chreidimh ann, agus nach 'eil a' toirt graidh agus umhlachd dh' a 'chur a chum na laimhe cli, a dh' fhaoitinn binn eagalach na feirge! "Imichidh iadsan chum peanaìs shiorruidh: ach na fireana chum na beatha maireanaich" (Matt. xxv. 46). Iarram d'aire re tamuil bhig eile chum crìoch sholaimte agus chudromach an là mhoir so a sparradh ort.

Tha'n da staid air an inntrinn an da sheorsa dhaoine air an tarruing ann am binn a Bhreitheamb. "Thigibh a dhaoine beannuichte m' Atharsa, sealbhuichibh mar oighreachd an rioghachd a ta air a deasachadh dhuibh o leagadh bunaitean an domhain."—"Imichibh uam a shluagh mallaichte, dhionnsuidh

an teine shiorruidh a dhullaicheadh do'n diabol agus d'a ainglibh." Tha sa a'leigeadh ris dhuinn.

'*Sa cheud aite.* Gu meal na naoimh comunn Iosa, ach gun teid na h-aingidh fhuadach air falbh uaithe. "*Thigibh,*" ars' esan, riusan air 'a dheis—" *Imichibh uam*" riusan air a laimh chli. Cia solasach an cuireadh! Ach, O! cia h-eagalach an dealachadh! Tha uile shonas nam flaitheas, air uairibh, air fhilleadh a steach ann a bhi *maille ri Criosd*. "Athair, is aill leam an dream thug thu dhomh gum bi iad maille rium, far am bheil mi; agus gum faic iad mo ghloir a thug thu dhomh, oir ghradhaich thusa mi mun do leagadh bunait an domhain" (Eoin xvii. 24).—"Tha mi dol a dh'ullachadh aite dhuibh: Agus ma theid mi agus gun ullaich mi aite dhuibh, thig mi ris, agus gabhaidh mi sibh do m' ionnsuidh fein, chum far am bheil mise gum bi sibhse mar an ceudna" (Eoin xiv. 2, 3). Ma ni neach air bith seirbhis dhomhsa, leanadh e mi; agus ge be aite am bi mise, an sin bithidh mo sheirbhiseach mar an ceudna: ma ni neach seirbhis dhomhsa bheir m' Athair onoir dha" (Eoin xii. 26). "Oir thig an Tighearna fein a nuas o neamh le ardiolaich, agus le guth an ard aingeil, agus le trompaid Dhe; agus eiridh na mairbh ann an Criosd air tus, an deigh sin sinne, bhios beo agus a dh' fhagar, togar suas sinn maille riusan anns na neulaibh, an codhail an Tighearna 'san Athar: agus mar sin bithidh sin gu siorruidh maille ris an Tighearna" (1 Thess. iv. 10, 17). Tha so filleadh a steach ann a bhi *cosmhuil ri Criosd*. "A ta fhios againn, 'nuair a dh'fhoillsichear esan, *gum bi sinn cosmhuil ris*; oir chi sinn e mar a ta e" (Eoin iii. 2).

Ach, *Imichibh uam!* Cia cruaidh agus muladach an smuain! neach a bhi air fhuadach air falbh o ghnuis Tighearna na beatha—o ghnuis an t-Slanu'ear ionmhuinn, chaoimh agus bheannuichte! Neach a bhi, cha'n e amhain air a dhruideadh amach o shonas agus o ghloir an Uain; ach mar an ceudna air iomainn gu duibhre dorchadais, far nach ruig "dealradh a ghnuis!"

'*Son dara h-aite.* Tha binn a Bhreitheamh a' filleadh a steach innte *beannachd* Dhe air an dara laimh, agus *mallachd* Dhe air an laimh eile—"Thigibhse' dhaoine beannuichte n' Atharsa."—"Imichibh uam a *shluagh mhallaichte*." 'S e Dia tobar gach uile shonais. Cha 'n eil am boillsgeadh is lugha do sholus no do shòlas air fad no farsuingeachd na cruiththeadh nach ann uaitheas a ta e teachd. 'Na'fhabhar tha beatha agus dochas. Ach 's e ifrinn agus eu-dochas a-dhiomb! Co 's urrainn a chur an ceil—co 's urrainn a bhreithneachadh na tha air fhilleadh ann am beannachd an De a ta neo chriochnach ann am Maitheas, an trocair, agus an naomhachd—an Dia uile-chumhachdach agus neo-chaochlaideach! Agus O! ciod an cridhe is urrainn a thuigsinn—ciod an inntinn nach failnich ri smuaineachadh air *mallachd* an De so! Cha 'n 'eil ni tha eagalach—cha 'n 'eil ni tha uamhasach nach eil air fhilleadh anns na briathraibh, "CORRUICH DHE."—"Co d' an aithne neart a chorruih?"—Mallachd

an De *naomha*, a ta toirt fuath do pheacadh, le fuath neo-chrioch-nach!—An De *Uile-chumhachdaich*, aig am bheil comas peacadh a pheanasachadh a reir fhuatha dha.—An De *throcairich*, a ni 'throcair a chur an suaracheas pianta ifrinn ceud uair nis do-ìomchair!—An De *neo-chaochlaidich*, nach sguir gu sìorruidh do fhuath a thoirt do pheacadh, agus nach lasaich gu bràth ann bhi deanamh peanais air!—“Is ni eagalach tuiteam ann an lamhaibh an De bheo!” (Eabh. x. 31).

'*San treas aite*. Tha sinn a' faicinn an so *beatha* agus *trueaighe*; —“an rioghachd a dh'ullaicheadh le Dia roimh leagadh bunaitean an domhain air a sealbhachadh mar oighreachd; agus an teine 'dh'ullaicheadh do'n diabol agus d'a chuid ainglibh.” Tha *beatha* 'cialluchadh a bhi beo ann an staid shona. “'S e tiodhlac Dhe, bheata mhaireannach.” Uaithe so theirear ri trueaighe na'n aingidh *bas*—an dara *bas*.—“'S e tuarasdal a pheacaidh am *bas*.” —“Ge be air bith nach d' fhuaradh scriobhta ann an leabhar na *beatha* thilgeadh e 'san loch theine: Is e so an dara *bas*” (Tais. xx. 14, 15).

Bu diamhan an oidheirp a bhi leudachadh air nadur agus meud peanais na'n aingidh: cha bhuin e dhuinn. Cha'n 'eil Focal De 'g radh moran m'a thimchioll, ach am beagan a ta e'g radh cha'n 'eil e gun seadh: ma dh' fhoghnas gu'r diabol, agus droch dhaoine ann an staid thruaighe, is companaich dhoibh; agus gu bheil am fullangais, ciod air bith iad, mar an ni is do-ìomchair do'n fheoil, “loch teine, a lasadh le pronusc.”—Air an laimh eile, iadsan a gheibh beannachd Chrìosd, agus 'Athar “*sealbhuichidh iad an rioghachd*” maille ri Rìgh neimhe, r'a ainglibh beannuichte, agus ri naoimh a chaidh a shaoradh o'n talamh.

'*Sa cheathramh aite*. Tha'n da staid sìorruidh. 'S e cheart fhocal a ta air a ghnathachadh a chur an ceill a' maireanachd, air chor 's ma chreideas sinn bith-bhuantachd staid na gloire gum feum sinn bith-bhuantachd staid na trueaighe chreidsinn. 'S iad na ceart bhriathran 'ta air an cleachdadh a chur an ceill maireanachd pianta ifrinn agus maireanachd bith Dhe fein. Tha bhinn a gheibh iad, i fein, a nochdadh nach eil atharrachadh ri tighinn air an cor. 'Nuair a theid na fireana fhailteachadh do fhlaithneas bithidh iad air neorthaing gach namhaid a chuireadh bruillean orra: Agus 'nuair a dhruideas Esan “aig am bheil iuchraichean ifrinn agus a bhaìs” prìosun ifrinn, cha chomasach do neach, gu bràth, fhosgladh.

Cia solaimte 'n smuain! Tha saorsa o mhallachd an Lagha air a tairgse, trid Iosa Crìosd, anns an t-soisgeul: ach o “fheirg an Uain,”—o mhallachd an *aon* Fhir-shaoraidh cha 'n 'eil saorsa—cha 'n 'eil e comasach gum bi! Ah! a charaid, ma tha thusa mìodal ruit fein, ged'rachadh tu do' ifrinn, nach cumar ann gu bràth thu, amhairc air Sliabh Chalbhari, agus faic cia meallta do dhochas. Faic scriobhta air a chrann-cheusaidh, ann am fuil Mhic Dhe, “cha bhasaich an cnuimh agus cha teid an teine as.” Ma dh' fhuiling Mac Dhe airson peacaidh 's eigin gur h-e bas

siorruidh duais peacaidh: mar h-e, cha 'n 'eil coimeas eadar an *éiric*, agus an t-saorsa chaidh a chosnadh. Carson a ta daoine co toilleach creidsinn ann an *sonas* siorruidh, ach co neo-thoileach creidsinn ann an *truaighe* shiorruidh? Nach ann a chionn gur h-ann mar so bu mhiann leis in inntinn choirbte 'chuis a bhi?—a chionn gur fuathach leis na h-ain diadhaidh ceartas De—a'saoil-sinn gu bheil an t-Uilechumh-achdach mar iad fein, s' e sin, ged nach toigh leis am peacanna gum bi e toilichte le peanas cuim-seach a dheanamh orra? Nach ann o bheachd neo-chubhaidh air naombachd Dhe, agus air duaicheantas peacaich, agus o rùn fasnadh a thoirt do anamiana, coirbt' agus saoghalt' a chridhe tha 'n dochas faoin so 'g eiridh? Thoir fainear ciod a thachair 'nuair thug air ceud sinnsear cluas do bhreig an diabhol, "gu cinnteach cha'n fhaigh sibh bas." Tha gach truaighe agus bas a thainig air an t-saoghal uaithe sin, na dhearbhadh gu leoir gum bu bhreug so. Gach uair a chi thu co-chreutair ga charadh 'san uaigh tha thu faicinn aon earrann don mhallachd air a ciomhlionadh; agus tha co eagnaidh 'sa tha Dia ann an coimhlionadh na h-earrainn so 'nochdadh gun cuir e'n gnìomh gus an lide, gach ni a bhagair e.

Na meallaibh sibh fein le'r truacantas breige, 's e dh' fheudas mi radh ris truacantas mi naomba. Am bheil sibhse nis truacanta na bha'n Slanu'ear beannuichte? Nach robh a chridhe-san a cur thairis le iochd? gidheadh labhair eadhon Iosa—an t-Iosa iochd-mhor—labhair eadhon esan mu "dhamnadh ifrinn" (Matt. xxiii. 33).—"Mu'n chnuimh nach basaich, agus mu'n teine nach muchar a chaidh" (Marc ix. 43-48).—Mu "ghul agus mu ghiosgan fhiacall" (Matt. xiii. 42), cha' ann gus 'ur pianadh rìomh 'n àm a ta na nithe so air an cur an ceill, ach o iochd d' ur n-anamaibh—gus'ur treorachadh chum dochas an t-soisgeul. "Mar is beo mise, deir an Tighearna Dia, cha 'n 'eil tlachd air bith agamsa ann am bàs an aingidh, ach gum pilleadh an t-aingidh o 'shlighe agus gum biodh e beo: pillibh, pillibh o'r droch shlighibh, c'arson a bhasaicheas sibh o thigh Israeil" (Esec. xxxiii. 11).—"Creid anns an Tighearn' Iosa Crìosd agus saorar thu" (Gnìomh xvi. 31).—"An ti a chreideas anns a Mhac tha bheatha mhaireanach aige: ach an ti nach eil a' creidsinn anns a Mhac, cha'n fhaic e beatha; ach a ta fearg Dhe a' gabhail comhnuidh air" (Eoin iii. 49).

Memoir of the Rev. Hector M'Phail of Resolis.—Booklet.—We have issued a number of copies of this very interesting Memoir by the late Rev. R. Macdougall, Resolis (now appearing in Magazine), in neat booklet form. The price is 2d. per copy; postage, single copies ½d., three copies 1d.; twelve copies, post free.

The booklet may be had from Messrs. N. ADSHEAD & SON, 11 Union Street, Glasgow; or from the Editor of *The Free Presbyterian Magazine*, 248 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Notes and Comments.

Admiral Sir David Beatty on England's Need of Repentance.—The following letter from Admiral Sir David Beatty was read on the evening of the 28th January, at Birkenhead, at a gathering of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge:—"May I say that your Society is doing as much to bring the War to a successful conclusion as any society or union. Surely the Almighty God does not intend this War to be just a hideous fracas—a bloody, drunken orgy. There must be a purpose in it all. Improvement must be born out of it: in what direction France has already shown us the way. She has risen out of her ruined cities, with her revived religion—a religion which is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a greater part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency in which her great and flourishing condition has steeped her, and until she can be stirred out of this condition, and until a religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the War continue. When she can look out on the future with humbled eyes and prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end. Your body is helping to this end and helping to bring the War to an end—a successful end—and without success it cannot end."

In the above letter Admiral Beatty refers to the revival of religion in France and Russia, but it should not be forgotten that in both these countries the revived interest in religion is still, to a large extent, superstitious. And while we heartily agree with what he says about England—and by England he evidently means Britain—we earnestly wish to see our country awakening—not to a superstitious religious revival—but to one that bears scriptural evidence as directly from God.

"Shakespeare Sunday."—In connection with the tercentenary celebrations of Shakespeare's death, the Committee entrusted with the arrangements have issued the following statement and request:—"As Easter Sunday falls on Sunday, 23rd April, it has been decided to observe that day as Shakespeare Sunday. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey have arranged for a special commemoration of Shakespeare in the Abbey, and special sermons will be preached in the afternoon and evening. The Committee invite the religious leaders of all denominations to join in paying tribute to Shakespeare's memory on the tercentenary of his death." The daring effrontery of this Committee is colossal, and the base betrayal of Christ's cause by the Abbey authorities is deserving of the severest condemnation. When God is little thought of by men then they bring their idols into His house, where He ought to be served. Westminster Abbey, no doubt, on many occasions has been the scene of much fulsome flattery, but the Dean and Chapter must have forgotten

the Lord's Day was not theirs to devote to the commemoration of Shakespeare. There was a time in England—and that not so very long ago—that the Shakespeare Committee would not have dared to invite the religious leaders of all denominations to join on the Lord's Day in paying tribute to Shakespeare's memory; but the tide is with them for the present, and it is more than likely that their request will be widely acceded to.

A Step in the Right Direction.—In a circular to munition manufacturers, Mr. Lloyd George has made the suggestion that all labour on the Sabbath in "controlled establishments" should be abolished. Mr. Lloyd George recently set a bad example by speechifying on the Lord's Day, and if the evil results of breaking the fourth commandment are coming home to the Minister of Munitions, it is something to be thankful for. The War has taught us many lessons, but if it convinces many of the working-classes that the Sabbath cannot be broken without paying a heavy penalty, then it will not be in vain. There are also rumours that the Postmaster-General intends to stop all Sabbath delivery of letters. This, if carried out, will be another step in the right direction, but judging from letters appearing in the press, many will do their utmost to oppose this praiseworthy scheme.

"Lovers of Pleasure more than Lovers of God."—Before the War broke out pleasure was one of Britain's chief gods, and, though for a time it seemed to be put somewhat in the background, it is again in high favour. The working classes are earning wages on such a large scale in the larger cities that they do not know very well what to do with the money. The theatres, music halls, and picture palaces are crowded to the doors. In country districts in Scotland collections of money for War Funds are invariably obtained from the proceeds of concerts followed by dancing. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, has generally been regarded by all right-thinking men as the lowest depths of callousness, but it was reserved for the young people of Scotland, with some old fools, to reach the lower depth of dancing and singing while our countrymen are playing their part in a more bloody tragedy than that of Rome burning.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

MR. ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY, General Treasurer, *pro tem.*, Woodbine Cottage, Glenurquhart Road, Inverness, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations up to 22nd February, 1916:—

SUSTENTATION FUND.

Edinburgh postmark, 10/; Mr. R. MacKenzie, Inverasdale, Aultbea, 2/6. *From Achnasheen*—Mr. Colin Urquhart, Luibmore, 5/; Mr. Duncan MacKenzie, Station Cottages, 10/; Mr. Kenneth MacKenzie, Station Cottages, 8/; Mr. Alick Urquhart, Doshmucharan, 5/; Mr. George MacKenzie, Lochrosque, 5/; Miss K.

MacKenzie, Lochrosque, 6/; Miss A. MacKenzie, Lochrosque, 5/; Miss M. Macpherson, Post Office, 2/6; Mrs. Alick Mackintosh, Lochrosque, 2/6; Mr. John MacKenzie, Post Office, 11/-—total from Achnasheen, £3. Newcastle-on-Tyne postmark, 5/. Per Rev. Neil Cameron—Mr. A. Mackay, Innisfail, Alberta, £1; "A Friend," Innisfail, 4/, and "A Friend," Calgary, 8/, per Mr. A. Mackay.

CORRECTIONS.—In last issue, "Mr. A. MacKenzie, New Park, Lairg," should have been "Laide, Aultbea." In the January issue, "Mr. J. Forbes, Newtonmore, 3/," should have been "£3."

HOME MISSION FUND.

"Two Friends," Inverasdale, Aultbea (2/6 each), 5/, per Mr. John MacKenzie.

MISSION TO FORCES FUND.

Mrs. C. Macdonald, Toronto, Canada, 21/6; "An F.P. Friend," Inverness, 26/5; Per Mr. Wm. Grant—"Friends," London, 15/; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—J. Macallum, Esq., Ardrishaig, 10/; (per Sergt. Sinclair, Wick), Miss D. MacLeod, Strathy Point, 2/6; Mrs. J. W. Campbell, Port Moody B.C., 5/; Miss MacLeod, Courtenay House, Liverpool, 3/.

COLLEGE FUND.

Nurse Fraser, Glasgow, 5/, per Rev. N. Cameron.

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:—Per Mr. D. Davidson, Tomatin: For Bibles, etc.—Mrs. F., 6d., J. M'Q., 2/, W. M'L., 2/6; For Comforts—W. R., 5/, A. M'L., 2/6, A. M'D., 2/6, D. M'L., 2/6; D. D., 2/6. F. M'Donald, Ardrishaig, for Testaments, 2/6; "A Friend," Oban, 3/; K. Macdonald, Strathcanaird, 10/; also per above, Mrs. J. Macdonald, £1; "Anon" (Rogart P.O.), 6/.

Per Rev. J. R. Mackay, Inverness: Mrs. Munro, Marscow Cottage, Lairg, 8/; also per Mrs. M., R. P. Wallace, S. A. Hotel, Lairg, 10/, and M. Ross, car driver, 2/; per Mr. A. Stewart, Inverness, "Friends," Inverness, 13/6; Miss M., 5/; "Another Friend," Inverness, 2/6.

Mrs. M'Lennan, Luibchlaggan, Garve, 4/- for Testaments, and 3/- for General Comforts; J. M'Callum, Brackley, Ardrishaig, 10/- for Testaments, and 10/- for General Comforts; "A Friend," Edinburgh, 4/; Mrs. Graham, Greenhill, Achiltibuie, 5/; "Friends," Kyle, 10/; "F.P.," Kincardineshire, 5/; "Two Friends," Strathan, Lochinver, 7/6; per A. Mackay, missionary, "Friends," Staffin, 10/.

Per Miss K. Mackenzie, Lochrosque, Achnasheen: *Lochrosque*—Miss K. M., 7/, Mrs. S. Macintosh, 2/6, Miss A. Mackenzie, 2/6, G. Mackenzie, 2/6, D. Macdonald, 1/, A. Macintosh, 1/, J. Macintosh, 2/, A. Mackenzie, 2/; *Achnasheen*—Mrs. Finlayson, 2/, S. MacLennan, 2/, "A Friend," 5/, "A Friend," 1/; "Friend," Gairloch, 2/; "Friends," Badranich, 3/6; Mrs. Urquhart, Luib, 1/6; J. Mackenzie, Luib, 1/; "Friend," Strathconon, 2/.

Mrs. Mackenzie, Inver, S. Erradale, Ross, 7/6; Miss Campbell, Bank of Scotland House, Cromarty, 5/; J. Macewan, Silvercraig, Lochgilphead, 2/; Arch. Campbell, same address, 2/6; "Friends" (Govan P.O.), 3/; per Miss C. Gunn, Morness, Rogart, "A few Friends," 11/; "A Friend," Beaulieu, 5/; Miss K. Grant, Hydro, Kilmacoll, 3/; M. Stewart, Kyle, 5/; per Mr. E. Macfarlane: Flashadder F.P. Congregation, 31/8; A. M. (Drumbeg P.O.), 5/; "Magazine" (Manchester P.O.), for Bibles and Comforts, 10/. Per General Treasurer, Inverness: J. B. Gillies, California, 20 dollars (£4 2/2), being five dollars each from self, D. Mackay, A. Mackay, and J. Macrae; A. M'Phail, Greenock, 5/; Miss Dewar, Lochgilphead, 2/6; Alexander Macrae, Tenby,

Manitoba, 4/1; "Friend," Detroit, 12/4; per J. M.: "A Friend," New York, £2, and Mrs. Mitchell, New York, £1; per Rev. A. Macrae, Portree: Mrs. Macleod, Borve, 5/; "F.P. Friends," Clashnessie, Stoer, 42/6; Alex. Kerr, Clashnessie, 2/6; M. Gillies (Edinburgh P.O.), 5/; B. M., Sorn, 5/; Mrs. Mackillop, Glasgow, in aid of Mission to France, 10/; per Mrs. Munro: Misses Mary and Lizzie Munro, Simcoe, Ont., 8/2, and "A Friend," 4/; per D. Davidson, Tomatin: Mrs. M'B., 2/6, and Mrs. M'L., 2/6; "Two English Sympathisers, 10/. Per Rev. D. Graham, Sheldalig, Lochcarron: *Deriner*—J. Matheson and Miss Matheson, Kinloch, 2/6 each; Mrs. Murchison, Mrs. Fraser, and Mrs. Maclean, 2/- each; *Arrina*—Mrs. Livingstone, 2/, and Mrs. Gillanders, 1/6. Per Rev. A. Macrae, Portree: L. Macpherson, Braes, 2/6; per Mr. A. Stewart, Stein, Waternish: Waternish F.P. Congregation, 30/3.

Rev. J. S. Sinclair received donation from "One who has two Brothers Soldiers." Would said contributor kindly send a note again of amount of donation?

(Some donations are held over till next issue.)

Rev. Ewen Macqueen, C.F., personally acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the following gifts and donations:—Mr. M. Mackay, Manchester, 5/; "A Friend," Rhidarroch, 5/; "Free Presbyterian," Kincaig, 10/; Miss Fletcher, Bellanoch Bridge, Lochgilphead, two pairs socks and 1/; Mr. A. Macaskill, Glendale, 5/; Mr. Sutherland, Skelpick, £1; Miss Morton, Glasgow, 10/; Mr. Downie, Glasgow, 10/; per Mr. H. Morrison: "Friends," Scourie, 5/; Miss J. Macnicol, Greenock, 3/; per Mr. M. Mackay: "Friends," Strathy and Leadnagiullan, £1; per Rev. N. Macintyre: Mrs. Campbell, Lochyside, 10/; Mrs. Grant, The Deanery, Dornoch, 10/; per Rev. Neil Cameron: Miss H. Mackenzie, 10/, J. M'K. and D. M'K., Gairloch, 5/- each, "Anon," Glasgow, 3/; Mr. J. Mackenzie, Port Henderson, Gairloch, 5/; Mr. W. Grant, London, cigarettes; per Mr. Malcolm, Winnipeg: 54 francs.

NOTE.—Mr. Macqueen desires to thank most sincerely all the friends who have so kindly forwarded gifts and donations, and wishes us to say that meantime, until further notice, they need not send more donations in money, as the Fund is in a satisfactory position. Some subscriptions may fall to be acknowledged (D.V.) in next issue.

Rev. N. Cameron desires to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following donations:—In aid of Bibles, etc., to Soldiers and Sailors—Miss M. Macdonald, 20/; Duncan MacLachlan, 10/; Nurse Fraser, 5/; "Presbyterian," Raasay, 5/, per Treasurer. For St. Jude's Sustentation Fund—"A Reader of F.P. Magazine," Skye, 11/.

Rev. D. A. MacFarlane, Rogart, acknowledges with thanks, £2 os. 3d., received from Mr. James Mackay, Prince George, B.C., for the Lairg Sustentation Fund.—Rev. M. Morrison acknowledges with thanks, £1 16s. 6d. from "Canadian Friends," per Rev. D. M. Macdonald, for Lochinver and Stoer Manse Building Fund.

The Treasurer of the London Mission (Mr. W. Grant, 8 Wellington Square, Chelsea, London, S.W.) acknowledges with thanks the following donations:—£5 from a "London Mission Supporter" (second donation), for London Church Building Fund, and £1 from same for Foreign Mission Fund; 10/ from "Friends," Kyle, Rona, per Miss B. Macleod, for London Church Building Fund; 5/ from Miss Remne and 10/ from Mr. J. J. Hogg, Stoke Newington, for Mission to Forces Fund; 10/ from Mr. J. J. Hogg for Books to Wounded Scottish Soldiers in London Hospitals; and

10/, per Miss Banks, for Comforts for the Front (value sent to Rev. E. Macqueen).

Mr. Marcus Morrison, Treasurer of Kinlochbervie Congregation, acknowledges with thanks, 10/ from Mr. D. Mackay, Heilam, Loch Eriboll, for their Sustentation Fund.

Church Notes.

Communions.—Ullapool (Ross), first Sabbath of March; Portree (Skye) and Tarbert (Harris), second; Kinlochbervie (Sutherlandshire), Tolsta (Lewis), and John Knox's, Glasgow (Hall, 2 Carlton Place, South Side), fourth. Ness (Lewis), first Sabbath of April; Lochgilphead (Loch Fyne), second; St. Jude's, Glasgow (Jane Street, Blythswood Square), fourth; Wick (Caithness), fifth.

Free Presbyterian Chaplain in France.—We are pleased to inform our readers that the Rev. Ewen Macqueen, our Chaplain in France, hopes (D.V.) to get home for a short visit at the beginning of this month. He expects to leave France in the early morning of the first day of March, and to reach Scotland by the second. He trusts to occupy his own pulpit at Kames on the first Sabbath of the month, and we hope he may be able to give an address in Glasgow on his return journey to France, which will only be a few days later. We learn that he is well, and busy on Sabbath and week-days.

Mission to Forces in England.—Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, M.A., Rogart, is expected (D.V.) to succeed Rev. D. Mackenzie, Gairloch, at Chatham and Portsmouth.

The Magazine.

"Newspapers for the Fleet" Committee and "Free Presbyterian Magazine."—We recently had two communications from the above Committee, which was established by the London Chamber of Commerce under the authority of the Admiralty, with a view to send literature to His Majesty's Fleet. In one of these communications a list was given of the various companies which send regular quantities of papers and periodicals. The Free Presbyterian Church is the only Church on the list of "Regular Patriotic Subscribers" sending a periodical supply of Magazines. A reprint of an article in the *Morning Post* on the subject of the Committee's work we also received, in which there is a friendly allusion to the *Free Presbyterian Magazine*. In a second letter, Major H. Vane Stow, V.D., Secretary of Committee, writes as follows: "Dear Sir,—I am glad to advise you that I have received the double supply (800) of the February issue of your Magazine, and I understand that this number will be sent regularly in future. It may interest you and your readers to know that copies are put in everyone of our ship packets so that they reach 500 ships, while the battleships and cruisers will now be able to have more than one. We endeavour to give each ship a selection

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