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## The Enabling Bill.

ON Friday, the 7th November, the second reading of a Bill that proposes grave alterations in the constitution of the Church of England, was carried by a large majority in the House of Commons. It is known as "The Enabling Bill." The object of the Bill is to give a greater measure of self-government to the English Church, by instituting Assemblies that would have power to reform abuses and make changes and alterations in its internal management without undue control by the State. The proposal, expressed in this general, indefinite way, has a plausible appearance, and is likely to deceive many, as it seems to have done so already. The demand, on the surface, appears to be "greater spiritual freedom," but we are grievously mistaken if the upshot will not prove, "greater spiritual bondage." If the prevailing party in the Church of England at the present time were sound and evangelical in their principles, the Bill might be a real step in the right direction, and might lead to genuine reforms of the best kind, but, as everyone knows, the prevailing party are Ritualistic and Romanising to an alarming extent, and thus the new Bill, which is, in fact, by them promoted, is only a subtle scheme devised for the accomplishment of their mischievous designs.

It is unnecessary for us here to discuss all the details of the Bill. Readers are referred to "The English Churchman" for information. There is, in said paper of 13th November, an interesting report of "the Church Association Conference" at Liverpool, where vigorous and informing speeches were made against the Bill. It is sufficient for us to notice the general aspects and evil tendencies of the measure.

It may be observed, to begin with, that the Bill was first introduced into the House of Lords by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and other Bishops who had planned the scheme. These dignitaries are all men who, to more or less extent, have favoured and promoted the Ritualistic movement in the Church of England, and considering the scope of the measure as intended

to give a greater degree of self-government to the Church, and to weaken the force of ancient restrictions, we have abundant reason, at the very outset, to stand in serious doubt of its design.

Then, secondly, when we consider more closely the amount of freedom sought for, and the positive movements in the English Church away from the Reformed standards towards wholesale Popery, which movements require legal sanction for complete success, we need be in no doubt whatsoever as to the evil character of the Bill. Of course, it is not proposed that the Church be entirely severed from the sovereign authority of the Crown, or from the supervision of Parliament—that would be entirely alien to the ambitions of the Archbishops and their colleagues—but rather that the sanction of the Crown and of Parliament to new laws be obtained as quickly and easily as possible. Measures agreed to by the proposed new “National Assembly” of the Church would “pass into law by the mere vote of an Address in each House of Parliament in their favour, without the ‘three readings’ required at present, and without either House having the right to amend the proposed measures in any way whatever. In this way Parliament would effectively abdicate its power for ecclesiastical legislation; it would become a mere court of registry for the edicts of the Church” (Captain Barron, at Church Association Conference).

This result having been secured, the sanction of the Crown would next follow without difficulty as a formal copestone to the legal adoption of the measures. Thus the sanction of Crown and Parliament would, by a short and easy method, be obtained for almost any schemes the National Assembly of the Church would propose.

Supporters of the Bill are keeping to the forefront the desirability that the Church should have power to remedy certain subordinate evils, such as power “to prevent the sale of advowsons”—advowsons are rights to present clergymen to vacant benefices, which rights may presently be sold—and power “to remove beneficed clergy who are manifestly unfit for the discharge of their duties, and to redress the grievance of clerical poverty by amalgamating country parishes.” Such evils are held forth as if they were the only things contemplated by the Bill, while all the while it is clearly decided that much greater evils are to be promoted by it than any that are to be removed.

Blind leaders of the blind, of course, call those greater evils good things: they want to undo the last remnants of the carved work of the Reformation from the English Church, and under the influence of strong delusion, to bring it into complete conformity to the temple of the Scarlet Woman, whose seat is at Rome. What are our grounds for this? Well, it is matter of common knowledge that the Convocations have already prepared a scheme for the revisal of the Prayer Book in a Romeward direction, for the legalisation of Mass Vestments and of the Reservation of the

Sacrament, for the suppression of part of the words of administration, and for the permission of such changes as would assimilate the English Communion Service to the Roman Missal. And is not belief in purgatory, prayers for the dead, prayers to the Virgin and saints, transubstantiation, and such like, common enough already in the Church of England? All these things would fall to be legally sanctioned by the steps proposed in this Bill.

Further, the Bill is "intended to give the National Assembly power to promote Measures, extending to 'the amendment or repeal, in whole or in part, of any Act of Parliament, including this Act.' The Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, the Act establishing the Coronation Oath, and the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, and many other basal Statutes of the Constitution were open to attack by the short and easy method of a 'Church' Measure and a couple of rushed addresses to the Throne" (see Captain Barron's speech). It appears plainly that the most important national institutions are liable to be assailed by the provisions of the Bill, and there is a call to the nation at large to awake to the danger to which its rights are exposed. Some are calling for the Disestablishment of the English Church, and certainly if our Crown and Parliament are to be made the direct patrons and upholders of a Popish Establishment, Disestablishment will be the only way of preventing national guilt of the gravest description.

The Bill now under review is at the Committee stage in Parliament, and it is to be sincerely hoped that favourable changes will be made before it is presented for final adoption. "The Lord reigneth." We trust He may over-rule all for His own glory and the ultimate good of His cause.

None of our readers, however, must conclude from the above remarks that we have ever approved of the constitution of the Church of England and its subordination to the State, though certainly we have admired many eminent servants of Christ that have lived and laboured within its pale. But we observe in the present Bill a carrying forward of the destructive work of Romanisers, who are doing their best to destroy God's cause in the land, and it is our duty to expose and condemn their proceedings.

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How long He seeks! How long a night-rain wets His locks and hair! How long a night it is He stands at the church-door, knocking! There be many hours in this night since He was preached in paradise, and yet He stands to this day. How fain would He come, and how glad would He be of lodging! The arm that hath knocked five thousand years aches not yet. Behold, He stands and knocks, and will not give over till all be His, and till the tribes—in ones and twos—be over Jordan, and up with Him in the good land.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

## Outlines of a Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MACQUEEN, DAVIOT, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Preached on 29th April, 1883.

(Taken down by a Hearer.)\*

“Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.”—MAL. iii. 16.

I.—*Their Character*—They “feared the Lord”;  
 II.—*Their Conduct*—They “spake often one to another”;  
 III.—*The Listener*—“The Lord hearkened and heard”; and  
 IV.—*The Record*—“A book of remembrance was written before him,” etc.

I.—*Their Character*—They “feared the Lord.”

1. The fear of the Lord was the Old Testament term for genuine piety. Such persons, under the New Testament, are called disciples or believers. The knowledge of Christ and the Gospel, as then revealed, wrought effectually by the power of the Spirit upon men’s hearts, to cleave to God, to fear Him, and to depart from evil. They were to be spared “when wrath burned as an oven” (chapter iv.), and they spoke of it together in evil times beforehand. Surely a wise, beneficial practice—a safe example to follow.

2. Godliness then was called the fear of the Lord, because the Spirit of adoption was not so abundantly given to believers as under the New Testament. “The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Christ was not yet glorified.” It was meet that when Christ Himself received the fulness of the Spirit, the Church should receive more of this sweet blessing. Precious grace! implanted in the heart by the Spirit of all grace. A promise for the New Testament Church: “I will *pour* upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplication” (Zech. xii. 10). It was a time of *pouring* then!

3. They feared the Lord, not man. Christ said, “I will show you whom to fear,” etc. The more of His love in the heart, the more will they fear to offend Him. “Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king; but if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods.” They stand in awe of the judgments which may befall the Church and the world because of sin. This fear implies the true knowledge of God, love to God, and fear of His holiness and goodness. “How much

\* These outlines were issued in leaflet form by one of the Daviot congregation. They are slightly revised, but with no material alteration.—Ed.



more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." How ready are we to be cowed by the fear of man!

II.—*Their Conduct*—"They spake often one to another."

It appears they knew each other, which the world will deny. If another is within reach, they will find him. Grace has an *affinity* for grace. "He honoureth them that fear God" (Ps. xv. 4). This is the qualification grace looks for—not whether they be rich or noble. It was said to the imbecile, Angus Macleod, "You might well wonder, Angus, that Mr. Lillingston brought you into his dining-room." "Ah," was the reply, "he might wonder that he ever got the grace to humble him so to act." There was a time when "the Lord was coming to his temple"—a time of high-handed iniquity. Even in such a time the Lord had a few who felt for His cause and for His glory.

They loved one another, and held meetings, to talk together of the state of the Lord's cause, to enquire of Him by prayer, and to *mourn* for the backsliding of the Church. Such meetings are highly profitable and mutually edifying—greatly called for in our day!

Such will speak of the gracious experiences of the divine life in the soul. You can only speak of that to one who fears the Lord—others cannot understand it. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He has done for my soul" (Psalm lxi. 16). Oh, I should like to hear you on the subject. The Lord's people are ready to forget the sweet seasons they have had and the truths which revived their hope. In order to that, they must have their memories quickened by the Holy Ghost, which is one of His offices. "But the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, which the Father shall send in my name, shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you" (John xiv. 26). How ready to forget what He said, owing to their infirmities and cares, and trusting too much to their own memory and understanding! How often was Christ away, before you understood what His teaching meant! Oh, what need of this work of the Spirit, as well as His comforting and sanctifying! Consider your helplessness and need, and He will bring to your remembrance, and then the truth is as warm and fresh as ever in your heart. Do you pray for the Spirit as a Remembrancer?

It is the same with regard to the dispensations of the Lord's providence. We are deeply moved by some trying dispensation, and ready to suppose we shall never forget this. But how soon the impression becomes dim, except the Spirit affect us with it anew! It was after a long interval Jacob said to his household—"Let us arise and go up to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went" (Gen. xxxv. 3). His doings are intended to be remembered.

III.—*The Listener*—"The Lord hearkened and heard." How little is this considered, what is fit to be spoken before God and

even before men! Is what you say fit for you to utter, fit for God to hear? This ought to be a restraint upon tongues on Sabbath and week-days. Do we live under the belief that men shall render an account for every idle word spoken? The Lord noticed a conversation going on—for His love is upon these people, and He will observe all that is said by them. He listened and heard every word *distinctly*. He might listen long before He heard anything good spoken of Himself in many a family. "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk, and are sad? (Luke xxiv. 17). They were the things concerning Jesus of Nazareth. Take heed, man, what He hears from you. He hears enough about the world and vanity, but little about Himself. "If ye see him, tell him I am sick of love." O, He knows it. There is nothing done to His people but He will hear. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out." Whoever tells it, He hears all.

What reason have we all to feel ashamed, and lie low in the dust, for what we have uttered amiss before Him! O, that we had spoken more of the Eternal King's beauty and love—more about His *sufferings and death*—pouring out His soul on "the cross" unto death. If we felt this aright, our talk would oftener turn upon the grand theme of "the cross."

IV.—*The Record*—"A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." It seems that the Listener thought what He heard worthy to be written down and recorded. He keeps a book, then, *the book of His remembrance*, and they have a book. His book is "for them." A book between Him and them is kept.

He gives them *the book of conscience* to keep, which at present is but an imperfect copy of the book of His remembrance. However, we can efface nothing from it, though in our own keeping. When conscience is touched by omnipotent power, it then faithfully records for or against us.

But there is many a thing in their book against themselves, which is not in God's book. The foul deeds and sins of youth, which you remember, have been blotted out of God's book, if you have come to the blood of Christ with them. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions," etc. (Isaiah xlv. 22). He will not leave the awful debt standing against them, when forgiven. "In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none," etc. (Jeremiah i. 20).

God's book is written *for them, i.e.,* on their behalf. Their good things are written in it, because they are ready to forget them themselves. "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee?" (Matt. xxv. 37). Ah, the cup of cold water will be recorded. Every good word and good thought for Christ is there. The time of their espousals to Christ is in this register and where and when converted (Acts xvii. 34; Psalm lxxvii. 4).

Every injury done to them is noted in the book. He hath a bottle for their tears and a book for their sorrows. "Put my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" Every kindness done to them is remembered; so the benefactors will not be losers.

But here, we see, the Lord exerciseth the faith of His people in this life. Matters written in a book are not for *immediate settlement*. "The just shall live by faith"; the formalist from hand to mouth. They often pray and see little appearance of being heard—they suffer and seem to be forgotten. Ah! but it comes to the same thing, or rather better for you; your prayers and deeds are recorded, and will surely be answered in the Lord's good time. "The book of records of the chronicles" was read before King Ahasuerus. Mordecai's good deed for the king turned up; and the king said—"What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" "Nothing." But the deed was recorded, and now Mordecai begins to reap the reward (Esther vi). Be not discouraged, dear believer, your wrong is not forgotten, your prayer is not forgotten; it shall be heard. He has a tear of yours in His bottle, a wrong of yours in His book! It will turn up to your account. If He do not openly reward you with temporal deliverance, you shall soon have the comfort of it before His throne. O brethren, He is now hearing and booking.

Their *thoughts* are recorded; "that *thought* upon his name." Why the thoughts? Because there is, perhaps, more grace, more of Christ in your thoughts than in any service you ever gave Him outwardly. Take heed to your thoughts. Some of your thoughts are more performed by the Holy Ghost than any outward obedience rendered. The best service ever given to Christ has not come up to the desire in your thoughts. "But the Lord said to David, forasmuch as it was in thine heart to build an house for my name, thou didst well in that it was in thine *heart*" (2 Chron. vi. 8). "I will take *that* for the building." David's thoughts were as good in the estimation of the Lord as Solomon's temple in all its glory. The thoughts of your heart are "your treasure."

*Inferences.*—(1) We are deeply concerned to order our thoughts and words before the Lord. (2) His infinite delight in His people, and the care exercised over their interests. (3) Their "Advocate" faithfully records their prayers and their trials, and will plead them on their behalf.

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I HAVE sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under; and yet, at another time, the whole Bible hath been to me as a dry stick; or rather, my heart hath been so dead and dry unto it that I could not conceive the least refreshment, though I have looked it all over.—*Bunyan's "Grace Abounding."*

## Noted Preachers of the Northern Highlands.

BY THE REV. D. BEATON, WICK.

(Continued from vol. xxiii., page 375.)

### VI.—REV. DONALD SAGE, RESOLIS.

**D**ONALD SAGE was born at the Manse of Kildonan, 20th October, 1789, and was the son of the Rev. Alexander Sage, minister of Kildonan. His grandfather was the famous Rev. Aeneas Sage, a sketch of whose ministerial career has already appeared in this series.

The subject of this sketch was a man of intense feeling, and the events of his life, pathetic and otherwise, made an indelible impression on his sensitive spirit. His earliest recollection was of his mother's death, and his description of the sad event reveals some of the high literary skill he possessed in describing the feelings of individuals, and the scenes of which he was a witness. "I was then," he says, in referring to the event, "three years, a month and seven days old. I recollect entering in, little knowing or even caring whither I was going, the room where my mother but a few hours before had breathed her last. A bed stood at the north-east corner of the room, near the chimney, its dark curtains folded up in front. On the bed, with a stillness which both surprised and terrified me, lay one whom I at once knew to be my mother. I was sure it was she, for she lay on my father's bed; but why so still and silent I could not tell. At the opposite corner of the room sat my widowed father. My sudden and heedless entrance seemed to have opened up afresh the floodgates of his grief. I was the favourite child of her who now lay stretched in death before him. It was too much for him. He sobbed aloud; the tears rolled down his cheeks; his whole frame shook; and he clasped me in his large embrace in the agony of a husband's sorrow. That scene, like a framed picture, retains its place in my memory, detached from everything else."

At the age of fifteen he began his college career at Aberdeen. In his *Memorabilia Domestica*, he gives a graphic account of his experiences in the long journey from Kildonan to Aberdeen, and has left interesting biographical sketches of the professors and other notable men of the University city. On the conclusion of his studies he became tutor to Mr. Matheson, laird of Attadale's family. This meant a transfer from the Presbytery of Dornoch to that of Lochcarron, and in 1815 he was licensed by this Presbytery to preach. His own remark on this important event in his ministerial career is worthy of record: "How ignorant of that Gospel was I then, and how callously indifferent

to the great charge with which I was then entrusted!" As a further indication of his unpreparedness for the great work of the ministry, he himself narrates:—"My first attempt to address a public audience was made at Lochalsh, and in the pulpit of Dr. Downie, the parish minister. My exhibition was an almost complete failure. I was wretchedly deficient in the Gaelic language, and I entered upon the ministry with a conscious dependence upon myself. Both the Gaelic and English sermons which I preached at Lochalsh were the result of a whole week's study, and I had closely committed every word to memory" (*Memorabilia Domestica*, p. 255). His next attempt was even more humiliating, though it was a thoroughly salutary experience. On the appointment of Rev. David MacKenzie to the parish of Farr, the Royal Bounty Mission at Achness was offered to Mr. Sage, and on his way to his future charge he came to his father's manse at Kildonan. It was the Communion season in the parish, and Mr. Sage was asked to preach on Sabbath evening, and his experience is best described in his own words:—"I selected for my text the same passage I preached from at Lochcarron. I uttered a few preliminary sentences with considerable boldness and facility. But all at once my memory failed me, and I made a dead pause. My father sat behind me in the tent, and groaned aloud for very anxiety. The congregation, too, among whom were a number of my future flock at Achness, all on the very tiptoe of curiosity and attention on my first appearance, were agitated like the surface of one of their own mountain lochs, when suddenly visited with a hurricane. After a pause of some minutes, however, during which I felt myself pretty similarly circumstanced as when carried away by the river Carron, I pulled out my manuscript and stammered out the rest of my sermon with much trepidation, and in the best way I could. I returned home totally disconcerted, and seriously meditated the renunciation of my license, my mission, and all my ministerial prospects. Mr. Munro,\* however, came to comfort me in my distress. It would appear that he himself had had a personal experience of the very difficulty with which I had then to grapple. He had been requested by Mr. Bethune to preach at Dornoch, but, although he got through the Gaelic service without much difficulty, when he attempted to preach an English sermon without his manuscript, he had to stop short in the middle of a sentence, and was under the necessity of having recourse to his paper, much to his own confusion, no less than to that of his audience. He could thus the more readily sympathise with my feelings, and I was not a little cheered and encouraged by his truly Christian and fatherly admonition. I think, indeed, that

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\* Rev. John Munro, Dirlot Mission, afterwards minister of Halkirk; he was assisting Rev. Alex. Sage at the above Communion.



upon the whole I was no loser by this very severe trial of my natural feelings. It read me a most humbling lesson respecting myself, and struck a telling blow also at the very root of my self-confidence, then my easily besetting sin" (Ibid. p. 257).

The missionaries at Achness were supported out of the Royal Bounty!\* The Mission itself covered a wide district, and lay within the bounds of the Presbyteries of Dornoch and Tongue; it extended from the extreme heights of the parish of Farr, from Mudale down to near the middle of Strathnaver, and from Halmadary to Kinbrace. The part of the Mission in Kildonan parish included the townships of Griamachdary, Knockfern, Strathbeg, Gairnsary, Breacachadh, Badanloch, Bad'chlamhain, Ach-na-moine, Ach-na-h'uaighe, Dalcharn, Borrobol, and Kinbrace. The townships in the Farr part of the Mission included Mudal, Tobeg, Grumore, Grumbeg, Ceannachyle, Syre, Langdale, Skaill, and Carnachadh. The meeting houses were at Achness and Ach-na-h'uaighe, and hither Sabbath by Sabbath gathered some of the excellent of the earth. Part of the Mission district had already suffered from the evictions, and all too soon there was to be an almost complete clearance. Among his most noted hearers may be mentioned the saintly William Calder, John MacKay or Mac-Iain, William MacKay, Achoul, Alexander MacKay (Alastair Tailleir), and his brother, Murdoch MacKay, afterwards catechist at Latheron.

William Calder, a native of Ardcloch, Nairn, came to Strathnaver about 1786 as one of the teachers of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Dr. Mackintosh Mackay, who knew him well, paid a beautiful tribute to his memory in a sermon preached in the Free Church of Tongue. "There must be some here present this day," he said, "who remember your venerable catechist, William Calder. A frequent visitor was I in his dwelling while attending your parish school; and on the day when I was called to leave it, when calling to take leave at that blessed house, I trust I shall never forget, while God spares me on earth, the parting words of William Calder. And, if it please God to accept me in the great day as one of His own, redeemed by sovereign grace, I trust to carry the remembrance of what I now tell you into the kingdom above. This memorable patriarch-like person, leaning upon his spade, while he laboured in his harvest-field (and full of chastened dignity was that person in stature and expression wherever he appeared), in solemn accents and with loving looks of fatherly kindness, said: 'My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts and all the imaginations of the

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\* This is a sum of money (£2000) presented annually to the Church of Scotland by the Sovereign.

thoughts ; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee, but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever.' A word spoken in season how good it is !" He died at Strathhalladale in 1829, and as death approached, he addressed his body and soul in these words : " Now you have been long together, peacefully united in the mortal tie. That is now to be dissolved, and you must part. God bless you both, and may you have a happy and a blessed meeting at the resurrection."

John MacKay or MacIain was catechist of the Ach-na-h'uaighe district. He was brought under saving impressions of the truth during the ministry of the Rev. John Skeldoch, a worldly-minded minister who kept the parish of Farr, the Presbytery of Tongue, and the Synod of Caithness and Sutherland in continual turmoil for years. After reading through the Church records, in which the shortcomings of Mr. Skeldoch are minuted, it is pleasant to know on Mr. Sage's authority that latterly he was " a useful and highly-honoured servant of God." John MacIain was the intimate friend of the noted William MacKay, Syre, or, as he was better known, *William Shaoir* (Syre), and described by Sage as " one of the burning lights of the five northern counties." John MacIain stood at the head of his contemporaries, and it was through his recommendation that Mr. Sage was appointed missionary of Achness.

William MacKay, Achoul, was noted for his beautiful Christian, childlike simplicity. At the beginning of his religious experience he had deep convictions of sin, but deliverance came at last when Christ as his Saviour was revealed to him. " He promised to save me," was his testimony, " I took Him at His word, and He has not allowed me once to doubt Him, not even for an hour, and that is sixty years ago." A daughter of his was married to the well-known and revered Rev. John Robertson, Kingussie. With such notable men to uphold his hands, Mr. Sage must have been greatly encouraged, but these occupied the position of the " first three." There was a goodly number of ripe, experienced Christians, men and women, who repaired to the meeting-houses of Achness and Ach-na-h'uaighe, and Mr. Sage in his *Memorabilia Domestica* has given brief sketches of a few of the most outstanding among them.

In May, 1819, the cruel order to evict the people of Strathnaver was put into force, and the beautiful strath became a desolation. It is not our intention to describe the callous indifference and cruel-heartedness of the evictors, but we take the liberty of quoting from Sage's *Memorabilia* a passage that moves the deepest feelings of the heart. " On the Sabbath," he says, " a fortnight previous to the fated day, I preached my valedictory sermon in Achness, and the Sabbath thereafter at Ach-na-h'uaighe. Both occasions were felt, by myself and by the people, from the oldest to the youngest, to be among the bitterest and most overwhelming experiences of our lives. In Strathnaver we assembled, for the

last time, at the place of Langdale, where I had frequently preached before, on a beautiful green sward overhung by Robert Gordon's antique, romantic little cottage on an eminence close beside us. The still-flowing waters of the Naver swept past us a few yards to the eastward. The Sabbath morning was unusually fine, and mountain, hill and dale, water and woodland, among which we had so long dwelt, and with which all our associations of home and native land were so fondly linked, appeared to unite their attractions to bid us farewell. My preparations for the pulpit had always cost me much anxiety, but, in view of this sore scene of parting, they caused me pain almost beyond endurance. I selected a text which had a pointed reference to the peculiarity of our circumstances, but my difficulty was how to restrain my feelings till I should illustrate and enforce the great truths which it involved with reference to eternity. The service began. The very aspect of the congregation was of itself a sermon, and a most impressive one. Old Achoul sat right opposite to me. As my eye fell upon his venerable countenance, bearing the impress of eighty-seven winters, I was deeply affected, and could scarcely articulate the psalm. I preached, and the people listened, but every sentence uttered and heard was in opposition to the tide of our natural feelings, which, setting in against us, mounted at every step of our progress higher and higher. At last all restraints were compelled to give way. The preacher ceased to speak, the people to listen. All lifted up their voices and wept, mingling their tears together. It was indeed the place of parting, and the hour. The greater number parted never again to behold each other in the land of the living. My adieu to the people of Ach-na-h'uaighe was scarcely less affecting, although somewhat alleviated by the consideration that I had the prospect of ministering still to those among them who had leases of their farms, and whom Mr. Sellar, the factor, and law-agent, had no power to remove" (*Memorabilia Domestica*, pp. 290, 291).

After this wholesale eviction of his congregation, the Mission was dissolved, and Mr. Sage was appointed to the Gaelic Chapel, Aberdeen, in 1819. Here he ministered for a number of years until presented to the parish of Resolis in 1822. It was soon after his induction that Mr. Sage passed through an extraordinary mental and spiritual struggle, which made a lasting impression on his memory. His wife, Harriet Robertson, to whom he was devotedly attached, died in child-bed. Mr. Sage was so overcome with grief that he was not able to accompany the remains to the place of burial. Soon after this sad event, he passed into deeper waters than ever he had experienced, and his own account of this experience cannot better be given than in his own words. "Mr. MacDonald of Ferintosh often visited me," he says, "and preached to my people. Shortly after the death of my beloved wife, he passed on his way to preach at Cromarty, and I accompanied him on horseback. The ride thither and

back on the same day completely exhausted me, and I lay down on my return wishing that I might die. Such a desire came upon me so strongly that I hailed with delight every unsuccessful effort of nature to regain its former position under the pressure of present weakness, as so many sure precursors of death which would unite me to her from whom I had been so recently and sorely separated. I gradually recovered, however, but still the notion haunted my mind. Then conscience began to ask, 'Why did I wish to die?' My sorrows at once responded to the inquiry, 'Just to be with Harriet.' 'But, was I sure of that? If Harriet was in heaven, as I could not hope but she was, was nothing else to be the consequence of death to me but to go to heaven merely to be with her?' I was struck dumb; I was confounded with my own folly. So then, the only enjoyment I looked for after death was, not to be with Christ, but to be with Harriet! as if Harriet without Christ could make heaven a place of real happiness to me! This discovery of my own miserable sources of comfort threw me into a dreadful state of despondency. I was perambulating the garden of the manse at the time; I left it and betook myself to my bedroom, and felt all my props suddenly crumbling down under me. I was in a state of indescribable alarm. I had a bitter feeling of insecurity and of discontent. I threw myself on my knees to pray, but could not. My spirit was angry, proud, and unsubdued, and all these unhallowed feelings took direction even against God Himself. He it was who had deprived me of the object of my warmest affections. Not only so, but He had withdrawn from me the only source of consolation out of which I could draw strength to bear me up under so great a bereavement. Oh, what a God had I, then, to deal with—how like Himself—how unlike me! 'But who is a God like unto thee, who pardoneth iniquity, and who passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his inheritance?' I was somewhat humbled, and I made another attempt to pray. But now I felt that I was entirely in His power. All my sins stood out before me. I attempted to come to a settlement with God about them, on the terms of a covenant of works. But I soon found that I was sadly out in my reckoning; like a schoolboy, in a long and tedious arithmetical question, who has come to an erroneous conclusion, and who has blundered more in searching out the cause of his error than when at first he erred, so it was with me. God brought to my remembrance the sin of my nature, the sins of my youth, and the sins of my daily omission and commission. I had no chance with Him; He was too holy and too just a God for me. I attempted to justify myself; I betook me to the oft-repeated, but just as often foolish and unsuccessful, plan of 'washing myself with snow-water to make myself never so clean.' But the result was the same as in the case of Job. 'He plunged

me into the ditch, so that my own clothes abhorred me.' This conclusion threw me into despair; I flung myself on the floor, not to pray, for I deemed that, in existing circumstances, quite needless, but just to wait, like a condemned criminal, for the coming forth of an irrevocable sentence of condemnation. I felt that I deserved it, and I felt equally hardened to abide the result. But who is a God like unto Him in dealing with transgressions? In my then present state, and in the sovereignty of the Spirit's influences, that passage came to me with much power: 'I am the door.' It glided into my mind without any previous attempt to get at it. But like a light, dim at first, it gradually and rapidly brightened. My bonds were forthwith unloosed; my darkness was dispelled. Like the lepers in Israel of old, I had only the alternative of life or death in any case. But God was gracious. I laid hold of the hope set before me. I thought, believed, and felt that I had actually entered the 'Door.' I found it wide enough for a sinner, and high enough as a door set open by God and not by man, by which to enter. If I may dare to say it, I did enter that door, even then, and at that solemn moment, notwithstanding the pressure of my outward bereavement and of my inward conflicts; having entered, I did experience 'all joy and peace in believing.' In the world I had only trouble; in Christ I had peace; and in that peace I was enabled to resign, without a murmur, my beloved Harriet, soul and body, to His holy care and keeping. I resumed prayer, and felt much liberty, comfort, and enlargement. It was in the evening of one of the days in the week immediately after her death. I had, about an hour or two before then, gone from the garden to the parlour, and risen from the table in an incontrollable agony of sorrow, rushed out at the door, and hurried up to my room. But after the mental conflict above described, and the most gracious deliverance afforded me, I returned to the parlour, to the society of my beloved friends, in that peace of mind which Christ describes as 'peace in him,' in the very midst of those troubles which we must and shall have in the world, but as the result of His victory over it. My present tranquillity, compared with my former 'fight of afflictions,' and so immediately succeeding it, astonished my friends, and they could not but ask the reason why. I could only say that 'the Lord had given, and the Lord had taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' For many days, and even weeks and months afterwards, I passed my time in prayer, in faith, and in sorrow as to the things present, but rejoicing not a little in the God of my salvation. Alas! this sunny season was succeeded afterwards by a long dreary day of coldness, clouds, and darkness, but it has never been forgotten, nor have its salutary effects been dissipated or lost" (*Memorabilia Domestica*, pp. 259-361).

When the great crisis came in 1843, Mr. Sage cast in his lot with the Free Church, and he has left on record, notwithstanding



many fears and dark forebodings that he had before the Disruption, God's great kindness to him even in his worldly affairs.

As a preacher, though the beginning was very unpromising, he occupied a very high place, and Dr. Kennedy, himself a master, has described the outstanding features of Mr. Sage's preaching. "It would be difficult to determine," he says, "whether he excelled more as a lecturer, or as a preacher, in expounding a passage, or in discoursing from a text. In each capacity he was by few excelled. Always careful to trace from its starting-point the train of thought throughout the preceding paragraph on to his text, he usually gave, in the introduction of his sermon, a most instructive exposition. When the text was reached, it was opened up with marvellous skill, and its several parts were logically arranged. Entering into it, he carried his hearers with him so gradually, and kept, as he went before them, so clear a light shining on their path that, without a sense of difficulty, they found themselves in the deep places of the subject, marvelling that they had not seen before what was now so clearly discovered to them. An attentive hearer he always kept engrossed with the subject of his sermon. Few preachers have ever laboured more to exalt their theme, and to abase themselves. His applications of doctrine to the consciousness and practice of Christians were minute and skilful. His preaching was rarely\* fitted to be edifying to the Church of God. His addresses to the unconverted never passed into mere declamation. He never sought to reach their conscience but through the understanding. In calm solemnity he presented to their minds the awful truth—he never brandished it before their eyes to scare them into blind alarm. Each sermon he delivered left abundant materials for future meditation in the minds of all earnest hearers; and never could they, in course of reading, meet a text on which they heard him preach, but the light of his sermon still hovered over it, and made them fain to linger on it" (*Disruption Workers of the Highlands*, page 52). Such a testimony from such a man is conclusive testimony that Mr. Sage is worthy of being reckoned as one of the noted preachers of the Northern Highlands.

As a writer he possessed literary gifts of no mean order. To an easy command of language he added mental gifts of high quality. There were an incisiveness and piquancy in his characterisation of individuals that gave life and movement to his literary work, but this, while relished by some, sorely wounded others, especially where his characterisations were anything but complimentary. It was this feature of his posthumous *Memorabilia Domestica* that caused so much heart-burning notwithstanding the careful pruning it received by his son, the Rev. D. F. Sage, before it went to the printer.

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\* Dr. Kennedy here uses the word in the sense of "remarkably well," and not in the sense of "seldom."

In the closing years of his life his memory failed, and the strong frame became very feeble. In a conversation with Dr. Aird, who visited him and told him a deathbed saying of one of the Ross-shire worthies, he said:—"You have cheered me by telling me of these three wonders which he expected to see in heaven. I too expect to see them—my nature in the Person of the Son of God, the first, indeed, and the greatest; myself among the glorified saints, the second; and some there whom, while on earth, I never expected to be there, the third." And so, in the eightieth year of his age, in March, 1869, passing through death, as Dr. Kennedy puts it, as one passes into sleep, he entered on the vision of the wonders he so longed to see.

### **The late Mrs. D. Humphrey, Edinburgh.**

THERE passed away on the third day of December last year an esteemed member of the Edinburgh congregation in the person of Mrs. Humphrey, wife of Mr. Donald Humphrey, precentor. Her removal by death was not only a great loss to her husband and friends, but to the congregation. She was a truly sincere Christian, who loved the gates of Zion, and prayed for the good of Jerusalem. Humble and retiring in disposition, she kept very much in the background, so that she was only thoroughly known by those who visited her dwelling. There, her gentle, refined manner, warm, kindly affection and intelligent Christian conversation clearly appeared, and revealed an attractive and valuable personality. Friends, who thus knew her, will cherish her memory with lasting regard. A few details of her personal history may now be given.

Mrs. Jane Mackenzie or Humphrey was born at Fairburn, Muir of Ord, in the year 1848, the third youngest member of a family of nine. Her father, John Mackenzie, was a joiner and saw-miller; her mother was Mary Maclellan, a native of Strathbran, near Garve. During the early period of her life, her parents attended the ministry of the late Rev. James Macdonald, the respected minister of Urray, for whom her father acted as precentor for several years. Afterwards they came to Maryburgh. We cannot tell at what age Jane underwent a saving change, or what experiences she then passed through, but she spoke in after years of the great joy she had, when she was a young woman, in going on the Sabbath evenings from Maryburgh to Dingwall to hear Dr. Kennedy preach. She also spoke of hearing occasionally the Rev. Francis Macbean of Fort Augustus, whose preaching she could never forget. She came to Edinburgh in the year 1873, when she was twenty-five years of age, and there attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Maclachlan, Free St. Columba's. Dr. Maclachlan was in the habit of reading consecutive chapters in Gaelic from the Old Testament, and explaining them throughout,

an exercise she much enjoyed. The subject of this sketch was married in 1890, and a year after Mrs. Humphrey and her husband went to Greyfriars Free Church, then ministered to by the late Rev. D. M. Macalister. At this time, "Constitutionalist" students kept services on Sabbath evenings in the Hall of the Church, services which she appreciated and enjoyed.

Mrs. Humphrey, along with many others, was much grieved with the serious departures from the truth in doctrine and worship which were then taking place in the Free Church, and which culminated in the passing of the erroneous Declaratory Act in 1892, and so when the Free Presbyterian Church was formed in 1893—not a "new creation" or denomination, as some are presently making out, but the Free Church in its original purity and faithfulness, freed from the corrupt accretions of forty years—and a congregation was organised in Edinburgh, Mrs. Humphrey shortly thereafter transferred her membership to the same, and continued all along in loyal and affectionate attachment to the Free Presbyterian cause and testimony till the day of her death.

Her last illness was short, and her end was peace. We express our deepest sympathy with her sorrowing husband in his great bereavement, and trust that he may be abundantly consoled and strengthened from above. Our sympathy is also extended to the other surviving friends. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

J. S. S.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

Some papers were discovered after Mrs. Humphrey's death, which show the spiritual exercises of her mind, and the warm living breath of love to Christ that pulsated within her, along with a measure of the grace of assurance that many true Christians do not attain to. They are dated a good many years back. We subjoin a few extracts:—

"*October 25th*, 1885.—'Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' He has done wonderful things for me. Blessed be His name: He is the hearer and the answerer of prayer. O that I could trust Him more fully!

"*25th*.—O how sweet to sit under His shadow! Partook of the Sacrament. O what love the Father hath bestowed on us to give His beloved Son to die for us! Blessed Jesus, whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I desire as I desire Thee? O for more love to Jesus! It must come from Thee, loving Saviour; we are not able of ourselves to do any good thing, not even one good thought. Thou shalt present us faultless before the Father's face.

"*November 5th*.—Thou blessed Rock of ages, I am hiding in Thee, and finding shelter there. I cannot flee from my evil self. I find such depths of corruption in me that I see plainly that nothing short of the new heart will do. 'Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.' But, loving Saviour,

I am trusting in Thee for time and eternity. 25<sup>th</sup>.—Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. What an ungrateful wretch am I, and God so strangely kind! O for a heart to love and praise Thee, heavenly Father! Make me wise to know Thee. I am so blind and ignorant. Open Thou the eyes of my understanding; teach me by Thy Holy Spirit. I am unworthy of the least of Thy mercy, but look on me in the face of Jesus Christ. 27<sup>th</sup>.—He is kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because He trusteth in Thee. Draw me nearer, Lord, now to Thee. Wash me, and cleanse me in the blood for Thine own name's sake, and the glory shall be Thine.

"December 9<sup>th</sup>.—I thank Thee for Thy goodness and long-suffering patience, loving Father. Reveal Thy Son in my heart. Give me understanding in all things. Quicken Thou me, and give me grace to rise above this world and the things that will vanish. Draw me nearer unto Thyself, blessed Saviour, and grant me the indwelling of Thy Holy Spirit; and the glory shall be Thine now and evermore. 14<sup>th</sup>.—Lord, help me to lay aside all malice, and the sin which does so easily beset me, and to look unto Jesus in every time of trouble. O for grace to fix my eye constantly on Him in joy as well as in sorrow. Loving Jesus, Thou must fix my eye on Thee, and keep it so. Take me as I am, for Thine own name's sake.

"January 14<sup>th</sup>, 1886.—Revive Thy work in my heart, O my Father, and take away this deadness and coldness. Forgive me the sin of distrusting Thee. Blessed Jesus, dwell Thou in my heart, and subdue all iniquity. O for a heart to praise Thee for Thy goodness and long-suffering patience towards me, a sinful creature. Do Thou prepare my heart to hold communion with Thee at Thy table in the Church below. Manifest Thyself to my soul, and draw me nearer than I have ever been before. Make me wise to discern Thy body. Thou art the bread of life. Do Thou enable me to feed on Thee. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Take me as I am, and make me what I ought to be, for Thine own name's sake. And the glory shall be Thine.

"February 20<sup>th</sup>.—Sorely tempted with the enemy of my soul, but found great relief in waiting on Thee in Thy house of prayer. I find Jesus a very present help in every time of need. I desire to be growing more like unto Thee. Thou art able to make me like unto Thee. I find I am very far from it now. Empty me of myself that Thou mayest fill me out of Thy own fulness. O to be nothing, only to lie at Thy feet, a broken empty vessel for the Master's use made meet, and the glory shall be Thine.

"March 21<sup>st</sup>.—Dr. Maclachlan entered into his rest this morning. It is a solemn warning to us. Be ye also ready. But, dear Jesus, it is Thou Thyself that must prepare us. No

preparation can we make. Our best resolves we only break; then save us for Thine own name's sake. Take us as we are. Oh, I do rejoice to think that Thou hast the keys of death, hell, and heaven. Thou wert dead and art alive again, and wilt live for evermore. And because Thou livest, blessed Saviour, we need not fear. I have no other trust but Thee."

These are the sweet breathings of faith and hope and love on the part of a living soul, cleaving closely to the Lord. May He bless the record to our readers!

## Air Diteadh an' Ana-Creid'ich.

LE MR. EOIN UELSH.

"Oir cha do chuir Dia a Mhac do'n t'saoghal, chum gu'n diteadh e'n saoghal ach a chum gu'm biodh an saoghal air a shaoradh tridsan.—EOIN iii. 17.

THA trì nithe ann, a dh'fheumas gach aon agaibh, leis am b'àill a bhi sealltainn air sòn beatha shiorruidh, agus a bhi air bhur saoradh o dhiteadh, a chreidsinn. 'Se a cheud ni dhuibh, gu'm feum sibh eolas fhaotainn air gu'm bheil a leithid do dh'eigin air a chuir oirbh, agus "mur bi sibh air bhur breith a ris," agus mur dean an Spiorad Naomh bhur n-anama' ath-nuadhachadh, nach fhaic sibh gu siorruidh rioghachd Dhe, agus mur bi agad ach an cridhe cloiche sin an uair a tha thu a' dol a dh'ionnsuidh na h-uaigne, a bha agad an uair a thainig thu dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail so, agus gu'm bàsaich thu anns a chor sin, cha d'theid thu gu siorruidh a steach air geataichean rioghachd neimh.

2. Feumaidh sibh eolas fhaotainn air nach 'eil rathad eile gu bhur cridheachan fhaotainn air an glanadh, ach a mhàin trid creidsinn ann am Mac Dhe; ma tha am Mac agad cha'n urrainn thu a bhi air do sgrios.

3. Feumaidh tu a chreidsinn ann do chridhe gu'm bheil diteadh air a rùnachadh, agus dioghaltas gun leasadh, a' feitheamh air an anam sin nach creid ann am Mac Dhe. Feudaigh tu ith' agus òl, agus codal, agus luidh sìos le dubhachas agus bron, oir tha thu a' dol mu'n cuairt le do dhiteadh air do dhrum. Tha trì puingean, a dh'fhoillsich an deagh bhuachaill do Nicodemus agus tha e 'ga ghabhail a steach a dh'ionnsuidh a sgoil, agus a' tabhairt so dha mar a cheud leasan, nach d'theid thusa, no duine sam bith eile, mur bhi thu air do bhreith a ris, gu bràth a steach air dorus na flaitheanas. 'Se'n dara leasan a tha e tabhairt da so, Tha na flaitheanas air an druidealh air na h-uile peacach, cionnas a gheibh thusa ma 'seadh a steach? Is mise an t-slighe reub mise na neamhan aig mo theachd a nuas; agus reubaidh mi na neamhan aig mo dhol suas; thig am ionnsuidh-sa, agus treòraichidh mi a steach thu. An treas leasan a tha air àithneadh



dhuinn a dheanamh is e so e, “Esan nach 'eil a' creidsinn tha e air a dhiteadh a cheana; tha'n taod mu a mhuinneal. Tha'n dìteadh air a thoirt a mach, tha bhinn air dol thairis, rùnaich Dia, agus bithidh e air a chuir an gnìomh; agus 'se so is aobhar do'n dìteadh gu'n do “ghràdhaich daoine an dorchadas nì's mo na'n solus.”

Air an là mu dheireadh chuala sibh, cò air bith nach creid gu'n sgriosar e. Ciod e sin a bhi air an sgrios? A bhi air an tilgeadh air falbh o Dhia, o'n iarmailt, agus o'n talamh, agus a bhi air an tilgeadh a dh'ionnsuidh doimhneachd an dorchadais iomalaich sin, far nach'eil a bheag ach gul agus giosgain fhiacalan, agus a dh'ionnsuidh teine nach cuir siorruidheachd do dh'uin crìoch air. Mar is beò an Tighearn, tha sgrios gun chrìoch a' feitheamh air daoine agus air mnathan: “Tha mi a' labhairt na fìrinn ann an Crìosd, nìor dheanam breug.” Tha iomadh millìonan do dh'an-amaibh treigte 'gladhaich a mach as an dorchadas shìorruidh sin; agus mar a ta sgrios sìorruidh ann, tha beatha shìorruidh ann mar an ceudna; ach tha mi a' fagail so. Tha trì nithe anns na briathra' so.

Air tus, Daingneachach cinnteachas na slainte do na h-uile creid'each, tha sin anns an 17 rann; cinnteachas air glòir gun chrìoch dhuit-sa a ta creidsinn an am Mac Dhia.

2. Tha freasgradh do'n nì sin a bha aig an duine ann a chridhe gu a thilgeadh suas air, an nì is e so, ma tha sin fìor, gu'n do chuir Dia a Mhac do'n t-saoghal a chum a thearnadh, ciod e an t-aobhar nach'eil an saoghal uile air an saoradh, ach gu'm bheil a mhòr-chuid a' dol do dh'ifrinn? Thubhairt thu, “Tha mòran air an gairm, ach tearc air an taghadh; is leathan an t-slighe a tha treòrachadh gu sgrios, agus is lìonmhor iad-san a tha 'g imeachd air; is cumhang an t-slighe a tha treòrachadh gu beatha agus is tearc iadsan a tha ag amais air.” Cionnus ma ta a tha e gu'm bheil thu ag radh, “Cha do chuir Dia a Mhac do'n t-saoghal, ach a chum's gu'n dìteadh e an saoghal, ach a chum's gu'm biodh an saoghal air a shaoradh trid-san?” Tha e a' freagairt, “Esan a ta creidsinn cha dìtear e; ach esan nach'eil a' creidsinn, tha e air a dhlìeadh a cheana; agus 'se so an t-aobhar; gu'n d'thainig an solus do'n t-saoghal, ach gu'n do ghràdhaich daoine an dorchadas na's mo na'n solus, do bhrìgh's gu'm bheil an oibre olc.” 'Siad so na cinn theagaisg: thig mi air m' ais agus laimhsichidh mi iad fa'leth. Thubhairt e roimh anns an 16 rann, B'àill leam gu'n tuigeadh sibh briathra Crìosd, a chum's gu'm biodh na's mò do cnudthrom aca ann bhur cridheachan, oir tha mi cinnteach gu'm bi iad an dara cuid na'm briathra' a chum beatha no na'm briathra' a chum bais duibh. Thubhairt e roimhe, tha mi ag radh, “Gu'n do ghràdhaich Dia an saoghal, air a leithid do dhoigh 's gu'n do chuir e aon ghin Mic fein a dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail, a chum's ge b'e a chreideas ann nach sgriosar e, ach gu'm bi a bheatha shìorruidh aige.” 'Nis tha e ag radh, “Oir cha do chuir Dia a Mhac a chum gu'n dìteadh e an saoghal, ach

a chum's gu'm biodh an saoghal air shaoradh trid-san." Nis tha so os-cionn nàdur, agus ann an aghaidh na h-uile solus an taobh a stigh dhìot ; bha so na nì do-chreidsinn do dh' Adhamh ann an staid a neo-chionntais, agus do-chreidsinn do na h-ainglibh, mur cuireadh an Spiorad impidh orra gur urrainn do dh'fhireantachd neach eile peacach fhìreanachadh, agus gur urrainn do dh'fhuil neach eile neach eile a thabhairt a dh'ionnsuidh neamh. Tha solus nàdur ag innseadh do na h-uile dhaoine, ma's urrainn mise mo chuid fiachaibh fein a dhioladh, bithidh mi saor o na phrìosan; ach tha so os-cionn nàdur, agus tha so na dhiomhaireachd nach urrainn nàdur a thuigsinn no idir a chreidsinn ; ach esan a tha air a theagasg o Dhia creididh e gu'n gabh an t-Athair fireantachd a Mhic, agus gu'm meas e dhuit'sa e a chreideas, agus gu'n gabh e an fhuil sin air son eiric iomlan air son co iomadh agus a ruitheas a dh'ionnsuidh a Mhic. Tha so doilbh dhuinn, a tha peacachadh gach là, a chreidsinn ; gu 'm faigh an leithide sin do pheacachaibh, trid creidsinn, a bheatha shiorruidh ; uime sin tha e a' daingneachadh so, agus a' gabhail an steidh o rùn Dhia : "Oir cha do chuir e a Mhac a chum gu'n dìteadh e an saoghal, ach a chum's gu'm biodh an saoghal trid-san air a thearnadh'.

Oh ! na'm b e rùn Dhia an saoghal so a dhìtheadh, cha chuireadh e riamh a Mhac ; ach thusa, a tha a'd' mhadadh mi-naomh, air eagal 's gun gabh thu do chothrom fein air na briathra' so, bheir mi an sgail so uait, air doigh 's nach d'theid thu do dh'ifrinn ach le coguis ga d' agairt ; mur ath-leasaich thu bithidh tu air do dhìtheadh ; ach thus a tha creidsinn cha bhi thu gu bràth air do dhìtheadh, deir an Slànuighear. Tha e labhairt ann an so mu chreid'each aig am bheil anam air ionnlad ann am fuil Iosa, a tha ceadachadh dha fein a bhi air a threorachadh le Spiorad Iosa, agus a tha leigeil da 'fhòcal a chridhe ath-nuadhachadh gach aon là ; is ann mu leithid sin do chreid'each a ta e ann an so a' labhairt, agus cha'n ann riutsa a ta a'd' luidh do ghnàth ann do pheacanna, agus a tha ag radh fathast, gu'm bheil thu a' creidsinn ann am fuil Iosa Chrìosd. Tha'n argumaid air a' gabhail o na Mhac a bhi air a chur. Comharaich an so, tha am Mac na Fhear-saoraidh air a chuir, bha ùghdarras an Athair aige, agus cha d'thainig e gus an robh e air a chuir : "'Se so toil an ti a chuir mi." Feudaidh so a thabhairt air do choguis a bhi aig sith, gu'm bheil am Mac na Shlànuighear air a chuir, gu'm bheil ùghdarras aig o'n Athair, cha'n fhaigh thu comhfhurtachd na's leòir trid creidsinn, ach feumaidh tu amharc air-san mar Fhear Saoraidh air a chuir, air òrduchadh leis an Athair agus leis an Spiorad Naomh. "Tha Spiorad an Tighearn orm," tha'n Tighearn fein ag radh. Tha e air a chuir gu bhi na Shlànuighear dhuit-sa ta creidsinn, 'nis na'm biodh a rùn air Dia peacach a chreideas a dhìtheadh, cha chuireadh e riamh a Mhac a dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail ; cha b'e sin rùn Dhia an saoghal a dhìtheadh ; ach 'se so a rùn, na h-uile thearnadh a chreideas ann.

Mar so air son cinnteachas an nì so, nach d'theid thus' a ta

creidsinn gu siorruidh am mugha, 'se so do bharrant; cha chuireadh Dia a Mhac riamh a dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail, a chum t-fheoil agus t-fhuil-sa a ghabhail, agus a bhi air irioslachadh a dh'ionnsuidh dearbh bhàs a chrainne-cheus, na'm biodh a rùn air creid'each a dhiteadh, ach 'se an t-aobhar mu am bheil mi a' labhairt so. nach 'eil na Papanach a' teagasg firinn Dhe. Tha thus' a'd' bhreugair leis am b'àill an creid'mhach agus an sluagh a theagasg, nach 'eil e so-dheanta gur urrainn do dhuine, a bhi cinnteach, anns a bheatha so, nach sgriosar am feasd e; tha thus' a'd' bhreugair, oir tha'n creid'each co cinnteach nach sgriosar am feasd e, is a ta na h-ainglean ann an glòir nach sgriosar iad gu siorruidh. Tha fios aig Dia, na'm biodh an coguisean air an dùsgadh gu a bhi a' faicinn Dhia a' tilgeadh naoidheana' do dh'ifrinn air son am peacaidh gin, nach biodh sith no aoibhneas aca gu bràth, gus am biodh iad cinnteach, nach rachadh iad gu bràth am mugha. Fàgaidh mi iadsan, agus labhraidh mi ribhse. Ciod e an argumaid bu mhò a b'urrainn Dia a thabhairt duibh, air cinnteachas na slàinte, na a Mhac a chuir a dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail, agus ar nàdur a ghabhail, agus a theachd gu a bhi na bràthair dhuibh, agus a bhi umhail do thoil Athair eadhon a dh'ionnsuidh dearbh bhàs a chrainne-cheusaidh, agus a bhi co fad air isleachadh's a bhi air a chuir anns an uaigh? Mar sin feudaidd so do dheanamh cinnteach, nach d'theid thu gu siorruidh am mugha a tha creidsinn anns a Mhac.

'Nis 'se'n ath phuig freagrach do'n choire. Ma tha so fìor gur e so rùn an Athair, saoghal a thearnadh, ciod e an t-aobhar ma ta gu'm bheil co iomadh air an dìteadh, agus gu'm bheil co iomadh air an gairm, ach tearc air an taghadh?

Tha mi a' ceadachadh gu'm bi mòran air an saoradh; chunnaic mi sluaigh mòr na'n seasamh le pailmibh ann an làmhnan, air an eideadh le trusgana' fada geala, agus a'glaochaich le guth mòr, ag ràdh, "Slainte d'or Dia-ne a ta na shuidhe air an righ-chaitbir, agus do'n Uan," Taish vii. Mar sin tha mi a' ceadachadh gu'm bheil àireamh nach urra a bhi air an innseadh, coimeas iad riù fein, esan aig am bheil an diomhaireachd ann an aireamh, thubhairt e, "Gur farsuinn an t-slighe a tha treòrachadh gu sgrios, agus gur iomadh iad a tha dol a steach ann; ach gur aimhleathan an t-slighe a tha treòrachadh gu beatha agus gur tearc iadsan a tha dol a steach air," Ciod e an t-aobhar ma ta gu'm bheil co iomadh air an sgrios? Tha e a freagairt, nach 'eil an t-aobhar ann-san, ach gur ann an daoine fein a tha a choire; oir nach deachaidh creid'mhach riam fathast am mugha. So glòir Abrahaim agus na'n athraichean, chreid sinne, agus tha sinn air ar tearnadh. Tha e ag radh, "esan a ta creidsinn cha dìtear e." Cionnus a ta sin? Nach feud e a bhi air a dhiteadh: cha'n fheud; oir anns an dearbh mhomaint 'sam bheil e a' creidsinn, tha e air a shaoradh o uile pheacanna, agus anns an dearbh àm anns am bheil e a beantainn ri fuil a Mhic, tha'n t-Athair 'ga shaoradh; air an aobhar sin tha'n t-Abstol ag radh, 'Nis uime sin

cha'n'eil diteadh dhoibh-san a ta ann an Iosa Crìosd, nach 'eil aig imeachd a réir na feòla, ach réir an Spioraid. Mar sin 'se so comhara' na dream a chaidh seachad air na h-uile cunnart a bhi air an diteadh, cha'n'eil iad ag imeachd do réir na feòla, ach do réir an Spioraid. Tha e ag radh "Cha'n'eil esan a ta creidsinn air a dhiteadh;" tha e a' labhairt anns an àm a ta làthair; cha'n'eil e ag radh, cha bhi e air a dhiteadh, ach cha'n'eil e air a dhiteadh. Mar sin tha maitheanas anns an àm a th'air làthair, fireanachadh 'san àm air làthair, saoradh 'san àm air làthair, dhuit-sa a tha creidsinn. Tha do naomhachadh air oibreachadh a mach lìon ceum is ceum, tha do ghairm a lìon ceum is ceum, tha do ghloir a lìon ceum is ceum, ach tha t-fhireanachadh deanta ann an tiota; air an aobhair sin tha e ag radh, esan a ta creidsinn, cha'n'eil e air a dhiteadh, oir tha e air dol thar cunnart, oir cha'n urrainn geatan na h-ifrinn buadhachadh na aghaidh-san a ta anns a Mhac; cha'n'eil dol am mugha air do shon-sa ta ann an cró Iehobhaih. "Cha bhi a h-aon deth mo chaoraich so air an sgrios," deir es-an, C'arson? Chuir an Tighearn Iosa thu ann an clach luachmhor, agus tha e 'ga do chaitheamh air a chridhe; agus cha'n e sin a mhàin, ach than t-Athair 'ga do ghabhail ann a lamh fein; uime sin tha a e ag ùrnuigh, "Athair coimhid iad." Mar sin thus a ta ann an Crìosd, cha'n e 'mhàin gu'm bheil agad am Mac gu bhi na bhuachail dhuit, ach mar an ceudna an t-Achair gu bhi na fhear gleidhidh ort.

'Nis, a ris tha e ag radh, "Ach esan nach 'eil a' creidsinn tha e air a dhiteadh a cheana." Comharraich na briathra' a tha anns an dá earrann so; cha ruig mi leas so aithris a rís, ach feudaidh mi a chuir an céill na fhìrinn na's cinntiche no'n coim-cheangal ri Noah, ann an so tha mi a' cuir an céill an creid'each, aig am bheil a chridhe air ionnluid ann am fuil a Mhic, gu'm bheil fhireanachadh cho cinnteach, 'sa ta na neamhan ann; agus nach 'eil so-dheantachd air gur urrainn da a dhol am mugha; ach na sealladh neach air bith ri a bhi air a shaoradh ach creid'each; mar air son an ana-creid'ich, tha e a cheana 'giùlain diteadh ann a choguis, air a sheuladh suas ann a chridhe fein, mar sin am bheil thu aig ith, am bheil thu ag òl, feudaid tu iomadh tràth bhrònach a ghabhail, oir thus' nach creid e, tha do bhinn air a tabhairt a mach, cha'n fhaic thu gu sìorruidh neamh; uime sin mur creid thu dean thu fein deas air son an diabhuil agus a chuid ainglean, oir beatha cha'n fhead thu fhaicinn le do shuillean, chuir am maor an córd mu do mhuinneal, leis an dean e do chrochadh; chomhdaich maor a phrìosan a cheana d'aghaidh a chum's nach faiceadh tu a ghrian, no solus De gu bràth tuilleadh, agus tha thu ullamh gu básachadh gu sìorruidh suthainn. C'arson? Faiceamaid, tha e ag radh, cha'n ann do bhrìgh's gu'n do bhris thu an lagh; ach tha e ag radh (tha e fìor gu'm bi thu air do thilgeadh do dh'ifrinn air son do pheacanna) ach is e so an t-aobhar sònruichte air a shon, nach b'ail leat leigeil leis an t-soisgeil do chridhe athnuadhachadh. Tha mi a faicinn, do'm uile pheacanna gu'r e so

peacadh a's mò, tàir a dheanamh air an t-soisgeil, agus am mi-chreideamh so, nach d'thoir thu creideas do dh'fhirinn an t-soisgeil. Tha mi a' faicinn nach 'eil peacadh ann an aghaidh an lagha gu h-ìomlain, air fhoillseachadh 'o n' bheinn, agus 'am meadhon an teine uamhasaich, a tha gu bhi air a choimeas ri di-mheas no tàir air an t-soisgeil. C'ar-son? Ann am briseadh an lagh tha thu a' briseadh dà sholus, agus aon bhann; ach ann am briseadh an t-soisgeil, tha thu a' deanamh dochainn air trì soillsibh, agus air dà bhann. Ann am briseadh an lagh', tha thu a' deanamh dochainn air solus nádur agus air solus an lagha, ach cha'n'eil thu a' briseadh ach aon bhann eadar Dia agus thu fein, mar a's e do Chruith'ear; ach ann an solus an t-soisgeil, tha thu a' deanamh dochair air solus eile, an ni a's e solus feumail an t-soisgeil, air teachd o'n Athair; agus mar a ta thu a' briseadh an t-soluis a's mó, tha thu a' briseadh an ceangal a's mó, tha thu a' saltairt futdh chois fuil Iosa, tha thu a deanamh tàir air Spiorad na'n gràs, a a dheanadh do chridhe ath-nuadhachadh, agus cha'n àill leat gabhail ris. 'Se 'n soisgeil so cumhachd Dhia a chum peacach a philltinn, mar sin tha thusa nach creid, a cathachadh agus a' cuir ann an aghaidh an Spioraid Naoimh leis am b'àill do chridhe ath-nuadhachadh. Gu'n teagaisg an Tighearn mise cionnus, agus ciod an doigh gu labhairt ribh. Tha mi guidhe air Dia mise agus sibhse a ghleidheadh o'n ni eagalach sin; tha mi ro fhad ann an toiseachadh ri innseadh dhuibh, ach cha dàna leam dearmad a leigeil air gu h-ìomlain. Tna sibh air tachairt ann an lànachd na h-aimsir, anns nach eile e na dhìteadh an solus so a ghràdhachadh, agus gu'm bheil e na dhìteadh an dorchadas a ghràdhachadh; their mi ann an so an làthair mo Dhia, tha sibh air tachairt anns an aimsir so, mur dean an solus so bhur leigheas, agus bhur n-iompachadh, agus beo a chuir annaibh, smuainichibh air an ni a tha mi gu innseadh dhuibh, bheir cuir suarrach an t-soluis so air bhur damnadh a dhol o's cionn damnaidh na h-uile linn a bha romhaibh. Damnadh Cháin, 'an t-seann saoghail, Shodoim agus Ghomoraih, agus na'n Iudhach a cheus Criosd, damnadh na'n Turcaich agus na'n Barbarianaich, agus na'n Americanaich thruaillidh, cha bhi an damnadh-san gu leir ach mar neo ni ann an coimeas ri do dhamnadh-sa. Tha fios agam nach robh an comh-thional sin riamh ann, nach robh cuid ann a bha air an roimh-òrduchadh a chum ditidh, mar a dh'fheumas a bhi ann an so mar an ceudna; co iad, tha mi fàgail sin do'n Tighearn, ach, co-dhiubh tha'n solus air a ehuir suarach no nach 'eil. Ruitheadh gach aon a dh'ionnsuidh a chridhe fein, biodh bhur n-oibre maille ribh an dara cuid gu'r fircanachadh no gu bhur dìteadh; tha mi-chúram air tuiteam oirnne, codal trom basmhor (agus tha mi ag aideachadh do'n Tighearna gu'm bheil mo mhi-chúram-sa agus bhur mi-chúram-sa a' dol cuideachd mar-aon, agus tha so a nis air tuiteam oirnn uile) agur mur seid an Tighearn an eibhle a ris, agus mur cuir e a lamh fein ris, agus ar dúsgadh suas, cha'n fheud mi ladhairt air na h-uile ni air am bheil



dearbhadh agam a ta gu teachd; tho mi a' faicinn dorchadas eagalach, agus sgáil báis a' tarruing am fagus air gach anam, ciod a their sinn mu thimchioll na mallachd so a tha air a cuir an ceill.

Tha fios aig an Tighearn gu'n do chum mi suas na lamhan so agam ri Dia, nach fuilingeadh e do a rioghachd fein tuiteam sios ann ar measg-ne, agus gu'm biodh speis aige do ghlóir ainme fein.

'Nis, 'se'n dara ní a b'áill leam a radh, co iomadh agaibh a's a sguir de' chaithris an dara h-aon os-cionn an aon eile, dh'earailichinn, agus ghuidhinn oirbh, air sgath an Tighearn Iosa, gu'm fosgaileadh sibh bhur stùilean, agus gu'n deanadh sibh faire os-cionn a cheile.

'San ath aite, tha mi a' cuir an céill mallachd Dhia orra-san nach 'eil a' cleachdadh aoradh Dhia ann an tighibh 'sa mhaduinn agus air tràth-feasgair, agus nach 'eil beò do réir an t-soisgeil so, agus mar dhoine, agus mar mhnathan a tha 'gan aideachadh fein a bhi air an ceannach le fuil Iosa, a chum's nach d'thoir iad droch ainm air tigh Dhe. Ciod am fios a ta agam-sa, nach 'eil cuid agaibh a tabhairt aoidheachd do striopachas uaigneach ann 'ur tighibh; chaill cuid agaibh bhur n-úghdarras, cha'n 'eil sibh cosmhail ri daoine leis an dàna àithn a thabhairt do na pheacadh a dhol a mach as bhur tighean; am bi magadh air a dheanamh air seirbhis Dhe a nis leis na nithe so? Tha e doilbh ri thuigsinn nach tuit na dearbh bhreitheanasan follaiseach air an closaichibh, agus do bhrìgh's nach 'eil e ann an diomhanas gairm air Dia, biodh so na aon de' bhur n-ath-chuingibh, gu'm foillsicheadh Dia fear na gnìomh so, gu'n deanadh Dia aithnichte thu aon chuid ann an tròcair, ma's leis-san thu, no ann am breitheanas anns an t-saoghal so, gu'n deanadh an Tighearn aithnichte thu, a ris, sibhse a ta na'r nigheana oga, n'ur suidh fuidh staighreachaibh cuideachd, agus bhur comhradh diomhain r'a cheile an uair a chomhlaiheas sibh, bu chòir duibh a bhi seinn sailm maille ri cheile 'nuair a choinnicheas sibh, no a bhi labhairt mu fhocal a ghráis maille ri cheile; oir feudaidh e bhi gur e bhur coinneachadh is aobhar da so. Air falbh leibh-se a tha deanamh fearas-chuideachd do dh'aoradh Dhe. 'Siad so an dà nì a tha mi ag agradh oirbh; tha fios aig Dia gu'm bheil aobhar tuirigh 'n'ur measg. An e so am buidheachas a tha Dia aig iarraidh oirbh? Ciod an iomairt a bha oirbh leis a chainnt thruaillidh sinn an bhur measg-ne? Na nithe a tha Dia ag agairt oirne, gu cinnteach, tha mi a' smuaineachadh gu'm b'áill le Dia sinn a dh'ath-nuadhachadh ar n-aithreachais; air an aobhar sin feumaidh sibh tòiseachadh a ris, agus feumaidh mise tòiseachadh a ris, oir tha mi a faicinn air sheòl eile nach fheud fearg Dhe a bhi air a tionndaidh air falbh.

'Se'n ath nì a tha mi a guidhe oirbh, gun leigeadh sibh dhibh le'r cuthach, corruich, agus striopachas, le'm b'áill am baile, agus an t-aite so a thruaillleadh, dh'asluichinn oirbh gu'm biodh sibh beò na's stuama agus na's diadhaidh, agus gu'n ath-nuadhaicheadh

sibh aoradh Dhe 'sa mhaduinn agus mu fhuasgair ann bhur tighean, agus nach fuiling sibh do dh'olc sam bith a bhi ann bhur measg, oir bu choir do naomhachd a bhi sgriobhta air na dearbh nighean-agaibh a tha aig cuir a mach na luaithre, agus a' cuir 'ur tighean ann an uidheam. Cha chan mi na's mò aig an àm; ach tha mi a' guidhe air Dia gu an lesaich e bhur n-uile mhearachdan, agus gu'n leighis e bhur n-uile lochdan, air sgàth Iosa Criosd a Mhac fein; dha san, maille ris an Athair, agus ris an Spiorad Naomh, gu'n robh gach uile mholadh uaithe so' a mach agus gu siorruidh. Amen.

## Diary of the Rev. James Calder,

MINISTER OF CROY, INVERNESS-SHIRE. BORN, 1712; DIED, 1775.

*Edited from the Original MSS., with Illustrative Notes,*

BY THE LATE REV. WM. TAYLOR, M.A., STIRLING.

(Continued from page 222.)

"Monday, 31st.—. . . Visited the honourable family of Fo—s,\* lodged with them, met with great hospitality. This family has been justly famed for its attachment to our holy religion, and particularly to our mother church, from the Reformation till now. O, may it be so still from one generation to another! Amen.

"Tuesday, August 15th.—This day had the pleasure to have all my family about me: and a sweet, pleasant, faithful family they are through grace. Glory, glory be to God for His goodness to them and me. May I be humble and thankful, and oh! may they be honoured to glorify God more and more. As their days and ways and duties and office are, so let their strength be! Amen.

"September 6th.—This day the Lord gave me great comfort in having all my children with me. Conference and prayer with them. Blessed be the Lord for ever and ever! Amen.

Sabbath, October 15th.—Weak and faint and in all respects unprepared as I was, I went up to the house of God in a dependence on His wonted aids; and to the praise of His free grace and His great power, I felt no weakness of body nor straitness of spirit, but, on the contrary, much strength, light, liberty, and enlargement. Glory be to His name! Lord, forgive my shortcomings! Amen.

\* Foulis. The family of Munro, Baron of Foulis, in Ross-shire, was one in which personal religion appeared remarkably in successive generations during more than two centuries, and which exercised an important influence on the religious prosperity of the Northern Highlands. Doddridge, when preparing his well-known memoir of Colonel Gardiner, had his attention arrested by some of the facts, and has given an outline of them in an appendix to that work. It is said that most of the old papers of this family were burned some years ago in London. If so, the loss for the religious history of the Highlands is great and, we fear, irreparable.

*"Sabbath, 22nd.*—The Lord was very gracious to His poor unworthy servant to-day. Went to the house of God, poor, weak, and sickly. Felt no sickness or weariness all the time I was employed in public in the service of my glorious Master. Had uncommon liberty and enlargement in the last discourse. Blessed be the Lord! Amen. May the good Lord forgive wherein I have come short to-day! Amen.

*"Thursday, November 9th.*—Set out in great feebleness of body to a diet of examination at L—n; but my good and gracious Master strengthened me in soul, body, and spirit, and it was a sweet and happy day to me, and I hope to others. Blessed for ever be the Lord! Amen.

*"Monday, 13th.*—Preparing to set out in the Lord's strength for Rosskeen, to help my dear and worthy son. May the mighty God of Jacob help me, the poor worm Jacob! As my day and way, so let my strength be! Amen. The weather is forbidding to-day, but I trust the Lord will clear up the skies and make my way prosperous. As I go on a good errand, and desire to keep His way for ever, I trust He'll give His angels charge, and that the adorable Angel of the covenant will surround with His favour as with a shield. Lord, take care of my flock and family! Amen."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HAPPY CLOSE.

"The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." Such is the expressive note reverentially appended by a descendant to Mr. Calder's manuscript, which here ends. Having in the foregoing words commended himself, his flock and his family, to the keeping of "the adorable Angel of the covenant," he crossed the Moray and Cromarty firths, to fulfil his engagement at Rosskeen, the parish to which his eldest son John had just been removed. He then set out homewards, by a more circuitous route, through Ferintosh, the parish of his youngest son Charles, and in his house was taken ill and breathed his last. His three sons were all gathered round his dying bed. From a letter of the second son Hugh, written in the beginning of the following year to a friend in London, we extract an account of the closing scene:—

"URQUHART MANSE, 1776.

"MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—Very soon after my brother's settlement at Rosskeen, the health of the dearest, the loveliest, the most affectionate and best of parents, and best of men, began to give way; yet he was not kept from preaching and attending to the duties of his sacred office much above a fortnight. It was a disorder in his stomach with which he was afflicted, to which he was subject many years before, but at last came to so great a height that it was attended with violent vomitings and

retchings every other half-hour, so that nothing lay upon his stomach. We had the advice and attendance of the best physicians in the country; but his distemper had passed the power of medicine, though our fond wishes had made us hope far otherwise. We still entertained flattering hopes of his recovery; though he seemed to have none himself, but was looking forward with sweet composure of mind, and sometimes with transports of joy, to the solemn concluding scene, which was much nearer than we believed it. I think it was on the 11th of December he took his bed, from which he rose no more. Those eyes that were wont to meet us sparkling with joy are now shut in darkness; silent is that tongue that tenderly soothed all our sorrows, and sweetly counselled us in all our doubts.

"During the whole time of his distressful illness he discovered most remarkable patience, and still manifested the sweetest resignation to the Divine will, and sometimes talked in such rapturous strains of heaven, that he seemed liker an inhabitant of the other world than of this. The love of Christ was ever warm in his heart; it was his sweetest song in the house of his pilgrimage, his most delightful theme in his last illness, and his reviving cordial in his dying moments. With what sublime elevation of spirit did he anticipate the joys of immortality when his heart and his flesh were fainting and failing; talking to those around him of the happy company above as if he had already joined the celestial throng, and had seen and heard, as he expressed himself, the heavenly harpers harping on their harps, and modulating the name of Jesus on ten thousand harps at once. This was but what might have been well expected from the life he led; though it is not always the privilege of the most eminent saints to die so triumphantly. For the last twelve hours he had remarkable ease and rest, and early on the Sabbath morning he shut his eyes in peace, and finished his well-spent life with the sweetest composure, without the least appearance of pain. At the dawning of that blessed day which he was ever wont to welcome with heart-felt joy, he began to celebrate the everlasting Sabbath above, welcomed to the seats of bliss with a 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' He joined sweetly, a little before he expired, in singing the 138th Psalm; and the last words he was heard to utter were, 'He's coming, He's coming;' and when one asked, 'Who is coming?' he answered—'Precious Christ.'

"I am sure you and all my other friends in London will tenderly sympathise with his distressed children under the pressure of their unspeakable loss; for sure I am, a more dutiful and affectionate parent never lived. His strong affection to us appeared almost to the last moment, and when he had not the power of speech he would kiss our hands; and during all the time of his great distress he seemed to be more uneasy about us than for himself, and when he saw us overcome at any time, he would say

to us, 'What is the meaning of that? you hurt me and you hurt yourselves; my distress will be over in a moment; I think nothing of it,' says he. 'When I think of the bloody agony and distress of my blessed Jesus, should I complain?' We have been most whole nights up without his knowing of it, giving directions behind the curtains; for it would make him so uneasy to see us watching him. . . . He expressed great satisfaction in having us all about him; and it was no little satisfaction to us to hear him say, with praise to God, that he had nothing to make him uneasy. He always spoke to us in the most loving, affectionate expressions that could well be uttered—we were unhappy to be one moment out of his room, or to lose one word that dropped from his lips.

"I have not leisure nor room to mention many of the sublime and wonderful words he spoke, which would take many sheets; and I much regretted that they could not be taken down when spoken. I never heard such expressions of humility from anybody. 'Oh,' says he, 'they spoke much of what I did, but I did nothing. I might have done a thousand things I never did, yea ten thousand; but His love, His benignity have come over all my sins and imperfections; and He is my reconciled God, and He has made with me an everlasting covenant that shall never be broken. Heaven and earth, time and eternity, praise Him! O if I were now in the pulpit, I could say more glorious things of the blessed Redeemer than ever; for I never had such exalted or sublime views of His glory and of the wonderful plan of redemption—not at the sweetest sacrament I ever attended.' As a remarkable instance of his great humility and his great obligations to redeeming love, so that he thought he could not do enough, he said, 'If the parish of Croy were not remarkably mild and good, they would not have put up with such a poor wretched creature as me,' though he toiled and laboured continually among them. May Heaven teach us to make a proper improvement of this very afflicting dispensation of Providence, by following the pleasant, peaceful paths of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises and resting from their labours, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever!"

(To be continued.)

## Notes and Comments.

**American and Scottish Preaching.**—The *Glasgow Evening News*, of 12th November, contained an article on Scottish preaching and its popularity in America, with allusion to Dr. Kelman's translation there. Personally, we regard Dr. Kelman as no acquisition to America from any sound or evangelical standpoint—his is a gospel of salvation by works, more injurious than beneficial to the Americans, and so any commendation of it has no favour from us. But the writer of said article does say

some very true things which are worthy of quotation, the best being embodied in the following concluding sentences:—

"No man on earth can achieve great sermons if he has to spend his best hours chasing around the parish on fiddling errands. On the other hand, if the ministers themselves profoundly craved the mantles of the prophets, they would be quit forever of petty thoughts about the wonder expected to greet their literary talents, and their oratorical genius, and would be craving nothing but to be flames of fire burning up the selfishness of men. A fixed ambition, not to shine in preaching, but to illuminate by preaching—not to tickle ears, but to move hands and feet—would regenerate American sermon-making in many ways. It would require, in place of rambling allusion and poetical vaporising, the straight grapple with real sins and real perplexities of real people. It would demand in every sermon a purpose, and out of every sermon a result. It would definitise pulpit work to an undertaking instead of an exhibition of supposed art.

"Yet there would remain to be supplied one other essential, lacking to-day singularly in Scotch preaching as well as American, without which no pulpit can ever be a throne of might. Most people to-day call it passion. The fathers called it unction. At Pentecost the apostles called it the power of the Spirit. They got it by praying for it. And the ministry to-day sorely needs to be reminded that the gospel is one food that is of sadly little use, if served cold."

**Dancing and Church Attendance.**—Surely devices to draw the young to a place of worship have reached the limit of degradation, when dances have come to be one of them. There is a vicar of the Church of England, Bouchier to name, at Hampstead, London, who holds dances in connection with his so-called Church, in order to influence the young to attend the services. He had recently a dance, where 300 were present. What spiritual benefit could possibly be received through such a man? We consider his scheme a Satanic trap. May the Lord deliver young and old from such delusive folly in connection with the name of religion!

## Church Notes.

**Communion.**—Inverness, fourth Sabbath of January; Dingwall, first Sabbath of February.

**Arrival of Mr. M. Gillies, Winnipeg.**—We have pleasure in stating that Mr. Malcolm Gillies, who has conducted acceptably our services at Winnipeg for some years, along with Mrs. Gillies and child, arrived safely in Glasgow on the 9th November. He expects to proceed with his theological studies under the Rev. D. Beaton, Wick.

**Theological Classes.**—Rev. D. Beaton, Wick, theological



tutor, intends (D.V.) to start his classes in New Testament Exegesis and Church History on Thursday, the 4th December.

**Notice to Treasurers re General Building Fund.**—Treasurers of Congregations are requested to inform the General Treasurer, Mr. A. MacGillivray, Woodbine Cottage, Glenurquhart Road, Inverness, as to the amount of debt upon their respective Congregations on account of churches or manse. This should be done without delay.

## Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

**Sustentation Fund.**—John Ross, Loans of Rarichie, Fearn, 10/; Misses B. and B. Fraser, St. Giles, Kingussie, £5; "For the Church," £1; J. M. B. R., £4; Alex. Fraser, Detroit, U.S.A., £2; Mrs. Fraser, Borlum, Scaniport, Inverness, £1; Miss Effie Mackay, Scaniport, 4/; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—Miss Wilson, Larkhall, 10/.

**Jewish and Foreign Missions Fund.**—D. Clark, Pittsburg, U.S.A. (for Training Kafir Girl at Lovedale), £6; Per Rev. N. Cameron—"Friend," Manchester (for Kafir Psalms), £5, and Mr. Knarston, Bank Agent, Haddington (for Kafir Bibles), £1; Per Rev. E. MacQueen—George MacDonald, Viewhill, Kirkhill, 3/.

**College Fund.**—Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—Miss Wilson, Larkhall, 5/.

**Organisation Fund.**—Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—Mrs. Cameron, Fort-William, 10/.

Mr. D. A. Stewart, 85 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh, Treasurer of Building Fund, acknowledges, with many thanks, the following donations to the Building Fund of the Edinburgh F.P. Congregation:—Per Mr. Jas. Mackay—"A Friend," Easter Ross, 20/; "Free Presbyterian," Skye, 10/; Per Miss Munro—Misses Macaskill, Glasgow, 40/, Miss Mackintosh, Glasgow, 5/; Per Miss Gillies—subscriptions from Lochcarron—Miss K., 40/, Mrs. P., 20/, Mr. Wm. C., 10/, Miss M. M'K., 10/, Mr. K. M'R., 7/, Mr. D. K., 3/6, Miss M. M'K., 3/6, Mrs. H. M'K., 3/, Mrs. D. M'K., 2/, and Miss R. M'L., 3/; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—Mrs. Sutherland, Edinburgh, 10/.

Rev. N. Cameron desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks:—For St. Jude's Sustentation Fund—"A Friend," Lochcarron, £2; E. Macdonald, £1; and "Anon," 5/ (contribution for October).

The Rev. Donald MacFarlane, Dingwall, acknowledges, with thanks, for the General Sustentation Fund of the Free Presbyterian Church, the sum of £1 is. from Mr. Jonathan M'Rae, Island of Soay, by Oban, and 5/ from Miss Mary Macdermaid—both amounts sent to General Treasurer at Inverness.

The Treasurer of the Dingwall Congregation (Mr. M. Urquhart, Craigview) acknowledges, with thanks, 5/ from Miss Maclean, Morile, Tomatin, for the Manse Building Fund.

## The Magazine.

**Notice to Subscribers.**—Price of Magazine for year is 3/; postage extra of 1 copy, 1/; 2 copies, 1/6; 3 copies, 2/; postage extra of 1 copy to countries abroad, 6d.; 2 copies, 1/, etc. Total annual price of 1 copy at home, 4/; abroad, 3/6. *Free Distribution Funds.*—We shall be much obliged to subscribers for a continuance of donations to these Funds, as they are at

present practically exhausted. We still send 220 copies per month to the Mine-Sweepers, and the same number, with the addition of remainders of back copies, to Mr. R. E. Brider, Bristol, who has for many years carried on a Gospel Book Mission to Army and Navy. We also send out a number of copies under the General Free Distribution Fund. Our outlay, at cost price, is £5 or so per month. At the end of April last, we were about £15 behind.

**Subscriptions Received for Magazine.**—J. Sinclair, Ardree, Loch-inver, 4/; Mrs. MacPherson, Badachro House, Gairloch, 4/; D. Murray, Muie, Rogart, 4/6; D. M. Maclean, Greenock, 24/9; H. Grant, Woodford Leigh, Clarence River, N. S. Wales, 10/; Per above—Miss J. Macdonald, Kelvin Grove, Lower Southgate, 10/; Miss C. Matheson, Bonar, 29/6; Per above—Mrs. Grant, Deanery, Dornoch, 4/6; Miss G. Mackay, Edinburgh, 5/; Mrs. J. Maciver, 1 Lochganvich, Stornoway, 3/; K. Maclean & Son, Poolewe, 8/3; H. B. Pitt, Trowbridge, 4/; Miss Maclean, bookseller, Dingwall, 28/10; D. Fraser, Muirnich, Gorthleck, 9/7; J. MacCuish, Schoolhouse, Shieldaig, 4/; M. Mackay, Strathy Point, 24/9; M. Macaskill, merchant, Glendale, £6 16/6; M. Beaton, Waternish, 3/6; P. Cameron, Chapelon, Boat of Garten, 4/; Per above—A. MacPherson, 4/; Miss Matheson, Kinloch Lodge, Shieldaig, 29/5 (several copies); J. Macleod, Lairg, 13/9; Mrs. W. Black, Melness House, Talmine, by Lairg, 4/; P. Macdonald, Newton, Ont., 24/; Miss Mackenzie, 29 Straths, Gairloch, 2/; Miss Mackenzie, Burnside, Camustiel, Applecross, 4/6; Mrs. Macpherson, Glebe Street, Inverness, 1/6; Miss Morrison, Kilkenny House, Bath, 2/; D. Ross, Tain, 13/6; A. Macleod, Achnahaird, Coigach, 5/; Miss Bell, Rogart, 2/; A. Morrison, Lochslin, Fearn, 5/; A. Macleod, 59 N. Toista, 4/; A. Bruce, Wick, 26/8; Mrs. Porteous, Vatten House, Skye, 46/6; Miss B. A. Macleod, Kishorn, 5/; A. Morrison, Lingerbay, Obbe, 4/; M. B. Macneill, bookseller, Oban, 48/1½; J. Macgregor, Rhidarroch, Ullapool, 4/6; M. Macleod, Glenhinnisdale, Skye, 18/; P. Anderson, Edinburgh, 26/6; A. Mackenzie, Drumchork, Aultbea, 10/; J. Adamson, Helmsdale, 5/; A. Maclean, Clashmore, Clashnessie, 4/; Miss Carmichael, Lonbain, by Strathcarron, 5/6; J. Maciver, Berwick-on-Tweed, 4/; Mrs. Macaskill, Fernlae, Carbost, Skye, 28/6; M. Turner, Dumbarton, 15/; Mrs. Macleod, Alness, 9/; W. Mackay, Syre Holdings, Kinbrace, 5/; Miss E. Mackay, Halkirk, 17/8; Miss K. Nicolson, Upper Breakish, Broadford, 2/; Per above—Mrs. T. Mackay, New Zealand, 3/; Miss K. Mackenzie, Lochrosque Castle, 4/; Per above—Miss A. Mackintosh, 4/; J. Mackenzie, 16 Port Henderson, Gairloch, 40/6; R. Macswen, Roag, Harlosh, Skye, 4/; Miss Yeudall, Kingsmills Road P.O., Inverness, 13/9; L. Mackinnon, 24 Elgoll, Skye, 5/; J. MacBeath, postman, Lonbain, by Strathcarron, 4/; Miss Cormack, bookseller, Thurso, 17/8; Per H. Morrison—J. Morrison, Rhuevout, Kinlochbervie, 4/; Miss Bain, E. Craibstone Street, Aberdeen, 4/; A. MacIennan, for St. Jude's Collectors, £3 odds.

**Free Distribution to Soldiers and Sailors.**—Per Rev. Neil Cameron—J. M., Glasgow, 2/6; "Anon," 4/, and 4/ for General Free Distribution; D. Fraser, Muirnich, 4/5; B. M., Glasgow, 5/; Mrs. W. Black, Melness House, by Lairg, 10/, and 6/ for General Free Distribution; F. P. A., Skye, 5/; Mrs. Taylor, Halkirk, 5/; Miss G. Sinclair, Halkirk, 6/; M. Macleod, Glenhinnisdale, 2/; J. M'iver, Berwick-on-Tweed, 6/; M. Turner, Dumbarton, 5/; Nurse Fraser, Woodlands Road, Glasgow, 10/; Miss K. Mackenzie, Lochrosque, 12/; Per A. MacGillivray, Inverness—Miss C. Kennedy, Lochcarron, 10/; "Anon," £1; Miss Macinnes, Chilwell, Notts, £1; Miss U. Maclean, Tomatin, 5/; J. Mackenzie, 16 Port Henderson, 2/6; D. Young, Hyndland, Glasgow, 10/; J. Macbeath, Lonbain, by Strathcarron, 6/; D. Matheson, Achiltibuie, 5/; Per A. MacGillivray, Inverness—Miss B. Mackenzie, Edinburgh, 10/; A. G., Dennistoun, 7/ (omitted from last issue).

*(Several Subscriptions, etc., are held over till next month.)*