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The Condition of Ireland.

AS far as may be gathered from the Press, the condition of things in Ireland is not improving. Every week has its own tale of deeds of violence, and some of these on a more extensive scale than before. The recent execution of six Sinn Feiners in Dublin by the authorities has no doubt aroused the rebels to greater activity. The Prime Minister and others assured us not long since that the Government had things well in hand in Ireland, but there is not much evidence, as far as can be observed, to justify this statement. Some incidents suggest a positive slackness in the management of affairs. Serious-thinking people may truly be anxious as to the future, lest the fire that is burning may spread to other parts of the kingdom, and bring great disorder and trouble.

The principal resort of God's people in times of great perplexity and trial has been, and still is, prayer. The Lord Jesus said, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." He re-enforces in His general teaching the truth that runs through the Old Testament, that "the Lord reigneth" in all spheres, that our times and all things else are in His hands, that nothing in heaven or in earth can happen without Him, and that the right spiritual exercise, in addition to the use of other lawful means, is humble, constant, believing supplication to God for His gracious and almighty help in all cases and emergencies. And such is the prayer that is needed for the condition of things in Ireland and elsewhere at the present time. Would to God that He would send forth "the spirit of grace and supplication" into many hearts, for nothing will ascend to His throne but what first descends!

Humility is one of the fundamental features of true godliness at all times, and there is a special call for the exercise of this gracious disposition at present. "Humble yourselves under the mighty

hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." There is no doubt that the Irish trouble is a rod upon us for our national sins, though they are not such as the Sinn Feiners allege. We have been nursing and supporting Popery for many generations in Ireland, and now the viper has come almost to its full strength, and we have been casting aside the pure gospel of salvation, simple New Testament worship, and the authority of God's commandments in England and Scotland, and we are now reaping widespread carelessness about all religion and abounding immorality. The Great War has taught the majority of people nothing to profit. If ever, therefore, there was a time for humble supplication it is the present.

We have all need to examine ourselves as to our personal and individual sins, and to confess them with shame and sorrow before God. Unless such exercises accompany what is called prayer, it is only prayer in name. And, further, if prayer is truly humble, we must present our petitions, not pleading our own merit or righteousness, but the worthiness and merit of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have got an inflated idea in our time of human virtue and goodness—of what man can do—and of our national attainments in everything excellent. Until this spirit is broken down, and we get a sight and sense of our innumerable shortcomings and transgressions, we shall never draw near to God in the right spirit, or value Christ, as we ought, as Saviour and King. We need not present our petitions before Almighty God with the hope of an answer on the ground of our courage and prowess in the recent War and such-like things, but solely on the ground of the meritorious righteousness of Him who is King of Zion and King of nations. This is the only sufficient basis of acceptance at "the throne of grace"—the only ground upon which God will give us an answer in peace. Vain are all the Pharisaic utterances, "We thank Thee," for our own good works. Down we must come to the place of the penitent publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," or else all will go to ruin in our national, ecclesiastical, family, and individual life.

Where there is genuine humility, there is also faith. There is a believing reception of all that God declares, both as to His gracious as well as His holy character in Jesus Christ. Believing prayer, therefore, makes use of all the invitations and promises that He gives to those who seek His face through "the new and living way." He has given signal proofs in the past that He is a God who can deliver us out of the greatest difficulties when all hope of escape seems to be gone, and that He often appears for His people's help at "the fourth watch of the night," when they are ready to fold their hands in despair. Thus, there is great encouragement to plead His mercies that are past and His promises that are always present in the Word of Truth in regard to such a crisis as now faces us as a nation.

Let us also seek grace to add persevering importunity to faith.

It was the way with others that opposition to their cries and delay of answer stirred them up to greater earnestness and more intense entreaty. We need to be stirred out of sloth and carnal ease, and the Lord has this wise discipline on hand when He often delays to answer His people's requests. May He, in his infinite mercy, visit our country with a day of the Spirit's awakening and quickening power, when we shall be brought back in repentance to the acceptance of God's truth, and experience deliverance, not only from the woes and terrors of Ireland, but from many other evils that afflict us!

A Sermon.

By the REV. THOMAS ADAMS, One of the Puritan Divines.

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"He hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour."—EPHES. v. 2.  
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(Continued from page 329.)

WHOM? Himself.—This is the third circumstance; the gift, Himself.

Not an angel; for an angel cannot sufficiently mediate between an immortal nature offended and a mortal nature corrupted. The glorious angels are blessed, but finite and limited, and therefore unable for this expiation. They cannot be so sensibly "touched with the feeling of our infirmities" (Heb. iv. 15), as He that was, in our own nature, in all points tempted like as we are, sin only excepted.

Not saints, for they have no more oil than will serve their own lamps; they have enough for themselves, not of themselves, all of Christ, but none to spare. Fools cry, Give us of your oil; they answer, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves" (Matthew xxv. 9). They could not propitiate for sin, that were themselves guilty of sin, and by nature liable to condemnation. Wretched idolaters, that thrust this honour on them against their wills; how would they abhor such sacrilegious glory!

Not the riches of this world; "We were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold" (1 Peter i. 18). Were the riches of the old world brought together to the riches of the new world; were all the mineral veins of the earth emptied of their purest metals, this pay would not be current with God. It will cost more to redeem souls. "They that trust in their wealth, and boast in the multitude of their riches, yet cannot by any means redeem their brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Psalm xlix. 6, 7). The servant cannot redeem the Lord. God made a man master of these things; he is then more precious than his slaves.

"Not the blood of bulls or goats" (Heb. ix.). Alas! those legal sacrifices were but dumb shows of this tragedy, the mere figures of this oblation, mystically presenting to their faith that "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." This Lamb was prefigured in the sacrifices of the law, and now presented in the sacraments of the Gospel, slain indeed from the beginning of the world, who had power to profit us before He had a human being Himself. None of these would serve.

Whom gave He then? Himself, who was both God and man; that so participating of both natures, our mortality and God's immortality, He might be a perfect mediator (Aug. Confes. lib. x. cap. 43). "He came between mortal men and immortal God, mortal with men, and just with God." As man He suffered; as God He satisfied; as God and man He saved. He gave Himself, wholly and only.

1. All Himself, His whole person, soul and body, godhead and manhood. Though the Deity could not suffer, yet in regard of the personal union of these two natures in one Christ, His very passion is attributed in some sort to the Godhead. So Acts xx. 28, it is called the "blood of God;" and 1 Cor. ii. 8, "The Lord of glory" is said to "be crucified." The school's distinction here makes all plain. He gave all Christ, though not all of Christ; as God alone, He would not, as man alone, He could not, make this satisfaction for us. The Deity is impassible; yet was it impossible, without this Deity, for the great work of our salvation to be wrought. If any ask, how the manhood could suffer without violence to the Godhead, being united in one person, let him understand it by a familiar comparison. The sunbeams shine on a tree, the axe cuts down this tree, yet can it not hurt the beams of the sun. So the Godhead still remains unharmed, though the axe of death did for a while fell down the manhood. His body suffered both sorrow and the sword; His soul sorrow, not the sword (literally); His deity neither sorrow nor the sword. The Godhead was in the person pained, yet not in the pain.

2. Himself only, and that without a Partner and without a Comforter.

1. Without a partner that might share either His glory or our thanks, of both which He is justly jealous (Ambrose). The suffering of Christ needs no help. Upon good cause, therefore, we abhor that doctrine of the papists, that our offences are expiated by the passions of the saints. No, not the blessed Virgin hath performed any part of our justification, paid any farthing of our debts. But thus sings the choir of Rome: "Holy Virgin, Dorothea, enrich us with thy virtue, create in us new hearts!" Wherein there is pretty rhyme, pretty reason, but great blasphemy; as if the Virgin Dorothea were able to create a new heart within us. No, "but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). His blood, and His only. O blessed Saviour, every drop of Thy blood is able to redeem a believing world.

What, then, need we the help of men? How is Christ a perfect Saviour if any act of our redemption be left to the performance of saint or angel? No, our souls must die, if the blood of Jesus cannot save them. And whatsoever witty error may dispute for the merits of saints, the distressed conscience cries, "Christ, and none but Christ." They may sit at tables and discourse, enter the schools and argue, get up into the pulpits and preach that the works of good men is the Church's treasure, given by indulgence, and can give indulgence, and that they will do the soul good. But lie we upon our deathbeds, panting for breath, driven to the push, tossed with tumultuous waves of afflictions, anguished with sorrow of spirit, then we sing another song—Christ, and Christ alone—Jesus, and only Jesus; mercy, mercy, pardon, comfort, for our Saviour's sake! "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

2. Without a Comforter. He was so far from having a sharer in His passion, that He had none in compassion, that (at least) might anyways ease His sorrows. It is but a poor comfort of calamity, pity; yet even that was wanting. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" (Lam. i. 12). Is it so sore a sorrow to Christ, and is it nothing to you? a matter not worth your regard, your pity? Man naturally desires and expects, if he cannot be delivered, ease; yet to be pitied. "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me" (Job xix. 21). Christ might make that request of Job, but in vain; there was none to comfort Him, none to pity Him. It is yet a little mixture of refreshing if others be touched with a sense of our misery; that in their hearts they wish us well, and would give us ease if they could; but Christ hath in His sorest pangs not so much as a comforter. The martyrs have fought valiantly under the banner of Christ, because He was with them to comfort them. But when Himself suffers, no relief is permitted. The most grievous torments find some mitigation in the supply of friends and comforters. Christ after His monomachy or single combat with the devil in the desert, had angels to attend Him. In His agony in the garden, an angel was sent to comfort Him. But when He came to the main act of our redemption, not an angel must be seen. None of those glorious spirits may look through the windows of heaven, to give Him any ease. And if they would have relieved Him, they could not. Who can lift up where the Lord will cast down? What chirurgeon can heal the bones which the Lord hath broken? But His mother, and other friends, stand by, seeing, sighing, weeping. Alas! what do those tears but increase His sorrow? Might He not justly say with Paul, "What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart?" (Acts xxi. 13). Of whom then shall He expect comfort? Of His apostles? Alas! they betake them to their heels. Fear of their own danger drowns their compassion of His misery. He might

say with Job, "Miserable comforters are ye all." Of whom, then? The Jews are His enemies, and vie in unmercifulness with devils. There is no other refuge but His Father. No, even His Father is angry; and He who once said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matthew iii. 17), is now incensed. He hides His face from Him, and lays His hand heavy upon Him, and buffets Him with anguish. Thus alone He suffers. He gave Himself, and only Himself, for our redemption.

TO WHOM? To God; and that is the fourth circumstance. To whom should He offer this sacrifice of expiation but to Him that was offended? And that is God. "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight" (Psalm li. 4). "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight" (Luke xv. 21). All sins are committed against Him: His justice is displeased, and must be satisfied. To God; for God is angry: with what, and whom? with sin and us, and us for sin. In His just anger He must smite; but whom? In Christ was no sin. Now shall God do like Annas or Ananias? "If I have spoken evil," saith Christ, "bear witness of the evil, but if well, why smitest thou me?" (John xviii. 23). So Paul to Ananias, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" (Acts xxiii. 3). So Abraham pleads to God, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. xviii. 25). Especially right to His Son, and to that Son which glorified Him on earth, and whom He hath now glorified in heaven? We must fetch the answer from Daniel's prophecy, "The Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself" (Daniel ix. 26). Not for Himself? For whom, then? For solution hereof we must step to the fifth point, and there we shall find:

FOR WHOM? For us. He took upon Him our person, He became surety for us; and lo! now the course of justice may proceed against Him! He that will become a surety, and take on him the debt, must be content to pay it. Hence that innocent lamb must be made a sacrifice; "and he that knew no sin in himself, must be made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21). Seven times in three verses doth the prophet Isaiah inculcate this: *We, ours, us* (Isaiah liii. 4, 5, 6). We were all sick, grievously sick; every sin was a mortal disease. "He healeth our infirmities," saith the prophet; He was our physician, a great physician. The whole world was sick to death, and therefore needed a powerful physician. So was He; and took a strange course for our cure, which was not by giving us physic, but by taking our physic for us. Other patients drink the prescribed potion; but our Physician drank the potion Himself, and so recovered us.

FOR US.—Ambrose said (De Fid. ad Grat. lib. ii. cap. 3), "He suffered for me, that had no cause to suffer for himself." "O Lord Jesus, thou sufferest not thine own, but my wounds." So monstrous

were our sins, that the hand of the everlasting justice was ready to strike us with a fatal and final blow. Christ in His own person steps between the stroke and us, and bore that a while that would have sunk us for ever. (Aug. de doct. Christ. lib. i. cap. 14), "We abused the immortality we had, to our death; Christ used the mortality he had, to our life." He loved us; and such as us, that were His utter enemies. Here then was love without limitation, beyond imitation. Unspeakable mercy, says Bernard, that the King of eternal glory should yield Himself to be crucified (Ser. de quadruplici debito), for so poor a wretch, yea, a worm; and that not a loving worm, not a living worm; for we both hated Him and His, and were dead in sins and trespasses.

Yea, for all us, indefinitely; none excepted that will apprehend it faithfully. The mixture of Moses' perfume is thus sweetly allegorized. God commands him to put in so much frankincense as galbanum, and so much galbanum as frankincense (Exod. xxx. 34). Christ's sacrifice was so sweetly tempered: as much blood was shed for the peasant in the field as for the prince in the court. The offer of salvation is general: "whosoever among you feareth God, and worketh righteousness, to him is the word of this salvation sent." As there is no exemption of the greatest from misery, so no exemption of the least from mercy. He that will not believe and amend shall be condemned, be he never so rich; he that doth, be he never so poor, shall be saved.

This one point of the crucifix, "*for us*," requires more punctual meditation. Whatsoever we leave unsaid, we must not huddle up this. For indeed this brings the text home to us, even into our consciences, and speaks effectually to us all: to me that speak, and to you that hear, with that prophet's application, "*Thou art the man*." We are they for whose cause our blessed Saviour was crucified. For us, He endured those grievous pangs; for us, that we might never taste them. Therefore say we with that father (Aug. de sancta virg. cap. 55): "Let Him be fixed wholly in our hearts, who was wholly for us fastened to the cross."

We shall consider the uses we are to make of this by the ends for which Christ performed this. It serves to save, move, and mortify us.

1. To save us. This was His purpose and performance: all He did, all He suffered, was to redeem us. "By his stripes we are healed" (Isa. liii. 5). By His sweat we refreshed; by His sorrows we rejoiced; by His death we saved. For even that day, which was to Him the heaviest day that ever man bore, was to us "the accepted time, the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). The day was evil in respect of our sins and His sufferings; but eventually, in regard of what He paid and what He purchased, a good day, the best day, a day of joy and jubilation.

But if this salvation be wrought for us, it must be applied to us, yea, to every one of us. For that some receive more profit

by His passion than others, is not His fault that did undergo it, but theirs that do not undertake it; to apply it to their own consciences. We must not only believe this text in gross; but let every one take a handful out of this sheaf, and put it into His own bosom. So turning this "*for us*" into "*for me*." As Paul, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). Blessed faith, that into the plural, *us*, puts in the singular soul, *me*. "He gave Himself for me." Every one is a rebel, guilty and convicted by the supreme law; death waits to arrest us, and damnation to receive us. What should we do but pray, beseech, cry, weep, till we can get our pardon sealed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and every one find a sure testimony in his own soul that Christ gave Himself for me.

2. This should move us. Was all this done for us, and shall we not be stirred? "Have ye no regard? Is it nothing to you that I suffer such sorrow as was never suffered?" (Lam. i. 12). All His agony, His cries, and tears, and groans, and pangs, were for us; shall He thus grieve for us, and shall we not grieve for ourselves? For ourselves, I say; not so much for Him. Let His passion move us to compassion, not of His sufferings (alas! our pity can do Him no good), but of our sins which caused them. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children" (Luke xxiii. 28). For ourselves; not for His pains that are past, but for our own that should have been, and (except our faith sets Him in our stead) shall be. Shall He weep to us, for us, and shall we not mourn? Shall He drink so deeply to us in this cup of sorrow, and shall we not pledge Him? Doth the wrath of God make the Son of God shriek out, and shall not the servants for whom He suffered tremble? (Hieron. in Math.). Every creature seems to suffer with Christ; sun, earth, rocks, sepulchres. Only man suffers nothing, for whom Christ suffered all. Doth His passion tear the veil, rend the stones, cleave the rocks, shake the earth, open the graves; and are our hearts more hard than those insensible creatures that they cannot be penetrated? Doth heaven and earth, sun and elements, suffer with Him, and is it nothing to us? We, wretched men that we are, that were the principals in this murder of Christ: whereas Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate, soldiers, Jews, were all but accessories and instrumental causes. We may seek to shift it from ourselves, and drive this heinous fact upon the Jews; but the executioner doth not properly kill the man. Sin, our sins, were the murderers. Of us He suffered, and for us He suffered: unite these in your thoughts, and tell me if His passion hath not cause to move us.

And yet so obdurate are our hearts that we cannot endure one hour's discourse of this great business. Christ was many hours in dying for us; we cannot sit one hour to hear of it. O that we should find fault with heat or cold in hearkening to these heavenly mysteries, when He endured for us such a heat, such a sweat,

such agony, that through His flesh and skin He sweat drops of blood. Doth He weep tears of gore-blood for us, and cannot we weep tears of water for ourselves? Alas! how would we die for Him, as He died for us, when we are weary of hearing what He did for us?

3. This should mortify us. Christ delivered Himself to death for our sins, that He might deliver us from death and our sins. He came not only to destroy the devil, but to "destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8). Neither doth He take only from sin (Rom. viii. 1) the power to condemn us, but also (Rom. vi. 6, 12) the power to rule and reign in us. So that Christ's death, as it answers the justice of God for our misdeeds, so it must kill in us the will of misdoing. Christ in all parts suffered, that we in all parts might be mortified. His sufferings were so abundant that men cannot know their number, nor angels their nature, neither men nor angels their measure. His passion found an end, our thoughts cannot. He suffered at all times, in all places, in all senses, in all members, in body and soul also—all for us.

(To be continued.)

The late John Macdonald, Elder,

ST. JUDE'S, GLASGOW.

ONE of the old divines remarked that there was one thing upon which the Church on earth and the Church Triumphant never agreed, viz. :—When a sinner saved by grace was ready for joining the Church in glory he would not be left one day longer in the Church on earth. To this the Church on earth did never agree; but, that at the great day of judgment the agreement and concord would be perfect as regards that point. This is true at all times, but when the faithful are few among the children of men, it is felt to be doubly painful when one of the Lord's true remembrancers is taken away, and, more especially, when this takes place at the beginning of a promising life of usefulness in connection with the cause of Christ in the world. The subject of this short obituary was removed to his everlasting rest at the time when we looked for his having many years before him of usefulness in St. Jude's congregation. But our thoughts are not the Lord's thoughts. We bow submissively to His holy will, at the same time, that the removal of this young man, and of another young man also, was to us like cutting off a right hand or foot. It was the Lord that gave, and He has taken away, and our duty is to be still and know that He is God.

John Macdonald was born at Illeray, North Uist, the 7th day of June, 1887. His father, Ronald Macdonald, was a God-fearing man. John had the privilege of having the example and instructions of his parents till he was sixteen years of age, when

he left home for Glasgow. It is too often true that the sons and daughters of pious parents, brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord at their early homes in the Highlands, cast off all the salutary restraints of their early training, and abandon themselves to all the pleasures of sin in this large city. We have no cause to conclude that the above was true of John Macdonald, although it was true that he was without God and without hope in the world when he came south. When he came to Glasgow he did not attend our Church, as he was an adherent then of the U.F. Church, so that the writer had no knowledge of him at that time.

The first time the writer met him was in the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. He was at that time after undergoing an operation on one of his legs. When a boy at home, he received a severe stroke from a shinty-club, which caused a decay in the shank bone. He was so often unable to attend to his work that his employers sent him into the Infirmary to have the decay in the bone of his leg removed. He told us, when we inquired about the nature of the operation and its cause, that the cause was his own folly, and that the Lord was just in all His contendings with him. He spoke so wisely and seriously that the writer concluded that he was a pious young man. The next time the writer saw him he endeavoured to find out what was his experimental knowledge of law and gospel. Although he was very well instructed as to the literal knowledge of both, yet he confessed his ignorance of the Word in its saving power. His implicit honesty in the answers he gave impressed the writer as being a forerunner of what would follow. When he left the Infirmary he began to attend St. Jude's. The attention with which he listened, as if afraid to lose one word, was very encouraging to all who observed him. Whoever would be absent, John was always present, both at Sabbath services and weekly prayer meetings. He was the very picture of the young man in whom the Holy Ghost works effectually, described by the late Rev. John Kennedy, Redcastle—"A sharp ear to God's Word, a closed mouth, and a warm eye towards the Lord's people." He was deeply exercised about the all-important question: "What shall I do to be saved?" The writer had an occasion to call upon him, so as to have some conversation with him about his spiritual condition. He had many hard things to say against himself on account of the manner in which he had despised and rejected Christ. It became very evident that he had the root of the matter in him, and that he had tasted many times that the Lord is gracious. Not long after he came before the Kirk-Session for admission to the Lord's table. His appearance and answers made a deep impression on the elders and the writer, who examined him.

Matters at home in Uist demanded that he should leave Glasgow; which he did. The following has been sent us by the worthy missionary who supplied our congregation there a part of the time when John was at home:—"The first time I saw him he

was standing at the church door at Bayhead along with some of the godly men of the congregation. This was my first Sabbath in Uist. After we had shaken hands, he drew a deep sigh and walked into the church. I, being a stranger in the place and somewhat shaky, the thought arose in my mind—this man knows you already. But when I was reading the passage of God's word from which I was going to make an effort to speak, I felt as if a live spark came from him which warmed my soul and heart with melting power, by which I understood that if he knew me it was not for my hurt. I did not know him then by name, but a union was formed between us that day which continued to the end and has still a strong hold on my heart. His presence at the means of grace on Sabbath days and prayer meetings was ever after that a strength to me, and his company a sweet pleasure. One could not be long in his company without realising his sincere attachment to St. Jude's congregation and their minister. He often repeated with a deep sigh: 'What if it will add to my condemnation that I ever went there, for I heard the gospel there! and what if it will be found at last that I have refused it!' He had a very deep attachment to the late John MacKenzie. I did not know John MacKenzie then. John MacKenzie told me that he asked him when he was leaving Glasgow, 'When will you come back?' He answered, 'Not while my mother is left with me.' John lost his sister and not long after his mother, so he came back to Glasgow. All who knew of his great bereavements felt the deepest sympathy towards him.

In the early spring of last year, the Kirk-Session of St. Jude's resolved that an opportunity should be given the members of the congregation to elect six additional elders and eight deacons. This became necessary on account of the number of elders and deacons called to their everlasting rest since the former election. (As has been noticed in our Magazine since, Mr. Donald Kelly was taken from us while this election was being accomplished. This did cast a gloom over our proceedings in this matter; for he was our Session Clerk, and a most useful elder in the congregation). When the lists of voters were opened, it was found that John Macdonald had been elected, and the Session concurred unanimously in his election and suitableness for the office, and ordered the writer to communicate with him so as to get his consent. He replied to the effect that he considered himself unsuitable for such an office, and desired the Session to excuse him, as they could get many men more suitable in the congregation for such an honourable office, than he was. The writer wrote him to come across to see him. After having the matter seriously considered, he promised to give it further thought and prayer. A few days after that he wrote that, notwithstanding he considered himself very unsuitable, he could not now refuse. This reluctance on his part was altogether caused by the low opinion he had of himself, and how he considered others better than himself. He was so

conscious of the deceitfulness of his own carnal heart, and the depravity of his nature as fallen, that he had no confidence in the flesh, but daily bemoaned over his depravity which caused him many conflicts.

The writer will never forget the happiness he felt the day of the ordination of these office-bearers. Remembering the two former ordinations in the congregation, he felt sad; but seeing so many comparatively young men, in whom he had confidence, being received into office, made his heart glad. He expressed the hope that he would not have, in his day, to ordain any more office-bearers. But, alas! how soon was this happiness turned into mourning! Two of these young men were called away to be with Christ, which was far better for them, within five months from that date. John Macdonald was the first to be called away.

His health had not been robust for several years, although he was able to attend regularly to his daily employment. His appearance indicated that he was suffering from bloodlessness. On the morning of the 22nd April he felt unfit for work, and it being the sacramental fast day in our congregation, he attended the services. He looked very pale and sickly that day, which caused us all much anxiety. A specialist was called to examine his case, who, after examination, declared it to be an affection of the spleen, and took steps to have him removed into the Royal Infirmary next morning. This doctor did his utmost to have him cured by medicine, and did succeed well for some time, as the improvement in the strength of his blood showed; but by and by the improvement disappeared, and he decided that the only hope of prolonging his life lay in performing an operation. John, on being told of this decision, resigned himself calmly and submissively to the will of the Lord, and gave his consent to undergo the operation. The writer saw him several times while awaiting the operation, and considered his acquiescence in the Lord's holy providence towards him very exemplary. He said to a friend at this time, "It is hard to part with loved ones, but we must be weaned from them all." The last time the writer saw him was on the 22nd day of June. He was leaving Glasgow, to attend Communion in the Highlands, the following morning. He seemed calm and composed, but held a gloomy opinion of the result of the operation. There was no great fear of death, should it be the Lord's will that the time of his departure had come, but a serious resignation of himself and all his concerns into the merciful hands of the Holy One. The writer felt very sad at parting with him that day, not knowing whether he would see him any more in the flesh, but fully assured that, should he be taken away, it would be to be eternally with Christ.

The operation took place on Saturday, 3rd July. He got through it quite successfully, and was progressing favourably until Thursday the 8th of July, when signs appeared which caused anxiety. On the 9th he was better. Mr. William Grant, student,

called to see him that night, and he asked him to read the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel. After worship ended he said to Mr. Grant: "There is a portion of God's Word on my mind. I know it has another application, but it has a special application for me now. The portion is: 'He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me'" (Psalm xviii. 19). He repeated several times the words, "He brought me forth also into a large place." The impression left on Mr. Grant's mind was that he meant that the Lord had already brought him forth from darkness to light, but that now the Lord was to bring him from time to eternity. He sent a message to Mrs. Macdonald that night, that he was "quite reconciled to whatever was to come." She had been, during the three years they lived together, a true helpmeet for him, who was his companion in all the spiritual joys and conflicts of their sincere Christian life together. To part now must have been painful, not only for flesh and blood, but for grace also. It is but dutiful that notice should be taken here of the emphasis with which he spoke of the very great kindness shown him by the day and night nurses who attended to him, with such tender care and sympathy, in the Royal Infirmary.

On Saturday the 10th July, another relapse took place. A special messenger was sent to his wife, and she and her sister came immediately to his bedside. He said to them early on Sabbath morning: "I am now on the brink of eternity, and I can testify that a deathbed is not the place to prepare for death." On being asked how he knew that it was the Sabbath, he replied that he did know, and repeated:—

"This is the day God made; in it
We'll joy triumphantly.
Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
Send now prosperity.
Blessed is he in God's great name
That cometh us to save;
We, from the house which to the Lord
Pertains, you blessed have."—Ps. cxviii. 24-26.

Although he suffered very great pain, he uttered not a murmur, and his mind was constantly exercised in the truth. Shortly before he passed away he said twice: "I want home." His wife and her sister understood that he meant the home above, where he now is. The words:—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isa. xlii. 2), were repeated to him. He replied: "We have found it fulfilled in our experience until now." Shortly after this he fell asleep, and as the chief doctor was coming into the ward, Mrs. Macdonald and her sister had to go out. When the doctor was standing at his bedside, the beloved John Macdonald passed away to be with Him who loved, redeemed, and saved him, so

that when they were allowed to return into the ward they found that he had passed away at 12.30 p.m., the 11th July, 1920.

So, John Macdonald passed away on the Sabbath day to enjoy the rest that remains to the people of God. The writer was informed by telegram from day to day after the operation as to his condition. The wire sent on Saturday evening prepared him for the sad news received on Monday morning. John's death cast a cloud of sadness over the whole congregation of St. Jude's, and also over all who knew him, north and south. His age was thirty-three years. His remains were laid to rest in Strathdearn, Inverness-shire, there to await the day when all the dead that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and come forth. John Macdonald will stand in his place that day.

The writer desires to convey his own, and the elders and all the congregation of St. Jude's deepest and sincerest sympathy to his lonely and mournful widow, and infant boy, and to all her family who deeply mourn their loss, and also to all friends who mourn their and our loss, which was his everlasting gain and blessedness.

N. C.

The late Donald MacLeod, Elder,

ST. JUDE'S, GLASGOW.

DONALD MACLEOD was born at Bailachuirn, Raasay, in February, 1877. His father, Torquil MacLeod, and his mother lived an exemplary moral life, and trained their children well. When Donald was about twelve years of age, his conscience was greatly alarmed while listening to a lecture delivered by the late Alexander MacLennan, Rona. This concern about his soul continued for a considerable time, during a part of which Satan tempted him to put an end to his own life by drowning; but the Lord, who had a purpose of mercy towards him, frustrated Satan's evil design. This seriousness wore away through time, and Donald became quite unconcerned, notwithstanding he could not altogether forget at times the terribleness of the condition of a sinner under the curse of God's law, and this would cause him to begin again to pray in private.

When he was nineteen years of age he came south to Glasgow, and entered as an apprentice to learn to be a carpenter in one of the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. He was not many years there when he fell thirty feet off a scaffold, and was taken in an unconscious state to the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, where he continued unconscious for three days and nights. In the mercy of God he awakened, and gradually recovered so far as to be able to return home to Raasay. He remained at home for five years, and then, finding that he was fit for resuming work again, he went to Inverness to learn to be a house joiner. In the summer of 1907 he returned to Glasgow, and worked as a joiner in the Caledonian Railway Company's St. Rollox Works to the end of his natural life, last year. Shortly after his return to Glasgow he

got married, and took up his permanent abode in the city. In the winter of 1913 he was awakened to real concern about his need of forgiveness of sin and peace with God. The struggle was sharp, but the Lord heard poor Donald's cries for mercy, and gave him both a sense of forgiveness and peace by applying powerfully to his guilty conscience the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." If his fears and sorrow were great before, his joy in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the infinite mercy of God through the atonement made on Calvary's cross, became now the theme of his song in the wilderness.

When he was to come before our Session in order to be examined for the baptism of his first child, he felt so much the burden of the vows he was to make that he said to his wife: "I hope that they will refuse to give me baptism." But, on the contrary, the effect of his examination on the Session was, that they concluded that he was deeply sensible of his condition as a guilty and ruined sinner before God, and that he had no hope of being saved but through the merit of the blood of Christ. So Donald was not refused, as he desired. He called to see the writer some time after this so as to unburden his mind, as he was feeling it to be his duty to profess his Lord and Saviour publicly, but was much afraid that he was not truly converted, and that by taking that step he might be eating and drinking condemnation to himself. After having a serious talk with him as to his knowledge and experience, the writer told him that he was fully convinced that it was his duty to come before the Session with a view to his becoming a member in full communion with the Church. So at the next Communion season he came. The Session were so satisfied with him that it gave them very great pleasure to have a young man of such sound knowledge and experience added to the Communion Roll of the congregation. After he was examined, he appealed to the Session that, if they were not quite satisfied with him, he would consider it a kindness from them to refuse him admission. One of the elders said after he went away: "I wish there were many young men like Donald Macleod." In this statement all the members present concurred. He did come to the Lord's table then, and his presence and prayers in the public means of grace became a strength and encouragement to all the Lord's people in St. Jude's.

He was not at all strong, although he attended with great regularity to his work. During five years he suffered very much with one of his eyes, and was at times compelled to keep in his bed. This passed away, but he began to feel great pain in his left side. He also vomited some blood at that time. The writer felt convinced that there was something organically wrong with his whole system, but Donald never told him that he had had such a serious accident as is recorded above, and it was when he was on his death-bed that the writer was told it.

In the early spring of 1920 the Session resolved that additional elders and deacons should be elected, and gave an opportunity to

the members to elect whom they chose. Donald Macleod was elected. When he was written to for his consent and acceptance of the office of an elder, he came to see the writer, and endeavoured to persuade him that he was very unsuitable for the office; but, after a long and serious conversation about the matter, the writer asked him whether any portion of God's Word had come to his mind about it, he said: "I must be honest and confess that the words: 'Arise, be doing' (1 Chron. xxii. 6) came to my mind when thinking seriously and prayerfully about my duty." So he was prevailed upon to accept the office. Mrs. MacLeod told the writer since that he said to her at that time: "I don't know what to do, but the words, 'Arise, be doing,' have come to me about this serious matter, and therefore I think it my duty, for the short time I have to live, not to refuse, so I'll not refuse." In due time he was ordained an elder in St. Jude's.

The writer felt very happy at seeing so many young men, in whom he had confidence, before him that day being ordained to offices in the congregation, and expressed the pleasure it gave him, because he expected that he would not have to ordain any more office-bearers during his ministry in the congregation. But, alas! how true it is that "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass!" for in less than six months two of these were called away to their everlasting rest. At the first meeting of the Kirk-Session after the meeting of our Synod last year, Donald was duly elected by our Session to represent them in the Southern Presbytery and Synod during the current year. He attended a meeting or two of the Presbytery, but, to the profound sorrow of that court, he was taken away. All these reminiscences add to our sorrow; but we desire with all our heart to submit to the will of the Lord in this matter.

When John Macdonald, his brother elder, was taken to the Infirmary, Donald said to his wife one morning: "I had a dream last night that John Macdonald and myself went through an operation together, and that after the operation we were together." (He had profound regards for John Macdonald.) So it came to pass, Donald went away for holidays to Raasay about the beginning of July and attended the Communion there and at Staffin, Skye. At the latter place his cheek swelled, and he suffered considerable pain, but friends thought it was an ordinary gumboil, and that it would in due course pass away. When he left Raasay for Glasgow, his cheek was much swollen. He said to his sister at home when parting with her: "When I think of going back to work with these monsters of men, it is enough for me!" One thing which pained him much was that, with the exception of Donald's mate, they all worked on the Sabbath day. After he returned to Glasgow, his cheek caused him much pain, and as it was not getting better, he was taken into the Royal Infirmary. His wife, whom he left in Raasay, was sent for, and when she came she found him in the Infirmary. This was about the beginning of August. He continued to get worse daily. The writer came home about the middle of

August, and took the first opportunity of going to see him. He was quite composed in his mind, but expressed his firm conviction that his end was near. The doctors, after doing all they could to remove his trouble, came to the conclusion that something was seriously wrong with his system, so they sent word to his wife who told them of the accident which he had twenty years before then. This explained to them what they could not understand till then. The writer had an interview with a specialist who was called in to examine his case, who told him that his case was very serious, as the cause of the sickness was a dangerous disorder of his whole system, but that he would not conclude that there was no hope. This, humanly speaking, left a ray of hope, but he continued to become weaker from day to day. The writer saw him for the last time on the 17th day of August, and he felt very painfully that it was more than probable that it was their final meeting in this world. On the 26th August he passed away to be for ever with Christ. His dream was fulfilled—he and John Macdonald underwent an operation each in the Infirmary, and then they were together in an endless eternity of blessedness.

Donald was a great lover of the Sabbath day. He used to say to Mrs. MacLeod: "This is the blessed Sabbath day, I wish every day were a holy Sabbath." He is now enjoying his wish; for he enjoys the everlasting Sabbath of glory. The desecration of the Lord's day by patients and some of the nurses in the Infirmary pained him very much, as it does everyone who calls the Sabbath a delight. John Macdonald complained to us more than once of the sinful manner in which patients conducted themselves on that blessed day of holy rest; also another God-fearing man said to us: "I will be looking at the clock, and I feel a great relief when it passes twelve on Sabbath night." This relief was felt, not because that man wished the Sabbath to pass away; but on account of the sinful manner in which the Lord's commandment was transgressed in the place. It is a lamentable thing that man brought up in the land of the Bible should act so, and it must be doubly provoking to the Lord of the Sabbath that this should be true of men in a country that used to be designated: "Sabbath-loving Scotland."

Donald used to lean over his children while they lay asleep in their beds, and many times wept on account of his concern for the salvation of their souls. Many a prayer he put up for them. May the Hearer of prayer answer these prayers by bringing them to "repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ," and may the Lord be the stay of his lonely widow and a Father to her seven fatherless children. To His tender mercy, the writer desires to entrust them in all their concerns, both spiritual and temporal. The deepest sympathy of the whole congregation, and of all who knew Donald MacLeod and appreciated his sterling worth as a sincere Christian in whom there was no guile, is extended to Mrs. MacLeod and her fatherless children. "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

N. C.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns.

Written by herself some years before her death, and now taken from her original Copy with great care and diligence.

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 "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—PSALM lxvi. 16.

"As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of Hosts."—PSALM xlviii. 8.

"Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 COR. iii. 18.

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 (Continued from page 340.)

FIFTH PERIOD.

Containing an account of the various exercises I came under from the twenty-third year of my life to the twenty-seventh, in which year I left my parents, and came to Stirling; and by the preaching of the Gospel there, I was further cleared and confirmed in my former experiences, and restored to former light and consolation in Christ, and this as a blessed performance of what formerly He made me expect and believe, and all issued in a comfortable outgate from the sad case I was under in the former period.

The following year a reviving of my case was carried forward, as follows, viz.:—A reviving and restoring the habits of grace that had been under a long decay, and also more strength given me to perform duties. Two weeks after this begun reviving, as I was going a piece of way alone, I set myself to improve this time in meditation; so I fell a thinking on what God had brought me through those years bygone, and that He, after so long a time of absence, had paid me yet another visit. And when I was thus admiring the wonders of His love and grace to me, a poor, sinful, and miserable creature, He drew aside the veil, and let down a beam of divine light into my soul, by which light I beheld such manifestations of the mysteries of redeeming love and grace as here I am not able to put in words. But though my mind was wholly taken up in the contemplation of this unexpressible mystery of the manifold wisdom of God, yet by His care of me I was brought safe to my journey's end, although I was not much taken up about myself in the way; but, alas! this sweet visit ended with this day. Yet after this my soul had a sweet repose in trusting in the Lord, and I was strengthened every way. And I set about examining of myself, and there was a reflex light sent into my soul, by which I got both a view how the dark cloud of desertion came on and of my sinful miscarriages under it; some of which miscarriages are mentioned in the four years bygone. So when I thought on my impatience under the hidings of His blessed face, together with the harsh and desperate conclusions I many times did draw, with those words in my mouth, "Is His mercy clean gone? will He be favourable no more? hath He in wrath shut up His tender

mercies? hath He forgotten to be gracious?" (Ps. lxxvii. 7, 8, 9), when this, I say, I thought upon, together with the horrid temptations formerly marked, I was greatly ashamed. And when I was condemning myself for my sin, I am persuaded that Satan was not wanting in charging on me the guilt of all those temptations as if I had yielded to them all. Here I saw the tempter lie at the catch, for I was so far bemisted that I looked on myself as guilty as if I had committed all that the devil had tempted me to; when, as my conscience bare me witness in the sight of God, that I consented not to the commission of any of them; but I say not this to justify myself before God, but to confute the devil. There were also two other Scriptures which I am persuaded were sent from Satan; the one was, "To which of the saints wilt thou turn?" (Job v. 1). Upon this I took a view of the saints' sins recorded in the Word of God, and I could not find amongst them all the like of me; and I took a view of the sins of the godly living in my own day, so far as I knew, but I saw none of them all to compare with me. As also there were laid before me some of the great sins committed by the wicked and graceless world, yet mine were highly aggravated above theirs, for theirs were but the sins of unconverted and graceless persons, but mine were against a reconciled God in a Mediator, and manifested love. On this followed the other Scripture, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance," etc. (Heb. vi. 4). Upon this I was tempted to charge on myself the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is unpardonable; this struck me with great terror; but blessed be the Lord, who discovered to me Satan's hook within the bait.

On this I plucked up my spirits, and denied what the devil charged on me. So I remembered what I had read in Mr. Guthrie's "Saving Interest" about this sin; he calls it a rejecting and opposing the chief gospel truth and way of salvation to man by the Spirit of God, in the truth and good thereof, and that avowedly, freely, wilfully, maliciously, desperately, breeding hopeless fear.

Here I could appeal to God as my judge, and conscience as my witness, that I was not guilty of that sin; yet, nevertheless, there was a storm raised in my soul, by reason of this charge the tempter brought against me, together with many miscarriages I was guilty of; but I went to God with these words in my mouth, and said, "Oh, that thou wouldest pardon me, and tell me that thou hast done it: I think I would be content, although I should never enjoy so much nearness, and sweet bright blinks of divine love, as formerly I had done."

So immediately after this I felt a power on my soul that brought those graces to a lively exercise, viz., faith and repentance; for there was a full sight of my sinful miscarriages laid before me, with

all those particular aggravations, upon which my heart was melted down before God, and I felt the outgoing of my soul to renew its acceptance of Christ, as held forth in the promise of the Gospel, with an eye to the infinite value of the blood of sprinkling to take away sin. And while I was thus exercised, that word came with such power, efficacy and light into my mind, as in 1 John i. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," so as thereby the guilt was removed from my conscience, for I believed that God had pardoned me; and that sweet word, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy" (Micah vii. 18), was sent for my further confirmation that He had pardoned me, the vision (so to speak) being doubled. Oh, here I cannot but admire the wonderful condescension of Sovereignty in answering me thus, both in pardoning me, and telling me that He had done it. Oh, here did I see grace glorified in pardoning one of the chief of sinners. Now I could reason with the tempter, and say, "Although I was among the chief of sinners, yet I am come to the chief of Saviours, 'who is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him'" (Heb. vii. 25).

After this I went on rejoicing, like the birds after a long stormy winter—when the spring begins they sing, although the summer be not yet come; thus my soul, after the long winter of desertion and storms of temptation, began to rejoice in what God had done for me, although my condition at this time was as far different from what it was in my nineteenth year, as the light and heat of the sun in the spring differs from its light and heat in the time of summer.

Thus I went on rejoicing for several weeks, but yet, alas! my sun was still as in a cloud, according to the first part of the similitude mentioned as above; for although God had removed the dark cloud and sent a reviving to my soul, so that duties became more pleasant and refreshing to me, yet there was a withholding of the sensible downpourings of His Spirit, and of the soul-transforming blinks of divine light and love I had formerly enjoyed.

Oh, here I did greatly mistake the way the believer was to live in this world, having forgotten the solid advice I got from my dear Christian friend formerly mentioned, in the first year of the dark cloud, she having told me that the believer was to live by faith while here, and sense was reserved for eternity. But she being taken away by death, I had now no human help to go to, to whom I could impart my mind; and as for the way of faith's bringing food from the promises, through the channel of Gospel ordinances, I was much unacquainted with it at this time.

After this I tried the ordinances, and so laboured to bring everything home with application to myself; sometimes I heard man's misery by the fall and the evil of sin holding out, as also

the necessity of regeneration and of closing with Christ : also I heard sin reproved, calls to duty, and Christ commended, and the souls that had closed with Him, and had gotten a sight of their interest in Him, and of the pardon of all their sins, to be the happiest souls in all the world. And upon reflections on all this, I could not deny but I was one of those souls the Gospel called happy ; yet, alas ! this answered not my case, for neither sense of interest in Christ, nor yet pardon of sin, could satisfy me, while He was absent from my soul, with the sense of His love and the light of His countenance ; so I went on still lamenting my sad loss.

One day I was sitting in a kiln, where some grains of corn had fallen and were sprung up ; at the sight of which I fell a reasoning with myself, when I thus saw it sprung up although it was in the winter time, and wanted both the warm beams of the natural sun, and the showers to water it. This I applied to myself, and said, " May not grace grow in thee, although thou wants the comfortable beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and somewhat winter with thee ? " Yet here I saw that which was sprung up could come to no perfection without the heat of the sun, and the warm showers to water it : no more could grace grow in my soul without the blinks of the Sun of Righteousness, and the watering influences of the Spirit of Christ.

And while I was thus lamenting my sad loss, that was brought to mind what David did to Absalom, after he had killed his brother Amnon : he both gave him his life, and brought him back to Jerusalem, yet he denied him the sight of his countenance, as in 2 Samuel xiv. 24. This I applied to my soul, and said, " What doth it profit me although God hath given me my life in pardoning me, seeing He withholds from me the light of His countenance ? " Thus I went in the bitterness of my soul, still crying to God for such a display of His reconciled face that might wipe away such a long jealousy of His love.

Again, I reflected back on the horrible temptations of Satan formerly mentioned, and also my miscarriages under that dark cloud ; and when I was thinking on these miscarriages, it was brought to my mind what is recorded concerning Moses, David, and Solomon, whose sins were all followed with a remark : Moses' sin was marked with that—he never got over to the promised land, as in Deut. xxxii. 50, 51 ; David's sin was marked with that—the sword was never to depart from his house, as in 2 Samuel xii. 10 ; and Solomon's—with troubles in his own time, and threatenings against his posterity (1 Kings xi.).

When I thought on this, although there was no particular sin I could fix on, yet I drew this conclusion, and said, " Seeing God hath dealt so with those eminent worthies, what might I expect, and yet God be righteous in so doing, according to the covenant of grace, as in Ps. lxxxix. 32, 33, ' Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him ? ' etc." Upon

this I went to God with these words in my mouth, and said, "If my sins be such as Thou wilt mark with a perpetual stroke, let it be on my body, and not on my soul: oh, give to me the light of Thy countenance, and do with my body what Thou pleasest." Oh, poor and foolish wretch that I was, who would thus take upon me to prescribe to the Almighty; yet in this He took me, as it were, at my word.

(To be continued.)

Modern Church Services.

THE subjoined letter appeared in a Winnipeg newspaper some years ago. It was written by the Rev. Malcolm Gillies in answer to a letter by one who signed himself "F. W. B., Returned Soldier." The soldier was very warrantably complaining of the kind of Gospel preached in many of the churches and Mr. Gillies upholds his complaint. As Mr. Gillies' letter (which was sent us by a Magazine reader in Winnipeg) contains many pithy comments and criticisms that are pertinent to Churches in this country as well as in Canada, we have much pleasure in publishing it in these pages:—

Dear F. W. B.,—I wish to congratulate you on the pertinent and straightforward remarks you gave us in your letter last Saturday, on your view of the Churches. I was beginning to think that they were few indeed that were not blinded by modern progressive dust, but I am glad to see that there are some, and that among the men who have risked their all for King and country, who think with me that the Church has become something like a menagerie, and that it is high time the whip of small cords was produced that would cleanse the house of God.

You say that the Church comes short in not teaching the Bible as it should, and you never said a truer word than that in all your days. The modern preacher takes out a text and then he goes on a ramble, not from Dan to Beersheba, for then he would be on Biblical ground, but all over the civil and territorial world. He takes a look in at the great works of art, especially at the pictures of the old masters, then he goes on a visit to the Bolsheviks, gives a whack to the Kaiser and his Huns, tells the people to live a straight life, and concludes his oration. All the time there is the voice of God calling to this man—"Preach the Word, the whole counsel of God, life and death, sin and salvation."

There is nothing more evident in the Bible than that the Church is a spiritual institution. "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink;" yet you complain rightly that the Church gives too much place to mere social entertainments. Christ drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple, yet the Church competes with the store, by its bazaars and sales of work. The Apostle Paul frowned on the love feasts of the early Christian Church, and

they were ultimately condemned ; you find the modern Church at times running a restaurant. In a word, the Church is aping the non-Church. You can get a concert either in the kirk or in connection with some worldly affair. The picture shows, the Lord be thanked, are not open on the Lord's Day, but if you are very anxious for one, just attend some minister's evening service.

I am not surprised at your disappointment, F.W.B., and I am afraid, though you would go over all the big Churches, you will not find a man that careth for your soul. They will be willing to advise and help you, in making you a useful member of the new reconstructed social order, at present in embryo, but in the matter of the new birth and a vital union with the Lord Jesus, they, I fear, will be found physicians of no value. Why not try some of the smaller places of worship? Christ was in a manger, and the true Church has almost always been like Him in this respect. The wise men did not find Him in Jerusalem among the great authorities on Church matters, but in Bethlehem among the despised and poor.

In conclusion, there is one preacher at least in Winnipeg that understands your difficulty, and if you care to make his acquaintance, you will find his name and address given below.

The late Mr. Duncan MacKintosh, Gairloch.

MR. DUNCAN MACKINTOSH, Smithtown, Strath, Gairloch, died in the seventy-second year of his age, with startling suddenness, on 26th July, 1919. That morning he left for the peat-moss, and a young person, leading cattle to the hill-pasture, found him lying on the ground. Life was extinct. Heart failure was the cause of death. The incident had a solemnizing effect upon the whole community, and much sympathy was felt towards the relatives. The deceased was, in many respects, a most useful man in the district, and he is greatly missed. The funeral to Gairloch Churchyard was very largely attended.

From the outset the deceased was a most enthusiastic Free Presbyterian. He faithfully and heartily acted as Treasurer for the congregation for twenty-six years, and he was always eager that the Sustentation Fund should be kept up to the mark. He took a keen interest in the affairs of the congregation. He was very seldom absent from church on Sabbath, or week day, or from the Prayer Meetings. For some years he assisted in leading the praise in the meeting-house and in the church. The blank his death has made in both meeting-house and church is keenly felt. He extended hospitality to strangers, who attended the Church Services, and, at Communion seasons, his house was crowded with visitors. He had not been, for about a year prior to his death, in the best of health, and he was, on various occasions, heard in private beseeching the Lord to prepare him or death.

Some years before his death he became a communicant. From that period his keenness in listening to the preaching of the Gospel was more noticeable; and it was helpful to the preacher to notice how he seemed to relish the services. He often spoke of the profit and delight he had in God's sanctuary.

May the eternal God sanctify the bereavement to the sisters and brother, and other relatives.

D. MACK.

Extracts from Letter by C. B. van Woerden,

HOLLAND.

WE take the liberty of giving a few extracts from a letter by this esteemed Dutch gentleman to a friend in this country:—

"As you write, we have gone through sad times, and are yet in the midst of them. It is without doubt that the Lord is pouring out His wrath upon the nations, and I think the worst is the retaining of the Spirit. *We* have been highly favoured that the Lord has kept us from War, but it is with us, as with other nations, there is no repentance. Magistrates and people are denying the Lord. Every new law or Act made by Government and Parliament might have written above its head, 'There is no God.' We have now also an ambassador with the Pope as you have, and what I think most dreadful is that so-called Reformed Churches plead for it. Everywhere you look you may see the displeasure and the judgments of the Lord.

"O happy remnant that will be brought safe through all this, and that will surely rejoice because of the judgments of the Lord, though many of the Lord's people are silent at present, because there is so much self-love, and so little love of the honour of the Lord. 'In the last days iniquity shall abound, and the love of many shall wax cold.' Is this not what we see in the Churches? Is not much of this even among the Lord's people? Have we not 'left our first love?' O that we had a heart to weep over this great transgression! I remember—it is many years ago—that I was walking in a field, and that the Lord brought these words home to my mind, but, alas! I want them again and again, and I fear I shall never deplore this sin of unbelief and ingratitude as I would wish to do it.

"Yet there is one thing in our dear land that has to be wondered at. The Lord has not only a large remnant here, but also in these sad days we hear relatively much of new children born in Zion. Now and then the glad tidings are heard that this and that young man or young girl are born in her, and the promise stands to this day, 'and the Highest Himself shall establish them.' . . .

"I am not so strong as formerly. . . . I was at one time suddenly near to death, but I am recovered again. . . . In

the place where I am living now there are many of the Lord's people. With some of them I have a close conversation. . . . I have still my worship on the Sabbath at home. We read the old worthies. Though I have to go through much darkness, yet I cannot deny that the Lord condescends sometimes to reveal something of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Binning, Erskine, Durham, Shepard, Owen, Thomas Goodwin are my ministers, and I may say I appreciate them, and have them as ambassadors of Christ, by whom I get my rebukes, my comforts, my teachings, and many proofs that the Lord by His Spirit makes them to speak after their death, so that I may say, they are made manifest in my conscience.

"I have translated Rutherford's 'Victory of Faith,' and his 'Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself.' The latter especially was a heavy task. . . . I am now translating Andrew Gray's Works. A part of it is already printed, and the Lord's people, many of whom are sitting at home in this country, are very glad of his sermons. I am also translating 'Elizabeth Cairns' from the Magazine. Do you know if the book is to be got, so that I could translate it all at once? Will you please ask one of your ministers if the 'Memoir of Thomas Shepard' is to be got? I would be glad to have it. We have the 'Sincere Convert,' 'Sound Believer,' and the 'Wise and Foolish Virgins' by that man.

"As you wrote, likely we will not meet again on earth. I would fain have seen you all in Scotland once more, but this shall not be. May the Lord grant that our hope will not be ashamed, and that we may see once for evermore the Lord Jesus Christ and the whole Church at the other side of Jordan. O what a wonder that shall be! I must say, it is too great for me. O I can hardly grasp what it is to be one of the Lord's own. If I am so, free grace alone will have the honour and glory . . . O to be one of those that are in Christ! Not to be your own, but to be His; who shall pronounce what that means? My continual prayer is that He may give me by grace to know Him; to know how I need Him; to know Him in the ministration of His offices; to know Him as the Lord my righteousness. I am always wandering about without Him; I have powerful lusts, a foolish heart, and I know so little of Him, how dear and good He is, and how I shall make use of Him. O a little felt sorrow for Him, how it can melt my soul, and make me abhor myself and long for Him, that He may break my strong bonds, loosing them by His love . . .

"Now may the Lord be with you in all your wants, and bless us and you and all His people.—Your loving friend,

C. B. v. WOERDEN."

NOTE.—If any friend can supply us with an extra copy of "Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns," or a copy of "Memoir of Thomas Shepard," we shall be pleased to pay a price and postage, and forward same to Mr. van Woerden.—ED.

Searmon.

A Rinneadh a Shearmonachadh aig Bogle's Hole, ann an Sgìreachd Mhoncland, an iar Chlydesdale.

LEIS AN URRAMACH MAIGHSTIR EOIN WELWOOD.

“Agus ma's ann air eigin a thearnar am firean, c'aite an taisbean an duine mi-dhiadhaidh agus am peacach e fein.”—I PHEAD. iv. 16.

(*Air a leantuinn o t. d. 348.*)

Feum V.—'Nann air éigin a thearnar am firean? Na deanaibh, tha mi guidhe oirbh, ma ta, a mhi-mhineachadh, an uair a thig breitheanasan air na tirean so. An uair a thig e gu sin, na abair nach robh aca diadhachd annta. 'Nuair a thig Dia a pheanasachadh Alba, 'siomadh duine aig an robh a chridhe ceart maille ri Dia, a theid a dh'ionnsuidh na h-uaign an là sin. Na togaibh am mearachd rathadh Dhè an uair a bhuaileas e cuid; na smuainichibh gu'm bheil sibh fein ionraic agus iadsan aingidh. Agus gu'n do loisg e tighean mòran da mhuinntir eile, na smuainichibh so iongantach: tha e gu maith mur bi muinntir air an losgadh iad fein. Is beag ris na-choinnich iad ann an coimeas ri am peacanna; cha'n'eil e a bheag sam bith. B'fhearr leam gu'n rachadh sibhse agus muinntir eile as, ge do bhiodh agaibh fichead tigh air an losgadh sìos gu talamh. B'fhearr leam gu'n rachadh sibh fein as, ge do bhiodh an tigh air a léagail sìos; oir bheiream-sa cinnte dhuibh, gur iomadh duine onoireach a bha air a mharbhadh ann a leabaidh, a chorp air a thilgeadh a dh'ionnsuidh na'n coin, agus fhuil air a doirteadh air an talamh: Be so an rathad air an deach iad do fhlaithneas. Ach so theirinn ribh-se, na togaibh-se 'am mearachd na nithe so ris am bheil pobull Dè a' coinneachadh. Chuala sinne mu thiomchioll cuid do mhuinntir dhiadhaidh, air doigh's gu'n cràidheadh e cridhe, agus gu'n d'thugadh e air folt neach seasamh air a cheann, a bhi faicinn no a cluinntinn na'n trioblaidean anns an robh iad. Mar sin na d'thugaibh-se droch mhineachadh as an teine sin, le a bhi smuaineachadh gu'n robh iad so na'm peacaich os ceann muinntir eile, no na's ciontach na sibh fein. Ni-h-eadh, chaidh tighean na'n easbuigean aingidh so as, agus na h-eaglaisean ud a tha air an truailleadh, agus tha sin a' dearbhadh a chaochladh. Ach innsidh mise ciod bu chainnt da'n so, cha'n ann a mháin dhoibh-san a bha fuidh na chunnart 'san am, ach ris a chuid eile do'n bhaile agus do'n duthaich mu'n cuairt a dh'amhairc air: Agus,

I.—B'e so cainnt na slaithe ris an luchd riaghlaidh, rìgh, agus comhairle; nach leig sibh a mach na prìosanaich? gidheadh, tha i ag radh, 'surrainn esan an leigeil a mach, agus dearbhaidh sin dhuibh-se a chum bhur calldach. Tha aon duine a ghlac iad roimh, agus a ghlac iad a ris ann an ceart aghaidh an lagha fein, uime sin feumaidh esan dol as. Tha mi ag innseadh dhuibh gu'm

bheil latha teachd, anns an cuir an Tighearn as do Breatuinn agus gus an tig an t-àm sin cha bhi a chuid prìosanaich gu brath air an cuir gu h-ìomlain fa' sgaoil. Ach an sin bheir se air a theine sgriosach am fuasgladh, agus bithidh na h-aingidh air an druidealh a steach ann an teine troimh na bhith-bhuantachd.—Tha mi a' cuimhneachadh briathran Ieremiah ri Sedeciah, an uair a dh'aithneadh dhoibh na h-oglaich a chuir fa' sgaoil, Ieremiah xxxiv, 17. 'Seadh, tha Ieremiah ag radh, “Uime sin, mar so deir an Tighearn, cha d'eisd sibh rium-sa ann an saors a' glaothaich, gach aon d'a bhrathair, agus gach aon da choimhearsnach : feuch d'a 'ur taobhsa tha mise glaothaich saorsa, deir an Tighearn, do na chlaidheamh, do na phlaigh, agus do na ghoirt; agus bheir mi oirbh a bhi air 'ur luasgadh air feadh uile rioghachdan an domhain.” 'Seadh ma ta, cuiridh an Tighearn an céill saorsa do'n dream so; agus leigidh e do na prìosanaich dol as; agus a chum na criche sin feumaidh an claidheamh a dhol sìos agus suas troimh na bhaile, gus an toir an Tighearn cead do dh'ifrinn agus do sgrios an gabhail sìos, mur gabh iad aithreachas b'e mo dhùrachd gu'n deanadh iad aithreachas; ach tha iad do ghnath a' ruith air an aghaidh air an droch shlighe so, agus 'gan cruadhachadh fein, tha e cosmhail, gus am fuadaich an Tighearn air falbh iad.

II.—Tha i ag éigheach mar an ceudna, “Biodh eagal De oirbh, agus thugaidh glòir dha; oir thainig a bhreitheanas,” Taisb. xiv. 7. Biodh eagal-san oirbh is urrainn tighean a losgadh. Tha leithid do dh'eagal combhairle, marc-shluaigh, agus shaighdearan oirbh : ach 'urrainn an Tighearn a dheanamh ann an ùin ghearr an ni nach urrainn iadsan a deanamh ann an ùin fhada. Tha mi creidsinn gu'n d'rinn an Tighearna na's mo do chall air Glascho leis an teine, na rinn a chomhairle agus am marc-shluaigh anns na bliadhnachan so a chaidh seachad.* Is esan a deanamh an t-samhraidh agus a gheamhraidh, gidheadh cha'n eil sinne a' nochdadh ar n-eagal dlìgheach dha-san mur bu choir. Ach 's laidir eagal dhaoine. Tha na tìrean so ullamh gu eagal a ghabhail roimh ni beag sam bith a dh'fhagas fosgailt iad do thrioblaid. Cha'n 'eil eagal oirbh air son laghan Dhé a bhriseadh, ach tha eagal oirbh airson laghan dhaoine a bhriseadh. C'ar son a bhiodh na h-uiread do dh'eagal oirne uath-san? Gu ma roghnaichte leinne eagal De a bhi oirnn, agus seirbhis a thabhairt dhasan.

III.—Labhair an losgadh sin mu'n so, “Na saothraichibh air son a bhith sin a theirgeas, ach air son a bhith sin a mhaireas chnm na beatha sìorruidh. Suidhichibh bhur n-aighe air na nithe a ta shuas, agus ni-h-ànn air na nithe a ta air an talamh.” Colos.

* Tha an losgadh 'an so, gun teagamh, a' ciallachadh an teine sin a bhris a mach ann an Glascho anns a bhliadhna 1677, air sgath an robh mòran phrìosanaich air an cuir fa' sgaoil le truacantaich an luchd-aitridh; ann am measg an robh Earla fiùghail Cerfland, an neach a tha coslach ri a bhi an duine mu am bheil e ann an so a ràdh a bha air a ghlacadh an dara h-uair. Tamul beag na dheigh sin, chaidh e null do'n Olaind, far an d'fhuair e bàs, air a cheithreamh la dèug do'n cheud mhìos de'n gheamhradh 'sa bhliadhna, 1680.

iii. 2. "Taisgibh suas bhur n-ionmhas air neamh, far nach truail aon-chuid laomainn no meirg." Bha'n glaoth so aic mar an ceudna, nach cuireadh daoine an dòchas ann an saoihbheas neo-chinnteach. Bheiream-sa cinnte dhuibh, gur iomadh duine a ghabh mòr shaothair gu bhi togail suas na'n clachan so, a loisg an teine sìos, a rinn di-chuimhne air Dia ann an ùrnuigh. Bheiream-sa cinnte dhuibh, gu'n robh na bu mhò do shaothair air a ghabhail ann an togail suas na'n clachan so, na bha air a ghabhail le iomadh mu thimchioll an slàinte shìorruidh.

IV.—Tha i ag eigheach, am bheil agaibh ionmhais air neamh? Am bheil sibh a' deanamh cinnteach air son ni-éigin nach bi, 'seadh, nach urrainn a bhi air a thabhairt uaibh? "Rinn Muire roghainn do'n chuid mhaith sin nach toirear uaipe," Lucas x. 42. Mar sin na suidhichibh bhur n-aighe' air nithe an t-saoghail so. Tha sibh a' faicinn tiodal Iarlachd agus Moraireachd air an reic, agus air an tionndaidh nall o làmh gu làmh, agus fathast cha bhi cuid do dhaoine ann an imcheist air son an anama a reiceadh air son mìr beag dhe'n talamh air son a sliochd; agus feudaidh e bhi, an neach a thig 'nan deigh gu'n caith e air falbh na h-uile. Tha e ag radh, iarraibh rioghachd nach urra' bhi air a crathadh, agus aite-comhnuidh nach urra' a bhi air a sgaoileadh as a cheile.

V.—Tha e ag eigheach so, an àm dhuibhse a bhi plasdadh 'ur tighean, am feadh 's a tha a phobull air an tabhairt gu seachairean is cruadhas. Tha e air a thoirt fainear, gur e am mìr is fearr do Ghlascho a tha air a losgadh. Agus tha mi 'saoiisinn, gu'm bi Glascho agus Duneidin mar-aon air an cuir fàs mu'm bi na h-uile seachad. Bithidh tighean iomadh duine uasal agus duine mòr air an cuir fàs mu'm bi na h-uile nithe thairis.

VI.—Agus tha glaoth eile aice, tha i ag radh gu'n robh mòran pheacaidhean air an cuir ann an gnìomh anns na tighean so. Agus bitheadh iad na'n tighean is àill leo, dh'fheadadh peacadh a bhi na aobhair air son a bhalla bhi air a bhualladh an dara h-uair. Agus,

VII.—Tha i ag eigheach, "Mur dean sibhse aithreachas, theid sibh am mugha mar an ceudna," Lucas xiii. 3. Tha e ag radh riutsa, O a Ghlascho, mur bi sibh fuaidh eagal agus mur iarr sibh an Tighearna, cuiridh e cuid do nithe dubhach a mach 'nar n-aghaidh. Oir an uair a tha e ag cuir a mach a bhreitheanas, le gairm labhair guidheam oirbh gabhaidh rabhaidh. An dream so, aig an robh an cuid tighean air an losgadh, bhrudraich iad air co bheag do bhreitheanas air an oidche roimhe sin agus a tha sibhse a' deanamh aig an àm so. Tha Easbuigan agus luchd gàmhluais a' brudrachadh gle bheag mu bhreitheanasuibh, agus tha dian-thogradh aig an diabhl, gu labhairt mar sin, a chum am faotainn, agus feudaidh e bhi gu'm faigh e iad tim na's leoir. Tha móran agaibh an dùil nach 'eil breitheanasuibh a' teachd.—Ach ciod am bonn a dh'fheadas sibh a bhi agaibh air son sin? Ciod uime, a tha sibh co fein-thearuinte? Tha iad sona gu deimhin a tha tearuinte air deadh steidh.—Air an aobhar sin tha mi a' guidh

oirbh, air tròcairibh Dhe, mar is ionmhuinn leibh sonas bhur n-anama neo-bhasmhor, rannsaichibh bhur n-anama fein, rannsaichibh bhur slighean, agus pillibh a dh'ionnsuidh an Tighearn. Tha iad teirc a tha caitheamb ùine ann an ùrnuigh mar bu chòir dhoibh.

'Nis cha'n abair sinn tuille ach so, rannsaichibh a mach olc bhur ròidean, agus guidhibh air son gràs soillsichidh. Gu'n tugadh an Tighearn oirbh na nithe so a thabhairt fainear, agus do ainm gu'n robh a ghloir gu sìorruidh. Amen.

Notes and Comments.

The late Prof. Warfield, Princeton, U.S.A.—We regret to learn the news of the death of the Rev. Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, U.S.A. Dr. Warfield, who was Professor of Systematic Theology, succeeded in that office the eminent Dr. Charles Hodge, and was one of the ablest and most learned defenders, in modern times, of the system of truth known as Calvinism. Several of his valuable articles appeared in these pages. He was a truly gracious man, of attractive personality, and his death means a great loss to the cause of God and truth, pre-eminently so in the intellectual sphere in which he moved. While not committing ourselves to every position he took up in the realm of Biblical scholarship, we feel that Church and world are much the poorer by the removal of such a valuable servant of Christ. May the Lord raise up others to fill the gaps that are being made among the witnesses for His truth in our time!

Protest against Sabbath Desecration at Inverness.—

We are pleased to learn that the Rev. E. Macqueen and his congregation at Inverness have held a public meeting, and raised a vigorous protest against Sabbath concerts. We regret that the report of same in the press has not yet reached our hand, but trust it may do so before next issue of the Magazine. We hope their efforts, by the divine blessing, may be ultimately attended with success. Meantime, we are sorry to see that the Inverness Magistrates, by a casting vote of the Provost, have given permission to a "Sacred" Concert on Sabbath the 3rd April, in the interest of Earl Haig's Warriors' Day Fund. It is most regrettable to observe that a proposal has been made to have cinemas open throughout the country on the Sabbath mentioned, for the benefit of this Fund. This form of entertainment was refused at Inverness, but it is to be feared it will be allowed in the large towns and many other places. We are living in a dreadful time, when Satan is marshalling all his artillery against the Lord's Day and everything truly holy and sacred. We earnestly pray that when the enemy cometh in like a flood the Most High may bless the efforts of His own people to put him to flight.

Church Notes.

Communion.—Lochgilthead, second Sabbath of April; St. Jude's, Glasgow (Jane Street, Blythswood Square), and Wick (Caithness), fourth. Kames and Oban, first Sabbath of May; Dumbarton (Hall, 3 Wallace Street, Dumbarton, East), second; Edinburgh (Hall, Riego Street, near Tollcross), and Vatten (Skye), third.

Notice to Congregational Treasurers in the Northern Presbytery.—Treasurers of Congregations in the Northern Presbytery are requested, as in former years, to send in copies of their Abstracts of Financial Statements to the Clerk, Rev. Ewen Macqueen, Free Presbyterian Manse, Broadstone Park, Inverness.

Call to Rev. Malcolm Gillies.—At the request of the Halkirk and Helmsdale Congregation, the Northern Presbytery met at Halkirk on the 22nd February to moderate in a call to Rev. Malcolm Gillies, at present in Canada. The greatest cordiality and unanimity prevailed. The call has been sent to Mr. Gillies.

Deputies to South African Mission.—We are thankful to learn that our deputies, Rev. Neil Cameron and Mr. Angus Fraser, arrived safely at Cape Town on Friday, 11th March. Favourable letters were previously received from them, posted at an early stage of the journey at Las Palmas. We hope (D.V.) to have further information as to their movements in next issue.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

MR. ALEX. MACGILLIVRAY, General Treasurer, Glenurquhart Rd., Inverness, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations up to 24th March:—

Sustentation Fund.—"Psalm l. 23," for Lochinver Congregation, £1; "A Friend" (Inverness postmark), £1; Miss B. Mackenzie, Sandon Hall, Stafford, for Shildaig Congregation, 15s; Mr. F. Macdonald, Kinlochewe, Ross, £2; Mr. John MacLeod, Kinlochewe, £1; Per Mr. R. Sinclair—C. MacLean, Esq., Thurso, £2; Per Mr. A. Rankin—Fort-William and District, £5.

Home Mission Fund.—"Psalm l. 23," for Lochinver Congregation, 5s.

Jewish and Foreign Missions Fund.—Mr. D. Clark, Pittsburg, U.S.A., for Training Girl at Lovedale, £6; "A Friend" (Inverness postmark), £2; "A Friend," for Radasi Mission, £2; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—A. R. Finlayson, Lucknow, Ontario, £1 2s; Miss Dewar, Lochgilthead, for Kafir Bibles, 5s.

Organisation Fund.—Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—"A Friend," Youngstown, Ohio, £1, A. R. Finlayson, Lucknow, Ontario, £1.

Inverness Free Presbyterian Manse Purchase Fund.—The Rev. E. Macqueen begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the sum of £18 12s from the Congregation of Coigach and district, collected by Mr. R. MacSween,

missionary, who requests that the list of subscribers, though a long one, be inserted as follows:—Auchaduart—J. MacLeod, 5/, D. Macleod, 5/, S. MacLeod, 2/6, Mrs. S. MacLeod, 3/, Mrs. Macrae, 5/. Camusnacarrin—Mrs. MacLeod, 10/, A. MacLeod, 5/. Auchbhræ—Mrs. A. Campbell, 2/6. Badinscallie—K. Mackenzie, 2/6, Mrs. K. Mackenzie, 2/6, Murdo MacLeod, 5/6, Miss B. MacLeod, 5/, Miss J. Mackenzie, 5/, Miss C. Mackenzie, 2/6, Mrs. Matheson, 10/, D. Stewart, 10/, R. MacLeod, 7/6, R. Stewart, 2/. Auchlochan—Mrs. Grant, 5/, Mrs. A. MacLeod, 2/, A. MacLean, 5/. Auchiltibuie—Miss B. MacLeod, 5/, R. Mackenzie, 10/, J. Mackenzie, 5/, G. MacLeod, 10/, K. Graham, 2/6, Mrs. Graham, 5/, Miss M. Graham, 4/, R. MacSween, 5/, Mrs. R. MacSween, 5/, “A Friend,” 2/6, “A Friend,” 2/6, Mrs. A. Campbell, 2/. Reef—Mr. and Mrs. R. Macleod, 10/, Widow R. Ross, 10/, Mrs. R. MacLeod, 10/, M. MacLean, 5/, Widow Maclean, 6/, J. Maclean, 10/, Miss Isabella MacLeod, 2/6, D. Macleod, 3/, Mrs. S. MacLeod, 2/6. Blairbuie—M. Ross, 5/, Mrs. M. Ross, 5/, Miss D. MacLeod, 5/, Mrs. D. Stewart, 10/, H. MacLeod, 5/, R. MacLeod, 5/. Laid of Reef—Mrs. MacGregor, 5/. Culnacraig—Widow E. MacLeod, 5/, R. MacLeod, 2/6, J. MacLeod, 2/6. Old Dornie—Mrs. MacLean, 2/6. Dornie—M. MacLeod, 5/. Polbain—Angus MacLeod, 10/, J. MacLeod, 10/, D. MacLeod, 10/, Alex. MacLeod, 5/, Donald MacLeod, 5/. Achnahaird—A. MacLeod, £1, Mrs. M. MacLean, 5/, D. MacLean, 5/, Mrs. MacLean, 2/6, M. MacLeod, 5/, K. MacRae, 5/, Mrs. MacRae, 2/6. Leanrannich—G. Rosie, 4/6. Ullapool—Miss M. Campbell, late of Tanera, 5/. Total, £18 12/.

Mr. Macqueen also desires to express sincere thanks for the following:—Misses Urquhart, Langwell House, Dingwall, £2; Miss Macdonald, Kingsdale, 10/; Miss A. N. Mackenzie, Elphin, Lairg, £1 10/, and Mr. Ewen M. Mackay, Dunfermline Post-Office, 10/; Per A. MacGillivray, Inverness—“A Friend” (Peterhead postmark), 5/; Per Mrs. Mackenzie, Kingsmills Road, Inverness—Miss Bessie Mackenzie, Edinburgh, 10/; Per Treasurer—Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Fraser, Regina, Sask., Canada, £1; “F.P. Friend,” Inverness, £2; Mr. Macrae, Ardochy Farm, Beauly, £1; Miss K. MacLeod, Ostle Urganish, Dunvegan, Skye, 10/; and Mr. Angus M’Gillivray, New Zealand, £2 (Per Mr. S. Davidson, Inverness). Mrs. Mackinnon, £1, Mrs. Cameron, 10/, Miss Kate Nicolson, 5/, Mr. D. Nicolson, £1, and Mrs. Nicolson, 14/, all of Drusdale, Skye. Miss M’Innes, Scalpay, 5/, Miss Beaton, Drumfearn, 10/, Mrs. Davis, Drumfearn, 6/, Mrs. Robertson, Camuscross, 10/, Mr. R. Cameron, Camuscross, 10/, all per Mrs. Nicolson. Mrs. J. A. M’Innes, Broadford, £5; Mr. Anderson, Broadford, £1; Mrs. Mackinnon, Flashadder, 10/; Miss Campbell, Ullapool, 10/; Mrs. Murray, The Poles, Dornoch, 10/; Mr. D. Mackenzie, Stornoway, £1; Miss Mackenzie, Stornoway, £1; Mr. D. M’Lean, Montana, U.S.A., £2; and Miss Beaton, Drumfearn, 10/.

Rev. Neil Cameron, St. Jude’s, desires to acknowledge, with thanks, £3 10/, from “Four London Friends,” for the needs of the Mission in South Africa.

Mr. Norman Mackinnon, Congregational Treasurer, Tarbert, Harris, acknowledges, with thanks, £1 10/, received, per the Rev. D. N. Macleod, from “A Friend, Ontario,” for the Tarbert Manse Repairs Fund.

Mr. H. S. MacGillivray, Bay View Boarding House, West Bay, Dunoon, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations to the Dunoon Church Purchase Fund:—Miss J. B. M’F., £1; “A Friend,” Inverness, 10/; and per Rev. D. Mackenzie—The Deacon’s Court of F.P. Church, Gairloch (Congregational Collection), £5 9/3.

Mr. A. Maclean, 16 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh, Treasurer to Edinburgh F.P. Building Fund, acknowledges, with thanks, 10/, from Mr. John Macdonald, Dusary, North Uist, for said Fund.

The Treasurer of St. Jude’s Congregation, Glasgow, acknowledges, with thanks (per Editor), £1 from Mr. A. R. Finlayson, Lucknow, Ontario, for St. Jude’s Sustentation Fund.

The Magazine.

Notice to Subscribers.—We respectfully remind subscribers that April is the last month of the Magazine year, and that payments, due for past and future, will now much oblige. All who order from the Editor and Treasurer (Rev. J. S. Sinclair) are requested to send their subscriptions to his address, 248 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow. The price of one copy of the Magazine for the year is 4/; postage extra, 1/—total 5/; postage of two copies, 1/6, three copies, 2/. Postage extra of one copy to all countries abroad, 6d; two copies, 1/, etc.

WE regret that Obituary Sketches of Mr. Kenneth MacKenzie, Gairloch; Mrs. Duncan MacLachlan, Ellerslie, N.S.W.; and Mr. A. Mowat, elder, Halkirk, Caithness, are held over.

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