

THE

Free Presbyterian Magazine

And MONTHLY RECORD.

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1921.

No. 11.

"Instruction in Christianity."

BY JOHN CALVIN.

*A Translation by Mr. J. P. Wiles, M.A., Devizes.**

JOHN CALVIN was one of the great master-minds of the Christian Church, and his work, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion," is one of the masterpieces of the theology of the Reformation. Calvin, whilst a man of profound intellect and extensive learning, was also a man deeply taught of God in the things of Christianity. By a definite spiritual experience, he was brought to sit at Christ's feet, and his highly-acute understanding was made reverently subject to the teaching and authority of Him whose wisdom is infinite. We believe that no divine in Reformation or later times was, by God's grace, made more loyal to the whole counsel of God as set forth in His Word. Some excellent men have their minds fascinated by a certain line of truth, which they work out at the expense of other lines, to their own detriment, and to that of others. But it was not so with Calvin. He was prepared to give full scope to all aspects of divine truth, whether they were at first sight, or in appearance, logically consistent or not. He recognised that the human mind was a small matter in comparison with the infinite mind of God, and that various lines of truth that might not be easily reconcilable by us, God was able to reconcile in accordance with His unerring wisdom. Judiciousness, proportion, absence of extremes, are eminent characteristics of Calvin's writings, all conspiring to bring out "the mind of Christ" in its exactness and entirety. He wrote a Commentary on the books of the Bible, as well as "The Institutes," presently under notice.

It appeared to Mr. Wiles (who is a Baptist minister, and a

* See Advertisement, Third Page of Magazine Cover.—ED.

scholar of University attainments), the author of the present translation of the "Institutes," that if the book could be reproduced in an abbreviated form, "in simple modern English," it might be much more extensively useful than it has been in recent times among the ordinary run of serious-thinking people. Besides, he was aware that many places of worship in England of the Calvinistic type are supplied by lay preachers who are engaged in business during the week, and who have little time to read through large volumes, even of sound theology, and he considered that such a compendium of truth as Calvin's "Institutes," if suitably abbreviated, and made easy to read, would fulfil a highly useful purpose in directing and informing the thoughts of such preachers on the fundamental verities of the Christian faith. We believe that he has judged rightly, and trust that his laudable effort will, by God's blessing, be attended with much success.

"The Institutes" consist of four "books." The first treats of "the knowledge of God the Creator"; the second, of "the knowledge of God the Redeemer"; the third, of "the Manner in which the grace of Christ is received and the Effects that follow;" and the fourth, of "the External Means of Grace." Mr. Wiles has omitted "Book IV., which deals with ecclesiastical government and external ordinances," containing, as it does, Calvin's views of baptism, etc., which would be disputed by some, so as to make the work more generally useful, and he has also left out "many controversial passages referring to the opinions and errors of persons now forgotten," without interfering with the main argument. No doubt, students who desire to be acquainted with all the "Institutes" will find the remainder elsewhere, but for the practical purpose the translator has in view he has done the best possible, all things considered. As our readers may conclude from the titles of the "books" given, Calvin treats of the various sources of the knowledge of God. He gives the supreme place to the Holy Scripture, without the guidance and teaching of which no true or adequate knowledge of God can be obtained. He has a very instructive statement on the unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the Persons. Under the head of "God the Redeemer," he deals with the Fall, Original Sin, the Bondage of Man's Will, Redemption of Christ, the Moral Law, a "Comparison of the Old and New Testaments," and Christ's Person and Offices. The chapters on the Moral Law and the Old and New Testaments should be found very illuminating and helpful to those who have difficulties on the subjects dealt with. In Book III. Calvin discourses on "the secret operation of the Spirit," Faith, Repentance, the Roman doctrines of Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead, "the Life of a Christian Man," "Bearing the Cross," Justification by Faith, Assurance, Christian Liberty, Exposition of the Lord's Prayer, Eternal Election, the Resurrection, etc. In dealing with "Assurance," Calvin shows himself the deeply-taught, experimental Christian in the following statement:—

"It may be objected that the experience of believers differs widely from this enjoyment of unwavering assurance; they are not merely troubled by frequent returns of discouragement and disquietude, but sometimes by most dreadful terrors and temptations. This is true, and this apparent contradiction must be explained if we wish the above definition of faith to stand. When we say that true faith is characterised by certainty and security, we do not mean a certainty which is never affected by doubt nor a security which is never assailed by disquietude; on the contrary, we maintain that believers have a perpetual conflict with their own diffidence. But we also maintain that they never give up the fixed confidence in the mercy of God which they have received. One of the most memorable examples of faith to be found in the Scriptures is the faith of David, especially if we keep in view the whole course of his life: and yet his numerous complaints prove that his mind was by no means always at rest. A few quotations will suffice. Is he not fighting against his unbelief when he cries, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?' (Psa. xlii. 11, xliii. 5). And again: 'I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes' (Psa. xxxi. 22). And again: 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul' (Psa. cxvi. 7). And yet, wondrous to say, in the midst of these trials and convictions faith sustains the hearts of the godly, and whatever be the burdens with which it has to struggle, it always rises victorious from the conflict. Indeed, he who contends with his own weakness, and in the midst of his fears, endeavours to believe, is already more than half a conqueror. We may gather this from such passages as the following: 'Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord' (Psa. xxvii. 14)."

We trust the volume, which is well written and well printed, will have an extensive circulation.

PEACE is to Churches as walls to a city; nay, unity hath defended cities that had no walls. It was once demanded of Agesilaus why Lacedemon had no walls; he answers (pointing back to the city) that the concord of the citizens was the strength of the city. In like manner, Christians are strong when united; then they are more capable to resist temptation, and to succour such as are tempted. When unity and peace is among the Churches then are they like a walled town; and when peace is the Church's walls, salvation will be her bulwarks.—*John Bunyan.*

A FRIEND of the eminent Mr. Ryland, in conversation, addressed him thus: "Are you never afraid lest you should go to hell?" "No, sir," replied Ryland, emphatically; "and if I were to find myself there, I should say, 'I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart and all my soul.' And all the devils in hell would say, 'Turn that fellow out; he has no business here.'"

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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THIS latter part of the verse is a fair and lively crucifix, cut by the hand of a most exquisite carver—not to amaze our bodily eyes with a piece of wood, brass, or stone, curiously engraven, to the increase of a carnal devotion, but to present to the eye of the conscience the grievous passion and gracious compassion of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, "who gave himself for us," etc. This text presents to our eye seven considerable circumstances:—(1) Who? "Christ." (2) What? "Gave." (3) Whom? "Himself." (4) To whom? "To God." (5) For whom? "For us." (6) After what manner? "An offering and sacrifice." (7) Of what effect? "Of a sweet savour."

The points, you see, lie as ready for our discourse as the way did from Bethany to Jerusalem; only fail not my speech, nor your attention, till we come to the journey's end.

WHO?—The person that gives is Christ; the quality of His person doth highly commend His exceeding love to us. We will ascend to this consideration by four stairs or degrees, and descend by four other. Both in going up and coming down we shall perceive the admirable love of the Giver. Ascendantly—

1. We will consider Him a man. "Behold the man" (John xix. 5), saith Pilate. We may tarry and wonder at His lowest degree—that a man should give himself for man. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die" (Romans v. 7). But this man gave Himself for unrighteous men, to die not an ordinary but a grievous death, exposing Himself to the wrath of God, to the tyranny of men and devils. It would pity our hearts to see a poor dumb beast so terrified; how much more a man, the image of God!

2. The second degree gives Him an innocent man. Pilate could say, "I have found no fault in this man" (Luke xxiii. 14); no, nor yet Herod. No, nor the devil, who would have been right glad of such an advantage. So Pilate's wife sent her husband word: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man" (Matt. xxvii. 19). So the person is not only a man, but a just man, that gave Himself to endure such horrors for us. If we pity the death of malefactors, how should our compassion be to one innocent!

— 3. In the third degree, He is not only a man, and a good man, but also a great man, royally descended from the ancient patriarchs and kings of Judah. Pilate had so written His title, and he would answer, not alter, it: "What I have written, I have written." And

what was that? "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews" (John xix. 19). Now; as is the person, so is the passion: the more noble the giver, the more excellent the gift. That so high a King would suffer such contempt and obloquy to be cast upon Him, when the least part of His disgrace had been too much for a man of mean condition; that a man—a good man, a great man—bore such calumny, such calamity, for our sakes; here was an unmatchable, an unspeakable, love.

4. This is enough, but this is not all. There is yet a higher degree in this ascent; we are not come to our full quantity. It is this: He was more than man; not only the greatest of men, but greater than all men. He was more than the Son of man—even the Son of God. As the centurion acknowledged, "Truly this man was the Son of God" (Mark xv. 39). Here be all the four stairs upwards: a man, a harmless man, a princely man, and yet more than man—even God Himself. Solomon was a great king, but here is a greater than Solomon. Solomon was the anointed of the Lord, but this is the Lord Himself anointed. And here all tongues grow dumb, and admiration seaeth up every lip. This is a depth beyond sounding. You may perhaps drowsily hear this, and coldly be affected with it; but let me say, principalities and powers, angels and seraphims, stood amazed at it.

We see the ascent. Shall we bring down again this consideration by as many stairs?

1. Consider Him, Almighty God, taking upon Him man's nature. This is the first step downwards. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us" (John i. 14). And "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4). And this was done by putting on our nature, not by putting off His own. Humanity is united to the Godhead, but the Godhead is not disassociated from itself. He is both God and man, yet but one Christ; one, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. Now in that this eternal God became man, He suffered more than man can suffer, either living or dead. That man should be turned into a beast, into a worm, into dust, into nothing, is not so great a disparagement as that the glorious God should become man. "He that thought it not robbery to be equal with God, was made in the likeness of man." He that is "more excellent than the angels" became lower than the angels. Even the brightness of God's glory takes on Him the baseness of our nature; and He that laid the foundations of the earth, and made the world, is now in the world made Himself. This is the first descending degree.

2. The second stair brings Him yet lower. He is made man; but what man? Let Him be universal monarch of the world, and have fealty and homage acknowledged to Him from all kings and emperors, as His viceroys. Let Him walk upon crowns and sceptres, and let princes attend on His court; and here was some majesty that might a little become the Son of God. No such matter. "He took upon him the form of a servant" (Phil. ii. 7).

He instructs us to humility by His own example. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matthew xx. 28). "O Israel, thou hast made me to serve with thy sins" (Isa. xliii. 24). He gave Himself for a minister, not for a master. He that is God's Son is made man's servant. Proudly blind, and blindly poor man, that thou shouldest have such a servant as the Son of thy Maker. This is the second step downwards.

3. This is not low enough yet: "I am a worm, and no man," saith the psalmist in his person. Yea, the shame of men and contempt of the people. He is called (Psalm xxiv. 7) "the King of glory." "Be ye open, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." But Isaiah says, "He is despised and rejected of men: we hid as it were our faces from him: he was despised, and we esteemed him not." O the pity of God, that those two should come so near together—the King of glory and the shame of men. The loftier the majesty, the lovelier the humility. Thus saith the apostle, "He made himself of no reputation" (Phil. ii. 7). He that requires all honour as properly due to Him, makes Himself (not of little, but) of no reputation. Here was dejection, yea, here was rejection. Let Him be laid in His poor cradle, the Bethlehemites reject Him; the manger must serve—no room for Him in the inn. Yea, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not" (John i. 11). All Israel is too hot for Him; He is glad to fly into Egypt for protection. Comes He to Jerusalem, which He had honoured with His presence, instructed with His sermons, amazed with His miracles, wet and bedewed with His tears? They reject Him. "I would, and ye would not." Comes He to His kindred? They deride and traduce Him, as if they were ashamed of His alliance. Comes He to His disciples? "They go back, and will walk no more with him" (John vi. 66). Will yet His apostles tarry with Him? So they say (verse 68), "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Yet at last one betrays Him, another forswears Him; all forsake Him; and Jesus is left alone in the midst of His enemies. Can malice yet add some further aggravation to His contempt? yes, they crucify Him with malefactors. The quality of His company is made to increase His dishonour. In the midst of thieves, as it were the prince of thieves, saith Luther, He that "thought it no robbery to be equal to the most holy God," is made equal to thieves and murderers; yea, as it were, a captain amongst them. This is the third step.

4. But we must go yet lower. Behold now the deepest stair and the greatest rejection. "The Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger" (Lament. i. 12). "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief" (Isaiah liii. 10). No burden seems heavy, when the comforts of God help to bear it. When God will give solace, vexation makes but idle offers and assaults. But now, to the rejection of all the former, the Lord turns His back upon Him as a stranger; the Lord wounds Him

as an enemy. He cries out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" How could the sun and stars, heaven and earth, stand while their Maker thus complained! The former degree was deep; He was crucified with evil-doers; *reckoned amongst the wicked*. Yet thieves fared better in death than He. We find no irrision, no insultation, no taunts, no invectives against them. They had nothing upon them but pain; He both contempt and torment. If scorn and derision can vex His good soul, He shall have it in peals of ordnance shot against Him. Even the basest enemies shall give it; Jews, soldiers, persecutors, yea, suffering malefactors, spare not to flout Him. His blood cannot appease them without His reproach. But yet the disciples are but weak men, the Jews but cruel persecutors, the devils but malicious enemies; all these do but their kind; but the lowest degree is, God forgets Him, and in His feeling He is forsaken of the Highest. Weigh all these circumstances, and you shall truly behold the person that gave Himself for us.

WHAT?—We come to the action, *He gave*. Giving is the argument of a free disposition. "I lay down my life; no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again" (John x. 17, 18). He that gives life to us, gave up His own life for us. He did not sell, set, or lend, but *give*. He was offered, because He would be offered. No hand could cut that stone from the quarry of heaven; no violence pull Him from the bosom of His Father, but His own mercy: *He gave*. "He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills" (Cant. ii. 8). He comes with willingness and celerity, no human resistance could hinder Him; not the hillocks of our lesser infirmities, not the mountains of our grosser iniquities, could stay His merciful pace towards us.

He gave His life; who could bereave Him of it? To all the high priest's armed forces He gave but a verbal encounter, "*I am he*;" and they retire and fall backward; His very breath dispersed them all. He could as easily have commanded fire from heaven to consume them, or vapours from the earth to choke them; He that controls devils could easily have quailed men. More than twelve legions of angels were at His back, and every angel able to conquer a legion of men. He gives them leave to take Him, yea power to kill Him; from Himself is that power which apprehends Himself. Even while He stands before Pilate scorned, yet He tells him, "Thou couldst have no power against me, unless it were given thee from above." His own strength leads Him, not His adversaries; He could have been freed, but He would not; constraint had abated His merit; He will deserve though He die.

"The loss of His life was necessary, yet was it also voluntary" (Ambrose); therefore He gave up the ghost. In spite of all the world He might have kept His soul within His body; He would not. The world should have been burned to cinders, and all

creatures on earth resolved to their original dust, before He could have been enforced. Man could not take away His spirit : therefore He gave it. Otherwise, if His passion had been only material and not formal, it could not have been meritorious, or afforded satisfaction for us. For that is only done well that is done of our will.

But it is objected out of Heb. v. 7, that "he offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death." Hence, some blasphemers say, that Christ was a coward in fearing the natural death of the body. If He had so feared it, He needed not to have tasted it. Christ indeed did naturally fear death, otherwise He had not been so affected as an ordinary man. Yet He willingly suffered death, otherwise He had not been so well affected as an ordinary martyr. But He prays thrice, "*Let this cup pass.*" Divines usually distinguish here the sententiaries, thus: That there was in Christ a double human or created will, the one a natural will, the other a reasonable will. Christ, according to His natural will, trembled at the pangs of death, and this without sin ; for nature abhorreth all destructive things. But in regard of His rational will, He willingly submits Himself to drink that cup. "*Not as I will, O Father, but as thou wilt.*" A man, saith Aquinas, will not naturally endure the lancing of any member, yet by his reasonable will he consents to it, for the good of the whole body ; reason masters sense, and cutting or cauterizing is endured. So Christ, by the strength of His natural will, feared death ; but by His reason, perceiving that the cutting, wounding, crucifying of the Head, would bring health to the whole body of His church, and either He must bleed on the cross, or we must all burn in hell ; behold now He willingly and cheerfully gives Himself an offering and sacrifice to God for us.

But was it a mere temporal death that our Saviour feared? No ; He saw the fierce wrath of His Father, and therefore feared. Many resolute men have not shrunk at a little ; divers martyrs have endured strange torments with magnanimity. But now when He that gave them strength quakes at death, shall we say He was a coward? Alas, that which would have overwhelmed man, would not have made Him shrink ; that which He feared, no mortal man but Himself ever felt ; yet He feared. The despair of many thousand men was not so much as for Him to fear. He saw that which none saw, the anger of an infinite God ; He perfectly apprehended the cause of fear, our sin and torment ; He saw the bottom of the cup, how bitter and dreggish every drop of that vial was ; He truly understood the burden which we make light of. Men fear not hell because they know it not. If they could see through the opened gates the insufferable horrors of that pit, trembling and quaking would run like an ague through their bones. This insupportable load He saw ; that the sponge of vengeance must be wrung out to Him, and He must suck it up to the last

and least drop. Every talent of our iniquities must be laid upon Him, till, as "a cart, he be laden with sheaves" (Amos ii. 13). And with all this pressure He must mount His chariot of death, the cross, and there bear it, till the appeased God gave way to an "It is finished."

The philosopher could say that a wise man miserable is more miserable than a fool miserable, because he understands his misery. So that our Saviour's pangs were aggravated by the fulness of His knowledge. No marvel then if He might justly take David's words out of his mouth, "Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind." This thought drew from Him those tears of blood. His eyes had formerly wept for our misdoings; His whole body now weeps; not a faint dew, but He sweat out solid drops of blood. The thorns, scourges, nails, fetched blood from Him, but not with such pain as this sweat. Outward violence drew on those; these the extremity of His troubled thought. Here, then, was His cause of fear. He saw our everlasting destruction, if He suffered not; He saw the horrors which He must suffer to ransom us. Hence those groans, tears, cries, and sweat; yet His love conquered all. By nature He could willingly have avoided this cup; for love's sake to us He took it in a willing hand; so He had purposed, so He hath performed. And now to testify His love, saith my text, "He freely gave."

(To be continued.)

The late Mr. Neil Mackinnon,

ELDER, PORTREE.

NEIL MACKINNON was born at Gedintailor, Braes. His father belonged to the parish of Strath. His mother's people lived in Camustinivaig, to which township his mother returned after the death of her husband. At the time of his father's death, Neil was but a child. In fact, he was not much out of childhood when the Spirit of God began to move him.

The instrument in the hand of the Holy Spirit that drew the heart of Neil Mackinnon to Jesus Christ, as often related to us by himself, was the godly conversation of an old crofter, who feared the Lord, of the name of Donald Matheson, better known in Camustinivaig as Domhnall MacIain Mhic Dhomhnall. This worthy was on a certain night drying his oats before sending them to the mill at Portree. A number of boys gathered to the kiln to get some of the dried corn, of which they were exceedingly fond. The worthy man called the boys to him in order that he might tell them a story, knowing human nature. He first began to tell them of a giant who took men away. Then he told how Jesus came, in order that He might save people. The very mention of the name of the blessed deliverer seems to have attracted Neil's heart, and he pressed nearer and nearer the herald who brought

him such glad tidings, and although the rest were getting listless, Neil was hungering to hear more, and wished to stop all night with the man, who was warming his heart with his doctrine. And when he had to leave, it was to begin what he was ignorant of before, even to go to Jesus who was crucified, in order that he might get his young heart warmed anew by Him. His age at that time would be between nine and ten. The Lord continued this happy frame to him for some time, and as it began to fade away from his feelings, he longed to know more and more about Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

In those days there were no schools in the district where English was taught, but he happened to get a Gaelic book, called "The Blue Book" (A Leabhar Gorm). In this book Psalm cxix. was included among other lessons, and when Neil was able to read, he would weep over what he saw there, and his young heart longed to know more of Him whom the royal songster loved so well. This made him act like the woman at the well of Jacob, who went to call her townsmen to see a Man who told her all that ever she did. Neil now began to ask his playmates to seek Christ along with him, yet what drew Neil was wanting in their case, and they soon got tired of that which was to him the joy and the rejoicing of his heart. He saw others going to the house of God, and longed to join their company, for he now understood that there they heard of Jesus who was to him the altogether lovely One, but his mother, having to provide for four, was not able to provide him with a garment suitable. Yet little Neil had access to the ear which hears the ravens young that cry. That ear heard his desire, and sent him what he so much desired. He had an uncle, a brother of his mother, who served as a gamekeeper in the employment of MacLeod of MacLeod, with whom sportsmen were wont to leave garments at the end of the season. These the uncle used to send to his sister to fit for her boys. In a bundle Neil found a grey coat, in which he desired to appear the first Sabbath in church, and he would not wait for any other alteration but to cut the tail off, as the body would be long enough for him. Thus arrayed, with a joyful heart he joined the worshippers next Lord's Day, which proved to him a day to be remembered, as it made him long for the courts of God's own house. Thus he thought he was to have heaven on earth. He was on his honeymoon; it was the time of his espousals; he knew not yet the plague of his own heart. It was the summer time with him, when fields and woods clapped hands, and everything breathing resounded with joy. The Lord, who adopted him into His family, was now to be his teacher, and the lesson troubled Neil, for his eyes were stirring up his heart. The Apostle of the Gentiles had to say, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Neil became like one dead; he lost his joy, and concluded that all was deception from the beginning. The house was not the same to him;

he heard of Christ, but could not find Him; he feared that He would cast him off. Shame covered him now. "I heard Ephraim bemoaning himself." Neil, like him, now bemoaned himself, yet the Lord would now and again send him a portion that would enable him to hope in His mercy, although he felt himself, like the Shulamite, a company of two armies. He was at that time growing up, and it was deemed that it was time to send him to some trade. Consequently he engaged with a country blacksmith in Strath, near Broadford. The conversation in the smithy is not as a rule favourable to grace. So did Neil find it, to his bitter cost. Being young and lively, other young ones gathered to make friends with the apprentice. They proposed that, as they had a dancing-master in the place, he should join them. Being taken unawares he joined them, but before long he found himself like shorn Samson. The Lord was departed from him, and his folly cost him many a tear before he got the peace which he used to enjoy.

The writer remembers his appeals to the young of Braes, when they wanted to indulge in dancing. Neil, at the close of the service, would, with tearful eyes, call (*Dannsa mo bhron*), "The dancing of my sorrow; it almost cost me my soul." I would like all the young of our Church to have heard him, and if his words made the impression on them which they used to have on my poor soul, they would never engage in it. To his last, his experience in connection with it was as vivid to him as the day the Lord showed him his guilt. I must state here that the young men of his native place seldom refused to obey him; to the most of them his word was law. The Lord bless to them the many solemn appeals he made to them!

From Broadford, after learning his trade, he removed to Glasgow, and got work in the Caledonian Railway Works at St. Rollox. In that place there were at that time many who feared the Lord. With them Neil was like Jacob when he got near his son, Joseph, in the best of the land—he got near his beloved. A very worthy man kept the gate, and had a small office, where, at the dinner hour, those who feared the Lord gathered, and spent the time at their disposal, each giving his own view on a portion of the Word of God. Hence the office became known as "John Campbell's College," and they all felt, although Neil was about the youngest of those who frequented that Bethel, that he was deeply taught of God. And old John Campbell would say to one of our worthy elders who is yet alive, "Allan, Neil is wise for this world itself, as well as for eternal things." In Glasgow Neil had the privilege of hearing the greatest preachers of the then Free Church. Dr. Kennedy, late of Dingwall, he dearly loved in the Lord.

All his days he firmly stuck to the party known then as the "Constitutional Party" in the Free Church. The writer remembers that, when Neil visited his native place, he and our

father always talked together about the agitation that was then in the Church about the Union question. Many a sigh the declensions in the Free Church drew from his noble soul. That party, who crushed the Lord's people in the Free Church, may think little of it, yet the Lord will visit their actions on them, either in time or in eternity. At the time the Free Church passed the ever-to-be-loathed Declaratory Act, Neil felt bound in conscience not to help such a body again. The writer remembers over and over again hearing him state that he would rather sit in his house with his Bible than listen again to any of them who went in with that Act. At that time he was returned from Glasgow, and had settled in Portree as a merchant. The Rev. Donald Macfarlane, then of Raasay, now of Dingwall, and Rev. Donald Macdonald, late of Shildaig, stuck to the principles and practices of the Church of Scotland Free, and were evicted out of their churches and manses for doing so. Neil Mackinnon received them as men who were moved of God to raise up a standard against the flood of errors which appeared to carry the people of Scotland to destruction. He was one of the two elders who formed the first Presbytery in the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and he began at once to tell the people of his native isle God's call to them to stick to the Word of God, and to the creed of the reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He was mocked for it, but his noble, erect body stood all the abuse unashamed. It is not too much to state that he was one of the finest-looking specimens of the fallen race as to his body, standing about six feet high, with a curly, well-thatched head of hair, rosy cheeks, and a beaming countenance. All who came in contact with him had to understand that they had in him a man, a Christian, and a gentleman.

The Spirit of the Lord began to move him mightily, so he began to hold meetings in all parts of the parish of Portree and in other parts of Skye. It was evident that the Spirit of the Lord spoke through him, and his message was blessed to many. He kept meetings in every township, and the people locked their doors and gathered to hear the Word of God. Many will remember his discourses on the words, "Adam, where art thou?" and "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and also on the words, "Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go." And as a Gaelic speaker at that period we never heard his equal. Some will remember, as long as they are in this world, how he sang in his own house at family worship the words in Psalm xlv. (tenth verse), "Oh, daughter, hearken and regard, and do thine ear incline," etc. The effect which that singing had on them cannot be put in words. Some might think that he was always in the sunshine at that time. Ah! it was far from it. Full well the writer remembers how low he would be in his mind after returning from some meetings in which he appeared to get a Pisgah view of the heavenly Canaan.

Then he would begin to doubt his own conversion, and his right to be addressing his fellow-creatures. "The Presbytery must examine me," he would say; "I fear I am not a real Christian." Yet although his weeping might endure for a night, joy would come to him in the morning, when the Lord would come to his garden. And if ever the Lord raised a nurse for His children, He raised one in Neil Mackinnon, and if some of us will ever get to heaven—as we at times hope we will—apart from the blessed Saviour, we would wish to meet Neil as much as any that are there. No pastor could spend, and he spent, for his people more than Neil for the Free Presbyterians of the parish of Portree. He tramped it late and early, from Portree to Penechorran, exhorting and teaching his fellow-men, and when they got a minister, Neil helped to the best of his ability. And as his heart was opened to receive Christ, Neil opened his house to the Lord's people, and at Communion seasons his house would be packed and he in his element supplying their wants.

All in the Highlands know how soon the heart of their first minister was drawn away, not to more people, or to a more Christian Church, but to a surer earthly endowment, and when he left, Neil stepped into the breach as before, and the Lord's people in the district felt themselves like David, when bringing home the Ark of the Lord, glad at heart. In a short time they got another minister, and Neil assisted him to all in his power. He was much troubled when a few of the ministers of the Church began to seek union with the Free Church of our day, not because he was against Union, but because that Church showed that they had more regard for churches and other property than for a sound creed and constitution. When they remained in the Free Church in 1893, after her creed was changed, how could they be against Union when it was the changed creed of the Free Church that became the basis of Union with the U.P. Church? He loved unity, when unity could be had on a sound basis, but he loved purity more than unity, because "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." When three of the ministers of the Church to which he belonged moved for a conference with the Free Church, Neil, to begin with, thought that they only wanted such a conference "to remove obstacles that stood in the way." But when he saw the answer the Free Church sent to the Free Presbyterian Church, also the pamphlet written by one of the then ministers who was so keen for the conference, as he himself would state, "I saw at once it was the flesh," and he at once revealed his mind to his own minister, who was one of them, and also to the writer of the pamphlet. So when they went where they lusted for, Neil again took charge of the congregation of Portree, and although his natural force was somewhat abated, yet the Lord stood by him, and helped him. He was often cast down so low that he felt himself on the border of despair. Once in this condition the words in the 44th chapter of Isaiah, verse 22, came to him with

power from the Lord, and delivered him out of his distress, and such words as were helpful to himself, he delighted to speak from to others. Another text he loved to speak from was Song ii. 14.

But time would fail me to write all the places in the glorious pastures of God's holy Word that he delighted to feed in. He is now where sorrow and sighing shall never be known. He has gone to the mountains of myrrh and to the hills of frankincense, where the Lamb in the midst of the throne feeds him with all the redeemed host, leading them to fountains of living waters. He many times cried in the vale below, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee." Grace in him stuck fast to Christ, and love in Christ drew Neil more and more to Himself, and before He called him home He made his face shine with what he enjoyed in his soul. To the very last he went about doing good, and the day the Lord called him home he visited the sick who belonged to other Churches as well as his own Church. He served his Maker and Saviour long, and he served his Church well without ever taking a penny for his service.

About ten weeks before he died, he spent some days with us in Inverness, and when word came that he had departed this life, the youngest child in the house deplorably cried, "Ah, well, I am sorry; he *was* nice." The only change we could see on him was that, when any steep place met him, he became very slow. The seat of his trouble was the heart. He carried on as he was wont to do to the end out among the people, for he had no mind for the things of the world, and his brothers-in-law gave him all the liberty he desired. The only earthly object that seemed to be a concern to him was his wife, who was in delicate health for years. After conducting family worship and retiring to bed, he left the lamp burning, and lay down beside his wife, saying, "We will leave it for a little," as if the Lord had informed him that that was the last time he would see the natural lamp burning. He lay on his back looking at the lamp, then turned round to extinguish it, and, in the act of putting out the lamp, he was called to the place where his sun shall no more go down, where the Lord is His everlasting light, and the days of mourning are forever gone. The doctor was called, but Neil Mackinnon's spirit had departed to be with Jesus, leaving nothing behind him but his mortal body, to be placed in the grave which his dear Jesus had perfumed for him, and for all the heirs of promise, till the heavens be no more.

Thus lived, and thus died Neil Mackinnon. After having served his generation well, "he fell on sleep." His funeral was a sight to see. Many gathered from all parts of Skye, and some, who thought him too narrow in his views when he was in life, were among the first to acknowledge that, in his death, they had lost a man of his word and a true Christian. May the Lord comfort his dear widow, who valued his services, and fed on the Word through him! She has the promise, "the stay of the widow." We desire to express our deepest sympathy with all the household,

who showed that they respected him as a true servant of the Lord. And to the people of the parish we would say, "Seek that Neil Mackinnon may not be a witness against you at the great white throne." "Help, Lord."

E. M'Q.

AN APPRECIATION BY REV. D. M. MACDONALD, PORTREE.

As perhaps no one was so intimately acquainted with the details of the late Mr. Mackinnon's life from his youth upwards as the Rev. Mr. Macqueen, I suggested that he should write an account of his career, and this he has kindly done. While I can add nothing of material importance to what he has said, I would like, by way of personal appreciation, to say a little concerning him as a Christian and an elder of our Congregation.

One noticeable feature in Mr. Mackinnon's character was his humility. He was always ready to take the lowest place, and never put himself forward. On one occasion, when at a Communion in a certain place, he was shown his bedroom, and apology was expressed for its smallness. To this he at once replied: "If you have any still smaller, I shall be glad to occupy it." This showed the humble disposition of the man. Next to his gracious Master, the Lord's people and cause had the chief place in his heart. He loved the assemblies of God's people, and was in his element when entertaining them.

As an elder, Mr. Mackinnon was eminently exemplary. He fulfilled the duties of his office in an admirable manner. He never spared himself in seeking to advance the cause of Christ. It may be said that the Congregation of Portree never missed a minister when he was in charge. Being well read in Puritan theology, he could give weighty and lucid expositions of Scripture, which were instructive and edifying to his hearers. He was a frequent and welcome visitor in the homes of the sick and afflicted. His chief interest, indeed, among the affairs of this life lay in the Congregation of Portree, and he looked after everything pertaining to its welfare, from the least detail to the most important matter, and never considered it a burden to do so.

No minister could have a better helper, a wiser counsellor, or a more faithful friend. His fine presence and willing help will be missed for many a day in the Congregation, of which he was a most worthy elder. May his mantle fall upon some others here! And may the Lord, in His great mercy, raise up like-minded men throughout our Church and nation! To Mrs. Mackinnon and his relatives we would again tender our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

If we be content with that which Christ gives us, we shall want nothing. It is a mercy to feel our want of grace, and a greater to know the worth of grace. It is a great matter to have true grace, and a greater to have assurance of it, and no less to use that assurance aright.—*John Brown.*

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 305.)

ANOTHER day, as I was lamenting my weary life when compared with the life I lived formerly, the tempter came with that temptation, "Curse the day wherein thou wast born;" and I could say no more against him but this, "Oh! shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?" Thus I went for several days, thinking still my mouth would open and curse my day, but I desire to bless the Lord, who preserved me, for I do not remember that ever I opened my mouth or yet gave the least consent to this temptation; this was still presented to me, "Oh, shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?" Yet the tempter continued from day to day, so that the poison of his arrows was like to drink up my spirits, and I thought it was with me as it was with those people—"In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see" (Deut. xxviii. 67). But, that which was worse than all this, my glorious Redeemer did still hide His face from me, and the spirit of prayer was withdrawn, and the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, was turned to be a dead letter; yet when I was in this sad condition, my soul clave to God, and said, "Although thou shouldest kill me, yet will I trust in thee" (Job xiii. 15). Thus I was allowed to hold fast my interest in God, as my covenanted God, notwithstanding all that was come on me.

After this, the tempter came with that temptation, and said, "Murder thyself, for thou needest not fear, thy eternal interest is secured." This temptation he continued for many days.

One day I was praying alone in a secret place, and he set violently upon me, and presented to me both conveniency and instruments to murder myself; upon this I was forced to fly out of the place. Another day, I was going some space of way myself alone, and in the way there was a ditch of water, where he set violently on me to drown myself, busking his temptation with this: "Thou needest not fear; thou wilt immediately go to heaven, and the world will never know what is become of thee."

Oh! now I was like to go distracted, for I could give no resentment; but I was kept from yielding to him, and helped by an unknown support of an Almighty God to resist the temptation in all its appearances.

When I was in this sad condition, and like to lose my reason, I was one day on my knees before God in prayer, and, as I thought, both hell and heaven were realised to my mind, and saw, as it were, the devil mocking at me, and ready to pull me in to him; yet in the meantime of this extremity, glorious Christ appeared for my relief, who hath the chain in His own hand that holds the devil, so that he could not win at me. Yet, being under great agony of mind through the violence of long and great temptations, I uttered unadvised and unbecoming words before the Lord; but, blessed ever be His name, He took me not at my word, as justly He might have done, but being full of pity, He forgave my sin, and did not destroy me because of my foolishness. So it pleased a gracious and merciful God to restrain the devil, and deliver me from his temptations for a season.

Yet, alas! my case was little better, for my Glorious Redeemer did still hide His face from me, and grace was as low and duties as lifeless as ever. Oh, now I knew not what way to take to win back to live the life I lived in the nineteenth year of my age. Now I fell a reasoning with myself, and also endeavoured to take a view of the experiences and exercises of the saints as recorded in the Scriptures, and I found them sometimes going to secret, sometimes to public duties, and sometimes to watchmen, and at other times to fellow-Christians; all this I found to be particularly in the case of the spouse, as recorded in the Song, where I saw the only thing she sought in all these means was Christ Himself, and finding this to be my own case, thought I would endeavour to follow her example; but, alas! I was very low, both as to spiritual and natural strength; I was not only low as to the exercise of grace, but also my natural faculties were much racked and distempered by reason of my long combat I had with the devil and his temptations, and my body was much weakened by reason of withholding those things by which nature is upheld.

After this I tried all those means, such as prayer and meditation, reading the Word, for in them I was wont to enjoy the presence of my Redeemer; as also I went to the public ordinances, and to ministers, and to Christians, but instead of outgate and healing I got wounds, and on the back of all I was left struggling with unbelief saying to me that I would never get a blink of my Beloved's countenance this side of eternity. Yet my soul answered in me, that notwithstanding all the disappointments I had met with, I would seek on till my dying hour; for during all the time of this dark cloud I was allowed to hold fast my interest in God, as my covenanted God in Christ my Redeemer, although at this time He was withdrawn, and did withhold the sensible smiles and blinks of divine love and light.

And while I was in this distress, and could get no help from human hand, my gracious God remembered me with another visit, with His own salvation, which was one night in secret prayer. After this seasonable appearance of God for my relief, I found that the felt darkness that had been on my soul these four preceding years was in some measure removed, and I was again restored to enjoy the light of the Lord's countenance, which at this time strengthened and revived both my soul and natural spirits; and by an impression that fixed in my mind, I was made to expect and believe that I was to be restored to former light and consolation in Christ, but by other means and instruments than formerly I did enjoy. This discovery I had in the end of the twentieth-and-third year of my life, being the fourth year of this dark cloud; on which I come to make the following reflections:—1. I observe that the great change I came under in my condition was all in a sudden to the worse. 2. I see the greatness of the mitigations and supports the Lord mercifully allowed me, as also the warnings He gave me from His Word. 3. I observe this darkness was not fundamental and universal, but partial and by degrees. 4. Here I may compare my case to the natural day when the sun is overclouded, the air turneth cold and unpleasant, and yet there are some flowers and herbs that grow as much under the cloud as in the sun-blink; here I observe that when under this cloud that overshadowed my soul, it became a proper season to exercise faith, hope, patience, and humility, which the sun-blink I enjoyed in the other years did not so much call for. 5. I observe how the divine perfections were displayed in the various changes I came under. 6. I see, and may say with the Psalmist, that when the sun goeth down the beasts of prey do go abroad, as Psalm civ. This I may say to my sad experience, that when the shining of the light of the Lord's countenance was withheld, oh, how did the beasts of prey creep abroad to the spoiling of my soul! Those evils that prevailed against my soul in this night of desertion and temptation were these:—

1. The devil, the destroyer of mankind. 2. I found a recursion of a body of death that formerly had got a death's stroke; those two enemies opposed me, both jointly and separately, ways unexpressible and innumerable. 3. My wonted light and seasonable help was withheld. Oh, how comparable then was my case to Samson's! I was in my enemies' hands and my strength was gone, yet there were real good things even in this sad case.

1. There was a real support and an almighty power surrounding me even when at my lowest, although unseen and unfelt by me. 2. There were some words of grace sent into my soul with power as means of my support and comfort. 3. There was a party in my soul that abhorred sin and those evils I was tempted to; but love to God as reconciled in Christ remained so as nothing could fill His room in His absence. 4. I was allowed to claim my interest in, and relation to God, as my God in Christ. Although Satan made use

of this as an argument to make me comply with his horrible temptations, yet my glorious Redeemer, that had the same ingredient in His state of humiliation and suffering, as recorded in Matthew iv. 3-11, enabled me to stand it out against the enemy, and kept me from yielding to his temptations.

As to the effects of this desertion and temptation, I remark—1. That it much resembles hell; for in hell there is the punishment of loss and the punishment of sense. Ah! I have been made to see and prize the worth of my enjoyments by the loss of them. Many a time I have compared my case to the blind folk—the difference that was in the case of them that were born blind, and never had the benefit and pleasure of light, and the case of them that had enjoyed their sight, and afterward have lost it; the reflections of the one will be more bitter than the other. So was it with me, my reflections on my loss tormented me. 2. The evils I felt in me and about me, and the effects those evils had on both my soul and body, made up like a hell in my case. 3. I observe that the felt sense of the usurping and prevailing power of indwelling sin, with the horrible buffetings of Satan, and a withholding of the sensible or felt power of the Spirit of grace to batter down and resist those, is like a hell to the renewed soul. 4. Here I observe a display of infinite Wisdom, who only knew how to hide pride from my eyes, lest I should be lifted up above measure with my former enjoyments. He did so strip me, as to let me see and feel that I had nothing, and could do nothing of myself, but what came from a supernatural power. I often compared myself to a person that was brought up nicely and fared sumptuously, yet afterwards stript of all, and clothed with rags, and set down on a dunghill among the beggars. This person's case is more smarting and harder to be endured than theirs, that have lived on the dunghill all their days, and never knew a better. Oh, when I thought on the Pisgah views and foretastes of the promised land, with the various and sweet entertainment I had met with, and when I compared it with my condition now, in some respects it appeared worse than theirs that had lived all their days upon the dunghill of nature, for their life was agreeable to their disposition, and so they had a pleasure in it, but my life during these four years was like a hell. There were two scriptures passed often through my mind, while I was under this dark cloud, and, as I apprehend, they came from the enemy, to drive me to despair: the one is, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" etc. (Isa. xiv. 12); the other is in Daniel iv. 32, "And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field." Thus did the enemy upbraid me, and so might every one, had they known my case.

And, 1. Here I have felt, to my sad experience, how far the Lord may depart from the soul, and yet not leave it altogether, his gifts and callings being without repentance. 2. I observe that the divine perfections shine more in carrying a soul through

desertion and temptations, and delivering them out of the same, than any other trials they can meet with in the world. 3. I can say, from my experience, that desertion hath humbled me more than all that ever I yet met with. So much for reflection on those four melancholy and cloudy years.

(To be continued.)

The London Mission—Obituary Notices.

WHEN death breaks in upon a family circle, there is sorrow among the bereaved, and the deeper the affection the more bitter the sorrow. There is a family "in the world, but not of the world," from whose midst members are constantly being removed to a better country. They go to join the Church triumphant. To them the removal is "great gain," but the Church militant feels poorer, and thus the cry is heard: "Help, Lord, because the godly man doth daily fade away, and from among the sons of men the faithful do decay." It pleased God to remove in recent times some such who were associated with our *London Mission*, and of two of these a brief account may here be given:—

THE LATE MRS. DONALD SUTHERLAND.

The subject of this notice was born in England, but spent several years with an aunt in Strath, Gairloch. Her early training in that Highland home had beneficial results in after years. She was modest and exemplary in character, of a reserved and kind disposition, yet there was at that time no indication of a renewed nature. Outward respectability was clung to as a substitute for the imputed righteousness of Christ, and so Catherine MacLean (her maiden name) was, like others, "without God and without hope in the world." Her widowed mother and other members of the family resided in the South of England. Catherine and her aunt removed from Gairloch, and subsequent years found them for the most part together in England. She highly valued her aunt's companionship, which she was privileged to have to the end.

The year 1914 marked an all-important period in her life, for as she attended our London Mission services in the Conference Hall (former address), the Holy Spirit applied the truth. The Rev. W. Matheson, now in Chesley, Ontario, was at that time officiating, and the Scripture, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" arrested her mind. Prior to that she went on one occasion to a place of amusement. Conscience upbraided her, but now sin became sin to her, not merely as an evil existing in the world without, but as a fatal disease possessing a death-grip of her soul. Her one desire and prayer now, might be expressed in the cry of the Psalmist, "Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee." The great Physician heard her cry, and healed her soul.

Some time after this she became the devoted wife of a worthy husband—the late Donald Sutherland, 201 Lavender Hill, London—of whom an obituary appeared in the September, 1917, issue of this Magazine. Her husband's illness, and difficulties arising therefrom, his death in July of the year mentioned, leaving her with a fatherless child, provided deep trials. She showed commendable patience and resignation, and in this school of adversity she was taught to profit. Outward difficulties were frequently accompanied by spiritual conflicts. One source of temptation and grief to her was the going back to the world of an acquaintance who professed to be the Lord's. Should these lines meet the eye of that person, let the command be heard: "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Men may be deceived, but God cannot be.

On the first Sabbath of April last the annual Communion Services in the London Mission were conducted by the Rev. A. Mackay, Oban. To Mrs. Sutherland that was an eventful season. Unbelief was busy. Satan tried to prevent her commemorating the death of Christ. (She became a member about 1915.) Saturday was a day of weeping, but Sabbath morning found her rejoicing. She had a feast of love that day. The end was near, for that Sabbath fortnight, at 6 a.m., she closed her eyes in death, after a sudden attack of influenza and pneumonia, at the age of thirty-one years. Thus, in early life, she followed her beloved husband to, we believe, the eternity of the righteous. The last Scripture she quoted was Psalm xviii. 16 :—

"And from above the Lord sent down,
And took me from below;
From many waters he me drew,
Which would me overflow."

May God, who is the orphan's help, abundantly bless their young daughter, now lovingly cared for in the home of friends! To the bereaved mother and family, to the sorrowing aunt, and other mourners, deep sympathy flows. The double removal of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland from our London Mission has left a much-felt blank there, but "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." W. G.

THE LATE MR. JOHN J. HOGG.

It is written concerning those who are of the "household of faith," that by their fruits ye shall know them. Fruits were seen in the case of the late Mr. John J. Hogg, of 46 Manor Road, Stoke Newington, London, which indicated membership of this household.

He was born at Ramsey, Isle of Man, and in a home where he was taught the Scriptures. Early in life he became acquainted with a Mr. Campbell, Customs House Officer at Ramsey. Mr. Campbell, who was a native of Tarbert, Loch Fyne, was known

to many as a truly pious man, and as a supporter of the testimony of the late Rev. J. R. Anderson, Glasgow, and having no sympathy with the Anti-Scriptural tendencies of the churches around him, he held regular meetings in his own house. To those meetings John Hogg regularly resorted, and there, it is believed, the Holy Spirit opened his heart to receive the truth. Under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he was made conscious of the depravity of his nature, and learned something of the plague of his own heart. He was led to apprehend the mercy of God in Christ, and rest his hope for eternity upon the finished work of Calvary.

For the 63rd and 64th chapters of Isaiah he seemed to have a special love, and in prayer would often be led to the question, "Who is this that cometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" The wonderful condescension of God to man was a theme he delighted in.

While yet a young man, he removed from Ramsey to Glasgow, and there attended the meetings in the John Knox's Tabernacle, where the Rev. Jonathan R. Anderson, who was then at his rest, had ministered. Mr. Anderson's sermons, along with others, were read at these meetings. Mr. Hogg highly appreciated the teaching of the sermons, and had a great regard for Mr. Anderson's memory.

Leaving Glasgow, he took up employment in London, where he married and resided for the remainder of his life. His devoted helpmate took an active interest in things pertaining to the cause of Christ. Although much occupied in a responsible position, Mr. Hogg was able to read extensively, and took special delight in perusing the writings of John Calvin. The Bible was his standard in all controversy, and while he loved peace, he did not seek it at the expense of truth. He genuinely appreciated the testimony of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

It was a source of regret to him, and others, that his residence was so far distant from our Mission Hall in London that he was unable to attend on Sabbath. His regard for the Fourth Commandment prevented him from travelling by car or train on that day. He was frequently at the weekly prayer-meetings. He was present a week before the sudden call came, and engaged in prayer, afterwards remarking that he felt a breath of the Holy Spirit that night.

Suddenly, on the evening of 14th October last, while in apparently good health, the unexpected summons came, and in a few minutes Mr. Hogg passed into eternity in his fifty-seventh year. To Mrs. Hogg and their only son we extend deepest sympathy. They have lost a God-fearing husband and father, and our London Mission an attached friend. May God arise and plead His cause in the hearts of the children of to-day, and fill the gaps made in many places by the removal of the fathers!

W. G.

The late Pte. Robert D. Livingstone

(OF BUENOS AYRES AND SCOTLAND).

IT is often matter of sorrowful reflection that so many young men of Christian promise fell in the recent Great War. God's footsteps are mysterious. He doeth according to His will among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, and it is our place to seek grace to say, "Thy will be done." One of these young men is the subject of the present sketch. He was posted as "missing," along with his officer and comrades, on the 10th April, 1918, and as nothing has since been heard of him or them, the sad but inevitable conclusion is that they fell in the fierce struggle which was then proceeding.

Robert Duncan Livingstone was born at Rothesay on the 20th July, 1887. He was the only son of the late Mr. Duncan Livingstone, a native of the district of Cowal in Argyll, who was known to friends in various parts of our Church. Mr. Livingstone, senior, was for several years a member of the John Knox's Free Presbyterian congregation in Glasgow, and frequently took part in its prayer-meetings. He died, we believe in the Lord, in the Northern Infirmary, Inverness, on 10th January, 1917, and his remains were buried beside those of his wife at Old Monkland Churchyard, Coatbridge.

Robert, as a child, attended the Academy at Rothesay, and showed at his first beginnings that he possessed no ordinary mental abilities. At the early age of eight years his Bible knowledge was so marked that the Rector said that he had more knowledge of the Scriptures than any other pupil in the school. At a later date the family were for a time in London, and, when at school there, he was granted a special prize for religious knowledge. Afterwards they came to Glasgow, and there became connected with the writer's congregation. Robert was a quiet, gentle boy, and took pleasure in attending all the Church services. He was also a regular and diligent member of the Bible Class, and, when he was only in his teens, he came forward with a view to admission to the Lord's Table. The Session, though they regarded his testimony as good, advised delay on account of his youth, but, at the end of six months, they cordially admitted him to membership. He bore testimony that it was through the Spirit's application of divine truth, as stated in the Larger Catechism (which was the text-book of the writer's Bible Class), that his soul was enlightened in the knowledge of Christ, and that he humbly believed he passed from "death unto life." His after walk and conversation were consistent with his Christian profession. In fact, he grew up a solid, serious lad of great intelligence, who was an example to his fellows. Owing to circumstances of work, the family removed to Coatbridge, where Robert was engaged in the office of Messrs. Stewart & Lloyd, Clyde Tube Works. Here he attended night

classes and rapidly acquired a knowledge of the German language, and by private study a knowledge of Spanish, and here also his devoted mother died in September, 1907. He frequently walked from Coatbridge on the Sabbath, a distance of nine miles, to attend our services in Glasgow.

Desirous of advancing his position in life, he went to London in October, 1909, and was for some months in the office of Messrs. Agar, Cross & Co., with a view to going out in their service to South America. In London he was closely associated with our Mission at Conference Hall, and with the friends who met there, and he looked back upon this short period as one of the happiest seasons in his life. In March, 1910, he sailed for Argentina, and was for four years with his firm in their offices in Buenos Ayres. In 1914 he entered the firm of Messrs. Harrods Ltd., in Buenos Ayres, where he got the appointment of General Superintendent. He had a very comfortable situation, and was happy in his work, but when the Great War broke out, and he saw that his native country was fighting for justice and right, he started to make preparations to come home, and join the ranks. He found it impossible, however, to leave owing to his responsibilities to his firm, until April, 1916. He then took his departure for this country, and in May he joined the 2nd King Edward's Horse. For several months his regiment was in Ireland. It was during this time that Pte. Livingstone's father took seriously ill, and he had the satisfaction, though a very sorrowful one, of getting leave to attend his sick bed, and afterwards, his funeral—providential circumstances that would not have happened had he remained in South America. The regiment was now sent to France, but as cavalry was not in requisition, it was disbanded along with others to supplement the foot forces, and Pte. Livingstone was attached to the Northumberland Fusiliers. He saw much fighting in the spring of 1918, being in the Somme field, and when writing to his eldest sister in Airdrie on the 7th April, he expressed himself as amazed that God had been pleased to spare him, when so many of his comrades were called. He looked forward to being home in a few days, as he was to report in London on the 10th April for his commission. But in the mysterious providence of God, other things were ordained for him, for his company was rushed up the line on the night of the 9th April, to take part in the great struggle for D'Estaires. Writing for the last time before going into action to a dear friend with whom he made his home in Buenos Ayres, he said: "Whether I survive this or not, all I ask is, that whatever God has in store for me, He may, by His grace, prepare me for it, so that He may cause me to bless His name." As already stated, he was posted as "missing" on the 10th April, 1918. This is the pathetic yet honourable end on the present earthly scene of a young man of excellent worth and promise, at the age of thirty years.

Private Robert Livingstone was a truly God-fearing man. He

greatly missed in Buenos Ayres the means of grace he was accustomed to in the home country, and he was sorely grieved to observe the fearful Sabbath profanation committed even by professed ministers of the Gospel, who were often found as referees at football matches on Sabbath afternoons after the Church service was over. He was also much pained with the godlessness he observed in the Army. The following extract from a letter, written by him in 1906 at Coatbridge, when he was in his nineteenth year, will give some idea of the spiritual exercise of his mind and of his knowledge of the depths, as well as the heights of Christian experience:—"The souls of God's people often faint by affliction, but, like Hezekiah, they are enabled to say, 'By these things men live.' Illnesses are constant reminders to them that they are citizens of another country, and that their earthly tabernacle shall soon be dissolved. My own soul dwells in darkness like those that have been long dead. 'Iniquity prevails against me' continually, and I am like a dry stick. But Christ's arm is not shortened. Although His people in the greatest depths of their affliction may say that 'all men are liars,' and think, like Jonah, that they are cast off from the sight of the Lord, yet they say it in haste. They are enabled by sustaining grace to look again to Him, hoping and waiting for His salvation . . . Remember me at the throne of grace."

We extend our deepest sympathy to his three sisters—the surviving members of the family—and other friends in their great bereavement. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—J. S. S.

Letter by the late Corpl. John MacKenzie.

FRANCE, 17th May, 1918.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Glad to have had your letter duly to hand. It gave me much comfort to have heard of you all, and especially that you were at home. I thought you were in the Zeebrugge exploit, and I was looking up the papers to see the roll of names. I wrote to you some time ago to England, but gave you no settled address. As you said, you are continually on my mind, and that is of very little consequence indeed besides knowing, like the Psalmist, that the Lord thinks of us and that we are with Him continually.

My dear brother, I had a very hard and trying experience coming here—the arch-enemy pursuing my soul with unbelief and slavish fear, but my God soon removed those barriers by His promised presence, which was to me under shell fire as being hid in the cleft of a rock. Oh, what a consolation it is to have a place of resort! To have Christ as our refuge! His ear is ever ready to hear the groaning of the prisoner, and to me He is a very present help indeed. Faith has a wonderful arm; it can bring Christ out of heaven and place Him in our heart, and lay hold on the promise suitable for the needs of the needy.

I hope this note will find you in England, and that you will put your trust under Christ's wings, however hard you may get it to struggle with Satan and his confederates from hell and their powers, also of unbelief and a wicked heart. Remember that all these bonds are like the cords of Samson in the hands of your Saviour. Look to Him; never take your eye off Him, for every time you take your eye off Him you have nothing but a glimpse of hell and despair, every sight of Him by faith and of His power to save will be an open heaven to you. May He be with you. Dear brother, language fails to express this horror; but my Lord is my Shield and Guardian. My warmest love to you.—Yours truly, brother,
JOHN.

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. 314.*)

Feum IV.—Ach air son a cheithreamh fheum cleachdaidh. 'Bheil na fireann ach gu gann air an tearnadh? Ann an sin theirinn, gu'm bheil feum agaibh a bhi pongail, faicilleach, agus dichìollach; oir tha mise a' saòilsinn gu'm bheil sibh uile dochair nach 'eil aig an obair so. Tha fearg Dhia gu mòr ann an aghaidh a ghinealach so. Ach, their sibhse, cionnas a bhitheas sinne co furachair agus dichìollach, air a leithid do dhoigh 's gu'm bi sinn ann am fàbhar Dhia, agus nach bi connsachaidhean aige ann 'ar n'aighaidh an uair a thig e? 'Bheil sibh a smuaineachadh so? Tha Dia teachd ann an aghaidh Bhreatuinn, mar is beò e, ann an cath thig e mach, agus tilgidh e sìos rìghrean, uaislean, agus easbuigean, agus cuiridh e mach ifrinn agus damnadh 'nam measg; gabhaidh e dioladh air an tìr so. An sin ma ta, co-dhiubh a tha no nach 'eil sibh a' foghlum a bhi gluasad gu h-ionraic? 'Nis innseam-sa dhuibh, nach dean an diadhachd sin an gnothach, a dheanadh gnothach gu duine a thabhairt troimhe ann an laithean Mhontrose, agus aig Dunbar, cha d'thoir e duine troimhe ann an amaibh na deuchainn so a tha teachd air Alba. Bheiream-sa cinnte dhuibh, gu'm bi e na dhuine iongantach nach bi air lotadh le buille, an uair a thig Dia am mach ann an corruich ann an aghaidh na'n tìrean so. Tha mi a' creidsinn gum bheil caochla do mhuinntir, aig nach 'eil an teagamh is lugha nach d'theid iadsan as on fhearg a ta teachd air na tìrìbh so: Ach theid iomadh as o fhearg shiorruidh nach d'theid as o'n fhearg so. Uime sin tha feum agaibh air 'a bhi pongail ann bhur

n-imeachd; tha feum agaibh a bhi air bhur tùr chaithris. Tha mi cuir an ceill, nach e a mhàin gu'm bi na h-oighean amaideach, ach eadhon na h-oighean glic fein air am faotainn 'na'n codal an uair a thig Dia. Tha mi a' saoil sinn gur teirc iad air nach bi criothnachadh air a' thabhairt aig a theachd; bithidh an dream is ro-ionraic ach gu gann air an tearnadh. Tha mi ag aideachadh, gu'n gearr Dia fathast sìos an luchd aidmheil ann an Alba, eadhon mar a ghearras duine sìos feur. Bithidh am peacach ann an Sion, agus an cealgair 'sa chridhe air an gearradh sìos. Cha bhi iad ach teirc aig nach bi ni-eigin aige 'nan aghaidh. Ri cuid their e, "dh'eisd sibh na fo'-mhinistirean, agus cha d'rinn sibh riamh bròn air a shon. Agus ri dream eile their e, cha do shearmonaich sibh anns gach àm cunnairt, agus cha robh sibh dùrachdach ann an àm, agus ann an-àm, ach chaidh sibh a leth-taobh agus sheachainn sibh cunnartan; agus ri dream eile cha d'thug sibh rabhaidh dhileas; agus ri muinntir eile, cha do shaor sibh an tìm; 'siomadh searmon a chuala sibh, ach is beag am foghlum a ghabh sibh: agus ri muinntir eile bithidh e aige ri radh, rinn sibh comb-bhoinn ri mo chuid naimhde. Ri daoine uaisle bitheadh e aige r'a radh, Na nithe air an robh bhur n-inntinn-se cha robh ann ach aolach a mhàin; ach bheir mise air anam, corp, agus na h-uile gu'm mothaich iad air son na nithe so." Mar so tha mi a' saoil sinn gur teirc an dream an aghaidh nach bi aige cunntas gort agus dubhach 'san là sin. Bithidh nithe iongantach aige ri radh ri muinntir, agus is teirc an dream a gheibh e an ni a b'àill leis iad a bhi.

Uime sin guidheam oirbh b'bh diadhaidh da rìreadh, oir tha Dia a' teachd. Shearmonaich Nòah do'n t-seann saoghal, ach cha robh iad a bheag na b'fhearr. Agus tha 'ghinealach so cosmhail ri bhi cinnteach gu'm bi ifrinn agus damnadh ann an deireadh na cùis, agus gidheadh tha iad air an cruadhachadh, agus air an toirt seachad do'n diabhul gu a bhi air am mealladh. Gu cinnteach, innseam-sa dhuibh, gur maith ma bhitheas a h-aon ionraic ann an sgìreachd. Air mo shonsa dheth cha'n 'eil mi a' faotainn ach teirc do mhinistirean no luchd-aidmheil nach 'eil gu h-iomlan mi-cheart. Mar air son giùlain sluaigh ann am folais agus ann an uaigneas, cha'n 'eil ach teirc do luchd iarraidh ann am fìrinn air Dia, a chum an aimsir a shaoradh do bhrìgh's gu'm bheil na laithean olc. O, innseam-sa dhuibh c'ait am bheil mi smuaineachadh a bha beatha na diadhachd na luidhe: tha e mu thimchioll an iomai no n-eirthir, Dail-Thebhiot, Merns, agus Angus; agus feumaidh an luchd-aidmheil sin nach 'eil a' tairgsinn dhoibh còmhnaidh a bhi air an sguabadh air falbh; fhuair iad so a leithid do char dochar, air a leithid do dhoigh's nach urrainn iad a bhi diadhaidh; cha'n urrainn iad an Tighearn iarraidh, tha a leithid do spiorad neo-mhothachail 'nam measg. 'Guidheam oirbh, sibhse a tha eòlach air an sgìreachd so, gu'n innis sibh dhoibh gu'n d'thoir Dhia do Mhoncland an iar a leithid do dhùsgadh, agus a bheir air an cinn uile gu'm mothaich iad a bhuille. Bha aca aon uair ministear a ghabh mór shaothar mu'n

tiomchioll, an uair nach robh e air lathair maille riu, fathast' air son a mhor chuid diubh, tha iad air fàs neo-sheasmhach mar Reuben. Ma gheibh iad ni-eigin air son an druim agus am broinn, cha ghabh iad suim ann a bheag do na nithe so. Ach tha mise ag innseadh dhuibh, gu'n eirich na crìochan aingidh a bhàn agus a n-àird mu'r timchioll suas, agus gu'n dit iad an sgìreachd so, eadhon na crìochan so a tha air teachd gu bhi eudmhor air son 'na firinn. Mur cuir Dia plaigh air Moncland an iar, mur d'thig iad gu fìor aithreachas, tha mise meallta. Tha iad ag radh gu'n d'fhuair iad beagan do shalachair an t-saoghail so, agus tha iad a' cumail sin teann ann nan gàirdeanaibh, agus cha'n 'eil speis aca air son ni air bith eile; ach bu roghnaich leam-sa e bhi ann an ìochdar na fàirge; b'fhearr leam gu'm biodh e gu buileach air falbh. Ach innsidh mi dhuibh aon ni, gu'm bheil mi cinnteach, mar air son na'n daoine so, a tha roghnachadh aolach roimh Chrìosd, agus roimh dhleasdanaibh, sguabaidh an Tighearn araon iad fein agus sin air falbh. Tha mi cinnteach gu'm bheil moran ann a mhallachas fathast an là anns an robh iad riamh na'n Tighearnan no 'nam Morairean, an là an robh aca beartas riamh, ach gu'm b'fhearr leo gun robh iad a' dol na'n déireich o dhòras gu doras. Se so an ni, na'm b'urra mi cainnte a chuir air, ann an cumantas, cha dean cràbhadh agus dichìoll an gnothach, bheiream-sa cinnte dhuibh. Tha feum agaibh air a chuis fhaotainn gle shoilleir, agus 'ur teisteanas a bhi agaibh na luidh ri 'ur taobh. An robh thu a' basachadh gach là? An robh thu a' fulang gach là? 'Se sin ri radh, an robh thu a' tionnsgan na nithe so ann ad' inntinn? An robh thu a' smuaineachadh air, ciod e ni mise ma dh'éireas na Pàpanaich, agus ma ghearras iad sgornanan ar-aon daoine mor agus daoine ìosal na ginealach so? Tha 'ar rìgh agus ar comhairle uile a' brùadarachadh; agus cha'n 'eil sin iongantach; oir is furas le daoine mòra a bhi 'n comhnuidh a' brùadarachadh. Ach tha luchd aidmheil, agus eadhon a mhuinntir dhiadhaidh fein, a' brùadarachadh mar an ceudna. 'S teirc iad a tha nis na'n duisg; 's teirc a tha air an casaibh; agus is teirc a tha air an tùr chaithris anns an là so. Ann an aon fhocal, bithidh na's leòir ri dheanamh aig na h-uile, 'nuair a thig an Tighearn a mach as àite a pheanasachadh luchd aithichidh na talmhainn.

(*Ri leantuinne.*)

CLOUDS and darkness, my Lord, are round about Thee; but justice and judgment the habitation of Thy throne. Black clouds of dark providence and awful majesty are Thy tremendous robe; but the rainbow of the New Covenant is ever round about Thine head—is the perpetual object of Thine attention. Often thick clouds of guilt hide Thy face, threaten a deluge of wrath to my soul; but for Thy name's sake, blot out my transgressions as a thick cloud, and let me hear a sound of an abundance of Gospel rain, that I, that thousands, may revive as the corn, and grow as the lily.—*John Brown.*

Notes and Comments.

"Christ, Lord of All."—This is the title of a "Prize Essay on Some Distinctive Principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church," by the Rev. Samuel Kennedy, B.A., Limavady, Ulster. The Essay is in booklet form. It is well written, and embodies in brief compass some of the chief principles of what is commonly spoken of as the "Cameronian" Church. The first chapter is on the "Plenary Inspiration" of the Scriptures, and other chapters treat of such subjects as "The Divine Law of Worship" and "The Divine Law for Nations." A final chapter is on "The Divine Law for Secret Societies," and condemns Freemasonry, Good Templarism, Orangeism, etc. We would strongly recommend the reading of this chapter to all who are interested in such societies. The price of the pamphlet (which is to be had from Mr. Kennedy) is threepence; postage, 1d. extra.

Protestantism in New Zealand.—We were very pleased to see by a note in *The Bulwark* for February, that Protestantism has still some vigour in New Zealand. There has been a Marriage Amendment Bill before the House of Representatives there—(we trust it does not favour marriage with a deceased wife's sister)—and in this Bill there is a clause against the *Ne Temere* decree of the Pope. The clause has been carried by forty-four representatives against twenty-five, and it runs to the effect that it will be "a penal offence to allege or imply that persons lawfully married are not truly or sufficiently married, or that the issue of such unions is illegitimate or born out of wedlock." It seems that there have been many publications by the Roman Church of late years, impugning the validity of marriages contracted otherwise than according to Papal law. As may be expected, the Roman bishops are very displeased at this new statute, and "Archbishop O'Shea of Wellington, has been specially violent in his abuse" of the Protestant party. It seems that there is a New Zealand Protestant Political Association and that its influence is telling in many directions.

Sinn Fein's Record of Crime.—We trust that this black record will open people's eyes more and more to the dreadful state of affairs in Ireland. The following list of crimes for 1920 is taken from official reports in the press:—Court-houses destroyed, 68; Vacated police barracks destroyed, 507; Vacated, some damaged, 114; Occupied police barracks destroyed, 23; Occupied, some damaged, 49; Raids on mails, 998; Raids on Coastguard Stations and Lighthouses, 46; Raids for Arms, 2801: Policemen killed, 165; Policemen wounded, 225; Soldiers killed, 53; Soldiers wounded, 118; Civilians killed, 43; Civilians wounded, 103. And the list is not complete in every respect. Truly, things are in a bad way, and no deliverance seems at hand.

Sabbath Desecration.—Mr. Lloyd George recently travelled to the Treaty Conference at Paris on the Lord's Day. This was a very bad example to set the Parisians by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who is a professing member of the Christian Church, and such conduct on the part of our chief representative bodes ill for this country. Another case of gross Sabbath desecration by public men falls to be noted. Sir Harry Lauder and Sir Thomas Lipton gave a treat to 300 children at a place in the country, near St. Alban's, on Sabbath, 6th February. After boxes of chocolate were distributed, Sir Harry Lauder delivered two of his popular, amusing songs. A better method for weakening reverence for the Lord's Day in the minds of the young could not be devised. We see that the Committee of the Glasgow Town Council have decided to continue band concerts in the parks on Sabbath, notwithstanding protests from the Churches, presented by the Rev. A. Boyd Scott, B.D. An effort is also being made to get playgrounds open for children, but we hope it will fail. If things proceed much further on this line, the once dreaded "Continental" Sabbath will be soon upon us in full swing.

S.G. Union Pamphlets.—The Secretary of the Sovereign Grace Union has sent us several pamphlets, containing valuable Gospel matter of strongly Calvinistic character, such as "The Covenant of Life and Peace" and "The Covenant in the Wilderness," by Joseph Irons; "The Two Covenants," by James Battersby (3d. each); and a quarterly magazine, "Peace and Truth," edited by Mr. W. Sinden (price 2d.) It is announced that the Conference of the S.G. Union will (D.V.) be held at Grove Chapel, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., from 2nd to 5th May.

Church Notes.

Communion.—Ullapool (Ross), first Sabbath of March; Portree (Skye), second; John Knox's, Glasgow (Hall, 2 Carlton Place, South-side), and Lochinver (Sutherland), third; Kinlochbervie (Sutherland), and London Mission (St. Philip's Hall, Eccleston Place, Buckingham Palace Rd., Victoria, London, S.W.), fourth. Lochgilhead, second Sabbath of April; St. Jude's, Glasgow (Jane Street, Blythwood Square), and Wick (Caithness), fourth.

Communion at London Mission.—The Services at this Communion will (D.V.) be as follows: Thursday, 24th March, 7-30 p.m.; Friday, 25th, 7-30 p.m.; Saturday, 26th, 3-30 p.m.; Sabbath, 27th, 11 a.m., 3-45 p.m. (Gaelic), and 7-30 p.m.; Monday, 7-30 p.m., Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, M.A., Lairg, Sutherland, and Rev. J. S. Sinclair, Glasgow (interim moderator), are expected to officiate. Address of hall in note above.

Southern Presbytery.—At a recent meeting of this Court, Rev. Neil Cameron, St. Jude's, Glasgow, was granted leave of absence for four months as a deputy to the Mission at Bembesi, Matabeleland, and the Rev. J. S. Sinclair, John Knox's, was appointed interim moderator of the Kirk-Session and Congregation of St. Jude's in his absence. Mr. James Tallach, student, Raasay, was also received as a student for the ministry.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

MR. ALEX. MACGILLIVRAY, General Treasurer, Glenurquhart Rd., Inverness, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations up to 18th February:—

Sustentation Fund.—"A Friend," Ross-shire, 15/; Per Rev. J. S. Sinclair—Murdo Gillies and James Mackenzie, Clive, Alberta, £1 each (for Raasay); "In Memory of a Beloved Sister," £60; "Malachi iii. 10," £5; "Anonymous" (Peterhead postmark), £1; Per "Friend"—Miss Mackay, Toronto, Canada, 5 dollars.

Home Mission Fund.—"In Memory of a Beloved Sister," £20.

Jewish and Foreign Missions Fund.—"In Memory of a Beloved Sister," £20; Per J. Adamson, Helmsdale—"A Friend," 10/, and 10/ for South African Mission; Dumbarton Sabbath School, for Kafir Bibles, 20/; Per Rev. N. Cameron—Mrs. M. Smith, Glasgow, 20/.

Organisation Fund.—"Malachi iii. 10," £5.

Per Editor: *Foreign Mission Fund*—Nurse Morrison, Barvas, 10/. *Sustentation Fund*—Mrs. Macdougall, Badnabay, by Lairg, 10/, and Mrs. Bonallo, Strathan, Lochinver, 10/.

Mr. H. S. MacGillivray, Bay View Boarding House, Dunoon, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations to the Dunoon Church Purchase Fund:—Per Editor—Mr. A. Morrison, Lingerbay, Leverburgh, Harris, 30/, and Mrs. Burns, Balquhiddy, £1; Mr. Macaskill, £1; "A Friend," D. M'N., £1 1/; "A Friend," Skye, £1; "A Friend" (Tisbury postmark), 10/; Per Rev. N. Cameron—Mrs. Grant, The Deanery, Dornoch, £1; N. C., Glasgow, £1; "A Friend" (third donation), £1; Mr. J. Macdonald, Dusary, N. Uist, 10/.

The Treasurer of the Dingwall Congregation (Mr. M. Urquhart, Craig View) begs to acknowledge, with thanks, per Rev. D. Macfarlane, the sum of 5/, for the Jewish and Foreign Mission Fund, from Mr. A. Beaton, Bristol.

Mr. John Macdonald, Dusary, Locheport, North Uist, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations for Claddach Mission Hall Fund:—"Friend" and "Wellwisher," North Uist, 10/ each. General Building Fund.—Per Mr. A. M'Gillivray—£8 12/; F. P., Port-Dundas, Glasgow, 21/. Per D. Macleod, Glasgow—Mrs. L. Maclean, A. Macleennan, and J. Colquhoun, 10/ each, E. Macdonald and A. Maclean, 6/ each, M. M'Pherson, A. Macleod, L. MacBeath, A. F. Stewart, and A. Mackenzie, 5/ each, J. MacPherson, 4 6, F. Ferguson and P. Maclean, 4/ each, and C. Gillies, 2/—total, £5 2/6. Miss A. Morrison, Lingerbay, £1, and Nurse Matheson, N. Uist, £1.

Rev. Neil Cameron, St. Jude's, acknowledges, with thanks, £1 from "Friend in Highlands" (per Editor), for Rev. J. B. Radasi, Matabeleland, and 5/ from Mr. J. Macewan, Silvercraig, for Training Girl at Lovedale.

Mr. D. Macdonald, Treasurer, St. Jude's, acknowledges, with thanks, 10/- from Nurse Morrison, Barvas (per Editor), for Sustentation Fund.

Mr. A. Sinclair, Treasurer of John Knox's Congregation, acknowledges, with thanks, 15/- from Mr. D. Murchison, Store, Rannoch Station, for Sustentation Fund.

The Editor (Rev. J. S. Sinclair) acknowledges, with thanks, 10/- from Nurse Morrison, Barvas, for Edinburgh F.P. Building 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 then 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 the late Messrs. John Macdonald and Donald Macleod, elders, St. Jude's, are held over till next month.

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