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**William Tindale: Reformer, Translator,
and Martyr.**

AS one of that noble band of witnesses who sealed their testimony with their life-blood, William Tindale is worthy of being remembered by all that love the truth. But he has other claims upon us as the translator of the Scriptures into English, which should never be forgotten. "With Tindale," says Dr Westcott, "the history of our present English Bible begins; and for fifteen years the history of the [English] Bible is almost identical with the history of Tindale. The fortunes of both, if followed out in detail, are even of romantic interest."* At present we intend confining our attention to a brief biographical account of this noteworthy Reformer and martyr. This is all the more necessary in view of what the Rev. Robert Demaus says in the opening sentences of his standard biography of William Tindale. "The history of Tindale," remarks a great English writer, 'has almost been lost in his work.' His work remains, and is likely long to remain, loved and revered by all English-speaking people throughout the world, as their noblest inheritance; but the man, to whose patient labour and heroic self-sacrifice we are mainly indebted for the English Bible, has been allowed to almost drop out of memory."

Of Tindale's early life not much is known with certainty. Tindale himself seldom makes any allusion to his early years, and even Foxe, the indefatigable martyr-ologist, has contented himself with the vague statement—"Touching the birth and parentage of this blessed martyr of Christ, he was born about the borders of

* History of the English Bible, p. 25 (3rd edit.).

Wales." Mr Demaus, to whose excellent work† reference has already been made, and which we most heartily recommend to our readers as a book of the deepest interest, giving an account, as it does, of one of the nobles in the household of faith and of his great work as a translator, has gathered a vast amount of information about Tindale, but he has to confess after all his researches that "the whole story of the birth and early life of Tindale is involved in uncertainty."

Mr Demaus is of opinion that Tindale's birthplace was Melksham Court, in the parish of Stinchcombe, and not at Hunt's Court, Nibley Knoll Gloucestershire. He was born some time between 1490 and 1495. At an early age he was sent to Oxford. Even at this time, according to Foxe, he was "singularly addicted to the study of the Scriptures." From Oxford he went to Cambridge. In 1520 he returned to his native county as tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh of Little Sodbury. Here he spent two years, and in one of his controversies with a "learned man," who "said we were better without God's laws than the Pope's," he met him with the bold challenge—"I defy the Pope and all his laws, and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough, shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest." Towards this goal he turned his eyes, and with unwearied perseverance he proved to the world that it was not an idle boast he made in a passionate outburst which spent its energy in the utterance.

He tells us what moved him to translate the Bible—"I perceived by experience how that it was impossible to stablish the lay people in any truth, except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the text." Tindale came to London expecting encouragement from Bishop Tunstall, who was a great lover of scholarship. But Tunstall proved a disappointment. God, however, ordered it that in Humphrey Munmouth, an alderman of London, he found a true and generous friend. He spent a year in London, and reviewing the time spent were he sorrow-

† William Tindale : A Biography, being a contribution to the Early History of the English Bible, by Robert Demaus, M.A., author of "Hugh Latimer : A Biography." Popular Edition, revised by Richard Lovett, M.A. London : The Religious Tract Society, 4 Bouverie Street, E.C. 5s net.

fully adds:—"I abode almost a year, and marked the course of the world, and understood at the last not only that there was no room in my lord of London's [Tunstall's] palace to translate the New Testament, but also there was no place to do it in all England." So he left his native land and went to Hamburg. Tindale here carried on his great work of translating the New Testament, but was hindered in it by Cochlaeus, a relentless enemy of the Reformation. Baffled at Hamburg, he fled to Worms, which four years before had witnessed the entry of Martin Luther to bear witness to the truth before the Emperor Charles. The New Testament was issued in English at the end of 1525, and early in 1526 copies had reached England. The books were eagerly bought by the people and as eagerly proscribed by the ecclesiastical leaders. A determined onset was made against the translation. Other editions followed, and Tindale was now a marked man. In 1534 his revised edition appeared. The following year he was in the hands of his enemies. Foxe, in his account, brings out the singleness of the character of the man, whom he worthily called "for his notable pains and travail an aposile of England." His betrayal by a deceiver is one of the darkest incidents in connection with his martyrdom. The traitor, Henry Philips, had put Tindale completely off his guard, notwithstanding the warning he got from his friend Poyntz, in whose house he put up in Antwerp, as Philips appeared to him to be "honest, handsomely learned, and very conformable." Philips even furnished him with money, "for in the wily subtleties of this world," says Foxe, "he was simple and inexperienced." It is not necessary to dwell at any length on his trial and sentence to be burned, except to say that, alike before his judges and at the last fiery ordeal he conducted himself with that Christian dignity and courage that so often ennobled frail men and women in similar circumstances.

While in prison his keeper, and his keeper's daughter, and others of the keeper's household, were won over by him to his belief. His last prayer, when fastened to the stake, witnessed, as has been well said, alike to his loyalty and his faith:—"Lord! open the King of England's eyes."

Tindale counted the cost of following his Lord and Master, and with unhesitating steps walked the stern path that at length brought him to the stake. His sterling honesty as a translator is finely set forth in his own words to Firth while the latter lay in the

Tower :—" I call God to record against the day we shall appear before our Lord Jesus to give a reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience, nor would this day, if all that is in the earth, whether it be pleasure, honour, or riches, might be given me."

The Suffering Saviour.

BY THE REV. JOHN MACDONALD, CALCUTTA.

II.

(Continued from p. 14).

ONCE more night is o'er the plains of Judea, and the sweet garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of Mount Olivet, is veiled by the deepening gloom. Let us now enter that garden, for thither has Jesus with His disciples gone, after He had for the last time put the cup of wine into their hands, and said, "Do this in remembrance of Me." See, in one place there lie eight securely slumbering, and a little farther on three more, also heavy with sleep. But where is the twelfth? That false friend is even now bargaining to betray his Divine Master into the hands of His enemies for thirty pieces of silver, and engaging, for that worthless price, to lead a band of ruffians to seize Him whom His open enemies dare not touch. And where is He that was the glorious Head of the twelve? Behold One about a stone cast farther off—and, behold! He is exceedingly heavy in soul, and sorrowful even unto death! He casts Himself on the ground, and, in an agony, cries out, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me—nevertheless not My will but Thine be done." He arises, but still He is sad—very sad. Again He casts Himself upon the ground, and prays in like manner. Again, as before, He arises, heavy and sorrowful. An angel of glory now appears to strengthen Him—but strengthens Him for greater suffering. For now, the third time, He casts Himself on the ground, and whilst He again prays in an agony, His very blood falls in great drops to the earth. Oh, Earth! Earth! this is the blood of Him who once denounced a curse against thee for man's sake—for man's sake He now endures the curse; and these drops may be to thee an earnest that thou, too, shalt be delivered from the bondage of that curse into the glorious liberty of the children of God (Roms. viii. 21).

He arises and returns to His friends—His only friends; but, heedless of His sufferings, they are fast asleep. Oh, the keen anguish of the words, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" But, hark! the tumult of Judas' ruffian band is heard approaching very near, Jesus goeth to meet them. He stands forth, full in the glare of their lanterns and torches, they are confused, He saith "I am He," and they fall to the ground; for it was He that once said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" that gave the word, and an hundred and fourscore and five thousand of the Assyrian host lay at once lifeless on the ground. The courage of hell was in Judas' breast, for Satan was there; and the deadened feeling, the seared conscience, were his, too, for he was a hypocrite. He therefore betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss; and this signal being given, the multitude lay hold of Jesus, and drag Him, like a thief or a murderer, before the Jewish Council. There, "as a lamb led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers," so is He dumb; they falsely accuse Him, "yet He openeth not His mouth;" but when they adjure Him by the living God to declare who He is, He declares Himself the "Christ," the "Son of God," "the Judge of the world." Happy for them had they then believed in Him as "the Lamb of God," ere they be compelled to stand before Him as "the Lion of the tribe of Judah!" Oh, how shall they then tremble, if they repented not! You and I shall stand before Him; shall we also tremble? "He that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Have you put your heart's trust in Jesus. They now condemn Him for blasphemy; they spit on Him, and buffet Him; they blindfold and strike Him, and then in mockery say, "Prophecy, who is it that smote Thee?"

Morning is come, and that sun is arisen which shall not set until he witness a scene than which Time, when it passes into Eternity, cannot tell of one more awful or sorrowful. Jesus is now dragged before the tribunal of Pilate, there to endure more sorrows. He that said, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," is vehemently and falsely accused of sedition, yet He stands before His accusers meek as a lamb. He is sent to Herod's Court. Here, too, He is accused; and by Herod's men of war He is mocked and buffeted, yet He "suffered not His voice to be heard." To Pilate He is again returned; and now earth and hell combine to do their worst. They strip Him, and put on Him, in derision, a scarlet robe; they plait thorns, and cruelly force them upon His head, for a kingly crown;

they put into His hand a reed, for a royal sceptre; they bow the knee to Him, and say, "Hail, King of the Jews!" My dear reader, pause for one moment, and consider whether you may not daily be in the habit of thus mocking Jesus by bending the knee to Him, who reads in your heart that you care nothing for Him. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. xi.). If you pray not in true faith, you sin, you mock the agonies of Jesus. Remember who hath said, "I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear" (Isaiah xlv.). This must be fulfilled. If you bend not with a contrite spirit, you shall yet bend in the bitter agony of despair.

But insult and mockery are not enough; the multitudes now lay hold of Him, with loud cries of "Away with Him, away with Him! Crucify Him, crucify Him! His blood be upon us and our children!" He is first scourged, till His flesh is torn and His blood trickles down, and then a heavy cross is laid upon Him to carry to the place of execution. But, worn out with the sufferings of the last awful night and morning, He is unable to carry it, He sinks under its weight. They lay it upon another, and now reach Golgotha. When I remember that this was Jesus, the Divine, the Holy One, how can my pen go further! Why is not each word blotted with a tear? Oh, this hard heart, that cannot, will not feel, to think that He was enduring all this for the sin which I can heedlessly indulge!

"Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
Abased, I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son."

They lay the cross upon the ground, they stretch Him upon it, they nail Him to it. Oh, they care not for His streaming blood, nor His quivering frame, they heed not that sad, pitying look, that languid, swimming eye! The cross is raised, and with violence forced into the ground. Ah! now He speaks, He prays, but He cannot raise the hand, as He was wont to do when He blessed, He prays, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Then, O Saviour, I will no more doubt Thy willingness to forgive even me!

But it is now the sixth hour, even noontide; an unnatural darkness steals over the land, nay, over the earth; for it is said to have made Dionysius, the

heathen, in a distant land, to exclaim, "Either nature is expiring, or the God of nature is suffering!" All is still, silent, until the ninth hour, when a loud, piercing cry bursts from the agonising soul of the sufferer, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Here we are lost, in this cry there is a fathomless ocean. Are you a child of God? Then come to the brink of this ocean, and look upon it, and tremble; but oh, lift up your eyes, streaming with tears of love, to Jesus, in that He has not left it for you to go through it! Are you in your sins? Then, as surely as God lives, if you close not with the offer of Jesus in the Gospel, it yet remains for you to enter that ocean, nay, to struggle, to buffet, to agonize in it through Eternity! Oh, how mysterious a cry! Who can ever comprehend it, save He who uttered it! Can angels? Never; they know nothing of being forsaken. Can devils? Never; they are everlastingly forsaken. Can the damned? Never; for they shall be eternally forsaken. Can saints in glory? Never; it was for them that Jesus endured to be forsaken! Sinner, arouse thee, and tremble! Heaven and hell are at this moment once more balanced before thee! Choose, for one other moment of delay may turn the balance, and where shalt thou then be? An eternity of self-entailed damnation will never reveal to thee what the Son of God suffered in that moment of soul agony for imputed sin, that such as thou now art might be saved. Be persuaded, then, with the thief, in that hour, to cry, and to persevere in crying, "Lord, remember me!" though I have reviled, rejected, and trampled upon Thee.

But, hark! again is the Sufferer about to speak; but, ah, how faint, how feeble He seems. Oh heaven, earth, and hell, let the universe itself pause and listen, for it is their incarnate, suffering Sovereign speaks, and speaks in the voice of triumph, "It is finished!" Well may the earth quake, the mountains tremble, and the rocks rend, the darkness disappear, the sun shine forth, the graves open, and the sleeping dust spring to life; and well may the veil of the temple rend, torn by a mighty, unseen hand, from top to bottom, from heaven towards earth, for now is the way to the presence of God thrown open to the vilest sinner, if he approach through faith in the blood of the Lamb. Come, then, O sinner, "It is finished." The cup of wrath is finished, Jesus hath drunk it to the last and bitterest dregs; come, and you will find when you truly come, that the wrath due to you was there, yet not till then. But is it empty now? No, it is fraught with

grace, grace free, boundless, and everlasting to sinners. It is at this moment stretched out to you. "Ho, every one that thirsteth" (Isaiah lv.), "Whosoever will" (Rev. xxi.), let him take it, and he that drinks, drinks for eternity. Can you find in your heart to refuse it? to say to Him who was the Man of such sorrows, "At a more convenient time, and when I am inclined, I will accept Thy gift?" Remember that there is still "in store wrath against the day of wrath" (Rom. ii.), that there is still a cup of God's fury, "and the wine is red; it is full of mixture; and He poureth out of the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them" (Psalm lxxv.). If, poor worm, that cup be put into your hand, Eternity cannot hear you say, "It is finished."

"And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost!" I have seen through the day the thunderstorm raging and rolling along, and the black clouds pouring forth their floods; I have seen the evening become sweet and serene, and have felt the soul filled with a feeling that was neither joy nor sadness, but a something between them, that was sweet and tranquil. As with that change in nature, so with the Lamb of God; the storm of wrath for imputed sin is spent, justice is satisfied, life is exhausted, His last moment is easy and peaceful, He gently bows His head, breathes forth His spirit, and the Man of Sorrows is without a sorrow!

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore!"

Oh, then, live on Jesus, be one with Him, then His life will be yours, and His death also you shall die—a death of peace, and a death of life. Turn from your sins, and give yourself up to God as a lost sinner, and He will pledge Himself in covenant to you as a redeemed sinner, thus, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This shall be your song in the hour of death—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Ps. xxiii.).

"I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms!
Oh shield me in the last alarms!"

"Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne."

Our tale of sorrow is ended. He peacefully rested in His grave till the morning of the third day; then, as He had by His cross vanquished sin and Satan, so in his Resurrection He triumphed over death and the grave. O Death, where was then thy sting! O Grave, where was then thy victory!

After forty days He ascended, "leading captivity captive," and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. And there He will remain until that last awful morning, when you and I shall spring up from the bed of death, and shall either rejoice or tremble to see Him whom we have both pierced, descending in a glory, the sight whereof would now destroy us, sitting on the great white throne, opening the awful books, in which shall be found written every thought, word, or deed of yours or mine, when the skies being rent asunder like a scroll, there shall be nothing to veil the dazzling glories of heaven from our sight, when the bottomless lake of fire and brimstone shall be seen blazing fearfully before us, when the voice of the Omnipotence, that never spake in vain, shall be addressed to His faithful ones, "Come ye blessed," but to the unbelieving crowded upon the left, "Depart, ye cursed!" Are you, my dear reader, afraid of that awful day? afraid thus to "meet your God?" Then, behold mercy, once more (and it may be for the last time to you), points from the glorious Judge to the suffering Jesus, from the great white Throne to the bloody cross, from the Archangel's trumpet to the dying accents, "It is finished," from the voice of Seven Thunders, "Time is no more," to the sweet silver voice of the Gospel, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!" Turn then, oh turn, when mercy bids you, she will not, cannot always speak. Turn to Jesus, give not "sleep to your eyes, neither slumber to your eyelids," until you know that you believe in Him with all your heart. You have pierced Him, a thousand times pierced Him; yet will He say, "Father, forgive him!" Beseech Him, by the cup of wrath that He drank; by His blood, by His love, by His mercy, by His truth, by His sworn faithfulness, and beseech God in Him to have mercy on a poor, polluted, and helpless worm, on a miserable, heavy-laden, and worn-out sinner, take with you words and say, "I will not, I cannot leave thee, though Thou should slay me, yet must I look to Thee, to whom else can I go but unto Thee, O thou Friend of Sinners!"

Noted Preachers of the Northern Highlands

The Rev. John Macrae (Mac-Rath Mor), Ness.

JOHN MACRAE was born at Achadh-nan-gart, Kintail (though his son-in-law, the Rev. D. Macmaster, gives Ardelve, Lochalsh) in 1794. He was one of a family of twelve. His father was a farmer, and at one time occupied a good position, but owing to reverses he came to be in straitened circumstances. John received a good education in the ordinary branches, as well as in Latin and Greek, before the state of his father's affairs interfered with his school career. From Lochalsh the family removed to Morvich, at the north end of Loch-Duich, in Kintail, where his father died. Soon after his death, John and one of his brothers rented a sheep farm called Immir, at the south end of Lochcarron. From this place he went to the south side of Loch-Duich, where he shared with another friend the holding of Mam Ratagan. The Rev. N. Nicolson, his biographer, relates that it was when at this place that words used in asking a blessing at food by Mr Finlay Munro, that highly-honoured lay missionary, made a deep impression on Macrae's mind. The special means, however, according to the Rev. D. Macmaster, in his biographical sketch in the "Disruption Worthies of the Highlands," was a sermon preached by Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh, in the open air at Lochcarron, from the words in Solomon's Song, iii. 11—"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart." "His distress of mind," says Mr Macmaster, "was for a time extreme, unfitting him for the ordinary duties of life. It would not be easy at that time to meet a more powerful man anywhere; but he has been known to tell that he had been so weakened by soul distress, as that when his foot struck against a clod or stone on the hill-side, he fell helplessly to the ground. Many in the district thought he must have lost his reason, and uttered lamentations over so fine a young man being lost to his family and friends." It was during a Communion season at Ferintosh, in the closing address by Dr Angus Mackintosh, Tain, on Sabbath evening, that the deliverance came. He now set to study, and in a short time he was able to take charge of a public school at Arnisdale, Glenelg. It was while here that a striking

work of grace began through his exhortations being owned of the Holy Spirit. He now turned his thoughts to the ministry, and after the preliminary Arts studies, he studied theology at Edinburgh. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Chanonry, 7th September 1830. Thereafter he acted for a few years as assistant to the Rev. James Russel, Gairloch. On the Rev. Finlay Cook going to Inverness in 1833, Mr Macrae was ordained at Ness, Lewis. His ministry extended over six years, and his labours were abundantly blessed. Mr Macrae was at the zenith of his power about this date, and under his rugged and powerful eloquence, his hearers were held spell-bound as they listened to the dreadful threatenings of Sinai, followed by the gracious tidings poured forth from a deeply touched heart and from lips that had been touched with a live coal from off the altar. In 1839 he was translated to Knockbain, and in his immediate neighbourhood he had Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh, and Mr Stewart, Cromarty, two of the outstanding preachers of the Highlands. It was while in Knockbain that he became known by the name, "MacRath Mor" (Big Macrae, the reference being to his stature), by which he is known throughout the Highlands. During his ministry in Knockbain the great controversy which ended in the Disruption was raging, and Mr Macrae threw himself into it with all his Celtic fervour and strong personality. He was selected by Dr Chalmers as a deputy to visit the Highlands and Islands to explain the great issues at stake. He was a formidable antagonist, physically and mentally, as not a few knew to their cost in the first sense, and as some "moderate" ministers also knew to their cost in the latter sense. On one of his deputation rounds, when accompanied by the Rev. James Macdonald, Urray, who was the first speaker, the parish minister interrupted Mr Macdonald by saying, "You need not be so vain, James, telling us the cause of the Disruption. Well do I remember when I used to teach you in your father's house." "Sit down, James," whispered Macrae, "and let me get up." He was no sooner on his feet than the "moderate" minister: rejoicing in his onslaught on Mr Macdonald, determined to silence Mr Macrae by shouting out—"I knew you right well, too, when you used to be hunting foxes in these wilds above us." "Yes," replied Macrae, with a lightning thrust, "and it appears I did not get them all." It was one of those clever retorts whose point is all the

more felt because the mind that shot them leaves the victim to drive them home himself.

In 1849, Mr Macrae was translated to the Gaelic Church, Greenock, where he laboured until 1857, when, owing to failing health, he was induced to accept a call from Lochs, Lewis. The pain in parting with Mr Macrae in 1849 was keenly felt by many of his people at Knockbain. Many had received blessing under his preaching, and they were tenderly attached to their pastor. His labours in Greenock were also greatly blessed, and when he left there for the Lewis, the parting was no less keenly felt.

In 1859 his beloved wife was removed by death, and he felt her loss keenly, for "through her piety and prudence and sympathy [she had been] a never-failing help to him." She died repeating the beautiful words—"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

His strength was not sufficient for the large parish of Lochs, and in 1866 he accepted a call to Carloway. In 1871, in the midst of growing infirmities, he resigned his charge, generously declining to retain the retiring allowance to which he was entitled. But though no longer minister of a congregation, he preached regularly while strength remained. He entered on his everlasting rest, after ten days of suffering, on 9th October 1876.

A word or two must be said on Mr Macrae's attitude to the Union question in the Free Church. Mr Macrae sided with the movement, and this undoubtedly cooled the attachment of some of his best friends to him.

A word also must now be said about Mr Macrae as a preacher. He was undoubtedly one of the most powerful preachers of the Northern Highlands. His labours were greatly owned of God. He knew the theology of the heart well, and being a diligent student, he delighted in feeding on the rich, strong, scriptural theology of the great Puritan divines, especially that giant among them, Dr Owen. Mr Macmaster has given the following pen-picture of him:—"His appearance as he presented himself before a congregation at once arrested attention; it suggested to the hearers the thought that this was a messenger sent from God. Many in almost all parts of the world will remember

services conducted by him, especially on Communion Sabbaths, when he appeared, with his countenance radiant, as one who had come down from the Mount of Communion; and how, by the time he had read the Psalm and engaged in prayer, the congregation often consisting of many thousands, was awed into eager attention, and throughout an expression of delight appeared on the faces of God's people, while the most careless were solemnized, often deeply moved. A few years before Mr Macrae's death, an aged Christian, after hearing him preach, said—I have to-day shed tears under a sermon, what I had not done since last I heard Mr Macrae twenty years ago. There are many Christian people and ministers of the gospel who will acknowledge that they owe more to his preaching than to all the other means of instruction they ever enjoyed, and who do not expect that the blank caused by his death will ever be made up for them in this world. He bestowed great pains on his pulpit preparation, although he did not commit to writing but the barest outline of his sermons." Mr Macrae was endowed with a powerful and lively imagination, which, while keeping within the bounds of sobriety, enabled him to make use of illustrations from natural phenomena that helped to elucidate and enforce spiritual truths. The Rev. Nicol Nicolson, in his "An t-Urramach Iain Mac-Rath (Mac-Rath Mor) a bha ann an Leodhas" (1894)—an English edition of which appeared in 1895, under the title, "The Reverend John Macrae (Mac-Rath Mor—Big Macrae) of Knockbain, Greenock and Lewis, has gathered together notes of some of his sermons and sayings, which are deeply interesting, but which, from their fragmentary character, can give but a very faint idea of the discourses as they were poured from eloquent lips and a heart set on fire by the tremendous weight of the truths he was declaring. In addition to Mr Nicolson's booklet, there may be mentioned the biographical sketch in the "Disruption Worthies of the Highlands," from the pen of his son-in-law, the Rev. D. Macmaster, and from which we have given a few quotations.

Self-love, and love of the saints, are like two buckets; proportionally unto the rising of the one, the other goeth down. Look unto what degree soever we arrive in self-love; whatever else we do, and whatever our works may be, to the same proportion do we sink in Christian love.—*Brooks.*

Conscience and the Atonement.

BY DR JOHN DUNCAN.

WE are asked to throw aside every theory of the Atonement and repose in the fact. But I cannot receive the Atonement as a blank mystery, though it is ultimately inscrutable and incognisable, as are all great truths. I speak with trembling, but I doubt the fact of an Atonement would not be clear to me apart from its reasons and relations. God announces to conscience the principles on which it can rest. Can God be just, and pardon me? I must know the consistency between these two things, before I believe in their union; and I don't think I go farther than the Scripture carries me. It seems to me a terrible thing to say that there was no intrinsic necessity for Christ's death, for then we virtually say that He died for sin that He need not have died for; and it seems to me that we have the softer theology who affirm He did not, and could not. And I think that to die for the sake of sinners whose sin is not actually taken away, would be a clear waste of moral action. So that we must either with the Calvinist deny the universal extent of the Atonement, or with the Socinian eviscerate its meaning. And I think that Magee, in his book on the Atonement, has sold himself into the hands of the Calvinists, though he is ever bringing in a salvo against them. Does God pardon as a mere sovereign? He either pardons arbitrarily, or He pardons on the ground of some Atonement. Now, I hold that conscience demands that vicariousness which history and experience bring before us. This is the very antithesis of Kantism. Kant may be right as regards the conscience in its crude and unenlightened state. For conscience is out of order through the fall. But conscience quickened by contact with the divine word demands a satisfaction which man has not rendered, and is unable to render. It is also true that the healthy conscience repudiates the legal element when separated from the moral; it repudiates justification divorced from sanctification. A justification that left us as it found us, conscience would disown. What it demands and approves is not an extrinsic act, but an intrinsic fact. Christ came that I might have life, and this includes both a justified and a sanctified life.—"Colloquia Peripatetica."

Christ Seeing of the Travail of His Soul.*

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER STEWART, CROMARTY.

“He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”—Is. liii. 11.

IT was predicted from the beginning that the Saviour of sinners should be a suffering Saviour. This prediction is amply reiterated by the prophet Isaiah ; but the distinguishing characteristic of this chapter is—that it is one of the earliest, if not the first, and it is certainly one of the clearest passages, in which it is declared that His sufferings should be vicarious—that is, in the room and stead of sinners.

It is to Christ's sufferings that reference, then, is made in the text—“the travail of His soul.” It is a peculiar and remarkable expression, and, though frequent enough in Scripture, by no means of ordinary occurrence in regard to Christ. Perhaps we may be somewhat led to the meaning of it, by a passage in the Epistle to the Galatians, distinguishing, of course, between the master and the servant. Paul says, “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you”; intimating his parental affection for his spiritual children among the Galatians—his parental anxiety respecting them. Their very life was in danger, in consequence of the fatal error that had made such havoc among them. The spirit of the apostle was similar to that of Moses of old : “O Lord ! this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold : yet, now, if Thou wilt forgive them their sins ; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written.”

So likewise, the Lord Jesus Christ, but with an unspeakable pre-eminence above all His servants, may be viewed as regarding the people of His charge with intense love, contemplating their lost and helpless con-

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dition with unspeakable pity and compassion, and engaging His heart and soul in the business of their salvation. "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." "Who is this," saith the Lord, "that hath engaged His heart to approach unto Me?" The Saviour laid hold on them, took them, as it were, into His heart, engaged His whole soul in one concentrated purpose, for the salvation of the people of His charge—the objects of His unspeakable love. He was called to His office, as was Aaron. No creature could have ventured to attempt drawing near to the awful Majesty of heaven—to draw near, and to name, in the presence of God's terrible justice and purity, the names of those rebellious sinners that had so inexcusably offended, or venture to appear on their behalf, and to plead for them. It was an awful thing to consider that God—the infinite God—of infinite purity, justice, and majesty—should be approached, and the names of those wicked creatures pronounced before Him, with a view to their salvation. Christ did this; and in doing so, He presented Himself as ready to satisfy all the demands of justice, and vindicate God's purity. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, and prevailed; so He wrestled with God, and prevailed. He was in an agony yet, as a Prince, He prevailed with God.

The expression might, likewise, be profitably illustrated in the way of reminding us of certain highly interesting and important truths in regard to the sufferings of Christ, and the union between Him and His people—the parental relation between Christ and His redeemed people. "Behold, here am I, and the children which God has given me." And likewise that His sufferings were at once voluntary, and yet of necessity. It was most voluntarily that He entered into the engagement. "Lo! I come; in the volume of the book it is written of Me, to do Thy will, O God!" It was truly and voluntarily that He took hold of the nature of the seed of Abraham and not of that of angels. But having once engaged in this, and pledged Himself to its accomplishment, then—as without shedding of blood there could be no remission—it was not possible that the cup should pass from Him.

The expression may remind us likewise, that His sufferings were fully expected, and yet at the same, when at last His hour was come, they seized upon Him with a suddenness and severity that amazed Him. His sufferings were fully expected—He knew what was to happen—He predicted it—He not only told that He was

to be lifted up on the cross, but He also forewarned His disciples that the Son of Man must be rejected, scourged, spitefully entreated, and put to death; but when at last His hour was come, He was amazed.

And lastly—The expression may remind us that Christ's sufferings were perfectly singular—not in the natural and established order—not in the course of nature—not according to the ordinary rules of justice. The rule of strict justice is evident. "The soul"—the individual soul—"that sinneth, it shall die"—the teeth of the children are not to be set on edge for the sin of the parents. But in this case, He that did no sin died the death.

These things have been the subject of our meditation and commemoration in the days that are past. I will not enlarge on these points, but go on to direct your attention to what I apprehend is the more direct scope and bearing of the passage—the assurance of Messiah's success. And brief as this expression is, there is an admirable fulness in it. He shall be satisfied. "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." He shall surely and altogether be satisfied—satisfied in regard to what is always the supreme end of God in all His actings—satisfied as to the manifestation of God's glory. Having been made flesh, He is God manifested in the flesh—not concealed or hid, but manifested to the universe in a way that was never witnessed before. He shall also be satisfied in regard to the great end of the divine government in the economy of redemption, in so overruling the entrance of sin as to establish the very basis of His government over His intelligent creatures on firmer ground than before. He makes an end of sin, so that hereafter it cannot any more have a beginning among the ransomed and redeemed—He prevents it from ever breaking out again.

Further, He shall be satisfied personally. As a person—the second person of the Godhead—He took upon Him human nature, and in that nature He was humbled, even to the death of the cross. He shall be satisfied with the personal exaltation that is awarded Him. Being in the form of God, as the apostle tells us, He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man. Wherefore God also highly exalted Him, and has given Him a name that is above every name. He is anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows. It is a crown of purest gold, and length of

days for ever and ever, which the Father hath bestowed upon Him. He shall be satisfied, and is satisfied, and shall be still more abundantly satisfied, with the just recompense of full reward that will be granted to His human nature. Possibly there is a reference to this in the ascription of praise given to Him in the 5th chapter of Revelation—"Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing"—"Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Worthy is He that was counted a madman, and in league with Beelzebub, to have all that He did fully vindicated, and have all wisdom assigned to Him. Worthy is He that was crucified in weakness, to have all strength ascribed to Him. Worthy is He that despised the shame to be crowned with honour. The blessing be for ever on the head of Him who endured the cross, and was separated from His brethren.

I apprehend, however, that the satisfaction here promised, has a still more special reference to His Church—to His people—to the persons who are the travail of His soul—those who owe their spiritual existence, their birth, their place in the family of God, to His interposition—to "the travail of His soul." And this agrees better with the vicarious character of His sufferings, which runs through the whole of this passage of Scripture. He satisfied divine justice, and divine justice says again, He shall be satisfied. It was from love to His people, as well as from love and obedience to His Father, that He suffered. He suffers, He cares, He pleads for, and saves His people. They are the travail of His soul, and it is in them that it is here promised that He shall be satisfied, whatever that weighty expression meant. The text, then, is evidently an assurance that Messiah's labour and death should not be in vain. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." He suffered in the room and stead of His people. Now, if the result were a matter of chance, surely nothing could be more unsatisfactory. If it depended on them—on their will—whether or not they should accept of this salvation, then would I only advert to this fact, that Christ died, rejected and despised. His death was the result of a most extraordinary instance of combined rejection. Jews and Gentiles agreed in this. He was forsaken by His friends, and the unanimous exclamation was,

"Away with Him! away with Him! crucify Him! crucify Him!" Can you conceive anything more unsatisfactory, than that He should have to trust to those who nailed Him to the cross—to trust to them to be satisfied. Were it put upon this footing, nothing could possibly be more unsatisfactory; but it is not left to that. He is assured that He shall see of the travail of His soul—and shall be satisfied; that, lifted upon the cross, a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness, yet it is assuredly secured to Him, that He should be the object of universal attraction. There was a security for this; power is given to Him over all flesh, for the express purpose that He might give eternal life to as many as God had given Him. It is committed into His own hands; in their hands nothing could be more unsafe or unsatisfactory; but the power is given into His hands to make them willing—to give them eternal life. This comports with other expressions in the context. The thing is so important as to be repeated, and no wonder. "He shall see His seed," equivalent to this, "He shall see of the travail of his soul." "My righteous servant shall justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities." The justification of the many, follows upon His bearing their iniquities. Hence, in subordination to this great promise to Christ, the promise was made to Abraham, when he was yet an old and a childless man, that his seed should be as the stars of heaven for multitude, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore, innumerable.

Again, Christ will be satisfied in the number of the saved. It is amazing to think over what tracks of country, during so many long ages, "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." To think of all the cruelty and licentiousness, misery, and wickedness, which overspread the world, what a thick darkness and vile delusion bind multitudes of souls fast in spiritual death; and if we come nearer home, to those favoured spots where the true light hath long shone, our own country, which is like Judea of old, a land where God is well known; yet what delusion, deception, indifference! How dark and mysterious is it! and, I doubt not, it has sometimes been a subject of temptation to God's people, that when the Saviour has appeared as the Conqueror, the Prince, Satan should thus still reign. But, be this as it may, we are to rest in faith on this assurance—and should it not be satisfactory?—that Christ shall be satisfied! It is very true that spiritual barrenness was a great trial to the

ancient Church. It was symbolised in the cases of Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel: it was alluded to in the case of Samson's mother and Samuel's; and this trial is a trial still. But the promise to Abraham is steadfast, the promise to Christ is sure. And it is very remarkable, in this connection, that on one of these rare occasions in which a gleam of joy brightened the countenance of the Man of Sorrows, he rejoiced in spirit at one time, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Christ is satisfied; Christ will be satisfied with the numbers, and they are not small, which the Father has given to Him. And this should quell our murmurings, our false zeal, our unbelief, our disposition to quarrel with God. Look at the example set us by Him, who, if there were discontent in the case, had a right to be discontented. Look at Him who thanked His Father for the poor and the mean, and not for the wise and the mighty.

I may remark here, in passing, that this ought not to relax our efforts. It did not relax His. Satisfied with those whom the Father had given Him, He is deeply occupied in heaven with the accomplishment of the work of their salvation. at the same time joyfully and cheerfully satisfied with the limits which the Father has set.

Again, Christ's satisfaction extends farther than to the mass and the multitude—it reaches to the individuals. We may purchase a flock of sheep, pay the price, and if we have the full tale, and the number, we are satisfied. Nay, in regard to spiritual matters, we hear of the success of our mission in Calcutta, hear of a thousand young men receiving instruction regularly, and would yet more rejoice in hearing that ten, twenty, thirty, or a hundred were really converted. We would rejoice in the number, but they are at such a distance, that we see merely their number. It is very different, however, in other cases. Jacob loved Rachel, and though Laban gave him a wife, it was anything but a satisfactory arrangement that Leah should be in the place of Rachel! And Christ loves His people individually. One individual cannot be palmed off for another. He loves them individually, as was intimated by the high priest's breast-plate of old. The name of each individual could not be engraved upon it—there were only the names of the tribes; but this intimated that all the individuals were remembered by the

high priest. So Chrst is the good Shepherd. "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." They know Him—there is no doubt of that; but it is as true that He knows them, and that individually. Hence the force of the expressions, "I have called thee by thy name—thou art mine." "I know thee by name." And hence the value of the chapters of names. Look at the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Mark what a long list of names. You see how the apostle notices the members of the Church by their names—advert to the excellencies of each—sends his encouraging approbation—his Christian salutation and regards—and sends it to every one by name. And he was warranted and inspired by the Spirit of God to do so; for that chapter is as much inspired as the third chapter. And so in the Book of Chronicles, God shows that He regards His people by name. He converts them individually and by name. He counts the very hairs on their head. There can, then, be no substitution. Christ is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement of His Father. He whose largeness of heart is like that of Solomon of old, which was even as the sand which is on the seashore, is our New Testament Solomon, and has a largeness of heart to know and to remember the circumstances of all the seed of Jacob. "I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of mine."

He shall be satisfied with their personal excellencies. Placed in the great structure of the spiritual temple, the felicity and glory of each individual of His people shall be such, that the Saviour shall be satisfied. It is not according to what we desire for ourselves. The measure of glory reserved for Christ's people will be such as to satisfy the immense and boundless desires of the Author of salvation. It is a sort of resting-point to the perfections of God—when His truth and immutability rest and are satisfied—when His justice rests and is satisfied—when His benevolence and mercy rest and are satisfied. His boundless goodness has now found way in this plan of salvation, and here all the perfections of the Deity shall rest and be satisfied. Not merely his people shall be satisfied—that does not come up to the end to be accomplished. He shall see "of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

Again, it is the Sufferer Himself that is to be satisfied. It is the travail of His soul—His sufferings, in all their intensity of pain and earnestness of desire—that He is to see, and be satisfied with; and His parental love towards those for whom He died is also to be

satisfied. And here even the foibles and follies of men may afford an illustration. When parents look at their children, they are pleased with the excellencies they discover. This shows, at least, what they wish their children to be. These dreams and ideas show the parental desire. But in the present case, it is not the voice of flattery. It is Jacob that is to be satisfied with his Joseph—Rachel on behalf of her Benoni. Let the children of Zion, then, be joyful in their King. Let them fill up the measure of His joy, and satisfy His soul. Let them beware of those things that may dissatisfy Him. Surely it is an argument with an affectionate son, even when at a distance, not to grieve his father's heart—not to be a heaviness to her that bore him. But it ought specially to characterise the children of the Lord Jesus, who are the travail of His soul. A parent would not be satisfied with an idiot child—he could not be satisfied with a deformed child; and can Christ be satisfied with those deformities, that want of symmetry of character, which He sees in His children? Let us apprehend that, with the apostle, for which we are also apprehended—even the satisfaction of the Redeemer—to be what will please Him, what will satisfy Him, and to aim at it the more constantly, because it is declared that He shall be satisfied. Each of His people cost Him much. And a parent, by-the-by, would not be satisfied with a dead child! It is a sad thing when the hour is come, and there is no joy when the child is born into the world. Let those who may receive serious impressions among the young, and over whom pious parents, ministers, and elders, may be watching with eager hope—let them take heed of sinking back, so that it shall appear that there has been only a dead corpse, and not a living child! And let all who have an interest in the glory of Christ be stirred up to consider the case of lost and perishing sinners. I am sometimes struck with the amazing spirit that breathes through the Scriptures—it is as if the apostles and primitive Christians were inspired with a passion for saving souls, not exactly a passion for preaching, except as a means, but a real passion for the saving of souls—it shows itself in the extraordinary anxiety, and the minuteness discernible in their epistles.

And let sinners be aroused. Let them strive to enter in at the strait gate. Is it not an encouragement to think that Christ will be satisfied in their salvation? Let them not perplex themselves with certain modern questions. He is a perfect Saviour—a complete

Saviour—to whom you are invited to come. Is it any objection to our Zion that it has salvation for walls and bulwarks—that it has ramparts around it? It has its gates open: men turn away, because, forsooth, its ramparts are not broken down that you may enter. Is it an objection to Christ that you must be humbled—must be indebted to Him for every thing? O beware that something of this kind stands not in the way. He addresses and encourages every sinner that comes to Him, that He will in no wise cast out. But if sinners will find objections—if they are determined not to come—if they will be indifferent to this great matter, let them recollect that the favour is done to them—that they are not doing a favour to Christ. Their goodness extends not to Him. Let them not imagine, like some foolish parents, that in allowing their children to attend a charity school, they are doing the patrons of that school a favour. Let those who will despise and reject this salvation be assured, that though they may wring many bitter tears from the hearts of parents, ministers, and others now, and though over them, if Christ Himself were here, He would weep, as He did over Jerusalem in the days of His flesh; yet let them be assured, that even their perdition will not be permitted to disturb that eternal repose, that everlasting rest, that assured satisfaction, which awaits the Lord Jesus in the glory of eternity.

Searmoinean leis an Urramach Aonghas MacMhaolain.

Searmoin X.

xc. Sailm, 11 Rann.

“Co d’ an aithne neart t-fheirge, agus a reir t-eagail do chorruich.”

(Air a leantuinn o t.-d. 34.)

II. Theid mi nis air m’ aghaidh gus an dara ceann teagaisg, le bhi toirt fa’near, nach ’eil creutair sam bith comasach seasamh roimh chumhachd feirge Dhé.

1. Anns a cheud àite, ’s ann an aghaidh nan aingeal a thuit, a bha fearg Dhé an toiseach air a foillseachadh. Thaisbean Dia fhuath do ’n pheacadh, le bhi ga thoirmeasg mu ’n robh e idir ann; ach bha chorruich folaichte; cha ’n fhacas a riamh fearg ’na dheadh-ghnuis, a tha làn do

ghlòir, gus an do thog am peacadh a cheann. Ach co luath 's a dh' fhuaraich gradh nan aingeal a thuit, co luath 's a threig iad tobar nan uisgeachan beo agus a rinn iad ar-a-mach an aghaidh an Cruith-fhir, bha e air a bhrosnachadh gu feirg, chaidh deatach as a shroin a mach, agus loisg a chorruich 'nan aghaidh, cho dian, a's nach fheudadh iad air chor 'sam bith seasamh. Dh' fhuadaich Dia a mach iad o sholus, agus o shonas nam flaitheis; thilg e sìos gu h-ìfrinn iad, agus chuir e ann an slabhraidhibh dorchadais iad, fa chomhair breitheanais an là mhoir. Tha e fìor, cha 'n 'eil peanas nan deamhan co mòr, cha 'n 'eil fearg Dhé 'na luidh co trom orra, 'san àm a ta, 'sa bhithneas e an deigh là a bhreitheanais; gidheadh, tha Dia ann an corruich riu gach là, tha fhearg a gabhail comhnuidh orra. Tha iad mar cheannaircigh ann an geimhlibh, a cuir seachad na h-aimsir a ta làthair, le duil eagalach ri là a bhreitheanais, ris an fhearg theinteach a sgriosas iad fa-dheoidh mar eascairdean. Tha fios gu ro mhaith aca fèin, gu bheil corruich Dhé an tòir orra, tha iad a creidsinn, agus a criothnachadh roimh an fhearg a ta ri teachd, a thig orra gus a chuid as fhaide aig là a bhreitheanais, agus a chlaoidheas iad gu sìorruidh ann am prìosan an ea-dòchais.

2. Tha e soilleir gu 'n do luidh fearg Dhé gu trom air anam an Tighearn Iosa Crìosd, an uair a sheas e mar urras an àite nan ciontach, agus a ghiulan e peacann' a phobuill 'na chorp fèin air a chrann. Bha 'n Tighearn Iosa Crìosd air 'bhreith saor o pheacadh, agus bhuanaich e naomha, neo-lochdach, agus dealaichte o pheacadh, fad aimsir a chuairt air an talamh. "Cha d' rinn e peacadh, agus cha d' fhuaradh cealg 'na bheul;" agus uime sin, cha 'n fheudadh e peanas air bith fhualang air son aon lochd a rinn e fèin a riamh. Ach cha b' ann air son a pheacanna fèin, na gu h-àraidh air son a bhuannachd fèin, a dh' fhuiling Crìosd, ach air son peacann', agus buannachd a phobuill. "Dh' fhuiling am firean agus air son nan neofhìrean, chum gu 'n d' thugadh e sinne gu Dia;"—bhàsaich e air son nan ciontach, agus dh' èirich e ris chum am fireanachadh. Ach ged bha Crìosd saor o pheacadh gin agus gnìomh, gidheadh, cha robh e saor o pheacadh mar urras; oir bha peacanna nan daoine taghta gu h-ìomlan air a' meas dha le àrd-Bhreitheamh cothromach na cruith-eachd: agus bha iad air a' meas dha, 's air an leagadh air, chum 's gu fuilingeadh e teas na feirg a thoill iad gus a chuid a b' fhaide. 'S ann fo chudthrom na feirg so, a bha anam Chrìosd air a bhruthadh, is air a dheanamh ro bhrònach, eadhon gu bàs. Ciod a b' aobhar d' a chruaidh-ghleachd, d' a fhallas fola, agus d' a àrd éigheach maille

ri deuraibh, ann an gàradh Ghetsemane, ach teas na feirge so? Tha e soilleir, nach robh laimh creutair faicsinneach air bith a beantainn ri Criosd aig an àm so, oir cha do thuit e fathasd ann an lamhan aingidh dhaoine; ach mur robh lamh creutair faicsinneach sam bith a beantainn ris, bha lamh an Dé neo-fhaicsinnich a beantainn ris gu ro gneur; oir thoilich an Tighnearn a bhruthadh an uair a rinn e anam 'na iobairt reitich air son peacann' a shluaigh. Bha 'n cupan a fhuair Criosd r' a òl an àite a phobuill, 'na chùpan ro shearbh, 'na chùpan a bha neo-mheasgta leis a bhraon a bu lugha do chomhfhurtachd sam bith; oir anns a cheart àm an robh a chorp air a lot, s' air a bhruthadh gu ro amhgharrach, bha anam ro bhronach, agus a chridhe leaghadh mar chéir fo theas na feirge a thoill peacann' a phobuill. Aig an àm cheudna, bha gnuis Athar air a folach uaith, agus bha e air fhagail ann an tiugh dhorchadas, ag éigheach a mach, "mo Dhia, mo Dhia, ciod uime thréig thu mi?" Fhuair Criosd dearbhadh ro gneur, a fhaireachdainn féin, nach 'eil creutair sam bith comasach seasamh roimh chumhachd feirge Dhé.

3. An uair a tha mothachadh air corruich Dhé, eadhon ann an tomhas beag, a deanamh greim air coguisean ciontach dhaoine, tha iad anns a choitichionn air an claidh, is air am bruthadh le diobhail misnich? "Spiorad leòinte," deir an duine glic, "co dh' fheudas a ghiùlan?" Tha mòran do luchd-àiteachaidh an t-saoghail so, a cuir seachad an laithean ann an neo-chùram, gun mhothachadh air cunnart a staid mar pheacaich agus gun eagal Dia fa chomhair an sùl. Tha na Cinnich aineolach anns a choitichionn, a caitheadh am beatha gun umhail, gun chùram, gun eagal sam bith roimh 'n fhearg a ta ri teachd; agus tha moran do luchd-éisdeachd an t-soisgeil a deanamh miodal riu féin le dòchas faoin, agus a cur seachad an annsir aig fois ann an Sion. Tha aobhar eagail mar an ceudna, gu bheil a chuid as mo do shluagh an t-saoghail, eadar Iudhaich is Chinnich, a buanachadh anns an anamothachadh so, gus am bheil iad air an dusgadh fa'dheoidh leis a chnuimh nach bàsaich, agus leis an teinne nach fheudar a mhùchadh. Gidheadh, tha e 'na ni cinnteach nach 'eil an t-ìomlan do shliochd Adhamh a dol troimh an t-saoghail, agus a fagail an t-saoghail, as eugmhais tomhas sam bith do agartas coguis. Cha luaithe a dh' ith an ceud Adhamh am meas toirmeasg', na dh' éirich a choguis féin 'na aghaidh, agus rinn an t-eagal anns am bheil pian, a chlaoidh gu goirt. Cha robh e ni b' fhaide comasach seasamh suas le misneach, no amhaire le muinghin, a dh' ionnsuidh an Dé mhòir an aghaidh an do pheacaich e; agus co dh' fheudas a radh, ciod a dh' fhuiling e o ag-

artus a choguis féin, mu 'n d' fhag e saoghal na truaillidheachd so? Tha e 'na ni cinnteach gu 'n d' fhuiling mòran do phobull an Tighearn air an doigh so, cha 'n e mhaoin uair a bha iad an toiseach air an dùsgadh, agus fo mhothachadh geur air an staid chaillte, ach iomad là an deigh dhoibh a bhi air an gairm o dhorchadas gu solus. Dh' fhuiling Iob, is Daibhidh, is Heman, agus mòran eile, gu ro gheur, fo eagal feirge, fo agartas coguis. Ach co a dh' fheudas a thuigsinn, ciod a dh' fhuiling mòran do na h-aingidh, ciod a dh' fhuiling Cain, is Saul, is Iudas, agus na mìltean a bharr orra-san, fo eagal feirge an uile Chumhachdaich? Tha coguisean cuid do dhaoine aindiadhaidh a dusgadh o codal trom a pheacaidh air leabadh am bàis, agus gan lionadh le mòr eagal, agus ball-chrith. Thachair so gu tric do mhealltairibh a thréig an creidimh, agus a thog an sàil an aghaidh Chrìosd, an deigh dhoibh aideachadh follaiseach a dheanamh air diadhachd: agus thachair e gu tric, mar an ceudna, do luchd geur-leanmhuinn, a rinn am peacanna dearg mar sgarlaid, le bhi dortadh fuil nan naomh. Is tric a fhuair cuid do 'n t-seorsa so, mu 'n d' fhag iad an saoghal a ta làthair, dearbhadh geur o 'm faireachdainn féin, nach 'eil creutair sam bith comasach seasamh fo chumhachd fèirge Dhé.

4. Anns an àite mu dheireadh, tha corruich Dhé a leantuinn peacaich neo-iompaichte as an t-saoghal so, a dh' ionnsuidh saoghal nan spiorad, chum an claidh tre bhith-bhuantachd ann an ionad na dòrainn. Tha peanas nan aing'each ann an ionad na dòrainn, folaichte o ar sùilibh-ne, co fhad 's a tha sinn 'n ar comhnuidh air thalamh. Tha brat tiugh eadar sinne agus iadsan, a tha 'g an druideadh a mach as ar sealladh, chor 's nach 'eil sinn a faicinn meud an truaighe, na cluinntinn gaoir an amhghair: ach tha focal Dé a toirt solus, agus eòlas dhuinn air na nithe nach fhaca sùil, agus nach cuala cluas. Tha 'm focal so ag innseadh dhuinn gu soilleir, gur ann san t-saoghal ri teachd, a thig fearg Dhé air na h-aingidh gus a chuid as fhaide. “Na biodh eagal oirbh,” a dubhairt Chrìosd r' a dheisciobluibh, “roimh 'n mhuinntir a mharbhas an corp, agus 'na dheigh sin, aig nach 'eil tuille dh' fheudas iad a dheanamh; ach biodh eagal an ti ud oirbh, aig am bheil cumhachd, an deigh neach a mharbhadh, a thilgeadh do ifrinn: seadh, a deiream ribh, biodh eagal an ti ud oirbh.” Tha na briathra so teagasg gu soilleir, nach 'eil ach ni faoin, ni eutrom, ann an amhghar sam bith a dh' fheudas daoine fhulang air thalamh, ann an coimeas ri piantaibh ifrinn. Is tric a dh' fhuiling mòran do na naomh bàs ro amhgharach, o luchd geur-leanmhuinn; ach cha b' urrainn luchd geur-leanmhuinn tuille dheanamh na'n corp a

mharbhadh. Dh' fheudadh iad an corp a bhruthadh, a reubadh as a cheile, na losgadh le teine, mar rinneadh air mòran do fhianuisibh Chriosd ann an amannaibh geur-leam-mhuinn; ach tuille cha robh nan comas a dheanamh. Co luath 's a bha 'n corp marbh, bha iad reidh 'san t-anam. Cha 'n 'eil ag* sam bith, nam biodh 'nan comas nach pianadh iad an t-anam co maith ris a chorp; seadh, nach pianadh iad an t-anam an deigh do 'n chorp a bhi marbh; ach 's ni so a bha thar an comas; oir co luath 's a bha 'n corp marbh, chaidh an t-anam gu glan as an lamhan, a dh' ionnsuidh baile taimh is fois, far nach bu chomasach do namhaid air bith a leantainn, na chiùrradh, trid saoghal nan saoghal. Ach cha 'n 'eil amhghar nan aing'each ach a tòiseachadh aig uair a bhàis; oir an deigh do Dhia an cuirp a mharbhadh, tha e tilgeadh an anaman a dh' ifrinn, far nach bàsaich an enuimh, agus far am bi tonn an deigh tonn, do theine loisgeach a chorruih, a rolladh tharta, agus gan claidh, trid linntinn na bith-bhuantachd.

III. Tha mi nis gu bhi labhairt air an treas ceann teagaisg, le bhi toirt fa'near, gu bheil corruich Dhé na h-aobhar eagail ro mhòr do na h-uile dhaoineibh mar pheacaich.

1. Anns a cheud àite, 's e ciont' a pheacaidh a' ni àraidh a tha fàgail dhaoine buailteach do eagal feirge. Thuit eagal féirge air a cheud Adhamh co luath 'sa pheacaich e. Co luath 'sa dh' ith e 'meas toirmeasgta, dh' fhàs an creutair neo-chiontach 'na chreutair ciontach, chunnaic se e féin lomnochd, agus chrìochnaich fheòil le eagal roimh chorruih a Chruithfhir. Uime sin, thug e oidheirp fhaoine air teicheadh, agus e féin fholach a 'measg craobhan a ghàraidh. An uair a thainig Dia a nuas air sliabh Shinai, agus a thaisbean se e féin do chloinn Israel a meadhon deataich, is teine, agus tairneanaich, chrìochnaich an sliabh, agus chrìochnaich an sluagh—tharruing an sluagh air an ais o bhonn an t-sliabh, agus sheas iad fad as air chrith le h-eagal. Bha iad 'nan sluagh ro cheannairceach, ro chiontach, agus dh' fhàg so iad buailteach do agartas coguis, agus do eagal feirge. Dh' fhag ciont' a pheacaidh mòran do shìochd Adhamh, o linn gu linn, làn do iomaghain, agus do eagal feirge, air leabadh am bàis. Bha fios aca roimh laimh gu robh iad buailteach do 'n bhàis; ach cha robh iad a saòilsinn gu robh am bàs co dlùth, no gu 'n d' thigeadh e co luath, agus uime sin, bha iad a deanamh mìodal riu féin, le bhi gealltainn gu 'n deanadh iad aithreachas, agus ullachadh air ceann a bhàis, an uair a gheibheadh iad àm iomchuidh air an son. Ach mu 'n d' thainig an t-àm iomchuidh so, thainig teachdaire a bhàis, chum an toirt an làthair cathair breitheanais.

* Teagamh.

Tha iad a nis an sàs aig a bhàs, gun dol as aca; agus tha iad mar an ceudna, an sàs aig an eagal. An uair a dh' amhairceas iad air an ais, agus air an aghaidh, cha 'n 'eil ach aobhar eagail rompa 's nan deigh; tha iad a nis ann an imcheist mhòir, oir dhearmad iad an obair là, gus an d' thainig an oidheche anns nach léir obair a dheanamh. Tha 'n obair ullachaidh uile r' a deanamh, an uair a bu choir dhi 'bhi crìochnaichte; agus tha na h-uile nithe a h-ordugh co mor, as nach maith a tha fios aca ciod air an toir iad lamh an toiseach. Tha iad a tionndadh a null, agus a nall, 's ag amharc mu 'n timchioll, ach co do na naoimh a ni cobhair orra, na bheir dhoibh roinn do 'n ola? ach 's ni so nach 'eil aig na naoimh as inbhich a ta air thalamh r' a sheachnadh. Feudaidh iad a radh riu, "rachaidh chum an luchd reic, agus ceannaichaidh dhuibh féin;" ach mo thruaighe! tha iad a nis co anmhuinn, agus co uallachichte le tinneas, as nach urrainn iad ni sam bith a dheanamh. O ciod a bheireadh iad a nis, air son beagan tuille neart, agus beagan tuille ùine, a dh' ullachadh air ceann na sìorruidheachd mhòir! Ach tha crìoch an turuis aig laimh, tha 'm bàs a teannadh orra gu cas, tha 'n cridhe air chrith, tha 'n cuisle fàs iosal, tha 'n teanga call a luth agus tha ceo a bhàis cheana air an sùilean. O, tha iad a nis anns na h-uspagan deireannach, a toirt suas an deò, agus a dol gan àite féin. "Is beannaichte na mairbh a gheibh bàs anns an Tighearna," ach, O truaighe do labharnt na muinntir a tha air an glacadh leis a bhàs. 'nan coigrich do ghràs tearnaidh, do choir shlàinteil anns an Tighearn Iosa Crìosd! B' fhearr dhoibh nach beirt a riamh iad.

2. Bithidh là a bhreitheanas, an uair a thig e, 'na aobhar eagail ro mhòr do na h-aingidh uile. Tha là a bhreitheanas gu tric 'na aobhar eagail do dhaoibh mi-dhiadhaidh anns an t-saoghal so féin. An uair a reusonaich Pòl mu fhìreantachd, stuaim, agus breitheanas ri teachd, an làthair an uachdarain Romhanaich Felics, ghabh Felics eagal, bhuail a choguis e, agus chrìochnaich fheòil, le h-eagail roimh cheart-bhreitheanas Dé. Tha e soilleir gu bheil peacaich neo-iompaichte anns a choiteionn, 'nan codal gu trom ann an ana-mothachadh, a thaobh cunnart ar staid anns an t-saoghal a ta làthair; gidheadh cha 'n 'eil an t-iomlan diubh a dol troimh an t-saoghail, agus a fagail an t-saoghail, as eugmhais eagail. Tha cuid, an uair a tha iad fo theagasg bagarach, an uair tha tairneanaich an lagha, agus dòrainn ifrinn air an seirm 'nan cluaisaibh, a tha da rìreadh a crìochnachadh le h-eagal, agus tha cuid a dol a dh' ionnsuidh a bhàis le dùil eagalach ris an fhearg theinteach a sgriosas na h-eascairdean. Ach bithidh

là a bhreitheanais 'na aobhar eagail do na h-aingidh uile, eadar bheag is mhòr, eadar àrd is ìosal, anns gach àite do n talamh. Thig an là so gu h-obain, agus bithidh e air fhoillseachadh mar an ceudna, le mòran do chomharaibh eagalach air corruich an uile Chumhachdaich an aghaidh a naimhdean. Ni 'n trompaid dheireannach fuaim ro àrd, agus ruigidh a fuaim crìoch an t-saoghail, grunn d a chuam, agus cridhe na talmhainn. “Duisgidh na mairbh, agus thig iad a mach, iadsan a rinn maith, chum aiseirigh na beatha, agus iadsan a rinn olc chum aiseirigh an damnaidh.”

Thig na h-aingidh uile a mach as an uaighibh, le coguis chiontach, agus an uair a dh' amhairceas iad suas agus a chi iad am breitheamh cothromach 'na shuidhe air a rìgh-chaitheir mhòr gheal, tuitidh uamhain an dara bàis gu sonruichte air an anamaibh. “Chi gach sùil e,” deir an t-Abstol, “agus iadsan mar an ceudna lot e; agus ni uile threubha na talmhainn caoidh air a shonsan.” Ciod e aobhar na caoidh, na toirm bhròin so a chluineam am fad 's am fagus air aghaidh an t-saoghail? Tha eagail peanaais, eagal teachd an làthair a bhreitheamh,—“do bhrìgh gu 'n d' thainig là mòr fheirge-san, agus co dh' fheudas seasamh.” B' fhearr leis na h-aingidh an cinn chiontach fhòlach anns an uaigh, no ann an slochd dorcha éigin fo 'n talamh, na teachd an làthair a bhreitheamh; ach cha 'n 'eil dol as aca, oir is eigin doibh uile bhi air an nochdadh an làthair cathair-breitheanais Chrìosd, far am faigh gach neach a reir a ghnìomhara. Ged ghlaodhas iad gu h-àrd ris na sleibhtibh, agus ris na creagaibh, tuiteam orra, agus am fòlach o ghnìs an Tì a bhios 'na shuidhe air an rìgh-chaitheir, agus o fheirg an Uain, cha 'n fhaigh iad éisdeachd sam bith. Tha na h-aingil cheana mu 'n timchioll, gan iòman o cheithir àirdibh na talmhainn, an làthair a bhreithibh mhòir, chum 's gu faic gach sùil, nach fòl 'chear beud air-san, agus gu 'n cluinn gach cluas a bhreith chothromach, neo-chlaon, a thig a mach as a bheul.

3. Bithidh obair là a bhreitheanais, mar an ceudna, na h-aobhar eagail ro mhòr do na h-aingidh. An uair a tha ceannairceach air a ghairm gu cunntas an làthair bhreitheamh talmhaidh, agus cuis-dhithidh chudthromach 'na aghaidh, tha e anns a choitcheionn, fo thomhas éigin do eagal. An uair a tha 'chùis-dhithidh air a leughadh 'n éisdeachd, agus a tha 'choguis féin ag radh ris, “Is tusa an duine, is tu an ciontach,” tha nis an t-eagal fo 'm bheil e a meudachadh agus an uair a tha 'chùis-dhithidh so air a dearbhadh, 's air a daingneachadh le fianuisibh frinneach, tha 'n t-eagal fo 'm bheil e fathasd gu ro mhòr air an tromachadh: ach O ciod a chrith tha deanamh greim air an

duine thruagh, an uair a tha binn eagalach a bhàis air a toirt amach 'na aghaidh! Is tric a thuit cuid do chiontaich seachad le h-eagal, ag éisdeachd ri binn an ditidh féin. Aig là a bhreitheanais, bidh luchd-àitheachaidh na talmhainn uile, eadar bheag is mhòr, eadar Iudhaich is Chinnich, air an gairm gu cunntas, bithidh na leabhraichean air am fosgladh, agus cùis-dhitidh nan aing' each uile air a leughadh gu follaiseach a leabhar-cuimhne Dhé. Tha tomhas mòr do 'n pheacadh a tha air a chuir an gnìomh air thalamh o la gu la, folaichte o shluibh dhaoine; ach "cha 'n 'eil ni sam bith folaichte nach foillsichear, no uaigneach, air nach fhaighear fios, air la a bhreitheanais." Air an la mhòr so, bidh oibre an dorchadais uile air an lan-fhoillseachadh, agus luchd-deanamh nan oibre so air an cuir gu nàire, agus masladh bith-bhuan. Cha bhi neach air bith dhiubh comasach a pheacanna fholach, no chionta féin aiceadh, no leithsgeul fhaotainn air son aon a mìle d' a lochdaibh. Cuiridh coguis gach neach a séula ris a chunntas a bhios 'na h-aghaidh féin, mar chunntas fìor, agus bidh gach neach air a dhiteadh le a chridhe, agus le choguis féin. Agus an uair a bhios na h-aingidh uile air an dìteadh le 'n coguisibh féin, cuiridh an t-ard Bhreitheamh an ceill a bhinn chothromach féin, anns na briathraibh eagalach so;—"Imichibh uam, a shluagh mallaichte, dh' ionnsuidh teine shiorruidh, a dh' ullaicheadh do 'n Dia-bhul agus d' a ainglibh." O! ciod an uamhunn a ni greim air na h-aingidh le fuaim nam briathra so! Bithidh iad uile air chrith, o mhullach an cinn gu bonn an cois. Bithidh an cor deich mìle uair ni 's truaighe na bha cor Bhele-sasair, an uair a chunnaic e "Mene, Mene," sgriobhta fa chomhair air a bhalla, agus a chaochail a ghnais, a bhual a ghluinean air a cheile, agus a ghlaodh e le glaoth goirt. Bha glaoth goirt ann an tìr na h-Eiphit, an uair a bha gach ceud-ghin duine, agus spreidhe air am bualadh marbh gu h-obain le aingeal an sgrios; agus bha glaoth goirt am measg cuideachd Choradh, Dhatain, agus Abiraim, an uair a dh' fhosgail an talamh a bheul, agus a chaidh iad féin, maille r' an teaghlachibh, beo sìos do 'n t-slochd mhillteach. Ach tha e 'na ni cinnteach, nach robh glaoth, no tuireadh, no toirm bhròin a riamh air thalamh co mòr, no co goirt, 's a bhitheas ann aig la a bhreitheanais. Gidheadh, cha 'n fhad a gheibh na h-aingidh cead a bhi ri caoidh air thalamh an deigh do obair an la so bhi seachad, oir thig ioma ghaoth loisgeach a mach o làthair an Tigh-earna, a chuireas an saoghal r' a theine, agus a dh' fhuadaicheas iad uile air falbh, lan do bhall-chrith, a dh' ionnsuidh iomall dorchadais, far am bi gul agus giosgan fhiacal gu sìorruidh.

(Ri leantuinn.)

William Hunter, the Martyr Boy.

IN the year 1554, soon after the accession of Mary ("the Bloody") to the throne of England, there lived in London a lad about nineteen years of age, an apprentice to a silk weaver. His soul had been illumined by divine grace during the controversies of the preceding reign, and he had learned to abhor the falsities of the Papal Church.

When the edict requiring the people to attend mass was published in the name of the bigoted Queen, William's master ordered him to comply, and to go with him to the church. But the boy replied that he dared not, for he believed that it would be a sin against God for him to countenance such idolatries. And the master drove him from his house.

William walked to the home of his father at Bruntwood, and was kindly received, for his parents loved the boy, feared God, and abhorred Popery.

He sat one day at the door of his father's cottage, poring over a well-worn copy of Tindale's Bible, which his father had laboured long to purchase, and his soul was feeding with joyous relish upon its precious truths, when a priest passed by the door. William, absorbed, did not observe him until he softly approached, looked over his shoulder, and saw the hated volume. The boy started and closed the book. But it was too late. The priest uttered never a word, but scowled portentously, and walked on.

That night William Hunter was thrust into a dungeon. The next day he was taken before Master Justice Brown, who questioned him closely concerning his faith. William would not lie nor would he conceal what he believed. He confessed that he was in heart and soul a Protestant, and that he dared not in conscience attend the mass. He was sent back to his dungeon. His pious father and mother visited him, and encouraged him to persevere in his good confession, even to death. "I am glad, my son," said his mother, "that God has given me such a child, who can find it in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake."

"Mother," he replied, "for the little pain I shall suffer, which is but a short space, Christ hath promised me a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?"

Then they all kneeled together upon the hard floor of the cell, and prayed that his strength might not fail; that his faith might be victorious.

His parents, as far as they were permitted, supplied his wants and ministered to his comfort. A few of the faithful came to see him, and encouraged him to hold out faithful to the end, and prayed to God with and for him. Others of his acquaintance came and urged him to recant his opinions, to profess or pretend submission to the priests, and not to provoke them to deal more harshly with him. But William in his turn exhorted them to come out from the abomination of Popish superstition and idolatry. The priests, too, expostulated with him, and promised and threatened, but all to no purpose; he would not abandon his faith in Jesus as a sufficient and only Saviour.

In a few days he was tried, and condemned to be burned to death as a heretic. They took him back to his dungeon, and after long communion with God in prayer, he lay down and slept. He dreamed that the stake was set and the fagots piled around it at a place that had been familiar to his boyhood, at the Archery Butts, in the suburbs of the town, and that he stood beside it prepared to die. And there came to him, in his dream, a robed priest, and offered him life if he would recant and become a faithful son of the Papal Church. But he thought that he was impelled to bid him go away as a false prophet, and to exhort the people to beware of being seduced by such false doctrines. He awoke from his dream encouraged and strengthened, believing that grace would aid him to do in reality as he had done in vision.

With the morning dawn, the sheriff came and bade him prepare for the burning. And when his father had gone, the sheriff's son approached him, and threw his arms around his neck, and wept. "William," said he, "do not be afraid of these men with their bows and bills, who have come to take you to the stake."

"I thank God," said William, "I am not afraid, for I have cast my count what it will cost me already."

As he passed cheerfully out of the prison, he met his father. The tears were streaming down his face, and all the old man could utter, amid his choking sobs, was, "God be with thee, William, my son; God be with thee, my son." And William answered, "God be with thee, dear father! be of good comfort, for I hope we shall soon meet again where we shall be happy."

So they led him to the place where the stake was prepared, and he kneeled upon a fagot and read aloud from the Bible the 51st Psalm. And as he read the words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit, a contrite and a broken heart thou wilt not despise," William

Tyrell, of the Bratches, interrupted him, and said, "Thou liest, thou readest false; the words are, a humble spirit." "Nay, but the translation saith, a contrite spirit." "The translation is false," quoth Mr Tyrell; "ye translate books as ye list yourselves, ye heretics." "Well, there is no great difference in the words," said William, and continued his reading.

Then came the sheriff and said to him, "Here is a letter from the Queen, offering thee life if thou wilt yet recant." "No!" said William, "God help me, I cannot recant."

The executioner passed a chain round his body, and fastened him to the stake. "Good people, pray for me," said William. "Pray for thee!" said a priest, "I had as soon pray for a dog." "Well, you have that which you have sought for; I pray God it be not laid to your charge at the last day. I forgive you." "Ah!" said the priest, "I ask no forgiveness from you." "Well, if God forgive you not, my blood will be required at your hands." And then the lad raised his eyes to heaven and prayed, "Son of God, shine upon me." And as he spoke, the sun, over which a dark cloud had floated, suddenly burst as from a veil, and beautifully illumined his countenance.

Then came the priest, whom he had seen in his dream, with a book in his hand to urge him to recant. But the boy, whose soul was nerved to the endurance of martyrdom, waived him away, saying—"Away, thou false prophet. Beware of these men, good people, and come away from their abominations lest ye be partakers of their plagues." "Then," said the priest, "as thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." But William answered, "Nay, thou false prophet, I shall reign with Jesus in heaven."

And while a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "God have mercy on his soul," and many voices responded, "Amen, amen," they kindled the fire, and the brave Christian boy prayed, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit"; his head fell into the smothering smoke, and his soul fled to the loving embrace of the Redeemer, who had purchased it with His own blood.

Oh, how many part with Christ at a cross-way, like Orpah, that go a furlong or two with Him, but when He bids them prepare for hardship, then they fairly kiss and leave Him; loath, indeed, to lose heaven, but more loath to buy it at so dear a rate.—*Sibbes*.

A Word to the Servant of Christ.

SERVANT of Christ! the hatred, scorn and shame,

Are precious tokens of His love for thee:

Think not for nothing thou must bear His Name,

Or that He holds thee from His suffering free:

Thy greatest honour to be made so vile—

Thy sweetest recompense His gracious smile!

Choose thou the path that leads to death and pain,

Familiar daily with contempt and loss;

Leave Him to choose what shall be fruit and gain,

His own Interpreter of every cross:

Remember none can preach the Christ that died

But he who with his Lord is crucified.

Think of His patient love that set thee free,

And bound thee to Himself in richest grace;

Count it all joy His willing slave to be

Who lowly took a servant's form and place:

Be much alone in speech with Him, and then

Thou wilt not need the praise and smiles of men.

Be silent to the Lord; be much in prayer;

Contact with Jesus is the servant's strength:

Let Him decide what stripes are thine to bear,

And what reward of peace shall grow at length:

Preach all the Word—to sinner and to saint;

And labour most when self is weak and faint.

Think not of rest while sinners love their sin,

And from the Gospel table wander wide,

Thine be the joy to lead the wanderers in

To hear of Him who for their ransom died:

Soon thou wilt hear the coming Master's voice,

And dwell with Him for ever to rejoice.

Cricklewood.

WILLIAM WILEMAN.

Written on the top of Saddlecombe, near Brighton, Oct. 12th,
1908.

Literary Notice.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, by John D. Davis, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Prof. of Oriental and Old Testament Literature in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J. With Maps, Plans, and amply Illustrated. London: T. F. Downie, 21 Warwick Lane. Price 4 dollars.

A Bible dictionary of the right kind is a very useful help to students of the Bible. Unfortunately the dictionaries of the Bible which are recognised of standing in this country are rendered worse than useless by their higher critical teaching, and while there are smaller

Bible dictionaries useful for general purposes, students of the Scripture who wish to get the results of recent literary finds and archæological discoveries throwing light on the language and customs of biblical times will find this dictionary eminently suited for the purpose. Needless to say, the so-called assured results of the Higher Criticism are not taught here, and while we do not commit ourselves to all its statements, we recognise in it an excellent piece of real scholarship.

Notes and Comments.

Dangerous Teaching for the Young.—In our last issue we made reference to the fact that the "Children's Newspaper" accepted evolution as one of the assured facts of modern science, and in the same issue we had a note on the antagonistic attitude of the State of Tennessee to the teaching of evolution in the public schools and colleges of that State. In the "Children's Newspaper" of 18th April the editor has an article headed—"Tennessee Makes Itself Ridiculous"—in which he says, among other things—"Tennessee, a State with over 40,000 square miles and over 2,000,000 inhabitants, has made itself ridiculous in the eyes of the whole educated world." The decision of the State legislature is described as "a return on a contemptible scale to the days when inspired learning and discovery brought scholars and thinkers within sight of the rack." Evolution is described as a "sublime thought" and as a "wonderful view of Creation that fills the mind with a sublime and solemn wonder as we think of it."

The Great Crime of the State of Tennessee.—In reading the above article one would imagine that the State of Tennessee has committed a great crime against the spread of knowledge, and that it has taken at one leap backward its place with the unenlightened of the Dark Ages. Now, what is really Tennessee's crime? It is this, as stated by the "Times" correspondent, "that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the Universities, normal schools, and all other public schools of the State which are supported in whole or in part by the school funds of the State, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man is descended from a lower order of animals." If such legislation gives the Tennessee legislature a push

back to the Dark Ages, we confess we are willing in this matter to take our stand with them rather than with those who find a sublime thought in the theory that man traces his origin through a long series of lower forms until he at last reaches that noble half-way-house, the ape, and then goes on laboriously improving until he gives evidence of his great advancement, morally and intellectually, on the bloody fields of Europe in 1914-1918. It is right that parents and teachers should be warned of the dangerous teaching on this subject given in this popular children's paper.

Call to Action.—Such is the title of a manifesto declaring war against the Anglo-Catholics in the Church of England. The manifesto has had a good deal of attention called to it in the public press. The signatories are a somewhat mixed multitude—Low and Broad (some of them very Broad) Church rub shoulder to shoulder, but they are united in declaring war against the Anglo-Catholics, who have become specially aggressive in the Church of England, and who are seeking to impose their will on the Church. There is no getting away from the fact that the English Church is faced with a grave crisis, and the action of the Ritualistic, Romeward section has awakened an opposition which we trust will not end in the issue of manifestoes, but in making it impossible for these traitors to be receiving the money of a Protestant Church, while seeking to undermine its very foundations.

A Bad Movement.—The London Midland and Scottish Railway is making a bold bid to break down as far as it can any feeling that exists in Scotland against holiday travelling on the Lord's Day. Special inducements are announced in the daily press and in their time-tables by way of cheap fares and special excursions by train and boat to get the public to turn the Sabbath into a holiday. There can be little doubt that if the experiment proves even a partial financial success that it will be persisted in, and extended to other parts of the country, including the Highlands, wherever, in fact, this powerful company operates. The Directors have their eye on dividends, and the bulk of the shareholders are indifferent to any claims the Lord's Day has on themselves or others.

Dr Duncan's Addresses and Sermons.—It is gratifying to learn that the volume of Dr Duncan's Addresses, Lectures, and Sermons, recently reviewed in the Magazine, has had a gratifying sale. In these days when solid literature, and especially sermons, has

only a very limited circle of readers and still more limited circle of purchasers, it is matter of gratification that the first edition of 1500 copies has almost been disposed of. The book could not have been sold at its published price had not Mr Ross, Liverpool, borne the difference between a remunerative selling price and the price at which it was offered to the public. Those who have not yet gone in for copies of this excellent work may still have copies supplied to them through Miss Grant, 33 Academy Street, Inverness, price 5s (5s 6d post free).

Church Notes.

Communions. — June — First Sabbath, Coigach; second, Shildaig; third, Dornoch, Helmsdale, Glendale, and Lochcarron; fourth, Gairloch and Inverness. July — First Sabbath, Lairg, Beaully, and Raasay; second, Tain, Staffin, and Tomatin; third, Daviot, Halkirk, Flashadder, and Rogart; fourth, North Uist, Plockton, and Bracadale. August—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree and Stratherrick; third, Bonar-Bridge and Broadford; fourth, Stornoway. September—First Sabbath, Ullapool and Vatten; second, Strathy; third, Applecross and Stoer; fourth, Laide.

Report of Synod's Proceedings.—As the Magazine went to press while the Synod was sitting, it was impossible to give a report of its proceedings in this issue, but we hope to give a full report in the July issue.

Aged and Infirm Ministers', Ministers' Widows', and Orphans' Fund Collection.—This collection, according to the Synod's instructions, will be taken up this month. The usual circulars will be sent to congregational treasurers.

Appeal on Behalf of Greenock Congregation.—The Free Presbyterian Church congregation at Greenock have purchased a church for £1500. £1000 of this sum is borrowed on overdraft from a bank, and a friend, who does not wish his name to be made known, has given £500 without interest for two years. We appeal to all friends to help the Greenock congregation in raising this money so urgently needed to clear off this debt, especially as the congregation, without the assistance of kind friends, will not be able to pay the above sum. Subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Rev. Neil Cameron, 216 West Regent Street,

Glasgow, and by Mr John Urquhart, 12 Lynedoch Street, Greenock.

The Southern Presbytery heartily endorse this appeal.

NEIL MACINTYRE, Moderator.

NEIL CAMERON, Clerk.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

John Grant, Palmerston Villa, 4 Millburn Road, Inverness, General Treasurer, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following anonymous donations and collections up to 16th May 1925.

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ORGANISATION FUND.—A Friend, Sleat, 11s.

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JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Anonymous (Strath Post-mark), £1.

HOME MISSION FUND.—A Raasay Well-wisher, in Remembrance of a beloved mother, £1.

The Magazine.

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