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The Late Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall.

IT is with the deepest regret we record the passing away of the aged and deeply respected father of our Church, the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, Dingwall. He passed away on the night of 4th November, at the patriarchal age of over 90 years. The Lord granted to him a long life, and upheld him during his long pilgrimage in faithfully witnessing for Him up to the end. The noble stand he made against the modern innovations in religion is well known throughout the Highlands. His sympathies went out to the Lord's people in every land, and he watched with the keenest interest the struggle going on in the Church of England, and raised his voice and used his pen against the tactics of the ritualistic party both in the Church of England and Scotland. He was a determined witness against Modernism in religion. Mr Macfarlane was greatly beloved by the Lord's people as a preacher. There was a beautiful simplicity in his diction and clearness in his expression. His sermons had also that indefinable quality which characterised Spurgeon's; they were as attractive in print as in delivery. Of all the sermons which appeared in the Magazine there were none in connection with which we received so many letters of appreciation, and these letters of appreciation were not confined to Scotland. Mr Macfarlane excelled in exposition. He was decidedly one of the finest preachers in this department we ever heard. With this gift was combined spirituality of mind and prayerfulness, which gave an unction to his utterances highly relished by the godly. As one who had warred a good warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, he was able to draw from his rich store of experience things new and old that were exceedingly helpful to the Lord's tried and harassed

people. Christ was all in all to him. We remember hearing him say over a year ago, when addressing a Table at Dingwall :—"I have now been serving Christ for 67 years, and I am as needful of Him to-day as ever." The words made a great impression on many, as they looked upon the frail figure soon to vanish from their sight thus bearing testimony to his deep need of Christ as his all in all. For a short time before the end he had a period of great darkness, but from this he had deliverance from the words—"Moreover whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first born among many brethren. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified (Roms. viii. 29, 30)." He preached afterwards on these beautiful links in the golden chain binding the two eternities together, and one could see as he spoke of his deliverance how sweet this portion of the Word of God was to him. As a specimen of his preaching we give in this issue a sermon from the words—"Until the day break and the shadows flee away, etc," and beautifully though he describes the longing for this day, yet how poor he will feel all that ever he said on the dawning of God's perfect day as he now knows it and sees it. In the removal of Mr Macfarlane our Church has not only lost a faithful minister, but one who pled continually for it at a throne of grace. And we are sure when the extracts from his diary are published that our readers will feel as we felt when we read them that Mr Macfarlane was one of that noble army of wrestlers who would not let the Lord go until He blessed them. We are the poorer as a Church now that he is gone. We do not purpose giving an account of Mr Macfarlane's career as a man, a preacher, and a witness for Christ, as we hope a more competent pen will deal with the subject, but in giving this very brief notice of a faithful servant of Christ who has now fallen asleep in Jesus we cannot do better than quote Bunyan's words of the passing of Mr Standfast :—"Then there came forth a summons," says Bunyan, "for Mr Standfast. This Mr Standfast was he that the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground, and the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr Standfast was put into a muse. 'Nay,' said the

messenger, 'you need not doubt of the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof; 'thy wheel is broken at the cistern.' . . . When Mr Standfast has thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river; now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood awhile and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither: and he said, 'This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me: now, methinks, I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan (I. Josh. iii. 17). The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and has kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in His way.' Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed; his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, 'Take me, for I come unto thee,' he ceased to be seen of them."

We extend our sympathy to his widow in the loss of a devoted husband, and to the relatives in their loss, and also to the congregation of Dingwall, who have lost one who went out and in among them declaring the glad tidings of salvation and faithfully warning the wicked. We conclude this brief tribute to a worthy minister of Christ in the words of eternal truth—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

A Sermon

BY THE LATE REV. D. MACFARLANE, DINGWALL.

Preached on Sabbath, the 28th October, 1917.

“Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel” (Song, ii. 17).

In this book of Songs Christ speaks to His Church and she speaks to Him. In our text it is the Church that speaks, and she expresses her hope of His coming to her, and prays for His coming. We have two things here—

I. The hope of the Church.

II. Her prayer.

I. The hope of the Church. What did she hope for? She hoped for the coming of the day. Comparatively speaking, it was night with the Church in Old Testament times, although she had some light. It was a dark dispensation. Christ was set forth in types and shadows, and although the Church saw Christ in these types and shadows, she longed for His coming, and hoped for His coming. The warrant of her hope was God's promise, which was given to our first parents in the garden of Eden. We cannot hope for anything that God did not promise, but we may hope for all that He promised to sinful men. Although the Church had some light before the coming of Christ, it was not day till He who is the light of the world and the Sun of Righteousness came. Abraham desired to see the coming of Christ. He by faith saw it afar off and rejoiced. Believers after the time of Abraham looked forward to the coming of Christ, and it was revealed to meon by the Holy Ghost that he would not die till he saw the Lord's Anointed. He saw Him in the temple soon after He had been born in human nature, “took Him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou has prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel (Luke ii. 26-32).” He saw the day break, though he did not live to see noon-day, which time did not come till the Resurrection of Christ, when the Sun of Righteousness came to his meridian height and when the night of the Old Testament Church came to an end, and the day of the New Testament Church began. The shadows of the ceremonial law fled away, never to return. The ceremonial law

has no place in the New Testament Church, although some try to keep it up still, but this is like lighting a candle in daylight. The Jews were very foolish in trying to keep hold of the shadow, while they rejected the glorious person whose shadow was set forth in the ceremonial law. They were like a wife whose husband was away in a foreign land, and when he came home, the wife said, "I did not desire your coming at all. I was quite satisfied with your picture which I have in my room." "He came to His own, and His own received Him not," but believers received Him. It is night within the believer when Christ is absent, but though in a state of desertion, he hopes for the day by the coming of Christ, like Jonah when he was in darkness in the fish's belly, he said, "I will look again toward thy holy temple (Jonah ii. 4)." It is not pleasant to be in darkness; you are afraid of walking outside on a dark night lest you slip and fall into a ditch, but when Christ comes to you it is day, and the shadows of unbelief and forebodings flee away, as in the case of Thomas. He was for eight days in the darkness of unbelief, but when Christ revealed Himself to him and spoke to him a word in season, the shadows fled away, and he exclaimed with joy, "My Lord and my God." If we had Christ with us the darkest night would be turned into a bright day, winter would be turned into summer, and our doubts and fears would flee away, and instead of gloominess and sorrow, we would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, but so long as the Lord's people are in this world they have their night as well as their day, and it is not a good sign on professors of religion who have no experience of these changes. It is a sign of spiritual blindness, blind people are not able to make any distinction between day and night; day and night are the same to them. They may have a kind of light, "sparks of their own kindling," which are but darkness. As Christ said to others—"If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness (Matt. vi. 23)." It is a light that leads astray.

In times of spiritual declension it is night with the Church. This has often been the case in the past, both in Old Testament times and New Testament times. In the Old the Church was brought by false teachers and wicked kings into the darkness of idolatry. For instance, we may refer you to the prophets of Baal and to Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin in leading them to idolatry. In speaking of New

Testament times, there was a long and a dark night in the Church before the Reformation in the 16th century. There was a period of gross darkness of upwards of a thousand years, commonly called the Dark Ages. Why were they called the Dark Ages? Because Christ, the light of the world, was not in the Church as a Church, and the light of the Word of God was kept hid from the people. But the Lord's people, who worshipped Him in dens and caves of the earth, hoped for the day, and their hope was founded upon God's promise of a reviving of His Church and causing his Kingdom to come. Their hope was not disappointed, for the day came at last: God raised up witnesses for Himself out of the great darkness. The Bible, which was for a long time a sealed book, was opened and its doctrines preached to the people, with the result that the most of the kingdoms of Europe were brought under the benign influence of the Gospel, and the dark shadows of idolatry and superstition fled away. There are many in our own day who hold that the Reformation was a mistake and a breaking up of the Christian Church, and they miscall the Reformers for doing such an evil work. Luther, in particular, is vilified for his Reformation in Germany. The Reformation from Popery extended to our own land, which had the effect of savingly converting many, and also of reforming the morals of the people, and when this light of the Gospel came, the shadows of ignorance, idolatry, and superstition fled away.

We have a dark time in our own day, the darkest since the Reformation in the 16th century. Christ is not preached as He used to be, the light of the Bible is put under a bushel. The idolatry of Popery is introduced into so-called Protestant Churches, and our rulers in the State do their utmost to advance the darkness, but when it comes to its height we may expect the dawning of the day. We hope for the day, and God's promise is the warrant of our hope, for He promised a bright and a long day of a thousand years, and although we may not live to see the dawn of it, we, like Abraham, rejoice that this day is coming, when the shadows flee away.

There is another day coming: the day of glory in heaven—the brightest day of all—when all shadows shall flee away, never to return again. The Church hopes for that day, and the warrant of her hope is the promise—"He will give grace and glory" (Ps. lxxxiv.). The day of glory shall be brighter than the millennial day, for bright as the millennial day is, there shall

be shadows of darkness in it, but the light of glory has not the least mixture of darkness, and it shall also be longer, for it shall be an everlasting day. The sun shall never go down, and if it is pleasant to see the light for a short time, how much more pleasant it is to behold it always.

II. The prayer of the Church. "Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart on the mountains of Bether." It is to be observed that the person to whom the Church prays is a person she loves—"My beloved." Christ loves His Church and she loves Him. The first petition in the prayer is "Turn," which implies that He was present with her before. It is those that enjoyed Christ's fellowship before that pray that He would come to them again. In the interval, before they are brought to be with Him where He is in heaven, they pray that He would visit them now and again. They cannot be happy without Him.

The second thing in the prayer is that He would make haste in coming, and come swiftly like the roe or the young hart that runs quicker than any other quadruped and travels a long distance in a short time; but swift as the roe is, Christ comes to His people more quickly when they cry to Him in the time of need. Though they should cry to Him like the Psalmist "from the ends of the earth," He comes to them in a moment of time (Is. lxi. 2). Others who are not in earnest may ask Christ to come to them, but not now, and that He shall be in good time if He comes to them before they die; but His own people pray that He should come speedily: Make haste, O God, to deliver me. Make haste to help me, O God (Ps. lxx. 1). There are mountains in the way, and as the roe or the young hart comes swiftly over mountains, so does Christ. The mountains are called the mountains of Bether, or Mountains of Separation. There are several mountains standing between Christ and His people, so that they cannot see Him or enjoy His presence as they would wish till He comes over these mountains. Unbelief is one of these mountains, the carnal mind is another, and provocations innumerable are other mountains. The temptations of Satan are another fearful mountain, but none of these shall hinder Christ from coming to them. He comes to them in the word of the Gospel, and in fulfilment of His promise—"I will not leave you comfortless (or orphans); I will come to you (John xiv. 18)."

So long as man stood in the state in which God created him he had a bright and a happy day, but

when he sinned he brought a dark night upon himself and upon his natural posterity, but when the promise of a Saviour was given, the light of day and of a brighter day began to shine on a sinful world, and there was thus a door of hope set before lost men which kept those who believed the promise from falling into the darkness of despair. It was the promise of Christ that turned that dark night into day. O! how thankful we ought to be that we were not left like the fallen angels, for whom no Saviour was provided.

It is night with all who are still in a state of nature, but those "who have been delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the Kingdom of God's dear Son (Col. i. 13)," have seen the light of a day that shall never come to an end, and whatever darkness still remains is in themselves, and a darkness by which they are surrounded in a sinful world; they shall never fall again into the darkness of a state of nature. They may be brought into darkness by the temptations of Satan, not because of any sin lying on their conscience, but for the trial of their faith—"That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ (I. Peter i. 7)." As the Church of the Old Testament prayed for the coming of the day as well as hoped for it, the Lord's people now should pray for the day when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the deep, and when all the kingdoms of the world shall be made the kingdoms of the Lord and His Christ, and that glorious event shall take place by the preaching of the Gospel. Let them pray that His Kingdom may come, and that the kingdom of Satan may be destroyed. Then the shadows shall flee away. With regard to the day of glory, the means of grace as they are now used shall flee away, and a new dispensation shall be ushered in, which shall never come to an end, when all the redeemed are gathered up to heaven, Christ shall be the only preacher, and ministers of the Gospel shall be among His hearers. He as the Lamb "in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes (Rev. vii. 17)." In that city of perfect light and happiness there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof (Rev. xxi. 23).

Christian Passes Over the River.*

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

THESE men asked the pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, "You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city." Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them: so they told them they would: But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate." The pilgrims began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? to which they answered, "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound." The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men, "If the waters were all of a depth?" they said, No; yet they could not help them in that case: "For," said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place."

Then they addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me. Selah." Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey." And with that a great dark-

* This is one of a series of extracts from the "Pilgrim's Progress" we intend giving in successive issues of the Magazine. Our readers will understand our reason for selecting this extract for the present issue.—Editor.

ness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments, that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed, that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavour to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us;" but Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you." "And so have you," said he to Christian. "Ah, brother," said he, "surely if I was right, He would now rise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me." Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, there are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters, are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of His goodness, and live upon Him in your distresses."

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added these words, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see Him again! and He tells me, When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee! and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 2). Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited

for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill: but the pilgrims went up the hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms: also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds: they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them, that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect" (Heb. xii. 22-24). You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxii. 5). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, "for the former things are passed away" (Isa. lxxv. 16). You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now "resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness." The men then asked, "What must we do in the holy place?" To whom it was answered, "You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King, by the way (Gal. vi. 7, 8). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for "there you shall see Him as He is" (I. John iii. 2). There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh.

There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy places after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When He shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him; and, when He shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by Him: yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were His and your enemies. Also when He shall again return to the city, you shall go too with sound of trumpet, and be ever with Him (I. Thess. iv. 13-17).

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name, and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb" (Rev. xix. 9). There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world: and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper region), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with

what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed!—Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate: the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place" and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those therefore were carried in unto the King, who, when he had read them, said, "Where are the men?" to whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The King then commanded to "open the gate, that the righteous nation," said he, "that keepeth truth, may enter in" (Isa. xxvi. 2).

Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again with joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever" (Rev. v. 13, 14).

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing

praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another, without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates: which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Archibald Boyle: An Authentic Story.

A hundred years ago there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city. They met professedly for card-playing, but the members were distinguished by such a fearless excess of profligacy as to obtain for it the name of "The Hell Club." They gloried in the name they had acquired for themselves, and nothing that could merit it was left untried. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual festival, at which each member endeavoured to "outdo all his former outdoings" in drunkenness, blasphemy, and other sins. Of all who shone on these occasions none shone half so brilliantly as Archibald Boyle. He had been at one time a youth of the richest promise, being possessed of dazzling talents and fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but, unfortunately, there was none too low for his ambition! Educated by a fond and foolishly indulgent mother, he early met in society with members of "The Hell Club." Long ere he was five-and-twenty he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists. To him what were Heaven, Hell, or Eternity? Words, that served no purpose but to point his blasphemous wit or nerve his execrations. Alas! as soon as man forgets God, who alone can keep him, his understanding becomes darkened, and he glories in that which is his shame.

One night, on retiring to sleep, after returning from an annual festival of the club, Boyle dreamt that he was still riding, as usual, upon his famous black horse towards his own house—then a country seat embowered by ancient trees upon a hill—and that he was suddenly accosted by some one whose personal appearance he could not, in the gloom of night, distinctly discern, but who seizing the reins, said in a voice apparently accustomed to command, "You must go with me." "And who are you?" exclaimed Boyle, as he struggled to disengage his reins from the intruder's grasp. "That you will see by and by," replied the same voice in a cold sneering tone that thrilled through

his very heart. Boyle plunged his spurs into the panting sides of his steed. The noble animal reared, and then suddenly darted forward with a speed that nearly deprived his rider of breath; but in vain, in vain!—fleetier than the wind he flew, the mysterious, half-seen guide still before him! Agonised by he knew not what, of indescribable horror and awe, Boyle again furiously spurred the gallant horse. It fiercely reared and plunged, he lost his seat, and expected at the moment to feel himself dashed to the earth. But not so, for he continued to fall—fall—fall—it appeared to himself, with an ever-increasing velocity. At length this terrific rapidity of motion abated, and to his amazement and horror he perceived that this mysterious attendant was close by his side. “Where?” he exclaimed, in the frantic energy of despair, “where are you taking me? Where am I—where am I going?” “To Hell!” replied the same iron voice, and from the depths below the sound so familiar to his lips was suddenly re-echoed. “To Hell!” Onward, onward, they hurried in darkness, rendered more horrible still by the conscious presence of his spectral conductor. At length a glimmering light appeared in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze; but, as they approached it, in addition to the hideously discordant groans and yells of agony and despair, his ears were assailed with what seemed to be the echoes of frantic revelry. They soon reached an arched entrance of such stupendous magnificence that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison but as the frail and dingy labours of the poor mole. Within it, what a scene!—too awful to be described. Multitudes gnashing their teeth in the hopelessness of despair; while memory, recalling opportunities lost and mercies despised, presented to their fevered mental vision the scenes of their past lives.

Boyle at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on earth, but were some time dead, each one of them betraying his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pursuits that had engrossed his time here—time lent to prepare for a far different scene! Suddenly observing that his unearthly conductor had disappeared, he felt so relieved by his absence that he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs D—, whom he saw sitting with eyes fixed in intense earnestness, as she was wont on earth, apparently absorbed at her favourite game of loo. “Ha, Mrs D—! delighted to see you; d’ye know a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to Hell!—ha, ha! If this be Hell,” said he, scoffingly, “what a precious

pleasant place it must be!—ha, ha! Come now, my good Mrs D——, for auld lang syne do just stop for a moment's rest, and"—"show me through the pleasures of Hell," he was going, with reckless profanity, to add; but with a shriek that seemed to pierce through his very soul, she exclaimed, "Rest! there is no rest in Hell!" and from interminable vaults, voices, as loud as thunder, repeated the awful, the heart-withering sound, "There is no rest in Hell!" And they laughed for they had laughed on earth at all that is good and holy. And they sang—profane and blasphemous songs sang they, for they had often done so on earth, at the very hour God claims as His own—the still and midnight hour. And he who, in his vision, walked among them in a mortal frame of flesh and blood, felt how inexpressibly more horrible such sounds could be than ever was the wildest shriek of agony on earth. And this was Hell!—the scoffer's jest, the by-word of the profligate.

All at once he perceived that his unearthly conductor was once more by his side. "Take me, shrieked Boyle, "take me from this place! By the living God, whose Name I have so often outraged, I adjure thee, take me from this place!" "Can'st thou still name His Name?" said the fiend, with a hideous sneer. "Go, then; but—in a year and a day we meet to part no more." Boyle awoke, and he felt as if the last words of the fiend were traced in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. He resolved, utterly and for ever, to forsake "The Club." Above all, he determined that nothing on earth should tempt him to join the next annual festival. The companions of his licentiousness soon flocked around him, and finding that his deep dejection of mind did not disappear with his bodily ailment, and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the idea of losing "the life of the Club," and they bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him, for one of their number declared, that on unexpectedly entering Boyle's room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible.

After a time one of his compeers, more deeply cunning than the rest, bethought himself of assuming an air of the deepest disgust with the world, the Club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He affected to seek Boyle's company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and to sympathise in all his feelings. Thus

he succeeded in betraying him into a much-misplaced confidence as to his dream, and the effect it had produced upon his mind. The result may be readily guessed. His confidence was betrayed, his feelings of repentance ridiculed, and it will easily be believed that he who "hid the Bible" had not nerve to stand the ribald jests of his profligate companions. From the annual meeting he shrunk with an instinctive horror, yet found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day where he had sworn to himself a thousand and a thousand times nothing on earth should make him sit. His ears tingled, and his eyes swam, as he listened to the opening sentence of the president's address: "Gentlemen, this is leap year; therefore it is a year and a day since our last annual meeting." Every nerve in Boyle's body twanged in agony at the ominous, the well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and flee; but then—the sneers! the sneers! How many in this world, as well as poor Boyle, have sold their souls to the dread of a sneer, and dared the wrath of an almighty and eternal God, rather than encounter the sarcastic curl of a fellow-creature's lip.

The night was gloomy, with frequent and fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and a reeling brain, mounted his horse to return home. The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road-side, about half-way to Boyle's country house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master!

God, who has the power of communicating with the minds of His creatures, did doubtless speak by a dream to poor Archibald Boyle and through the same dream He now speaks to you. The dream is horrible—truly horrible, yet not half so horrible as the reality. Ah, no! no dream can picture the full, long misery of "the worm that dieth not," "the fire that is never quenched," the woe that never ends. Had the poor dreamer gone direct from his sense of Hell to Christ, to Him who died to save us from its coming wrath, how different his end! In Christ he would have found a deliverer from Hell, for in Him he would have found One, who, sinless Himself, was competent to undertake the sinner's cause, and who had borne the dreadful judgment of sin in His own blessed Person. And it is the belief of the Gospel which gives peace and power over sin.

Reader, let these words sound in your ears, but drink in also the glad tidings of salvation which pro-

claim to you that the judgment due to the sinner, Christ has suffered, for "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." He died for the sinner—the vilest and the greatest—that the sinner believing in Jesus "should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Oh, accept even now the salvation of God ere it be too late!

Charlie Coulson, the Dying Drummer Boy

THE story of Charlie Coulson's last days, as told by Dr Rossvally, the surgeon who attended him in his last hours, is full of interest and deeply pathetic. Charlie, a young lad of 17 years, had joined the Northern Army during the American Civil War as a drummer boy. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg and was among those who required the army surgeon's attention at once. On the assistant surgeon and steward approaching him to get him in readiness for the surgeon, he refused the chloroform that was about to be administered and the brandy that afterwards was offered as a stimulant. He told the surgeon that he had put his trust in Jesus, and added: "I know I can trust Him now. He is my strength; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg." The surgeon, who was a Jew, tells that at this time he hated Jesus, but that he could not help respecting the boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and he says: "When I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain." The chaplain was sent for at Charlie's request, and the wounded youth indicated that he was not to be long in this world. "Chaplain," he then said, "Please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible; in it you will find my mother's address. Please send it to her, and write a letter and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother—no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital." After giving some other instructions he then turned to the surgeon and said: "Now, doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg, if you will

not offer me chloroform." The ordeal was telling more on the surgeon than on the patient, for he writes: "I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform the duty." When the surgeon was cutting through the flesh no groan escaped Charlie's lips, but when he saw the surgeon taking the saw to sever the bone the young lad took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and the surgeon heard him utter the words: "O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now!"

That night no sleep came to the surgeon's eyes, wherever his eyes turned they seemed to be met by Charlie's soft blue eyes, while the words of his prayer kept ringing in his ears—"O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now!" Between twelve and one o'clock in the early morning the surgeon rose and was informed that twenty-six of the hopeless cases had died. "How is Charlie Coulson?" he asked. "He is sleeping as sweetly as a lamb, sir," was the answer. Five days after the amputation Charlie sent for the surgeon. "Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sun rise, but, thank God, I am ready to go, and before I die, I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew; you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die, trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life?" "I tried to stay," says the surgeon, "but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room." About twenty minutes after this one of the stewards came with the message: "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you." "I have just seen him," said the surgeon, "and I cannot see him again." "But, doctor, he says he must see you once before he dies." The surgeon, in obedience to the urgent request, hastened to his bedside, but determined to steel himself against anything that would change his mind towards the Redeemer. He purposed to say an endearing word to the dying boy and then leave him. When he entered the room he saw that Charlie was sinking fast. He sat down by his bedside, and the dying boy asked him to take hold of his hand, and then addressed him thus:—"Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best Friend I have found in this world was a Jew." "Who was that?" asked the surgeon. "Jesus Christ, to

whom I want to introduce you before I die; and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say to you, you will never forget?" On the doctor promising, Charlie said—"Five days ago, while you amputated my arm and my leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." "These words," says the doctor, "went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself, and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was—"Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, safe in the arms of Jesus." "Hundreds of soldiers," he further adds, "died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson, the drummer boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform and placed in an officer's coffin, with a United States flag over it. That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression on me. I was rich at that time, so far as money is concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt towards Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years until, finally, the boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul."

Eighteen months after the surgeon's conversion he was quite unexpectedly brought into touch with Charlie's mother. It was a happy meeting, and the converted man joyfully announced to the dead lad's mother, "Your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed, and his Saviour is now my Saviour."

Hath not thy heart said, "I will go and hear such a man, and get comfort?" And dost thou wonder that thou art weak and barren? Are ordinances God, that they should make you comfortable? They are but Christ's servants; therefore, pass through all the crowd of ordinances, and ask to speak with Jesus, and virtue will come forth.—*Sibbes*.

The Davidic Authorship of the 110th Psalm.

BY PROF. R. D. WILSON, PRINCETON.

IN closing,* it may be well to call the reader's attention to the bearing of the evidence collected upon the interpretation of one or two of the Psalms whose Davidic authorship has been questioned. Take, for example, Psalm cx. According to Kennicott and De Rossi, all the Hebrew manuscripts assign it to David as author. So do all the manuscripts of Jerome's version from the Hebrew; all the editions of the Aramaic Targum, the Syriac of the polyglots, and all the Greek Septuagint Uncials of Swete, and all the Greek manuscripts in Holmes and Parsons (except, perhaps, seven, all apparently late or defective), and the Coptic, Syriac, Latin, Ethiopic, and Armenian versions of the Greek. The only versions which omit the direct ascription to David are some copies of the Syriac primary version and the Arabic version of the Septuagint; but in these cases, all of the Psalms are attributed to David in the heading of the Psalter as a whole. In considering the evidence of the Oriental versions and manuscripts, it must be kept in mind that, as stated above, the scholars of Oriental Churches believe that David wrote all of the Psalms. Hence the omission of the name of David from the heading of a particular Psalm does not mean that they thought that David did not write it. Thus the Syriac texts frequently use: "It was prophesied," or some similar phrase, meaning us to supply "by David"; and the Arabic version often uses "He said it" meaning David said it. Keeping these facts in mind, we may conclude that the testimony of the ancient manuscripts and versions as practically unanimous that David wrote Psalm cx. and Psalm cxxxix.

* This extract is taken from the last of two scholarly articles by the eminent Semitic scholar, Prof. Dick Wilson, on "The Headings of the Psalms," which appeared in the January and July numbers of "The Princeton Theologica Review." In connection with the above quotation it will be remembered that the Higher Critics reject the Davidic authorship of Psalm cx., notwithstanding Christ's clear testimony.—Editor.

Further, in four places in the New Testament this Psalm is said to have been composed by David; (Matt. xxii. 43 f.; Mk. xii. 35 f.; Luke xx. 41 f.; Acts ii. 34). From the passage in the Synoptics it is evident that Jesus was sure that the Jews with whom He was speaking believed that David wrote the Psalm, that he wrote "in the Holy Spirit," and that he referred to the Messiah. It was the acceptance of these facts which made the conclusion inescapable that the Messiah is the Son of God. It was probably because he recalled how Jesus had used this argument that Peter appealed to this Psalm on the day of Pentecost. The facts to which Jesus appealed are just as firmly established by the evidence to-day as they were then; and the argument for the deity of Christ can be based upon them as confidently as ever. For the Christian the fact that Jesus used this argument should be sufficient; but it gives added ground of confidence that the facts to which He appeals have been unshaken by the assaults of criticism.

Theoderet, in his great commentary, gives a long and able argument for the deity of Christ based upon this heading and the use made of it in the New Testament. It is only in these late times that Christian scholars have arisen to assert that the Jews did not know who wrote it, that Peter did not know, and that Jesus did not know. They used to appeal to the presence of the word Melchizedek as proving that David could not have written it. But now that the Tel-el-Amarna letters have confirmed the testimony of the Book of Joshua to the existence of Jerusalem and of kings of Jerusalem long before the time of David, it is impossible to make out from the use of this word even a plausible cause in support of the theory that David could not have written the Psalm. The only reason for believing that David did not write it is to be found in the mind of those who do not believe in predictive prophecy, or who are convinced that they know more than Peter, than the Jewish scholars of the first century, than the Lord of Glory Himself.—*Princeton Theological Review* (July).

The stars which have least circuit are nearest the pole; and men whose hearts are least entangled with the world are always nearest to God, and to the assurance of His favour. Worldly Christians, remember this. You and the world must part, or else assurance and your souls will never meet.—*Brooks*.

Conversion of Namakei, the Cannibal Chief of Aniwa.

BY DR J. G. PATON.

IN claiming Aniwa for Christ, and winning it as a small jewel for His crown, we had the experience which has ever marked God's path through history—He raised up around us and wonderfully endowed men to carry forward His own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakei, the old Chief of Aniwa. Slowly, but very steadily, the light of the Gospel broke in upon his soul, and he was ever very eager to communicate to his people all that he learned. In Heathen days he was a Cannibal and a great warrior; but from the first he took a warm interest in us and our work—a little selfish, no doubt, at the beginning, but soon becoming purified as his eyes and heart were opened to the Gospel of Jesus.

On the birth of a son to us on the Island, the old Chief was in ecstasies. He claimed the child as his heir, his own son being dead, and brought nearly the whole inhabitants in relays to see the white Chief of Aniwa! He would have him called Namakei the Younger, an honour which I fear we did not too highly appreciate. As the child grew, he took his hand and walked about with him freely amongst the people, learning to speak their language like a native, and not only greatly interesting them in himself, but even in us and in the work of the Lord. This, too, was one of the bonds, however purely human, that drew them all nearer and nearer to Jesus.

The death of Namakei had in it many streaks of Christian romance. He had heard about the missionaries annually meeting on one or other of the Islands, and consulting about the work of Jehovah. What ideas he had formed of a Mission Synod one cannot easily imagine; but in his old age, and when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa, where he was truly beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. His few booklets were then gathered together, his meagre wardrobe was made up, and a small native

basket carried all his belongings. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be "strong for Jesus," whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal and kind to Missi. The people wailed aloud, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the "Dayspring" were amazed to see how his people loved him. The old Chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meeting of Synod, and was vastly pleased with the respect paid to him on Aneityum. When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how Island after Island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said—"Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!"

On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me out of the Synod, and when I came to him, he said, eagerly, "Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and to say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair world." I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered, "O Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree." So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again, "I am going! O Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my soul will be strong to go." Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone—"O, my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the home of Jesus. Farewell!"

That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him. He was my first Aniwan convert—the first who ever on that Island of love and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with song as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love. He had been our true and devoted friend and fellow-helper in the Gospel; and next morning all the members of our Synod followed his remains to the grave. There we stood, the white missionaries of the Cross from far distant lands, mingling our tears with Christian natives of Aneityum, and

letting them fall over one who only a few years before was a blood-stained cannibal, and whom now we mourned as a brother, a saint, an apostle amongst his people. Ye ask an explanation? Christ entered into his heart, and Namakei became a new creature. "Behold, I make all things new."

We were in positive distress about returning to Aniwa without the Chief, and we greatly feared the consequences. To show our perfect sympathy with them, we prepared a special and considerable present for Litsi, his daughter, for his brother, and for other near friends—a sort of object lesson, that we had in every way been kind to old Namakei, as we now wished to be to them. When our boat approached the landing, nearly the whole population had assembled to meet us; and Litsi and the old Chief's brother were far out on the reef to salute us. Litsi's keen eye had missed old Namakei's form; and far as words could carry I heard her voice crying—"Missi, where is my father?" I made as if I did not hear; the boat was drawing slowly near, and again she cried aloud, "Missi, where is my father? Is Namakei dead!" I replied—"Yes. He died on Aneityum. He is now with Jesus in glory. Then arose a wild, wailing cry, led by Litsi and taken up by all around. It rose and fell like a chant or dirge, as one after another wailed out praise and sorrow over the name of Namakei. We moved slowly into the boat harbour; Litsi, the daughter, and Kalangi, his brother, shook hands, weeping sadly, and welcomed us back, assuring us that we had nothing to fear. Amidst many sobs and wailings, Litsi told us that they all dreaded he would never return, and explained to this effect—"We knew that he was dying, but we durst not tell you. When you agreed to let him go, he went round and took farewell of all his friends, and told them he was going to sleep at last on Aneityum, and that at the Great Day he would rise to meet Jesus with the glorious company of the Aneityumese Christians. He urged us all to obey you and be true to Jesus. Truly, Missi, we will remember my dear father's parting word and follow in his steps, and help you in the work of the Lord."—Autobiography, p. 391 (Popular Edition).

Without courage, Christian, you cannot be what you profess. The "fearful" are in the forlorn of those that march for hell (Rev. xxi. 8). Oh, how uncomely a sight is a bold sinner, and a fearful saint!—*Sibbes*.

An Affectionate Hint Respecting Public Worship *

The great Jehovah, from His glorious throne,
Stoops down to make His love and mercy known;
And bids the chosen tribes of Israel meet,
Where He reveals the glory of His feet.

He sends His heralds forth in Jesus' name,
To publish peace and pard'ning love proclaim;
Yea, He goes with them, and applies His Word,
And makes it life, and health, and joy afford.

Where, then, is that ungrateful sinner found,
Who slights and disregards the Gospel sound?
Who, when Jehovah in His courts draws near,
Neglects within those holy courts t' appear?

Can those who once have tasted Jesus' grace,
Choose to be absent when He shows His face.
Shall a few drops of rain, or dirty road,
Prevent their public intercourse with God?

Shall gossip calls, or some inferior things
Detain, when summon'd by the King of kings?
Blush, brethren, at the God-insulting thought,
And prove in conduct you are better taught.

Remember, every time the house of prayer
Is open for the saints, the Lord is there,
To hold communion with the Heaven-born race,
And give them, from His fulness, grace for grace.

Let not such sacred seasons be forgot—
Say to each worldly care, "Detain me not!
A feast is held; and I must share a part;
I'll not be robbed, nor grieve my pastor's heart."

See! Satan's slaves to scenes of riot go
By day and night, through rain, or hail, or snow!
And shall some visitor, or worldly care,
Detain believers from the house of prayer?

* These verses are from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Irons, the well-known minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. Joseph Irons left the Church of England and became a Congregationalist soon after the death of his friend, John Newton. He had a great reputation as a preacher. His sermons are still read with delight and pleasure by those who love the old Scriptural, Calvinistic doctrines. It will interest our readers to know that the "Westminster Confession of Faith" is in the Trust Deed of Grove Chapel, and that the Shorter Catechism must be taught in the Sabbath School.—The Editor.

Forbid it, Lord, revive thy people's zeal,
The luke-warm plague among thy children heal;
Ye heirs of bliss, whom Jesus often meets,
Whene'er His house is open, fill your seats.
Jehovah loves the temple of His grace
More than the tents of all His chosen race :
Blest is the man whose seeking spirit waits
On all the means of grace in Zion's gates.
Bear with me, while I say the crime is great
Of those who practise coming very late,
As if God's service were by far too long,
And they omit the first and closing song.
Shall pew-doors rattle, hats and pattens move,
To show how you the service disapprove ?
Disturbing those who come to praise the Lord ?
And even while they listen to His Word ?
A little less indulgence in your bed—
A little more contrivance in the head—
A little more devotion in the mind—
Would quite prevent your being so behind !
Suppose an earthly prince should condescend
To bid you to his banquet as a friend,
Would you not try all means within your power
To be in court at the appointed hour ?
Shall such attention to a worm be given,
And be refused to the God of Heaven ?
Who can expect to be by Jesus blest,
If absent when He comes to meet His guests ?
O what a pleasing sight it would afford,
If, when the clerk says, "Let us praise the Lord,"
Each seat was occupied, and all the throng
Were waiting to unite in their first song !
My brethren, this might mostly be the case,
If we were lively in the Christian race ;
Then every hindrance would be laid aside,
To see and hear of Jesus crucified.
If you complain you have so far to come,
Set out a little sooner from your home ;
But those who dwell hard by have no excuse,
Except in idleness, or sleep, or use.
I grant, lest I should seem to be severe,
There are domestic cases here and there :
Age—illness—service—things quite unforeseen,
To censure which I surely do not mean.
But such will not (unless I greatly err)
Among the prudent very oft occur,
And when they do, you surely should endeavour
To come at last : 'tis better late than never !

JOSEPH IRONS.

Aidmheil A' Chreidimh.

CAIBIDEAL XVII.

Mu bhuan-mhaireachduinn nan naomh ann an staid nan gràs.

I. Cha 'n fheudar leo-san ris do ghabh Dia gu tàitn-each 'n a Mhac ionmhuinn, agus a ghairm e gu h-éifeachdach agus a naomhaich e le a Spiorad, tuiteam gu h-iomlan agus gu crìochnail o staid nan gràs; ach buan-mhairidh iad ann gu ruig a' chrìoch, agus bidh iad air an sàbhaladh gu sìorruidh.

II. Cha 'n i an saor-thoil féin, is bunchar do bhuan-mhaireannachd so nan naomh, ach neo-chaochlachd òrduigh an Taghaidh, a ta sruthadh o ghràdh saor, agus neo-chaochlachd Dhé an Athar; éifeachd toillteanais agus eadar-ghuidhe Iosa Crìosd; còmhnuidh an Spioraid, agus sìol Dhé an taobh stigh dhiubh; agus nàdur co-cheangail nan gràs: Agus uatha so uile, tha dearbhachd agus neo-thuiteamachd am buan-mhaireachduinn a' teachd.

III. Gidheadh feudaidh iad trid bhuairidhean Shàtain agus an t-saoghail, trid neart na truallidheachd a ta mairsinn anna, agus trid dì-chuimhn' air meadhonaibh an coimhidheachd, tuiteam ann am peacaibh an-troma; agus mairsinn anna rè seal; leis am bheil iad a' teachd fuidh chorruidh Dhé, agus a' cur doilgheis air an Spiorad Naomh, a' call tomhais éigin d' an gràsan agus d' an comhfhurtachd, a' teachd fuidh chruas cridhe, agus an coguisean air an lot; agus leis am bheil iad mar an ceudna, a' dèanamh dochainn agus a' toirt oilbheim do dhaoineibh eile, agus a' tarruing bhreitheanas aimsireil orra féin.

CAIBIDEAL XVIII.

Mu dhearbhbheachd air gràs agus slàinte.

I. Ged fheud cealgairean agus daoine eile nach 'eil air an ath-ghineamhuinn iad féin a mhealladh gu faoin, le dòchas mealltach agus an-dànadas feòlmhor, gu bheil iad ann an deadh-ghean Dhé, agus ann an staid na slàinte; agus is dòchas so a thèid am mugha: gidheadh feudaidh iadsan a tha creidsinn da rìreadh anns an Tighearn Iosa, agus a tha 'g a ghràdhachadh gu tréibhdhireach, a' dèanamh dìchioll air gluasad anns gach uile dheadh-choguis 'n a làthair 's a' bheatha so, dearbh-bheachd chinnteach a bhi aca gu bheil iad ann an staid nan gràs; agus feudaidh iad gàirdeachas a dhèanamh tre dhòchas glòire Dhé, agus cha dèan an dòchas so iadsan a nàruchadh a chaoidh.

II. An dearbh-bheachd so, cha bheachd theagamh-ach no amharusach i, air a suidheachadh air dochas neo - chinnteach; dearbh - bheachd fhrinn-each creidimh air a suidheachadh air fhrinn dhiadhaidh gheallanna na gràsaibh sin d' am bheil na geallana air an tabhairt, agus mar an ceudna air teistean Spioraid na h-uchd-mhacachd a' dèanamh fianuis le ar spiorad-ne gur sinn clann Dhé: agus 's e an Spiorad so geall-daighnich ar n-oigreachd, tre am bheil sinn air ar seulachadh gu là na saorsa.

III. Cha 'n 'eil an dearbh-bheachd chinnteach so a' luidhe co mòr ri brìgh a' chreidimh, 's nach feud tìr-chreidmheach feitheamh fada, agus còmhrag bhi aige ri iomadh deuchainn, mu 'n ruig e oirre; gidheadh, air dha bhi air a dhèanamh comasach leis an Spiorad aithne bhi aige air na nithibh sin a tugadh dha gu saor o Dhia, feudaidh e as eugmhais foillseachaidh neo-ghnàthaichte ruigh-eachd air an dhearb-bheachd so, ann am feum ceart a dhèanamh do na meadhonaibh gnàthaichte. Agus uime sin, is e dleasdanas gach neach, na h-uile dìchioll a dhèanamh chum a ghairm agus a thaghadh a dheanamh cinnteach; a chum trid so, gu 'm biodh a chridhe air a chur am farsuinneach ann an sìth, agus ann an aoibhneas 's an Spiorad Naomh, ann an gràdh agus ann am buidheachas do Dhia, agus ann an neart agus suilbhreachd ann an dleasdanasaidh na h-ùmhlaichd; agus is iad na nithe so fìor-thoradh na dearbh-bheachd so: agus co fada so ghabh e uaithe bhi ag aomadh neach gu mi-bheus.

IV. Feudaidd dearbh-bheachd nam fìor chreidmheach mu 'n slàinte féin bhi air iomadh dòigh air a crathadh, air a lughdachadh, agus bacadh air a chur oirre; eadhon tre neo-chùram 'n a coimhead; tre thuiteam am peacadh àraid éigin a lotas a' choguis, agus a chuireas doilghios air an Spiorad, tre bhuaireadh éigin grad agus dian, tre sholus gnuise Dhé bhi air a tharruing air ais leis uatha, agus e bhi fulang dhoibh-san air am bheil 'eagal-san, gluasad ann an dorchadas, agus gun solus air bith bhi aca: gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil iad idir falamh gu h-iomlan do shìol sin Dé, agus do bheatha a' chreidimh, do 'n ghràdh sin do Chrìosd agus do na bràithribh, do 'n tréibhireachd cridhe sin, agus do choguis mu dhleasdanas, 's nach feud trid iomchuidh bhi air a h-ath-bheothachadh, agus anns am bheil iad 's an àm a ta làthair air an cumail suas o eu-dòchas iomlan.

CAIBIDEAL XIX.

Mu Lagh Dhé.

I. Thug Dia do Adhamh lagh mar cho-cheangal oibre, leis an do cheangail se esan agus a shliochd uile, ri h-ùmhlaichd phearsanta, iomlan, fhoirfe, agus ghnàth-mhair-eannach; a' gealltuinn beatha an lorg a choimhlionaidh, agus a' bagradh bàis an lorg a bhrisidh; agus thug ghnàthach so uile air an cur air cùl a nis fuidh 'n Tiomnadh cheangail so air mhodh air bith, 's ann' tha e gu mòr 's a dhaighneachadh.

II. An déigh do 'n duine tuiteam, mhair an lagh so pòh 'n a riaghailt iomlan air fireantachd, agus is ann mar sin a thug Dia seachad e, air sliabh Shinai, ann an deich àitheantaibh agus bha e air a sgrìobhadh air dà chlàr chloiche. Anns a cheud cheithir do na h-àitheantaibh, tha air a chur sios, ar dleasdanas do Dhia; agus anns na sè àitheantaibh deireannach ar dleasdanas do dhaoinibh.

III. A thuilleadh air an lagh so, d' an goirear gu coit-chionn lagh nam Modhanna, chunnacas do Dhia gu d' thug e do phobull Israel, mar Eaglais an àm a h-òige, reachda deas-ghnàthach, anns an robh iomadh òrdugh samhlaichail, cuid diubh mu aoradh, a' taisbeanadh, roimh làimh, Chrìosd, a ghràsan, a ghnìomhara, 'fhulangasa, agus a shocheairean; agus cuid diubh a' taisbeanadh iomadh gnè theagaisg mu dhleasdanasaisibh beusach. Agus tha na reachda deas-ghnàthach so uile air an cùl a nis fuidh 'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

IV. Dhoibh-san mar an ceudna, mar chinneach air leth, thug e iomadh reachd mu bhreith ann an cùisibh àraid, a' chrìochnaich maille ri staid a' phobuill sin, gun iad a' ceangal aon neach eile nis, ni 's faide na tha ceartas coit-chionn ag iarraidh.

V. Tha lagh nam Modhann a gu bràth a' ceangal nan uile dhaoine, eadhon iadsan a ta air am fireanachadh, co maith ri muinntir eile; agus cha 'n ann a mhàin do thaobh nan nithe tha air an cur sios ann, ach mar an ceudna do thaobh ùghdarrais Dé, an Cruith-fhear a thug seachad e, agus ann an t-soisgeul, cha 'n 'eil Crìosd a' fuasgladh a' cheangail so air bith, ach 's ann' tha e gu mòr 's a dhaighneachadh.

VI. Ged nach 'eil fìor-chreidmhic fuidh 'n lagh mar cho-cheangal oibre, gu bhi air am fireanachadh no air an dìteadh leis; gidheadh tha feum mòr ann dhoibh-san, co maith is do dhaoinibh eile; do bhrìgh gu bheil e mar riaghailt beatha a ta cur toil' Dé agus an dleasdanas féin an

céill doibh, 'g an stiùradh agus 'g an ceangal gu gluasad d' a réir sin; a' nochdadh mar an ceudna, truailidheach pheacach an nàduir, an cridhe, agus am beatha; air chor 's air dhoibh bhi 'g an ceasnachadh féin leis, gu feud iad teachd chum tuilleadh mothachaidh do pheacadh, tuilleadh irioslachaidh air a shon, agus tuilleadh fuath dha, maille ri sealladh ni 's soilleire air an fheum tha aca air Criosd, agus air iomlanachd 'ùmhlaichd-san. Tha feum ann mar an ceudna dhoibh-san a ta air an ath-ghineamhuinn, gu bacadh a chur air an truailidheachd, do bhrìgh gu bheil se a' toirmeasg peacaidh, agus tha feum 'n a bhagraidhibh, a thaisbeanadh an ni sin a tha 'm peacaidh-san féin a' toiltinn, agus cìod na trioblaidean anns a' bheatha so féin, ris am feud iad dùil a bhi aca air an lorg, ged tha iad air an saoradh o mhallachd 'a pheacaidh, tha air a bhagradh 's an lagh: Tha a gheallana mar an ceudna a' taisbeanadh dhoibh, gu bheil ùmhlaichd 'n a ni taitneach do Dhia, agus cìod na beannachdan ris am feud sùil a bhi aca an lorg a coimhlionaidh, ged nach ann mar nithibh air am bheil còir aca do thaobh an lagha mar cho-cheangal oibre. Air chor 's nach comhara idir bhi fuidh 'n lagh, agus gun e bhi fuidh ghràs, gu bheil e a' dèanamh maith, a chionn gu bheil an lagh a' tabhairt misnich dha chum sin, agus a' seachnadh uile, a chionn gu an lagh a' cur sgàth air roimh 'n ole.

VII. Agus de gach feum dhiubh sud a tha 's an lagh, cha 'n 'eil a h-aon an aghaidh gràis an t-soisgeil, ach tha iad uile gu milis a' gabhail leis, air do Spiorad Chriosd a bhi ceannsachadh agus a' neartachadh toil' an duine, chum an ni sin a dhèanamh gu saor agus gu suilbhir, a tha toil fhoillsichte Dhé ag iarraidh a dhèanamh.

CAIBIDEAL XX.

Mu shaorsa Chriosduidh, agus mu shaorsa Coguis.

I. Tha 'n t-saorsa choisinn Criosd do chreidmheich fuidh 'n t-soisgeul, a co-sheasamh ann an saorsa o chiont a' pheacaidh, o fheirg dhìtidh Dhé, o mhallachd lagh' nam Modhanna, agus iad bhi air an teasairginn o 'n droch shaoghal a ta làthair, o bhruid Shatain, agus o uachdranachd a' pheacaidh, o ole an cuid àmhghar, o ghath a' bhàis, o bhuidh na h-uaigne, agus o dhìteadh sìorruidh; agus mar an ceudna, gu-bheil slighe réidh aca dh' ionnsuidh Dhé; agus gu bheil iad a' a toirt ùmhlaichd dha, cha n ann o eagal tràilleil, ach o ghràdh macail, agus inntinn thoileach. Agus bha iad so uile mar an ceudna aig na creidmheich fuidh 'n lagh. Ach fuidh 'n Tiomnadh Nuadh, tha saorsa nan Criosduidhean ni 's mò air a cur am

farsuinneach, 'n an saorsa o chuing lagh' nan deas-ghnàth fuidh 'n robh an Eaglais Iùdhach; agus ann an dànachd ni 's mò gu teachd gu Rìgh-chathair nan gràs, agus ann an co-pàirteachd do shaor-Spiorad Dé dhoibh ni 's ionlaine na bu ghnàth le creidmheich fuidh 'n lagh a bhi faot-ainn.

II. Is e Dia a mhàin is uachdaran air a' choguis, agus dh'fhàg e saor i o theagasg agus o àitheantaibh dhaoine, a ta ann an ni 's am bith an aghaidh 'fhocail; no fos a thuilleadh air an fhocal, co dhuibh ann an cùisibh creidimh no aoraidh. Agus mar sin, a bhi creidsinn an leithide so do theagasg, no bhi toirt ùmhachd d' an leithidibh so do àitheanta, a thaobh coguis 's e sin fìor-shaorsa na coguis a thoirt thairis: agus a bhi 'g iarruidh dall-chreidimh agus dall-ùmhachd iomlan, gun agadh, 's e sin saorsa na coguis agus reuson fòs a sgrios.

III. Tha iadsan, a tha cur peacaidh 's am bith an gnìomh, no tha 'g altrum ana-miann air bith fuidh sgàil saorsa Chriosduidh, d'a thrìd sin a' sgrios crìch na saors-ainn Criosduidh; eadhon air dhuinn a bhi air ar teasairginn o làimh ar nàimhde, gu dèanamaid seirbhis do 'n Tighearna gun eagal, ann an naomhachd, agus ann am fìreantachd 'n a làthair, rè uile làithean ar beatha.

IV. Agus do bhrìgh nach e bu rùn do Dhia, gu n dèanadh na cumhachdan a dh' òrduich esan, agus an t-saorsa a choisinn Criosd, a chèile sgrios, ach gu biodh iad a' cumail suas, agus a' coimhead a chèile; uime sin, iadsan a bhios fuidh sgàil saorsainn Chriosduidh a' cur an aghaidh uachdranachd laghail air bith, no an aghaidh uachdranachd laghail a' chumhachd sin, cia ac' is uachdranachd shaogh-alta no Eaglais e, tha iad a' cur an aghaidh òrduigh Dhé. Agus feudar gu laghail daoine tharruing gu cunntas, agus an leanmhuinn le smachdachadh na h-Eaglais, agus le cumhachd an uachdarain shaogh-alta, a chionn a bhi sgaoil-eadh an leithide sin do bharailean, no a' seasamh an leithide sin do dhèanadais, 's a tha 'n aghaidh soluis nàduir, no an aghaidh cinn shoilleir a' chreidimh Chriosduidh, mu chreid-imh, mu aoradh, no mu chaite-beatha; no an aghaidh cumhachd na diadhachd; no fòs an aghaidh an leithide sin do bharailean no do dhèanadais mhearachdach, 's a tha 'n an nàdur féin, no thaobh a' mhodh air am bheil iad 'g an craobh-sgaoileadh, no 'g an seasamh, a' cur as do 'n t-sìothchainnt agus do 'n riaghailt o 'n leth muigh, a chuidh-ich Criosd 's an Eaglais.

JOHN ROSS : A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

IV.

(Continued from p. 274.)

It was his practice every morning to take his Bible into the closet where he slept, and sing some verses of a Psalm, then read a chapter, and afterwards pray. He often prayed fervently for his father. As soon as he returned from school he took his Bible again, and read and sang and asked a blessing upon what he had been learning at school. He spent much of his time during the day in singing God's praises. He was never idle, and often employed himself in drawing. On his mother noticing ejaculations of praise written here and there, she said to him one day—"You should not do the like of that." He said—"When I think of God, I forget, and just write down what I think." He was fond of astronomy, and on reading the discoveries made by it, he would say—"What a great and glorious God we have !"

On coming home from church on that day when he took his last illness, he complained of a pain in his back. His mother told him he must stay at home from the Sabbath School that night. He said he would go and hear about Christ. He came home very ill, with a bad pain in his head, which continued, gradually getting worse till Saturday. On Saturday forenoon he cried out, "My God, my own God, help my head or take me to heaven," and then taking his mother's hand, he told her he was dying. She asked him if he was afraid to die. He said, "No, he wished to die, if it was God's will," adding that sweet word, "Sleep in Jesus makes me happy when I think on the grave." Though he had formerly a great aversion to medicine, he now said he would take whatever the doctor ordered for him, in case God would be angry with him for refusing it; but he said that he felt he could never recover. On Sabbath morning, while rather quiet, he cried out—

"This is the day that Christ arose

So early from the dead."

"He lay in the grave," said he, "and rose for my justification. His own Word says it, and it makes me all glad." On Monday he asked for his mother to send for his teacher. He said he loved him much, and when asked why he loved him, he said, "Because he loves God, and I love every one who loves Him." He was

particularly pleased at his teacher's visits, and at one time said—"How glad I am that he is not tired of coming to see me; how happy he and I will be in heaven for ever!"

He asked one day—"What day of the month is this?" On being told it was the tenth, he said—"That good lady that brings the tracts is not come; I would like to see her before I die; I know she is a child of God: she goes about to see and make bad people good. Thank her mother, when I die, and tell her I'll see her in heaven. My mind loves her for giving us the tracts: tell her to continue to give the tracts, that wicked people may be the better of them." He used to keep and collect together the monthly tracts as they were delivered, and he took great delight in showing them to any person who visited the house. He was anxious also to pay for the tracts which he relished so much, and had resolved on collecting five shillings for this purpose, but his means were so slender that he died before he collected this sum.

He once said—"I think, mother, I belong to Him." His mother said—"To whom?" He answered—"To God—the faculties of my soul, my understanding, my will, my affections: I'm God's boy altogether; mother. Will you tell everybody what justification and sanctification is? I wish the whole world would love God and serve Him." His patience and resignation were most remarkable. In great pain, he said one day—"How I thank God for this sore head, for it was sent to take me to heaven." One time, when expressing his conviction that he would go to heaven, he was told that all who died did not go to heaven. He said—"I know that, but all for whom Christ died go there; and He died for me." At another time he said—"I must sing a louder song in heaven than the holy angels." His mother asked him how. He said—"My song will be to Him who washed me from my sins in His own blood. O how I love Him!"

At one time he seemed to get quite insensible, so as not to notice anything. When he revived again, his mother asked him if he felt anything when he was in that state. He said he did, though he could not utter a word. "My tongue couldn't speak," he said, "but my mind was speaking all the time, and saying, O Lord, send Thy Spirit into my heart."

He admonished his father to beware of provoking God, and in a little after he said to him—"Trust in God, father, that is what you should do, but the wicked

cannot trust in God. If you do not seek Him you shall never see me more till I be a witness against you at the last day." On the Monday before his death, he said—"I have got no sleep for two weeks, with this awful pain in my head, but I will get a sound sleep soon." The pain was so severe that he never slept ten minutes at once during his illness, but he never uttered a discontented word the whole time. His head having been blistered one day, when dressing it, his mother said—"My afflicted boy!" He immediately replied—"Your happy boy! Mother, you shall soon see that head with a crown of glory upon it." This was on Monday afternoon. He then asked if it was five o'clock. His mother said it was after four. He continued to ask repeatedly if it was five, and said he was to be well at five. He then said, "Three Persons in the Godhead—God the Father made and preserved me; God the Son came into the world and died for me; God the Holy Spirit came into my heart, and made me love God and hate sin." After this he spoke but little, he got so weak, till exactly at five o'clock he slept in Jesus, on Tuesday evening, the 16th of August 1836, being just about eight years old.

An Interesting Book Against Evolution.*

THE main part of the material composing this excellent book appeared in a series of articles some months ago in the pages of "The Presbyterian" (Philadelphia) and "The Christian Nation" (New York). The articles aroused the interest of the readers to such an extent that requests for their publication poured in from all quarters. We read these articles as they appeared in their serial form, and we feel Mr Allen has done a right thing in giving them to the public in the more permanent form of a book. In comparatively recent times powerful attacks have been made on the evolutionary position by such scientific works as Prof. More's "Dogma of Evolution"; Prof. O'Toole's "The Case Against Evolution"; Prof. McCready Price's "New Geology." These books are severely scientific, and the Evolutionists cannot say that the foemen who have entered the lists are unworthy of their steel. Other books of a more popular style than the foregoing, such as T. B. Bishop's "Evolution Criticised" (Edinburgh :

* Evolution in the Balances, by Frank E. Allen, Minister, Reformed Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg. Edinburgh : Fleming H. Revell Company. Price \$1.50.

Oliphants), an excellent little book, not nearly so well known as it ought to be; Prof. McCready Price's "Phantom of Evolution," also an excellent book, surveying the evolutionary field from various standpoints; and Dr Harold C. Morton's "Bankruptcy of Evolution" (London: Marshall Brothers), have also been before the public for some time. But notwithstanding the good work done already in combating this formidable and well-planned attack against the very foundations of the Christian faith, there is room for such a book as Mr Allen's. He has dealt with the subject in a fascinating way, he has not shunned to present the truth of God as he met the enemy in the gate, he has culled from authoritative scientific sources arguments sufficiently numerous and sufficiently strong to shatter the citadel of the evolutionary hypothesis. The manner in which he appeals constantly to God's Word is specially helpful and fitted to confirm the mind of every believing man and woman in the unscripturalness of this science falsely so-called.

After enumerating the insuperable barriers which meet the Evolutionist and which have not been surmounted, Mr Allen then devotes a chapter to that main plank of the Darwinian hypothesis—Natural Selection—which is now dead and buried as far as modern evolutionary science is concerned. A noted American Evolutionist pronounced this sentence over its grave:—"Darwin has already been shorn of his selection doctrines as completely as Samson was shorn of his locks." Chapters are devoted to Embryology, Comparative Anatomy, Similarity of Blood, Vestigial Organs, Human Fossils and Pseudo-Human Fossils (in which the ludicrous folly of so-called scientific men very learnedly discussing what type of man a bear's tooth represented is exposed), Reading the Old Stone Book (Palæontology), The Testimony of the Mammoths, The Testimony of the Dinosaurs, Fishes, and Invertebrates, How Account for the Fossils? The book ends with a fine chapter, entitled—"The Harmony of the Two Books"—which, if we get the permission of the publishers, will be given in the pages of the Magazine later on. We have the greatest pleasure in heartily recommending the book, especially to all our ministers and students, and also to those who are teaching the young. Evolution has entered the field of theology, science, and education, and in combating it we should make an endeavour to be well equipped, so that we may be able to give an answer for the hope that is in us.

Notes and Comments.

Foolish and Irreverent Remarks on the Bible.—

Irreverent remarks on the Bible or Bible incidents are always reprehensible and more especially when coming from recognised religious leaders. We are led to make these remarks, in view of certain statements made by Dr Campbell Morgan at the annual meeting of the Scottish Sunday School Union, in St Andrew's Halls, Glasgow. The subject was the best method of teaching the Bible to children and Dr Morgan, as reported in the "Glasgow Herald" said: "His (the speaker's) father used to punish him by giving him the Bible to learn. A more deadly, a more damnable thing was never done. He remembered when he did some prank—it was a boy's business to do that—his father had given him the 119th Psalm to learn. (Laughter). He confessed that for years he hated it—the only bits he loved were the swearing bits. (Laughter)." Now, while Dr Morgan was justified in warning against a practice that cannot be commended, he was not justified in using the foolish and irreverent words he did in condemning it. One would have expected in an address, intended to show the best method to teach children the Bible, a complete absence of any such remarks.

Slaves Set Free.—"The American" (Baltimore) has a very interesting article describing the emancipation of 75,000 Nepalese slaves. The ruler of Nepal, Maharajah Sir Chaudra Shum Shere Jung, it would appear came under Christian influences and he determined to set the slaves in his dominion free. This enlightened ruler bought from the slave holders 52,000 slaves and set them free at a cost of over a quarter of a million pounds. The other 23,000 were set free by their masters without compensation. The Maharajah delivered a touching speech on the day of emancipation and the emancipated slaves were frantic with joy. It is distressing to learn from this very interesting article that there are still a million slaves in Asia.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill.—The promoters and supporters of this Bill, though unable to get its third reading during last Parliamentary session, are doing their best to get it passed into law this session. The three Presbyteries of the Church have sent strong protests against the Bill to some of the members of the Cabinet and to local M.P.'s, calling on them to vote against the Bill at its third reading. Our readers who have not yet done so, should write their Parliamentary representative on the subject.

Church Notes.

Communion.—January—Fifth Sabbath, Inverness.
February—First Sabbath, Dingwall.

Collection for this Month.—The Collection for the General Church Building Fund is to be taken up this month. Congregational Treasurers will be notified as usual by the General Treasurer.

Appeal for Missionary's House at Achmore, Lewis.
—The friends at Achmore have been inconvenienced all along owing to the want of a suitable house for a missionary. Through the kindness of the proprietor, they have at last secured a site and have been able to finish the walls and roofing. They appeal to friends to help them to finish the building. Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr John Macarthur, Achmore, Lewis. The Western Presbytery endorse this appeal.—D. M. Macdonald, Clerk of Presbytery.

Ordination of the Rev. James Tallach.—The Southern Presbytery met at Glasgow on Tuesday, 12th October, when Mr James Tallach was licensed to preach the Gospel. On the following evening Mr Tallach was ordained as a minister in connection with the Church's Mission in Western Canada. The Rev. Neil Macintyre preached from I. Cor. xv. 21, and thereafter Mr Tallach, on answering satisfactorily the questions usually put to licentiates at their ordination and signing the formula, was, by solemn prayer and imposition of hands, ordained to the office of the holy ministry. The newly ordained minister was suitably addressed by the Rev. Neil Cameron. Mr Tallach sailed for Canada on the 15th October, and safely reached Winnipeg in due course. We wish him all success in the Lord in his new sphere of labour, and trust that the blessing of the Lord will be graciously granted both to him and the people to whom he ministers during his sojourn in Western Canada.

Helmsdale Congregation—An Appeal.—At a time when benevolent supporters of the cause of Christ are so frequently asked to help to provide congregational buildings, it becomes a matter of great difficulty to add another to the many appeals already made, but it is felt that circumstances justify an appeal in this case. The Free Presbyterians in Helmsdale were foremost in making a definite stand for the truth, when the Rev. D. Macfarlane and Rev. D. Macdonald refused to aban-

don the Church of the Reformation in Scotland separated from the drifting Free Church in 1893. They have proved loyal to the testimony then raised. Their place of worship for these 33 years has been a small upper-hall by the seashore. The building is old, unsuitable, and likely to be used for other purposes. The congregation (weak numerically) is endeavouring to gather funds with a view to purchasing or building a place of worship in due course. This appeal for help is made to sympathisers and friends of the truth, especially natives of Helmsdale now abroad. Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Rev. W. Grant, Halkirk, Caithness; or Mr J. Adamson, Dalvina Cottage, Helmsdale; or Mr J. Dawson, Portgower, Helmsdale.

The Northern Presbytery endorse and recommend this appeal as worthy of support.

E. MACQUEEN, Moderator.
D. BEATON, Clerk.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

John Grant, Palmerston Villa, Millburn Road, Inverness, General Treasurer, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations:—

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ORGANISATION FUND.—Lochalsh congregation, Ontario, Canada, per Mr A. R. Finlayson, Lucknow, £5 1s 11d; Donald Morrison, 710 Main Street, Saskatoon, Canada, £1 18s.

WINNIPEG CHURCH BUILDING FUND.—Rev. M. Gillies, F.P. Manse, Stornoway, £2.

The following lists have been sent in for publication:—

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Isabella Kerr, Pitlochry, 10s; Mr Donald J. Macsween, Dundee, 3s; Mr Alex. Miller, Wick, £1 1s; a Friend, Glasgow, 10s; Mr D. Crawford, Tarbert, £2; a Friend, Oban, £1; J. C. Inverness, 5s.

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