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**The Uniting Churches.**

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THE Churches referred to, as most of our readers are aware, are the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. We speak of them as the "uniting Churches" because as far as one can see their union is only a matter of time, unless the strong anti-Union vote will shatter the dream of the Union leaders. That two Churches which touch the national life of our country at so many points should thus be nearing the end of their separate existence is an event that no true patriot can overlook without asking himself is this movement when brought to completion likely to be beneficial to the country. As Christians we have more serious matters to consider, such questions as to whether the Lord is manifestly giving His countenance to this movement, or is it largely engineered by men? is there manifestly a spiritual power behind and in the leaders and the people impelling them to go forward, or is there a lukewarmness or chilly deadness that betokens the reign of death rather than life? These are only a few of the questions that naturally arise as one faces the problems connected with the Union movement in Scotland. Of course it may be said to us that as Free Presbyterians it would be well that we would lay to heart the exhortation—"Be not busybodies in other men's matters." To our hypothetical critic we reply that the Church of Scotland is the mother of all the branches of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and though she has not been what we would have liked her to have been during all her long history, still we have an interest in her welfare. Then the Church of Scotland is a national institution that has for good and sometimes for evil influenced the people from end to end of Scotland, and shall we be denied the privilege if not the right of expressing our opinion or opinions on a movement that

may adversely affect such an institution. Furthermore, as a national Church there are endowments amounting to millions of pounds affected by this movement. Is this money to be used for the financing of a movement that may accelerate with increased momentum the downward rush of the churches in modern times? If such is the case are we, as having our birthright in this land and as sons of the men who renounced these emoluments in order that their consciences might be free, are we, we say, to look on and offer no protest and express no opinion because we do not belong to either of the uniting Churches? As Free Presbyterians we do not look to participate in the Church of Scotland's patrimony, but while that is so this is no reason why we should remain silent if there is a manifest misdirection of the Church's patrimony, even though that be sanctioned by Parliament. Prior to Parliamentary enactments and above them there is an ethical code which even ecclesiastics would do well not to ignore.

The Churches which are gradually drawing nearer with a purpose to unite are the two largest sections of the Presbyterian denominations in Scotland. The Church of Scotland since the Revolution Settlement accepted the Westminster Confession as the confession of the Church which all her office-bearers were expected to subscribe. This enactment was embodied in the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, and was the recognised law of the land. The form of subscription to the Confession required by all ministers and probationers of the Church of Scotland since 1711 required them to acknowledge the whole doctrine of the Confession of Faith. In 1905, through the passing of the Churches (Scotland) Act, it was enacted that the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith required of ministers and preachers of the Church of Scotland "shall be such as may be prescribed by Act of the General Assembly of the said Church with the consent of the majority of the presbyteries thereof." This section was inserted in an Act that had absolutely nothing to do with the Church of Scotland, and is glaringly the work of ecclesiastics paving the way for liberty to walk the newer but broader way of modern church tendencies. We shall have something to say later on in regard to the later legislation of 1921 and 1925 as it bears more directly on the Union of the two Churches. The United Free Church, as most of our readers are aware, is made up of two Churches—the Free Church

and the United Presbyterian. These two united in 1900, and the strong Voluntary character of the new Church was decidedly a menace to the Established Church. This was clearly seen by far-sighted men, and by this Union movement the tables were cleverly turned on the Voluntaries. Preparatory to the Union of 1900 the Free Church passed a Declaratory Act in 1892—a mongrel mixture of Calvinism and Arminianism—with the purpose of paving the way for Union with the United Presbyterian Church. It is a fact worthy of our most serious consideration that these union movements in Scotland have been movements away from the old moorings—from doctrinal positions and creeds which were recognised to be truly scriptural by our fathers and by many still in Scotland. This in itself is an ominous sign. For whatever advantage may be gained by the uniting of Churches if brought about at the expense of the truth, too great a price has been paid. For after all it must be borne in mind that many of the arguments that are being brought forward as Scriptural arguments, when examined into will be found to be based not so much on Scriptural grounds as on mere worldly policy. Church unity and Christian unity are not synonymous, though in reading the speeches of the advocates of Union one would imagine they were. But we hope to show in a future article the fallacy underlying this contention. The results as announced in the press of the voting of United Free Church sessions and congregations show a much more formidable opposition than was indicated in the Assembly vote. The future will show what is the reality of this opposition. From our standpoint it is not an opposition in which we can rejoice as its driving power is Voluntaryism.

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### Christ All in All.

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Christ is in every way the cause of the life of grace and of glory. And not only so, the cause, but the root and spring in whom it is. We have it from Christ and in Christ. We have it in Christ as a root, and from Christ as a working cause, and by Christ as a mediator. For Christ procured life at God's hands by His sacrifice and death. We have it in Christ as a Head, from Him as a cause, together with both the other Persons; and through Him as Mediator, who by His death made way to life, appeasing the wrath of God. So we are reconciled and pardoned by the death of Christ.—*R. Sibbes.*

## Notes of a Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN KENNEDY, D.D.

PREACHED 28TH FEBRUARY 1875.

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"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Ps. xci. 1.

**T**HERE is mention made here of a secret place, and one dwelling in it, and because dwelling there abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. It is sad to be before a passage like this without the sinner being under the shadow, or abiding in this secret place; without any sense whatever of being in its shelter and content as one frozen and dead outside. It would be sad to find one outside, without any ray of light shining from the secret place into the heart from the Gospel, seeing that the poor one may look in. But if I have no more than that I have only a foretaste of what awaits us in hell. Some catch a glimpse of it and are afraid they never will reach it, but blessed is the man who can say, like the Psalmist—"The Lord is my fortress." The Lord deliver us from being content with remaining without the right to say this. Let us consider, I. The secret place, and II. The man who dwells there.

I. The secret place. Men have a secret place, but some have not much to put in it. A portrait of a friend, a lock of hair, or a few pence may be in the secret place of the poor man, but the rich man has more than that, and requires a secret place, and he is able to provide such. The King requires a secret place for the diamonds of the kingdom, and will have such, and it will be a secure place where the treasures are kept. If men have such, what a secret place the Most High must have! His treasures are there, and if so He has a secret place and His secret place is secure. What are the treasures of the Most High, and what is the secret place He has provided for them? When I think of the treasures of the Most High I must think of His glory. His essential glory dwells in His being and is safe there, and He has not provided a secret place for it; but He determined a manifestation of His glory, and for that scheme He has a secret place from whence to show it forth. There was something else, too, in the sight of God as a treasurer. There was the payment made to the treasury of heaven for

which God owes a reward. How wonderful that Jehovah, the independent, infinite, and eternal one should receive a payment for which He owes a reward, and yet God could not be in debt, for the Man who bought it was His Fellow and a divine Person as Mediator. God, therefore, consistent with His independence receives a payment for which He owes a reward. The price was the precious blood of His Son, and if the Most High has a secret place, the precious blood is there and safe to be applied to the fulfilment of His gracious purpose. God has a people whom He loved, though they are a low, mean, and hell-deserving people, although they are a hostile people, and spiritually dead, but what if God loved them. They are precious in His sight, not for anything of theirs, but because in the fulness of His infinite love He bound them up with His purpose of salvation. As loved and as embraced in His purpose, they are infinitely precious in His sight. The provision made for them is precious. How precious is the provision made by the parent for the child, how watchful he is about it, and when he dies, that child's right to it is a good one. If an earthly parent have this, think what Jehovah's care will be for the provision made for His people.

(1) His glory is in Christ. How suitable this is. He is the brightness of the Father's glory. Every manifestation of the divine glory is from the Son. Every manifestation of the divine purpose is from Him. Every manifestation of His will is from Him. Every manifestation of His power is from Him, and no other can be entrusted with the manifestation of His name like Him. He could not manifest it without being in the flesh. What an honour to the human nature that the highest manifestation of the divine glory should be coming forth from it! Look at it in Eden, and then look at it in the temple of Immanuel's flesh. Verily He has triumphed over the enemy and trampled him under His feet, because He was made sin and a curse. All the iniquities of His people were laid upon Him, and He bore them. Being made sin, the curse of the law came forth and passed over Him, and he that had the power of death got the opportunity of doing his worst. And when this was so, the result was a full manifestation of Jehovah's glory. Thus Jehovah triumphed over His great enemy. You have only to come to God with your sins. There is One whose name is Jesus, and through Him you can ask what would be eternal life to thee. Would it not be well to draw near to God through the blood? In order

to preserve the efficacy of that blood it must be in Christ as the Great High Priest, as the King, as the Prince and Saviour exalted, for only as it is in Him will He reign on the ground of it and exercise the power of His life in the salvation of His people. As surely as the blood is in Him as revealed in the Gospel, and only accessible through faith in Him as it is written, "In whom we have redemption through His blood." Never expect anything in mercy apart from the blood of Jesus, or from the blood apart from Himself. If you get mercy it is through the blood. (2) His people were in Him before the world was. Think of Christ taking care of them in the covenant before the work of Christ was begun. Yes, from all eternity, He did this. I think Christ will not grudge taking care of them in the eternity to come without sin, when He did it in the eternity that is past with sin. I cannot contemplate the people without being chosen in Him. They were chosen in Him miserable and blind, and dead as they were. There was an eternal calm in the heart of God as He had them before His mind in the Son. They are in Him, and safe there. The Head is their life, and in Him their life is hid with Him in God. Blessed are they of whom this is true; there is no doubt of that man dwelling in the secret place of the Most High.

(3) All fulness dwells in Him, not merely that He might keep it, but that He might dispense it. You find people willing to take charge of a thing, but who would not be willing to dispense it; but Christ does this to the blind, the lame, the impotent, and the dead. It is safe, not only the provision, but the poor people who are in His charge. It would be well for you to learn this. Some people claim a lordship over grace, and deny the lordship of Christ over it. They don't think they require to be drawn by Christ to receive of His fulness. Oh, friends, they must be brought to this fulness and receive out of it grace for passing from glory to glory. Such are the treasures of the Most High and His secret place.

II. The man who dwells there. In the next verse the Psalmist says — "The Lord is my fortress." I would like to ask the Psalmist one or two questions—1, If you are dwelling there, whence did you come there? 2, How did you come in? 3, What did you find there when you came in? 4, What's your warrant for saying you are there?

1. Whence did you come there? You say—"As to my state, although I was, according to the purpose of

God, chosen in Him, I was lying outside, under the power of sin, the dupe of the world, in the grasp of Satan, on the brink of hell, and the only door open to me was the door of an eternal hell." So it is with you here to-night. The Lord was warning me, but I would not heed Him; calling me but I would not come, lying in the field frozen and dead. The light of the Gospel produced no effect on me, and I would have lain there until death came to sweep me into hell, unless the Lord had mercy upon me. While I was there I was turning the Word of God as witness against me. As long as you refused to be warned by His law and refused His Gospel, you turned the law and the Gospel to be witnesses against you. A man goes out to the streets at night in search of outcasts. The first he finds is fast asleep on the ground. He shakes him and wakens him, but he says, "Let me alone." He yields and passes on. The next is a drunkard. He lays his hand on him, and he shakes it off. He leaves him and passes on. The next is enraged and only calls him a fool. So he is left, too. The next has the chill of death on him. He knows a corpse is before him. But you must unite all these before you can find a case like yours and mine. Asleep, intoxicated with the world, and in our conscience desperate, dead in trespasses and sins. What hope is there for such a one apart from the free, rich, almighty mercy of God?

2. How did you come into the secret place? I think I hear this answer—"I did not come without being brought in. The Lord awoke me and made me feel my miserable state. I saw Him who is the secret place and who is the door. I was enlightened and I would fain reach a secret place. I heard His voice to me. I rose, I cast myself on Him, I entered the secret place, and found rest there.

3. What did you find there? It is not much I can tell, it was so wonderful; no one can tell all that he sees there. But if ever I went in I saw the glory. I saw the blood there, too, and the beloved people and the fulness of grace. If I didn't see the blood there my heart would have fainted. There would be no hope without it. It was through the blood that I saw the glory and the beloved ones who were all sinners saved on the ground of the blood. I was like one that dreamed. The glory is unspeakable, it never entered into the heart of man to conceive its like. The glory is inconceivable, the knowledge infinitely rich, the people for ever blessed.

4. What is your warrant? I would like to be under no mistake in saying:—"The Lord is my fortress." I would like to have no doubt that I was called by God to Christ. I would like this made known to some here to-night for without it, never will there be a true sense of unbelief. I would like not only that you would be called but that coming to Christ and entering in through Him as the door, you would dwell in Him as in the secret place. What a wonderful Christ! He is the door and He is the secret place. The door is open to let one in but never to let one out. Once the promise is mine I claim a right to what the blood entitles me to. A right to the privileges of God's saved Israel, He has made the cause of my salvation the cause of His glory, and because He can't give His glory to another, He won't give me to be a prey to the Destroyer. Well I have a warrant for saying so. What is your warrant for saying you have closed with Christ on the terms of the Gospel? Because I counted Him worthy trusting, and I counted Him worthy confessing. Thus adding to my faith, virtue, when I became acquainted with Christ, I began to know God, humbled as I never was before, and so I was drawn to God. It is this knowledge which brings down self and sin. There can be no doubt from whence it came. Such is the knowledge I received, to that I added temperance. I was content to have done with the world, with its cares, and with its wealth, and as soon as that the world began to mock me and persecute me. The world does this in its own way. I was content to suffer it. I added to temperance patience; I was willing in the hand of God to suffer from the world; rather to have the sufferings of God's people than the ease of the world. I added to this godliness. I was often with God in secret. Sometimes the waves of trouble threw the vessels of mercy further in. When the sea is stormy the more pleasant is the haven. I don't know when a man enjoys his home more than on a stormy winter night. I think God's people never have such peace and delight as in persecutions. Like the three men in the fiery furnace, they had more peace than the King, for he trembled, and so also with Daniel in the den of lions. Why are we so secure at the prospect of suffering in the world? If the light of God's face shines upon us what need we care for the persecution of the world? Why change a man's way for the midges being flying across the path? In the trial seek to keep near to God and when your heart gets warmer it will get warm to God's people; so adding

to godliness, brotherly kindness. I don't know what makes me so cold to God's people, but that I am cold to Himself. As there is brotherly kindness there is charity. All these making my calling and election sure, and evidencing that I dwell in the secret place. And in the face of all I will say:—"The Lord is my fortress; I will trust in Him."

Now where are you? I put this question in the Lord's presence to each one here to-night. Where are you? Some may say, "I don't think much about it." The Lord have mercy upon your poor soul, you have none yourself. You are lying outside the secret place where all the privileges of God's people are. Another says:—"I don't say I am in, but I will enter in sometime." The door may be shut upon you before then, and you will be shut out in the storm of wrath in hell. Another says:—"I am afraid to say the Lord is my fortress, but this is all I can say that, as a poor sinner, I desire to thank God that there is an open door in the Gospel to go in, I am looking to Christ, I am afraid I can't reach Him, but I am looking to Himself to bring me in and all depends on Himself to bring me in to dwell there." If you are truly shut up to Christ, then it is not too much for me to say on behalf of Jesus that He will not fail you—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Is then one saying:—"The Lord is my fortress" but my soul is too cold to sing the song of praise to Him, but I have the hope to leave the heart of stone behind and have a heart to praise Him for ever and ever. This will be His delight. I cannot conceive His delight when His people are like Him, perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of Him. May this be yours and mine, and to His name be the praise! Amen.

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## **For Christ's Sake.**

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN ROSS, BRUCEFIELD, ONTARIO.

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**A**T prayer I pleaded the place which God has given to His own Son in the Holy Scriptures. Felt this to be to me a new way of putting the matter, and a new argument filling my mouth. I have often pleaded with God in the way of appealing to God on the ground of what He knows Jesus Christ to be in His own sight, I have spoken to Him of His own perfect knowledge

of Christ in all His worthiness, and in all the value of His blood and obedience. But it gives additional force to this method of pleading, to spread out before God what He has written regarding Him in His own writings. This is advantageous in several respects— (1) In so doing we honour the Scriptures. (2) Additional power is given to the Scriptures over our own hearts, and our faith in them is strengthened and simplified. (3) We have an additional motive to strengthen and stimulate to a more diligent examination of all that God says in the Scriptures regarding His Son. (4) Our faith in God and our hope of prevailing with Him in prayer is increased in proportion to the simplicity with which we are able to rest on what He has Himself written regarding His Son. (5) We are using an argument of real power with God when we base all our pleas on His own written testimony regarding His Son. The Father loveth the Son and honours the prayer in which His own Son is honoured. Christ has with God the very place which the Scriptures ascribe to Him. He is to God and with God for men all that God says of Him in His Word. He has with God all the prevailing power which the Word of God ascribes to Him. For His sake He gives all the Scriptures set Him forth as giving. All that blotting out of iniquity, transgression, and sin, all that shedding forth of His Spirit, all that communication of His blessing and love, all that exercise of His gracious power in subduing and protecting, all that peace and rest and comfort, all that interest in the inheritance of the saints in light which the Scriptures set Him forth as doing for the sake of His own Son. What the Scriptures settle is settled, and there is no use in raising any doubt or question about it. And there is nothing which God in His Word promises to give for the sake of His own Son which He will not give. There is nothing of all that God promises to do for the sake of His Son which he will not do. Christ is all that God says he is. There is in Him for men all that God says there is in Him for them. Our way is therefore extremely simple. It is to read, to hear, to understand, to believe, to appropriate and plead what God has written down for us regarding His own Son, and thus live truly in fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

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As many a man loses the sight of a city when he comes near to it, so many a choice soul loses the sight of heaven even when it is nearest to heaven.—*Brooks.*

## Gleanings from Many Fields.

### DR MACDONALD'S MOST MEMORABLE SERMON.

[Most of our readers have heard of the renown of Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh, as a preacher of the Gospel. His powerful discourses were blessed by God in the conversion of many, and his labours as a preacher were signally owned. The following sermon on the text, "Thy Maker is Thy Husband" (Is. liv. 5), is described by the Rev. D. Campbell, Kiltearn, as "the most memorable sermon ever preached by him." We quote Mr Campbell's introductory note in full:—"The most memorable sermon, then and ever preached by him, was the action sermon, cognate to that on which he preached on his first communion Sabbath at Urquhart. Hundreds of abler sermons has he preached, but none which the Lord more signally blessed. It was never fully written out, but the following skeleton of it was found among his papers, and is here subjoined that it may serve to give an idea of the kind of preaching which the Lord delights to honour. It was delivered in Gaelic, but the notes were written by his own hand in English" (Quoted in "The Apostle of the North," p. 89.) ]

**R**EMARKS on context. Consider, I. The Parties.

1. The Spouse. Every true believer, and as such married to the Lord. But by nature (1) In a state of degradation, a child of Satan, a slave. (2) Drowned in debt—of obedience to the law, suffering to the justice of God; unable to pay, and therefore a prisoner. (3) Without spiritual beauty; but on the contrary, altogether defiled, deformed, loathsome (Is. i. 7; Rev. iii. 17, 18; Ezek. xvi. 6). (4) Dead—spiritually (Ezek. xxx. vii.; Eph. ii. 1, 2). (5) In a helpless condition. None else would or could look after her or release her, nor had she any strength in her self. (6) With all this she was full of enmity and rebellion against her husband, waged constant war with Him, thrust the sword into His side.

2. The Husband. Thy Maker, the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel. God, God in our nature. Consider (1) His rank. The Lord, Lord of lords and King of kings; the Son, honoured by all the heavenly host, adored by the redeemed, the source of all created rank and greatness. (2) His riches. The God of the whole earth, heir of all things, all fulness in Him, rich in what the spouse needs. Rich in merit to pay her debts, rich in grace to make her rich—inheritance that fadeth not away. (3) His beauty (Ps. xlv. 2; Cant. ii.; Hebs. i. 2, 3). All created beauty from Him; He can beautify

His spouse; He can attract and ravish sinners with His beauty. (4) His power (Is. ix. 6, 7). As God, His power is infinite, manifested in creation, providence, and redemption. Power to quicken, to deliver, to subdue, to protect, to preserve, etc. (Ps. cx. 3). (5) His love. Oh, what shall we say of this! See Prov. viii. 30, 31. He died for His spouse, she was formed out of His side; waters cannot drown His love, manifested in rescuing her in a day of power out of her wretched condition; and, after her espousal, in abiding with her, in compassion towards her, in holding communion with her, etc. And, oh, what shall its exercise be throughout eternity! (6) His faithfulness—in reproving her faults, in never forsaking her, in not receiving accusers' reports of her. Oh, how faithful is he!

II. The Connection. Marriage. "Thy Husband." A relation is established which is called union. This is variously represented in Scripture; and subsists between every believer and Christ. Here consider, 1. Christ offers Himself in marriage to the soul, by the Gospel, in which He reveals His excellent properties, and offers Himself to the soul as involved in the ruin described. This is the design of the glorious doctrines and invitations of the Gospel (Is. lv. 1-4; Matt. xi. 28; Rev. xxii. 17). 2. Gospel means and ministers are employed for the purpose of representing this proposal (Gen. xxiv.). The Apostle espoused Corinthians to Christ. Oh, what an honourable work! How faithful should ministers be! 3. The Spirit is sent forth, to make the soul sensible of his condition, to reveal Christ in His properties and proposals, to make him willing to receive Him, and to loose him from every other attachment (Rom. viii. 4, 9; Ps. xlv. 10; John xvi. 9-15). 4. The soul, in consequence, under a sense of need and unworthiness, and having a view of the object, approving of the terms and accepting of the offer, casts himself at Christ's feet resigns himself to the Redeemer and follows Him. This is the act of faith and closes the union, and is the foundation of all future intercourse and communion. "My Beloved is mine."

Here is a, 1. A marriage with the consent of all the parties—Father, Son, and Spirit; law and justice; angels and saints. 2. A wonderful marriage. 3. A joyful marriage. 4. A sure marriage. 5. An honourable marriage. 6. An everlasting marriage.

III. The happy results of this marriage. The spouse has from her husband, in consequence, 1. A

change of nature (John iii. 6; Ezek. xvi.), in order to love, obey, and enjoy Him. 2. A glorious robe as a wedding garment—His own righteousness for covering, shelter, and ornament (Ps. xlv. 13; Rev. iii. 18). 3. Beauty. Graces of the Spirit (Ps. xlv. 13). 4. Provision—food, drink, light, life, liberty, joy, etc. 5. Protection—from enemies, sin, Satan, and the world. 6. Communion. The enjoyment of His presence. 7. Riches. 8. Introduction to heaven at last, and eternal residence there (Ps. xlv. 14, 15).

Hence, 1. Self-examination. Marks of those who are not, and of those who are, married to this Husband. 2. Sinners, consider your condition—accept of the proposal (Matt. xxii. 5). Different classes. 3. Saints. Draw nigh this day, behold what your Husband did and suffered for you.

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## **The Conversion of Africaner, the Notorious South African Chief.**

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ONE of the most remarkable cases of conversion in modern times is that of the notorious African Chief Africaner. "His name," says the biographer of Robert Moffat, "carried dismay even to the solitary wastes." A Namaqua chief, pointing to Africaner, said to Robert Moffat:—"Look, there is the man, once the lion at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes. Yes, and I, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and children, to the mountain glen or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar." He was the terror of the white and coloured races in Cape Colony, and the Government placed a considerable sum upon his head if so be that the country would be rid of this scourge and terror. But God can tame where man is helpless. Under the preaching of the Gospel by Mr Ebner, Africaner became as a lamb—the wild, roaring beast of prey became meek and subdued. When on a visit to Cape Town, Moffat purposed to take Africaner with him, but the chief at first refused, reminding the missionary that a sum of money had been placed on his head, and that the Government officers would hang him when he reached Cape Town. At length on receiving assurances of protection from Moffat, he was willing to accompany him. On the southward journey Moffat called at a Boer farm, and on announcing to the

farmer that he was Robert Moffat, the missionary, he received the unexpected reply—"Don't come near me, you have been long ago murdered by Africaner." "I am no ghost," protested Moffat. The man was not reassured, and only became more alarmed as he added—"Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones." Moffat assured him that no such calamity had overtaken him, and that Africaner was now a changed man, but on learning that this man's uncle had been murdered by Africaner, he deemed it wise not to make known for the present at least that the dreaded Africaner was the man that accompanied him. After a time, however, he introduced the Boer to Africaner, and the simple-minded, pious farmer lifted his two hands to heaven and gave praise to the God of all grace in these words:—"O Lord, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

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### **Robert Moffat: Pioneer South African Missionary.**

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**WE** have always found the lives of great pioneer missionaries of special interest. They were men inspired by love to Christ and their fellowmen. The tremendous difficulties they had to face, the courage with which they faced them, and the slow but sure turning of the wilderness into a fruitful garden make a fascinating appeal to the mind and lead it captive as the various incidents in the career of these noted men are narrated by their biographers. This holds as true of Robert Moffat and his devoted and courageous wife as of any of the great missionaries of the Cross. The carrying of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ to the coloured, benighted races of South Africa was a work of love to him, and during the long period he laboured at Kuruman he was privileged to see the desert both literally and spiritually turned into a fruitful garden.

Robert Moffat was born at Ormiston, in East Lothian, 21st December 1795. Two years later his father removed to Portsoy, near Banff, where he had been appointed to a post in the custom-house. In 1806 the family settled at Carronshore, near Falkirk. At the age of fourteen, Robert was apprenticed to John Robertson, Parkhill, Polmont, a gardener. Here he had a Spartan training. Along with the other apprentices, he was turned out at four in the morning in

winter to dig the hard ground. When his apprenticeship was finished he found employment in the gardens of the Earl of Moray at Donibristle. In about twelve months' time he turned his face southwards to Cheshire, where he received a post as under gardener from Mr Leigh, High Leigh. Robert Moffat long afterwards described the parting with his mother on this occasion, for it had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. "When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part," he says, "perhaps never to meet again in this world, she said, 'Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish to ask one favour of you before we part, and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks.' 'What is it mother?' I asked. 'Do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you.' 'No, mother, I cannot until you tell me what your wish is.' 'O, Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do I not love you?' 'Yes, mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil.' I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted up my eyes and saw the big tears running down the cheeks that were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I said, 'O, mother! ask what you will and I shall do it.' 'I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening.' I interrupted by saying—'Mother, you know I read my Bible.' 'I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its Author.' And she added—'Now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you.'" Robert Moffat never forgot the promise he made on this day of parting with his affectionate mother.

It was during his sojourn at High Leigh that the great change in his life took place when he was turned from darkness to light. He had a severe struggle. When the Spirit of God began to strive with him, Satan suggested to him that he should go headlong into sin, and then if converted the change would be so manifest that he would be sure of it. This was a cunningly-laid plan of the devil. But he was merci-

fully saved out of the enemy's snare. "I looked over the awful precipice down which I was about to leap," he says, "and trembled at the thought that I might perish in my sins." He then tried to pray more earnestly, but a dark cloud seemed to hover between his soul and God. He studied his Bible with increased earnestness, and one night while reading the Epistle to the Romans the wonderful message of that most wonderful epistle seemed to be altogether new to him as if he had never read it before. Each passage was sending a ray of light into his darkened soul. "The Book of God, the precious, undying Bible," he says, "seemed to be laid open, and I saw at once what God had done for the sinner and what was required of the sinner to obtain divine favour and the assurance of eternal life. I felt that, being justified by faith, I had peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ." Some time after his conversion his thoughts were turned to the mission field, and it became an overmastering passion that he should devote his life to the carrying of the Gospel to the benighted heathen. Soon after his conversion he passed out of the employment of Mr Leigh into that of a Mr Smith, a nursery gardener of Dukinfield. It was here he met his future wife, Mary, daughter of his employer, who proved to be a help-meet in the highest and best sense. The parents were reluctant to part with their daughter, but at length yielded, and Mary Smith was permitted, with the good wishes of her parents, to go out to Africa to spend her life there as a devoted wife and worker with her husband. It was proposed first of all that Moffat should go out to the South Seas with John Williams, but as one of the directors of the London Missionary Society considered them too young to go together, it was decided that Moffat should go to South Africa. He was twenty-one years at this time. He reached Cape Town in 1817. Moffat met with some opposition from the Government officials to begin with, but on this opposition being withdrawn, he, along with his colleague, Mr Kitchingman and Mrs Kitchingman, set off on their long and adventurous trek to Namaqualand. There were no railways in those days, and modern means of transit were unknown. The wagon with its long team of oxen was the missionary's only chariot. Prowling beasts of prey still roamed where they are unknown to-day. After leaving Mr and Mrs Kitchingman at Bysondersmeid, Moffat went on alone with the native driver and servants. The country was as yet unexplored. The roads got worse and worse. They entered a trackless stretch of country, where the oxen

had the utmost difficulty of pulling the heavy wagon through the deep sand. The men were exhausted with dreadful thirst and fatigue. The oxen were unable to proceed. An effort was made by digging a deep hole in the sand to get some water, and to their joy they were successful in getting a little, "which was drunk," says Moffat, "with an avidity no pen can describe." The sand was now glowing in a meridian sun, and so hot that it was painful to walk on it. The oxen became frantic and stampeded. They came to a halt at a place where there was a little shade; here they stood to cool their burning hoofs. Notwithstanding these trials, the trekkers reached the mission station of Pella, and then passed on over the Orange River. The wagon was taken to pieces and conveyed across the stream on rafts. The journey was resumed, after the crossing of the river which took several days, until they came to Africaner's kraal at Vredeberg. Africaner was a petty chief, the terror of the white and coloured races. The very mention of his name made everybody in those parts tremble. The story of his conversion is one of the most encouraging in the annals of missionary effort. This man, in the very high day of his power, was visited by Mr Ebner, one of the Pella missionaries, and was brought to his knees through the presentation of the Gospel. The news of his conversion had not reached Cape Colony, and the Dutch farmers pitied Moffat when they learned of his intention to go to Africaner's kraal. They usually took a solemn farewell of him, one woman adding the anything but encouraging words—"Had you been an old man, it would be nothing, for you would soon have died whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster." These fears were groundless, for Africaner received the young missionary with evident pleasure, and expressed a hope that Moffat would live long with them. His colleague Ebner soon went south, and Moffat was left alone. The loneliness at times was overwhelming. In referring to this overwhelming feeling, he pulls himself up by adding—"But the cause is the Lord's, and how can we be faint or weary in well-doing, while we witness immortal souls dying for lack of knowledge." He found his multifarious duties distracting. "I am carpenter, smith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper," he writes, "the last is the most burdensome of any. An old Namaqua woman milks my cows, makes a fire and washes. All other things I do myself, though I seldom prepare anything till impelled by hunger. I drink plenty of milk, and often eat a piece

of dry flesh. Lately I reaped nearly two bolls of wheat from two hatfuls which I sowed. This is of great help to me. I shall soon have plenty of Indian corn, cabbage, melons, potatoes. Water is scarce. I have sown wheat a second time on trial. I live chiefly now on bread and milk." It was during this early period of his missionary life that Moffat was stricken down with a raging fever. On recovering from the delirium whose eyes should be looking on his face, full of sympathy and tenderness, but those of that erstwhile terror of men—Africaner. As an indication of the greatness of the change wrought by divine grace, Moffat's testimony is worth quoting:—"During the whole period I lived there I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him or to complain of any part of his conduct." Titus, the brother of Africaner, "a fearful example of ungodliness," is Moffat's characterisation of him, was not converted until late in life, but notwithstanding, he and Moffat were great friends. When the missionary would speak to him about his soul, Titus would say to him:—"I hear what you say and I think sometimes and understand, but my heart will not feel." Moffat was dissatisfied with the place of the Mission Station, and determined to set out towards Griqualand. This was a most adventurous journey and nearly cost the missionary his life. The exploring party kept to the north of the Orange River, and after seven days' journey they reached a place called Kwees (near the present site of Upington), and from there they struck across the waterless country to Griqua Town. On the second day, Moffat and one of the men became separated from the rest and went on alone, with no food in their pockets, and no water. For three days they had eaten nothing. In his dreams at night Moffat slaked his thirst at beautiful fountains of cooling water, but on wakening from his sleep he was speechless with thirst. Tantalised with the dreams by night and the delusive mirage by day, they reached Griqua Town on the fourth day more dead than alive. On their return journey they were overtaken by a tempest. Hail and piercing wind chilled them to the bone. They lay down on the drenched ground and slept as only tired men can. A scorching day succeeded a tempestuous night, and before sunset they would have paid any money for a bottle of the water with which they had been drenched the night before. They reached home at last, and as a result of the report they gave to Africaner it was agreed they should remain where they were for a time at any rate.

(To be continued.)

## China from a Chinese Point of View.\*

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A FEW days ago I had a conversation with a Chinese gentleman who held high office under the Manchu and Yuan Governments on the present outburst of ill-feeling against the British, when he stated quite frankly, and without any show of feeling, what he believed to be at the root of the trouble. I may say that he is not anti-British—his sons having studied in English Public Schools and Universities—and that he deplores the estrangement that has taken place between the two races. The gist of his remarks were as follows:—"You are not to think for a moment that the shooting of a few students and loafers in Shanghai led to the present trouble. You know the Chinese do not value human life so highly as in Europe, so that point may be dismissed without further comment. But for years the Chinese in Shanghai have suffered from the insolence of foreigners to such an extent that the iron has entered into their soul, and they have determined to stand it no longer.

"Most foreigners look upon the Chinese as an inferior race, and treat Chinese ladies on the streets and in trams in a way they would not dare treat women in their own country. Our women have reported to their fathers and brothers the rudeness to which they have been subjected, with the result that bitter feelings were generated and, when the shooting took place, the men folk found a pretext to vent their feelings on the British—although why against them alone, I don't know.

"Again, our young men who go to Britain and the United States, return home with very different tales of the reception they met with in these countries. My own sons were well received in England and Scotland because they were fortunate in having introductions to

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\* This short article is from the pen of Mr Stewart Annand, and is taken from the January issue of the "Quarterly Record" of the National Bible Society of Scotland. Owing to the great upheaval in China at the present time this article will be of interest to our readers. Before reprinting it we submitted it to Mr A. Ross, Manchester, whose knowledge of Chinese matters alike from the religious and business point of view is most intimate. Mr Ross's verdict is:—"I consider Mr Annand's replies to the Chinaman admirably to the point in every case."—Editor.

good families—on that score I have nothing to complain about. But all students have not had the same pleasant experiences. They report that they were looked upon as 'yellow men,' saw little or nothing of family life, and came back convinced in their minds that the British are haughty and unsociable.

"Contrast this with the experiences of students who have been to America. There they were uniformly well treated; were invited to Christian homes and social functions, and returned to their own country filled with admiration for the American people. These reports have spread throughout China, and if Americans are well received in our midst the reason is not far to seek. We appreciate kindness without ostentation, and will repay it in our own way.

"As to the widespread bitter feeling against the British, it cannot be denied that the Bolsheviks have encouraged and subsidised quite a number of students and others to bring this about; but the Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce, which is composed of wealthy men—many of whom were trained abroad—had no need of Russian money; and it was from that respectable body (who stood to lose heavily from a boycott of British goods) that telegrams went forth to all parts of China, warning the people not to purchase goods made in your country. You will agree that something serious must be wrong when an influential body like that takes such a serious step.

"My opinion is that foreigners of all nations, if we except the Germans, do not have anything like sufficient intercourse with our people. Your merchants talk over matters with their *compradores*, do business, and then go to their clubs; and there the matter ends. Few of them have taken the trouble to learn our language or study our customs, with the result that misunderstandings arise, and will continue to arise, until they have the courtesy to learn the language of the country to which they have come to do business. Your Mixed Courts, Favoured Treaties, and other anachronisms are humiliating to the Chinese, and until these are abolished the friction will increase and not diminish."

All this was said in the most friendly spirit. There was no trace of hysteria, so common among Chinese super-patriots, and as my friend's points were clear and logical, I had no difficulty in replying to them.

In the first place, I pointed out that all foreigners residing in the Shanghai International Settlement were

not British subjects, and that I failed to see why the Chinese gentry should saddle my countrymen with the sins and shortcomings of a cosmopolitan community. I also drew attention to the fact that the British merchants of Shanghai were of the same class as the British merchants of Tientsin, and that, so far as I knew, no railing accusation of discourtesy had ever been brought against them by the Chinese community. On the other hand, it might be said that British merchants at all the ports—many of whom were public school and University men—were men of good breeding, and were quite incapable of acting as he had stated towards women, no matter to what class they belonged. Further, this charge was open to serious counter-charges which could not be gainsaid: such as maltreating foreign ladies in the interior, kidnapping innocent women and children, and subjecting them to indignities which were unknown in civilised countries.

In the second place, I was of opinion that the statements made regarding the poor reception given to Chinese students in England had been exaggerated, and that my opinion was based on the conversations I had with the Chinese who had studied in English and Scottish Universities, and who looked back with pleasure to their experiences when there. I admitted that Chinese were suspect in some of our great centres, and that this had been brought about by the conduct of his countrymen in Limehouse, and other parts of London, who were engaged in the opium and morphine traffic, and whose presence in our country was a perpetual menace to the British people. I emphasised the point that this unfortunate feeling might be lived down, if the Chinese Embassy in London would see to it that Chinese of the baser sort were expelled from Britain, and that all Chinese entering our ports would be of such a class as to reflect credit on their country.

As to the mysterious action of the Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce, that also might be explained. The representative men in that Chamber stood in awe of students and did as they were told. They knew that if they disobeyed they were liable to bodily injury, and possibly death; and if they were above being bribed by the Bolsheviks, they were not above being intimidated by those who were in the pay, and under the instructions, of that sinister body. It is not to the credit of the Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce that they acted in a manner which merely manifested their pusillanimous spirit.

It would be out of place to go into all the points raised in a conversation which lasted for an hour and

a-half; but perhaps enough has been written to show the temper of the Chinese at this juncture, and the need for men who have some glimmering of their mentality, to handle questions of grave import. I may say that my friend and I parted in the spirit of amity, after he had expressed the opinion that his points had been well taken. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend!"

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### **The Holy Office or Inquisition.**

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SUCH is the name that was given to one of the most diabolical institutions ever invented by the brain of man. By a bull of 21st July 1542, Pope Paul III. set on foot the Holy Office which is better known in history as the Inquisition. If there could be joy felt in hell it must have been felt when the Arch-Enemy so influenced the mind of the so-called Vicar of Christ to sanction an instrument which for its satanic work has rightly been execrated by men. We quote Motley, the historian of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," whose description gives a faint idea of some of the kind of work it did. "The torture," he says, "took place at midnight in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim—whether man, matron, or tender virgin—was stripped naked, and stretched upon the wooden bench, water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained, without cracking, the bones bruised without breaking, the body racked exquisitely without giving up the ghost—were now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to foot, with his eyes glaring at his victims through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practised successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented. The imagination sickens when trying to keep pace with these dreadful realities."

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### **The Late Duncan Cormack, Elder, Lybster.**

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IN the death of this worthy office-bearer our cause in the Far North has lost a warm-hearted and faithful friend. Though Mr Cormack had been ailing for years with a heart affection, the end came quite unexpectedly. He had been laid aside for a short time through illness, but in the opinion of his doctor and

his family he was making progress towards recovery, when all of a sudden, on the 25th December, the messenger that comes sooner or later came with his summons from Heaven, and Duncan Cormack was gone. He himself, however, felt that it was his last illness, as he plainly indicated to a friend who had come to see him

Duncan Cormack was born at Smerlie, near Lybster, on 2nd April 1854, and was thus in his 72nd year when he died. He had the inestimable privilege of being brought up in a home where a godly example was set him, and though this in itself will not change the heart, yet it is a blessing which those who enjoy it should be devoutly thankful for, and a privilege that they should pray to God might be blessed to them. He used to relate the solemn impression made on his mind when his father, on Duncan's attainment to manhood, took him into a room, and speaking most seriously to him, reminded him that in his infant days his father had taken most solemn vows at his baptism to bring up his son in the right way, and that now he was warning him what a solemn thing it would be for that son to be on the left hand of Jesus Christ at last. It was an interview and a warning Duncan never forgot, and he ever referred to it with a solemnity that indicated how deep was the impression it made upon his spirit. This was a custom, followed by this worthy man and others, when the members of their families attained to years of discretion.

In the days of his youth he was privileged to enjoy the ministry of that true minister of Christ, the Rev. John Mackay, Lybster, but whatever strivings the Spirit of God may have had with Duncan, it would appear that the really serious and lasting impression made on his heart was when an uncle died to whom he was devotedly attached. It was then that the new life which with all its ups and downs began, and bore abundant evidence to all who were brought into contact with him that here was a man who was saved by grace, who knew something of the work of the Holy Spirit, who was not ignorant of the plagues of his own heart, and who leaned with childlike confidence upon Christ alone for salvation. Duncan was about twenty years of age when the great change came, so that for fifty years passing through this vale of tears he bore witness to the thoroughness of the change when his back was turned for ever on the darkness and his face set upon the light.

He was a cooper by trade, and in the prosecution of his calling he had to follow the fishing fleets to Lewis and Ireland. It was preparatory to leaving home for Ireland on one occasion that he came in from the barn where he had been praying and announced to his wife that he would give anything to be allowed to remain at home, as he felt that something was to happen to them. He left for Ireland in March, and in the following month one of his children was burnt so badly that he only lived about three weeks after the accident. The stricken father wrote home to his wife, telling her to be submissive to the Lord's hand, and directed her to look to the only source whence comfort of lasting value was to be found.

Duncan was elected an elder of the joint-congregation of Wick and Lybster in 1902, and he never forgot all those years the solemn promises he had made at his ordination. Steadfastly and faithfully he adhered to the testimony of the Free Presbyterian Church, and he did not desire to have company with those who thought lightly of their ordination promises. During all the years that he was an elder of the Wick Kirk-Session no minister could wish for a more faithful and sympathetic friend, and none of his fellow-elders could desire one who through all the years during which he was associated with them conducted himself so truly as a Christian and a gentleman. Though an elder of Wick Kirk-Session, it was only on Communion seasons and on certain other occasions that he worshipped at Wick, owing to his home being about 16 miles distant from the latter place. But on these occasions he always brought with him a fragrance of one who had been on the mountain of spices. There was a depth and solemnity in his prayers, a sweetness and an unction that made very plain to all God's people that though he was far removed from the public means in which his heart delighted, he was having sweet communion with his God and Saviour. Now that he is gone those gracious, heaven-bedewed prayers will be heard no more by us. His singing also as he led the praise was much relished by God's people. The melody was not that of the natural voice, though he had a sweet voice, neither was it from technical knowledge of the musicians' art. There was something in it pleasing to the ears of God's people that no art of man could produce. It was the melody of a heart which had tasted that the Lord was gracious and was touched to its depths by the loving kindness of the Lord to him, a perishing sinner.

On the "Men's Day" he was one of the most appreciated of the speakers. He always spoke with special solemnity, and there was an unction in his words that showed plainly he was speaking from the heart. His knowledge of the deceitfulness of the human heart, his deep appreciation of God's infinite mercy in sending His Son into the world, and a sense of his own defilement by sin, and his utter inability to do anything in, and of, himself that was well pleasing to God, made his words to be a helpful message to his fellow-pilgrims on the way to Zion.

The Free Presbyterian cause in particular has lost in Duncan Cormack one who prayed for its welfare and rejoiced in every token of prosperity that came to it, and was saddened when anything weakened it. And the cause of Christ in general has lost one of its earnest suppliants at a throne of grace who longed for the dawning of better days, and who waited for them not without hope. It was not his happiness to see the dawning of these better days, for the Lord saw meet to take him home to his everlasting rest. On Tuesday, 29th December, his remains were laid to rest in Latheron Burying-ground, awaiting the call of the Son of God when the earth shall yield its dead. Near his grave rests the dust of such eminent witnesses of Christ as Alexander Gair, Donald Grant, and a great number of the excellent of the earth, both men and women.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the widow bereft of a devoted husband, the widowed daughter at home, and her children, to whom the grandfather was devotedly attached; to the other members of the family in this country, and to those who are in the United States. We know with what tender solicitude he prayed for their salvation, and our desire is that the prayer of their beloved father may be answered in the Lord's appointed time according to His purpose. We conclude with the words of David to Solomon, so applicable to them and to others like-privileged:—"And, thou Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever" (I. Chron. xxviii. 9).

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Little sins multiplied become great. There is nothing less than a grain of sand; there is nothing heavier than the sand of the sea when multiplied.—*Brooks.*

## The Late Duncan Campbell, Portree, Skye.

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**D**UNCAN CAMPBELL misspent the precious days of boyhood and youth in carelessness and unconcernedness as to God's claims upon all his time and service. One instance of this he often told the writer which caused him deep sorrow and abhorrence of himself. At the time when Duncan was a young lad, the great revival took place in Snizort, Skye, under the preaching of that eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. Roderick Macleod. On communion Sabbaths, people came long distances to the place. They left their horses in a glen near the congregation, but out of sight. Duncan and other wicked lads came there to spend the day riding on these horses. He never could pass that place without bowing his head at the remembrance of it. The most of the Lord's people—all except such as were converted in their childhood—have had bitter reminiscences of the sins of their youth. This should be a warning to the young to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to eschew all appearance of evil. The quantity of bitter tears shed on account of sins of youth, even in this world, without taking into account eternal weeping, would make a large lake. May the Lord bestow wisdom and grace on the young to lay this to heart while they are yet in possession of the days of their youth.

So far as the writer could gather from Duncan's remarks, he was indebted to Rev. John Macrae (MacRath Mor) as God's messenger to awaken his dead soul. It seems that his conviction was deep and alarming. The writer learned this from the late eminent man of God, Archibald Crawford, Tighnabruaich. He told the writer of a young man he became acquainted with at Greenock; that of all the men he had met with he never met any who was so inquisitive as to the real meaning of the Word of God. This young man was Duncan Campbell. "I should like to know what became of him," he said. The writer then had not met Duncan. This is a common experience as regards every sinner convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost. He does understand a great deal of the condemning power of the law of God, and of the wrath and curse to which its transgression exposes him, but as to the meaning of God's way of deliverance through faith in Christ

and Him crucified, he is completely in the dark. Therefore the question always is—"What must I do to be saved?" But the Lord came to his deliverance by bestowing on him the gift of precious faith, and from that day his love to Christ, to His truth, ordinances, and people began to shine in the world. It could truly be said of his faith that it worked by love, and consequently that it was not a dead faith.

In the month of May 1893, some of the leading Christian men in Skye called a meeting at Achnasheen in order to consider what steps should be taken if the General Assembly of the Free Church took no steps to retrace her departure from God's truth and her subordinate standards that week in Edinburgh. At Strathcarron Station the writer was directed to the compartment of the train in which these men travelled. We hardly got out of the station when Duncan began to ask questions about the meaning of passages of the Word of God, and also about the real condition of the Free Church now under the Declaratory Act. It began to dawn on our mind that this was very probably the man Mr Archibald Crawford spoke of two years previously, so we asked him whether he knew Mr Crawford. "Yes, I did know him, and I met not many men like him," was his reply. At the meeting at Achnasheen, when he saw that some were present who moved delay in coming to any definite finding that day, he appealed repeatedly to one who was present to rise and speak. It was very manifest that he had no patience with half measures when the truth and cause of God were at stake, which was true of him to the end. A motion was brought forward to the effect that, if the Assembly would not take steps to repeal the Declaratory Act, all who would vote for the motion would be bound to separate from the Free Church in order to maintain her original constitution as she was settled in 1843; but that if she did take steps to repeal it, their voting for the motion would not be binding on any. When the first motion was put, six voted for it, and twenty-six voted for the second motion. Duncan Campbell was one of the first to vote for it. So there were these twenty-six bound to separate before the matter came up at the Assembly two days later. This was a real relief to Duncan, who had been greatly harassed by the trend of affairs concerning the faith once for all delivered to the saints during many years in the Free Church. The Assembly refused to retrace their departures from the faith, and consequently the separation had to take place. The

week following the above meeting the writer saw Mr Crawford, and told him that he had met Duncan Campbell. His face brightened up as he asked—"Is he still a catechiser?" "Yes, that was how I understood it was he." "What does he think of the present crisis in the Church?" He is now separate from that Church in terms of a motion passed last Tuesday at Achnasheen. "I am exceedingly pleased to hear of Duncan," he said, "and that he has taken his stand for God's truth and the principles of the Reformation in a cloudy and dark day." Duncan and Mr Crawford met several times in Tighnabruaich after that to the satisfaction and rejoicing of their hearts.

Duncan acted as the Church's representative in the congregation of Glendale, Skye, for some time, to the comforting of the Lord's people and the full satisfaction of the people as a whole. He told the writer long afterwards that he was now full of wonder that the Lord did not cut him off at that time on account of his selfishness, and how full of the flesh and self-complacency he was when he thought that he had liberty in speaking to the people from God's truth. At the same time, he was, since the writer knew him, a very humble and self-denying Christian. But, like the prophet, he was made to dig deeper into the chambers of his own heart, where he found worse abominations than he knew up till then to the day of his death.

But the brotherly love and unanimity which existed from first to last between him and that eminent man of God, Neil Mackinnon, came nearest to the Scripture rule—"Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves," of anything the writer met with. Neil Mackinnon had a place in his heart which no other man could come up to, and he held the deepest love of Neil's heart towards any man. It was evident that, at the same time, the love of Christ reigned supreme in the heart of each. Neil urged upon Duncan to preside at the service on a Sabbath evening a short time before he was called to his everlasting rest; but Duncan blankly refused to do so. After Neil had fallen asleep in Jesus, Duncan told the writer, with tears running down his cheeks, how painful it was to him, now that he had refused, especially because Neil said to him at the time—"You will see the day that you will be sorry for it, Duncan." The first time, after Neil's death, he spoke on the Friday

of a Communion at Raasay, he referred to the great breach made in the F.P. Church and in the world by the removal of Neil Mackinnon. After referring to him he could not utter a word for a few seconds, but he pulled himself up and spoke for a while. Other eyes dropped silent tears that day along with Duncan, for they were feeling that "a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel." The love of these two godly men was comparable to the love of David and Jonathan of old. They are now together in heaven, where the pang of separation will never enter their hearts any more.

Duncan had a severe attack of influenza three years ago last spring. He never recovered strength after that. A form of creeping paralysis appeared in his hands and tongue; after a while in his whole body. Nevertheless, he attended the means of grace with regularity at Portree, and also at communions in some of the neighbouring congregations. But it was becoming evident that his strength was slowly ebbing, and that the end was drawing near. He attended the services of the communion season last July at Flashadder every day except Saturday. His two nephews, who attended to him with very commendable tenderness and care during that solemn season, made an arrangement with a car-hirer to bring him to the place of meeting and back to his home each day. On Monday the writer and Rev. R. Mackenzie, Gairloch, called to see him in the evening on their way to Portree. They found him sitting in a two-armed chair in the warm shining of the sun. He said to them that he expected to see them at Portree communion, which was to be held in a fortnight. When the writer gave him goodbye, he said: "May the Lord reward you for coming to Flashadder." These were the last words he heard from his lips. The messenger of death came to call him hence before the end of that week, so that eight days thereafter he passed away to be with Christ, which is far better.

The writer desires to express his sincere sympathy with all his relations and friends, and would pray that the Lord would bring each of them into His fold on earth, and then they would meet Duncan at God's right hand.

His remains were buried in Lochcarron on the 30th day of July, there to await the Lord's coming to judgment. On that great day he will lift up his head with joy. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—N. C.

## Cunntas Mu Bheath' agus Bhas Huistean Mhic Cathail (Mackail).

(Air a leantuin o t.-d. 350).

Aig da uair an deigh noine, chaidh a thoir amach, maille ri cuigear eile a bha gu fulang maille ris, agus bheachdaich na h-uile neach a chunnaic riamh e, gu'n robh a ghnuis ni bu mhaisich 's ni bu chiuine no bha i roimhe. Nuair a thainig e gu bonn an fharadh, labhair e ris a mhor-chuideachd a bha 'n lathair, ag radh, "O nach robh a bhliadhnachan ach tearc san t-saoghal, nach biodh a bhriathran ach tearc ann an sin. Leugh e an sin an fhianuis a sgriobh e 'sa mhaduinn, sa theid a chuir sios aig deireadh.

Sheinn e 'n sin cuibhrionn de'n 31 Salm; chuir e 'n sin suas urnuigh le leithid do chumhachd 's do dhurachd sa thug air moran gul gu goirt; chuir e 'n sin uaithe ad, sa chleochd. Nuair a rinn e greim air an fharadh gu dhir-eadh, thuirt e, le guth labhar, "Cha 'n eil ni 's mo do churam orm am faradh so a dhireadh, 's mo thilgeadh dheth, na bhiodh e orm dol dachaidh gu tigh m'athar!" Air dha gaoir a chluinntinn a measg an t-shluaigh, ghairm e sios ri cho-luchd-fulaing, ag radh, "A chairdean, 'sa cho luchd-fulaing, na biodh eagal oirbh, tha na h-uile ceum de'n fharadh 'so, ceum ni's fhaig air neamh!" agus air dha suidhe air an fharadh thuirt e, "Tha mi ann cuid a chreidsinn, gu 'n luchdaicheadh combhairlich, agus luchd-riaghlaidh uasal ar tir, am teanas so na h-uimhir, mar biodh iad air am brosnuchadh leis na h-easbuigean; air chor 's gur ann aig an dorsa-san tha ar fuil gu sonruichte na luidhe; ach is so e mo sholas a nis, gu'm bheil fhios agam gu bheil m' Fhear-saoraidh beo. Agus tha mi nis gu toilichte leigeil sios mo bheatha, airson frinn agus aobhar Dhe, na Chumhnantan agus obair Ath-leasachaidh, a bha uair-eigin air a' meas glair na rioghachd so; agus is ann airson a bhi a toirt oidhearp air sin a dhion, agus freumh searbh Easbuigeachd, a spionadh a' bun, tha an tobha so ga cuir mu 'm amhach"—bha 'n crochadair aig an am a cuir an inneal bais air. Air dha an sluagh a chluinntinn a' gul, thuirt e "Cha 'n ann a gul bu choir dhuibh a bhi aig an am, ach ag urnuigh, chum 's gu'm biodh sinn gu h-onair-each air ar toirt troimh; gu'ma beannaichte gu'n robh an Tighearna na nis ga mo chumail suas. Mar bha mi a comain moran agaibh air son bhur urnuighibh agus bhur caoimhneas o na chaidh mo chuir am prìosan, agus mo

dhiteadh, tha mi 'n dochas nach dibir sibh mi anns a cheum mu dheireadh de mo thurus, chum 's gu 'n dean mi fianuis air deagh aidmheil; agus a chum 's gu'm bi fios agaibh air steidh mo mhisnich anns an obair so, leughaidh mi dhuibh anns a chaibideil fa dheireadh de na Bhiobull, mo ghloir agus mo dhuais—"An neach air am bheil tart, thig-eadh e." Chi sibh, mar an ceudna, an cuireadh—"Tha 'n Spiorad agus a Bhean nuadh-phosda ag radh, Thig.' Thuirt e sin, agus e sealltuinn sìos, "Tha focal agam ri radh ribhse, a chairdean—C'aite am bheil sibh? Cha ruig sibh a leas aon chuid a bhi caoidh, na naire a bhi oirbh, air son a chor 'sa bheil sibh ga'm fhaicinn, oir tha mi deanamh co-chur de briathraibh Chrìosd, "Tha mi dol suas chum m' Athair fein agus bhur n' Athair-sa, agus chum mo Dhe fein, agus bhur De-sa," chum bhur Rìgh-sa, agus mo Rìgh-sa, chum na 'n abstol agus na mairtearach bheannuichte, gu caithir an De bheo, an Ierusalem neamhaidh, agus cuideachd do-aireamh do ainglibh, gu lan choimhthional agus eaglais nan ceud ghin, gu Dia breitheamh nan uile, agus gu spioradaibh nam firean air an deanamh foirfe, agus gu Iosa, Eadar-mheadhonair a choimhcheangail nuaidh." Tha mi gabhail slan leibh uile, or bidh Dia ni's solasaich dhuibh na b-urraimn dhomhsa a bith; agus bithidh e ni's urachail dhomhsa na b-urraimn dhuibhsa a bhi dhomh. Slan leibh, Slan leibh anns an Tighearna. An deigh an comhdach a chuir air aghaidh, rinn e urnuigh ghoirid, agus air dha an comhdach a thogail a ris, thuirt e gun robh aon fhocal aige ri radh fathast mu 'n t-sholas a bha aige 'na bhas; "Tha mi 'n dochas nach eil sibh a faicinn atharrachadh na diobhail misnich ann am ghnuis, na ann mo ghiulan; agus mar dh' fheudas sin bhi na aobhar iongantais dhuibhse, tha mi ag aideachadh gu bheil e na iongantais dhomh fhein. Air chul neo-chiontas an aobhar mu'm bheil mi fulang, se so mo sholas nuair a bhasaich Lasarus, gu'n do ghiulain na h-ainglibh anam gu uchd Abraham; mar sin, ged a ta ann an so soleimteachd mhor, croich, aite bais, agus sluagh ag amharc a mach air uinneagan, tha uidheamachadh moran ni's mo, agus ni's soleimte, do ainglibh, gu m'anam a ghiulan gu uchd Chrìosd. A ris, tha so na thuille solais, gu bheil m' anam gu dhol gu laimh Chrìosd, agus taisbeanaidh esan e gu'n smal, gu'n choire da'n Athair, agus an sin bithidh mise gu sìorruidh maille ris an Tighearna. Agus a nis sguiridh mi do labhairt ri creutairan, agus toisichidh mi air mo cho-chomunn ri Dia, nach bi gu brath tuille air a bhriseadh. Slan leis an t-shaoghal' sa thaitneasan: Slan le biadh agus deoch: Slan le grian, gealach, agus reultan: Failte air Dia agus an t-Athair: Failte air Iosa Crìosd gradhach, Eadarmheadhon-

air a cho-cheangail nuaidh: Failte air Spiorad beannuichte a ghrais, agus Dia an uile sholais: Failte air glòir: Failte air beatha shiorruidh: Failte air a bhas.”

Dh'iarr e sin air an fhear-mhillidh, gu'n a thilgeadh thairis gus an cuireadh e fein a null a ghualainibh an toiseach, ni, air dha urnuigh ghoirid a chuir suas os iosal, a rinn e, ag radh, “O Tighearn, tha mi tiomnadh mo spiorad ann do lamhaibh, oir shaor thu m'anam, O Tighearna Dhia na firinn!” agus mar so anns t-seathadh bliadhna fichead de aois, bhasaich e mar bha e beo, anns an Tighearna.

Bha leithid do thuireadh airson a bhais, leis an luchd amhaire, 's nach robh ach gle ghann suil thioram air sraid-eam no ann an uinneag an Duneidin aig am a bhais. Tha fear eachdaraidh ainmeil a toirt a chliu so air—“Gu'n robh e na oganach do shea bliadhna fichead a dh'aois, ionmhuinn leis na h-uile, diadhaidh air mhodh comharraichte, agus anabharra foghlumte. Bha e ro sgiamhach agus cumta na phearsa. Bu ghnathach leis trasgadh aon la 'san t-seachduin, agus thug e iomadach uair roimh so sanus da chairdean gu faigheadh e bas mar fhuair e; san uair a labhair e mu sholas agus aoibhneas 'na bhas, 's iomadh osann throm a bha aca-san a bha ga eisdeachd.

San am cheudna chaidh co luchd-fulaing Mhic Cathail, a chuir gu bas: daoine a bha air beag foghlum sa bha beo gu'n fhios do mhoran de'n t-shaoghal, gus an tug geur-leannmhuinn agus fianuis air son na firinn am follais iad. Labhair iad am briathraibh deireannach le leithid do chiùineachd agus do fhoighidinn do thaobh a' naimhdean; le leithid do mhorachd anam, do dhiadhachd, agus deagh thuigse, agus a chuir mor iongantais air na h-uile chual iad. Bha iadsan a bha eolach orra roimhe, lan dearbhta gu'n robh e air a thoir dhoibh os airde ciod a labhradh iad. Bha Iain Bhodro, Michael Shields, Sasgunach; Iain Bhilson o bhaile Air; agus Eanraic Mac-a-Chombaich, mar dhaoine a bhiodh air stairsnich neamh. Ghairm Mac-a-Chombaich airson a Bhiobuill, chuir e air ghairdean leont e, agus leubh e earrainibh freagarrach ri chor, a chuir iongantais air na h-uile. Nuair a chaidh na daoine so ghlacadh sa bhlarchath, chaidh am beatha a ghealltuinn dhoibh; ach gu feirg agus ain-iochd an ard easbuig Sharp, a shasuchadh, chaidh an cuir gu bas, an aghaidh na h-uile lagh; agus bu mho na sin, an aghaidh ordugh rìgh Tearlach—nach rachadh tuille beatha a ghabhail anns a chomhstri. Fhuair an t-Easbuig Burnet, an duine a b'fhearr a bha na'm measg, an t-ordugh so o'n rìgh, agus thainig e leis do Alba gu Sharp, a bha san am air ceann na comhairle, ach rinn esan innleachdan a dheilbh a chuir an t-ordugh san an cleith, ach an deachaidh Mac Cathail sa chompanaich a chuir gu bas.

## Fianuis Agus Teistean Huistean Mhic Cathail.

“Air dhomh le freasal araidh a bhi air mo thoir mar so, fa chomhair an t-saoghail, ann an aobhar a ta cuir a leithid do churam air na h-uile air am bheil eagal De, agus le'm bu mhiann a bhi daingean na choimhcheagal, cha b-urrainn mi gu'n bhi fagail as mo dheigh an fhianuis sheasmhach so, mu thiomchìoll aobhar agus feumalachd a choimhcheangail sin, airson glòir Dhia, agus fireanachadh m'aidmheil o'n a chainnt mhaslach a thilgeadh air le daoine, agus mar an ceudna chum eideachadh a thoirt le mo daoine, dhoibhsan air son an do choisrig mi mo bheath' ann an obair na ministrealachd.

Mheas mi riaghladh na h-eaglais so le Cleir, a bhi am measg prìomh orduighean Iosa Crìosd a shuidhich e anns an eaglais a cheannaich e le fhuil, agus a chaidh e suas an aird gu bhi buileachadh sin mar thiodhlaic oirre; air dha sin a bhi am fiòr mhinistrealachd shoisgeulach na shimplieachd agus na ghlaine air leth o innleachdaibh dhaoine; agus mar sin a' meadhon leis am bheil orduighean eile air am frithealadh, agus na firinnibh is bonntachail air an deanamh eifeachdach ann an cridheachaibh an t-shluaigh, air an aobhar sin bu choir dha so, leis a churam cheudna, connsachadh air a shon. Thug fiosrachadh, maraon an uair a bha 'n da chuid e aithnichte, agus air a leughadh leis na h-uile dhaoine: ni a ta fìor mar an ceudna 'n ur ceudfathèan soleimte a rinn an rioghachd da thaobh leis a Chumhnant Chinneadail, agus leis a Chumhnant agus a bhànn shol-eimte, nithe a mheas mi nan eiridh agus nan athnuadhachadh mar choimhlionadh torrach air a ghealladh sin an Isaiah xlv. 5, far am bheil e soilleir, ann aite sam bith, 'san robh athleasachaidh eaglais a tighinn air adhart gu foirfeachd, tha iad a teachd gus a cheum sin.' Is leis an Tighearn mise, agus sgriobhaidh fear eile le laimh do'n Tighearn'. Is ann mar sin a bha e ann an laithibh rìghrean athleasachaidh ludah, agus mar an ceudna an deigh an aiseig an ais o Bhabiloin, ann an laithibh Nehemiah. Rinn an Tighearn Iosa an gealladh ceudna so na sheadh agus na Amen dhuine, nuair a shaor e sinn o Bhabiloin spioradail; ni a ta na fhianuis ni's dearbhta, gu'm b'iad so dearbh ghluasadan spiorad Dhe, ann ar ceud luchd athleasachaidh, gu'n robh iad gu h-araidh air an ruineachadh ann an aghaidh gluasadan spiorad an dorchadais, agus an ana-criosd, agus a luchd taic, agus an aghaidh an dainghneachdain bu treise a fhuair na grainealachdan sin le ordugh comhairle Thrent, agus leis a bhann fhuilteach sin ris an abair gu breugach

an ceangal naomh. Agus uime sin ciod air bith masladh ata a ria dheanamh do na cumhnantan so, tha mi a meas nach eil e ni na's lugha na bhi deanamh taire air Spiorad nan gras, ann na ghnìomhachadh is comharraichte dhe fein, ach gu h-araidh, a bhi a deanamh a mach gu bheil a bhi seasamh dilis air taobh nan cumhnantan, a tighinn o spiorad saobh-chrabhaibh agus ceannaire, tha mi ag radh gu bheil so na pheacadh de'n aon nadur ri peacadh na muinntir sin a thuirt gu'm b'ann tre Bheelsebub a bha Criosd a tilgeadh a mach dheamhain; agus sin leis an antromachadh so, nach d'thainig na Sgrìobhaichean agus na Phairisich riamh cho fad air adhart 's gu'n d'aidich iad Criosd, na gu'n do strìochead siad iad fein dhasan na da shligibh.

Ach ged tha mi air mo dhiteadh mar cheannairceach a measg dhaoine, gidheadh tha mi 'n dochas, eadhon anns an ni so, a bhi air m' fhaotainn dilis an lathair Dhia. Oir cha n-urrainn gnìomh a bhi's dilse do'n rìgh, a reir 's mar tha cuisean a dol a nis, na na h-uile duine a dhìchioll a dheanamh gu freumh searbh graineil sin na h-easbuigeachd a spionadh a fhreumh, oir is e freumh sin, milleadh na rìghchaithir agus na ducha; 's mar teid sin a dheanamh, cha bhi 'n rìgh chaithir gu brath air a steidheachadh ann am fireantachd, gus am bi na h-aingidh so air am fuadach as a lathair. Tha mi cinnteach gu'n d'rinn iadsan tha air an dìteadh a ni's mo a chaitheamh do uine ag urnuigh air a shòn, agus gu bheil an durachd gu'n seasadh a chaithir nis dilis, na na h-easbuigean a dhìt gu bas iad.

Mar steidh air son 'ur misneachadh chum na h-uile a dhleasdanasaidh an am anns a bheil sibh beo, saotharaichibh gu bhi air 'ur steidheachadh ann an gradh Iosa Criosd. Bithidh an gradh so co anfhann ri bhi faicinn ni sam bith a dh' fheuchadh ri smal a chur airsan, na air fhocal, na air oibre, agus cuiridh e thuig an t-anam gu taisbeanadh eudmhor air a shòn, air a chunnart is mo, agus gu bhi cho toileach basachadh air a shòn, agus a bhios iad a bhi beo chum a ghlorachaidh. Agus chum bhur misneach-uile anns a chuis so, tha mi cuir an ceill duibh, o'n la a thainig mi 'n tus do na phrìosan, gu'n do ghleidh Dia m'anam o uamhas agus eagal bais; o na fhuair mi mo chuis dìthidh, agus binn bais, dh' fhoillsich Dia e fein caochladh uairean air leithid do dhoigh, 's gu'n do thog e m'anam suas oscionn na h-uile easbuigean, uachdarana, cumhachdaibh, bas, agus ifrinn, gu bhi deanamh aoibhneas agus gu bhi subhach na shlainge; agus o ghrunn m'anam, esan a mheas airidh, agus gu'm fuilinginn na aobhar, am pian, agus am masladh is truime; agus mar an ceudna gu dochas cinnteach comunn sìorruidh maille ris fein ann an neamh.

Tha mi toirt maitheanas gu saor da na h-uile aig am bheil lamh 'nam fhuil, a' guidhe nach bi i air a cuir as leth na tire pheacach so, agus si mo ghuidhe gu 'n toireadh Dia aithearachas da ar uachdaranibh, chum 's gu'm faigheadh iad an reite cheudna ris, a ta mise a nis a' co-pairteachadh. Gu cinnteach tha mi creidsinn gu'n lughdaicheadh ar uachdaran a bhinn a leigeadh oirn, mar biodh iad air am brosnuchadh leis na h-easbuigean, air chor 's gur ann aig an dorsa-san a ta ar fuil gu sonruichte na luidhe; gidheadh bidh an neo-thoileachas inntinn sin a bha dortadh fola cho fada ann an aghaidh an leith-sgeul a ghabhail, 's gur ann a bhios e na fhianuis 'nan aghaidh ann an la an Tighearn.

Tha mi gu toileach a strìochdadh da na bhas, mar an ni sin a chomharraich Dia do na h-uile dhaoine airson peacaich, agus a strìochdadh da'n doigh chomharraichte so, airson mo pheacanna sonruichte.

Tha mi a moladh Dhia airson an smachdachadh ath-aireil so, leis an d'rinn e mi ann an cuid, agus anns an dean e mi fadheoidh na m' fhear comhpairt iomlan de a naomhachd. Tha mi ga ghlorachadh, a chionn gu'n do ghairm e mach mi gu fulang airson ainm agus orduighean, agus ceanglaichean soleimte na tire dha, agus gu'n ghabh e'n doigh so chum mo thoirt air falbh o'n olc ri teachd. Gu'm beannaich an Tighearn a shluagh bochd uile, a ta 'g osnaich, agus fo' amhghar, ata mi fagail as mo dheigh.

O so amach, cha labhair mi ri fuil is feoil, ni mo cha smaoinich mi air solasan saoghalta. Slan le mo chairdean, an cuideachd a bha ro urachail ann an laithibh mo chuairt. Cha 'n iarr mi ni's mo solus na greine, na no gealaich. Failte air beatha shìorruidh, air gradh sìorruidh, moladh sìorruidh, gloir shìorruidh! Moladh dhasan ata na shuidhe air an rìgh chaithir, agus do'n Uan gu sìorruidh! Ged nach robh mi mar so maille riut, ann an tigh mo chuairt, gidheadh rinn thu riumsa coimh-cheangal sìorruidh, air a shuidheachadh anns na h-uile ni agus cinnteach; agus 'se so mo shlaint uile, agus mo mhiann uile. Beannuich an Tighearn, O m' anam, a mhaith m'easantuis ann am fuil a Mhic, agus a leighis m'uile euslaintean! Beannaichibh an Tighearn, sibhse aingle, treun an neart! Beannaich an Tighearn, O m'anam. Halleluiah.

Priosan Dhuneidin, 22 de mìos mheadhonach a gheamhraidh, 1666.

Mar sin chrìochnaich Huistean Mac Cathail a thurus ann an lan dearbhachd a chreidimh, air a sholas agus fhois shìorruidh. Do bhrìgh 's gu'n robh roinn de'n fhianuis nach robh so thuigseach da moran de na Gaidheil, cha do

chuir mi sìos uile i; ach chaidh mi's leor a sgrìobhadh chum a dheanamh aithnichte, sa chum fheuchainn do na h-uile a leughas an cunntas aithghearr so, cìod na seorsa dhaoine a bha san la dheuchaineach ud, a deanamh fianuis agus a fulang pianadh, agus bas airson Crun agus Cumhnant Chrìosd.

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## Literary Notice.

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THE GIANT MASQUERADE: AN HISTORICAL SURVEY OF THE ROMAN HIERARCHY, by the Rev. Frank C. Raynor. London: Morgan and Scott, Ltd., 12 Paternoster Buildings, E.C. 4. Price 6s.

This is one of the most fascinating books we have ever read on the Papacy. The author is a born literary artist. His keen eye has caught the light and shade in the marvellous panorama he has made to pass before the reader, and with unerring precision he describes the men and deeds of epoch-making events. With a masterly command of words he has given us a picture of the Papacy as it casts its giant, dominating form athwart human liberty and progress, and his indictment is one of the most terrible and crushing that was ever uttered against this tyranny before which kings and princes bowed until its spell was broken at the Reformation. If there is a lurking thought in the mind of any that Protestant controversialists have been too hard in characterising Romanism as the Mystery of Iniquity let him read this book. While we thus write of this remarkable book, we do not commit ourselves to Mr Raynor's treatment of some of the subjects. Here and there are statements with which we do not agree, for instance where he says, speaking of one of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpieces—"A race that can be swept into rapture by the Zaccaria Madonna is not far from the kingdom." Art, whatever refining influence it may have, is but nature at best, and it will never take us higher than nature. Again, the statement about the woman on bended knees in Notre Dame with her eyes uplifted to a golden cross takes too much for granted when it is said she was "in Christ." She may have been, and probably was, as gross an idolator as any of the careless crowd who thronged the great cathedral. Such statements as these and a few others are, to us, like blots in a very fine piece of work. We miss the mention of the glorious work done in Scotland under the instrumentality of John Knox. It is to be hoped

that in the next edition, for there is sure to be a call for more editions, there will be some mention made of a country in which the work of Reformation was as thoroughly carried through as any under the sun.

### **Notes and Comments.**

**The Bolsheviks.**—The Russian Bolsheviks are not succeeding as well as they had hoped, says the "Presbyterian Witness," in suppressing the Christian religion. Some time ago Zinoviev, the hierarch of the Third Internationale Hierarchy, after expressing doubts about the Communist war on religion, said: "We shall pursue our attacks on Almighty God in due time and in an appropriate manner. We are confident we shall subdue Him in His empyrean. We shall fight Him wherever He hides Himself. But we must go about such a question as anti-religious propaganda more carefully in the future." On which the New York "Post" remarks: "A little Red Ajax of atheism cautiously defying the eternal silences and the everlasting thunders. A Red speck riding for an instant on the rim of the Great Golden Wheel of God's universe calls upon that wheel to stop its eternal circlings." The futile efforts of these foolish people to fight against God recalls the 2nd Psalm and the fate depicted by the writer of those who in their revolt against the Divine law, imagine vain things, and are overwhelmed by the disaster which they have brought upon themselves.

#### **The Established Church Moderator on the Bible.**—

Dr White, in a recent address to the Rotary Club, Dundee, dealt with that mysterious, ever-changing and elusive subject—"The Modern Mind." In the course of his address he spoke of a return to, and confidence in, the message of the pulpit. "It was based," he said, "not on the Scriptures, but on the Word of God which was contained in the Scriptures, in a more wonderful Bible than the Church ever possessed. It was an authority of Christ, who stood before the world of men in clearer form to-day than at any other time in the history of the Church. In other words, the beliefs of the Church which constituted the substance of the sermon were being readjusted to fit more harmoniously into the sum of modern convictions. That was the secret of returning authority." Or, to put the matter straightly, the Church was now adjusting her creed to suit the everchanging outlook of the modern mind, while setting aside the Church view of the divine authority and inerrancy of the Scripture. It is news to us to learn that the new Bible of the scholars is a

"more wonderful Bible than the Church ever possessed," and that Christ "stood before the world of men in a clearer form to-day than any other time in the history of the Church." That these words should be uttered in Scotland is passing strange. That they should be uttered by the Moderator of the Established Church shows that it is possible for one to occupy the most honourable place in that Church and yet have not even a nodding acquaintance with the religious history and contentings of his native country. If this be the kind of teaching that is permissible in the new Church for which Dr White is working with all his might, then farewell to the Westminster Standards and all implied in them.

**Agitation for a Tax on Betting.**—A certain section of the press is renewing its agitation for a tax on betting. One sees with regret that the "Spectator," of which better things were expected, is lending its powerful advocacy to this bad cause. In a recent issue, Canon Green, Manchester, in reviewing a recent article in that journal, says:—"I oppose the tax for the following reasons:—(1) In no country where it has been tried has it reduced the volume of betting, but rather increased it. (2) That a tax would do nothing to regularise or control betting, since in France, New South Wales, South Australia, New Zealand, and every other country where a totalisator alone is legal, and book-making prohibited, bookmakers exist and do as much, and more, business as of old. (3) That the psychological effect of a Government tax on gambling would inevitably be to produce in the minds of young people the impression that betting was a perfectly right and respectable thing. I have an immense mass of evidence on this point, too long to be summarised in a letter. (4) That to licence betting would be to produce a great vested interest most difficult to fight in the future. (5) That the practical proposals put forward by the Home Office before the recent commission were such as would fill every religious and social worker, with any first-hand knowledge of the conditions which exist in our great industrial centres, with despair."

**The Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress.**—In placing these two books together it is not intended to convey the idea that they are on the same plane. The Bible occupies a place above all books written by men, but among these "The Pilgrim's Progress," if not occupying a pre-eminent, certainly occupies a very high place. The Bible has been translated in part into 770 languages and dialects, while "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 107 languages and dialects. We believe

this is a unique distinction for a book the work of men. Little did Bunyan dream when he sent forth his little book that it would visit so many parts of the world. Its scriptural teaching, its clear-cut descriptions, its touches of genius, all set forth in fine, simple Saxon, have all combined to give it a unique place in the classic literature of the world.

## Church Notes.

**Communion.**—February—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Breasclete; third, Stornoway. March—First Sabbath, Ullapool; second, Portree, Ness, and Tarbert (Harris); fourth, Kinlochbervie. April—First Sabbath, Stoer; third, Greenock; fourth, Glasgow and Wick. May—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Dumbarton; third, Edinburgh. South African Mission.—The following are the dates of the Communion:—Last Sabbath of March, June, September, and December. Note.—Notice of any additions to, or alteration of, the above dates of Communion should be sent to the Editor.

**Presentation to the Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall.**—As intimated in last issue, Mr Macfarlane attained his ministerial jubilee on 6th January. It has been suggested that the occasion should be taken advantage of to show our appreciation as a Church of Mr Macfarlane's faithful testimony by making a presentation to him. All who desire to join in this worthy object may have an opportunity of doing so by sending their contributions to Mr John Grant, General Treasurer, 4 Millburn Road, Inverness. This suggestion has the warm approval of the Presbyteries of the Church.

**Obituaries.**—We regret to learn of the death of two of our missionaries—Mr James Macfarlane, brother of Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall; and Mr Roderick Macleod—both of whom reached a good old age. Fuller notices will appear later on. We extend to their families our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

**Student Licensed.**—At a meeting of the Southern Presbytery, held at Glasgow on 12th January, Mr Donald Macdonald, divinity student, was licensed to preach the Gospel.

**Collection for Jewish and Foreign Missions.**—This Collection is to be taken up in February.

## Acknowledgment of Donations.

John Grant, Palmerston Villa, 4 Millburn Rd., Inverness, General Treasurer, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations received up to 15th Jan. 1926.

**AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' AND WIDOWS' FUND.**—A Free Presbyterian, Wick, per Rev. D. Beaton, 10s.

**COLLEGE FUND.**—A Free Presbyterian, Wick, per Rev. D. Beaton, 10s; N. Shaw, Lighthouse, Toward Point, 5s.

**HOME MISSION FUND.**—N. Shaw, Toward Point, 12s; T. and M. A. Livingston, Arrina, Strathcarron, 10s.

**JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—From "A Well-wisher"—A Living Man's Legacy, £200; A Friend, Bute, 16s; Do., Inverness postmark, £2; Anonymous, Garloch, 5s; "Interested," Ardrishaig postmark, 5s; Roderick Campbell, Toronto, £1; Wm. Gray, Dundee, per Rev. D. Beaton, 2s 6d; A. J. Sutherland, Applecross, 10s; a Friend, London, per Mr R. Sinclair, for Rev. J. Tallach, £1; a Friend, Inverness, £5 (£2 10s for Foreign Mission Fund and £2 10s for Rev. J. Tallach Car Fund).

**SUSTENTATION FUND.**—From "A Well-wisher"—A Living Man's Legacy, £200; Rod. Campbell, Toronto, £1 15s; Mrs Campbell, Russell Hill, Purley, Surrey, 15s; T. and M. and A. Livingston, Arrina, 15s; Kenneth Mackenzie, Alderson, Alberta, Canada, £5 1s 8d.

The following lists have been sent in for publication:—

**EDINBURGH CHURCH PURCHASE FUND.**—Mr A. Maclean, 16 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh, acknowledges, with sincere thanks, the following donation, per Mr J. Grant, General Treasurer—Adam Black, Brachors, Calder, 10s.

**GREENOCK CHURCH PURCHASE FUND.**—Rev. N. Cameron desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, for above—Miss M. M., Glasgow, £1; M. Nicolson, do., £1; Capt. Finlayson, do., £1; A. Lindsay, Tayvallick, £1; A. M. D. H., £1; Capt. Boyd, £2; Miss K. Macdonald, per Rev. W. Grant, £1; a Friend, Annat, 5s. Mr J. Urquhart, 12 Lyndoch Street, Greenock, acknowledges, with sincere thanks, from J. Mackenzie, Kelly Street, Greenock, £1; Alick Sloane, Nicolson Street, Greenock, 5s.

**JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—Rev. N. Cameron desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the following donations:—Broadford, 10s; Miss M. M., Glasgow, £1; A. Murray, Brora, £5; Capt. Finlayson, Glasgow, £1; Children's Offering for Kafir children, per Nurse Fraser, £2. For Rev. J. Tallach's Car.—Miss J. C. Kerr, Pitlochry, 5s; Mrs and Dr Johnston, £3 3s; Mrs Mack, Applecross, £1; J. Stewart, 10s; Mrs Mackay, 5s; John Macleod, Crianlarich, £1; a Friend, £5; two Friends, £2; Friend, per Rev. W. Grant, 10s.

## The Magazine.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR MAGAZINE.—4s SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—Mrs N. Anderson, Broadford; Mrs Cameron, Craigmore, Bute; Mrs Currie, Pirn-mill, Arran; Mrs C. Fraser, Kirkbuddo; Miss J. Fraser, Scaniport; Mrs M. Macaskill, Beach Street, Stornoway; Mrs Mackay, Mossburn, Southland, New Zealand; Miss M. Mackay, 1179 3rd Ave., New York; John Mackenzie, 6 Skegersta; F. C. Sutherland, Scotscaider.

**OTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—Mrs Campbell, Purley, Surrey, 5s; James Campbell, sen., Inverness, 5s; Rodk. Campbell, Toronto, 5s; N. Cook, Pirn-mill, Arran, 5s; Mrs H. Macdonald, Strathcanaird, 10s; Mrs J. Mackay, Fearn, Raasay, 3s; D. Mackenzie, Newbury, Berks., 1s 4d; Mrs Macleod, Alness, 3s; Allan Macleod, Suisnish, Raasay, 2s 3d; D. Rankin, Strontian, 4s 6d; Mrs Spottiswood, Belfast, 2s; Dr Don. M. Stewart, Chadwell Heath, Essex, 5s; Wm. Urquhart, Bracebridge, Ontario, 5s 4d.

**FREE DISTRIBUTION.**—Anonymous, Mansfield postmark, £1; "Lover of the Truth," Clydebank, 2s; a Friend, Inverness postmark, 10s; Adam Black, Brachorn, Calder, 10s; Miss M. Dewar, 155 Hill St., Glasgow, 3s 6d; Miss J. Fraser, Scaniport, 4s; Miss L. Kennedy, Strome Cottage, Lochcarron, 5s; Mrs J. Mackay, Balnabruach, Portmahomack, 2s 6d; Mrs M. Mackinnon, Redcliffe, Portree, 4s; A. J. Sutherland, Police Station, Applecross, 10s; N. Shaw, Lighthouse, Toward Point, 3s.