



THE  
Free Presbyterian Magazine  
And MONTHLY RECORD

---

VOL. XXX.

January 1926.

No. 9.

---

Looking Back and Forward.

---

BY the time this issue of the Magazine is in the hands of most of our readers, another year with its sorrows, tragedies, blasted hopes and disappointments on the one hand, and its joys, unanticipated blessings, mercies and favours received on the other hand, will have passed beyond the hope of recall. Another milestone has been passed, and this is fitted to fill the mind of many with the thought that for them there are not many more to pass, and of all, that they are nearer the end of the journey than they ever were before. It is a time when the prayer should be on the lips of all: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The past year to some of our readers has brought sorrow—their circumstances are not so promising as they were—death has entered the family circle, and there are vacant places—ill-health may have stricken down some dear one and the future is overcast with a funereal pall. To all such we extend our heartfelt sympathy, for though many of our readers are unknown to us, yet we feel an interest in them and their welfare. To those who are of the household of faith we can without any fear bring them the cheering message that all their sorrows and afflictions are part of the "all things that work together for good to them who love God, who are the called according to His purpose." Looking at things as they see them, they are ready to say with Jacob: "All these things are against me." But it is not so. Even now all these things so forbidding in their outward appearance are working together for the good of God's people, and as for the future these light afflictions are working out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "For which cause," the Apostle says, "we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

Happy people whose sorrows and tribulations in time are working for their good with the prospect on entering eternity "of a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." To those who are still strangers of God's loving kindness in Christ affliction may be sent their way at times to turn their thoughts away from the swift flowing but shallow streams of earthly pleasures and joys to that deep flowing river of God's pleasures out of which many a perishing sinner drank to his and her everlasting comfort. If such be the purpose God has in sending these afflictions, though the heart may be almost broken under them, there will be no regrets at the end of the day. For we have no doubt that the Psalmist will be joined by a goodly number in saying: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I kept thy word. . . . It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes" (Ps. cxix. 67, 71).

At such a time it is becoming that notice should be taken of the state of things in the State and in the Church. In reference to the former there is a decided breaking of the thick clouds that hung over us for years, though we cannot tell the moment when even thicker clouds may gather. It is pleasing to read that unemployment is decreasing and that our foreign relations with the great Powers are more friendly than they have been for some time. The signing of the Locarno Pact has been received with great rejoicing, and our Foreign Secretary has had heaped upon him praise for his statesmanship from all quarters for his part in bringing about this Agreement. But with the ruthless setting aside of treaties when it suited the covenant breakers before our mind's eye of which we had more than is agreeable to think of in recent years, it is well that the exuberance of our joy should be tempered with a subdued sanity of outlook on international problems. We must not forget that unless the Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain. The watchmen have their duty to perform, but over and above them there is One to whom our eyes ought to be directed. There is one dark, ominous cloud looming in the distance, however, that it is well we should not forget about and pray to God that it might pass away. We refer to the threat made by the Miners' Federation to hold up the country. No one who knows the nature of a miner's work, with the great risks involved, will grudge to them a competent wage to keep themselves and their families, but in this matter the whole country is to be held at ransom to bring the coal owners to grant what the miners are asking. The Government is making per-

parations to meet this threat, and if the clash comes, as at present it looks like, then it may be much more serious than was anticipated by men even of a strongly pessimistic mind. As citizens it is our duty to call upon God that such a calamity would be averted. We have the encouragement that the last time the Miners' Federation threatened the country with a like calamity God robbed the hand that was to strike of its power, and He can as easily do the same again.

In the Church we cannot say that things are improving—at least as far as the Church in general is concerned. In England the Anglo-Catholics are pressing their Romish doctrines with great persistency. The Modernists both in the Church of England and among the Non-conformists are occupying strongly entrenched positions, and the whole outlook is far from hopeful to those who love the doctrines taught in the Bible. In Scotland the movement for Union of the Established and United Free Church is moving steadily onwards. The Presbyteries and Kirk-sessions are at present giving their opinions, and it is surprising how much opposition is being offered, in view of the skilfully engineered plans of the Unionists and the glowing speeches made by them on the floor of the General Assemblies and from public platforms. The great Scottish dailies—such as the “Glasgow Herald” and the “Scotsman”—are active propagandists for Union. This is somewhat ominous, especially when the “Scotsman” is hitched on to the Union chariot. As Principal Rainy said on one occasion: “There must be something wrong somewhere.” As we purpose to return to this subject of the Union of the two Churches in later issues and at greater length, we refrain from saying anything further, except to express wonder that a work which is loudly proclaimed to be the work of God should be received with such cold indifference by those most immediately concerned.

In regard to our own Church the past year has seen not a few breaches made in the ranks of those who were a strength and support to the congregations where they acted as office-bearers. The Lord has been kind and good to us in many ways, and it is the least we can do, in view of manifold mercies received, to make acknowledgment of the same. It has been generally noticed that during last year there has been a very noticeable increase at our Communion gatherings, and the hearers have shown a deepened interest in the preaching. What purpose the Lord may have in this is known to Himself alone, but may it be the forerunner of rich blessings from heaven.

## The Door of Salvation Opened.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

“In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ” (II. Thess. i. 8).

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me” (Rev. iii. 20).

**I**T hath pleased the most wise Disposer of all things, out of the riches of His grace, to render Jesus Christ to poor, lost, and undone sinners, and also pleased the Lord Jesus, not only to die for sinners to redeem them from death and the curse of the law, that He might open a way for lost sinners to return to God, but is pleased to stand knocking at the door of their hearts to entreat their souls to be reconciled to God. And, therefore, as you love your souls, as you love your bodies, as you would not bring damnation on yourselves, hear and fear; and do no more wickedly, but open your hard and stony hearts that the King of Glory may enter in. O! sinner, Christ is now standing and calling to thy soul, if thou wilt hear and open, I will come unto thee. Now Christ is saying, I know thy works, I know well enough that thou hast been a blasphemer, or a whoremonger, or a thief, or a Sabbath-breaker, or a scorner; yet I stand at the door this day, and knock; I will receive thee into mercy, I will forgive all thy sins. I will accept, I will hear, I will save thy soul, if thou wilt open thy heart this day unto me and let me in. O brethren, for Christ's sake refuse not Christ, do not refuse Christ, do not refuse nor reject so great a salvation lest you perish.

1. Consider the necessity you have of Him. “Give me children or else I die,” said Rachel. Give me Christ, or else I perish for ever. Can you be saved without Christ? And if you may have Christ but for the opening the door, then, while it is called to-day, then hear and open to Him. If the door of grace should be shut, thou wouldest be shut up with vengeance for ever.

2. Consider what answer thou wilt be able to make at the Great Day, if thou wilt harden thy heart and not open, why, what wilt thou, what, cannot thou plead for thyself at the day of judgment? Wilt thou say, the Gospel never offered thee Christ? Why, thou hast



heard this day: If any man will hear and open, I will come in and sup with him. Will those say, I would have opened my heart had it not been for love of sin, or for ease, or for liberty, honour, friends, or companions. Oh! how will men and angels hiss at thee! This is the person who for lusts' sake forsook His mercy, who, for a little vanity neglected his own salvation. O! how wilt thou curse thyself, that for nothing, yea, for that which is worse than nothing, thou hast put off Christ and His salvation! Therefore, men, brethren, and fathers, hearken unto me, as Moses said to the Israelites, so this day I propone unto you blessing and cursing, life and death; salvation, if you open unto Christ, and damnation, if you refuse Christ.

For the Lord's sake, choose not cursing but blessing; choose not death, but life; choose not hell, but heaven; choose not sin but Christ, though you have formerly slighted Him. If you will now regard Him, though you have formerly condemned Him; yet, if you will praise Him, though you have formerly resisted; if yet you will yield, if yet you will consent, if yet you will become willing, Christ will be yours, mercy will be yours, and salvation will be yours.

And what will you have more? What! will all this do? Will not mercy allure you? Will love constrain you? Then give me leave to reprove you, and fright you if it be possible, out of those depths of Satan into which you are fallen. However, I am resolved whether you will or not, and the Lord fasten it upon your souls.

Question -1. In the bowels of love and mercy, let me beg thee to ask thy soul this question: How long will this life and the comfort of it last? The soul is immortal and will never die, but must have a being somewhere to all Eternity.

Question 2. What will become of thee when this life and all the comforts of it are gone? Oh, hard-hearted sinner, this broad way which thou walkest in will never lead thee to the promised land; thy gold and silver key will never open heaven's gate for thee; thy care of this world's good will never plead for thee before the Judge; all thy friends and acquaintances with whom thou hast spent many joyful hours, their good works will stand thee in no stead.

Then thou wilt be ready to cry: Where is the Christ whom I have despised? Oh, where is the Jesus that I have resisted? Will He plead for me? No, surely; but go to the gods whom thou hast chosen. O,

what will become of me? Must I not die? O, whether will death carry me? Into which of the regions of the world will death land me, either of light or of darkness! To which of the two regions am I now travelling?

Certainly the way of pleasure or worldly profit, the broad way to the world, is not the way to lead me to heaven or to everlasting happiness. Say, O sinner, to thy soul, What! must I be taken from all glory and greatness, from all the diligence, and thrown, like Lucifer, son of the morning, from all my brightness into blackness and darkness for ever? When death hath closed mine eyes, must I awake in everlasting flames! Sinner! thou, thou shalt be without remedy, unless thou open to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Question 3. Ask thy soul on which hand thou art like to stand on the Day of Judgment, on the right hand, or on the left among the goats. If thou wilt not hear, and open thy heart now, be assured the devil will open hell's mouth for thee. What will be the end of these joys which now make so glad thy heart? You are now in the broad way to destruction and utter separation from God's presence for ever. Thy pleasures here we may judge of, but, oh! who can tell the thousandth part of these fiery torments to which thou art liable in the other world?

Whilst thou diest, thou shalt be a damned creature, Whilst thou livest, thou art fed like a beast by common providences, and art a mere stranger to feeding promises. If thou lookest upwards, God is frowning, and His wrath is revealed from heaven against thee. If thou lookest downward, thou mayest see hell gaping, and opening its mouth to swallow thee up quick; many dangers attend thee every day; many miseries every moment; legions of devils stand about thee, watching thee, and waiting for the leave of God to drag thy soul into the lake of fire.

Ah, when thou diest, man, what must thou then do? When Captain Death strikes thee, whose armies of wolves will fall upon thee? Look to it, and remember thou wert once warned, lest thou die eternally. St. Austin's prayer was: "O Lord, rack me, hew me, burn me here, but spare me hereafter." As long as thou refusest to hear Christ's voice, thou hast a hell upon earth; it is not the multitude of companions that go thither which shall any whit lessen thy torments, but rather increase them; thy life that has been full of worldly joys shall be full of daily woe.

All you into whose hands this little book shall come, O let me beg you to consider, in those bowels of love you have to put your own souls, how your hearts can endure to think of being then out of heaven, out of blessedness for ever; ask your hearts these questions: Can I burn? Can I endure the vengeance of eternal fire? O, why, my soul, wilt thou not be persuaded to repent? Is there too much pain in that? Thou art ready to say, I cannot bear a cross, nor any affliction, a scoff, or a reproach; talk thee of crucifying the flesh, of parting with thy wordly companions, of entering in at the strait gate; O, these are hard sayings, who can bear them?

But how wilt thou do to dwell with devouring fire? How wilt thou do to dwell with everlasting burnings? Whatsoever thou thinkest now, think what hell will be when the day comes thou must descend into it; thou mayest drink or laugh away the fear of it, but what will it be to thee when thou feelest thyself wrapped in the flames of it, and not a drop of water to cool thy tongue? Think on hell, O soul, and then think on Christ, and consider if a Redeemer from such misery be not worth the accepting of. Think on hell, and think on sin, and carnal pleasures, and delights; consider how they will relish with thee, when thus salted with everlasting fire. Are these the price for which thou sellest thy soul to hell? Oh! bid these lusts and pleasures be gone; and though you loved them well, and have spent your time sinfully with them, yet tell them you must not burn for them, that you will not damn your soul to please your flesh.

Having thus briefly, as may be, laid down the use of terror, which I hope, will waken some poor souls out of the depth of carnal security, now I shall proceed to the last use of encouragement; to encourage poor secure sinners to venture to lay fast hold on Him before that it be too late.

Oh! poor soul, hast thou kept Christ out of a long time, and art thou not yet resolved to open thy heart to Him? What shall I say to thee? Let me say this, Christ waits still for thee; then why wilt thou undo thyself by neglecting so great salvation? Let the consideration of the message Christ brings you, of the errand He comes on, excite you (it is no dismal one He brings, it is no dreadful errand). If Christ had come to destroy thy soul, could He have had less welcome than you gave Him? Oh! for your soul's sake, receive Him. Oh! ye fools, when will ye be wise?

Come unto Christ, and He will have mercy on you, and heal all your backslidings, and love you freely.

But some poor soul will be ready to say, I have a desire to come to Christ, but I am afraid Christ will never receive such a wretched sinner as I, who have stood it out so long against Him. For answer to this, give me leave to give you some directions.

Direction 1.—Ah, poor soul, art thou willing to come to Christ? Then will Christ in no wise cast thee out, if thou comest to Him poor, miserable, blind, and naked. O sinner, come not to Him in thy strength. Come thou and say, O Lord, here is a poor sinner, not worth a farthing! O Lord, make me rich in faith. O Lord, here is a miserable soul. Lord, have mercy on me; here is a poor blind sinner, Lord, enlighten me from above; here is a poor, naked wretch, O Lord, save me lest I perish, for I cannot help myself.

Direction 2—Come to Christ by believing in Him. Ay! when thy poor soul is sinking headlong into hell, and sees no way to escape the fearful wrath of God hanging over thy head, catch, thou, then at such a time fast hold on Christ. Oh! then, apprehend and apply all His benefits unto thy soul; come this way and grasp Him in the arms of thy faith, and say, I believe in Thee, help Thou my unbelief. And the answer which the Lord will give thee will be thus:—Be it according as thou wilt. Let Christ be in your hand, and the promise in your eye; and no doubt though thou hast been a rebel, a traitor, yet Jesus Christ, having received gifts for the rebellious, will show mercy on thee and receive thee.

Direction 3—Come to Jesus Christ by repenting and forsaking all thy sins. Thou canst never come to the wedding supper without the wedding garments. The old man must be taken away before all things can be made new. Oh, Jerusalem! wash thy heart from wickedness that thou mayest be saved. Which God of His infinite mercy grant that we may all do, and be blessed for ever through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

---

The fair morning is at hand, the Day-star is near the rising, and we are not many miles from Home; what matters the ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this miserable life? We are not to stay here, and we will be dearly welcome to Him to Whom we go.—*Rutherford.*

## **Noted Preachers of the Northern Highlands.**

THE REV. JOHN MACDONALD, D.D., FERINTOSH ; "THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH."

(Continued from p. 307.)

**MR** MACDONALD was in his thirty-fourth year when he came to Ferintosh. Within the first year of his ministry there he lost his wife, and on his first Communion Sabbath he preached from the words—"I will betroth thee unto me forever." The sermon made the profoundest impression on his hearers. "Few eyes," says Dr Kennedy, "were tearless in that vast assembly; and when in the evening he appealed to the unconverted, commending to them the love of Jesus, urging on their acceptance His offer of marriage, and warning them of the danger of refusing His advances, the hearts of many sinners were pierced. The excitement at last was very great, the groans and outcries of the stricken ones sometimes drowning the voice of the preacher. During the closing service on Monday the same scene was repeated" (The Apostle of the North, p. 80). This was the beginning of a revival which continued for some time. Mr Macdonald's consideration comes out very beautifully in the way he turned the despondency of Mrs Calder, his predecessor's widow, into joy. Mrs Calder, while rejoicing in the blessing that followed Mr Macdonald's preaching, was troubled at the thought of the comparative unfruitfulness of her saintly husband's ministry, and on expressing this to Mr Macdonald he said to her—"What you see now, my dear Mrs Calder, is the upspringing of the seed which your husband was sowing. The farmer sends his best man to sow the seed; but, the field once sown, he sends any boy who may happen to be at hand, to harrow it. The field must be harrowed as well as sown, but the sowing is the more important work. It was thus 'the Lord of the harvest' dealt in appointing work for your husband and for me. He, the skilled labourer, was sent to sow the good seed, and I, a novice, was sent after him to do a lowlier work."

Mr Macdonald soon after this visited Breadalbane, and there was a great awakening there under his preaching. It was at this time, at Ardeonaig, that he preached what the Rev. D. Campbell, Kiltarn, calls "the most memorable sermon then and ever preached by him" on the words, "Thy Maker is thine husband"



(Is. liv. 5). "The sermon," says Mr Campbell, "was accompanied with an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit. Some cried out; others were melted into tears; while many laboured in vain to suppress their feelings. The place was then 'no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.'" The notes of this sermon were found written out in his own hand in English, though it was preached in Gaelic, and are given in Dr Kennedy's "Apostle of the North" and in the Life of Rev. D. Campbell, of Kiltearn.

The fame of the great preacher had now spread, and a desire to hear him became very evident. He had his opponents, however, in the Moderate ministers, who disliked the "wild" man of Ferintosh. On one occasion he was asked by the people of Dornoch to preach to them, and he consented to do so, provided they got the consent of Dr Bethune, the parish minister. Dr Bethune resolutely refused to grant permission. As the parish of Creich was not forbidden ground, Mr Macdonald and the congregation set off to a spot in Spinningdale, where the parish of Creich touches the western boundary of the parish of Dornoch. The people remained on the Dornoch side, and Mr Macdonald preached to them from the Creich side. "He never preached with greater power," says Dr Kennedy, "ere the sermon closed, the spot on which he stood was worn down, by the action of his feet, into a pit, the form of which for many years could be pointed out to visitors." Mr Macdonald, nothing daunted at the opposition offered him, entered the parish of Strathbogie (Aberdeen), a stronghold of Moderatism. The droning Moderates, who delivered their sermons half asleep themselves to congregations which they effectually put to sleep Sabbath after Sabbath, were very wide awake when the rousing preacher from Ferintosh appeared among them. A complaint was laid against him to the General Assembly. A motion was carried banning the liberty that Mr Macdonald had taken, though, as Dr Andrew Thomson pertinently pointed out, the same men who had done this had sounded the praise and contributed to the acquittal of a clergyman who had neglected the duty of preaching to his people for seven months! Such were some of the high-handed dealings that headed the Evangelicals straight for the Disruption in 1843.

Something must now be said about Mr Macdonald's visits to St Kilda, that lonely island lying out on the wide Atlantic. Presbyterian ministers since the Revolution had attended to the spiritual needs of the St Kildians,

but if one is to judge these pastors by the state of the flock as visited by Mr Macdonald in 1822 they certainly had not done much to enlighten the people in the things pertaining to the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. "It grieves me," says Mr Macdonald, "to say and I took pains to ascertain the truth, that, among the whole body, I did not find a single individual who could be truly called a decidedly religious person; that is, one who has felt the influence of the truth on his soul, and who exhibits that influence in his life and conversation." This visit to St Kilda was taken at the request of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. When he left the island he could say, "A few, at least five or six, appear to be under serious impressions, while the general body seem to feel more than an ordinary concern about their eternal interests; and, I would fain hope, a greater degree of prepossession in favour of the gospel than has hitherto appeared among them." The parting suggested to Mr Macdonald the farewell scene in the Acts when Paul bade farewell to the Ephesian elders. This is his account of it:—"When all was got ready, about nine o'clock, and we had been taking leave of the inhabitants, all of them in a body (children not excepted) followed us to the shore, and amidst cries and tears, in which my landlord and I were obliged to share, we shook hands with them and bade them a final adieu. The scene it is impossible for me to describe, but it reminded me of Acts xx. 38—"Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." And they literally expressed themselves so. After we got under weigh, they ascended the brow of a steep hill, and sat following us with their eye, till our little bark, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, became no more visible." The St Kildians, however, were to see his face again, and if the parting was sad, the welcome was with tears of joy. When the time of the second departure drew near, the people gathered around him and begged for prayers ere they parted. Mr Macdonald read to them Ps. cxxi., and then prayed with them. They followed him to the shore, and amidst cries and tears Mr Macdonald parted once again with the people whose hearts he had so deeply touched. In the interval between this visit and his third to St Kilda, Mr Macdonald visited Ireland. In order that he might preach to the Irish in their native tongue he spent some time in studying Irish. He found the dialect spoken in the North more like the Scottish Gaelic than the dialect spoken in the southern parts of Ireland. As he be-

came more familiar with Irish the wonted fire entered into his preaching and touched the hearts of his hearers. He set out on evangelistic tours, and Roman Catholics crowded to hear him preach to them in a tongue slightly different from their own, but which nevertheless they were able to understand. The priests, however, became alarmed, and they did all they could to interfere with his labours. On his return from Ireland Mr Macdonald visited South Uist, and then paid his third visit to St Kilda, which was to be his last visit to the island whose inhabitants had so much endeared themselves to him and him to them. The other partings were sufficiently affecting, says Mr Macdonald, but the last exceeded them all.

In a brief sketch like this it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of how manifold were his labours as an evangelist, though one may get some idea of what these were by reading his diary as printed in Dr Kennedy's life of the Apostle of the North. He was a man of strong physique, which stood him in good stead in his journeyings from place to place. He was very methodical in his habits, as the following rules for employment of his time when at home indicate:— "From 7 to 9 a.m.—Private devotion; 9 to 10—Family worship and breakfast; 10 to 3 p.m.—Parochial duties, study, etc.; 3 to 4—Dinner; 4 to 5—Study; 5 to 6—Tea and conversation; 6 to 9—Private devotion and study; 9 to 10—Family worship and supper; 10 to 11—Private devotion; 11 to 7 a.m.—Sleep and dressing."

Mr Macdonald was twice married. He had ten children, three of whom were by his first marriage. John, the first born, was, according to Dr Kennedy, his best beloved. He afterwards became missionary in Calcutta, and our readers have already made their acquaintance with him in the pages of the Magazine. In sending to his son when at college some books, including Edwards on the Religious Affections, he says:— "The work is worth gold—may the Lord bless it to my dear John, and enable him not only to understand but to reach the attainments of Christian character, knowledge, and experience delineated in it." Edwards' works were specially blest to father and son.

When the Church of Scotland was split in two, Dr Macdonald (he received his doctorate in 1842) had no doubt as to his duty, and cast in his lot with the Free Church. Prior to this event, Dr Macdonald went from place to place in the Highlands explaining to the people the issues involved. It was a great drain on his time and strength, travelling as he did from place to place.

in all kinds of weather, but it was willingly borne for the sake of the good cause. After the Disruption he left the old manse of Ferintosh and returned to a small cottage. In a few years afterwards a manse and church were built. In August 1844, the General Assembly of the Free Church met at Inverness. Dr Macdonald was appointed joint-moderator with Dr Macfarlane, of Greenock. Dr Macdonald preached the opening sermon in Gaelic from the words—"And those who have turned the world upside down are come hither also." "When he announced and read his text," says Dr Kennedy, "there were few Gaelic-speaking hearers in the hall who could refrain from smiling."

It was through a blister caused by his boot that the strong and powerful frame of Dr Macdonald was laid low. Mortification set in, and all that medical and surgical skill could do was unavailing. To a brother minister who visited him in his last illness, he said—"There are three things which the Lord hath done for me; and may you have cause to praise Him for dealing so with you. He did not expose my heart sins to the world; He did not punish my secret sins in my public work; nor did He alienate from me the affections of His people during all my ministry." Dr Macdonald passed to his everlasting rest on 16th April 1849, in his 70th year. His remains were laid to rest beside those of his saintly predecessor, Mr Calder, in Urquhart Burying-ground, to await the call of his Lord on that day when the heavens will be no more and the earth shall pass away. A great concourse of people followed the remains to the place of burial.

Dr Kennedy, writing in 1866, says:—"A visitor of their graves [Mr Calder's and Dr Macdonald's] in the old church-yard of Urquhart shall certainly see nothing to indicate that the men of this generation are given to garnishing the tombs of the prophets." The same criticism applies to the tombstone erected over the grave of his saintly father, the Rev. John Kennedy, in Killearnan burying-ground. Surely there is still a few in the Black Isle who have as much love and reverence for these great men as to remedy this state of matters.

A word must be said about Dr Macdonald as a poet. His Gaelic poems as his elegies, "Do Mhaighstir Cal-dair" (to Mr Calder); "Air Mr Eoin Robison" (Mr Robertson, Kingussie); "Air Mr Iain Ceanadaidh" (Rev. John Kennedy, Redcastle), were very popular at one time, and were recited at length by Gaelic-speaking people. But it is in his "An Criosduidh air a thurus gu Iordan" (The Christian on his way to Jordan)—

"An Criosduidh air bruach Iordain" (The Christian on the bank of Jordan)—"An Croisduidh thall air Iordain" (The Christian across Jordan), that he excels as he sings in sweet strains of the experiences of a noted Christian—his own father—on his journey to the River and his feelings at the Jordan and when he had crossed. Dr Kennedy remarks that while Dr Macdonald could admire genuine poetry, he could not produce it; "he had as much fondness for poetry as moved him to write it," he says, "but though he had poetic taste, he lacked poetic skill." We will not take upon ourselves to set aside the verdict of a master in Israel and a first-class judge of literary form, but one thing must be admitted, that Dr Macdonald has a very high place among the religious bards of the Highlands, and it may be owing to Dr Kennedy's own high standard of what constitutes genuine poetry that he pronounced the above verdict.

We conclude with Dr Kennedy's tribute to, and characterisation of Dr Macdonald as a preacher:—It was as a preacher he attained his eminence. There have been not a few who could defend the doctrine of the gospel against learned disputants with greater success. Many have equalled, and a few have surpassed him, in the power to affect the feelings of an audience. In skill of illustration he was inferior to some of his contemporaries, and there were others who were more skilful casuists. But all the elements which combine to constitute a true preacher of the gospel were found in him in rare harmony and in excellent measure. His expositions were always careful, luminous, and exact; his statements of doctrine were marvellously precise; the arrangement of his ideas was always logical and textual; his facility of expression was singularly great; his illustrations, always apt, were often striking; his practical counsels to Christians, suggested by his own experience, were always wise and seasonable; and his appeals to sinners were most solemn and powerful" (Apostle of the North, p. 331). Such is the tribute of one who, himself, was endeared to the Highland people as a preacher of the foremost rank, to one who by general consent occupies a place of special eminence among the great Highland preachers.

---

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.*

The goodness of God is not properly comprehended, when security does not follow as its fruit.—*John Calvin.*



## **Bryan's Speech Prepared for the Scopes Case.**

**THE** speech prepared by Mr William Jennings Bryan as opposing counsel in the Scopes trial was not delivered owing to the early termination of the case, but it has now been issued to the public, and we quote the following passage from it :—"Prof. J. Arthur Thomson says 'the idea of evolution is the most potent thought-economising formula the world has yet known.' It is more than that; it dispenses with thinking entirely and relies on the imagination. On page 141 of his 'Descent of Man,' Darwin attempts to trace the mind of man back to the mind of the lower animals. On pages 113 and 114 he endeavours to trace man's moral nature back to the animals. It is all animal, animal, animal, with never a thought of God or religion. Our first indictment against evolution is that it disputes the truth of the Bible account of man's creation, and shakes faith in the Bible as the Word of God. This indictment we prove by comparing the processes described as evolutionary with the text of Genesis. It not only contradicts the Mosaic record as to the beginning of human life, but it disputes the Bible doctrine of reproduction according to kind—the greatest scientific principle known.

"Our second indictment is that the evolutionary hypothesis, carried to its logical conclusion, disputes every vital truth of the Bible. Its tendency, natural, if not inevitable, is to lead those Evolutionists who really accept it, first to agnosticism and then to atheism. Evolutionists attack the truth of the Bible, not openly at first, but by using weasel words like 'poetical,' 'symbolical,' and 'allegorical,' to suck the meaning out of the inspired record of man's creation. We call as our first witness Charles Darwin. He began life as a Christian. On page 39, vol. I., of the 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' by his son, Francis Darwin, he says, speaking of the period from 1828 to 1831, 'I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible.' On page 412 of Vol. II. of the same publication, he says, 'When I was collecting facts for "the origin" my beliefs in what is called a personal God was as firm as that of Dr Pusey himself.' It may be a surprise to your honour and to you, gentlemen of the jury, as it was to me, to learn that Darwin passed three years at Cambridge studying for the ministry.

"This was Darwin as a young man, before he came under the influence of the doctrine that man came from a lower order of animals. The change wrought in his religious views will be found in a letter written to a German youth in 1879, and printed on page 277 of Vol. I. of the life and letters above referred to. The letter begins:—"I am much engaged, an old man, and out of health, and I cannot spare time to answer your questions fully—nor indeed can they be answered. Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities."

"Note that science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. Stated plainly, that simply means that 'the habit of scientific research' makes one cautious in accepting the only evidence that we have of Christ's existence, mission, teachings, crucifixion, and resurrection, namely, the evidence found in the Bible. To make this interpretation of his words the only possible one, he adds, 'For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation.' In rejecting the Bible as a revelation from God, he rejects the Bible's conception of God, and he rejects also the supernatural Christ of whom the Bible, and the Bible alone, tells. And, it will be observed, he refuses to express any opinion as to a future life."

"Now let us follow with his son's exposition of his father's views as they are given in extracts from a biography written in 1876. Here is Darwin's language as quoted by his son:—"During these two years (Oct. 1838 to Jan. 1839), I was led to think much about religion. Whilst on board the *Beagle* I was quite orthodox, and I remember being heartily laughed at by several of the officers (though themselves orthodox) for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. When thus reflecting, I felt compelled to look for a first cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to man; and I deserved to be called an atheist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I can remember, when I wrote the "*Origin of Species*"; it is since that time that it has very gradually, with many fluctuations, become weaker. But then arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest ani-

mals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I, for one, must be content to remain an agnostic.'

"When Darwin entered upon his scientific career he was 'quite orthodox and quoted the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality.' Even when he wrote 'The Origin of Species' the thought of 'a first cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to man' was strong in his mind. It was after that time that 'very gradually, with many fluctuations,' his belief in God became weaker. He traces this decline for us and concludes by telling us that he cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems—the religious problems above referred to. Then comes the flat statement that he 'must be content to remain an agnostic,' and to make clear what he means by the word agnostic, he says that 'the mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us'—not by him alone, but by everybody. Here we have the effect of evolution upon its most distinguished exponent; it led him from an orthodox Christian, believing every word of the Bible and in a personal God, down and down and down to helpless and hopeless agnosticism.

"But there is one sentence upon which I reserved comment—it throws light upon his downward pathway. 'Then arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?' Here is the explanation: He drags man down to the brute level and then, judging man by brute standards, he questions whether man's mind can be trusted to deal with God and immortality!

"How can any teacher tell his students that evolution does not tend to destroy his religious faith? How can an honest teacher conceal from his students the effect of evolution upon Darwin himself? And is it not stranger still that preachers who advocate evolution never speak of Darwin's loss of faith, due to his belief in evolution? The parents of Tennessee have reason enough to fear the effect of evolution upon the minds of their children. Belief in evolution cannot bring to those who hold such a belief any compensation for the loss of faith in God, trust in the Bible and belief in the supernatural character of Christ. It is belief in evolution that has caused so many scientists

and so many Christians to reject the miracles of the Bible and then give up, one after another, every vital truth of Christianity.. . .

"The miracle should not be a stumbling block to any one. It raises but three questions: First, could God perform a miracle? Yes, the God who created the universe can do anything He wants to with it. He can temporarily suspend any law that He has made, or He may employ higher laws that we do not understand. Second: Would God perform a miracle? To answer that question in the negative one would have to know more about God's plans and purposes than a finite mind can know, and yet some are so wedded to evolution that they deny that God would perform a miracle merely because a miracle is inconsistent with evolution. If we believe that God can perform a miracle and might desire to do so we are prepared to consider with open mind the third question, namely, Did God perform the miracles recorded in the Bible? The same evidence that establishes the authority of the Bible establishes the truth of the record of miracles performed.

"Now let me read to the honourable court and to you, gentlemen of the jury, one of the most pathetic confessions that has come to my notice. George John Romanes, a distinguished biologist, sometimes called the successor of Darwin, was prominent enough to be given extended space in both the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Encyclopedia Americana*. Like Darwin, he was reared in the orthodox faith, and like Darwin, was led away from it by evolution (see 'Thoughts on Religion,' page 180). For twenty-five years he could not pray. Soon after he became an agnostic, he wrote a book entitled 'A Candid Examination of Theism,' published it under the assumed name, 'Physicus.' In this book (see page 29, 'Thoughts on Religion'), he says:—'And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of "the old." I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from hence the precept "work while it is day" will doubtless but gain in intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of exist-

ence as now I find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to void the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.’

“Do these evolutionists stop to think of the crime they commit when they take faith out of the hearts of men and women and lead them out into a starless night? What pleasure can they find in robbing a human being of ‘the hallowed glory of that creed’ that Romanes once cherished, and in substituting ‘the lonely mystery of existence’ as he found it? Can the fathers and mothers of Tennessee be blamed for trying to protect their children from such a tragedy? If any one has been led to complain of the severity of the punishment that hangs over the defendant, let him compare this crime and its mild punishment with the crimes for which greater punishment is prescribed. What is the taking of a few dollars from one in day or night in comparison with the crime of leading one away from God and away from Christ? Shakespeare regards the robbing one of his good name as much more grave than the stealing of his purse. But we have a higher authority than Shakespeare to invoke in this connection. He who spake as never man spake thus describes the crimes that are committed against the young: ‘It is impossible but that offences will come. But woe unto him through whom they come. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and be cast into the sea, than he should offend one of these little ones.’

“Christ did not overdraw the picture. Who is able to set a price upon the life of a child—a child into whom a mother has poured her life and for whom a father has laboured? What may a noble life mean to the child itself, to the parents and to the world? And, it must be remembered, that we can measure the effect on only that part of life which is spent on earth; we have no way of calculating the effect on that infinite circle of life of which existence here is but a small arc. The soul is immortal and religion deals with the soul; the logical effect of the evolutionary hypothesis is to undermine religion and thus affect the soul. I recently received a list of questions that were to be discussed in a prominent Eastern school for women. The second question in the list read, ‘Is religion an obsolescent function that should be allowed to atrophy quietly, without arousing the passionate prejudices of outworn superstition?’ The real attack of evolution, it will be seen, is not upon orthodox Christianity or even upon



Christianity, but upon religion—the most basic fact in man's existence and the most practical thing in life.

"The people of Tennessee have been patient enough; they acted none too soon. How can they expect to protect society and even the Church from the deadening influence of agnosticism and atheism if they permit the teachers employed by taxation to poison the minds of the youth with this destructive doctrine. And remember that the law has not heretofore required the writing of the word 'poison' on poisonous doctrines. The bodies of our people are so valuable that druggists and physicians must be careful to properly label all poisons; why not be as careful to protect the spiritual life of our people from the poisons that kill the soul?

"There is a test that is sometimes used to ascertain whether one suspected of mental infirmity is really insane. He is put into a tank of water and told to dip the tank dry while a stream of water flows into the tank. If he has not sense enough to turn off the stream he is adjudged insane. Can parents justify themselves if, knowing the effect of belief in evolution, they permit irreligious teachers to inject scepticism and infidelity in the minds of their children?"

---

### **The Rev. Timothy Rogers and his Youthful Defender.**

---

SIR RICHARD CRADDOCK, a justice of peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near Mr Timothy Rogers, to whom he bore particular enmity, and whom he wanted above all things to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity for accomplishing his base design; and in order thereto, hired two men to go as spies, and to take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses against both them and Mr Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity.

While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grand-daughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length Sir Richard sent a servant to inform them, that one of the witnesses being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that, therefore, they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed, and being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written to send them all to prison.

Mr Rogers expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in everything she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she ran a pen-knife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit, in the present instance, was overruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr Roger's knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail!" says she; "why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me." "He shall not send you to jail," replied she. "Ay, but my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he; "get about your business." "But I won't," says she: "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men:—"I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve, but, at my grand-

child's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship. But Mr Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

The above remarkable story was told by Mr T. Rogers, the son of the ejected minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated Mr Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him, when he was dining at the house of Mrs Tooley, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was distinguished for her religion, and for her love to Christ and His people; whose house and table, like Lydia's were always open to them.

What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr Rogers' prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God. Mrs Tooley had listened with uncommon attention to Mr Rogers' story; and when he had ended it, she asked him, "And are you that Mr Rogers' son?" He told her he was. Upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something which you do not know: I am the very girl your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me which I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr Rogers and Mrs Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection; and then he and Mr Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both, upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:—

After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age without any restraint. But she confessed, that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction, both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of any other way than by running the same round over and over again; but all was in vain.

Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, miss," said he, "I was so till I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I hear of; but after I have read them my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, miss," said he, "and I do not wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but can read it again, as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," says she, "what book is that," "Nay, miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell everyone." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it me, doctor, and I'll give you anything you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it her.

This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Pooh! I could get that at any time." "Why, miss," said he, "so you might; but, remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind now became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the Court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon; but when she awoke she could remember

nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression upon her mind; and the idea she had of the place, and of the minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning she told her dream to her companion, and said, that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again in search of this place of worship.

Being in the Poultry about half-an-hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where Mr Shower was then minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream. She had not been long there before she saw Mr Shower go up into the pulpit, and looking at him with greater surprise, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Ps. cxvi. 7, "Return to thy rest. O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he rose up to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage which she had mentioned for his text; and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it the means of her saving conversion; and thus she at last found what she had so long sought elsewhere in vain—rest to her soul. And now she obtained that blessing from God, the Fountain of felicity, which godly Mr Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored on her behalf.

---

### Why Should a Child of Many Mercies Doubt?

---

"**WHY** should I," says Dr Duff, the great missionary, in a letter to a daughter, "who have been the child of so many mercies, be faithless or doubting? If any man living should trust in the Lord absolutely, and



cast upon Him the burden of all his cares, personal, social, official, domestic, surely I am that man. All my days I have been a child of Providence, the Lord leading me and guiding me in ways unknown to me—in ways of His own, and for the accomplishment of His own heavenly ends. Oh, that I were more worthy ! But, somehow, I feel as if the more marvellous the Lord's dealings with me, the more cold, heartless, and indifferent I become. Is not this sad—is it not terrible ? All the finer ores are melted by the fire—the earthly clay is hardened. Oh gracious God, forbid that this should continue to be my doleful case ! May I not resemble the clay any more ! May I be like the gold and silver ore ; when warmed and heated by the fire of thy loving kindnesses, may I be melted, fused, purified, refined, assimilated to thy own holy nature. O Lord, soften, break, melt this hard heart of mine !”

## Cunntas Mu Bheath' agus Bhas Huistean Mhic Cathail.

(Air a leantuinn o t.-d. 313).

Do thaobh aobharan mu 'm bheil e fein toirt cunntas, chaidh Mac Cathail maille ris an t-shluagh a dh' eirich gu iad fein a dhion o fhoirneart an riaghlaidh, agus gu cumail suas na h-eaglais anns an rian Chleireanach. Chaidh iad an toiseach gu siorramachd Air. Bha ministearan eile maille riu a thuilleadh air Mac Cathail, a bha dian-iarrtach gu bhi dion aobhar an Tighearn anns an rioghachd. Bha 'n turas ann an duthaich sin troimh bhlar monaidh, ri uisge trom, agus air do Mhac Cathail a bhi anfhann na phearsa, agus a bhi na luidhe gu tinn beagan roimh so, cha robh e idir freagarrach dha chor lag a bhi air leithid do thurus doilgheasach. Cha leig crìochan goirrid an leabhran so dhomh na h-uile gluasad a rinn na daoine maith so, air an turas mhi-shealbach a bha so' a chuir sios ; ach air dhoibh tighinn gu Lanaire, air an rathad do Dhuneidin, dh' athnuadhaich iad an Cumhnant Cinnedail, 'an deigh searmoin dhruighteach o Mr Guthrie, ministear Tharbolton. An deigh do 'n t-searmonaich sgur, chaidh an Cumhnant a leughadh pong air phuing ; aig crìoch na h-uile puing thog an sluagh an lamhan agus bhoidich iad do 'n Tighearna an Dia gu 'n seasadh iad anns. Tha neach a ta sgrìobhadh mu 'n la bha sin, sa bha na shuil amharc ag radh, “ Bhiodh e ro dhuilich leithid eile do chuideachd fhaicinn, na h-

uiread do dhaoine cuideachd, aig an robh breithneachadh co falluin, fìor dhiadhachd, agus treibhdhìreas cridhe, eud thuigseach, misneach agus ruin gun sgath, agus co beag do dhaoine le inntinn thruailidh, 's do chomhradh faoin, agus ged nach bu mhath leinn a bhi call beatha dhaoine, 's gu h-araidh beatha nan naomh, 'nuair a ta co beag ann diu, gu bhi seasamh eadar na beothaibh, 's na mairbh; gidheadh thug an gnìomh a rinneadh air an la ud, ann a bhi ag ath nuadhachadh nan Cumhnantaibh ni 's mo ghloir do Dhia, agus bha e toirt fianuis ni bu mho do aobhar an Tighearna nan a bha do chall anns na thuit—tha sinn an dochas—a cumail taic ri cuis a Chumhnant."

Gu bhi deanamh sgeula goirrid, chaill na Cumhnant-aich an la, oir mhilleadh iad de Seanalair Dalsiel air cnuic Phentlan, aon de 'n t-sheachdar a dh' iomradh mi a cheana. Bha na Cumhnantaich air an stiùireadh le Coirneil Seumais Uallais, duine treun; ach bha aig Dalsiel a thri uiread do dhaoine sa bha aig Uallais, 's ged a chog e fein sa dhaoine co treun sa chaidh dheanamh riamh air blar-chath, cha b-urra dhoibh seasamh ris an lionmhoireachd a bha 'nan aghaidh. A dh' aindeoin 's na rinn na naimhdean fuilteach, cha d' fhuair iad riamh greim air a Choirneil dhiadhaidh.

Dh' 'fhag Mac Cathail am blar-chath, sgith fann, 's cha b-urrainn dha a dhol air aghaidh ni b' fhaide na Cramond, agus air dha bhi strith gu factainn gu tigh athair; a dol troimh craig na Braidich, choinnich fear da 'm b-ainm Ceannadaidh oifigeach de reiseamaid each, agus neach eile a ghac na phrìosanach e, is thug iad a stigh do Dhuneidin e.

Air dhoibh a thoirt air bheulabh na comhairle ann an Duneidin, chaidh eudach a thoirt deth, agus rannsachadh min a dheanamh, a dh' fheuchain am faighite litirichean, na sgrìobhaidhean air bith eile tiomchioll air; 's ged nach d' fhuaradh ni sam bith chaidh a chuir am prìosan. An ath la chaidh a thoirt air bheulabh Iarla Dhunphris, agus Morair Singlear, air dha bhi air a cheasnachadh mu dheighinn na ceannaire, dhiult e ni innse dhoibh; le so smaoinich a chomhairle gu'n robh fios aig air diomhaireachd nach robh e deonach a thoirt doibh.

Air Dior-daoin an 29 la de ceud mhois a gheamhradh 1666 chaidh Mac Cathail a thoirt a ris air am beulabh chum a cheasnachaidh. Dh' aidich e gu 'n robh e maille ris a bhuidhean a dh' eirich san aird an iar; ach cha thoilicheadh so iad. Bha iad a smaoinichadh, gu 'n robh e na chomas nithe innseadh dhoibh, a bhiodh ro fheumail dhoibh, ann a bhi cuir gu bas muinntir a shaoil iad a bha 'sa cheannaire; chum so a thoir uaith, olc air mhath leis, chaidh an

inneal uamhasach pianaidh sin, ris an abaireadh iad a *Bhoot* a chuir fa chomhair, agus innseadh dha gu 'n rachadh a chois a chuir innte gu 'n teagamh, mar aideachadh e na bha fhios aige. Air dha fantuinn na thosd chaidh thoirt an lathair a ris; agus a *Bhoot* a chuir an tarring, a bha fathast lan do fhuil stuchta Mhr Neilson bheannuichte; ah' fhuiling a' mairteareach og dhiobh a dhol gu 'n dubhlan ann a bhi pianadh a lurga oscionn labhairt. Cha b-urrainn da na phianadh oillteil ni a thoirt air aideachadh. Mu 'n d' fhuair e na tri buillean fa dheireadh, thug e fianais fo chomhair Dhia, nach robh ni aige a dh' innseadh e ged a dheanadh iad a bhuil cheudna air na h-uile alt a bha na chorp. Cha b-urra dha ni a radh, ach gu 'm be ain-iochd Mhic-an-Tuairneir a dh' aobharaich eirigh na h-airde an iar, ann an Gallobna.

Air dha bhi fulang anabarrach leis na lean an deigh a phianaidh, chuir e athchuinge air bheulabh na comhairle, gu 'n cuireadh iad dail ann a bhi ga chuir air a dheuchamn ach am biodh e ni b' fhearr air a shon. Chuir iad an sin dithis lighichean, agus dithis luchd deasachaidh leontan ga amharc, a thug fianuis gu 'n robh staid a shlainte ole, ach air a shon sin, cha tug a chomhairle dha ach sea laithean. Eadar an da am, chuir Ban Diuc Hamilton, agus a' mathair-cheile Bana Mharcuis an Dughlaisich, litir gu Iarla Rathais 'na fhabhor, ach cha deachaidh an iarrtus a dheanachadh, agus thugadh Mac Cathail agus ceathrar eile air bheulabh na 'm Mòrfheara dearga. B' iad na cuisean ditidh araidh a bha na aghaidh: "Gu 'n robh e aig Air, Oichealtair, agus aig Lanarc maille ris na ceannaircich, air muin eich, crioslaichte le claidheamh." Thugadh comas dha freagairt a thoirt da chuis-dhitidh, is ged' a bha e fathast ro-lag, dh' eirich e agus labhair e ris a chuirt le mor chiuneachd, agus le anabharr comais, gun eagal, gun sgath. Thuirt e, leis na bha air chur sios aig deireadh a chuis dhitidh, agus o na thachair do dhream eile, gu 'm robh e ag amharc air fein mar neach a bha air a chur air leth gu basachadh, agus air an aobhar sin gu 'n aidicheadh e gu saor, nach robh nair air gu 'm buineadh e do na Cleir-eanaich, a bha fulang amghair agus geur-leanamhuinn. Nuair labhair e mu bhi cuir ceannairc as a leth, thuirt e nach robh ni ri radh ris, ach gu 'n robh amhain a lathair-eachd maille ris an daoine a bha aig Pentland, agus mar aidicheadh e fein sin, nach biodh fios aig a chomhairle air. Rinn fear tagair a chruin, aideachadh a leughadh thairis a ris, agus gun tuille a radh, thug e a chuis thairis da 'n luchd breth—*jury*; air da 'n luchd-breth a bhi air an gairm, thug iad seachad am breth "gun d' fhuair iad Huistean Mac Cathail ciontach de bhi 'n caochladh aitean

maille ris na ceannaircich, aig caochladh amaibh, a reir aideachadh fein fa-chomhair na comhairle.

Air da na bhreth a bhi air a h-aithris, chaidh bhinn-ditidh a chuir an ceill, agus bi sin, “gu ’m biodh e air a thoir gu crois-mhargaidh Dhuneidin, agus an sin air a chrochadh air croich gus am biodh e marbh, a mhaoin, agus fhearann air an saradh, is air an cuir air leth gu feum an righ.” Air dha a bhinn so a chluinntinn thuirt e, “Thug an Tighearn uaith, agus thug an Tighearn leis; beannaichte gu robh ainm an Tighearn.” Chaidh an sin a ghiulan air ais do ’n phrìosan, troimh an fhreiceadan, san sluagh ga leantuinn, a tuireadh ro ghoirt air a shon. An deigh a thoirt a stigh gu sheomar, chaidh e air abll a labhairt ris an Tighearn ann an urnuigh, le mor fharsuingeachd cridhe, air a shon fein, agus iadsan a bha gu fulang maille ris. Thuirt e ri caraid an deigh sin, “O nach maith an sgeul, a bhi mar uidhe astar cheithir la da bhi mealtuinn sealladh de Iosa Crìosd,” an sin thuirt e, “nach robh e idir co draghail dha bhi basachadh, s’a bha e iomadh uair dha dol a shearmonachadh.” Ri mnathan a bha caoidh air a shon thuirt e “nach robh a chor, ged nach robh e ach og, agus ann am blath a dhochais, agus a shaothair san fhionain, ri chaoidh; oir ni aon bhoinne de m’ fhuil, tre ghras De, ni ’s mo do dhruigheadh air cridheachan, na dheanadh bliadhnachan do shearmonaibh.”

Air an fheasgar cheudna chuir e iarrtus a stigh chum na comhairle gu ’m faigheadh athair cead a thighinn da fhaicinn, ni a chaidh a dheonachadh, agus thainig athair air an ath fheasgar far an robh e. Labhair e ri athair mu thiomchìoll umhlachd do pharantaibh. An deigh do urnuigh a bhi air a cuir suas, thuirt athair ris, “Huistean, ghairm mise crann ola maiseach, do thoradh breagha dhiot, ach a nis thainig doinionn agus sgriosadh a chraoibh agus a toradh.” Thuirt Huistean ri athair, “gu ’n do chuir a bhàrail tuille is math, trioblaid air; thuirt athair, “gu ’m bi a bheachd gu ’n robh Dia fiosrachadh peacanna na ’m parantaibh, nach b’ iad peacanna na cloinne,” air chor ’s gu ’m feudadh esan a radh, “Pheacaich ar n-aithrichean, agus ghiulan sinne an eusantais;” agus a ris, “pheacaich mise a chaora bhochd, ach ciod a rinn thusa?” Fhreagair Huistean le iomadh osann, “Le theachd gearr air a chuigeamh aithne, thainig e gearr air a ghealladh, gu’m biodh a laithean buan ann an tìr na’m beo; agus gur ann a bha connsachadh Dhia ri athair airson a bhi cuir tuille, sa choir do mheas air a chloinn ’s gu h-àraidh air fein.”

An la roimh bhas, air dian iarrtuis a chairdean, ni bu mho na ruin fein, chuir e athchuinge dh’ionnsuidh na combh-

airle a guidhe air son iochu, agus a cuir an ceill a neo-chiontais, ach cha d'eisd iad. Fhad sa bha e 'sa phrìosan bha 'n Tighearn ro ghrasamhor maille ris, maraon ann a bhi ga chumail suas agus ga neartachadh roimh eagal a bhais, agus mar an ceudna le bhi ag iomain air falbh neoil uamhais, tha cuid a dh' uairean air na daoine is fearr, tre anmhuinneachd fuil is feoil. Bha e mar an ceudna gu h-iongantach air a chomhnadh ann an urnuigh is ann am moladh, air leithid do dhoigh, 's gu 'n do chuir e mor iongnadh air na h-uile a chual e; gu h-araidh air oidheche Diordaoin, nuair a bha e aig suipeir maille ri chophrìosanaich, athair, agus aon na dhithis eile; thuirt e gu suilibhear "Ithibh 'nur sath, agus beathaichibh 'ur cuirp, chum 's gu 'n dean sinn pithig-nollaig reamhar da na h-easbuigean!" An deigh an t-shuipeir, labhair e iomadh ni mu thiomchìoll fein agus eaglais De, a cleachdadh fa dheireadh an earrainn sin ann an Daniel, "Ciod a Thighearn a bhios crìoch nan iongantais so?" An oidheche mu dheireadh de bheatha, dh' fheoraich agus fhreagair e coachladh ceistean, chum neartachaidh a cho-phrìosanaich, a leithid so:—Ciamar rachadh e o na phrìosan, tre aireamh mhor shluaigh ag amharc air, agus le freiceadan shaighdearan, a dh' ionnsuidh croich is aite bais, agus a bhi comasach air so uile a ghiulan? Fhreagair e le bhi a smaoineachadh air ni bu ro sholeimte, se sin cuideachd mhor de ainglibh, a ta ag amharc oirn, a reir an sgrìobtuir sin: "Tha sinn 'nar buill amharc do 'n t-saoghal, do ainglibh, agus do dhaoine," oir air do na h-ainglibh a bhi deanamh aoibhneas ri'r deagh aidmheil, tha iad a lathair gu bhi giulan ar anamaibh gu uchd Abrahaim; cha 'n ann gu bhi ga 'n gabhail, oir 'se sin obair Iosa Crìosd a bheir deagh bheatha dhuinn do neamh e fein, maille ri oranaibh ainglibh agus spioradaibh beannuichte. Ciod an doigh anns am beachdaich sinne air neamh, a ta deanamh cabhag da h-ionnsuidh, air dhuinn a bhi leughadh "Nach fhaca suil, 's nach cuala cluais." Ri so fhreagair e, gu 'n robh an Sgrìotuir toir cabhair ann an da dhoigh ann a bhi beachdachadh air neamh. 1, Ann an rathad samhlachail, mar ann an Taisb. xxi., far am bheil neamh air a taisbeanadh mar chaithir ghlormhor. 2, Le bhi a cumail a mach gradh nan naomh da Iosa Crìosd, agus a teagasg dhuinne a ghradhachadh le treibhdhìreas, ni is e fìor aoibhneas, agus caithream neamh.

B'iad na briathran deireannach a labhair e aig an t-shuipeir, a bhi moladh gradh oscionn eolais. O, deir e, "Cha 'n eil ach beag diu ann an eolas as easbhuidh gradh, a dol as an t-sealladh ann an neoni, agus ro chunnartach." Thug athair buidheachas an deigh na suipeir, agus leugh

esan 16 Salm, agus thuirt e “Na’m biodh ni ‘sam bith a dhionadh dubhach agus mi-dheonach e ‘n saoghal fhagail, gu ‘m be sin a bhi sguir de leughadh an Sgriobtuir. Thurt mi, nach fhaicinn an Tighearn ann an tìr na’m beo, ach cha ruig so a leas ‘nar deanamh bronach, oir far am bheil sinn a dol ‘se’n t-Uan leabhar an Sgriobtuir, agus solus na cathrach sin, agus ‘an sin tha beatha, eadhon amhainn uisge na beatha, agus tobraichean beo.” Dh’ iarr e ‘n sin air son peann, gus an sgriobhadh e a thiomnadh, agus dh’ iarr e beagan leabhraichean a bha aige a roinn air caochladh cairdean. Chaidh e gu leabaidh aig aon uair deug, agus choidil e gu cuig uairean ‘sa mhaduinn; nuair a dh’ eirich e, ghairm e airson a chompanach Iain Bhodròu, a’ radh gu suilibhear, “Eirich Iain, cha’n eil thusa is mise coltach ri daoine a thatar dol a chrochadh an diugh, nuair a tha sinn a codal cho fada.” Dh’ eirich Iain, agus thuirt e ris, “Bithidh tu fein ‘s mi fhein gu h-aithghearr san aon seomar ri Mr Robeson.” Fhreagair Huistein, “Iain tha eagal orm gu ‘n duin thusa mise a mach, oir bha thu moran ni bu duineil air bheulabh na comhairle na bha mise, ach bithidh mise cho duineil air lobhta na croich ri h-aon agaibh.” Chuir e’n sin suas urnuigh ro dhurachdach, a’ tagar a dhaimh cumhnant ri Dia, agus gu’m biodh iad air an deanamh comasach air an la sin, a bhi toirt fianuis air deagh aidmheil an lathair mhoran fhianuisean. Ghabh an sin athair a chead deth, ris an dubhairt e, gu n’ deanadh fhualangais ni bu mho do chron da na h-easbuigean, agus ni bu mho do eideachadh do shluagh Dhe, no ged a bhiodh e fantuinn fìthead bliadhna sa mhinistrealachd. Dh’ iarr e’n sin air athair fhagail, agus a dhol gu sheomar, a ghuidhe gu durachdach ris an Tighearn a bhi maille ris air lobhta na croich; oir is e mo ghiulan an sin mo churam, gu’m bi mi air mo neartachadh gu seasamh dileas gu’s a chrìoch.

*Ri leantuinn.*

## “A Time to Every Purpose under the Heaven.”

I have need to pray daily, “Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.” The Lord bless you and make you a blessing to many. Go on sowing the good seed patiently, and trust the Lord for the crop. Some seed, perhaps, may spring up after your sowing time is over; you may not know every instance in which you are now made useful. Believe me to be your very affectionate friend and brother,

*John Newton.*

14th March 1794.



## Letter from Rev. John Tallach.

Ingwenya Mission, Bembesi, September 23rd, 1925.—  
My dear Mr Cameron, In my last letter I told you of our purpose to visit the Shangani Station this month. The distance is 88 miles towards the north-west. As the district is a "Big Game" Reserve, the road or track leads through dense jungle lands and forests. The part is sparsely populated as yet, the native kraals often being as far apart as 20 miles from each other. As I am a stranger to bush travel I had some fears in setting forth and these were somewhat strengthened on account of early rains beginning to fall. I think that I told you before that the Reserve is within the "fly belt," and consequently travel by horse conveyance is not considered advisable. The ordinary means of transport is by ox waggon. To use this regularly is expensive, as two men and sixteen oxen have to be hired for a fortnight. It has also the drawback of being so very slow that we would be forced to spend four nights in the bush each way. As we hope to visit this outstation as often as possible in the future I thought it best both for the present occasion and the future to purchase a car.\* We left Ingwenya on Wednesday, 11th. The ground onwards towards Shangani is very different from that which you may have observed at Ingwenya. The fertility of the soil, combined with the greater heat, causes all vegetation to grow in greater luxuriance. The bush is thicker and covers wider areas, while large plains of tall thick grass stretch as far as the eye can see. We were thankful that because of the car it was unnecessary to camp in these during the night. Wild animals of different kinds inhabit these parts and make encamping during night exceedingly unsafe to the unarmed. We arrived on Saturday evening and received a warm welcome from the missionary, the chief, and the people. Our arrival was totally unexpected, but they immediately set about to make us as comfortable as possible. Demobonbo (the missionary) and his family placed his hut at our disposal while he resorted to a grass shelter during our stay with them. While we appreciated their kindness we felt for them, as during one of these typical tropical thunderstorms which

---

\* This seems to me the only way to carry on the duties devolving on Mr Tallach, and therefore I hope friends will help him to pay at least a part of the price of it. He has not asked the Church to pay for it, so he must have paid for it himself.—Neil Cameron.

burst over our kraal on the second night, their hut (being roofed with grass only) was flooded out. When we had worship on the night of our arrival we were pleased to notice a number of boys present. They sang the Psalms from memory and after the custom you are acquaint with out here, repeated the Lord's Prayer at conclusion. On the Sabbath I preached twice (Acts xvii. 30-31, and Phil. iv. 1). The services were well attended, 70 being present, and as the people showed great interest and behaved most orderly, it was a pleasure to speak to them. It was previously brought before my notice that a number desired the privilege of baptism. We examined eight adults, and these having given satisfaction, they were baptised along with six children. I intimated my intention of meeting any sick people and dispensing medicine on the morrow. A good number came along on both Monday and Tuesday, and I trust that I was able to be of some use in most of the cases. The school work in the mission also proceeds very favourably. At the inauguration of the station last year there were 27 pupils, these now number 57. A few of them have passed the primer, while seven of the older children are able to read the Xosa Bible. A large number have committed some of the Psalms and the Lord's Prayer to memory. The other parts of their education are on the same lines as in the schools at Ingwenya and, on the whole, the secular part of our work there reflects the highest credit on our young teacher and his work. When it is remembered that this station was opened only a year last August among absolute heathen, one must admit that in both spheres, the spiritual and the secular, the hand of the Most High is evidently working. We were indeed sorry that we could not wait longer than Tuesday among the people, as there were indications of early rains, but we came away encouraged with what we had seen. We determined (D.V.) to visit this station as often as possible, not only on account of the large number of heathen already there and their encouraging reception of the truth, but also since Shangani is a native reserve it is being continually filled up with heathen from the surrounding parts. Ethiopia is indeed stretching out her hands to God, and she looks to the Church as God's representative on earth, to give the knowledge of that God to her.

We left for home on Tuesday. The return journey was not so pleasant as the outgoing, on account of rain during the week-end. You will understand that the way which leads through the jungle is a mere track

which becomes soft and muddy and in the drifts sometimes impassable after rain. But on our arrival on Wednesday we felt thankful for the Lord's preserving care over the 176 miles of the somewhat precarious travel we had experienced.

I trust that Shangani will have a place with our friends in Scotland at a throne of grace, and that they will be specially mindful of both missionary and teacher there, who in loneliness and under great disadvantages, seek to make known the Saviour of that Blessed Name which to us all is above every other name. We felt something like Paul when meeting saints in an unexpected quarter. He thanked God and took courage. "The Lord of us has mindful been and He will bless us still." Yours very sincerely, JOHN TALLACH.

---

### **The Suffering Son of God.**

---

**W**HAT eye but the Father's could read the heart of the suffering Son of God melting in the flames of wrath like wax, and yet melted into the intensest devotedness and love "when He offered Himself without spot to God?" (Ps. xxii. 14). Who else could mark His perfect and unswerving obedience to the Father's will in drinking the cup put into His hand to the last and lowest dregs? Whose but the Father's all-searching eye could read the zeal for His honour and glory which even then, in the flames of self-devoting love was eating Him up? (Ps. lxix. 9). As the blessed Lord hung upon the cross, what angelic, still less human eye, marked the breadths, lengths, depths, and heights of that love which passeth knowledge? (Eph. iii. 18-19). Who could view this amazing scene of sorrow and of obedience even unto death, so as to read fully the very depths of the heart of Christ but the all-seeing God? Where were the disciples? Fled. Where his Virgin Mother? Weeping and lamenting at the foot of the cross, a sword piercing through her own soul also (Luke ii. 35; John xix. 25). Where the angels? Wondering in silent awe, as they bent down to see the solemn mystery. Where His foes? Triumphant in mockery and scorn, for their short-lived hour and of the power of darkness had come. Where was the sun? Hiding his face, as if shocked to see his Maker die. Where the solid earth? Rocking to its very base, as if unable to bear the weight of the suffering Son of God. Where the rocks? Cleaving to their centre, as if they could

no longer hold the bodies of the saints committed to their charge, but must let them forth to witness the death of their Lord. What eye, then, but the eye of the Father, saw the suffering Son of God in all the depths and fulness of His bleeding, dying love, in all the intensity of His self-sacrificing devotedness, and in the most resigned filial submission unto, as well as perfect execution of His sovereign will?—J. C. PHILPOT.

## The Church's Enemies.

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

“**B**EHOLD they shall surely gather together, but not by me : whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake. Behold I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord” (Is. liv. 15-17). The enemies of the Church shall surely gather together; they will combine, take counsel together, and make common cause against her. They will join their counsels and their forces and make their assaults with united strength and with one mind. In this way they are far more formidable than as individuals or as scattered bands not in communication with each other and not yielding mutual support. In this condition they are comparatively feeble and comparatively inactive. Neither the Church nor themselves know the full strength of their hatred and the power and violence with which they can put it forth. The Lord warns the Church that her enemies shall surely gather together, but not by Him. Whosoever shall gather together against her shall fall for her sake. And when the Lord does not gather together her enemies, they are feeble in all their strength. They assemble and assail her to their own ruin. “Behold I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work, and I have created the waster to destroy.” He has absolute control over the smith, the manufacturer of the destroying instrument and of the waster who uses it; and of the instrument that is made. And no work shall be done

by them but what He appoints or permits. His eye is on the manufacturer when he is making it, and on the instrument when it is made, and on him who goes to war with it. His control over them all is perfect and complete. Of every instrument that is formed against His Church He says—"It shall not prosper." It will break in the hands of him who uses it, or it will miss its mark. The work it was made to do shall remain undone. The person it was made to kill shall remain as much unhurt as if it had never been made. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," saith He who created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire and bringeth forth an instrument for his work. They employ the smith to make the instrument, but it was He who created the smith. He may make the instrument, but it will not prosper. There will be some flaw in it, it will break, it will be found unserviceable, and to have been made in vain. This word of God curseth every instrument made against His Church, His beloved Zion, His people. It is cursed by this word and stripped of power by Him, who has perfect control of all instruments as much so as if they are in no other hands than His own. The needle-gun, the sword, the spear, the bow, the rifle, the cannon, the ships of war, are all in the hand of the Lord as much as if no other hand than His own handled them—absolute control over all instrumentalities—those who make them and those who use them. And when the Church stands fast in His favour, she need not fear them. Let this beget confidence in God, courage and fearless dependence on Him. Let it also beget a spirit of prayer to the Lord whenever we see any instrument threatening us. Whenever we see anything on the part of the world giving just ground of fear, let us go with it to Him who has absolute control over all instruments. He is the one to go to, to call upon. He and none other. He can stop them or cause them to miscarry, or make Himself our hiding place from them. Let us not go to war with them except it be at His own command, in His own way, with His own weapons, and in His own strength. Our strength must be faith in that God who has all control over all things and all instruments, and who has promised to be the hiding-place of His people.

---

"In suffering, Christ obeyed; and in obeying, He suffered."—*Owen*.

## Literary Notices.

---

**RICH GLEANINGS AFTER THE VINTAGE FROM "RABBI" DUNCAN : SERMONS, LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES.** Edited, with Biographical Sketch by the late Rev. James Steven Sinclair. London : Charles J. Thynne and Jarvis, Ltd., Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street. 4s net.

It is with the greatest pleasure we direct our readers' attention to the second impression of this excellent book. It is gratifying to know that the first impression has been disposed of, and that a considerable part of the second impression has already been ordered. This impression differs from the first in having the addition of a very fine sermon on "The Many Mansions in the Father's House" (John xiv. 1-10), and in a number of typographical corrections. As the type has been distributed, there will not be another impression issued, so that those of our readers who are anxious to obtain a copy had better order it at once. The price is reduced to four shillings, and copies may be had either from the publishers or Miss Grant, 33 Academy Street, Inverness.

**ROBERT MOFFAT : ONE OF GOD'S GARDENERS,** by Edwin W. Smith. London : Student Christian Movement. Price 5s net.

This is a most interesting account of the labours of the famous South African pioneer missionary, Robert Moffat, and his noble-minded and courageous partner in life—Mary Moffat. The influence he exercised over Umsiligazi, the powerful Matebele chief; the remarkable conversion of Africaner, the terror of the white and coloured races; Moffat's and his wife's hairbreadth escapes; the turning of the wilderness at Kuruman both literally and spiritually into a fruitful garden, are all fitted to give colour and picturesqueness to the narrative of which the author has taken full advantage. Dr Moffat went out to South Africa in 1817, and spent fifty-three years labouring there. He came home in 1870, and died in 1883 at the ripe old age of 88. In a future issue of the Magazine we hope to give a fuller account of these noble missionaries of the Cross.



## Notes and Comments.

---

**Sermons of Rev. Alexander Macleod, Rogart.**—We have on hand a few returned copies of these excellent sermons, which may be had from the Editor for 1s 2d post free. We have also still on hand a considerable number of the following:—"Ealasaid Ruadh," Stratherrick, by Rev. Alexander Cook (6½d each, post free); "Standing at Prayer," by Rev. Henry Bazely; and "On Dancing," by Rev. Wm. Parks (2½d each, post free).

**Protest Against Teaching Evolution in South African Colleges.**—At the National Party Congress held recently at Bloemfontein, many delegates expressed themselves strongly on the subject of teaching evolution in the universities, as it was opposed to the Christian feelings of the people. One of the delegates said that as a Christian people the Afrikanders should condemn evolution with all their might. To say that man was descended from apes was pure atheism. Of course, the learned men of science will set all this down to the primitive mind of the Dutch and its incapacity to allow the new light to shine in. We trust the protest will do good, for while we refrain from expressing our opinion as to other sentiments expressed by delegates at the National Conference, we are in hearty sympathy with their attitude to the teaching of evolution in the universities.

## Church Notes.

---

**Communion.**—January — Last Sabbath, Inverness. February—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Breaslete; third, Stornoway. March—First Sabbath, Ullapool; second, Portree, Ness, and Tarbert (Harris); fourth, Kinlochbervie. April—First Sabbath, Stoer; fourth, Glasgow and Wick. May—First Sabbath—Kames and Oban.

**Ministerial Jubilee of Rev. D. Macfarlane.**—If the worthy and respected father of our Church, the Rev. D. Macfarlane, is spared to see 6th January, he will have attained his ministerial jubilee, having been ordained at Strathconon on 6th January 1876. Mr Macfarlane held pastorates also at Moy, Kilmallie, and Raasay. He,

along with the late Rev. D. Macdonald, Shieldaig, took up a separate position from the Free Church in 1893, and it is his own testimony that the Lord has been very kind to him all these years, enabling him to preach the glad tidings of salvation to his perishing fellow-men. He has now reached a patriarchial age, being over 90 years of age, but is still preaching. We are sure we are voicing the prayer of the whole Church when we pray that the Lord, whom he has so faithfully served, would be with him during the part of the journey in time that is before him.

**Call to Halkirk and Helmsdale.**—On the 16th of November the Northern Presbytery moderated in a call to the Rev. William Grant, probationer. The call was given with the greatest unanimity by both sections (Halkirk and Helmsdale) of the congregation, and was sustained by the Presbytery.

**Obituary Notice.**—It is with the deepest regret we learn of the death of Captain Turner, Dumbarton. His removal is a great loss to our Church, but more particularly to the Dumbarton congregation, and we extend to them our deepest sympathy in the removal from their midst of such a warm-hearted, zealous, and faithful friend of the cause. To the members of his family we would likewise extend our sympathy in their great loss through the removal of a beloved husband and father. When the Lord is removing the pillars it is our duty to pray that He would raise up others in their place.

**Collection for this Month.**—The Collection appointed for this month by the Synod is for the Organisation Fund. Owing to an oversight, it was intimated in last Magazine that this collection should be taken up last month. But as the dates of these two collections were interchanged at last Synod, the collection for the Church Building Fund was to be taken up last month and the collection for the Organisation Fund this month. The mistake was noticed before the usual circulars were issued to Congregational treasurers, so that the appointment of the Synod was accordingly carried out.

**London Services.**—We have been requested to intimate that during Mr James Tallach's stay in London the services will be conducted wholly in English.

## Acknowledgment of Donations.

John Grant, Palmerston Villa, 4 Millburn Rd., Inverness, General Treasurer, acknowledges, with thanks, the following donations received up to 14th December 1925:—

**SUSTENTATION FUND.**—Mr Graham Anderson, China Inland Mission, Ho-tsin, Sth Shansi, China, £20; R. Wodrow Anderson, Esq., 41 St Vincent Place, Glasgow, £10; Mrs M. Maclean, Easter Aviemore, £1; Miss M. Macgregor, Drumville, 5s; Mr Macpherson, Docharn, 2s; Mrs H. Cattannach, Kingussie, 10s; Miss B. Macleod, Boston, Mass, U.S.A., £1; Mr M. Macleod, Bayonne, N.J., £1.

**HOME MISSION FUND.**—R. Wodrow Anderson, Esq., Glasgow, £5; Capt. D. Gillanders, Fernabeg, 10s; "N. M.," Hull Postmark, £5; Per Rev. Jas. Macleod, Glendale—J. Finlayson, Joiner, Watnish, 5s.

**GENERAL BUILDING FUND.**—From "Rhumore" £6—10s each for the following Church Building Funds, viz:—Bayhead, Clydebank, Dunoon, Edinburgh, Finsbay, Greenock, Glendale, Lochinver, Stratherrick, Tain, Tallisker, Wick. From Miss B. Macleod, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., £9—£3 for each of the following Church Purchase Funds:—Dunoon, Edinburgh and Greenock.

**AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' AND WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.**—From Rod. Mackenzie, Fort-William, 2s; Per Rev. D. Beaton—A Friend, Surrey, £1.

**JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—Mr Donald Morrison, Saskatoon, Sask., £1 18s 10d; Robert Kelso, Auchmore, Arran, 2s 6d; Miss B. Mackintosh, Culcabock (for Mrs Radasi), 2s 6d; Mrs Fraser, Ash Cottage, do. (for Mrs Radasi), 2s; Miss Marjorie Mackintosh, 26 Argyle Street, Inverness (for Mrs Radasi), 2s 6d; Per Rev. N. Cameron—Nurse Scott, Edinburgh, £1; per do.—Mrs Macinnes, Glasgow, £1; per Rev. Jas. Macleod—J. Finlayson, Watnish, 5s.

**COLLEGE FUND.** Per Rev. Jas. Macleod—John Finlayson, Watnish, 10s.

**ORGANISATION FUND.**—Mr Donald Morrison, Saskatoon, Sask., £1 18s 9d.

**KAFFIR BIBLE'S FUND.**—Children of Kames F.P. Sabbath School for Kaffir Bibles for Kaffir Children, per Miss M. Maccallum, Kames, £1.

The following lists have been sent in for publication:—

**EDINBURGH CHURCH PURCHASE FUND.**—Mr A. Maclean, 16 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh, acknowledges, with sincere thanks, per Rev. N. Macintyre:—Miss Ina Mackay, Overscraig, 10s; Friend, Ballachulish, 20s; Lady Friend, Oban, 40s; Two Friends, Vancouver, 41s; Helensburgh, 5s; Miss I. Macdonald, Renfrew, 20s; Mr Rod. Macfarlane, Benbecula, 10s. Per Mr J.-s. Mackay—Friend, Glasgow, £5; Friend, Toronto, £1; Bequeathed by Nurse Sinclair, £1; Friend in the North, £1. Per Capt. K. K. Macleod—Mr Macleod, Harris, £1; Friend, Salcoats, 10s; Friend, Glasgow, 10s; C. Maclean, Applecross, £1. Per Mr Mackintosh—Miss Mackay, Fairlie House, Beaulieu, 10s; Anon., Fort-William, 5s.

**GREENOCK CHURCH PURCHASE FUND.**—The Rev. N. Cameron, acknowledges with sincere thanks, from—Mr J. Turnbull, Dunedin, New Zealand, £5; Mr K. Macdonald, do. £1; Friend, 5s; Mr Alick Murray, Brora, £2; Mr Malcolm Macaskill, Lyndale, Skye, £5; Mr D. M. —, Denniston, Glasgow, 10s; Mr E. Macdonald, do., £1; Friend, Stornoway, £1. Mr J. Urquhart, 12 Lyndoch Street, Greenock, acknowledges, with sincere thanks, the following:—Nurse K. Watt, Wick, per Mr J. Mackay, £1; Mr M. Macaskill, Harlosh, Skye

(Coll. card), £9; Miss Nicolson, Greenock (Coll. card), £1 6s; Mr M. S. Fraser, The Mound (Coll. card), £11; Miss Cath. Maclean, Muir-of-Ord, (Coll. card), £26 17s 6d; Well Wisher, Glasgow, £2; Miss M. Livingstone, Kilbarchan, £1.

**STRATHERRICK CHURCH REPAIRS FUND.**—Mr Angus Fraser, Missionary, Stratherrick, desires to acknowledge with grateful thanks contributions to the above Fund amounting to £56 10s. Owing to the list of subscriptions being too long for individual insertion he trusts subscribers will kindly accept this acknowledgment.

**TALLISKER CHURCH BUILDING FUND.**—Mr John Macintyre, Carbstonmore, Portree, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—Per Mr D. Morrison, Portnalong, A Friend (Ballachulish post-mark) 10s; per Mr Jas. R. Macrae, Hawkhill, (collection book) Braes, Portree £10 16s; do., do., Portree, £9; do., do., Staffin, Skye, £6.

**GLENDALE CHURCH BUILDING FUND.**—The Rev. James Macleod acknowledges with sincere thanks \$80.00, received through F. Macleod, Esq., New York.

---

## The Magazine.

---

**Bound Volumes of the Magazine.**—All the Magazines received for binding have now been returned to their owners, with the exception of one parcel sent to us without name or address enclosed. On hearing from the owner the parcel will be despatched to him. Vol. XXIX. may now be had from the Editor, bound in dark green cloth, 5s post free.

**Free Distribution Fund.**—Our Treasurer reports that there is a very considerable drop in this Fund, and we are sure our readers need only to have their attention directed to this to remedy the deficiency.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR MAGAZINE—4s SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—Mr Jas. Hymers, Weydale Mains; Mr Robert Kelso, Auchamore; Mr Don. Morrison, 9 Skigersta; Mr Dun. Macintyre, Banavie; Mr Ken. Maclean; 22 Breaslet; Mrs Angus Macleod, Achina; Mr D. Macleod, No. 1 Cruliveg, Uig; Mrs D. Macleod, Geocrab; Mr J. M. Macleod, Raasay; Mr P. Macleod, 20 Balallan; Mr Don. R. Macqueen, South Govan; Mr John Macqueen, Leachkin School House;

**OTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—Mr Donald Alexander, Keiss Village, 5s; Miss A. Bell, Rhilochan, 2s; Mr James Campbell, jun., Inverness, 6s; Mrs H. Cattanaich, Kingussie, 5s; Mr Lloyd S. Dawson, Mineral Ridge, Ohio, 4s 1d; Mrs D. H. Fraser, Youngston, Ohio, 8s 2d; Mr James Fraser, Achvaich, 4s 6d; Mr John Hymers, Olgrinbeg, 4s 6d; Mr D. Morrison, Saskatoon, Sask.; 4s 6d; Miss D. Murchison, Mansfield and District Hospital, 3s 4d; Mrs N. Macdonald, 7 Skigersta, 5s; Mr Colin Mackenzie, Alderson, Alta., 4s 1d; Mr Mal. A. Macellan, Stony Beach, Sask., 2s; Mrs Macleod, Cullcudden, 1s 4d; Mrs Macleod, Ainess, 6s; Mr Mal. Macleod, Fladda, Raasay, 2s; Mr Rod. Macfarlane, Benbecula, per Rev. N. Macintyre, 10s; Mr M. E. Ross, Scourie, per Mr H. Morrison, 10s.

**FREE DISTRIBUTION.**—A Friend, Youngston, Ohio, £1 16s; A Friend, Parish of Thurso, 6s; Mr James Campbell, jun., Inverness, 6s; Mr Kenneth Matheson, Dingwall, £1; Mr F. Macdonald, Ardherslaig, 4s; Miss G. Sinclair, Halkirk, 6s.