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After Thirty-Three Years.

OF those who formed the first Presbytery of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland there are still two with us, viz., Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall, and Mr Alexander Macfarlane, elder, Oban. It is now thirty-three years ago since Mr Macfarlane tabled his protest against the Declaratory Act in the Assembly of the Free Church. Thirty-three years are short in measuring the life of a Church, but they cover a whole generation as far as human life is concerned. Those whose memories carry them back to the events preceding, and culminating in, the formation of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland can scarcely realise at times that thirty-three years have passed on time's ceaseless flight since 1893, and that a new generation—men and women—has arisen, many of whom are now fathers and mothers, who were not born when the Free Presbyterian testimony was raised in 1893. These have been told what their fathers did, and according to the useful and instructive custom inculcated by the Synod each minister is supposed every year to explain the principles and doctrines for which the Free Presbyterian Church stands. In addition to this our people have opportunities of hearing lectures on this subject on other occasions, and some of these have appeared in our pages from time to time. But it has been said that while this is so, and while these addresses are admirable in themselves, and that while mention is invariably made of the Declaratory Act which was the formal cause of our separation from the Free Church, no detailed criticism and explanation of that notorious Act is given. It has also been said that something should be done in giving a fuller history of the Free Presbyterian movement than can be done in a lecture or series of lectures. Now, while we are not to be held as accepting the justness of the above criticism without

question as far as our brethren are concerned, we admit that there is some point in it as far as we ourselves are concerned. The explanation is simple enough. The Act was so thoroughly discussed and dissected from the time of its first appearance before the Church Courts and after the formation of the Free Presbyterian Church that we mistakenly take for granted that most of our people are as familiar with its subtly false doctrines as ourselves. In regard to a history of the Free Presbyterian Church, we believe some step will be taken soon to meet this want. As far as the Declaratory Act is concerned, we purpose, in a series of articles on this Act, to make good the omission referred to above, and to place before our readers, especially our younger readers, its subtle and dangerous teaching, which is now bearing such a woeful harvest in the United Free Church. The doctrinal and other declensions in the Free Church began, it is true, before 1892 when the Declaratory Act was passed by the General Assembly. Departure from purity of worship was one of the early declensions, then followed the introduction of the new higher critical teaching, and in order to pave the way for union with the United Presbyterian Church, a movement was set on foot which culminated in the passing of the Declaratory Act. Dissatisfaction with the Calvinistic and scriptural doctrines of the Confession of Faith had been gradually finding a place in the minds of many of the Free Church ministers, and under the leadership of Dr Rainy, a man possessed with an acute mind, one of those inestimable boons of heaven when carrying its possessor in the right direction, but a veritable curse to the possessor and others when leading him into the wrong way. Dr Rainy's influence over the majority of the Free Church was complete, and he could get them to do almost anything he wished. It was due to his leadership that the Declaratory Act was made part of the legislation of the once noble Free Church of Scotland. The Act went down as an overture from the General Assembly to the Presbyteries of the Church under the Barrier Act, and by a vote of the majority of the Presbyteries it was approved, and in 1892 it became the law of the Free Church of Scotland. The Act professes to give an exposition of certain doctrines of the Confession of Faith with the view of removing "difficulties and scruples which have been felt by some in reference to the declaration of belief required from persons who receive licence, or are admitted to office" in the Free Church. As we intend dealing with the

Act in its various sections it is quoted here at length for the convenience of our readers, some of whom may never have seen it :—

“Whereas it is expedient to remove difficulties and scruples which have been felt by some in reference to the declaration of belief required from persons who receive licence or are admitted to office in this Church, the General Assembly, with consent of Presbyteries, declare as follows :—

“I. That, in holding and teaching, according to the Confession, the divine purpose of grace towards those who are saved, and the execution of that purpose in time, this Church most earnestly proclaims, as standing in the forefront of the revelation of grace, the love of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, to sinners of mankind, manifested especially in the Father's gift of the Son to be the Saviour of the world, in the coming of the Son to offer Himself, a propitiation for sin, and in the strivings of the Holy Spirit with men to bring them to repentance.

“II. That this Church also holds that all who hear the Gospel are warranted and required to believe to the saving of their souls; and that in the case of such as do not believe, but perish in their sins, the issue is due to their own rejection of the Gospel call: That this Church does not teach, and does not regard the Confession as teaching, the foreordination of men to death irrespective of their own sin.

“III. That it is the duty of those who believe, and one end of their calling by God, to make known the Gospel to all men everywhere for the obedience of faith. And that while the Gospel is the ordinary means of salvation for those to whom it is made known, yet it does not follow, nor is the Confession to be held as teaching, that any who die in infancy are lost, or that God may not extend His mercy, for Christ's sake, and by His Holy Spirit, to those who are beyond the reach of these means, as it may seem good to Him, according to the riches of His grace.

“IV. That, in holding and teaching, according to the Confession of Faith, the corruption of man's whole nature as fallen, this Church also maintains that there remain tokens of his greatness as created in the image of God; that he possesses a knowledge of God and of duty; that he is responsible for compliance with the moral law and with the Gospel; and that, although unable without the aid of the Holy Spirit to return to God, he is capable of affections and actions which in themselves are virtuous and praiseworthy.

"V. That this Church disclaims intolerant or persecuting principles, and does not consider her office-bearers, in subscribing the Confession, committed to any principles inconsistent with liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment.

"VI. That while diversity of opinion is recognised in this Church on such points in the Confession as do not enter into the substance of the Reformed Faith therein set forth, the Church retains full authority to determine, in any case which may arise, what points fall within this description, and thus to guard against any abuse of this liberty to the detriment of sound doctrine, or to the injury of her unity and peace."

Some Famous Answers in the Shorter Catechism.

THE first part of the Catechism after the introductory Questions (1-3) deals with what man is to believe concerning God, and the second part beginning at Question 39 deals with the duty which God requires of man. This duty is defined to be "obedience to His revealed will." The rule which God at first revealed to man for his obedience was the moral law. This rule is summarily comprehended in the Ten Commandments. The Westminster Divines then by Question and Answer deal with the Commandments separately, pointing out what is required and forbidden in each commandment, and stating the reasons annexed to the commandments. The Divines are very careful to point out that "no mere man since the Fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the Commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." The way of life is not to be found through the Law, but it has its place, and an important place, in giving the sinner to see the utter hopelessness of obtaining righteousness by anything he can do himself. The law condemns, and its condemnation rests upon every sin, and this is a condemnation which every sin deserves both in this life and that which is to come. But God has made provision for escape from this condemnation, and in order to escape it He "requires of us faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption" (Question 85). Then comes an

excellent definition of this "faith in Christ"—it is a "saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon Him alone for salvation, as He is offered to us in the Gospel." Faith receives and rests upon Christ "alone for salvation." There is a wealth of meaning in the words, "alone for salvation." "Why did God choose faith of all graces," asks Thomas Goodwin, "to save a man by? Because the poorest in the world, the weakest understanding, can believe and trust. When he heareth that God will save sinners, he is able to trust God, as strongly and as firmly as the wisest understanding man in the world. Nay, your weak men, they are aptest to believe. They are more suited for faith."

Another very fine Answer is that to the Question—"What is repentance unto life?" To which the answer is given—"Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience." This is one of those answers which grows on one the more it is studied as an excellent summary of the great doctrine with which it deals.

It is significant that the Westminster Divines introduce saving faith and repentance unto life under the section dealing with the duty God requires of man, but they carefully point out in the first section—dealing with what we are to believe concerning God—that we are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ, by the effectual application of it to us by His Holy Spirit, and this application is wrought by the Spirit working faith in us, thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling. In other words, while the Divines stress man's responsibility, they are very careful to guard against the Arminian view that believing and repenting are in man's power. Both are of grace, but men will be held accountable for not believing and repenting. The Answers given to the Questions dealing with the means of grace are of special interest. The outward and ordinary means, we are told, whereby Christ communicates to us the benefits of redemption are His ordinances, especially the word, sacraments, and prayer, all of which are made effectual to the elect for salvation. And in continuation of this subject the Divines state that "the Spirit of God makes the reading, but especially the preaching of the word, an effectual means of con-

vincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith, unto salvation," and that the word may be made effectual unto salvation "we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practice it in our lives."

The Answers to the Questions on the Sacraments are drawn up with special care, and guard against the Romish, Lutheran, and Zwinglian views. The points dealt with are of special interest, and on the question to whom Baptism should be given, the Divines answer that "it is not to be administered to any that are out of the visible Church till they profess their faith in Christ, and obedience to Him; but the infants of such as are members of the visible Church are to be baptized." The whole subject dealt with in this Answer bristles with controversy, but our space will not permit us to deal with such questions as the Two Covenant, Half-Way Covenant, etc., views, nor with the important subject of Pædobaptism, but a word of explanation is necessary in view of the practice in our own Church that it should be pointed out that "member" is not used in the sense of "communicant," but in the sense of one who, himself or herself, had been baptized and had been admitted a member of the visible Church. The Shorter Catechism closes with the subject of Prayer, concluding with a brief commentary on the petitions in what is commonly called the Lord's Prayer.

We have now finished the task we set before ourselves. The subject would take many more articles than we have given to it, but it is to be hoped that the young especially will give diligent attention to the excellent manual which did so much in giving strength to the theological thinking of the Scottish people, and proved such an incalculable boon to our forefathers.

The Covenanters' Sabbath.

[The following verses are taken from James Grahame's "The Sabbath." Grahame was a native of Glasgow, and studied law and was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and shortly thereafter became a member of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1809 he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, and obtained the curacy of Sefton in July of the same year. His health was very uncertain by this time, and he passed away in 1811. His best known poem was "The

Sabbath," which appeared in 1804. Grahame was the first among Scottish writers, as Gilfillan points out, to salute the memory of the Scottish Covenanters with a melody of praise.]

"With each was holy : every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids,
With them each day was holy : but that morn
On which the angel said, 'See where the Lord
Was laid,' joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With green-sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wilds, that all around
Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws ;
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
Of England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host),
The lyart veteran heard the Word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raged fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens : then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er canopied to hear the voice—
Their faithful pastor's voice. He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning ope'd the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake. Over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood, dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms."

Jejana or the Converted Hottentot.

(Continued from p. 28.)

THE Bible was read in the family, but the bread of life they did not deem fit food for slaves, yet so eager was this poor girl to partake of the crumbs that fell from her master's table, that whenever he did read the Holy Oracles she chose that time to go in to wash his feet. This, however, was soon perceived by her mistress's ever-watchful eye, and forbidden. Then she would softly creep near the door, or put her ear to the crevice, hoping to catch the joyful sound; but this was thought an offence, and she was threatened to be punished if she did not desist. Once, when her mistress was reading a chapter in the hall, where Jejana was churning, hoping to catch some of the words, she stopped the churn, and "Ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," caught her ear. Regardless of her mistress's anger, and of everything but her soul's deep malady, she asked whose words they were. "They are not for you," was the answer of her unfeeling mistress, who deemed it an unpardonable offence for her slave to believe that she had a soul. She was now treated with unusual rigour; but this only gave emphasis to her prayer, and "O God teach me! O God help me! for David says thou wilt," arose with increased fervour, and Jejana waited in confident expectation of the aid she sought from on high. It was suggested to her mind that she should go and seek instruction in religion. She deemed the new thought a voice from heaven, and instantly obeyed its demand, but without success, for her mistress's heart, like Pharaoh's, was hardened, and she would not let her go. The same idea was again powerfully impressed upon her mind, and she durst not disobey, much as she dreaded her mistress's displeasure. With imploring looks, therefore, she again renewed her supplications. "Are you mad, Jejana," said her mistress, "you used to be obedient, why are you so altered?" "O, dear mistress, I want to go and learn about God, for if I stay here I shall die." "Die, then," was her mistress's reply, "for what are you better than a beast?" "O, mistress, I have a soul, the preacher told me so, and I feel if I stay here without God I shall die and go to hell." "If you ask me again you shall be beaten from head to foot."

Jejana could say no more, but to her little sanctuary in the bush she went, and there, under the broad canopy of heaven, sent up her vehement cry, "O God, help me! O God, teach me! for David says thou wilt." And He who heareth prayer and will not despise, heard her cry, and with His own arm brought deliverance, and now she thought a voice from heaven said, "Go out from this place and I will go with you, and, like Abraham, she obeyed, not knowing whither she went. But a waggon soon overtook her, the driver permitted her to ride, brought her on Saturday evening to the village of Stellenbosch, where she awaited with great anxiety the dawn of the Sabbath, which was to bring to her soul life and salvation. The minister's text was taken from John vi. 37—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." He exhibited Jesus crucified for sinners, and willing to save to the uttermost all that came unto Him. The word was applied with power to the heart of the poor, humble penitent, and she returned with joy and gladness. But the fugitive was soon missed and pursued. On the following day her master arrived, and took her before the Landrost, to be punished for her crime; but the girl's striking and affecting account of herself interested her judge, and induced him to converse with the criminal more than is usual. Here, as well as in every other part of this remarkable history, the hand of Divine Providence was strikingly manifested. The truth was well elicited, the Landrost discovered that she had been most unjustly enslaved, and pronounced her free. The master was obliged to loose his victim, and his rage for a time knew no bounds. At length he condescended to entreat her to return, promising to restore her all her cattle left by her mother, but she could not live where God was not known, and having received a double blessing, freedom from sin and Satan, as well as from the cruel bonds that made her the slave of man, her cup of joy was full, she wished no more, and she determined to remain in the place where God had met and blessed her.

Under the preaching of the good missionary and the teaching of the Holy Ghost, she grew in the faith and love of Jesus, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of her God for twelve years; and then, alas! unmindful of the divine injunction, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation," her heart began to decline from His testimonies. The first temptation to which she yielded was a dance. On that

night she could not look up with her wonted confidence to her heavenly Father; the form of prayer, indeed remained, but the Spirit had departed, not soon to return. The first step in the slippery path of sin was but preparatory to another, and another still more fatal, till she made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. For four years she followed the multitude to do evil, but the eye of the compassionate Redeemer followed the poor wanderer, and, in the multitude of His tender mercies, brought her back to His fold; and though He did not utterly remove His loving-kindness, He visited her transgression with a rod, and her iniquities with stripes. Jejana was now a wife, and the mother of two little ones. The eldest was removed suddenly, the other appeared to be on the borders of the grave, and herself laid on a bed of sickness. Now, in her affliction, she remembered Him, who had been her hope and help in happier days, and in agony of soul she cried, "O God, spare my child, for it is innocent, and strike his guilty mother."

The child was spared and her own health restored, but no ray of light broke in on her benighted soul: she became a prey to the most fearful temptation: the great Enemy of souls persuaded her she had committed the unpardonable sin, and for four months she lingered on the borders of despair, not so much as daring to lift up her eyes to heaven. As she sat one day bemoaning her lost condition, the Holy Spirit brought to her mind the words of the prophet, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from them," and she again found peace at the Cross of that Saviour whom she had forsaken. On this memorable day, as Jejana was standing at her door, with the tears of mingled joy and grief upon her cheek, a man came up, and, with a dejected countenance, begged a cup of water. On complying she observed that he was troubled and unfit to drink. "Not so troubled as my soul," he replied. "Is your soul distressed?" said she; "go to the Saviour: I found Him this morning, and He is as ready to pardon and save and bless you." It was a word in season to his sorrowful spirit; he sought and obtained at the Cross of the Son of God the relief he needed. Warned and instructed by her fall, Jejana became more humble, watchful, and prayerful, and till this time, a period of more than forty years, has walked humbly with her God. Having lived with her husband in service, her life had passed in even tenor, without experiencing that anxious care

in rearing an infant family, which the labouring class so often experience. It is the lot of all, however, to feel that mar is born to trouble, and many a cloud of sorrow now arose to dim the path of this poor pilgrim; but strong in faith, and earnest in prayer, she was sustained by the arm of Omnipotence, and could rejoice even in tribulation.

David, her husband, was obliged to leave his home to join the army General Jansenn had raised in defence of the Cape, and Jejana followed his footsteps, and was exposed to many trying vicissitudes. At length the troops being disbanded, she and her husband returned to their former occupation. Her health, however, soon declined, and she had notice to seek another home, an event which filled them with sorrow, though God meant it for good. One bright morning, having committed themselves and their little ones to the care and guidance of heaven, they went forth to seek employment and a place where they might lay their heads. By the kindness of Providence they found upon the Downs an empty cottage, and having obtained permission to dwell there, they were soon settled in their new abode; and though now more than fourteen miles from the house of God, Jejana's seat was seldom vacant, for she loved His dwelling-place.

Jesus Christ the Eternal Son of God.

The Brightness of His Father's glory. The express Image of His Father's person. The Substantial Wisdom of God, and the Power of God, and the Word of God. The Way, the Truth, and the Life. The Golden Hinge on which men's salvation turns. The Food, the Robe, the Rock, the Refuge, the Strength, the Deliverer of His people. The real Protector, Physician, Shepherd, Saviour of all that trust in Him. The true Light, the true Vine, the true Rock, the true Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. The Water of Life, the Dew of Heaven, the Chief Corner Stone, the Sun of Righteousness, the Glory of His people, the Desire of Nations, the Hope of Salvation, the Consolation of Israel.—*Isaac Ambrose.*

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

Gambling: A Common Snare,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

GAMBLING, in all its forms, is a sort of beehive of sins. It breaks the command which forbids us to covet, and it verges closely upon a violation of that which forbids us to steal; it has a peculiar hardening effect upon the heart, and it renders its votary more or less a partaker in a multitude of wrongs. The term which Wesley applied to slavery, when he called it "the sum of all villainies," might with great justice be transferred to many of the various shapes of gambling. All who pursue it are not equally guilty; some, indeed, follow it as a mere pastime, and are hardly aware of the criminality of which they become partakers; and it may be admitted that very few would knowingly perpetuate those ills which, nevertheless, are the immediate and inevitable consequences of their action.

Take a glaring case of gambling on a large scale—the gaming-hall of Monte Carlo. Here many are ruined day by day: families are reduced to poverty, creditors deprived of their lawful due, and men who were once respected are turned penniless upon the world. Are not those who joined in the play partakers in the system which produces these mischievous results? The wives and children reduced to beggary—may they not accuse the gentlemen and the ladies who sat at the table with the foolish head of the household, and assisted at the emptying of his purse. Apparently they merely sported with a few gold pieces, which they could afford to risk; but in truth they helped at the spoilation of a family. Worse than this, those suicides! Those who fly from the consequences of their infatuation, and rush red-handed into their Maker's presence! Who slew all these? The keepers of the gaming tables? Assuredly. But others are in the ring of manslaughter. There would have been small lure to the tables if persons of cooler head and calmer blood had not taken their places there, and staked their moderate amounts upon the red and black. Every person uniting in the game has contributed his share to the dread catastrophe. Would not the reader's conscience prick him if he had happened to be one of such a party? And if any have been there, and their consciences remain at ease when they know that numbers every year destroy themselves because they are

beggared at those tables, then their play has done for them the worst of mischief, for it has deadened their moral sense.

A man frequenting a gaming-table becomes a partaker in all the sins and crimes which are known to come out of the system, and will always come from it as a matter of course. Hence, blood-guiltiness may now be lying upon skirts little suspected of such a stain. It is not probable that any practised gamester will own this; or that, if he did own it, he would feel alarmed by the confession, for this sin steels the heart. None but men accustomed to games of chance would have rattled the dice-box at Calvary, and played for the Redeemer's vesture. We remember well the story of a city missionary, who found men playing at cards upon a box, covered with a white cloth, which turned out to be a coffin; and we were prepared to believe his statement, because of kindred instances of callousness caused by the same pursuit. A gambler can do anything. We were being startled by the story of a suicide, who had blown out his brains in a gaming-house, when our horror was overpowered by a deeper emotion as we heard a frequenter of such places say, "It was very disgusting on the part of the man! Why could he not have gone out of sight?" Self-murder was nothing to him; but the indelicacy of shocking ladies and gentlemen provoked his virtuous indignation! Once let the mind be saturated with gambling, and it is rich soil, well prepared for the production of any crop of vice which the prince of darkness may see fit to sow therein.

What we have said of gambling is meant to apply to the habit in general, and not to public and professed gaming only. The things differ only in degrees and in name; but in their essence they are fraught with the same evils. Whether a man gambles with Government stock, or cotton, or wool, or wheat, or merely risks his cash upon the cast of dice, or the turn of a ball, is of small consequence to the moral quality of the action. At the present time temptations to this vice are everywhere: the young man confronts them at the club, in the billiard-room, and in the columns of the newspaper—yes, the religious newspaper; and worse still, he is invited to gamble for the benefit of a church or a meeting-house. Gentlemen are ready to send you wonderful gains from investments which they will themselves recommend to you: they know how to make thousands, but instead of using their superior know-

ledge for their own welfare, they generously give it to their clients for a percentage too small to be worth mentioning. Send on the money with which the speculation can be commenced, and your downward course has begun. You do not mean it, but you may be taking a fatal step, and like multitudes of others you will throw your money, your position, and your reputation into the vortex of speculation.

"Speculation is not gambling." Perhaps not; but we leave far wiser men than ourselves to draw the line. A measure of risk attaches to all trading, and even the highest risks may be unavoidable in certain legitimate pursuits: this is one thing; but to go out of one's way, and stake one's possessions upon a chance, is quite another. Definitions are not needed where a thing is perfectly well understood by all but mere cavillers. There is a clear line of demarcation between the necessary speculation which attends all commerce, and the wild, illegitimate risk-mongering, which is essentially gambling in the garb of trade—gambling often of the worst kind.

The friend of his fellow-men should be earnest to dissuade them from the beginning of the habit of gaming, since it has such a powerful fascination about it that, once entangled by it, its votary appears to be unable to escape. The following instances we know to be true in substance, though the details are purposely obscured:—

A clergyman came to a certain hotel, and thought that he would ride over and see the Casino. He had no inclination to sit at the gaming table; indeed, he would have spoken of it with disfavour. He was interested by the play; he risked a few francs; he staked more; he lost all his gold and silver; he changed his notes; he left himself penniless, and was obliged to walk home—a weary march—for lack of means to pay his railway fare. He raised more cash, and was for a long time habitually in the rooms of the Casino, forgetful of the dignity of his profession and the claims of his position. The basilisk had fixed its eyes upon him, and he could not resist.

A gentleman, in moderate circumstances, came to a health resort, with a sum of money sufficient to meet his charges during the few months which he hoped to spend by the sea for the restoration of his strength. He also went to the tables out of sheer curiosity. It was his first visit; he was caught in the snare, and came forth from the room without a pound. He wrote

home, and procured a hundred pounds. One would have thought that, once bitten, he would have been twice shy; but no, he was bent upon replacing his lost gold, and so resorted to the hall hard by the spot where pigeons are shot, and there, of course, he was plucked of every fragment of his last remittance, and was compelled to lose his holiday, quit the salutary air, and return home immediately. What an infatuation! He is a happy man if he has taken warning, and has henceforth abjured the all-devouring habit.

Many who have fixed incomes remain for years, and even for life, chained to the tyrant's chariot-wheels. When the first of the month, or the quarter-day arrives, these moths flutter to the candle. It is only a matter of time: their wings are singed; and they pine in obscurity till the next season of renewed cash. Some even mortgage their allowances, and so in the midst of plenty are ground down by perpetual poverty. They are always going to strike the golden number! They have a sure system: they will yet astonish their friends, and justify their years of failure. Reason has long since ceased to affect them, and their long and bitter experience is equally lost upon them. The instances are many: the fact of the infatuation is undeniable.

But our readers are secure against such dangers. Are they? In these times practices which concealed themselves in the darkness are now braving the light. Ministers are named who attend the theatre and remain pastors of Nonconforming congregations; games of chance, which our Puritan forefathers abhorred, are tolerated in professedly Christian families; and our rising youth, first at boat-races, and then at horse-races, become familiar with the prevalent practice of betting. Then, as we have already observed, certain advertising brokers continually bait their traps, and persuade young tradesmen and others to try their luck upon the Exchange. Frequently we hear of tradesmen and private individuals brought to grief in ways which are, in plain English, a form of gambling: they meddle with matters which they do not understand, burn their fingers, and become the prey of designing men, who know their way about among stocks, shares, mines, and bubble companies.

Verily, "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," and "the love of money is the root of all evil." There would not be half the distress in the world that there now is if men did not hunger after the meat from other men's plates. To be satisfied with

a moderate allowance prevents the grasping mode of business which devours the income of others. There is room for fair enterprise and honest energy, but greed and hard-heartedness find no space for themselves except by swallowing the feebler folk around them. Nothing short of all will satisfy some people, and to get this all they risk what they have. If they lose, the misery falls upon their families, and those who trusted them; and if they gain, it generally leads to the eating up of others as men eat bread. Whole trades have been tightened down to bondage for the workers and straits for the smaller men, by some one greedy individual whose methods of action have put on the screw, and caused thousands to suffer not for a day, or a year, but in perpetuity. They were able to do this by a speculation which was not one whit superior to a throw of the dice. Among men they may be had in honour so long as wealth is worshipped; but when true philanthropy and righteousness become the basis of renown they will sink into contempt. Political economy is pleaded, and we know enough of its iron laws; but at the last great day men will not be judged by the philosophy of Adam Smith, but by the laws of the Eternal. That gambling on a very large scale has ossified the public heart might be asserted with no small measure of truth, and proven from the fact that the terrible poverty of the age excites small compassion in many minds, for they meet it with the inevitable Political Economy argument, or else declare that statistics prove something or other, which neither fills the hungry nor clothes the naked.

Keep from the enticements of gambling in any and every form. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." May no one to whom these words shall come be bird-limed by this pernicious practice; but avoid the evil even in its most harmless shape, if harmless shape of it there be!—*Sword and Trowel.*

"His name is Jesus. Who originated this name? It was planned from all eternity. Deep in the recesses of the Divine mind, deep in the counsel of Omnipotent love, there lay a jewel, a gem, which was to be manifested in the fullness of time, and to be the joy and glory of eternity. It was the name of Jesus. . . . It was not the man who gave this name to our Saviour, but eternal wisdom and love."—*Dr Adolph Saphir.*

Fianuis Sheumais Renuic an Latha Mu'n Dh'fhuillig e.

Mo Chairdean Graidh ann an Criosd,—Bi toil an Tighearn mise a thoirt thairis do lamhan dhaoine, agus tha mi ga mheas mar dhleasdanas, an fhailte fa dheireadh so chuir oirbh mu 'm fag mi 'n saoghail. Nuair a dh' fhosglas mi mo chridhe ann an lathair Dhia, cha bu dana dhomh an crannchur so a sheachnadh, oir cha deanadh ni bu lugha an gnothaich airson a ghloir-san, agus chum saoradh aobharsan as mo leth, agus mar bha mi saor o na h-uile thruaillieachd a ta cumanta do chloinn, agus mar bhla mi gu iongantach air mo chumail o na h-uile nithe a ta gnathach ceangailte ri cloinn ann an laithibh an oige, mar a ta comasach dhoibhsan a bha eolach orm fianuis a dheanamh. O na chaidh mo chuir sa phrìosan so, bha'n Tighearn anabharrach caoimhneil dhomh, rinn e fhocal na sholus, na aoibhneas, na bheatha, na mhisneach, agus na neart dhomh, seadh, bha e dhomh mar mhirr ruiteach cubhraidh.

O ciod is urradh dhomh a radh chum cliu an Tighearn? Cha b'aithne dhomh ach beag dbeth gus an d'thainig mi na phrìosan: fhuair mi gu faireachdail moran do neart an Tighearn, moran do aoibhneis a Spiorad-san, agus mor dhearbhadh o fhocal agus o a Spiorad tiomchioll mo shlaichte shiorruidh. B'ann air son steidh mo theagasg a chaidh m' fhulangais a shuidheachadh, oir fhuaradh mo dha shearmoin dheireannach a liubhair mi mu'n deachaidh mo ghlacadh, agus a sgriobh mi 'n deigh sin. B' iad na buinn-theagaisg—Salm lxvi. 10 agus Eabh. x. 28. Chaidh mo cheasnuchadh air an doigh san d'rinn mi na searmoin sin a cho chur ri peacaidh nar latha; dh'aidich mi a ris, agus a ris, na nithe sin uile a shearmonaich mi, mar sin chaidh binn bais a thoirt a m' aghaidh, air na h-aobharan so. Air tus, Do bhrìgh nach aidichinn gu'm b'e Seumas an VII. m' uachdaran laghail. An dara—Do bhrìgh 's gu'n do theagaisg mi gu'n robh e mi-laghail a bhi ag iocadh cis, a bha gu sonruichte air a leigeil air an t-shluagh, air son a bhi tilgeadh bun oscionn searmonachadh saor agus dileas an t-soisgeul. An treas,—Do bhrìgh 's gu'n do theagaisg mi gu'm be dleasdanas an t-shluagh airm a ghiulan gu's an aite san robh an soisgeul air a shearmonachadh, chum iad fein a dhion o fhoirneart ain-iochdmhor luchd-geur-leanmhuinn.

Si mo bheachd gu'r airidh an fhianuis sin iomadh beatha, agus tha mi moladh an Tighearn air son mo dhean-

amh comasach air bhi soilleir agus suidhichte 'na m'aid-eachadh uile, oir fhuair mi sith, aoibhneas, neart, agus danachd ann an sin a dheanamh. Tha mi saor ann bhi 'radh nach do bhuail mo chridhe riamh mi airson ni 'sam bith a rinn mi ann an aobhar mo Dhia o na thainig mi na phrìosan. Agus a bharrachd air sin, 's urradh dhomh a radh chum a chliu, le coguis ghlan, gu'n do shiubhal mi na shlighe, agus gu'n do ghleidh mi fhocal, ged' a b'ann an iomadh laigse, agus anmhuinneachd, mu'm bheil fhios agaibh.

Nise, mo chairdean graidh ann an Crìosd luachmhor, mar bha mi beo, mar sin tha mi basachadh, na'm mhinistear de'n fhìor Eaglais, athleasaichte, chumhnantaichte na h-Alba; 's gu'm bheil mi ag aideachadh, agus a seuladh le m' fhuil, na firinnibh luachmhor a theagaisg mi. Tha mi sparradh oirbh 'nur reite phearsanta ri Dia ann an Crìosd a dheanamh cinnteach, oir tha eagal orm gu'm bheil moran dhibh nach d'rinn sin fathast, agus nuair a thig sibh far am bheil mise, gu bhi ag amharc a bhais ghruamach san eudainn, 's mor a bhios 'ur crith 's bhuir uamhas, mar d'rinn sibh greim air beatha shiorruidh.

Dh' earalaichinn sibh gu mor dhìochioll a chleachdadh ann am frithealadh air meadhonaibh nan gras; a bhi tric agus dian-iarrtach ann an urnuigh uaigneach; a bhi a ghnath leughadh focal De, agus da 'r ceasnuchadh fein leis a Bhiobull. Na sìghthichibh ann an deanamh maith, agus seasamh air taobh an fhianuis; oir an uair a theid Crìosd amach gu bhi cuir an anacriod na bhloighdibh, leis an annm sin sgriobhta air a leis, Rìgh nan Rìgh, agus Tighearna nan Tighearn, ni e an t-ainm sin gloirmhor anns a chruinneachadh. Ach seachnaibh na ministerean a ghabh an t-saorsa pheacach, oir chaidh a grhein fodha orra. Na biodh eagal oirbh gu 'n tilg an Tighearna dheth Albainn; oir gu cinnteach pillidh e fhathast, agus taisbeanaidh se e fein gloirmhor 'nar tìr; ach deanaibh faire agus urnuigh, oir a tha e gu buille throm, ghoinnte a bhualadh bheir air moran a' radh; gun d' fhuair iad sochdrach troimh, a fhuair croich air sgath Chrìosd, 's na biodh feart agaibh air fulanguis an t-saoghail so, oir cha 'n eil iad ri bhi air an coimeas ris a ghloir a ta ri bhi air a foillseachadh.

Their mi chum a chliu, gu 'n d' fhuair mi a chrann-ceusaidh milis agus ionmhuinn dhomh; oir bha agam iomadh uair aoibhneach o'n a thainig mi na phrìosan, gu'n aon smaoin eagallach o sin; neartaich e mi gu dubhlan a thoirt do dhuine, agus aghaidh gu 'n eagal thoirt do 'n bhas; tha fadachd orm anis airson an uair aoibhneach anns am bi am bothan cre air a sgaoileadh as a cheile, agus cha 'n eile ni anns an t-saoghal tha g'am dheanamh bronach fhagail ach sibhse; ach tha mi dol gu cuideachd ni 's fearr,

mar sin gabhaidh mi mo chead dibh uile. Slan leibh a chomh-luchd fulaing mo ghraidh, a luchd leanmhuinn an Uain; slan le luchd comuinn Crìosdail; slan le mathair agus peathraichean diadhaidh; slan le coimnidhean uaigheach mhillis; slan leibh a choinnidhean choitcheinn ion-mhiann-uichte. Slan le fuachd, agus seachrain oidhche airson Chrìosd; slan leat a Bhiobuill, agus a shearmonachadh an t-soisgeul; slan leibh a ghrian, a ghealach, agus a reultan; slan le comhraig ri corp peacaidh agus bais. Failt ort a chroich airson Chrìosd prìseil; failt ort Ierusalem neamh-aidh, agus air cuideachd do aireamh do ainglibh; failt air lan choimhthional, agus eaglais nan ceud ghin; failte air crun glòir, air eaidh gheal, agus air laoidh Mhaois agus an Uain; ach os cionn na h-uile, failte orsta O Thrìonaid ghormhor, agus aon Dia! O aon shiorruidh! 'na do laimh tha mi tiomnadh m'anam gu t-fhois shiorruidh.

SEUMAS RENUIC.

Caraig na h-Eaglaise.

“ Air a charaig so togaidh mise m' eaglais.”—

Mata xvi. 18.

Bi sud a charaig bhuadhach,
Na tuilltean cha tug buaidh orr',
Ged d'rinn iad orra bualadh,
Cha ghluais i gu bràth;
'Se Crìosd i na dha nadur,
'San aona phearsa tamhachd,
Mar shagart is mar fhaidh,
'S air ardach' mar Rìgh.

Gur anns na buadhan siorruidh,
A shuithicheadh o chian i,
'San innt' tha 'n gliocas fìor-ghlan,
Air fheuchainn do dhaoine,
'San innt' tha gradh na Dhiadhachd,
Ri fhaicainn mar an ceudna,
'S gu tug i glòir neo-chrìochnach,
Do'n Trianaid mar aon.

Ach 's diomhaireachd o'n Ard-Rìgh,
Fear-Saoraidh thighinn do'n fhasach,
Air fhoillseachadh o'n airde,
Ann an nadur chlann daoine,
'Troimh ghinealach neo-ghnathaicht,
'S cha b'ann o leasraidh Adhamh,
Ged a ghabh E 'n nadur,
Thaobh lanachd a ghaoil.

Ged d' laidh E anns an uaigh greis,
 Cha d' chum i aic' na th' fhuair i,
 Oir b' E Rìgh nan Sluagh E,
 Bha bhuaidh aig' gun dail,
 Bu ghloirmhor leam E 'g eiridh,
 'San Eaglais air uchd-eididh;
 Oir b' E feir an Ceud-ghin,
 A dh' eiridh bho'n bhas.

'Nuair bha E marbh mar iobairt,
 Gu robh E beo gu siorruidh,
 Mar Shagart bha neo-chrìochnach,
 'San fhìor ionad naomh;
 'S E crathadh Fuil na Reite,
 Air Caithair Trocair Dhe,
 A chum peacaich dheanamh reidh ris,
 'S E seulach dhoibh saors'.

Be sud an iobairt ghloirmhor,
 A riarach Lagh Iehobhah,
 Thuairt Ceartas: "Tha nis leoir innt',
 Dhomhsa gu bràth,
 Cha'n agair mise an cor,
 Bho aon pheacach a ghaibh trocair,
 'San air an son gu sonruicht',
 Chaidh orduch' gu bas."

'S ann thachair ni ro-shonruicht',
 Ann a laithibh Noah,
 Nuair thainig crìoch gach feoil,
 Uile comhla' na lathair,
 'S rinn tobraichean Iehobhah,
 Bho'n dhoimhne fosgladh comhla',
 'S tuil dhorsan troimh na neoil,
 O'n a stor bha gu h-ard.

Is ionnan sin 's mar dh-eirich,
 Do'n charaig bh'air a treigsinn,
 An àm a bhi ga cheusadh,
 'San dh-eigh e gu h-ard:
 "Mo Dhia carson a threig thu mi,
 An diugh aig uair na h-eiginn,
 'S gun pheacadh annam fein,
 'N aghaidh Dhe fad mo la."

Thaobh suidheachadh a' Chumhnannt',
 Bha 'n lagh ag iarraidh umhlachd,
 'San Ceartas bha do lubaidh,
 Do run e bhi paight;
 'S bha beath' is bas ro-dhluth ann,
 Tha sud againn san tiomhnadh,
 Is foillseachadh air ruinntean
 Mor Ughdar nan Gras.

'S caraig bhuan nan àl i,
 'San orr' tha cudthrom tearnaidh,
 Mhor shluagh sin nach gabh aireamh,
 Gu brath le clann daoine,
 'San orr' a sheas na faidhean,
 Ged bha i dorch' an trath sin,
 Ga nochdadh tre na sgailean,
 Gu brath chaidh a thaobh.

Gach neach a chaidh a thearnadh,
 'S a shaoradh bho'n a bhas leat,
 Cha ghabhadh iad ri slainte,
 Gu brath na ri saors',
 Mur faiceadh iad nan nadur,
 An Lagh a bhi air ardach',
 'S an Ceartas bhi nan fabhor,
 Troimh 'n t-Shlanuighear chaomh.

Tha 'n Ceartas ud neo-chriochnach,
 'S cho fada ris an t-siorruidheachd,
 Is ionnan doimhn' is leud dha,
 'Se cian a thaobh aird;
 Os clann gach creutair criochnach,
 A thuit o lagh na Trianaid,
 'S cha 'n urrainn iad gu siorruidh,
 Lan dioladh 'thoirt dha.

R. F.

Modern Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM as a City covers to-day more ground than it ever did before in history. Not even in her palmiest days under David and Solomon, or in Herod's day, did the Holy City extend west and south as it does now. And it continues to grow. Districts are springing up; Garden Cities are being planned and their sites covered with houses; well-planned roads with avenues of stately trees give an air of prosperity and peace. Those who knew Palestine half-a-century ago see an altogether new Jerusalem. The older parts within its ancient walls are being preserved. There exists a "Central Town Planning Commission," whose duties are to guard and preserve ancient buildings. No alterations can be effected without their sanction. The advantage is obvious; those who visit the Holy Land now will be able to see the old city with its narrow streets, picturesque houses and native bazaars just as they must have been centuries ago. Only one change

for the better will be noticeable everywhere. The smells have gone and the refuse in the streets exist no longer. British rule has made the difference.

Outside the ancient walls the modern city is rising in sharpest contrast to the one the visitor has just left. Stately houses and beautiful gardens may be seen everywhere. Public buildings abound, hospitals, schools, churches, synagogues, and mosques; and as though with the object of destroying the illusion that you may have been carried away to a city in Italy or Spain, you rub shoulders with a swarthy Bedouin, or a Siloam woman carrying her produce on her head and her baby slung in a hammock on her back. But you are overwhelmed with the medley of camels and donkeys, taxicabs and costly motor cars, whose hooting does not disturb the stately "ship of the desert"; and the varieties of costumes, the Babel of tongues—you cannot get away from the fact, you are not in Europe, you are in Jerusalem.

And the Jews predominate everywhere. The leading shops are theirs, commerce and trade are very largely in their hands; they drive most of the taxis, they take their full share as labourers; while in art and intellectual pursuits they are supreme.

Some things we come against give us a great shock. A flaring notice informs us that an Opera will be performed in the Jerusalem Theatre. There will be Jewish actresses and a Jewish orchestra, and perhaps it may be an Italian opera sung in Hebrew! There are cinemas in Jerusalem, the hotels advertise dances—all this in Jerusalem! Surely, a profanity, a sacrilege. We want to break forth and sing "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love Thee." Isaiah saw the city as "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." The world rules in the city, some day it will be called "Holiness unto the LORD." Oh, for that day to come when the KING returns and the city becomes indeed a city of peace!

Several Societies and Missions are at work there, as well as in other parts of the Holy Land, all doing good service for the King, but one realises that the solution of the Jewish problem is not Palestine now, but Poland. Fifty per cent. of the Jews returning to the land of Israel come from Poland. The Jewish Missionary cause in East Europe is no mere Polish question, but a Palestine, and a world problem. We are only beginning to learn the lesson, may the Lord give us grace to carry it through.—"Immanuel's Witness."

The Late Miss Jessie Macintosh, Rha, Uig, Skye.

IT is with regret we have to record the death of Miss Jessie Macintosh, at the age of 66 years, at Glenhinisdale, Snizort, Skye, on the 23rd January 1926. Jessie was the eldest daughter of the late Mr John Macintosh, Rha, Uig, Skye. She was brought up by her parents to love God's Word and to respect the Sabbath Day. While quite young, Jessie took a great interest in her Bible, and this latterly developed for the good of her immortal soul. Having caught a chill in her youth, this was the means of keeping her in poor health all her life. Still, at times she was able to work at dressmaking, being an expert at needlework. In 1893 she joined herself to the loyal band that stood for the truth and loved God's people, especially Mr Norman Munro, Mr Peter Macleod, both late of Staffin, and the late Rev. Alexander Macrae, Portree, under whose spiritual teachings she rejoiced greatly. Often her soul was cast down in utter despair, but out of it all the Lord helped her to overcome the temptations of Satan and gave her a very refreshing time of His presence after these trials. At times she walked long distances to worship God, and was heard to say that when alone on the way, meditating upon His Word, she felt the presence of the Most High very near her.

She was a most loyal and staunch Free Presbyterian, never wavering in her attachment to the Church, and when she heard of some of the ministers leaving, although sorry that this had happened, her remarks made at the time were—"Na bitheadh bhur suil ri daoine."

Last year she intended leaving Uig to go to live with her younger sister at Erbusaig, Kyle, for good; but God saw it otherwise. It seems that during the past few years she carried her grave clothes about with her, anticipating that death might come at any moment, showing that she was acting on the injunction of her Saviour—"Watch, for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man may come." She, however, went to visit friends of her own at Glenhinisdale, Snizort, where she benefited for a time; but the messenger of death had come, and Jessie, who was only confined to bed for 12 days, passed peacefully away, trusting fully in her Saviour. We have observed with regard to some of the Lord's people living alone that He has brought it

about in His providence that they passed away in the house of friends, with kind hands ministering to their last wants. This happened in Jessie's case. She was first in the house of Miss Macdonald, like-minded with herself, and latterly in the home of Mr and Mrs Malcolm Macleod, who kindly waited on her to the end.

Her funeral to Uig Cemetery was largely attended, showing the respect she was held in by the community at large. We would express our sympathy with her surviving relatives in their great loss.

D. M. M.

Harris Obituaries.

IN the high, heather-clad, rocky island of Harris the Lord Jesus Christ has seen of the travail of His soul as in other parts of His creation. The heavenly angelic hosts have many times rejoiced over penitent sinners there since the glad tidings first came to it. The Holy Spirit has quickened, justified, sanctified, and glorified some of Adam's fallen race there who in their day were pre-eminent in gifts, graces, usefulness, and everything which constitutes and honours true manhood and godliness.

A good number of them were associated with the Free Presbyterian congregation at its formation in 1893 until their death, and it is some of these, more prominent than others, who departed this life between 1910 and 1924, that the writer would here briefly mention.

The aged and saintly Mrs Mackay (Granny Urgha) was in many respects the noblest and the best proportioned type of a Christian the writer ever saw. The end, which came rather suddenly, found her expectant and, indeed, willing to depart to be with Christ. She had a short while before sent a special message to the Lord's people requesting them to earnestly pray that she would be fully prepared for death, and peremptorily forbidding them to pray that she would be left another moment in the world. She had her wish, for she soon thereafter passed peacefully away as if about to fall asleep.

Peter McUsbic, elder, Kyle Scalpay, was a man of sterling worth, who adorned his profession in all things. He was of a very quiet and peaceable disposition. William Morrison, Drimshader, was a stalwart defender of the faith who would yield to no one in what he considered his duty to God's Word and to his

conscience. There was no mincing matters with him in these momentous issues. His quiet and dutiful wife was like-minded with him. Ann Macdonald, Grosebay, was a woman of judgment and foresight, prudent and careful in word and deed, and a genuine lover of the Lord, His Word, house, and people. Her affectionate and God-fearing sister, Mrs Maclean, Meavaig, was a very kind woman; also her sister-in-law, Mrs Macdonald, Grosebay, who was always ready to give the most cordial welcome and show the most unstinted hospitality, and to whom man's chief end to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever was ever a present reality.

Mrs Fraser, Collam, whose heart yearned for the salvation of sinners, and to whom the least sign of the Spirit's breathing in a coming reviving was cause of unbounded joy filled with the greatest expectations and hope.

Mrs Mackinnon, Tarbert, who reached a great age and lying in bed, thought her humble apartment was filled with the joyous, celestial praises of angels and redeemed.

Mrs Donald Macleod, West Tarbert, the daughter of a godly mother, who sought to walk in her mother's footsteps. The exemplary and pious sisters, Mrs Mackinnons, the Post Office, Stockinish.

The veteran Donald Mackinnon, elder, Stockinish, a firm and faithful upholder of God's rights and claims, a reprover of sin, and a wise counsellor, who in humble, willing resignation to God's will beautifully exemplified the Scripture—"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

The cheerful and always pleasant Mrs Mackay, Geocrab. The beloved Donald Morrison, elder, Beck-rivig, who was in every way an eminent Christian, wise, just, charitable, and lowly, loving truth and hating all dissembling, loving his brethren and treating them with due respect and boundless hospitality. He left to future generations, as witnesses and memorials of his love to hear the Gospel preached, the boulders and rock-ledges on which he used to sit and rest on his way to and from God's house, when heart and flesh were fainting and failing.

Angus Macleod, deacon, Ardvee, a thoroughly honest man, whose love and friendship were true and lasting. He knew not the fickleness of character which can be a friend to-day and a foe to-morrow, or that deep guile which in order to deal a more deadly blow will clothe itself in the garb of love and innocence. His soul, life, and means were devoted to the Lord and at

His disposal. The Lord's cause and people, as well as his fellow-men in general, had no better friend. His brother, John, pre-eminent in prayer, was a most amiable and very humble Christian. He used to walk several miles to the public means of grace in such a weak bodily condition that those who knew were quite surprised and puzzled at how he could do it. He now rests from his labours.

Malcolm Macdonald, Sruth, was a most sincere man and grave. In his own estimation he was less than the least of all saints.

Ewen Morrison, deacon, Northton, was a person whose very appearance would give one the impression that he was a kind and hospitable man, and so indeed he was. The Lord's people, and especially the messengers of the Cross, were welcome to his home. He was a peace-loving man, whose heart went forth to all who call upon the name of the Lord Jesus.

Malcolm Mackinnon, Northton, was in love to the Lord's people and His ambassadors, and in readiness to receive them and show them profuse hospitality second to none. It was always a pleasure to meet him, and profitable to be in his company. The Lord gave him more than the ordinary measure of the Spirit of grace and supplications which he faithfully used to good purpose in pleading in public and private for all men, but especially for his neighbours, who had a very warm place in his heart, and whose eternal concerns were his as much as their's. One feels justified in saying of him that he followed the Lord fully, and the hope must survive that his earnest prayers will yet be answered.

John Maclean, Northton, although he never became a communicant, and was always weak and trembling, yet in his life he gave every indication that he was one of the Lord's people. He was a very lovable man, and we believe he is now where his fears and doubts made him believe many a day he would never be.

D. N. M.

The Late Mr Samuel Clark, Unapool, Assynt.

WE much regret the delay which has occurred in putting in print something about Mr Samuel Clark, Unapool. Our dear late friend departed on the first Sabbath of March 1925, and was thus about 71

years of age. Born near Oykell, Sutherlandshire, his father, who was employed as a shepherd, had migrated from Dumfriesshire a few years before Samuel was born, who was the youngest of the family. His father, according to the testimony of not a few, was a worthy Christian, and was ordained an elder in the Free Church of Rosehall. When the first Union controversy between the Free Church and U.P. arose, Samuel's father was very strongly opposed to this mooted proposal, and we often heard from Samuel what his father used to say with regard to that Union—"When this Union takes place, the Free Church will be as dead as a church door nail." How accurate his forecast was, what has happened since has truly verified. The antecedents and consequents of the Union of 1900 have most correctly borne out the dictum of the worthy man.

Samuel Clark was thus brought up in the nursery of Christian example and conduct, yet he was without God and without hope up to the last stages of his life. And, while possessing by the mercy of God these inestimable privileges, the temptations to strong drink were too overpowering for him to resist. This strong inclination expressed itself, at due intervals, right up to within recent years. The intemperate habit formed in youth, often, if not always, through the influence of association with "the evil communication which corrupts good manners," cannot be easily renounced until a "stronger" than "the strong man armed that keepeth his palace and his goods in peace," come to disarm and take possession. Samuel Clark's case was an apt illustration of this. The writer heard it related that when Samuel, as a young man, happened to come home the worse of liquor, his mother would most naturally remonstrate with him. Whereupon the father would say—"You leave Sam; the Lord will yet bring him within the fold."

Let it be recorded here that, notwithstanding this inexcusable failing of conduct and of character, he was otherwise as a natural man most exemplary. He cherished the greatest respect for all truly God-fearing people; his tongue was free of foul words and swearing; the Sabbath Day he observed with care and strictness; family worship was regularly kept; the works of pious authors, particularly Spurgeon's arresting sermons, were diligently and unweariedly perused, and his house and heart were most hospitably open to all strangers, but especially the Lord's people. With all

these commendable qualities, he could join with the light and frivolous, and sit down at times at the drunkard's table.

The impression which his father's Christian life had formed in his mind never wholly left him; and we believe it was true of him as of those towards whom the Lord has a purpose of saving grace, that those early impressions of divine things came at intervals with renewed force to his mind, and that at recurring lapses of behaviour he sought to atone for the guilt which they laid on his conscience, by resorting to greater diligence in religious duties and performances. That Samuel Clark's conscience was often, after these lapses, smarting to the quick we have no doubt. But such "goodness is as the morning cloud and the early dew that passeth away."

For nearly two years he passed through severe anguish in his soul over his sins and over a misspent life. His sleep had gone, and he tossed and reeled day and night under a sense of God's just wrath against sin. No sinner out of hell was so great as he was now. Truth after truth, which hitherto lay dormant in his memory, blazed forth through his soul with conviction and condemning power. He was most remarkably well read in the Scriptures; he had a retentive memory, and the most daring scoffer would have to retreat with a shut mouth from Samuel Clark, owing to the unusual knack he had of quoting the most apt and pertinent passages of Scripture condemnatory of their views and character.

At last the day of his espousal had come. That well-known truth uttered by the Saviour—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," was the truth the Holy Spirit made use of in taking the scales from off his eyes, and in renewing him in his mind and will so as to know God and His Son Jesus Christ savingly. It was a day of jubilee to him, liberty, deliverance from bondage, sin, and abject slavery—restoration to God's favour and indescribable experience of His heart-melting love and grace. He was a new man, beaming with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. This great change was brought about after the close of the Great War. Shortly after he had thus tasted of the love of God and the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free, this truth impelled him to go to Scourie Communion in October, and bear public witness for Christ, according to the injunction—"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess

me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." The Session felt no difficulty in receiving him into full communion.

It would appear that the Lord was fast preparing him for another world, as his life henceforth was destined to be short. His interest in worldly matters was waning as fast, and he seemed to actually live in the truth, meditation, and prayer. Those who heard him speak on the Fridays of a Communion will not forget the depth of feeling and unaffected earnestness which pervaded his utterances, and his whole bodily frame acted in unison with the deep passions of his soul. Sovereign grace and mercy were divine qualities which he delighted to speak of, as they were so wonderfully exhibited in his own case, and he always emphasised that any black sinner still out of hell could be saved when he was. In reviewing his past life he would be overwhelmed with wonder at the long-suffering of God towards him, and at the divine preservation until he should be plucked as a brand out of the burning.

The wondrous efficiency of the blood of Christ as comprehending the whole of His obedient and suffering life held him at times in feelings of rapture and amazement. At a communion time in Lochinver, when he had come from a morning prayer-meeting, he was asked if he was called to pray. "Called to pray?" he said, "the place for the like of me is praying at the back of the rocks and in the peat hags." Some time after his conversion he expressed a desire to hold worship on Sabbath in his house for any of the Unapool people who would like to come, and as they came almost in a body he had to go to the school, and while he was able the meetings were held regularly.

He followed the Free Presbyterian Church from its inception from conviction, and felt in his enlightened days more and more the increasing need of holding to the Scriptural and confessional testimony in a back-sliding age. There was a lurking internal trouble which predisposed him to think he would not live long, and over a year before he died he underwent an operation of a nature that gave only a temporary relief. He suffered much in his body in the end. But he is gone to be, we believe, with Christ, which is far better. To his devoted wife, who tenderly nursed him all along, and the members of the family, we express our sincere sympathy and pray his God will be their God.

M. M.

Luther and Count Eberhard von Erbach.

IN the year 1518, on the evening of the 8th of April, Count Eberhard might be seen as he galloped over the bridge of his castle at Erbach, so fast that his followers could hardly keep up with him. It had cost him a hard struggle to leave home at this time, for in one of the chambers his little daughter, Hildegard, was lying to all appearance at the point of death. The Countess strove to detain him, but it was all to no purpose; his determination was fixed; he tore himself away, though a severe pang pierced his heart as he bade his wife farewell and cast a last look on his child's pale form. In the autumn of the preceding year, God had caused the long-forgotten word of His grace in His Son Christ Jesus to be once more proclaimed at Wittenberg by His servant, Martin Luther, and within a fortnight it had spread through almost all parts of Germany, and found an entrance into many hearts. But, as always happens under such circumstances, it was attended with gainsaying and misunderstandings. While it met with acceptance among the common people, and even with many of the higher classes, who, amidst their outward splendour, had not hearts alive to their spiritual wants; yet among the great and wise of this world there were those who attempted to "kick against the pricks." To this latter class belonged Count Eberhard. He threatened apostates from the Romish Church with the severest punishments, and roused the clergy of all ranks and orders to oppose the progress of heresy. John Speckel, a man of learning, earnestly seconded his efforts; but all attempts to shut out the new doctrine from the Count's domains were as powerless as if he had tried to stay the blasts that rushed through the valleys of the Odenwald.

The Count and his ecclesiastical fellow-workers were delighted when Eckius, Prierias and others took the field against Luther, but persons who were more far-sighted, and had read their writings, were disposed to believe that his cause would only be advanced by such opponents. Under all these attacks, Luther's own courage and faith waxed stronger; and this year, on the 26th of April, when a meeting of the Augustin friars was to be held at Heidelberg, the undaunted Reformer, having provided himself with letters of introduction to the Prince Palatine, set out on foot. He

preached everywhere powerfully and humbly, giving all glory to the Lord. From every quarter people flocked to see the man whose name had found its way into the most distant peasant's cottage. No one was more indignant at Luther's popularity than Count Eberhard. At last his resolution was taken; he would find it no difficult matter to attack the Reformer unawares, and might give him in custody to the monks till he consented to recant.

Count Eberhard felt satisfied and passed through the gate of Miltenberg. The whole town was alive. Groups of men were moving about the streets, and talking of the wonderful man to whose wonderful preaching they had been listening that day. The Count dashed through the crowd straight up to the inn near to which Luther had taken up his quarters. "My Lord Count," exclaimed the innkeeper, "I should never have dreamt that Luther would have made your grace stir from home!" The Count made no reply and withdrew at once to his bed-chamber. Wearied out by his hasty ride and mental agitation, he threw himself on his bed, and dropped into a deep sleep. After some hours he awoke, and as he wished to keep awake, rose up, and went to the window. Darkness and silence were spread over the little town with its slumbering population. The Count was quite at a loss what course to take.

All of a sudden a light shone in the corner chamber of the next house, and a deep, fine, manly voice, which, in the silence of the night, fell on the Count's ears quite audibly, uttered the words: "This may God grant, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen!" As the Count occupied the highest storey, he overlooked the chamber, he could plainly discern the dark form of some one kneeling down in prayer. For a while this person seemed to be turning over the leaves of a book, and then began his prayer again: "Lord my God, in Thee do I put my trust; save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me; lest they tear my soul like a lion, while there is none to deliver." These words were taken from the vii. Psalm. The Count had never before heard any one pray in this manner; each word in the lips of the worshipper seemed like a sledge-hammer knocking at Heaven's gate, especially the concluding verses: "My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart. God judgeth the righteous, and is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, He will whet His sword, He hath bent His bow, and made it ready." These words were uttered with such power and confidence that the

Count could not help thinking: "Truly this man has a better shield than I have, and a sharper sword. With such a man I would not wish to be otherwise than on good terms." And when the person went on to pray for all Christendom; that God would cause the clear light of the Gospel to shine forth; that He would turn the hearts of princes as the rivers of water are turned, and make the poor common people free by His truth, and that as to the enemies of the Word, He would crush their pride; and that ignorant persecutors might take warning by His judgments, and attend to the one thing needful; at the close of these petitions the Count could not help clasping his hands, and with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed aloud: "Amen! Amen! Grant it may be, O God, as Thy servant has said."

The Count walked up and down his chamber restlessly occupied with the single thought of seeing the man face to face whom he had heard praying in this manner. At last he noticed that the day had begun. He rang for the innkeeper, who immediately made his appearance with a tankard of warm ale on a silver waiter which he was going to place on the marble table. But the Count stopped him, saying: "Cannot you tell me who that person is in yonder chamber with the curtain let down?" "Certainly! And have you really seen him? Why, it is Luther, the Arch-heretic. His lamp has been burning for some hours."

The Count stood thunder-struck. "Luther is it?" "Yes, Dr Martin Luther," said the innkeeper, seeing his astonishment. "Has your Grace any commands to give?" but receiving no answer he made his bow and withdrew.

For some time the Count stood as if fixed to the spot. At last, without touching his breakfast, he hurried down stairs, went over to the next house, and stood in an instant before Luther. On the Count's entering Luther rose from his seat, and beheld a portly figure in complete armour, and with his sword by his side, standing before him with an anxious look, but not uttering a word. But when at last in a kindly tone, Luther broke the silence by asking what he wanted, the Count fell on his knees, and exclaimed: "O Man! you are better than I am. God forgive me that I ever thought of doing you harm!" He then told what was his design in coming thither, and how he heard him pray, and how his words overpowered him.

"Not my word," said Luther, "but the Word of the Lord, which I, a poor unworthy sinner, have the

honour of bringing into Germany. Go your way in peace. my Lord Count; He who has begun a good work in you will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ. If it please God, you shall see still greater wonders, for 'He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder.' His word they cannot destroy, for the Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

The Count's attendants were waiting at the entrance of the inn, where they had been joined by Echter and Bernhold, expecting to receive his orders. But he galloped passed them, and waving his hand, as if lost in thought, said: "Go in peace; the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." As he entered the gate way of the castle his wife came out to meet him and said their child had passed a good night and was sitting up in bed waiting for her father.

Without going into particulars, we may state that from that time the Count zealously endeavoured that the Word which he had persecuted might be published with all fidelity to his subjects. Among the Princes who were present at the Diet of Worms is to be found the name of Count Eberhard Von Erbach, as an enlightened friend of the Protestant cause, who there made a good confession on its behalf.

John Speckel also, formerly priest at Michelstadt, was the first of a succession of ministers who published the Gospel at Brensbach; and on his pulpit, which was erected by Count Eberhard in the year 1526, is to be seen an inscription, which was then the watchword of Protestants:—"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—*Christian Treasury*.

Does Evolution Enlarge our View of God's Creative Work?

IT is a common argument with theistic evolutionists to say that Evolution enlarges the view of God's creative work, and by the long drawn-out process through millions of years the work of God is seen on a grander scale than in the act of special creation. This argument has been well met by Prof. Keyser in an article in the "King's Business" (Los Angeles), criticising a paper by Dr Rice, professor of Zoology. "Moreover," says Dr Keyser, "we fail to see why evolution should give any man an 'enlarged' conception of God. What is there about the doctrine that God brought man up through the beasts of the forests

and jungle by means of the fierce and bloody struggle for existence that would give us 'enlarged' faith in God and His ways? What is it that is so uplifting about such a doctrine? Compare it with the Biblical teaching that God created man directly in His own similitude, made him a rational, sentient, moral and spiritual being at the start, and placed him in a garden, so that he might have a fair chance for his moral development and spiritual life. Does not this latter view give us a larger and higher conception of God, His reasonableness, His love, His justice? For example, Van Loon (another militant evolutionist) says that it 'took man's ancestors about a million years to learn to walk on their hind legs,' meaning that, prior to that exploit, they were animals going about on all-fours! Suppose God did it that way—does it 'enlarge' our respect for Him? Wells, Conklin, Osborn, Gregory, Kellogg, and the 'Hall of Man' in the American Museum of Science—all represent primitive man as a very brutal and ferocious being. According to their pictures, he looks very much like the baboon and gorilla. He is even placed side by side with them—all in a row, ending with the modern man. Does such an origin and evolution of man give you 'enlarged' views of God? How infinitely below the doctrine of special creation in the divine image! Let us note some things said by Dr Rice, this professor in a Christian university. He says that the theistic evolutionist sees 'in the first chapter of Genesis an inspired poetic statement of God's creative power, but no inerrant text-book of science.'

"As is invariably the case, our evolutionist shoves the Bible to one side to make way for his theory. We have never yet found an exception to this rule: the Bible is never accepted at its honest face value by the purveyors of evolution. It is always treated as if it has said things it does not mean, or made many errant statements in its cosmogony. It contains only the 'ideas of the Hebrews.' It is not a real historical narrative. So all evolutionists hold. We challenge any one to point out an exception.

"Our author regards the first chapter of the Bible as a 'poetic statement.' We must deny this. It is not poetry: it is smooth and beautiful prose. More than that, the very style of it indicates that the writer meant it to be accepted as literal history. Poetry may be fiction; history purports to tell the truth, and to tell it without the disguise of decorative draperies. Such is the style of the original Hebrew in which the first chapter of the Bible was written."

The Babe in Bethlehem.

“**T**HE most famous sermon Mr Lachlan Mackenzie ever preached,” says Dr Kennedy, in the Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire, “was on ‘The Babe in Bethlehem.’ It made a very deep impression on the minds of such of the Lord’s people as were privileged to hear it; and the memories of that sermon were always recalled with peculiar vividness and delight. The preacher having proposed to go to seek for Jesus, an inquirer was supposed to offer to attend him, and the two were represented as setting out together on that search. They had not gone far when, the inquirer’s eye resting on a fine house not far away, he said—‘Surely this is the place where we will find Him.’ ‘Come and let us see,’ was the guide’s reply. They go to the fine mansion, and peeping in through the window, they see a company seated round a gaming table. ‘Oh, come away! come away! Jesus cannot be here,’ the inquirer cries. ‘I knew that,’ his guide replied. ‘but while we are on the way to some other place let me tell you what will be the fate of the company on which we were looking.’ He then detailed the future of the family in the mansion, and the programme he gave was actually carried out in the after-history of a family in his parish. ‘Oh, perhaps He is there,’ says the inquirer, pointing to another house. ‘Come and let us see,’ was again the guide’s reply. They reached the house, but they had only just stood, when the hoarse laugh of the drunkard sounded in their ears. Again the inquirer is satisfied that they must seek elsewhere for Jesus; and, again, with wonderful minuteness, the minister describes the future career of another household in his parish. After repeated trials, made at his own suggestion, the inquirer begins to despair of finding Jesus at all. He leaves himself now entirely in the hands of his guide, who brings him to the back court of an inn, and pointing to the door of the stable, says, ‘It is there Jesus will be found.’ ‘There!’ cries the inquirer, ‘behind that mass of filth,’ as he pointed to the dung-heap at the door of the stable.’ Applying this to the remembrance of past sins, and his fear that one so guilty as he could never find Jesus, the guide reasoned with the inquirer till his first difficulty was removed. He then brings him to the threshold, but the filth within now arrests him. ‘Oh, surely,’ he cries, ‘He cannot be in such a place as this.’ Applying

this to the sense of indwelling corruption, his guide again reasons with the inquirer till the second difficulty is removed. But seeing beasts within, he is afraid to cross over to the manger. This suggests the presence and wiles of the tempter, and the inquirer's fears, arising from temptation, are met and removed. At last the manger is reached, and there, in swaddling clothes, they find the infant Jesus. In the renewed will of the inquirer himself, seeking Jesus as revealed and offered in the Gospel, and as he fain would embrace Him in the promise, if he dare, Jesus at last is found, notwithstanding all past guilt, abounding corruption, and harassing temptations" (Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire, 1897 Edit., pp. 65, 66).

Notes and Comments.

The British and Foreign Bible Society and the Trinitarian Bible Society.—As some of our readers are probably aware, there is a controversy between these two Bible Societies, and as the representatives of the larger Society had been making attacks upon the veracity and trustworthiness of the statements made by the Trinitarian Bible Society as to the issue of corrupt versions in foreign languages issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, the whole field of controversy was reviewed in the "Quarterly Record" of the Trinitarian Bible Society, beginning with the April issue, 1924, and concluded in the January issue, 1926—in all, seven issues at one penny each. Apart from the light thrown on the controversy, these Records contain very interesting material and information about the good work done by this excellent Society. The Society sets itself against the issue of corrupt versions of the Word of God in foreign translations, and is doing fine work at home and abroad. The above-mentioned Records may be had from the secretary, The Rev. F. Cecil Lovely, B.A., 7 Bury Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C. 1.

Romanism in the Church of England.—We give the following extracts, says the "English Churchman," from the "Acton Gazette" respecting the services which were held in St Peter's, Acton :—"On Good Friday the ancient liturgical service known as the Mass of the

Presanctified, and observed throughout Western and Eastern Christendom, was the principal service at 11 a.m. at the above church. In the presence of a good congregation, with the customary dignified ceremonial, the service was one of deep reverence, and the Veneration of the Cross formed part of the service. 'The Reproaches' were sung feelingly by the choir." "On Easter Day there were Low Masses with Communion at 6.45 and 8 a.m., High Mass with procession at 11 a.m., the preacher being the vicar. At 3.15 there was a children's service with procession, and at 6.30 solemn Evensong with procession, sermon and Adoration." This shows how far things have drifted in the diocese of London and the deplorable lack of discipline prevailing.

The Great Strike.—Our country has just passed through one of the most critical periods of our history. The Trades Union Council launched on the community a General Strike, as they said, in support of the miners. Fortunately, though it caused untold trouble, inconvenience, and loss, the country rallied to the side of the Government, and the infatuated men who called the Strike saw it end in a tragic failure, and have had to admit defeat. It was one of the most gigantic blunders ever made by men professing to be leaders of men. As a country we have had a revelation of the forces that are out for disorder and revolution. On the other hand, we have the greatest cause of thankfulness to God that He frustrated the designs of evil men. It was for these reasons the Synod appointed a Day of Humiliation, Prayer, and Thanksgiving on 26th May. We cannot here refer to the subject at greater length. Our printers were held up like others, and though they have pushed on the printing as rapidly as possible after the Strike, it was impossible to get the matter through as expeditiously as formerly. This explains the delay in the issue of the Magazine this month.

Church Notes.

Communions.—June—First Sabbath, Coigach and Applecross; second, Shieldaig; third, Dornoch, Glendale, Helmsdale, and Lochcarron; fourth, Gairloch and Inverness. July—First Sabbath, Lairg, Raasay, and Beaulay; second, Tain, Staffin, and Tomatin; third, Daviot, Halkirk, Flashadder, and Rogart; fourth, Plock-

ton, Bracadale, and North Uist. August—First Sabbath—Dingwall; second, Portree and Stratherrick; third, Bonar-Bridge and Broadford. September—Vatten, third Sabbath. The Lewis Communion will be given in the July Magazine.

Meeting of Synod.—The Synod met in Glasgow on Tuesday, 18th May, when the retiring moderator, Rev. N. Macintyre, preached on Matt. xvi. 18—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church." There was a large attendance of the public, but the dislocation of boat and train services caused by the Strike interfered with the attendance of members. Interesting and encouraging reports were given in on the Foreign Mission and Canadian Mission, and also on Religion and Morals and the finances of the Church. We hope to give these reports in our next issue, and also a full report of the Synod. It may interest our readers to know that the matter referred to in the opening article as to a history of the Free Presbyterian Church received the attention of the Synod, and a Committee has been appointed to carry out the work.

Jubilee Presentation to the Rev. D. Macfarlane, Dingwall.—On Friday, 21st May, according to the Synod's arrangement, the Moderator (Rev. D. M. Macdonald) and the Clerk of the Synod (Rev. D. Beaton), with Mr James Mackay, representing the Southern Presbytery, and Mr Kenneth Matheson, representing the Northern Presbytery, with other friends, met in the Free Presbyterian Manse, Dingwall. The Moderator, after opening the meeting with devotional exercises, presented an address from the Synod, and thereafter the Clerk of Synod handed to Mr Macfarlane a cheque for a substantial sum. Mr Macfarlane suitably replied, and thanked the Church cordially for their kind remembrance of him. He wished for all his friends God's blessing. The meeting concluded with the singing of Psalm cxxxiii.

Ordination and Induction at Halkirk.—The Northern Presbytery have appointed Tuesday, the 30th June, for the ordination and induction of the Rev. William Grant. Public worship will (D.V.) begin at 12.30 p.m.

Dunoon.—We are pleased to be able to intimate that Mr Maclean, formerly of Sandbank, is expected to conduct the services (D.V.) in Dunoon during the months of July and August.

London Mission.—It has been arranged that the Rev. W. Grant will (D.V.) conduct the services in our

London Mission for three Sabbaths, beginning 30th May. For Hall address and hours, see Magazine cover. Mr Tallach divinity student, will (D.V.) resume duties there from 20th June. Communications may be addressed to Mr Grant (c/o Butler), 160 Warwick Street, S.W.

Collection for this Month.—By appointment of the Synod, the collection for the Aged, and Infirm Ministers' Widows, and Orphans' Fund is to be taken up during the month of June.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

SUSTENTATION FUND.—Mrs P. Cameron, Ardgour, 8s; Mrs Moifat, Sandaig, Glenelg, 10s; Mrs Mackenzie, Autlands, Coigach, £1; a Friend, Skelpick, per Miss J. Munro, 5s; F.P., Heast, £2; Mrs M. Macgregor, Drumullie, 6s; Jack Macrae, Puerto, Argentina, 10s; Angus Macrae, Vancouver Island, £1 0s 5d; Nurse Macinnes, Melrose, 5s.

COLLEGE FUND.—A Friend, Wick, per Rev. N. Cameron, 10s.

HOME MISSION FUND.—Miss Kerr, Pitlochry, 4s 6d; F.P., Heast, £1; Mrs Cameron, Acharacle, 1s; Miss E. Macrae, Windsor, Ontario, 4s 1d.

ORGANISATION FUND.—J. Macrae, Argentina, 5s; A. Stewart, Spean Bridge, 16s.

JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—D. Clark, Valencia, U.S.A., £6; J. and B., T. M., Canada, 12s 3d; I. M. R., Dornoch, 10s; Thos. Macdonald, Brock, Sask., £2 0s 10d; A. Macdonald, do., do., 8s 2d; Mrs J. Grant, Baelueiman, Lochinver, 5s; Mrs Hogg, 46 Manor Road, London, 12s; Mrs Mackay, Saval, Lairg (for Kaffir Bibles), 10s; James Ross, Backlass, Watten (for do.), 8s; A. Macnicol, Station House, Corrour (for Mrs Radasi), 6s; K. Mackenzie, Achanalt (for do.), 4s 6d; J. Macrae, Argentina, 5s; a Gairloch Friend, 5s; Mrs Robertson, Shore Street, Ullapool, £1; Mrs Robertson, Shore Street, Ullapool (for Kaffir Bibles), £1; Miss B. Macleod, Boston, U.S.A., per Rev. N. Cameron, £20. Rev. J. Tallach's Car Fund.—Per Rev. N. Cameron—R. Macsween, Coigach, 10s; Miss B. Macleod, Boston, U.S.A., £1; Friend, Black Isle, 10s. Per General Treasurer.—F.P., Sutherlandshire, 10s; James Ross, Backless, 8s; Betty and John Munro, Simcoe, Ontario, 8s 2d; John MacIennan, Charleston, Gairloch, 5s; J. C. Gordon, Atlantic City, N.J., £1; Mrs Robertson, Shore Street, Ullapool, 10s; Alex. Mackenzie, Pultney Street, do., 10s.

REV. D. MACFARLANE'S MINISTERIAL JUBILEE PRESENTATION.—John Grant, 4 Millburn Road, Inverness, Treasurer of the above Fund, acknowledges, with sincere thanks, contributions amounting to £187 18s 7d, which amount includes the following donations:—A Gairloch Friend, 10s; F.P., Nedd, 5s; E. Murray, Glasgow postmark, 5s; a Well-wisher, Arran, 4s; a Friend, Kilsyth, 10s; J. and B., T. M., Canada, £1 0s 8d; Anon., Storno-

way, 5s; F.P., Sutherlandshire, 10s; Anon., Inverness, 10s; Well-wisher, Muir of Ord, 5s; Friends, Winnipeg Congregation, per Mr Wm. Sinclair, £4; Deacons' Court, Inverness Congregation, £5; Deacons' Court, St Jude's, Glasgow, £20.

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