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## An Age of Drift.

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THE age in which we live has one outstanding characteristic as far as religion is concerned—it is an age of drift. We have let the moorings slip, and we have been carried down stream, and are now out on an uncharted ocean. The men who manned the ship threw the chart overboard, and neither they nor others can very well tell where their exact location is. All they can say is that, they are out on a trackless ocean with no sight of any harbour. The enormity of the insensate folly, of which Satan was the instigator, in getting rid of the Word of God as a sure and certain guide, only eternity will reveal, but in this world some of its evil is being more and more manifested. We cannot ignore the guidance of God's sure Word, without paying the penalty which such conduct involves. One has only to read the speeches of men recognised as leaders in the religious world, or the works of the idolised writers of popular religious literature, to realize how much at sea so many of these men are. At first sight it seems almost incredible that they would give vent to such opinions as they do on momentous doctrines of the Christian faith with the Bible before them. The explanation at first seemingly inexplicable is simple enough—"they have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them." These are not men lacking in gifts, for some of them possess these in a very high degree, but no gifts will ever make up for the wisdom that comes down from Heaven. Many years ago, Sir George Adam Smith made the statement that the

Higher Criticism had won the battle, and that it only remained that the indemnity should be paid. The indemnity is there for the Apostles of the new theology to collect in the religious bewilderment of thousands, the hopeless outlook for the great future of many thousands more, and the dead silence of the grave that has fallen upon so many spiritually. As the fig tree cannot bear olive berries, or the vine figs, neither can such a tree as that planted by the Higher Criticism, bear any kind of fruit but what belongs to the tree which was planted. But, in order, to view the present religious outlook, and to get some idea of the seriousness of the drift, it will be necessary to fix our attention on certain doctrines which are of vital importance to the Christian faith.

1. The true Deity of the Son of God. The New Testament leaves us in no doubt as to the supreme Deity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—He is the great God and our Saviour—God over all blessed for ever—in Him there dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. It is not simply by a collection of texts from the Apostolic writings that this great truth is confirmed, but it forms the very warp and woof of the writings of those who were His commissioned witnesses. Take it out of these writings and something vital is gone. It is one of the most manifest signs of the theological drift of the age the manner in which our Lord is referred to by men holding high position in the religious world. In the name of so-called sacred scholarship it is asserted that His knowledge was of a kind that allowed Him to be mistaken like other men on matters of vital importance. This Satanic device to undermine the faith of the Church has, unfortunately, too many advocates in the world of religious scholarship to-day. Another tendency which ultimately brings us to the same goal is emphasising His humanity at the expense of His divinity. Far be it from us to say that too much endeavour can be made of directing the thoughts of men to the spotless humanity and sinless character of the Man Christ Jesus, but we must be careful not to disturb the balance of Scripture truth in neglecting to give its due place to His Deity while speaking of His humanity. The true doctrine of the God-man is of priceless value to the Church of Christ. Any lowering of the truth here vitally affects the whole plan of redemption. The whole conception of man's ruin, as set before us in Scripture, requires a Saviour who is not only perfect Man, but infinite God as well. With the low views entertained of

the person of our Lord there is associated an exceedingly superficial view of sin.

2. The enormity of sin. Men have lost a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. They do not feel as they ought to feel what an evil and bitter thing it is in its power to bind men and women hand and foot in an everlasting bondage. It is treated lightly, and the shortcomings and delinquencies of men in relation to God are considered too often merely as trifles in comparison with breaches of the recognised conventions and the standards acknowledged by sinful men. But whatever men may say, the whole plan of redemption with its infinite sacrifice and those strong crying and tears of the Son of God proclaim to all that would give heed that sin is an exceedingly bitter and awful evil—an evil which required nothing short of the sacrifice of God's dear Son to remove it out of the way for those who were given to Him.

3. Endless sin and endless punishment. Closely connected with the enormity of sin is that of its eternity. It is awful to think that in each of us there is a power that will never cease working and taking us further and further away from God, unless we are delivered by God's great power. Scripture makes it very plain that there is such a thing as endless sinning, and as misery and sin are joined together, this means endless misery. To the Apostle Paul the wonder of wonders was that God could be just and justify a sinner. But to the modern mind the disturbing question is how can God be just and punish a sinner for eternity? The whole question turns on the view of sin. The doctrine of endless punishment, however awful it may appear, will never be flouted by those who have seen a little of what sin is in themselves and what it is capable of doing. Neither will they try to rob the unspeakably solemn words of Christ on this subject of their dreadful import, still less will they feel inclined to joke about hell or thoughtlessly consign their fellows to that dread place in cursing.

4. The infinite value of Christ's atonement. With a low view of sin there follows as a necessary consequence a low view of the atoning death of our Lord. If sin be what we are now told it is, what need is there for Calvary with its sorrow or the Cross with its suffering, and what inexplicable mysteries Gethsemane and Calvary are. But if sin be what Scripture tells us it is, then Gethsemane and Cavalry, awful and solemn though they be, are not inexplicable—for without the shedding of blood there is no remission. The shedding of that

blood sealed the blessings of the everlasting covenant. That life of obedience and suffering had a definite purpose, and in laying down His life our Lord not only gave proof of the boundless love of His heart to those for whom He died, but as their surety He met all claims of Divine Justice. Calvary's Cross, where that blood was shed, on which the great Surety gave His life a ransom for the sins of many is unspeakably solemn, but it was from that tree of shame that the most comforting message to His Church was announced, ere the Redeemer breathed His last—"It is finished." It would be well that His followers would meet often here—oftener than perhaps they do—not so much to view the shame, as to ponder over what the shedding of that blood meant for them, and the whole redeemed Church of Christ.

5. The work of the Holy Spirit. With an open Bible it might appear almost unnecessary to emphasise again and again that the religion of Jesus Christ is supernatural in its origin and in its implantation in the hearts of sinners; but the whole trend of modern religion proclaims the necessity of doing so. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (I. Cor. ii. 14). Across that barrier no natural gifts can carry a man. The words make it plain that between the natural religion of the best living men and the religion of the truly regenerate there is a difference as great as between creation and the greatest that man can do. The Master's own words guard the door into the Kingdom, and challenge all those who would seek to enter in to give heed to them: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again" (John iii. 5-7).

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My counsel to you is, that you start in time to be after Christ; for if you go quickly, Christ is not far before you, you shall overtake Him. O Lord God, what is so needful as this, "Salvation, salvation?"—*Rutherford*.

I wonder, many times, that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what his Lord is preparing for him.—*Rutherford*.



## Notes of a Sermon.

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

“Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away” (Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13).

**O**LD Testament songs are usually prophetic. We might expect this. The grand matter of their joy was future—the coming of Messiah. He was to them then, in the revelation of Him which they had, as the Morning Star, pointing to a coming day, when the Sun of Righteousness would arise. The first coming of Christ to redeem by sacrifice was a matter of promise as surely as His coming the second time without sin unto salvation. But He is to the New Testament Church still as the Morning Star. Present revelations of Him, even in Gospel light, are but preludes of a coming day, when faith shall give place to vision and hope to enjoyment.

The voice of Christ was sweet to the Old Testament Church. To her it was sweet as it announced His coming. His voice is heard in the promise though mountains intervened, and the eye of hope sees Him coming over them all. Meantime it was winter, and the Church was within walls. The time for going outside had not come. Meantime her Beloved came only to the lattice outside to give her a glimpse through types and prophecies, for through these came all the light to her. Instead of clear glass, it was lattice that covered her window. It suited winter, and it let in but broken glimpses of her Beloved. She was as a roe or a young hart. He could come over mountains and hills to her. But He was easily scared away, and only glimpses of Him could be caught.

Even still, though Christ has come over the mountains and hills, and though in fulfilment of promise became incarnate, and crucified and risen, He is still to His Church on earth as one looking through the lattice. She has not to look out from the lattice to see Him at a distance. He has come. He is showing Himself at the lattice, but He is still as a roe or a young hart, of whom only glimpses are seen, and easily provoked to hide Himself. It is only through a glass He can even now be seen. Occasionally, through the means and ordinances in the light of the gospel which is now shining, does He make Himself known to His people.

"My Beloved spake, she recognised His voice," and said unto me. He spoke to herself, He spoke to her heart, and she knew and felt this. In further addressing you from the text, let us consider—

I. The terms of endearment applied to the Church.

II. The call addressed to her by Christ.

III. The season at which He thus speaks to her.

I. "My love"—my loved one. He is entitled to speak of His love to her, and He is entitled to speak to her of His love. His love passeth knowledge, and she is His spouse. These words are sweet.

1. As they express a love that was from eternity. It was no recent thing, a fit which may soon pass away. Oh, no! He loved her from everlasting. Her love is of yesterday only. She has not far to look back till her eye rests on years of ignorance, unbelief, enmity, and rebellion. But in His eye, though it can sweep eternity, there appears no beginning to His love. Oh! how sweet to a loved one to discover that for years the lover's affection was fixed upon her even while she knew it not. But, oh! what is this compared with this telling His Church of a love that was before the foundation of the world was laid?

2. As they express a love that was well proved. It was proved in the glory and joy of heaven throughout a past eternity. Oh! that He would think of you there, of your place on earth. But think as one living and think with gladness in the purport of all He would do for you and in you on the earth. Oh! was it not proved in His coming, and work and death in the flesh. Oh! was it not proved in His coming after He had sat down at the Father's right hand in the chariot of the gospel to your door, and stood there for twenty years rejected and despised? Oh! was it not proved in His coming to woo and win you to be His in a time of love in a day of power. And since then has He not been to you better than your deserts and your hopes?

3. As they express a pledged and plighted love—"My love." See with all thy wants and unworthiness, with all thy sins and sores. Oh! how lovers long for words of plighted love. Here they are—"My love." because my sister, my spouse.

"My fair one." Ah! is she so? She was not so always. He made her so. In His own righteousness, He is not ashamed to present her before God. And she

has His own image outlined on her heart. How sweet to Christ is her beauty. There are three reasons why it is so.

1. It is the beauty of His "love." How one enjoys the beauty of our object of love. Who can conceive of Christ's delight? It must correspond with His love.

2. It is conformity to Himself. There are tastes that vary. What is beauty in itself is not so to some. What is to some is not so to others. But this is the beauty which accords with Christ's taste. It is the beauty of His own image. It is the beauty of holiness.

3. It is the beauty that shall never fade. Yea, it shall only be more and more developed till the daughter of the King becomes all glorious within.

4. Fruit of this travail. [This head is not developed in the manuscript.]

II. "Arise and come away." When first He spoke to her it was with a stern voice. She was then lying on a bed of sloth at the brink of hell. He awakened her, for it was He who came by His Spirit to convince her of sin. He summoned her to arise to meet God on Sinai. He called her to arise and pay her debt to justice and to the law. She heard the awful curse and she heard the holy commandment. It was, "These do and live," "do or die," yea, it was "do and die." "Sinner," "child of wrath," were then the names given to her. It was the winter season then. Dark and stormy and barren.

When next He called her it was as a sinner still. She was then lying in the horrible pit, fast in the miry clay. Spiritual death had its hands around her. The enemy wound her with all the fetters he could forge. Her heart was full of enmity and dread, and her hope had just expired. But this voice called her effectually from the grave. She arose in life and hope from the grave.

When next He called her winter had passed. It was the spring-time of a state of grace. She had begun to rest on her attainments, to fix a complacent eye on her beauty, forgetting Him who made her fair. Arise and come away from all you have received. Arise and live by faith.

1. Arise from thine attainments. 2. Arise from thy slumbers on the bed of carnal ease. Arise and leave all in the world behind thee of which the flesh would make

an idol. This is not your rest. 4. Arise from thy inward skulking place. Face the work, face the foe, face the cross, the self-denial. 5. From thy despondency into hope—get above the clouds and the darkness.

“Come away” with me. This is the inducement. Be content—1. With my salvation for thy help and health. 2. With my service for thy employment. 3. With my company and communion for thy joy. 4. With my guidance for your direction. 5. With my God for your God. 6. With my people for your people. 7. With my palace for your house.

III. The first season to mark is the day of Christ's coming. Then the voice of Christ thus addressed the Church. The winter then passed. The spring had come. Signs of spring at the coming of Christ, songs of angels, birds of the air, Simeon in the temple, John Baptist as with the sad voice of the turtle, preparing for fruitful service to the Church. Joyful times may be called the season here referred to. Called outside the wall to Him who came.

2. The spring-time of a state of grace. Singing of peace and joy in believing, sad notes of repentance, a beginning of fruit—not ripe, but promising—the kind but not the attainment—the thing but not the fulness.

3. At the dawn of glory. Call to leave all on earth. All earthly things—all things in the Church on earth—even faith and hope—all trials and temptations—the body itself—to go with Him.

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### **A Plot that Miscarried: An Incident in Bunyan's Life**

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**T**HE subtle cunning with which Satan seeks to blacken the character of God's people so that he may bemire their reputation until scarcely a shred of it is clean, and thus render their usefulness in the world to be of a negligible quantity is eminently illustrated in an incident in connection with John Bunyan's life. It was well planned; there was a Satanic cunningness in the way in which each part of the story fitted in, and a masterly skill in enlisting the services of some of God's people in the plot. Its effectiveness had only one serious, fatal defect, which marred it from beginning to end—it was a loathsome lie. And all its apparent verisimilitude

could not stand up against that damaging fact. The story as told by one of the most recent of Bunyan's biographers may be quoted here :—" Agnes Beaumont, a girl of twenty-one, and a member of one of the rural congregations under Bunyan's charge, kept house for her father, a well-to-do widower living in Edworth, Bedfordshire. Suit was paid her by a local lawyer by the name of Farry (or Farrow), who engaged her father's interest and induced him to make over the bulk of his property to the girl. Puritan maidens, however, were expected to marry within the faith, and Farry was very much a man of the world. Bunyan, either by general exhortation or direct pastoral counsel, opposed the match. Farry was rejected, and vowed vengeance. Beaumont, also, thwarted in his domestic plans, was inflamed against Bunyan, and forbade Agnes' associating with the Bedford Meeting.

This was the situation when one winter's day, Bunyan mounted horse to ride to Gamlingay, within walking distance of Edworth, to conduct a preaching service. On the way he passed the house of Agnes' married brother, who, with his wife, was riding pillion to the same meeting. Agnes was on the road, set upon going also, but disappointed of her means of conveyance, and held up by the drifted snow. She entreated Bunyan to let her ride behind him. He objected : " Your father," he said, " will be grievous angry ;" but in the end he was persuaded. On the road they met a local clergyman, who recognized them, and was ready enough to raise " a vile report." Across the fields the elder Beaumont also seems to have espied them ; and Agnes, returning after the preaching, " wet with snow," found herself locked out of her father's house. She spent the night in the barn, where next morning her angry father found her, " the snow frozen to her shoes and garments." There was a stormy scene, and the girl was finally admitted to the house only on condition that she would go no more to meeting. That night her father was taken with a seizure. Agnes, alone with him in the house, ran barefoot through the snow to fetch her brother. When they reached the house Beaumont was dead.

In a rural community, divided as bitterly as any village on the Irish border in the grimmest days of the Ulster Covenant, the news was quickly on the tongues of gossips and scandalmongers, and the malice which in earlier years could invent the tale that Bunyan was a

highwayman or a Jesuit was ready enough to break out into new inventions now. But it was left for Farry himself to spread the diabolical report that "Agnes had poisoned her father, and that Bunyan had given her the stuff to do it with; that it would be 'petit treason' and that she must be burned. 'Petit Treason,' says Chamberlayne in his 'Angliæ Notitiæ,' 'is either when a servant killeth his master or mistress, or a wife killeth her husband, or a clergyman his prelate to whom he oweth obedience; and for this crime the punishment is to be drawn and to be hanged. The punishment for a woman convicted of high treason or petit treason is all one, and that is to be drawn and burnt alive.'"

The story set the countryside in an uproar. Beaumont's funeral was postponed, and a Coroner's inquest called. We shall not easily imagine what Bunyan must have passed through during those intervening days. He had long been a marked man. He knew the relentlessness of the enemy. He was full of sensibility. He knew himself to be the object of an active hatred which, if it could, would send him to the gallows, not as a heretic or seditionist, but as a criminal branded with the basest crimes. He knew that the winds of rumour were blowing the scandal far and wide, and rolling out the cloud of suspicion and infamy over his family, his church, and the cause of religion. Something of all this Bunyan had to endure, and it was not in human nature that he should pass through it unmoved. We can see now that for him this crisis and unsealing of the deeps meant presently a fresh up-burst of creative activity—sent him back to renew (as we shall see) his dream of the difficult pilgrimage, of encounters with giants, and the mortal perils which beset the unwary by the way; but it was not for him to take comfort of it at the time.

As we know, the plot miserably collapsed. At the Coroner's inquest the medical evidence showed that Beaumont had died from natural causes, and Farry was able to produce no tittle of evidence for his charges. "You, sir," said the Coroner, "who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yea, her life also, if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation . . . and if you were to give her five hundred pounds it would not make amends." For the rest, Bunyan found himself "stabbed broad awake." He looked anew to the buckling of his armour, and took a fresh grip of his sword. If we may anticipate the

suggestion of the next chapter, it was soon after this that he wrote in his *Dream* : " For such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire "—like Job's war-horse—" to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood, for such commonly come by the worst when tried. . . . When, therefore, we hear that such robberies are done on the King's highway, two things become us to do : first, to go out harnessed, and to be sure to take a shield with us. . . . 'Tis good also that we desire of the King a convoy, yea that He will go with us Himself. . . . O. my brother, if He will but go along with us, what need we be afraid of ten thousands that shall set themselves against us, but without Him, the proud helpers fall under the slain. I, for my part, have been in the fray before now, and though, through the goodness of Him that is best, I am as you see, alive, yet I cannot boast of my manhood. Glad shall I be if I meet with no more such brunts, though I fear we are not got beyond all danger. However, since the Lion and the Bear hath not as yet devoured me, I hope God will also deliver us from the next uncircumcised Philistine " (Griffith's " *John Bunyan*," pp. 210-214).

### **A Definite Atonement.**

**T**HE answer to the inquiry, Who are the special objects of Christ's atonement? would have been simple, if men had contented themselves with Scripture statements, and with ideas derived from Scripture. Whatever be the infinite value of the atonement, considered as a divine fact, as well as a human transaction, yet, in point of saving efficacy, it does not extend beyond the circle of those who believe in Christ. Though in intrinsic worth it could save the whole world, and a thousand worlds more, if there had been such worlds of human beings to be saved, yet the redemption-work does not extend, in point of fact, beyond the circle of those who approve of it as a fit and proper method of salvation ; or, in other words, who, by a faith which is the gift of God, are led to accept it as the ground of reconciliation with God. It is simply co-extensive, as to saving effects, with the number of true believers. Of that there can be no doubt when we examine the words of Christ and abide by His teaching.—Prof. Smeaton's " *Our Lord's Doctrine of the Atonement*," p. 371.

## The Hill Difficulty.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

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I BEHELD, then, that they all went on till they came at the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways, besides that which came straight from the gate. One turned to the left hand and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way led right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then he began to go up the hill, saying:—

This hill, though high, I covet to ascend;

The difficulty will not me offend:

For I perceive the way to life is here.

Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear!

Better, though difficult, the right way to go,

Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill; but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go, and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill, therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of the ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood; and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the mid-way to the top of the hill was a pleasant harbour, made by the Lord of the hill, for the refreshment of weary travellers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort. He also now began afresh to take a review



of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross.

Shall they who wrong begin yet rightly end ?  
Shall they at all have safety for their friend ?  
No, no; in headstrong manner they set out,  
And headlong they will fall at last, no doubt.

Thus, pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him and awakened him, saying—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him amain. The name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said—Sirs, what is the matter? you run the wrong way. Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but, said he, the farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust; for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way (whether sleeping or waking we know not); and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

Then, said Christian, you make me afraid; but whither shall I flee to be safe? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there: if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there—I must venture: to go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for the roll, that he might read therein and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here therefore he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the

hill; and falling down upon his knees he asked God forgiveness for that foolish fact, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus therefore he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if haply he might find his roll that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus till he came again in sight of the harbour where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping unto his mind. Thus therefore he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, O wretched man that I am ! that I should sleep in the day-time ! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims ! How many steps have I took in vain ! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin they were sent back by the way of the Red Sea : and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time ! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed to have trod but once ; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent—O that I had not slept !

Now by this time he was come to the harbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept ; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll ; the which he with trembling and haste caught up, and put in his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again ? For this roll was the assurance of his life, and repentance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave God thanks for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But O how nimbly did he go up the rest of the hill ! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian ; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance ; and thus he again began to condole with himself : " O thou sinful sleep ! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey ! I must walk without the sun, darkness must

cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep!" Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on. But, while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway-side.—"Pilgrim's Progress."

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## Our Sabbaths and how we Keep Them: A Word to Christians\*

BY THE LATE J. FORBES MONCRIEFF.

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THE hearts of many of God's people are, in these days, made sad by what appears to be a growing coldness and indifference on the part of professing Christians in regard to the sanctity of the Lord's Day. It is greatly to be deplored that the enemies of true religion have been enabled to do so much of late to lower the tone of public feeling in regard to this matter. Even in Scotland, where the Sabbath Day was wont to be observed, at least, with an outward show of reverence, a change is perceptible. Many people do things now on Sabbath which they would have hesitated to do twenty years ago. Hundreds of shops are kept open on Sabbath in all our large cities. But many who call themselves the friends of the people would fain have not only open shops, but open places of amusement and many other evils. It is quite common now to see on Sabbaths, in the summer time, excursion parties, or young men on bicycles and tricycles passing through the streets, and to hear lively music sounding out through open windows, reminding one of Sabbaths on the Continent. In some towns there are postal deliveries; and not long ago it was reported that Volunteers marched to worship on a Sabbath Day to the strains of martial music!

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\* This tract contains some sound advice for Christians in regard to the observance of the Lord's Day. Since it was written extraordinary strides have been made in the desecration of God's day in Scotland.—Editor.

Such things are sad enough; but can anything else be expected from those who have no fear of God before their eyes? It is the indifference of professing Christians to the holiness of God's day which is the saddest thing of all—to be wounded in the house of one's friends. It is truly lamentable that among many of those who profess to be Christians there should be so little true appreciation of God's purpose in giving the Sabbath Day, and so little delight in doing His will upon that day. How much unnecessary Sabbath visiting, travelling, walking, idle and worldly conversation, and reading of semi-religious papers, writing and posting of letters, etc., goes on in these days. How much time is filled up by playing, or practising, of what is called "sacred" music, which many persuade themselves is an allowable, although too often merely a mechanical, exercise. How many there are who habitually rise later or go to bed earlier, and who evidently consider time less valuable on Sabbath than on other days. If any doctoring is required which necessitates confinement to the house, how often Sabbath is chosen for that; and how unusually anxious many feel about their sick friends on that day. Is it not too often the case that they are simply doing their own pleasure instead of God's will, and taking the time for such things from God's one day, which, perhaps, they grudge to take from their own six days? It is robbing God (Mal. iii. 8).

Alas! these and other things show how little of a delight God's day is, and how much a weariness it is felt to be by many, even by professing Christians. How few Christians, comparatively, seem to make an earnest endeavour to reduce their domestic and household work to a minimum. How many insist upon their hot dinners, and so much, if not more, cooking than usual. How few afford their servants every facility for attending public worship, and see that they rightly employ the opportunities—a very different thing from simply giving servants that liberty on Sabbath which they grudge to give them out of the other days of the week. Another evil which prevails to a very large extent, is Sabbath letter-writing. Many professing Christians not only seem to see nothing wrong in writing a letter on a Sabbath Day, but actually make the Sabbath their regular writing day. Other Christian people have been known purposely to send letters by post in order that their friends may receive them on Sabbath! Surely no one

who has any true conception of what the Sabbath Day is meant to be can justify such conduct.

Another great, and it is to be feared, increasing evil is Sabbath travelling. It would be well if Christian ministers would set a good example in this respect, and would resolve that it is not necessary that they should appear in such-and-such pulpits, if their appearance involves their travelling on Sabbath Day. The question of necessity is too often applied to personal comfort or convenience, instead of, in the first place, to obedience to God's commands.

Can those expect a blessing on their labours who travel in railways and public conveyances on Sabbath to their sphere of labour? It is not their sphere if, to reach it, they must themselves break the Fourth Commandment and cause others to do so, too, as well as set an evil example before many. A necessity is not a real necessity if it is merely the outcome of an arrangement which man chooses to make. The first and great necessity is to keep God's law; and if that were always kept in view there would be fewer appointments made, involving travelling of any kind on the Lord's Day. "Surely it is time for Christians to awake to the fact that, by using public conveyances on Sabbath they are depriving thousands of men of the day which God has ordained for their rest; they are taking the father from the family on the one day when surely he should be found in its midst; and, above all, they are ruining thousands of souls, by keeping them from attending the means of grace."

The same remarks apply to the indefensible use of cabs in our large cities by ministers and professing Christian people. Many appeals on behalf of the cabmen have been made by missionaries and others who know the terrible wrong that is thus being done, both to their bodies and souls. But it seems to have little effect. The minister must have his cab! He has arranged to preach at a certain place, and, being unable or unwilling to walk, he has manufactured a necessity which sets at rest any scruples he may have. Then the poor, old lady. She can't walk, and she can only worship God acceptably within a certain church! Oh! when will "this strange anomaly of Sabbath-breaking in the name of Sabbath-keeping" cease? Are there not plenty of week-day services for those who must drive? . . . Or would it not be infinitely more acceptable to God to be worshipped in the solitude of the chamber, than to have His

professing people selfishly enjoying their privileges by robbing a hard-worked man of his Sabbath rest, and, it may be, depriving him of opportunities of hearing the Gospel, and contributing to the influences which may ruin his immortal soul?

Closely allied to this, and yet excused on account of the accompanying solemnity, which gives an appearance of appropriateness, is the prevalence of Sabbath funerals.\* Rare cases do occur where it is absolutely necessary that the dead be buried on the Sabbath Day; but that is no justification for that day being regularly selected by so many for the burial of their dead. The amount of labour it causes is very great, and there are grave-diggers who can testify that for years they have not known what it was to have a Sabbath to themselves. The remedy for this lies very much in the hands of Christian people, and especially Christian ministers. If they would set their faces against it, as some have done, and let it be known that they do so on principle, the practice or custom (for it is really that) would probably soon die out. The plea of some who say it is the only time they have for such duties can generally be shown to be a mere excuse. Our working-men scarcely live under such oppression as all that.

It is not enough, of course, merely to "cease to do evil" on the Sabbath Day. We must "learn to do well." It is a day of rest undoubtedly; but to rest merely "is to keep the Sabbath of the brute creation, and no more." We must consecrate the day to the spiritual edification of ourselves and others. Dr Charles Brown used to say, "Prize your Sabbaths, as the miser his gold, for converse with God, eternity, heaven. Give your Sabbaths wholly to these ends, excepting so much as you may occupy in seeking the welfare of others." The Sabbath should be to us, if rightly understood and used, a day of holy gladness and of happy service for God—a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath in Heaven above.

If ever there was need for meditation and prayer on the Sabbath Day it is in this busy, bustling age; but, alas! too many of us feel as the good man did who confessed that he found it easier "to go six miles to hear a sermon than to spend one quarter of an hour in meditating and praying over it in secret," as he should, when he came home. It is to be feared there is little true medita-

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\* This custom, now so common in the South, fortunately has not yet become common in the North.

tion nowadays. There is too much rushing about to hear this man and that man; criticising and gossiping; skimming over any quantity of books, good, bad, and indifferent; but little feeding on the Word of God, little true waiting upon God in prayer and holy meditation.

How much need we have to ask ourselves, with Francis Quarles, each Sabbath Day :—" Oh, my soul, see to it, hast thou profaned this day thy God hath sanctified? Hast thou encroached on that which heaven hath set apart? If thy impatience cannot rest a Sabbath twelve hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath? Is six days too little for thyself, and one too much for thy God?"

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## **A Heroic Death \***

**TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF SCOTLAND.**

BY REV. G. A. FRANK KNIGHT, D.D.

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**Y**OU are all proud of belonging to the Scottish Nation. Your blood is stirred when you read of the gallant deeds of our Scottish forefathers—of Wallace and Bruce, and others who had a share in making Scotland a free people. You admire the splendid courage of Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, who died as martyrs for Christ; of John Knox and Andrew Melville and George Buchanan, who did so much for the Reformation; of Livingstone and Mackay and Mary Slessor, who brought the Gospel to various parts of Africa, of Chalmers in New Guinea, of Morrison in China, of Paton in the New Hebrides, and many another famous Scottish missionary.

But have you ever heard of the brave missionary who gave his life that Korea might have the Bible? Where is Korea? Get your atlas: look up the map of Asia: notice that long peninsula that juts out from Northern China towards Japan. That is Korea, form-

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\*This interesting story of a noble missionary's dying effort is written for the boys and girls of Scotland, and is from the pen of Dr Knight, General Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland. In a letter giving permission to reprint this touching story, Dr Knight says that Mr Thomas's death and the remarkable results flowing from his sowing the seed of the Word has so impressed the Christians of Korea that they have decided, under the guidance of their pastors, to raise £5000 for commemorating the great work created through his death.—Editor.

erly an independent kingdom, now a province of Japan, with a population of nearly 20 million. Sixty years ago Korea was a "hermit" nation, having no intercourse or commerce with the outside world, and foreigners were forbidden to trade, or even to enter the country. Into this "closed" land one devoted missionary, named Mr Thomas, carried the Scriptures, yet he did so at the cost of his life.

It is only recently that the facts of the martyrdom have come to light. At Seoul, the capital of Korea, a remarkable meeting was recently held, one of the largest gatherings that ever took place. All the leaders of society were present, members of the Government, Korean nobility, Consular representatives, College Professors, Pastors, Teachers, Students—in fact, every degree and rank in the country. The weather was intensely cold, the thermometer down below zero, yet there the vast crowd sat or stood for hours, with interest that never flagged. What had they assembled for? They came to give thanks to God for the blessings that had come to Korea through the Bible, and especially to remember with gratitude the heroic death of the man who had first introduced the Scriptures. A venerable old Korean Pastor, with white hair and beard, dressed in a long, flowing coat of spotless white silk, told the moving story with such dramatic power and pathos, that many could not refrain from tears.

He described how Rev. Mr Williamson, the Agent in China of the National Bible Society of Scotland in 1866, had in vain tried to get the Bible into Korea. While waiting one day at Che-fu for the arrival of a steamer for Peking, there came into the harbour a Korean junk, which had on board two Koreans, who at the risk of their lives had ventured across the sea for purposes of trade. Getting into touch with them, Mr Williamson discovered that they were Christians, but had no Bibles of their own. Rev. Mr Thomas, a missionary then in Che-fu, offered to act as a pioneer for the Society, and to venture across to Korea with Scriptures. He sailed on the junk with a stock of Bibles, and in constant peril of his life, he mixed with Korean traders, distributed many Scriptures all along the West coast, and rapidly learned the Korean language. There took place, however, a terrible massacre of some 50,000 Christians in Korea, and Thomas had to flee. Next year he ventured back on a steamer called the "General Sherman." The vessel sailed up the river leading to Pyeng-Yang, but stuck fast



on the mud in mid-stream. The Koreans made fire-rafts, sent them down against the steamer, and set her on fire. Then great mobs, armed with stones, clubs, and all sorts of weapons, lined both banks of the river, to murder anyone who attempted to swim ashore from the doomed ship. Seeing that there was no hope of rescue, Mr Thomas determined to make his death a way of opening up Korea to the Gospel. On the deck of the burning steamer, surrounded by a wild scene of carnage and horror, he calmly opened the cases containing the Bibles, and then with all his might he threw copies of the Book to the excited crowds on the right and the left of the ship. As the flames grew hotter, and the roaring of the furnace increased, he mounted the bridge, and there, holding aloft a Bible, he prayed in his dying agonies that the Bible might, through his death, yet find access to Korea. Then he sank down amid the flames, a martyr for Jesus Christ.

Has God answered the dying prayer of this hero? That great meeting is a reply to the question. Korea is to-day an open land: the Bible has spread in it amazingly, and now in that city of Pyeng-Yang alone, where Thomas died, about 9000 persons attend Church every Sabbath, and 5000 meet during the week for prayer, the largest churches being often too small to hold the crowds that gather. In all the Far East to-day there is no city so moral or so Christian as Pyeng-Yang.

This story is but a sample of what is being accomplished over all the world by means of God's Word. Everywhere the Bible goes it brings salvation, light, news of God's love, tidings of a Saviour's grace: and all over the globe, men and women, and boys and girls, begin to live a new life full of joy, strength, and purity. The National Bible Society of Scotland has, since it started in 1861, circulated almost ninety million Scriptures. To-day we are working in practically every country of Europe, from Iceland in the North to Spain and Italy in the South: in Palestine, Arabia, Baluchistan, India, Tibet, Nepal, China, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Java, Malaya, Egypt, Central and South Africa, Liberia, Congo and Calabar, Madeira, the West India Islands, in nearly all the Republics of South America, and in the New Hebrides. From all these lands come tidings of blessing, resulting from the fact that Scotland, which has had the Bible for many centuries, now is seeking, through the Word, to let all mankind know of the love of a Saviour and what He can do for all.

All boys and girls can help. Your little gifts, when added together, amount to a large sum, and you will have the joy of feeling that you are assisting some other boy or girl to share in your own gladness in the possession of a knowledge of Jesus Christ and all that that means.

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## The Precious Blood.

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O THOU blood of the Lamb of God—thou wondrous and omnipotent blood! If the world count thee as unclean, and tread thee under foot, I will speak thy praise as long as there is a breath in me and esteem thee as my highest and dearest possession! Where should I be, hadst thou not flowed for me? Thy living flood swept away the hateful image of my corrupt nature. Sprinkled with thee, I came forth a new creature, and out of thee sprang up my palm of triumph over hell and the grave. But who can sufficiently praise thee, and the boundlessness of thy power and efficacy? Blood, a drop of which is sufficient instantaneously to render blood-red transgressions as white as snow; which, in a moment washes me as clean as the angels themselves after a sanctification of a thousand years; which arrays me in an innocence and acceptableness in the sight of God, to which the beauty of Adam in paradise did not extend; which covers my sinful head with crowns of life, and opens out the road to me, even into the presence-chamber of the Triune God; which makes room for me to stand with joy before His face, and elevates, capacitates, and gives me a right to an endless repose in His arms, and on His paternal bosom. Praise-worthy and miraculous blood—who can worthily praise thee? Mayest thou never remove from the sight of my spirit, when this world shrouds itself in night and darkness before the closing eye of this mortal frame. O that I might behold thy lustre, blood of the cross! when eternity unfolds itself before me, and when in its sight the register of my sins in all their blackness once more presents itself more vividly than ever to my view. O then I shall be strong! Then I shall fear nothing. In beholding thee, I shall overcome all my terrors. Continue, therefore, ever present to my faith! Redden the threshold of my heart with thy brightest radiance! O sacred blood, come upon all of us, for our everlasting atonement and reconciliation! Amen.—Krummacher's "Elisha."

## Bartimeus An Dail.

## II.

(Air a leantainn).

Chunnaic mi aig aon àm duine 'coiseachd air bile creige moire mar gu'm bitheadh e na chomhnard reidh. Fhad 'sa b'fhiosrach esan, bha e na chomhnard tearuinte. Bha e gun iomaguin, agus neo-sgathach, cha'n ann a chionn agus nach robh e ann an cunnart, ach do bhrìgh gu'n robh e dall.

Agus cho nis nach fheud a thuigsinn cionnus a's urrainn daoine tha co glic, co curamach ann am moran do nithibh, imeachd air aghaidh co foiseil, co neo-churamach, eadhon co aighireach, mar gu'm bitheadh na h-uile nì tearuinte air son na sìorruidheachd, am feadh 's a tha ribeachan agus sluic fholuichte mu'n cuairt dhoibh air gach taobh, agus feudaidd e bhi am bàs fein aig laimh, agus gu'n tilg an ath cheum iad do'n t-slochd gun grunn. Mo thruaighe! tha sinn a faicinn an aobhair gu soilleir—tha iad dall.

Tha duine dall a saòilsinn barrachd dhe'n nì tha aige na laimh, na do na beanntaibh, an cuan, a ghrian, no na reultaibh. Tha na nithibh so aige 'na ghlaic, ach ris na nithibh 'ud eile tha e neo-chomasach beantuinn, agus cha leir dha iad.

Agus tha e nis soilleir ciod uime tha daoine neo iomp-aichte a cur teagasgan steidhichte an t-soisgeil an suarachas, ag radh, "gur coma ciod e a chreideas neach, mu tha a chridhe ceart"—"gu'm bheil aon chumadh teagaisg co maith ri cumadh teagaisg sam bith" agus, "nach 'eil aca mu dheibhinn searmonachadh far am bheil puincean creidimh air an sparradh air sluagh." Na truaghain bhochda! durragan dalla, a labhairt gu fanoideach mu nithibh diomhair agus eagsamhla gloirmhoir focail Dé, far a mhain am feud sinn fhoghlum ciod tha sinn gu chreidsinn mu thimchioll Dhia, agus an dleasdanas tha Dia ag iarruidh air an duine.

Tha e soilleir, mar an ceudna, ciod uime nach 'eil iad a' faicinn luachmhoireachd anns na geallaidhean, no glòir ann an Crìosd, no moralachd ann an obair an t-saoraidh, ciod uime tha iad a' deanamh fanoid do pheacadh, a deanamh tair air bagraidhean Dhe, gu h-an-dàna dol an coinn-eamh fheirge, a meas mar nì suarach fuil Chrìosd, a labh-

airt gu h-eutrom mu'n bhas, agus a dian-ruith a dh'ionnsuidh sgrios cinnteach.

Tha iad dall. Tha na Sgriobtuirean 'cur sin an ceill. Tha daoine dalla ann, aig am bheil suilean (Isa. xliii. 8); aig am bheil an tuigse air a' dorchachadh, nan coimhich do bheatha Dhe thaobh an aineolas a tha annta tre dhoille an cridhe. Tha mar sin ma ta doille cridhe ann, co cunnteach agus a dh'fheudas suilean a chuirp bhi dall. Bithidh daoine neo-iompaichte ag radh gu tric, "Ma tha na nithibh sin mar sin, mu tha iad co soilleir, agus co mor, ciod uime nach urrainn dhuinne am faicinn?" Agus chan 'eil freagradh eile ri thoirt dha so ach—Tha sibh dall.

"Ach" their cuid "tha sinn ag iarraidh am faicinn ma tha gnothuch againne riu mar tha agaibh fein. Nach truagh nach d'thigeadh searmonaiche aig am bitheadh comas sinne thabhairt chum am faicinn."

Anamaibh bochda, cha'n eil a leithid sin do shearmonuiche ann, agus cha ruig sibh a leas bhi, feitheamh ris. Tionailleadh e ri cheile solus Dhe mar is aill leis, 's e tha mhaing an comas an t-searmonaiche an solus sin a dhortadh a mach air suilean dalla. Tha gloineachan ann a thion-alas gathanna na greine a dh' ionnsuidh aon aite coinneachaidh, agus am bitheadh suil dhall air a cur ann an sin gus am bitheadh i air a losgadh, cha bu leir dhi ni sam bith. Atharraichidh solus dorchadas, ach cha'n atharraich e doille.

Agus cha leoir dhuit comasan laidir tuigse bhi agad. Chaidh an duine ainmeil sin Iarla Chatham maille ri caraid diadhaidh a dh' eisdeachd Maighstir Cecil, ministear urramach a bha ann an Lunnuinn. Bha an t-searmoin mu obair an Spioraid ann an cridheachaibh nan creidmheach. Dh' aidich am fear-riaghlaidh mor so, agus iad a pilleadh bho'n eaglais, nach do thuig e idir an teagasg ris an robh e ag eisdeachd, agus dh'fhiosraich e dhe a charaid an robh e smuaineachadh an robh aon neach bha lathair comasach air a thuigsinn. Fhreagair esan, Bha iomadh bean bhochd gun fhoghlum, agus cuid do chloinn san eisdeachd a thuig na h-uile focal dhe'n teagasg, agus a dh'eisd ris le aoibhneas.

Ah! anamaibh bochda, tha sibh a gearan an aghaidh an t-soisgeil gum bheil e foluichte uaibh, mar gum b'e sin a choire-san. Agus feumaidh mi nis earrann eaglach dh' fhocal Dé ainmeachadh a tha mineachadh aobhair 'ur neo-chomais air a thuigsinn. Och! is focal eagalach e dh'am bu choir gaoir a chur 'n ar cluasan, agus a thoirt air 'ur cridheachan bhi lan uamhuinn le chluinntinn. "Ach ma

tha air soisgeul-ne folaichte, is ann dhoibhsan a ta cailte tha e folaichte: anns an do dhall dia an t-saoghail so inntinn na dream nach 'eil 'nan creidmheach air eagal gu'n dealraicheadh orra solus soisgeil ghloirmhoir Chriosd, neach a's e iomhaigh Dhe'' (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.) Tha an soisgeul na fhirinn agus gloirmhor, agus tha e ghnath a' dealrachadh 'na shoilise dhiadhaidh fein; ach tha sibhse dall. Dhall Satan an sean bhreugaire agus mhortair sibh air eagal gu'm faiceadh sibh an soisgeul beannaichte so, agus gu'm bitheadh sibh air 'ur tearnadh. Agus tha sibh cailte, cailte a nis. 'Se sin 'ur suidheachadh eagalach, agus air an aobhar sin cha'n urrainn dhuibh an soisgeul a tnuigsinn.

Na bitheadh iongantas ni's mo air sluagh Dhé ri monmhur luchd Dia-aicheadhaidh an aghaidh nan Sgriobtuirean. An d'thugadh tu eisdeachd do dhuine dall a' faotainn coire do dhealbhan maiseach, no air a chuthach, a dimoladh speuran an t-samhraidh. Ma dh'aicheadheas e gu'm bheil soilleireachd 's a ghrein, no airde 's na beanntaibh, an creid thu e? Agus nan abradh ceud duine dall, le aon ghuth, nach arrainn dhoibh na rionnagan fhaicinn, agus gu'n reusonaicheadh iad le samhladh gliocais nach 'eil rionnagan idir ann agus gu'n toisicheadh iad air fanoid a dheanadh oirbh mar speuradairibh, am bitheadh, air an aobhar sin glair neamhan a mheadhoin oidhche, ni's lugha 'n ar beachd. 'N uair thug na daoine iad dearbhadh cho soilleir air an doille fein, nach gabhadh tusa gidheadh tlachd ann a bhi 'beachdachadh air oibribh cumhachdach Dhé? Nach taisbeanadh oibribh-san dhuit a ghloir, agus nach nochdadh iad gnìomh a lamh? (Ps. xix. 1).

Agus an cuirear tuilleadh earbsa annta-san tha dall gu spioradail? An gabhar iadsan 'n an luchd-iuil spioradail? Cha ghabhar, feudaidh an creidmheach a's annmhuinne a bhlais gu'm bheil an Tighearna grasmhor (Ps. xxxiv. 8), a chunnaic luachmhoireachd sam bith 's na geallaidhean, maise sam bith ann an Criosd, glair sam bith 's na Sgriobtuirean, dluth-leanntann ri dhochas a dh'aindeoin fianuis agus reusonachaidhean faoin dheich mìle do luchd Dia-aicheadh. Dh'fhosgailleadh 'ur suilean-sa. Dhall an Satan an suilean-san. Tha 'ur fianuis-sa timchioll air ni is aithne dhuibh. Tha am fianuis-san mu ni nach aithne dhoibh, agus air an aobhar sin gun luach. Ma leanar a mhuinntir so, gheibhear iad nan luchd-iul dhall nan dall, agus tuitidh iad araon anns an t-slochd (Matt. xv. 14).

## II.—A BHOCHDUINN.

Faic a nis toradh bronach a dhoille—fior bhochduinn. Ann an so mar an ceudna tha Bartimeus na iomhaigh air na h-uile anam neo-iompaichte. Tha iad le cheile bochd. C'uin a dh'fheudar ag radh gu'm bheil duine bochd? An e'n corp a mhain a tha 'cur feum air saoihbreas? Nach 'eil saoihbreas do'n chridhe ann? Nach feud an inntinn bhi bochd, an t-anam bhi fuidh fhiachaibh nach urrainn dha phaigheadh. Tha saoihbreas ann bharr air airgiod, beartas ris nach 'eil or no clachan luachmhor ri bhi air an coimeas (Seum ii. 5; Gnath viii. 10, 11; Iob xxviii. 12-19).

Tha duine bochd 'n uair nach 'eil fheumaibh air an riarachadh. Mar is airde na nithibh air am bheil e feumach, 's ann is doimhne nadur a bhochduinn, mar is lionmhoire fheumaibh, 's ann is doimhne tomhas a bhochduinn. An duine tha dh'easbhuidh biadh agus fasnadh tha e ni's bochda na esan tha dh'easbhuidh fasnadh a mhain. Agus nach 'eil an duine aig nach 'eil gradh no dochas ni's bochda na esan air am bheil a mhain aran agus teine a dh'uireasbhuidh? Co a their nach 'eil an duine sin bochd, aig am bheil anam tur falamh? Ciod e am moll do'n chruithneachd (Ier. xxiii. 28), an corp do'n anam? Nach 'eil iarrtasan an anama ni's farsuinge, agus ni's dorr' a riarachadh na feumaibh a chuirp? Nach 'eil ocras cridhe ann? Nach 'eil a leithid do ni ann agus gorta firinn agus graidh? Nach 'eil spioradaibh dhaoine air an treigsinn aig am sam bith a crubadh, agus a crith, agus a reodhadh, mar truaghain gun dachaidh ann an oidhcheibh gaillionnach a gheamhraidh? Nach 'eil oidhche agus geamhradh agus stoirm ann do'n anam? Agus 'n uair tha e gun dachaidh na aonaranachd, gun ionad-foluich bho a naimhdean, gun fhasgadh bho'n doininn, gun bhiadh d'a ocras, gun chomhfhurtachd 'n a dhoilgheasan, nach 'eil e bochd? bochd ann sa bhochduinn is mò, ni a mhain tha airidh air bochduinn ag radh ris? Thubhairt Tòmas, a' Kempis, "gu'm bheil an duine sin a mhain bochd anns an t-saoghal a ta beo gun Iosa; agus gu'm bheil an duine sin a mhain saoihbhir leis am bheil Iosa a gabhail tlachd comhnuidh a ghabhail."

Nach mor, ma ta, tha do dh'fhir bhochduinn ann an luchairtibh phrionnsaibh, air a sgeadachadh ann am purpur agus anart grinn, agus a teachd beo gu saoghail gach là! Nach tric tha i ag imeachd ann an cuideachd righribh, a boillsgeadh le clachaibh luachmhor, agus a laimhsachadh or nach fheudar a chunntadh! Nach mor dhith tha'm measg an t-sluaigh mhor-chuisich shaoibhir tha leantainn

gnathan, an t-saoghail so leis am bheil anamaibh lag air am mealladh, agus air son am bheil ocras air cridheachaibh gun ghliocas. Beatha muinntir mhor-chuiseach an t-saoghal so, le an amhurasan, agus am farmad, agus am breugan; le am miodhoireachd shuairich, agus le'n greadhnachas mheallta, le'n leirsgrios mhor, agus le'n truaighean riomhach! sin bochduinn ann am firinn.

Ach na dichuimhnicheam. Feudar a bhochduinn so fhaicinn am measg muinntir tha stuama, dichìollach, nach 'eil a leantainn fasain an t-saoghail, agus tha suidheadh gu-riaghailteach fuidh theagasgan an t-soisgeil. Tha mi ga faicinn fa'm chomhair; chithear a samhladh ann am Bartimeus, ach tha an ni uamhasach fein ri bhi air fhaicinn annadsa, O a pheacaich.

Chunnaic mi duine 'toiseachadh turus fada. Bha an turus cunnartach troimh gharbh-chrìochan anns nach robh comhfhurtachdan do luchd-siubhail. Cha robh suil aig an toiseach gur ann mar so a bhitheadh; bha cladhan uaine lan fhìluraichean, a' treorachadh bho a thigh. Bha an t-slighe reidh, an latha soilleir, cairdean am fagus, a dhochas mòr. Dh'fhalbh e gu h-aoibhneach ann an carbad socrach: seirbheisich churamach a frithealadh dha, agus feumaibh air an luchdachadh le nithibh do gach seorsa ulluichte air son a thoilinntinn, no fheumaibh dha leantainn. Tha orain agus faile cubhraidh a lionadh àileadh na maidne, agus ged a theich iad sin air falbh, mar a dh'imich toiseach an latha seachad, bha gidheadh a dhochas 'fantuinn laidir, agus ghluais rothan a charbaid gu fuaimneach thairis air an rathad chomhnard. Bha cairdean gu h-aoidheil, agus le furan cairdeil, a' cur failte air 'san dol seachad, agus bha farmad aig cud dheth. Mheas se e fein sona; agus a' deanamh aoibhneas na sheilbhean riarachail, thug se fein thairis do thoil-inntinn. Tha feasgar a cheud latha air teachd, agus feuch! tha an carbada 'dol sìos sliabh cas. Nach cas tha e fàs! Ni's luaithe agus ni's luaithe tha an carbad a' dol. Tha an t-athar a' dorchachadh, tha an duibhre a' fàs, tha e ni's fuar; ni's luaithe agus ni's luaithe tha an carbad a greasad sìos. Cha'n 'eil ni ann is urrainn stad a chur air. Tha e fein ag oidhearpachadh air so a dheanamh, tha na seirbheisich ga chuideachadh. Tha e ag eigheach air son cuideachaidh, ach 's ann an diomhain. Gu luath tha na h-eich a ruith sìos. Agus faic aig iochdar an t-sleibh tha amhainn dhorcea gun drochaid. Tha an rathad a' treorachadh ga h-ionnsuidh. A steach innte chaidh na h-eich, agus a gleachd ris na h-uisgeachan, a rànaid agus ann an cruaidh-spairn amhghair, chaidh iad uile as an t-sealladh.

## Chief Namakei's \* Sermon on the Well.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. PATON, D.D.

SABBATH came round. Aniwa assembled in what was for that island a great crowd. Namakei appeared dressed in shirt and kilt. He was so excited, and flourished his tomahawk about at such a rate that it was rather lively work to be near him. I conducted short, opening devotions, and then called upon Namakei. He rose at once, with eye flashing wildly, and his limbs twitching with emotion. He spoke to the following effect, swinging his tomahawk to enforce every eloquent gesticulation :—

“ Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words ! Since Missi came here he has talked many strange things we could not understand—things all too wonderful ; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies. White people might believe such nonsense, but we said that the black fellow knew better than to receive it. But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain ! Then we said to each other, ‘ The man’s head is turned ; he’s gone mad.’ But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw, and that his God would give him rain. Was he mad ? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth ? We mocked at him ; but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things which the Missi told us, because we could not see them. But from this day I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true. Some day our eyes will see it. For to-day we have seen the rain from the earth.”

Then, rising to a climax, first the one foot and then the other making the broken coral on the floor fly behind like a war-horse pawing the ground, he cried, with great eloquence—

“ My people, the people of Aniwa, the world is turned upside down since the word of Jehovah came to this land ! Who ever expected to see rain coming up

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\* For an account of the last days of Namakei, see *Magazine*, XXXI., 303 ; and for the story of “ The Sinking of the Well,” see pp. 342-346 (Vol. XXXII.).



through the earth? It has always come from the clouds! Wonderful is the work of this Jehovah God. No god of Aniwa ever answered prayers as the Missi's God has done. Friends of Namakei, all the powers of the world could not have forced us to believe that rain could be given from the depths of the earth, if we had not seen it with our eyes, felt it and tasted it as we here do. Now, by the help of Jehovah God, the Missi brought that invisible rain to view, which we never before heard of or saw, and " (beating his hand on his breast, he exclaimed) — "Something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. The coral has been removed, the land has been cleared away, and, lo! the water rises. Invisible till this day, yet all the same it was there, though our eyes were too weak. So I, your Chief, do now firmly believe that when I die, when the bits of coral and the heaps of dust are removed which now blind my old eyes, I shall then see the Invisible Jehovah God with my soul, as Missi tells me, not less surely than I have seen the rain from the earth below. From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well, and who fills us with rain from below. The gods of Aniwa cannot hear, cannot help us, like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. Let us burn and bury and destroy these things of wood and stone, and let us be taught by the Missi how to serve the God who can hear, the Jehovah who gave us the well, and who will give us every other blessing, for he sent His Son, Jesus, to die for us and to bring us to Heaven. That is what the Missi has been telling us every day since he landed on Aniwa. We laughed at him, but now we believe him. The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should He not also send us His Son from Heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!"

This address, and the Sinking of the Well, broke, as I already said, the back of Heathenism in Aniwa. That very afternoon, the old Chief and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at my feet beside the door of our house. Oh, the intense ex-

citement of the weeks that followed ! Company after company came to the spot, loaded with their gods of wood and stone, and piled them up in heaps, amid the tears and sobs of some, and the shoutings of others, in which was heard the oft-repeated words, "Jehovah ! Jehovah !" What could be burned we cast into the flames ; others we buried in pits, twelve or fifteen feet deep ; and some few, more likely than the rest to feed or awaken superstition, we sank far out into the deep sea. Let no heathen eyes ever gaze on them again !—John G. Paton, D.D., *Missionary to the New Hebrides : An Autobiography*, pp. 353-355.

### Notes of Sermons.

Preached by the Rev. Kenneth Bayne, Gaelic Church, Greenock, 29th October and 12th November 1820.

(Continued from p. 382).

"Quench not the Spirit" (I. Thess. v. 19).

[AFTER a considerable recapitulation of his former discourses, he added the following ways in which God's own people quenched the Spirit.]. 1. By pride and presumption. This was most unlike to the Christian character. There was none of it in the holy creatures of God. Show me a man of haughty looks and haughty mind, and I will show you a man destitute of the Spirit of God. 2. By distrust, discouragement, and desponding thoughts, as to the dealings of God with them and His work in them. Some persons indulged so much in this kind of thoughts, either from bodily constitution and frame, or from education, or from the providence of God, or other ways, that they made these things themselves their religion, and thought the religion of others was wrong if they were cheerful and not always gloomy. 3. By sloth and indolence. Because of the people of God indulging in sloth or similar evils the Lord might not let them see the fruit of their labours in the conversion of their relatives. 4. By their formality in duties and religious exercises. 5. By tampering with temptations. We ought to shun these, to fly from them and evade them. 6. By neglecting to improve the motions and suggestions of the Spirit when He excited us to get matters decided in the diligent use of means as to any particular point we were uncertain about. Suppose a person to be uncertain about some

point of doctrine, as the personality of the Holy Ghost, the Deity of Christ, or had doubts about any of His offices, the total corruption of human nature, or about a person being in a state of grace and reconciliation with God. Now, when the Spirit excites us to get any or all of these put beyond a doubt as to their truth and certainty—if we quench these motions and suggestions it is like they will soon cease to trouble us, and we will fall into security and carelessness again, and be no more certain or decided than before. 7. God's own people quench the Spirit by intemperance and the gratification of carnal lusts and appetites. 8. By the indulgence of angry, malevolent passions. This is contrary to Ephes. iv. 31.

[Lord's Day, 12th Nov. 1820, Mr Bayne preached on the same text. He proceeded to his third head of method, which was to speak of the great guilt and danger of quenching the Spirit.] These arose (1) from the dignity of His Person. He was the true God, equal with the Father and Son (Acts v. 3, 4). (2) This guilt and danger arose from His being nearest to sinners in the work of redemption. He dwelt in them. (3) This guilt arose because of the various names and titles and offices the Spirit had taken to Himself to perform in the plan of redemption for men, and because of His operations in their souls. (4) This guilt arose because of the benignity and mildness of His operations in His dealings with men. (5) Because of the effects and consequences of resisting His strivings. These were very awful: 1. The effects to unconverted sinners were awful—they were given up of God to the lusts of their own hearts (Ps. lxxi. 11, 12). Here was an address to them yet to seek God while it was to-day—why will ye die? 2. To converted persons. They were ready to fall into a dead, secure, indolent and uncertain state, though they should be saved at last, and they were entreated to awake, to repent.

## Short Gleanings.

### CALVIN'S FEELINGS TOWARDS LUTHER.

Writing to the divines of Zurich, when Luther was uttering bitter things against him, Calvin thus speaks—"I can hardly counsel you to hold your peace, but I wish you all to remember how great a man Luther is;

what great endowments he possesses; what fortitude and firmness, skill and learning he has employed in routing the powers of Antichrist and propagating the true doctrine of salvation. I have often said that though he should call me a devil, I would still honour him as an illustrious servant of God to whom we are all deeply indebted. Consider, too, that all you will gain by involving yourselves in the controversy will be to afford matter of triumph to the ungodly. For when we become mutual accusers of each other, they will be only too ready not to believe us both. Dwell upon these considerations rather than on what his intemperance of speech may have deserved at your hands."

#### LUTHER'S TWO MIRACLES.

On the 5th August, 1530, an awful crisis for the Reformation, when the firmest seemed to swerve and the boldest to tremble, Luther thus wrote to Chancellor Bruch:—"I have recently witnessed two miracles. This is the first—As I was at my window I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. And here is the second—I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive ground on which they reposed, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly and fled away." These miracles, as Luther called them, filled him with unconquerable trust and joy in God. Well they might. So may they us. We see them wrought before us every night and every day.

#### CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

For what particular act of mine you [Castellio] accuse me of cruelty I am anxious to know. I myself know not that act, unless it be with reference to the death of your great master, Servetus. But that I myself earnestly entreated that he might not be put to death his judges themselves are witnesses, in the number of whom at that time two were his staunch favourers and defenders. But I have said quite enough about myself.—*Calvin's Calvinism*, p. 346.

#### UNBELIEF.

Mr Marshall, author of a treatise on Sanctification, in his early years, was under great distress for a long

time, through a consciousness of guilt, and a dread of the Divine displeasure. At last, mentioning his case to Dr Thomas Goodwin, and lamenting the greatness of his sins, that able divine replied, "You have forgotten the greatest sin of all, the sin of unbelief, in refusing to believe in Christ, and rely on His atonement and righteousness for your acceptance with God." This word in season banished his fears. He looked to Jesus, and was filled with joy and peace in believing!

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## Literary Notices.

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THE DOOM OF DARWINISM: A REPLY TO SIR ARTHUR KEITH. By John Leslie. Bible League, 40 Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1. Price 2½d, post free.

Mr Leslie, in this excellent pamphlet, which is a reprint from the "Bible League Quarterly," has done a splendid piece of work in showing up the "missing links" in the evolutionary chain. The spectacle of the learned savants of science disputing over a tooth which some assert to be that of a man, while others as learned and no less dogmatic assert to be that of a bear is intensely amusing to all those who have not yet been infected with the evolutionary virus which has had such disastrous effects on the mental equipment of the modern mind. The exposure in this booklet is damaging to the so-called assured results of science, and when Mr Leslie takes Sir Arthur Keith to thrash Sir Arthur Keith and tears to shreds Prof. J. A. Thomson's transfusion of blood argument these learned men look not only as bad logicians, but appear ridiculous. By all means get a copy of this excellent pamphlet, and let those who can afford it buy it in quantities and scatter it broadcast, especially among the young.

A WORD TO ALL CONCERNING WAR ON THE BIBLE, by Mr J. K. Popham. Farncombe & Sons, 30 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4. Price 2d. Postage for 2 copies, ½d.

This excellent sermon is an outcome of Dr Barnes' infidel sermon to the boys of Westminster School. Mr Popham was moved with pity for these poor boys who

had to listen to such unscriptural teaching from a Bishop, and it stirred him up to sound a warning note to the young.

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## Notes and Comments.

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### **Is Modernism Fighting a Losing Battle in America?**

—If Dr Albert C. Dieffenbach, the editor of the Unitarian "Christian Register," is to be believed it certainly is. In his book, "Religious Liberty," he regretfully admits that "In one Church after another—Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and all the others—the holy warfare has ceased. The Fundamentalists have overwhelmed their liberty-loving brethren. The strife is over and peace prevails. The Churches have denied to their ministers by one form of declaration or another the freedom of individual conscience, and their laity have meekly acquiesced with only sporadic uprisings of the more emboldened ones, who have had no real effect upon the triumphant security of the Fundamentalists." We wish with all our heart that this Unitarian editor's report on the field of conflict was in accordance with fact, but there are not wanting signs that the mighty Modernist army is not yet routed. Still, it is something to know that there are sinkings at heart within the enemy's lines, and perhaps we may yet live to see the host that so proudly spread its banners in full flight. One thing is certain, there has been a very considerable decrease in Unitarian Churches in America in recent years but Unitarians took comfort in the fact that their doctrines were gaining a place in the various denominations, but if there is already signs of coming defeat here, then there is but a poor outlook for Unitarians. The poorer the better.

**Disappearance of Another "Missing Link."** — The following pungent note is taken from a recent issue of "The Christian," and speaks for itself:—"Another comedy of Evolution has just been brought to a close. In 1922, an American archæologist found in Nebraska a tooth which scientists proclaimed as belonging to a hitherto undiscovered creature, intermediate between man and the higher types of monkey. The conclusion drawn was that this was a tooth of the 'missing link,' and the creature was named 'Hesperopithecus.' The Evolutionists made much of this 'completion' of their

chain of evidence at the time of the Scopes trial in Tennessee, when, as will be remembered, a school teacher was indicted for teaching Evolution in State schools. Now, at length, Professor W. K. Gregory, of the American Museum of Natural History, has declared that the tooth is that of an extinct species of wild pig! Whether that attribution is correct or not, it must be for the experts to decide. Yet how ludicrous does science threaten to be made, on account of the irresponsible conclusions arrived at by men who profess to deal with exact knowledge and to possess a sense of the value of evidence! As 'The Times' points out, the existence of 'Hesperopithecus' was presumed solely on the strength of the supposed identification of the tooth in question. And such, let it be understood, are the grounds upon which modern men and women of sense are being asked to throw overboard the Word of God!"

**The Mormons at Work.**—"The Daily Mail" (London) had recently an article setting forth the activities of the Mormons in this country. It would appear that 150 missionaries are at work in the British Isles. The headquarters of this section of the Mormon propagandists is at 22 Doughty Street, London, W.C. Their method of spreading their unscriptural doctrine is by house-to-house visitation, and like the Seventh Day Adventists and the Russellites, they are supplied with abundant literature, which is scattered without stint. The figures given to the "Daily Mail" interviewer by the president of Mormonism in the London district are interesting. At present the president claims that their membership in America is 500,000. In the 98 years of their existence he estimates that half of their members have been people from Great Britain. Their membership in London is 700. When asked, "What is the attitude of your Church towards polygamy?" the answer was: "There has been no polygamy within the Church since 1890." The simple explanation of this change is that Congress passed a law prohibiting polygamy in any of the States. We warn our readers against these emissaries of Satan, for their plausibility is a snare to the unsuspecting. Polygamy is not the only anti-scriptural view they hold, and a system that had such an origin and such a history as Mormonism ought to be shunned by all who would seek to honour God's truth as it is in Jesus.

**"Hospital Religion."**—A correspondent recently wrote to the "Morning Post," concerning terms of excessive self-abasement in certain hymns, singling out "I am a worm," as a specimen. He was followed by Prof. Henderson, of Aberdeen University, who holds the Church History Chair. Prof. Henderson is averse to such self-depreciation, and pleads for a more self-respecting kind of religion. He characterises the kind of religion he condemns as "hospital religion." The old Calvinism that gave moral back-bone to Scotsmen and made men of them gave a very low place to man and an exceedingly high place to God, but its attenuated and lifeless successor has reversed the positions. We wonder if Prof. Henderson would characterise that announcement made at Nazareth which has cheered many a dropping heart: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised," as "hospital religion." What does it matter what they call it, to thousands and thousands it has been glad tidings of great joy, because it was meant for such as are described.

**Mr Brider's Mission to Sailors and Soldiers.** — Mr Brider has sent us his annual report of the good work he is doing in distributing sound literature among our sailors and soldiers. He has no private means, but gives his services to this noble work in dependence upon any help the Lord may put into the hearts of kind friends to send him. Those of our readers who are interested in this work should not forget this Mission in their prayers, and, where they are so inclined, with monetary help also. Mr Brider receives a monthly parcel of Free Presbyterian Magazines, for which he time and again sends us appreciative letters of thanks.

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## Church Notes.

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**Home Mission (Missionaries and Catechists) Fund Collection.**—The Synod appointed the second annual collection for this Fund to be taken up in April. The usual circular will be sent out to congregational treasurers by the General Treasurer.



**Notice to Congregational Treasurers.**—Congregational Treasurers are reminded that copies of their financial statements, duly audited, are to be sent to the Clerks of the Presbyteries under whose jurisdiction their congregations are. It is requested to be pointed out that there has been remissness on the part of certain congregational treasurers in paying attention to this notice of late years, and on their attention being thus called to the matter we are sure it will be put right for the future.

**Communions.**—April—First Sabbath, Stoer; second, Lochgilphead; third, Greenock; fourth, Glasgow; fifth, Wick. May—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Dumbarton; third, Edinburgh. June—First Sabbath, Helmsdale, Applecross and Coigach; second, Shieldaig; third, Lochcarron, Glendale and Dornoch; fourth, Inverness and Gairloch. July—First Sabbath, Raasay, Lairg and Beaully; second, Tain, Staffin and Tomatin; third, Daviot, Halkirk, Flashadder, and Rogart; fourth, Plockton and Bracadale. August—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree; third, Laide, Broadford, Bonar-Bridge; fourth, Stornoway. South African Mission.—The following are the dates of the Communions :—Last Sabbath of March, June, September and December. Note.—Notice of any additions to, or alteration of, the above dates of Communions should be sent to the Editor.

**London Mission Communion Services.** — The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed (D.V.) on Sabbath, 8th April, when the Rev. R. Mackenzie, M.A., Gairloch, is expected to officiate. The following are the hours of the services :—Thursday (5th April), 7 p.m. (English). Friday, 3.30 p.m. (Gaelic); 7 p.m. (English). Saturday, 3.30 p.m. (English). Sabbath, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (English); 3.45 p.m. (Gaelic). Monday, 7 p.m. (English). Those of our readers who have friends in London might call their attention to these services. The services are held in Conference Hall, Eccleston Street, Buckingham Palace Road, Victoria, S.W.

**Newcastle-on-Tyne—Services.** — The Rev. R. Mackenzie, M.A., Gairloch, intends giving a Sabbath to Newcastle on his way north from London. The services will be (D.V.) held in the Rechabite Hall, 22 Ellison Place, Newcastle, on Sabbath, 15th April, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., in English. A Gaelic service will be held in the afternoon at 3 p.m. Free Presbyterians having friends in the vicinity might give them notice of these meetings. As will be seen from the Magazine

(p. iii. of Cover), services are held regularly at the above address every Sabbath at 3 and 7 p.m., and a weekly prayer-meeting on Thursday, at 8 p.m. Further information may be had from Mr Frederick Bentley, 39 Osborne Avenue, Newcastle.

**Bonar-Bridge Congregation — An Appeal.** — For thirty-two years this congregation worshipped in Tulloch School, and are now desirous to build a suitable place of worship of their own. The congregation, being small, and by no means wealthy, cannot unaided bear the financial burden which such an undertaking involves. The proposed church will cost about £550, and, while the congregation will do their utmost by contributing themselves, they make this appeal to all friends and sympathisers for their kind support. Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Rev. D. J. Matheson, Lairg, or by Mr Alexander Murray, Badbea, Bonar-Bridge. The Northern Presbytery cordially endorse this appeal.

**Ordination and Induction at Shildaig.**—The Western Presbytery met in Shildaig Church on Wednesday, the 14th March last, in connection with a call addressed by the joint-congregation of Shildaig and Lochcarron to the Rev. Donald Macleod. The call, which was practically unanimous, was signed by 24 members and 341 adherents. A large congregation, drawn from all the various districts included in the charge, was present. The Rev. D. N. Macleod, Ullapool, preached an impressive sermon from the words, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves" (Matt. x. 16). Thereafter, Mr Macleod, having answered the questions and signed the formula prescribed, was solemnly set apart to the office of the holy ministry, and admitted to the pastoral charge of the congregation. It is earnestly hoped that the Lord will follow these proceedings with a rich blessing in the experience of both pastor and people, and that Mr Macleod's ministry will be a long and fruitful one.—R. MacK.

**Death of Mr Alexander Matheson, Missionary, Portree.**—We regret to record the passing away of another of our office-bearers in the person of Mr Alexander Matheson, Portree. Mr Matheson was an elder in the Portree congregation, and acted also as missionary in supplying various places. The end came with

startling suddenness. In the absence of Rev. D. M. Macdonald, he was conducting a funeral service in the house of the late Mrs Macpherson, Borge, and at the end he fell down dead. Mr Matheson was an elder of long standing in connection with the Portree congregation, and we extend to them our sympathy in the breach so suddenly made in their ranks, and also to his sister and brothers. A fuller notice will (D.V.) appear later on.

## Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

**SUSTENTATION FUND.**—Mrs G. D. Macdonald, 299 Voortrees Ave., Buffalo, N.Y., £5; Miss H. Livingstone, Kentra, Acharacle, 10s; N. Livingstone, do. do., 5s; D. Macphail, 57 Argyle Street, Lochgilphead, 10s; John Macleod, Crianlarich, 5s; a Friend, South Africa, per Mrs Graham, Shieldaig, £1.

**AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' AND WIDOWS' FUND.**—A Ross-shire Teacher, 5s; Mrs G. D. Macdonald, Buffalo, N.Y., £1.

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## The Magazine.

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