

THE Free Presbyterian Magazine

AND MONTHLY RECORD

(Issued by a Committee of the Free Presbyterian Synod.)

*"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may
be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. lx. 4.*

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THE

Free Presbyterian Magazine

And MONTHLY RECORD.

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Some Thoughts Suggested by the Passing Years.

THE year 1929 is fast ebbing, and by the time this is in the hands of many of our readers it will have run its course with all its joys and sorrows, with its realised and unrealised hopes, with all its encouragements and disappointments. What is past cannot be recalled. As we stand on the threshold of a New Year, with all that it has in store for us, it is becoming we should acknowledge the Lord's goodness to us for the past, and pray for His guidance for the future. We travel on an unknown road, and what is to meet us on the way is known unto Him who has appointed all things. If it is His will that prosperity and happiness should be our lot, may He give us grace so that we may make use of our opportunities. If, on the other hand, He sees it meet for our discipline that we should meet with trouble and sickness, may He give the needed grace to persevere unto the end, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of the faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross. God's people have this advantage above all others, that however stormy the voyage may be there is a haven of rest for them at last, and however far away they may feel themselves from home many a time, yet they are not a homeless people. Their prospect for the future is bright beyond what words can describe. To those of our readers who are still ignorant of Jesus Christ, who are thoughtlessly passing this new milestone on the way, we would

seriously ask them to consider what the end is to be for them. While God's people are assured that all things work together for good to the called according to His purpose, no such assurance is given to others. They face the future with its unknown troubles and sorrows to bear them in their own strength, to fight the battle alone, with no mighty Deliverer by their side and no Guide to counsel them. When they fall they have no promise of an Almighty Hand to lift them, and when they sink there is no promise given them that God's Almighty Arm will reach them. In this world they are without God and without hope, and when time has run its course for them they face the eternal future without any prospects of a home. Let those who are Christless seriously consider what an awful meaning there is in the words describing the state of Christless souls—Friendless, Hopeless and Homeless. There is no Friend to meet them on the other side, there is no hope to cheer them and no home to which they may go. They face endless ages and the prospect does not brighten as they go forward. Contrast this with the bright and cheering prospects of God's people whatever their lot may be here. They have a Friend waiting them in that new world where their home is to be for ever, and His welcome must sound as the most heavenly ever they heard: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." They are assured by the Apostle that as far as their present state is concerned everything is working for their good. And their path is compared to the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day. Is it any wonder that Moses, as he contemplated their future, said: "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and, who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places" (Deut. xxxiii. 29).

One bird cannot fly to heaven with another bird's wings.—*Thomas Adams.*

Some, like Balaam's ass, scarce ever open their mouths twice.—*Thomas Adams.*

Faith's Plea Upon God's Word.

BY REV. RALPH ERSKINE.

II.

(Continued from p. 288).

“Do as thou hast said” (II. Sam. vii. 25).

BUT is there any word concerning me, that am brought to a great difficulty, and know not what to do, or what hand to turn me to? I am straitened what course to take: doth God say anything to me? Yea, He doth. “I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight” (Isa. xlii. 16). “Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it. I will guide thee by my counsel” (Isa. xxx. 21). Doth He say so Then put Him to His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But what says God to a poor soul harassed with the temptations of the devil, and ready to be destroyed with the fiery darts of the Wicked One? God says, “I will bruise the head of the serpent.” “The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly”; “for this cause was the Son of God manifested, to destroy the works of the devil.” Hath He begun to destroy him? And hath He said, Thou shalt bruise him under thy feet? Then put Him to His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

Alas! but what says God to a poor destitute creature, who has nothing: no good, no grace, no light, no life, no strength? He says “My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Jesus Christ” (Phil. iv. 19). “The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.” There is bread enough and to spare in your Father’s house. Hath he said so? O, then put Him to His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But what says God to me, that am longing, earnestly longing, for some taste of His goodness, some communion and fellowship with Him. Why, God says to you, that He will satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry with good things. “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled” (Matt. v. 6). Hath He said so? Then let your heart say, Lord, do as thou hast said.

Alas! but is there any word for me, that has been a fool, a mocker, a scorner; that has laughed at all religion and godliness; is there any merciful word that I may take hold of? Yea, God says, "Ye scorners that delight in scorning, and fools that hate knowledge, turn ye at my reproof. Behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you: I will make known my word unto you" (Prov. i. 23). Doth He say so? Then put Him to His word, saying, O do as thou hast said.

But what says God to one that hath a plagued heart, a hard heart, a base heart, full of all manner of evil? Why, God says, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). And whatever be the plague, He hath said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Hath He said so? Then, O put Him to His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

Ah, but doth God say anything to a stupid wretch, that not only hears you, but is no more affected than the stones of the wall, and that is quite dead, and can no more stir than a rock, and hath no more life than a dead corpse? God says—and, O that He would say it with power!—"Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." "I will open your graves, and cause you to come out of your graves; and ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, and shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live" (Ezek. xxxvii. 12). Hath He said so? Then, O put Him to His word, saying, Lord, do as thou has said.

But is there any word for a poor creature that is in bondage through fear of death? "If I have run with the footmen, and they have wearied me, then how can I contend with horses? And, if in the land of peace, wherein I trusted, they wearied me, then what shall I do in the swelling of Jordan?" I tremble to meet with the king of terrors. Why, He hath said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death! O death, I will be they plagues! O grave, I will be thy destruction!" (Hos. xiii. 14). "Death shall be swallowed up in victory." Plead, then that He would do as He hath said.

But I want assurance of all those things, one may say. Well, what mean you by that—man, woman—

that you want assurance? I suppose many do not understand themselves when they say they want assurance; for what better assurance would you have than the Word of God? If you have His Word, and take His Word, you need no better assurance. If a man of credit, whom you can depend upon, give you his word for such a thing, then you depend upon it, and say you are assured of it, for you have his word. There is an assurance of sense, that is, an assurance of the work, when you have got the thing that is promised. This is not properly assurance, it is enjoyment; but the assurance of faith is the assurance of a word. And though the assurance of sense be sweetest, yet the assurance of faith is the surest assurance; for, what you get in hand from God you may soon lose the benefit and comfort of it; but what you have upon bond in the promise is still secure. If you take God's promise, you have the best assurance in the world; but if you say you want faith, you cannot take His word, or trust His word—then this is plain dealing. I fear this, indeed, to be the case of most. Then, you want assurance indeed, because you want faith, and cannot take His word, nor give Him so much credit. But if any be saying—That is indeed my case; I cannot believe His word: doth God say nothing to me? Is there any word suited to my case? Yes, there are promises of faith as well as to it. "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord" (Zeph. iii. 12). In Him shall the Gentiles trust. Hath the Author of faith so promised? Then, O take Him at His word; cry for faith, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But, one may say, I would desire not only to have the word, but the accomplishment of the word; I would not only have the promise, but the performance; and there are some promises I have been looking to, some ten or twenty years old—promises, that I think I got the faith of; but, alas! the accomplishment is not yet come; there are some prayers and petitions I have had long tabled upon the ground of the promise: what doth God say to one that hath never got these promises accomplished, nor these prayers answered? Why, be thankful if you have got grace to believe the promise: for so much faith as you have to take God's word, so much assurance you have that the word will be made out. If you be waiting upon a promising God, give Him His time, and behold the womb of the promise will shortly open and bring forth, for it will not travail beyond its

time. "Blessed is she that believeth, for there will be a performance of those things that were told her from the Lord" (Luke i. 45). And your fits and starts of unbelief, O believer, shall not hinder the performance of the promise you have once believed savingly: "If we believe not, He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself" (II. Tim. ii. 13). Will He deny His word? Will He deny His oath? No, no. He will have respect to His covenant, because He hath respect to Himself.

But what says God of one that is afflicted, and mourning for the desolation of Zion, and particularly for the sins and defections of the days we live in? I will tell you what He says: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy"; and though you have your mourning time for Zion, you shall also have your rejoicing times: "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her; rejoice with joy for her, all ye that mourn for her" (Isa. lxvi. 10). He says that "He will set a mark upon the foreheads of them that sigh and cry for the abominations that are done in the midst thereof" (Ezek. ix. 4). "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" (Matt. v. 4). Why, then, look to Him to do as He hath said.

But, says another, I am one that has a family, and children the Lord hath given me, and it is my concern, not only that I may be blessed myself, but that my seed and offspring may be blessed: is there any word for me in this case? Yea, what think you of that word, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring?" (Isa. xlv. 3). What think ye of that covenant made with Abraham, which you are called to lay hold upon by following his faith, "I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed?" (Gen. xvii. 7). You have not only the covenant of Abraham to look to, but the entail of the covenant to your posterity to look to. "This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words that I have put in thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever" (Isa. lix. 21). He hath said that "children are His heritage" (Psalm cxxvii. 3); and that His "righteousness is unto children's children" (Psalm ciii. 17). "The promise is unto you and to your children" (Acts ii. 39). O take Him at His word, and cry, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But what doth God say to one that is tossed with one wave of affliction upon the back of another: "Deep calling unto deep, at the noise of the waterspouts; all His waves and billows are gone over me?" (Psalm xliii. 7). Why, God says, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires; and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones; and all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children: in righteousness shalt thou be established" (Isa. liv. 11-14). Yea, He says, "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him" (Psalm xci. 15). Many such sweet words of grace He speaks. O then, take His word, and plead Lord, do as thou hast said.

But is there any word to one that hath been incorrigible under directing providences, and hath his corruptions irritated by the cross, and rebellion rather increased by rods, instead of being reclaimed by word and rod? Is there any case like mine, or is there any word for me to lay hold upon? Yes. What think you of that word, "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him; I hid me and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart?" (Isa. lvii. 17). Well, what follows? "I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." O, astonishing wonder of free grace! that it was not said, I have seen his ways, and will punish him; but I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I have seen his ways and will save him. Hath He said so? Then put in your petition, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But is it possible that God is speaking to any that has been a notorious sinner? He says, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). Though you have sinned to the uttermost, I am able to save to the uttermost. Is your name wonderful as a sinner? Behold, His name is Wonderful as a Saviour. O, hath He said so? Well, go and plead His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

But is there any word from God for one who hath crucified so many convictions as I have done: yea, and virtually crucified the Son of God afresh by rejecting

His calls, grieving His Spirit? Yea, we are called to preach the Gospel to every creature, and even to the crucifiers of Christ: "Repentance and remission of sins must be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 47). Why beginning at Jerusalem, among the crucifiers of Christ? Because they have most need of the blood to wash them; Christ came to save sinners, the chief of sinners! Hath He said so? Then put in your bill; Lord, do as thou hast said.

But will you tell me, is there any word for one that cannot think that it is as you are saying, that there is any merciful word in God's mouth, or any merciful thought in God's heart towards me; it cannot enter into my thought; I cannot let it light in my mind or heart? Why, God says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. lv. 8).

You are not to measure His thoughts by yours, no more than you can measure these wide heavens with your arms; but God knows His own thoughts, and what says He of them? "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Hath He said so? Then go and plead His word, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said.

In a word, do you want His presence? He hath said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world; I will never leave nor forsake thee." Are you afraid of hell and damnation? He hath said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." O, what encouragement is here to go and pray, and plead, saying, Lord, do as thou hast said!

O, Sirs, search the Scriptures, and study the Word of God; consult and consider what He hath said. Let there be no mouldy Bibles among you; let not the dust of your Bibles witness against you. Your eternal salvation depends upon your believing what He hath said. Therefore, cherish the faith of what He hath said. The Spirit is promised and the Scriptures are written to work this faith; Christ is exalted, and the throne of grace is erected to give this faith; and this faith comes

by hearing what He hath said: by hearing, not what Plato hath said, or Seneca hath said, what this or that man hath said; but what God hath said in His Word—in your Bible, which is a book so prefaced and so attested as never any other book was.

Walk in this garden of the Scripture, pluck up the flowers of Gospel promises, and put them in your bosom: live by faith upon the promise, and be persuaded, whatever stands in the way, that God will do as He hath said. He will do so, for what He hath said He hath written: what He hath said He hath sealed; what He hath said He hath sworn; what He hath said He will never unsay: therefore, take hold of His word of grace, and hold Him at His word in life and death, saying—"Do as thou hast said."

Sabbath Visiting.

The Sabbath is not a day for visiting. Here the plea of necessity that is often urged is a palpable device of Satan to blind and ruin souls. Try this practice, and try the plea by which you justify it, by God's holy Word, and you will find it rebukes them both. You must go. Then why not on the Saturday? or why not on the Monday? Did you ever, in right earnest, try to manage it on another day, looking this fact fully in the face, that it is God's day, and not yours, that you mean to take advantage of, for your own convenience, or to serve your own ends? Or you say, it is pleasant for you to go; but hath not the Lord said, "Not doing thine own ways, or finding thine own pleasure?" Visiting on the Lord's Day has now become so common that one finds even those who are otherwise very circumspect in their conduct often too loose on this matter. Many a believer has been sorely wounded, and brought upon himself long seasons of deadness, and darkness, because of Sabbaths thus spent. Often, too—though it is little thought of—has he put the rod into God's hand, which has been laid on himself or family. "If His children (Christ's children) forsake my law, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod." And many an inquirer, who was beginning to set his face Zionward, yea, had well-nigh entered the kingdom, by such sinfully spent Sabbaths, has been driven back: and sunk down into a cold, careless, hardened professor.—"From a Tract on the Sabbath."

Notices of the Martyrs and Confessors of Lesmahagow.

BY THE REV. CHARLES THOMSON, OF NORTH SHIELDS
(LATTERLY FREE CHURCH MINISTER, WICK).

II.

(Continued from p. 300).

DAVID STEEL rented the farm of Nether Skellyhill, where his family resided, and not at Cumberhead, as has sometimes been asserted. He refused to hear the curate of Lesmahagow, but diligently waited upon the outed ministers, and upon the general meetings of the Covenanters. He fought at Bothwell Bridge, and from that period his sufferings were extremely severe. So close and rigorous a search was made for him that he durst not pass the night at home, but generally slept in a little turfen hut, on the west side of Mennock Hill, which stands on the farm of Cumberhead, near the source of the Nethan. This hut, the traces of which are preserved and pointed out by the shepherds, was about four miles from Skellyhill, and two from Priesthill, the lonely residence of that man of God, John Brown, of whose company and hospitality David Steel, and his cousin John, often received the benefit during their wanderings on those cold and bleak mountains; as they were among the first to visit and comfort his widow after she had been bereaved of her husband by Claverhouse.

Years passed on, and, as they passed, David Steel ventured to stay more at Skellyhill. In December 1686, when he was at home in the bosom of his family, Lieutenant Chrichton, having probably received information respecting him, came with a party of horse and foot, and had arrived within a short distance of the house, before the soldiers were observed. Upon alarm being given, David armed himself with a musket, slipped through a back window, and ran down towards Logan Water, distant about a quarter of a mile, pursued by the persecutors, who had discovered his flight. When crossing the Logan, a little above the farm-house of Waterside, he fell into the water which wetted his powder; but, rising immediately, he continued his flight towards the banks of the Nethan, which is about a mile distant from the Logan. The dragoons crossed the latter stream at

Waterside; and, when they got to Yondertown, they commenced firing at David, who was crossing the rising ground above them. A little while, and he would have been at the Nethan, the steep and bosky banks of which, had he reached them, would have retarded the cavalry, and enabled him to gain, and escape in the almost impassable morasses which stretch along the eastern side of the rivulet. But his time was come—the time when he must seal his testimony with his blood. When he reached a plot of ground called Meadow-pats, below Meadow House, he became exhausted, and could run no farther. Some of the dragoons were almost upon him, but he kept them at bay by presenting his musket at the foremost. Chrichton called to him to surrender, promising him quarter, and that he should be carried to Edinburgh, and have a fair trial. Steel laid down his useless weapon—his ammunition having been spoiled, as has already been mentioned, by his fall in Logan Water—and surrendered himself on those conditions. But the persecutors were as faithless as they were ferocious. Chrichton, exulting over his victim, carried him back to Skellyhill, that he might enjoy the fiendish pleasure of murdering him in presence of his wife. Mary Weir is described, in tradition, as having been a remarkably fine young woman, who loved her youthful husband with the greatest affection. She had anxiously watched his flight for almost the whole course of it could be seen from the windows of their dwelling; and, when she saw that he was taken, she ran, with her first, and only child, a daughter, in her arms, and met, and walked back with him, encouraging his mind with the consolations of the gospel, amid the scoffs and jeers of the brutal soldiery. Chrichton took David Steel into a field, before his own door, and ordered the dragoons immediately to shoot him. They remonstrated against this breach of promise; and, when Chrichton, persisting in his violence, peremptorily commanded them to fire, they, not yet like their officer, lost to all sense of honour, declared that they neither would shoot him, nor see him shot, and mounted their horses, and rode off to Upper Skellyhill. Chrichton then ordered his footmen, who were Highlanders. These had no scruples, for they were hardened, and prepared for any atrocity. Several balls passed through the Covenanter's head. The murderers immediately departed; and when some of the neighbours arrived, they found the widow on the spot where her martyred husband had fallen, gathering his

fair hair, and the pieces of his head and brains, which were scattered about the field. Having quietly performed this duty, she bound up his head with a napkin; and, as she looked upon his mangled countenance, and closed his fixed eyes, she said with great composure, "The archers have shot at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul; it has escaped, like a dove, far away, and is at rest;"—then clasping her hands together, with a look and a cry that pierced the heavens—"Lord, give strength to thy handmaid, that will prove she has waited for thee even in the way of thy judgments." The corpse was lifted, streaming with blood, and laid upon the kiln-greace* till arrangements could be made for taking it into the house. The blood ran down into the wall; and when the kiln was taken down by people lately living, the clottered gore was distinctly seen upon the stones, having the appearance of tar. A small cairn was raised upon the spot where the Christian fell; and out of it grew spontaneously a mountain-ash, or rowan tree, which I have often seen; and the beautiful white blossoms of which in spring, and the blood-red berries in autumn, were not unapt emblems of a martyr's life, whose early holiness had been sealed with his blood. This rowan tree fell, a few years ago, having stood, it is supposed, for upwards of a century; but another has been planted on the spot, by a young neighbouring farmer, who, with his blood, has inherited the ancient principles of the covenanting Steels of Lesmahagow.

In person, David Steel is said to have been about the middle size, having a very fair complexion, fine flaxen hair, and mild blue eyes. His body was buried in Lesmahagow Churchyard; and upon his grave-stone was inscribed the following epitaph, only part of which is given in the "Cloud of Witnesses":—

"Here lies the body of David Steel, Martyr, who was murdered by Chrichton for his testimony to the Covenants, and the work of Reformation, and because he durst not own the authority of the tyrant destroying the same. He was shot at Skellyhill on the 20th of December 1686, in the 33 year of his age.

" ' Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

*A wall on which the sackfuls of corn are laid, before the grain is spread upon the kiln-head to be dried.

"David, a shepherd first, and then
Advanced to be king of men,
Had his graces, in this quarter,
This heir, a wanderer, now a martyr;
Who, for his constancy and zeal,
Still to the back did prove true Steel;
Who, for Christ's royal truth and laws,
And for the covenanted cause
Of Scotland's famous Reformation,
Declining tyrants' usurpation
By cruel Chrichton murdered lies—
Whose blood to heaven for vengeance cries."

The grave-stone was replaced, and the ancient inscription renewed, about fifteen years ago, by the descendants of John Steel of Waterhead, the cousin of David.

Isabel Steel, a kinswoman of David, was apprehended for adhering to the cause of the Covenant; and, after enduring a long and a severe imprisonment, was, in 1687, banished to Barbadoes. Soon after the Revolution, she returned home, and lived many years on Logan Water.

Jean Macgie, the wife, or, what is more probable, the widow, of William Brown in Auchlochan-Townfoot, was imprisoned, at different times, in the castles of Dunotter and Blackness. When her son went to visit her during her imprisonment the soldiers cruelly beat him with his own staff, till they broke it on his head. After the Revolution she resided till her death in 1733 with her son, Thomas Brown, an elder in Lesmahagow, who during the persecution had been declared, by proclamation, a "fugitive" and a "rebel." There are now living,* chiefly in Lesmahagow, nearly one hundred and twenty of the descendants of William Brown and Jean Macgie, not a few of whom indicate, by their actions, that the spirit of their covenanting ancestors animates, at this day, the hearts of their remote posterity.

John Whyte of Neuk, or Newick, had to forego the comforts of home, and remain in dens and in caves of the earth. God vouchsafed unto him one remarkable escape from danger into which he had been led by the treachery of one of his nearest neighbours. Whyte and his companion had both been hiding in some retreat, and

* This was in 1832.

the latter having gone home, came back with tidings that all was safe, and prevailed on the former to return to his own house. In the meanwhile he gave notice to Claverhouse, then lying in the neighbourhood, and Newick House was beset next morning by a troop of soldiers. Whyte went out at a window, but was observed by one of the soldiers, who, notwithstanding his occupation, being a friend to the Covenanters, made as if he had seen him in a different direction, and fired his musket, the report of which drew off the attention of the persecutors till Whyte escaped. Some years after this man came to Newick, begging a night's lodging, and having made known that he was the soldier who had saved the Laird's life, John Whyte took him in and made him welcome to stay as long as he pleased. Whyte, who was an elder in Lesmahagow, saw ninety years and one, and died in 1739, an aged and a holy man. Newick is yet the property and residence of his descendant and representative, Thomas Whyte.

On March 30th, 1679, there were sermon and a large meeting of the Covenanters at Cumberhead. Soldiers were sent to disperse them, but these having had some experience of the spirit of the free-born Presbyterians, kept at a respectful distance; and satisfied their heroism by valourous rifling some women, who were going to sermon, of their plaids and pocket-Bibles, and with seizing a few men. A scuffle ensued in consequence between the marauders and a party of the Covenanters, in which the commander of the former was wounded and some of his men taken prisoners, who were soon, however, dismissed by their captors, unhurt. This occasioned sore trouble to Lesmahagow. Soldiers were quartered upon the parish, which was farther harassed and plundered by the Lord Ross and a party of dragoons. Four noblemen—the families of three of whom, as well as that of the Lord Ross, are now extinct, and the title of the fourth has been but lately restored, from forfeiture, by Act of Parliament—were appointed to sit at Lanark, with justiciary powers, to enquire into this "horrible rebellion." In their report to the Council they mention several persons whom they had imprisoned in Lanark tolbooth, among whom is John Williamson of Lesmahagow; and they state that they were resolved to have one William Weir, servant to the Gudewife of Bourtrees—the person who had dared to wound the officer—hanged for a public example. But even their witnesses failed to bring the

charge home; and they were obliged, notwithstanding their bloody purpose, to let the prisoners go free.

John Steel, of Logan Waterhead, was the chief and acknowledged leader of the Covenanters of Lesmahagow, though, what is rather singular, his sufferings have not hitherto found a place in the printed accounts of our martyrs and confessors. The following anecdotes respecting him may be relied on, however, as authentic, for his memory is still cherished in the district with the warmest affection, not only by his descendants, who are numerous in the parish, but also by the general body of the peasantry, and many an hour has the writer of these "Notices" listened to narratives respecting "that singular godly man, Johnnie Steel o' Waterhead," and many a time has he been conducted by the respectable and intelligent shepherds on Logan Braes to see the places where his maternal great-great-great grandfather, "of whom the world was not worthy, wandered about in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

John Steel carefully waited on the ministrations of those holy men, who had left all for the sake of Christ, and of His gospel. He failed not to be present at the special and general meetings of the Covenanters of Lanarkshire, and of the surrounding counties. At Logan House, situated amongst the lonely glens and muirlands near the Nick of Logan, was the first of those general meetings held, on December 15th, 1681. Others were subsequently convened at Friarminion; and others in Auchangilloch Glen, between the mountain of that name, and Gudebass Hill, and about midway between the sources of Logan and of Kype Waters. Near the head of this crooked ravine, the sides of which are partly crags and partly hard, green braes, there wells forth a small spring, which, no doubt, had often refreshed the weary Christian; and farther down the shepherds point out the Covenanters' pulpit, on which the holy ministers of the Mediator stood while proclaiming unto His disciples the gospel of the Kingdom. At those conferences rules were laid down by the Covenanters for the regulation of their conduct and the word "Reformation" was agreed on, as a watch-word, by which to distinguish friends from enemies.

The curate of Lesmahagow was irritated at the scanty attendance on his preachments. "Black be my fa'," said he one day from the pulpit as he looked round about him, and beheld, as it were, but one person here,

and another yonder, sitting listlessly in the desolate church; "Black be my fa', but they're a' aff to the hill-folk thegither. Sorrow! gin I dinna tell, an' they'll a' be shot or hangit be Yule." But his "bark was waur than his bite." He was a weak and worthless, but not a cruel, man; and his spleen evaporated in this explosion of mortified vanity.

In 1679 John Steel joined the army of the Covenanters, and was appointed captain over the men from Lesmahagow and the neighbouring parishes. He escaped from the disastrous battle of Bothwell Bridge, along with his cousin David; but his aged father, Robert Steel, having gone to the camp to see how his sons were faring, was, after the Covenanters gave way, overtaken by the persecutors and slain. The body was left upon the road, but it was afterwards carried to Strathaven and interred in the churchyard. William, the captain's brother, was taken prisoner.

The family at Waterhead were now overwhelmed in distress. The father "was not"; one son was a prisoner; the other, with his cousin David, was pursued on the mountains; and Isabel, their relative, was suffering imprisonment. William, who was greatly respected by the Laird of Blackwood, from whom he rented the farm of Lochinbank, was carried from Bothwell Bridge to Glasgow jail. Blackwood, who, though he had himself been persecuted, yet, through the friendship of the Marquis of Douglas, possessed considerable influence, procured his liberation; and he resided ever afterwards upon his farm without suffering any further molestation. He died long after his brother, at a very great age, leaving no descendants of his own, but having seen his brother's children and his children's children. He used to encourage his acquaintance to steadfastness in the ways of religion, notwithstanding what troubles soever might arise; declaring that if he were to live any portion of his life over again he would choose the days of persecution, for that those were both the happiest and the best.

The most vigorous search was made for John Steel and his cousin David. Advertisements were put up, and proclamation made in all public places, offering a thousand merks for his head. But in all the parish of Lesmahagow there was none that coveted the money on such conditions. All were ready to apprise him of the approach of the persecutors, and to do everything in their power to deliver him from danger. The Earl of Airley,

soon after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, came with his troop to Waterhead, and having put John Steel to the horn, and declared him a "rebel" by sound of trumpet, he produced a crown-grant of his lands; and having thus stripped the family of all that they possessed, expelled his wife and children from their own home.

Upper Skellyhill and Cairnhouse, two small farms which belonged to John Steel, were in lease, and the Earl drew the rents of them till the Revolution; but no man in the district would be tenant of Waterhead, Steel's own dwelling-place. Airley was therefore obliged to bring a person, who is still commemorated in the traditions of Lesmahagow Muirlands, under the strange designation of Huge Bawties, from his own country, to occupy the lands; but Huge Bawties soon found that he was "awa frae hame." Neither man nor woman would be his servant; and he, therefore, had to bring servants from his own place. Nobody would give him any assistance in anything. His sheep were driven off their walks at night; and Bawties and his servants had often to search whole days for them, for none of the shepherds would give information respecting them. The neighbours told him plainly that they did not consider the corn, or the cattle, or the flocks which Airley had found upon the farm, and had transferred over to him, as his; and significantly intimated that "the Laird," a designation by which John Steel was generally known, would probably pay him a visit and uplift his rent, and also "gar him pay kain,"* in some of the long, dark nights in the dead of winter. The poor man, frightened out of his wits, applied for a party of soldiers for protection; who, when they came, just made matters worse and worse. They lived at free quarters, their horses ate up the corn, and they themselves ate up his mutton; so that Huge Bawties, finding nothing to which he put his hand to prosper, and living either in continual fear from the Covenanters, or in continual vexation from his protectors, the soldiers, departed, after having been in Waterhead about a twelvemonth, "and went and returned unto his own land."

During the time that Waterhead was occupied by this north-country farmer, Marion Lean, the wife of John Steel, harboured, with her two children, in a small hut

* Kain, something which a tenant pays his landlord over and above his money-rent. Hence "to gar ane pay kain," to exact from him severe retribution.—Jamieson.

of sods, which the shepherds had built for her in the muirs. At first they suffered no want, though they had been stripped of everything but their wearing apparel, when Airley "harried them out of the house and hault"; for the neighbours kindly supplied them with whatever was necessary; but after the soldiers came to protect Huge Bawties they were reduced to the greatest straits, and endured indescribable hardships. John Steel, who lurked in the same muirs, thought it no sin to catch, from time to time, and kill, for the support of his family, one of his own sheep, though they had been confiscated by the Government; but after the soldiers came to protect Airley's tenant they were incessantly prowling about night and day, searching for Steel, that they might gain, if possible, the thousand merks which had been set upon his head. He durst no longer, therefore, lodge in the same hut with his wife at night. His retreat—where a small cave had been constructed, the ruins of which are still to be seen amidst a great quantity of large, loose, grey stones on the right bank of the Logan, about half a mile above Waterhead—was discovered. The cave, a little further up the rivulet, on the opposite bank, in the remarkable rock, crowned with traces of ancient fortifications, called Castle Kirnock, though concealed so well by a thicket of raspberry bushes and other shrubs, was also found out. He then built a hut in the muirs, for he could not think of removing to a distance from his wife, especially as her situation became every day more and more interesting to his feelings as a husband and a father, but that, too, was discovered and burnt. He raised another farther up, but that, too, shared the same fate. He then was compelled to sleep on Logan Hills, but wild and remote as those are, his retreat upon them was discovered, for the search after him was indefatigable, and he was driven to take refuge, at a greater distance, at Mennockhill, on the lands of South Cumberhead, where his cousin David also slept. The place still bears their name, being called Steel's Seat.

John Steel and his cousin were, while lurking on Mennock, supplied with food chiefly by the kindness and instrumentality of John Brown of Priesthill. It was, indeed, neither prudent nor safe to have much intercourse with the shepherds, who dwelt on their own side of the mountains, where they lay concealed; neither durst those shepherds have much with them. For the persecutors frequently questioned them respecting the two

Steels, and it was best that they should be able to declare, with a safe conscience, that they knew not where they were. No communication could be maintained with the afflicted family in the hut; neither durst the neighbours pay them their wonted attentions, for that would have brought down upon their heads the vengeance of the soldiery. The Gudewife of Waterhead was, therefore, reduced, with her children, to absolute want. The two boys had to gather berries* in the muirs, and to "guddle"† trouts in the Logan for their own and their mother's subsistence; and, perhaps, they might occasionally steal, in a misty day, to one or other of the neighbouring houses for a piece of bread or a little oatmeal. It would, indeed, have been idle for their friends to have given them much at a time; for the soldiers often visited the hut, and whatever they found they destroyed or carried away. A farmer, who seems to have loved this world's goods fully as well as the cause of Christ—perhaps it might be Huge Bawties himself—observed, at a time when the family were known to be in great distress, a smoke arising in the muirs. He hurried to the spot, thinking that hunger compelled Steel's eldest boy to kill one of his lambs, and that they were roasting it at the fire. When he had nearly reached the place, and was observed by the children, one of them ran to him crying, "Come awa', man, here's fine skran‡ for you," and very kindly offered him a share of some trouts which they had just caught in the Logan, and were roasting. The bythesome kindness of the little lad, in being so willing in such destitute circumstances to share his meal with his neighbour, so affected the farmer that he fell to the ground overwhelmed with grief and self-reproach for having entertained such hard thoughts against a family suffering for righteousness sake.

Marion Steel, at this period, stood in need of that comfort and attendance which her female acquaintance would willingly have given, but which she durst not ask and they durst not bestow. When the time drew near at hand she was so terrified at the brutality of the soldiers, to which, indeed, she was afterwards, in

* Blaeberreries and crowberries are very plentiful in those muirs, as are also the crane and the cloudberry.

† To "guddle fish," to catch fish with the hands by groping under the stones or banks of a stream.—Jamieson.

‡ "Fine skran," a phrase used by young people when they meet with anything, especially what is edible, which they consider as a valuable acquisition.—Jamieson.

similar circumstances, subjected, that, with motherly modesty she fled with her two children from the hut, and took refuge in a deep gullet which had been formed in the muirs by one of the mountain torrents. Here in the gullet, oppressed with fear, and with no one to wait upon her but her eldest son, a mere boy, was this Christian matron delivered of a female child. A shepherd heard in the grey of the morning the cries of the agonised mother, and hurried to the spot and spread his plaid over her. He then ran and brought such assistance as could be most readily procured. But the visitors neither durst stay with Marion Steel nor take her to any of their houses; for even so piteous a case as this would not have softened the callous hearts of the soldiery. They were, therefore, obliged soon to depart; but the shepherd waited near, and attentively did for the mother and her children what little services he could, and as soon as possible helped them to their miserable dwelling. There was no bedding in this hut for them to sleep on, and the mother had no other method of keeping her "wee lassie" warm at night than to put her into a pillow-slip, and cover her up to the neck in a heap of soft moss or "fog," which her boys had pulled in the muirs, and dried in the sun. The gullet where this child was born is still known by the name of Steel's Hag.

(To be continued.)

God is Light.

"Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see" (I. Tim. vi. 16). God is encircled with that ocean of light through which no mortal eye ever did pierce, or can approach to. It is used to express the impossibility of an immediate knowledge of God we see the created light of the sun overpowers the eyes of our body; how much more the glorious light of God the eyes of our souls, since He "clothes Himself with light as with a garment." As the sun, though it discovers other things to us by its light, yet, by reason of the greatness of its light, hinders us from an immediate sight of itself, so though God discovers Himself in other things to us by His light, yet it is too immense for us to have an immediate knowledge of Him. In his appearance to the Israelites, He was covered with a cloud, to show the weakness of our understanding about divine things, and how easily it is dazzled at His ineffable brightness.—Charnock.

Latha na Sabaid.

LEIS AN URR N. CAMERON.

Cuimhnich latha na Sabaid a choimhead naomh. Cò labhair na briathran so? Labhair Dia iad air beinn Shinaì, a mach as an teine, ann an eisdeachd Israeil uile. Thug Crìosd an lagh sgrìobhte seachad an sinn leis a tabhair e breth air na h-uile air an latha dheirinneach. “Is eigin duinn uile bhi air ar taisbeanadh an lathair cathair breitheanaìs Chrìosd.”

Tha cuid de’n bheachd nach ’eil e ’na chionta cho mòr, latha na Sabaid a mhi-naomhachadh, ri mort, gadachd adhaltranas a ghniomhachadh. Cha ’n ’eil an sin ach meal-ladh mòr. Bu choir a ’cheart urad ghraìna a bhi aig daoine de luchd mi-naomhachaidh na Sabaid ’s a bhiodh aca de luchd mortaidh, adhaltranaìs, agus an leithide sin de pheacaibh. Bha na h-athraichean agus na mathraichean diadhaid a’ seachnadh briseadh latha Dhé, mur a bha iad a sheachnadh mort. C’arson? A chionn gu’m b’e àithne Dhé a bh’ ann ta le cheile. “Oir ge b’e neach a choimheadas an lagh uile, agus a thuislicheas ann an aon àithne, tha e ciontach de ’n iomlan. Oir an ti a thubhairt na dean adhaltranas, thubairt e mar an ceudna na dean mortadh.” Agus thubhairt e mar an ceudna, “Cuimnich latha na Sabaid a choimhead naomha.” Bithidh staid fear mi-naomhachadh na Sabaid, air latha bhreitheanaìs, cho truagh agus cho chiontach ri staid a’ mhortair. Tha e ’na ni mì-reusanta do dhaoineibh a bhi smuaineachadh nach ’eil am peacadh cho mhòr a chionn gu’m bheil am mor-sluagh ciontach dheth. Bha Noah eadar-dhealaichte bho shluagh an t-sean t-saoghail; oir an uair a bha iadsan ag itheadh agus ag òl, a’ posadh agus air an tabhairt ann am posadh, chaidh Noah, a reir àithne Dhé, steach do’n airce a rinn e, agus chaidh each uile a sgrios. Is ann mar sin a bhios sgrios naimhdean Dhé agus a lagh naomha, agus tearnadh na muinntir air am bi eagal Dhé agus a choimadas àithneantan. Ann a bhi tarraunn ar naire a dh’ionnsiudh caochladh de nithibh air a’ phuine chudthromach so, bheir sinn iad fa bhur comhair anns an ordugh a leanas:—

1. Tha an t-Sabaid air a briseadh le sraid-imeachd, ge b’e air bith an leithsgeul a chleachdas daoine air son a bhi ’ga dheanamh, ach a mhain air gnothaichibh trocair. Tha mòran ’ga cleachdadh ’na latha gu bhi dol a dh’ amharc an càirdean, agus a cheilidh, agus mar sin tha iad a’ spioneadh Dhé dhe ghloir a’ toirt call agus truaighe air anama féin agus a’ deanamh na tha ’n an comas gu anamaibh eile

sgrios mar an ceudna. Coidlidh cuid air latha na Sabaid cho fada anns a' mhaduinn 's nach urrain iad a dhol do' n eaglais agus air laithibh na seachduinn bidh iad air an cosan glé thrath. Bheir iad oidhirp air dichìoll a dheanamh air son gnothaichean a' chuirp, ach air son anna neo—bhàsmhor cha 'n 'eil aon smuain cìod a dh' eireas dà. Tha t-anam caillte, agus latha na Sabaid, le meodhainean nan gràs, tuilleadh is luachmhor gu bhì 'gan leigeadh seachad air an dòigh bhruideil sin. Dhoibhsan a tha a' caitheamh an latha phrìseil a thug Dia 'na throcair dhoibh air an dòigh so tha e na sgios mòr agus uairean cho fada. Anam cia mar a b' urrainn thu bhì sona ann an glòir a' gleidheadh Sabaid shìorruidh? Tha e soilleir gu' m feum do nadur a bhì air ath-nuadhachadh no cha' n urrainn thu dol ach a dh'ionnsuidh ionad a' bhroin-bhith-bhuain. Tha comhradh mu nithean aimsireil, agus mu nithibh dìomhain 'n am pairt mhòr de mhi-naomhachadh latha Dhé. Bu choir do 'na h-uile na nithean so a sheachnadh, agus mur cum daoine eile bho 'n a nithean sin, seachuinn an cuideachd, agus bi coma cìod a shaoileas iad dhìot air son sin. Leughadh leabhraichean faoine, agus an leithde sin ri' m seachnadh. Cha 'n 'eil leabhar anns an t-saoghal anns am bheil nithean air an cur sìos air son time féin, coltach ris a' Bhiobull. "Ma philleas tu air falbh do chos o'n t-Sabaid, o do thoil féin a dheanamh air mo latha naomhsa; agus gu 'n abair thu ris an t-Sabaid, Toilinntinn; ri latha naomh an Tighearna, Urramach; agus gu' n tabhair thu onair dhi, gun a bhì leantuinn do shligheachean fein, no gabhail do shòlais fein, no labhairt do bhriathran féin; an sin gabhaidh tu tlachd anns an Tighearna; agus bheir mise ort marcachd air ionadaibh arda na talmhainn; agus beathaichidh mi thu le oighreachd Iacoib d' athar; oir labhair beul an Tighearna e" (Is. lviii., 13).

2. Tha moran a mi-naomhachadh latha na Sabaid le bhì saltairt tigh Dhé fo 'an cosaibh; le bhì 'g aoradh do Dhia le dealbhaibh no dòigh 'sam bith eile nach 'eil ordaichte 'na fhocal. Tha mhòr-roinn ag aoradh dhoibh fein 's cha' n ann do Dhia. Cha' n e a' cheist a tha orra cìod a thaitneas ris-san, ach cìod a thoileacheas an fheoil? Uime sin thiundaidh iad tigh Dhé gu bhì na thigh-cluich. Orgain 'gan cluich; laoidhean, air an deanamh le daoineibh 'gan seinn an àite Salm Dhaibhidh. Tha mar sin inntinnean an luchd-aoraidh a' fàs ni's truailidh, an cogaisean a' fàs ni's cruaidhe agus a' codal ni's truime. Naomhaich iad troimh 'n fhirinn; 's e t-fhocal-sa an fhirinn." Chuir laoidhean, agus orgain an fhirinn a mach as na cubaidean,

agus as na h-àiteachan suidhe. “Is lochran t-fhocal do m’ chois, agus solus do m’ cheum.” Agus, “Biodh agaibh gràs leis an dean sibh seirbhis thaitneach do Dhia, le h-urram agus eagal diadhaidh; oir tha ar Dia-ne ‘na theine dianloisgeach.”

3. Tha na roidean-iaruinn, eich agus carabadan a’ dol a mach air son toileachais-inntinn, no gu bhi giulan litrichean, daoine ‘dol mu’ n chairt an gnothaichean saoghalta, ‘ceannach agus ‘reic na mhi-naomhachadh air latha na Sabaid a chuireas an tìr so fàs. Leugh Leviticus xxvi. 27 gu crìoch na caibideil.

4. Tha sluagh na Gaidhealtachd air an truailleadh gu mòr, le coigrich as an taobh, deas a’ cur droch eis-eimplir rompa air latha Dhé. Tha muinntir a tha ‘gabhail orra féin a bhi ‘n an luchd-aidich air Crìosd—ministirean, eildearan, agus buill choimhthionalan a’ giulan na plaigh so do’n taobh tuath. Bu choir do na Gaidheal a chuimhneachadh gu’ n d’ thubhairt Chrìosd, “Ma’s toigh libh mise, coimhidibh m’ àithneantan,” agus “Air an toradh, aithnichidh sibh iad.” Tha e sgriobhta, “Na lean a mhòr chuideachd a chum an uile.” Bha na h-athraichean, agus na mathraichean diadaidh ‘cur an gnothaichean saoghalta ann an rian air feasgair Di-sathuirn a chum nach biodh an t-Sabaid air a mi-naomhachadh. “Is mise an Tighearna ‘ur Dia; gluaisibh ann am reachdaibh, agus coimhidibh mo bhreitheanais, agus deanaibh iad; agus naomhaichibh mo Shabaidean; agus bithidh iad ‘nan comharadh eadar mise agus sibhse, a chum gu’ m bi fios agaibh gur mise an Tighearna bhuir Dia.” Bha duine mòr anns an Fhraing d’ am b’ ainm Malan, agus air do aon de dhaoine mòra na rioghachd so a bhi air chuairt an sin bha e fuireach an tigh Mhalan agus thug e fainear an rian agus a t-sith iongantach a bha ‘san tigh. Dh’ fhiosraich e dheth cia mar a bha na h-uile nithe cho sìochail agus ordail na thigh? Agus thubhairt Malan ris gu’ n do chuir e roimhe latha na Sabaid a choimhead naomh agus gun obair de gne ‘sam bith a cheadachadh na thigh air an latha sin; agus gu’ n do bheannaich Dia a thigh agus a theaghlach ‘nuair a bha luchd mi-naomhaichidh na Sabaid ann an troimh-cheile air gach taobh dheth. “Is beannaichte an duine a ni so, agus mac a duine a ni greim air; a choimdeas an t-Sabaid gun a mi-naomhachadh, agus a choimhdeas a lamh o aon olc a dheanamh. . . . Oir mar so deir an Tighearna do na caillteanaich a choimhdeas mo Shabaidean, agus a ròghnaicheas an ni a thaitneas rium, agus a ni greim air mo choimhcheangal; dhoibh sin bheir mi ann am’ thigh, agus an taobh a stigh de m’ bhallachan àit agus ainm ni’s

fearr na ainm mhac agus nighean; ainm siorruidh bheir mi dhoibh, nach gearrar as."

5. Tha cuid a' smuaineachadh nach 'eil an t-Sabaid a bhi air a' gleidheadh fo linn an Tiomnair Nuaidh. Tha Criosd ag radh, "Na measaibh gu'n d'thainig mise a bhriseadh an lagha na nam faidhean cha' n ann a bhriseadh a thainig mi, ach a choimhlionadh. Oir tha mi ag radh ribh gu firinneach, gus an teid neamh agus talamh thairis, cha teid aon lide no aon phung de' n lagh thairis, gus an coimhlionar gach aon ni." Anns an ath-ghineamhuinn tha lagh Dhé air a sgrìobhadh air a chridhe, agus a reachd air a chur air an inntinn; agus mar sin tha tlachd aig an anam bheo ann an lagh Dhé. Feumaidh gu' m bheil a' cheatramh àithne anns a chridhe air an do shaoithrich an Spiorad Naomh. Thug Criosd umlachd agus riarachadh iomlan do lagh agus do cheartas Dhé an àite a shluaigh ionnus nach 'eil iad fo'n lagh mar chumhnant ach mar an riaghalt beatha. Bha an t-Abstol Eoin anns an Spiorad air latha an Tighearna; agus na mnathan naomh aig bàs agus adhlacadh Fear-Saoraidh air latha an Tighearna; "Agus chunnaic iad an uaigh; agus cionnus a chuireadh a chorp. Agus phill iad, agus dh' ulluich iad spìosraidh agus oladh deadh fhaile agus ghabh iad tamh air an t-Sabaid a reir na h'àithne."

Bartimeus An Dall.

(Air a leantainn).

Agus ciod e a cheud ni a chunnaic e? Iosa, a charaid a b'fhearr, a Shlanuighear. Iosa, an ti' a's maisaiche am measg deich mìle, agus a tha uile gu lèir ionnmhuinn (Dan. v. 10). O nach b'ion-mhiannuichte a chor; b'i a cheud ionmhaigh an Ti bheannuichte so, lan-diòl saobhair, air son uile phiantan a dhoille. B'e a cheud fheum a fhuair e dheth a shuilean, amharc airsan a' dh'fhosgail iad; nach bu bheannaichte am feum e! Tha e fathast air a ghluinibh, gun chomas gluasad aige trid an t-seallaidh ghloirmhoir ud, o'n àite san do thuit e sìos ann an àmhghar is ann an dorchadas. Tha suilibh Iosa ag amharc a steach gu caomhneil 'na shuilibh-san, a tha air am fosgladh le gairdeachas. Amhairc, a sheann duine! Cha'n 'eil e comàsach gu'n amhairceadh tu tuilleadh's fada. Cha bhi aoibhneas do airde, no a's gloine agad a chaoidh air an tàlamh. Is màith a dh'fheudas tu, a ghrian is a ghealach a dhi-chuimhneachadh am feadh tha esan a'd fhiannais. Ann an neamh cha'n 'eil feum aca air a ghrein, no air a ghealaich, oir is Esan tha na dhealradh gloir an Athar, a's solus dhoibh (Taisbein xxi. 23).

Ach am bheil an t-aoibhneas tha còmpanachadh soill-seachadh spioradail, a freagairt dha so? Cha'n 'eil a ghnàth (mar a chunnaic sinn) air bàll. Ach is ni e air am feudar ruigheachd, agus bu chòir do'n chreidmheach e bhi aige ann an ùine ghearr, agus mar bac, aineolas, no mearachd no ciont' e, bithidh e aige ann an tomhas ro phailt.

Gu'm bheil a chuis mar so, tha nà Sgriobtuirean a làn dhearbhadh, leis an àithne, tha ga dheanamh 'na dhleasdanas, aoibhneas a dheanamh san Tighearna (Phil. iv. 4), le'n earailibh minic a chum so gu sonruichte anns na Sàilm; le an teisteasan mu bheannachadh an fhìrean (Sàlm i.); agus le'n geallaidhean ro mhòr agus luachmhor (2 Pead i. 4), a tha làn do chomhfhurtachdan neamh.

Cha'n e sin a mhàin, ach is e am Biobul tha toirt fìor aoibhneas, a dh'ionnsuidh soluis, aoibhneas an coimeas ris am bheil na h-uile aoibhneas eile falamh talmhaidh, is air a dhorchadh le smal a bhàis. Is aoibhneas e anns am bheil na h-uile nì a's fearr tha ann an aoibhneas talmhaidh, ciod sam bith ainm an nì, a filleadh ann na tha do dh'fhòis ann an sith, na tha do dh'ath-bheothachadh ann an dòchas, na tha do riarachadh ann an seilbh, na tha do bheothalachd ann an aoibhneas, na tha do sholus is abuiche, ann an gairdeachas, na tha do thogail suas ann am buaidh, na tha do dh'àrd thoil-inntinn ann am mor-aoibhneas, tha iad uile air an tional, ann an co-mheasgachadh tha toirt barrachd, nì air dha bhi air a shnasadh le naomhachd, air a dheanamh maoth le gràdh, air àrdachadh le neo-bhasmhorachd agus air a chuartachadh le glòir na Diadhachd, dha 'm buin a mhàin an t-ainm sonas.

Tha e togail suas an anama aithne bhi aige gu'm bheil a leithid so do staid fosgailte dhasan; tha dochas an nì so ga ghlànadh; tha oidhirp a's a dhèigh ga neartachadh. Ciod ma seadh, a dh'fheumas e bhi an nì so a bhlàsadh, mar a dh'fheudas sinn a dheanamh air thalamh, agus òl na lànachd mar a nì a shluagh uile ann an neamh!

Tha fìor-shonas a toiseachadh 'nuair tha a bheatha dhiadhaidh gu faireachdail a toiseachadh agus a fàs san tomhas 'sam bheil a bheatha sin beò agus soirbheachail. Oir feumaidh fìor shonas sruthadh a sruthan beatha fhallain. Mu tha a bheatha ò Dhia, feumaidh gu'm bheil an sonas oosmhuil ri Dia. Mar is e Dia an Tì beò, agus an Tì bean-naichte, tha sinne faghail comh-roinn dheth a bheannachadh, san tomhas tha comh-roinn againn dheth a bheatha.

Tha an t-anam iomlan sona, 'nuair tha e a gabhail fois gu h-iomlan ann an Dia. Tha an fhois sin a toiseachadh 'nuair tha e air fhaicinn ann an Criosd air a dheanamh réidh. Tha i air toirt gu foirfeachd, 'nuair a tha creidimh a crìochnachadh ann an sealladh. Tha i toiseachadh air

thalamh. Tha i foirfe ann an neamh: Ach na smuainich-eadh neach sam bith gu'm bheil i ann an so, no ann an sud na fois o dhìchioll-na leisg. Tha i do-sheachuinte cleachdail, oir tha i gluasad buadhan a bhios a chaidh ann am bith, agus a chaidh gun tàmh a ghabhail. A sior-iarraidh, tha i air a sior-shàsachadh: agus mar so, ag amharc, is a gràdhachadh, a dol am meud, agus air a lionadh, beannaichte, agus a beannachadh, tha i dol air a h-aghaidh gu sìorruidh.

Is e so teagasg a Bhiobuil mu shonas. Is e sruthadh gun sgur o an tòbair a dh'ionnsuidh am bheil sruthannan a Chuain Shìorruidh a ruith: dol a mach sìorruidh na beatha ann an cleachdadh gràidh a phlànnduich e fein ann an gràs, agus a tha e neartachadh le co-chomunn gun sgurr ann an glòir.

Tha e air a dheanamh suas do dhà ni, cha'n 'eil dad thuilleadh. Tha e gàbhail, is a tabhairt. Mur eil e comasach no deonach ni a thabhairt, tha e gàbhail gu diomhain. Tha e ni's beannaichte thubhairt Crìosd ni a thabhairt na a ghabhail (Gnìomh xx. 35). Ach mur gabh sinn, cha'n 'eil e comasach gu'n tabhair sinn.

San aite mu dheireadh, ma bheachdaicheas sinn air dàimhean nuadha, an anama tha air a shoillseachadh, is air athnuadhachadh cha'n urrainn teagamh a bhi againn a thaobh bith is meud a shonais, araon, anns a bheatha so, is anns a bheatha ta ri teachd (1 Tim. iv. 8). Tha an creidmheach air a shaoradh ò mhallachadh an lagha bhrìste, ò chorruich Dhé, ò dhaorsa an t-Sàtain, is ò theine ifrinn. Mhaith Dia dha, na ghràs saor, a pheacadh gu leir, is ghàbh e ris mar fhìrean na fhianuis, air sgàth fireantachd Chrìosd air a meas dha. Tha e air a ghabhail a steach ann an aireamh, agus a faghail còir air gach sochair a bhuineas do mhic Dhé. Tha e air athnuadhachadh 'san duine gur h-ìomlan a reir Dhé, agus a bàsachadh ni's mò, agus ni's mò do'n pheacadh, agus a teachd beò do dh'fhìreantachd. Feudaidh seilbh a bhi aige 'sa bheatha so do na sochairibh do-labhairt luachmhor, dearbhadh air gràdh Dhé, sìth coguis, aoibhneas san Spiorad Naomh fàs ann an gràs, is buannachadh ann gu ruig a chrìoch. Tha fios aige gu'm bidh anam aig a bhàs, air a dheanamh ìomlan ann an naomhachd, agus gu'n teid e air ball a chum glòir; am feadh a ni a chorp air dha bhi air a dhluthcheangal ri Crìosd fois san uaigh, gus an d'thig an aiseirigh; agus an sin air dha bhi air a thogail suas ann an glòir, bithidh e air aideachadh gu follaiseach, is air a chur saor ann an latha a bhreitheanais, agus air a dheanamh uile-bheannaichte, ann an Dia a làn mhealtuinn gu sìorruidh.

Ri leantainn.

The Critic.

AS one who has spent some length of time in this sinful world, and who has been brought into contact with all sorts of men and women, it has occurred to me that a few of the lessons learned might not be without use to readers of the "Free Presbyterian Magazine." These matters are such as are not often dealt with by ministers and those who write for the religious Press, though they have a very important bearing on the Christian life, and on that Christian deportment so much insisted on in the New Testament. It has occurred to me that something should be written about the Critic, and though in a short article it is not easy to dissect the character of that very common but difficult person, yet because of his manifold activities, he should receive attention. The Critic, generally speaking, is out to find fault. He is walking on a higher plane than his fellows. If he only was at the head of affairs everything would be right. He knows exactly what should be said in the pulpit, how the minister ought to act out of it, how the elders ought to attend to their duties, and how matters in Church Courts should be conducted better than anybody else. Of course it must be borne in mind that there are Critics and Critics. There are good Critics and bad Critics, There are men with knowledge, commonsense, sound judgment and Christian experience whose criticism is simply invaluable. Such are a boon and a blessing to the Church. They detect faults and shortcomings, and in a kindly brotherly way they point it out to the erring ones. There is no sting in their criticism; one never feels that the criticism is meant to humiliate or to take advantage of a long cherished grudge. The whole purpose is to win a brother or sister from some failing, or worse, and done in love no Christian should ever resent such advice, but take it in the spirit in which it is given, and express the heartiest gratitude for the kindly thought that prompted the benefactor and monitor. This is a kind of criticism no one should object to, for though it may reveal that the criticised is far from perfect yet the advice may be invaluable. Done in the spirit of love, and with no intention to wound, such criticism, though rare, is to be highly respected.

But as there are good Critics so there are bad Critics—Critics whose criticism has not as its aim the improvement or benefit of the criticised, but rather their humili-

ation. This class is very much more common than the other. They feed on the shortcomings and failings of their neighbours. There is no subject on which they hesitate to offer an opinion, and no person is free from their barbed shafts. If they were ministers, no minister that ever lived would be so perfect; if they were elders, no office-bearer would ever act with such care and wisdom as they, and if they were communicants they would be so perfect that the wonder is that they would be in this sinful world at all. We may say that the Bad Critics are divided into three classes. 1. There is the critic who is so sweet when you meet him that you are deceived by his honied words. This is the worst type of a bad class. The Psalmist knew something about him—"more smooth than butter were his words, but in his heart was war" (Psalm xvii., 13). 2. There is the blunt Critic who usually prefaces the firing of his heavy gun by kindly saying to you that he does not believe in being two faced, and saying behind your back what should be said to your face. This is all very good, but if he would add to it: "Though I am saying this it is not to hurt or wound you," perhaps one would not be quite so stunned by the explosion of his bomb so mercilessly aimed at one's head. 3. There is the Critic that fears neither God nor man, whose tongue seems to be dipped in vitriol every time he speaks. David prayed to be delivered from such — the wicked man who was God's sword. Anyone who has had experience of being made the butt of criticism of such men will know why David prayed to be delivered from such critics. An American minister who has been doing battle with the Modernists recently bore testimony that at one time in his life he used to think such expressions in the New Testament as "vipers," etc., applied to certain classes was harsh and unjustifiable, but now, with his wider experience of life, he finds that such characterisations of some men are just and true.

The New Testament rule is that the erring be admonished in the spirit of love, and that the critic be prompted by love to God's truth, and there are still some of this kind. The spirit of the age is to strike at those who defend God's truth, and shield those who attack it or depart from it. Bad critics are a prolific race, and in every generation they have a numerous and lively progeny. The children of light may well pray:—"O, my soul, come not thou unto their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united" (Gen. xlix., 6).—A. W. M.

The Late Mrs Helen Sutherland, Halkirk.

MR SUTHERLAND passed away, at Honeysuckle Cottage, Halkirk, on the 9th June, at the age of 81. She was the seed of the righteous, being the eldest daughter of the late Capt. R. Ross and Janet Sinclair, who spent most of their married life in Wick. At the age of 21 she was married to George Sutherland, tailor and clothier, Wick. He was a native of Melness, and the son of parents who walked in the old paths. He left a family of two sons and three daughters.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation" was true in Mrs Sutherland's experience, but all things worked together for her good. The writer is unable to say at what period of her life the great change from a state of nature to a state of grace took place, but that it did take place no one who had the privilege of knowing her could doubt.

Exemplary conduct, respect for, and kindness to the Lord's people characterised the early years of her married life. It was, however, in later years that a real interest in the things of God was seen, and she was received into Church membership about the time of the first Free Presbyterian Communion services in the Academy, Wick. The controversy in connection with the "Higher Critic" movement caused her much anxiety for the welfare of Zion. She had a genuine contempt for the absurdities of "Modernism"—particularly the evolution theory. The honesty, simplicity, and straightforwardness of her argument in meeting opponents, with the Word, was not easily resisted. She was a person of remarkable independence of judgment, and clung to God's Word as the only rule to direct.

The declension of the old Free Church culminated in the passing of the infamous "Declaratory Act." The separation of 1893 followed, and she rejoiced in the testimony then raised, and the maintaining of that testimony was her daily prayerful concern. She dreaded departures from it. The following appreciation, by Rev. N. Cameron, Glasgow, has been sent to the writer by a friend for insertion:—"She was a very faithful upholder of the truth as it is in Jesus everywhere, and a true maintainer of it as set forth in the testimony and practice of the Free Presbyterian Church. She was one of those who firmly believed that no compromise should be made with the flesh or the world in order to gain or keep the friend-

ship of either at the expense of strict adherence to God's Word. For this rare principle, in our day, I held her in great admiration."

Her interest in the Missionary work of the Church continued to the end. She loved our African Mission, and it came nearer to her latterly on account of the family relationship, her grand-daughter being married to Mr Tallach. The difficulties of the Jewish Mission field did not leave her pessimistic, for "the battle is the Lord's." In the early years of our London Mission she resided for a time with her late God-fearing son (Donald), who had a whole-hearted delight in the Mission. London friends had a warm regard for her. On behalf of the Mission her prayer was that "the little one would become a thousand." In the midst of London's millions may this prayer have a fulfilment. About eight years ago she took up residence in Halkirk, and proved a strength to the cause of Christ there. She frequently repeated the 115th Psalm as if with thankfulness and expectation:—

"The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And He will bless us still."

She was in delicate health for many years, but struggled in much weakness to attend the ordinances and means of grace, thus setting an example before others. As the end approached her bodily sufferings became more acute, but she was enabled to bear it patiently and submissively.

The words, "Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation," were quoted as given her by the Lord. At first she did not take this as applying to herself, but it was soon evident that the glorious fulfilment to her own soul was nigh. On Sabbath afternoon, the 9th day of June last, she breathed her last to be, we believe, with Christ, which is far better. She was devotedly and tenderly nursed to the end by her younger daughter (Gena). Her two sons predeceased her—one having been killed in the Great War. The late Rev. J. S. Sinclair and four of the present ministers of the Church were closely related to her. To her three bereaved daughters, sorrowing sister, and all who mourn her removal sincere sympathy is extended, "and to their children's children still His righteousness extends."—W. G.

The devil's faith cannot save us, no more than it can save him.—*Henry Smith.*

The Late Wm. Ralph, Helmsdale.

WILLIAM RALPH was born at Portmahomack in 1850. At the age of fourteen he began a seafaring life, and continued in this occupation for about forty years. He sailed to various parts of the world, and had experiences common to those

"Who go down to sea in ships,
And in great waters trading be."

The necessity for chart and compass at sea was constantly confronting him. He was unconscious of the necessity for these in a spiritual sense. He lived a careless life, but was not without the upbraidings of the natural conscience. A time came when the solemnity of sailing the sea of life for an eternal destination of bliss or woe was felt; and that the Lord Jesus Christ is alone "the way, the truth, and the life"—the only Saviour from eternal shipwreck. He had comparatively few opportunities of attending the public means of grace owing to his being at sea.

In 1913 he retired to Helmsdale where he resided with his widowed sister—the late Mrs Sutherland. She died last July. Part of the building occupied by them was used as the meeting-place of the Free Presbyterian congregation from 1893 to 1928. During that period of thirty-five years friends had reason to appreciate the kindly interest taken by Mrs Sutherland, as was taken formerly by her worthy husband, and subsequently by her brother. In 1928 the new church was opened. This relieved them of much anxiety, as the old building had become unfit for occupation, and they themselves were feeling the infirmities of old age.

William Ralph (with others) was elected to the eldership a few years ago, but did not accept office until 1928. He took an active interest in the concerns of the congregation while health permitted. At the Communion season in June he attended the services with difficulty. At the fellowship meeting on Friday he asked for marks of the Lord's people (the question being based on part of the 14th chap. of John)—a people claimed by Christ as His.

His bodily trouble slowly developed to extreme weakness and other infirmities. On 30th November he

passed away in his 80th year, at the home of his sister (Widow John Mackay). His dust was laid with kindred dust in the old graveyard at Ardersier. In the same grave, his God-fearing brother John, was buried in 1868—a youth highly esteemed for piety.

May the Lord raise up witnesses in Helmsdale in this evil day. To all bereaved ones sincere sympathy is extended.—W. G.

Unlawful Attachments.*

BY REV. ROBERT M. MACCHEYNE.

THERE is not a more fruitful source of sin and misery than unlawful attachments. How much of the poetry and music of our country are given over to the worship of the idols of a foolish heart! How many are given over to worship a piece of clay that will soon be eaten of worms! Oh, my friends, have you felt the love of God? Do you feel the sweet, full beams of His grace shining down upon your soul? Have you received the dew of His Spirit? How can you, then, any more love a creature that is void of the grace of God? What have you to do any more with idols? Dear young persons, abhor the idea of marriage with the unconverted. Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Marry only in the Lord. Remember, if it be otherwise, it is a forbidden marriage. There may be none on earth so kind or faithful as to forbid the banns; earthly friends may be kind and smiling; the marriage circle may be gay and lovely; but God forbids the banns. But may there not be a lawful attachment? I believe there may; but take heed it be not an idol. I believe they are happiest who are living only for eternity, who have no object in this world to divert their hearts from Christ. "The time is short; it remaineth that they who have wives be as though they had none." What have I to do any more with idols?

* This extract was sent by a friend from abroad for insertion in the Magazine.—Editor.

"And They Could Not Take Hold of His Words" *

(Luke xx. 20-26).

LET us mark, for one thing in this passage, the cloak of goodness under which some of our Lord's enemies approached Him. We read that they "sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men." We read further that they attempted to impose on Him by flattering words: "We know that thou sayest and teachest rightly, neither acceptest thou the person of any, but teachest the way of God truly." Those words sounded well. An ignorant bystander would have said, "These are sincere inquirers after truth." But all was hollow and unreal. It was the wolf putting on the sheep's clothing, under the vain idea of deceiving the shepherd. Their words were "smoother than butter," yet there was "war in their hearts" (Ps. lv. 21).

The true servant of Christ must expect to meet persons of this description, as long as the world stands. There never will be wanting those, who from interested or sinister motives will profess with their lips to love Christ, while in heart they deny Him. There will always be some, who, "by good words and fair speeches," will attempt to deceive the heart of the simple. The union of "burning lips and a wicked heart" is far from uncommon. There are probably few congregations which do not contain some of those whom Solomon likens to "potsherds covered with silver dross" (Rom. xvi. 18; Prov. xxvi. 23).

He that would not be often deceived in this wicked world must carefully remember these things. We must exercise a wise caution as we travel through life and not play the part of the "simple who believeth every word" (Prov. xiv. 15). We must not lightly put confidence in every new religious volunteer, nor hastily take it for granted they are good who talk like good men. Such caution at first sight may appear narrow-minded and uncharitable; but the longer we live the more shall we find that it is needful; we shall soon discover by experience that all is not gold that glitters, and all are not

* All who have to speak in public or write for the public will appreciate the sound sense of Bishop Ryle's words.—Editor.

true Christians who make a loud profession of Christianity. The language of Christianity is precisely that part of religion which a false Christian finds it most easy to attain. The walk of a man's daily life, and not the talk of his lips, is the only safe test of his character The servant of Christ must expect a portion like his Master. He must count it no strange thing if the wicked and worldly-minded endeavour to "entangle him in his talk," and to provoke him to speak unadvisedly with his lips. In order to be prepared for such occasions let him often ask the Lord Jesus for the gift of sound wisdom and a discrete tongue. In the presence of those who watch for our halting it is a great thing to know what to say, when to be silent, and when to speak. Blessed be God, He who silenced the chief priest and the scribes by His wise answers, still lives to help His people, and has all power to help them. But He loves to be entreated. — Bishop Ryle's "Expository Thoughts on Luke," vol. 2, pp. 331-334.

A Serious Decision.

THE House of Lords, in the Bonnybridge Roman Catholic School Case, have decided that the Stirlingshire Authority is bound to take over the School. If so, there should be an agitation from one end of Scotland to the other to have this unjust law changed. If not, Roman Catholics can build schools anywhere they please and demand Education Authorities to take them over. The whole thing is monstrous; and bad as most of us thought the Education (Scotland) Act of 1918 was in the inequitable privileges it gave to Roman Catholics in Scotland, it never dawned on us that such an interpretation as the Law Lords have put upon the Act was possible. The Appeal against the decision by the Inner Court of the Court of Session was granted to the Roman Catholic authorities. Lords Buckmaster, Dunedin, Warrington and Tomlin supported the Appeal. Lord Blanesburgh dissented from their Lordships' finding.

Sin may be the occasion of great sorrow, when there is no sorrow for sin.—*John Owen.*

Shaking Hands With Anti-Christ.

UNDER this heading the "Morning Post" has started a campaign in favour of a national protest against official relations with the Soviet Government, avowed persecutors of the Christian faith. This able newspaper has been charged with having as its motive political ends. Be that as it may, it is high time that a vigorous protest should be raised against our Government for entering into official relationship with open and avowed daring blasphemers. We have fallen low as a professedly Christian nation when those who are our rulers stretch forth their hand to grasp the hand of men who are defying God to His face, and doing their utmost to wipe out His name from under Heaven and all for the very questionable purpose of increasing our trade. Our rowers have taken us into deeper waters than perhaps they or we are aware of.

Literary Notices.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER, OF PATAGONIA, by Jesse Page. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street. Price, 2s net.

This is a deeply touching biography. It tells the story of Captain Gardiner, who left the Navy to devote his life to the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation among the heathen. His first attempt was among the Zulus encamping where the city of Durban now stands. From thence he set out to evangelise the Indians of Terra del Fuego. The story is told without any embellishments, but as it is unfolded it touches the heart. The series of seeming failures until at last the most pathetic of all, when the little band, one by one, died of hunger, would be pronounced by the world as useless endeavour; yet, after all, it was not so, for it spurred others to carry the Gospel to the degraded Indians of South America.

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACINTYRE, EVANGELIST, by the Rev. J. Campbell Robinson, 88 Alma Road, East St Kilda, Melbourne, Australia. Price, 2s net (to be had from the author).

Mr Robinson has done a piece of praiseworthy work in placing on record his gleanings in connection with this highly honoured servant of Christ. His narrative abundantly bears out the testimony of some of the older people we heard speak of Mr MacIntyre of the tremendous overpowering effect of his preaching. It may interest our readers to recall that two notable fruits of his preaching were the Rev. D. Macdonald, Shieldaig, and Donald Macmaster, Kilmallie, both of whom, as some of our older readers well know, adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. Mr MacIntyre never had a settled charge in Scotland, but went from place to place preaching the Gospel. He spent some time in Canada, and then went to Australia. Wherever he went sinners were awakened and brought to the knowledge of the truth. Mr Robinson has told the story of his life well. There is a lack of fullness as to his labours in the home country, and there are some statements which require correction. This, we believe, will receive attention when a second edition is called for, which, we hope, will be soon

Notes and Comments.

A Socialist Theatre.—Four members of the Government are, according to press reports, supporting a scheme for the establishment of a Socialist Theatre in London, in which the first step is to be the production of plays in West End theatres on Sabbath nights. The members of Government involved are Mr S. O. Roberts (Minister of Pensions); Mr J. R. Clynes (Home Secretary); Mr George Lansbury (First Commissioner of Works); and Sir Charles Trevelyan (Minister of Education). The theatre is bad enough on week days, but it is unspeakably bad on the Sabbath. It is deplorable to find responsible Ministers of the Crown countenancing such a project, and it bodes ill for the education of the country when we find the Minister of Education lending his influence to such a scheme.

General Smuts on African Missions.—The famous South African soldier and statesman, who came recently on a visit to this country, made reference on two occa-

sions to the influence of Missions in Africa. In his Rhodes Memorial Lecture at Oxford, the General said the Christian missionary, after a century, has not yet succeeded in making any deep impression on Africa. In the powerful address he delivered on "Livingstone and After" to the Royal Geographical Society (Glasgow Centre) at Glasgow, General Smuts was much more lavish in his praise of missionary influence. "Missionary enterprise," he said, "with its universal Christian message and its vast educative and civilising effort, is, and remains, the greatest and most powerful influence for good in Africa." We believe there is much truth in this statement, but what does General Smuts mean when he says: "Africa will be a place of refuge, a temple set apart where the human spirit can once more practice nature worship and enjoy peace and quietude." This looks like unabashed paganism. If we take the words at their face value what was the use of the tremendous sacrifices made by Moffat, Livingstone, and others of that noble band who opened up the Dark Continent for the message of the Gospel.

The Passing of the Princeton Theological Review.—

Under this cross-heading the "Presbyterian" (Philadelphia) refers to the cessation of this notable theological periodical. Princeton stood for the defence of the Reformed faith as set forth in the Westminster standards. The Review which has now ended its career was a common meeting-place for scholars throughout the English-speaking world who valued these doctrines. It is true, owing to its scholarly nature, it had but a comparatively limited constituency. Under the able editorship of Prof. Allis, who is one of the faculty of the new Westminster Seminary, the Review increased in circulation, but evidently, owing to changes at Princeton, it is not intended to continue the Review. Meantime the new Seminary at Philadelphia is making good progress. It has five professors—Robert Dick Wilson, Oswald T. Allis, A. B. Kuiper, C. Van Til, and J. Gresham Machen, with three instructors—Paul Woolley, Allan A. Macrae, and N. B. Stonehouse. There are 52 students attending.

Fenwick Church.—The destruction by fire of this ancient building at the end of November is an event that has called attention to the place in which William Guthrie, the noted Covenanting minister, preached. It was built in 1643, the year in which the famous Westminster Assembly began its sittings. It was while at

Fenwick (pronounced Fennick) William Guthrie wrote his famous book—"The Christian's Great Interest"—the fame of which has travelled far beyond the parish where it first saw the light. Fortunately copies of the book can still be had new and second-hand. A very nice edition was published in Messrs Melrose's series, *Books of the Heart*, a number of years ago, and may still be had from these publishers. Fenwick and Anwoth occupy an honoured place in the annals of Scottish Church history—the former rendered famous by William Guthrie and the latter by Samuel Rutherford.

Useful and Interesting Booklets and Pamphlets.—

The serious inroads which Modernism is making in the Sabbath School is ably and pungently set forth by Mr A. H. Carter in his "Modernism: the Ruthless Destroyer of Child Faith" ("The Bible Witness," Runnimead, Hounslow, Middlesex, price 6d). It is high time Christians were awakening to this terrible menace. The new School Bible is further evidence of the same evil. The following useful pamphlets have been issued by the Sovereign Grace Union, 98 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E. 5:—"The Church," by Bishop Ryle (2d); "England's Memorial," by Joseph Irons (2d post free); and "The Holy Bible," by Pastor J. K. Popham. The Sovereign Grace Union is doing good work in publishing and circulating such literature. Mr A. H. Pounds, Baptist Minister, 67 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent, writes us, saying that the excellent leaflets of J. Dickie, Irvine, some of which appeared in our Magazine, and which were printed at the expense of his brother, Mr Thomas Pounds (who has now entered on his rest) may be had from himself gratis at the above address with the necessary amount to cover postage.

Church Notes.

Communions.—January—Last Sabbath, Inverness. February—First Sabbath, Dingwall. 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 alterations of, the above dates of Communions should be sent to the Editor.

Free Church Movement for Union.—The motion, of which Prof. Kennedy Cameron gave notice at a meeting of the Edinburgh Free Church Presbytery in October, and to which reference has already been made in our pages, came up at a later meeting of the Presbytery and was carried. The General Assembly of the Free Church usually meets later than the Courts of the three Churches with which the sponsors of the motion desire closer co-operation, etc., so that for all practical purposes the proposed scheme is some way off. At the same time, while Free Church leaders insist that there are no differences between the two Churches, they need not be surprised if from now on that differences will be pointed out to them, and they will only have themselves to blame for opening up the controversy anew.

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