

# 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**  
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**The Last Days of Luther.**

DR. MACKINNON in his great work on Luther\* deals in the last volume which completes the work with the great events in the Reformation struggle preceding the passing of the great Reformer. Dr. Mackinnon has given us far and away the best biography of Luther in the English language and while some of his conclusions in important matters are open to criticism no one who has read these volumes as they have come from the press can help admiring the untiring patience which he has brought to his great task. The fulness with which he quotes from the writings of the Reformer gives the reader an opportunity to test the conclusions drawn by the author and enables the reader to form his own judgment on the teaching presented. The period covered by the last volume issued deals with the Augsburg Confession and its rejection, the League of Schmalkald, the Anabaptist Movement, the Münster Madness, Luther and the Anabaptists, the final Controversy with Rome, and Luther's conflicts with the Antinomians and the Zwinglians. Some of these controversies caused intense heart-burning and tested Luther's temper to the utmost. It is not necessary to dwell on them here as they are fairly well known to all who have the slightest acquaintance with the Reformation struggle, but Dr. Mackinnon has treated them with a fulness of treatment that leaves nothing to be desired. Luther himself had used very strong expressions against the Law and the rise of the Antinomians had the effect of setting a check on the exuberance of his onset. In striking at Legalism there is always the

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\*"Luther and the Reformation," by James Mackinnon, Ph.D., D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, University of Edinburgh. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Vol. IV., Price 16s.

danger of falling into the Anti-nomian extreme and in our day the latter is more prevalent than the former. Luther did not appear at his best in his controversy with the Zwinglians and this was all the more regrettable, not because he was right and they were wrong, but because he was very far astray himself in his doctrine of consubstantiation.

The tremendous strain of the struggle which broke the strong fetters which held men bound for centuries told on the fearless Reformer and the last years of his life were overshadowed, as Dr. Mackinnon says, by recurring ill-health. His intellectual powers and his extraordinary capacity for work remained. But nervous exhaustion began to tell and he became subject to fits of depression. It is no wonder that such should have been the case. He faced the might of Rome and did not quail in the conflict. He had to endure the shocks following on the defection of professed friends and to meet with keen disappointments. On 18th February, 1546, he passed away at Eisleben. During his last hours he recited passages of scripture—John iii. 16; Ps. lxxviii. 21 and repeatedly committed his soul to God. When asked if he died in Christ and in the faith of the doctrine he preached he replied, "Yes," and then gently quietly passed away a quarter of an hour later.

In a short article like this it is impossible to do justice to the greatness of Luther. His fearlessness, his tremendous energy, his yearning desire to get at the truth were all made use of by the Holy Spirit to light in his heart fires that burned with a vehement flame. Any attempt to account for Luther's work and the great movement called the Reformation that ignores that this was a Spirit-taught man waging war with error in a deadly guise must fail as a presentation of the truth. Here was a man facing one of the most powerful institutions that ever held the minds of men in thrall, a man to be remembered with glaring weaknesses in speech and conduct, and yet he broke the spell of that power over the minds of millions of his fellowmen. God's way of salvation by freely justifying the guilty laid hold of his mind and heart in a mighty grip and held his powerful mind under its sway. Dr. Mackinnon says that it never occurred to Luther to ask whether "a doctrine based on the belief in the fall of Adam from a state of perfect innocence into a state of moral depravity was really in accord with the facts of man's primeval condition, which modern scientific investigation brought to light." It is well that he did not. Modernism has not the mighty dynamic

to move nations and shake the foundations of ecclesiastical institutions. Its mission is to weaken what was strong and to destroy that which brought hope to millions of the human race.

Great though Luther was he was not perfect; his attitude to the law was not the outcome of a well-balanced theologian; the same may be said about his doctrine of the Scriptures, of the Lord's Supper, and some other matters. Dr. Mackinnon has called attention to these but when all is said and done he pays Luther this tribute: "He was a religious genius and an intellectual giant. He left his impress on the age, and moulded the history of the future as no other man has done in the sphere of religion and religious thought since Augustine and Paul." To this we might add that with all his faults he was a man taught by the Spirit and had a living knowledge of God's truth.

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## A Sermon.\*

By the Rev. WILLIAM C. BURNS.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."  
Psalm cx. 3.

THE will, my friends, is the ruling faculty in the soul of man, and a man's character is very much determined by the prevailing bent of this power within him. It is the office, you know, of the memory to recollect what is past; it is the office of the fancy to plan and devise what is new; it is the office of the understanding to deliberate, of the conscience to pronounce the law of right and wrong, of the desires and affections to draw and impel, and above all these the will sits, as it were, supreme, pronouncing the final decision, and thus determining what is to be done. If you get a man's will, you have him on your side, and may reckon on his support; whereas, though you may convince his understanding and delight his fancy, and move his affections, yet if his will remains opposed to you, he takes part against you. And thus, my friends, the state of the will is always made a matter of the first importance in enquiring into the position in which the soul of a man stands

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\*It was under the preaching of this sermon that the great revival at Kilsyth began in 1839.—Editor.



with regard to God. It is the crowning part of a man's depravity that his will is opposed to the will of God; that he does that which God forbids, and leaves undone that which God commands. Jehovah says, "Thou shalt;" man impiously answers in his practice, if not in words, "I will not." Jehovah says, "Thou shalt not;" man again replies, "I will," thus seeking to be independent of Jehovah—to be as God, giving law to himself, and following his own will, instead of receiving the holy law of his Creator and making it the guide of all his resolutions. This is the state of the fallen soul by nature; and therefore, my friends, when God brings back to His infinite love the souls of His elect people to His service, He makes them willing. He has exalted, as you find from this psalm, the Lord Jesus Christ as Mediator to the right hand of universal power; and while He promises to Messiah that His enemies shall be made His footstool, He promises that those elect ones whom the Father gave Him to redeem, and whom He purchased to Himself with His own blood, shall be willing, inasmuch as when the will is once renewed, and brought into the service of Jesus, the way is prepared for every other faculty being restored to holiness, and every thought being brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

In this promise two things, you perceive, require explanation: I. The nature of this willingness which Jehovah promises Christ's people shall have; and II., the nature of that day of Jesus' power in which this is to be accomplished.

I. In endeavouring to explain the former of these topics, I remark—(1st) Christ's people are willing to be saved by His imputed righteousness. This willingness appears to unconverted sinners as though it were not difficult to be attained; and many who are entirely unrenewed have the confidence that they possess it. They know that they are sinners, and being afraid, especially in times of distress and in the near prospect of death, of the wrath of a holy God, they most gladly cling to anything which affords them the prospect of safety, and thus, out of a mere desire for deliverance from hell, they would be very glad that the righteousness of Christ were accounted theirs and that they should thus obtain forgiveness. This is in substance the kind of willingness for Christ's righteousness that ungodly sinners possess, and not as if it were a saving appropriation of Jesus. But, my friends, though the faith of most persons which profess to follow Christ is little better than what this universal desire for deliverance from pain produces, this is far different indeed from that willingness for

Christ's imputed righteousness which His true people have. For observe, among other things, that in the willingness of the unconverted soul for Christ's righteousness there is no true and humbling conviction of personal unrighteousness. The sinner may see that God will accept nothing that he has done, and that He will charge him with the omission of thousands of duties, but then he does not feel nor acknowledge from the heart the propriety of God's doing so; he does not humbly pass sentence against himself according to the judgment of God, but proudly thinks, at least in his own breast, that there is no such heinousness in his sin as that it would be unworthy of God and a stain upon His holiness if he should be pardoned. And then again, though he may desire the benefit of Jesus' obedience, he has no esteem for that obedience itself, he sees no glory in it, nor any such sufficiency in it that at the command of God, he will venture his soul's eternity upon it, and it alone; and so you always find that though such sinners profess that Christ is all their hope, they are unwilling to be convinced of their being great and flagrant sinners, and plainly discover that their chief trust is founded, not upon what Christ has done, but upon what they are themselves. On the contrary, when there is a true willingness to be saved by the imputed righteousness of Christ, the soul is truly convinced of sin, and feels assured that it cannot be saved by any efforts of its own, and that it were glorifying to God's holiness and justice to cast it forever from His sight into the place of punishment; and then again, the soul while it sees itself all vile, has obtained some discoveries of the glorious perfection of the work of Jesus, its superlative excellence in the sight of God, and rejoices in the thought of being allowed to rest on this for salvation, not only because it is sufficient to procure its deliverance from wrath, but because it also gloriously satisfies the demands of God's justice and vindicates the honour of His holiness.

2nd. Christ's people are willing to be brought into subjection to His kingly power. This is a still more clear and decisive mark of a true convert than the one which we have just been noticing. Those who desire Christ's righteousness merely from carnal motives, without any humbling knowledge of themselves, or any just esteem for its excellence, will always be found to shun the yoke of Christ. The end of their religion is peace; and if peace could be got without true conversion to the love of God, they would never seek after an attainment which is much too holy for their taste. In every heart, however, which Christ makes willing, there is a supreme desire to be brought

under dominion to Christ's love, a holy hatred to all sin, and a real longing that Christ would come and set free the heart from every lust and passion, and idol which oppose the law of God, and dispute the supreme place with Him in its affections. It is true, as all real converts know, and as the Lord has so fully taught us by Paul, that the power of sin in the soul, though broken, is not destroyed, that the flesh warreth against the Spirit, and that not infrequently the will, which is but partly renewed, seems to consent to sin. But even in such cases the man sins with a divided will; there is a secret wrestling against that desire which is for the time superior, and after a time the holy, spiritual will shows its supremacy, and the soul is humbled in deeper self-loathing and contrition in proportion to the degree in which it has backslidden from God. The soul of the true believer, though it is not free from sin would be free entirely and forever if a resolution of the will could give sin its death blow. However, it is not so. Though the will be renewed, sin still dwells in the members. The believer would do good, and yet evil is present with him; he delights in the law of God after the inward man and being unwillingly detained in bondage, he cries out with the Apostle, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and willingly adds, rejoicing in Christ's kingly power, to deliver him from sin, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."

3rd. Christ's true people are willing to bear the cross in following Him. It is one of the marks, you know, which Christ gives of the stony ground hearers, that in times of persecution they fall away; but it is not so with Christ's true people. In giving themselves up to Him they make no reserve, and are well satisfied to have Him instead of all else that the world calls dear, and even at the expense of life itself. This last great sacrifice we are not at present called to make, but there are many others that still remain for God's people to try the reality of their attachment to Jesus, and the value which they set upon Him. They are often called to confess His name before His enemies, and those who are His professed but false-hearted friends; and many other trials they must endure, especially in the first days of their new life, when old companions observe the change of their character, and try every art by means of smiles and frowns, and bribes and reproaches, to draw them back into their former ways; but in all such cases the true convert is willing to bear the cross. He finds it hard and painful, but easy in comparison to parting with

Jesus. He naturally fears and shrinks from suffering, but by grace he still more fears and shrinks from sin; and if there is no alternative but either to deny His master or die for His name he is enabled to be faithful still, yea to rejoice that he is counted worthy to suffer shame for His holy and blessed name.

II. We proceed now, however, in the 2nd place, to remark regarding the day of Jesus' power here spoken of—1st, This day is the time of His exaltation to the mediatorial throne. It is on this throne, you perceive, that in this psalm He is spoken of as sitting as a priest and as a king; it is on this throne at the right hand of His Majesty on high that He wields the sceptre of universal dominion, and that He rules in the midst of His enemies on earth; and it is from this that He sends forth that power which makes His people willing to obey Him. Jesus, you know, exercised His kingly power even before He came in the flesh and offered up that sacrifice on account of which the Father exalted Him, and thus the saints under the Old Testament were brought in subjection to His law. But it is most properly after Christ ascended up on high that He received all power in heaven and on earth, and therefore the latter days, or the times which reached from His ascension to His second coming are more properly called the day of His power, and it is in these, accordingly, that the great multitude of His redeemed are gathered under His sceptre. In these times, my friends, blessed be God, we are privileged to live, and are therefore, called to look for the fulfilment of the glorious promises that relate to it and to it alone. 2nd, It is the day of Christ's power when the Gospel is fully and freely preached. The Gospel of Christ is called the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek. And it receives this grand appellation because it reveals Christ crucified, who, though He be to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, is yet to them that believe, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. And thus, you see, my friends, that whenever the Lord intends to grant a day of His saving power to sinners He raises up and sends forth ministers who determine with Paul to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. When God is frowning on a people He does not always remove the public ordinances from among them, but withdrawing the teaching of His Spirit from those who come forward to teach His word, the pulpits become filled with men who know little or nothing of the power of God in

their own hearts, and thus, though the preacher may study with diligence, and discuss with all the power of argument, and learning, and eloquence, that preaching of the cross which is to them that perish foolishness is wanting, the glories of Jesus' person and of Jesus' work, with all the rest of His unsearchable riches, are forgotten, or but slightly and seldom touched; and thus though the minister may preach and the people hear from day to day, the power of God is awanting, and souls perish, unconvinced and unconverted. When, however, the Lord in His mercy returns to a nation or a city to gather out of them a people for His name, He raises up ambassadors who know from personal experience the evil and the guilt of sin and have been led to the Spirit to rejoice in Jesus as all their salvation and as all their desire, the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, and then, my friends, the matchless glories of Emmanuel are displayed, His preciousness is opened up, His love to sinners, and His willingness to receive with the open arms of His infinite love all that feel their ruined condition and are anxious for deliverance, are proclaimed and magnified; and thus a day of grace from on high is introduced, sinners are awakened and are drawn to receive the Lord Jesus, being made "willing in the day of His power." 3rd, This leads me to notice in the last place that the day of Christ's power is the time of the out-pouring of His Spirit. The doctrine of Christ crucified is called the power of God, because it is the instrument which God employs in pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan. But yet, my friends, this doctrine is, after all, but an instrument which cannot be effectual unless when it is wielded by the almighty Spirit of God, by whose divine agency it is alone that sinners are loosed from the bondage of Satan, and brought into the glorious liberty of God's children. Often is this great truth demonstrated in the experience of every Christian, and especially of every Christian minister. The truth of the Gospel is often preached with clearness, fulness, earnestness, and affection, sinners are taught their ruined and perishing condition under the broken covenant of works, and Christ is freely held out to them and urgently pressed upon them and yet they remain despisers and rejectors of the Lord from heaven, and the minister of Christ is often found in sadness to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" The people hear, and are perhaps attentive, and begin to reform many of those sinful practices in which they formerly indulged, but yet their hearts remain unconvinced of sin, and unenlightened in the



glorious knowledge of Christ, and unconverted to God, there is still little seeking of Christ in secret prayer, little alarm experienced on account of sin, and few serious efforts to receive the Lord Jesus as He is freely offered.

But O! how changed is the scene when the Spirit is out-poured. Then the hearts of God's people become full to the overflowing with love to Jesus, and are drawn forth in vehement desire after His glorious appearing to build up Zion. They are much in secret, and much in united prayer, and are cheered by the gladdening hope that the Lord is soon to listen to the groaning of the prisoner, and save those that are appointed unto death. The ministers of God also, are in general particularly enlivened and refreshed in their own souls. In private, they are deeply humbled in soul before God, and have an uncommon measure of the Spirit of supplication for sinners given them, with ardent love to Christ, melting compassion for perishing souls, and vehement desires for their salvation; and then, when they come to preach Jesus, they are evidently anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, they speak with holy unction, earnestness, and affection and sometimes hardly know how to leave off beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. And then observe the frame of the hearers at such a time. Formerly no terrors could awaken them from their sleep of death, they still said, "Peace and safety," though sudden destruction was coming upon them; but now a few words are enough to pierce their inmost heart, and make them cry out often aloud, and against their will, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Formerly Jesus was held forth and was despised, but now every word that tells of His love is precious, His name is as ointment poured forth, and sinners are filled with an agony of desire for a saving union unto Him. Men, and women, and children retire from the house of God not to profane the evening of the Lord's Day in idle talk or idle strolling. They have much business to do with God. Their doors are shut, their Bibles are in their hands, or they are crying to God upon their knees or they are conversing with the godly, and obtaining the benefit of their counsel to guide them on the way to Jesus. These, my friends, are, you know, some of the marks of a day of the power of Jesus. When the Spirit is poured out from on high, and sinners hearts are moved, the iron sinews of their necks are relaxed and their brows of brass are crowned with shame; they flock to take shelter under His wings like doves to their windows; they rejoice in His love as men that divide the spoil. Satan is

discomfited, his captives are set free, and God is glorified. Such times of refreshing as these have been often experienced, and are destined to be still more gloriously displayed in coming times. Pentecost—Reformation—in Scotland, England and Ireland, particularly in Scotland—Shotts—Ayr—Irvine—Cambuslang—Kilsyth—Moulin—Glenlyon—Arran and Skye.

Heads of Application—(1) We have cause to lament—few willing—little appearance of a day of power;—but cause also for joy and thankfulness—we live under the Pentecost times—we have had the Gospel fully preached—and the Spirit has been sending you a few drops to excite a desire for more of His power. (2) Sinners! will not ye come to Jesus?—accept of His righteousness—submit to His blessed power—why not?—what have you worth comparing with His love? etc.—come, come, come. (3) Christians are you desiring a day of power?—some of you stand in God's way—ye do not want a day of power—it would make you live more holily—expose you to more reproach, etc.—oh, shame! shame!—sinners perishing—Jesus despised, and yet you remain unconcerned. Pray, pray, pray—secreetly, unitedly, fervently, with faith and importunity—“The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save”—examples of the power of prayer—Shotts, Cambuslang, Kilsyth—time short—soon prayers at an end—removed from the footstool—power will come—but not by us—we shall be ashamed to meet our Lord! to look sinners in the face at judgment!

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I know this much of Christ, that He is not ill to be found, nor lordly of His love. Woe had been my part of it for evermore, if Christ had made a dainty of Himself to me. But, God be thanked, I gave nothing for Christ; and now I protest before men and angels that Christ cannot be exchanged, Christ cannot be sold, Christ cannot be weighed. Where would angels, or all the world, find a balance to weigh Him in?—*Samuel Rutherford*.

I have nothing that can hire or bribe grace; for if grace would take hire, it were no more grace. All our stability, and the strength of our salvation, is anchored and fastened upon free grace; and I am sure that Christ hath by His death and blood cast the knot so fast, that the fingers of the devils and hell-fuls of sins cannot oose it.—*Samuel Rutherford*.

Our joys here are born weeping, rather than laughing, and they die weeping. Sin, sin, this body of sin and corruption, embittereth and poisoneth all our enjoyments. Oh, that I were where I shall sin no more!—*Samuel Rutherford*.

### "The Engineer."

Across the deep chasm which nothing could fill,  
Since man was from Paradise driven;  
The Great Engineer, with remarkable skill,  
Constructed a railway to Heaven.  
The span of the bridge is a marvel of strength  
And exquisite beauty combined;  
Its spacious dimensions in breadth and in length,  
The Artist of Heaven designed.

With Love for the base, the foundations are sure,  
No force can the structure displace;  
Its girders of Mercy will ever endure,  
Supported by pillars of Grace.  
The rails of true Peace, which were made for this line,  
On sleepers of Pardon are laid;  
And infinite Wisdom which formed the design,  
The cost of the structure defrayed.

The wires of Communion extended with care  
From earth to the station above;  
The current of Faith from the battery of Prayer,  
Can act on the magnet of Love.  
With movements produced by a motor Divine  
Which matchless perfection displays;  
The engine of Truth, as it moves up the line,  
The train of salvation conveys.

The tunnel of Death, at the end of this line,  
Is sometimes an object of fear;  
But signals, reflecting a Victory, shine,  
Denoting—"The Passage is clear."

To agents who manage the stations on earth  
The Spirit of Life has been given;  
The chief booking-office is called "The New Birth,"  
Where tickets are issued for Heaven.

(John iii. 7.)

(Author unknown.)

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We love to carry a heaven to heaven with us, and would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens. But this will not do for us; one (and such a one!) may well suffice us. The man, Christ, got but one only, and shall we have two?

—Samuel Rutherford.

## The Kilsyth Revival of 1839.

[The following extract is from the "Memoir of the Rev. William C. Burns, M.A." and is Mr. Burns' own account of the beginning of the great revival at Kilsyth. Mr. Burns' father was minister of Kilsyth and this was the second notable outpouring of the Spirit—the former being in the time of the Rev. Mr. Robe. Mr. Burns' labours were signally owned of the Lord at Dundee, Aberdeen, and in Breadalbane. In 1844 he visited Canada and we can never forget as we heard form the lips of some of the old Ontario pioneers who are now at their everlasting rest their expressions of deep veneration and respect for his memory. God's blessing followed his labours there and many of the soldiers in the 93rd Highlanders were converted.\* The work he did in China only the Great Day will declare.]

HAVING a spare hour, it has occurred to my mind that it may be for the glory of God that I should at last record my recollections of the marvellous commencement of the Lord's glorious work in this place in the month of July, 1839, and I entreat the special aid of the Holy Ghost, that I may write according to His own will and for the divine glory regarding these wonders of the Lord Jehovah. During the first four months of my ministry, which were spent at Dundee, I enjoyed much of the Lord's presence in my own soul, and laid in large stores of divine knowledge in preparing from week to week for my pulpit services in St. Peter's Church. But though I endeavoured to speak the truth fully, and to press it earnestly

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\*This is the Sutherland regiment, which in its early days was under the chaplaincy of that eminent servant of Christ, Dr. Ronald Bayne. A non-commissioned officer gives the following graphic account of the effect of William C. Burns' preaching on the men of the 93rd: "I have known the Rev. W. C. Burns to send this famous regiment, these heroes of Balaclava, home to their barracks, after hearing him preach, every man of them less or more affected; not a high word, or breath, or whisper heard among them; each man looking more serious than his comrade; awe-struck; like men that dreamed they were; and when at home, dismissed from parade, they could not dismiss their fears. Out of thirty men, the sub-division of a company under my charge, living in the same room, only five were bold enough that Sabbath evening to go out to their usual haunts; and these must go afraid, as if by stealth, their consciences so troubled them; the other twenty-five, each with Bible in hand, bemoaning himself. Now, looking at the whole regiment from what took place in this one room of it, you may be able to judge of Mr. Burns' powers as an ambassador of Christ with clear credentials. (*Memoir of the Rev. William C. Burns, M.A.*, p. 265).

on the souls of the people, there was still a defect in my preaching at that time which I have since learned to correct, namely that, partly from unbelieving doubts regarding the truth in all its infinite magnitude, and partly from a tendency to shrink back from speaking in such a way as visibly and generally to alarm the people, I never came, as it were, to throw down the gauntlet to the enemy by the unreserved declaration and urgent application of the divine testimony regarding the fallen condition of man and the necessity of an unreserved surrender to the Lord Jesus in all His offices in order that he may be saved. However, I was gradually approaching to this point, which I had had in my eye as the grand means of success in converting souls, from the first time I entered the pulpit, and even from the day of my own remarkable conversion, of which I trust the Lord may enable me to leave some record behind on this earth for the glory of His own infinite sovereign and everlasting love in Christ. During the last three Sabbaths that I was at Dundee, before coming to Kilsyth, I was led in a great measure to preach without writing, not because I neglected to study, but in order that I might study and pray for a longer period; and in preaching on the subjects which I had thus prepared, I was more than usually sensible of the divine support. The people also seemed to feel more deeply solemnized, and I was told of some who were shedding silent tears under the word of the Lord. I was to have preached on the evening of the fast day at Kilsyth, July 18th, but the burial of my dear brother-in-law, George Moodie, at Paisley, was fixed for that day and I was obliged to be present thereat. His death was accompanied with a blessing from Jehovah to my soul. I never enjoyed sweeter realizations of the glory and love of Jesus, and of the certainty and blessedness of His eternal kingdom, than when at Paisley on this solemn occasion. The beautifully consistent and holy walk of our dear departed brother, with the sweet divine serenity that marked the closing scene of his life, made his death very affecting, and eminently fitted to draw away the heart of the believer after him to Jesus in the heavenly glory. This was its effect in my soul through the Lord's power. On the way to the grave I wept with joy, and could have praised the Lord aloud for His love in allowing me to assist in carrying to the bed of rest a member of His own body, of His flesh and of His bones; and when I looked for the last time on the cofined body in its narrow, low, solitary, cold resting place, I had a glorious anticipation of the



second coming of the Lord, when He would Himself raise up in glory everlasting that dear body which He had appointed us to bury in its corruption and decay.

I have taken this retrospect of circumstances in my own history previous to the time of my coming to Kilsyth, as they bore very powerfully on my own state of mind, and were among the means by which the Lord finished my preparation, a preparation which He had begun even in my infancy, for being employed as His poor and despised but yet honoured instrument in beginning and in assisting to carry on the work that followed. I was appointed to preach at Kilsyth on Friday evening. I did so from Psalm cxxx. 1, 2; a subject I had lately handled in Dundee after studying Owen's treatise on this psalm. I believe I preached with considerable solemnity, and in a manner in some degree fitted to alarm unconverted sinners and sleeping saints. I remember that some of the people of God seemed to respond with great fulness of heart to many of my petitions in public prayer, that while I was preaching there was a deep solemnity on the audience, and that some of the Lord's people met me as I retired apparently much affected and testifying that the Lord had been among us. On Saturday I preached at Banton from Psalm cxxx. 3, with considerable assistance as far as I can recollect. My uncle, Dr. Burns of Paisley, seemed to feel as if the Lord was with me, and kindly asked me to take his place at Kilsyth on Sabbath evening, leaving him to fill mine on Monday forenoon. He spoke also, I remember, in the family of its not being my duty to go abroad as I was on the eve of doing, but that I should be a home missionary in Scotland. I myself did not speculate anxiously about the future, but desired to be an instrument of advancing His work at the present time. In the evening of Saturday I met with one or two persons under deep distress of soul; and one of these, who is now a consistent follower of Jesus seemed to enter into the peace of God while I was praying with her. This brought the work of the Spirit before me in a more remarkable and glorious form than I had before witnessed it, and served at once to quicken my desires after, and encourage my anticipations of seeing some glorious manifestation of the Lord's saving strength. On Sabbath every thing went on as usual until the conclusion of the third table service, if I remember right, when Dr. Burns kindly shortened his own address and introduced me to the people, that I might

give a short address, not only to the communicants but to all present in the church.

I had no precise subject in view on which to speak, but when rising was led to John xx., if I mistake not, simply by its opening to me and appearing suitable. This subject I tried to generalise as depicting the experience of a saint in seeking communion with Jesus, and the manner in which Jesus often deals with such. I had much assistance, and was especially enabled to charge hundreds of the communicants with betraying Christ as a Saviour. I heard afterwards of some that were much moved at this time, and in particular of one woman who was then first apprehended by the Spirit and has been to all appearance converted. In the evening I preached from Matt. xi., 28, but, as far as I can recollect, without remarkable assistance or remarkable effects. At the close, however, I felt such a yearning of heart over the poor people among whom I had spent so many of my youthful years in sin, that I intimated I would again address them before bidding them farewell—it might be never to meet again on earth; and that I would do so in the market place, in order to reach the many who absented themselves from the house of God, and after whom I longed in the bowels of Jesus Christ. This meeting was fixed for Tuesday at ten a.m. as I intended that day to leave Kilsyth on my return to Dundee. On Monday evening we had a meeting of the Missionary Society—Dr. Burns preached from Isaiah lii. 1, in which some things were said upon Christ's wedding garment which touched my heart. In speaking I felt the ease of the heathen lying nearer my heart than I think ever before or since, and was enabled, though without any previous idea of what I was to say, to speak with the liberty and power of the Holy Ghost.

This and all other similar facts I would testify as in the sight of Jehovah, and as being obliged to do so for His glory. May He enable me to give the glory all to Him, and none of it at all to my own cursed flesh. The people seemed to be much impressed. The meeting, however, was not very large. I can hardly recall the feelings with which I went to preach on Tuesday morning—a morning fixed from all eternity in Jehovah's counsels as an era in the history of redemption. May the Holy Ghost breathe upon my soul and revive in my memory, too faithless, alas, to the records of the Lord's wondrous works, the recollection of the marvellous scene which was then displayed before the wondering eyes of many favoured sinners in this

place. Though I cannot speak with precision of the frame of soul in which I went to the Lord's work on that memorable day, but I remember in general that I had an intense longing for the conversion of souls and the glory of Emmanuel, that I mourned under a sense of the awful state of sinners without Christ, their guilt in rejecting Him as freely offered to their acceptance, my own total inability to help them by anything that I could do, and my complete unfitness and unworthiness to be an instrument in the hands of the Holy Ghost in saving their souls; while at the same time my eyes were fixed on the Lord as the God of salvation with a sweet hope of His glorious appearing. I have since heard that some of the people of God in Kilsyth who had been longing and wrestling for a time of refreshing from the Lord's presence, and who had during much of the previous night been travailing in birth for souls, came to the meeting not only with the hope, but with well-nigh the certain anticipation of God's glorious appearing, from the impressions they had had upon their own souls of Jehovah's approaching glory and majesty, especially in pleading at His footstool. The morning proved very unfavourable for our assembling in the open air, and this seems to have been a wise providential arrangement; for while on the one hand, it was necessary that our meeting should be intimated for the open air in order to collect the great multitude; on the other hand it was very needful, in order to the right management of so glorious a work as that which followed that we should be assembled within doors. At ten o'clock I went down to the middle of the town, and with some others drove up before us some stragglers who were remaining behind the crowd. When I entered the pulpit I saw before me an immense multitude from the town and neighbourhood filling the seats, stairs, passages, and porches all in their ordinary clothes and including many of the most abandoned of our population. I began, I think, by reading the 102nd Psalm, and was affected deeply when reading it I came to these lines:—

“The time for favour which was set  
Behold is now come to an end.”

That word “now” touched my heart as with divine power, and encouraged the sweet hope that the set time was really now at hand. I read without comment, but with solemn feelings, the account of the conversion of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost; and this account, I am told, affected some of the people considerably. When we had prayed a second time, specially imploring that the Lord would open on us the windows

of heaven, I preached from the words, Psalm cx. 3: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." This subject I had studied and preached on at Dundee without any remarkable effect; and though I was so much enlarged on this occasion in discoursing from it, I have not been able to treat it in the same manner, or with the same effects, at any subsequent time. The following was the plan of the remarks which I was led to make upon the words:—1. The persons spoken of—they are God's elect—those given to Christ by the Father. 2. The promise of the Father to Emmanuel regarding these persons—"They shall be willing." (1), They are willing to be saved by Christ's righteousness alone. (2), Willing to take on His yoke. (3), Willing to bear His cross. 3. The time of the promise—In the day of Emmanuel's power. (1), It is the day of His exaltation at the Father's right hand. (2), It is the day of the free preaching of the divine Word. (3), It is the day in which Christ crucified is the centre and sum of the doctrine taught. (4), It is the day of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—"The Lord shall send, etc." I was led under this last particular to allude to some of the most remarkable outpourings of the Spirit that have been granted to the Church, beginning from the day of Pentecost; and in surveying this galaxy of divine wonders, I had come to notice the glorious revelation of Jehovah's right hand which was given in the Kirk of Shotts in 1630 by John Livingston who was preaching from Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27, when it pleased the sovereign God of grace to make bare His holy arm in the midst of us and to perform a work in many souls resembling that of which I had been speaking, in majesty and glory. In referring to this wonderful work of the Spirit, I mentioned the fact that when Mr. Livingston was on the point of closing his discourse a few drops of rain began to fall, and that when the people began to put on their coverings, he asked them if they had any shelter from the drops of divine wrath, and was thus led to enlarge for nearly another hour in exhorting them to flee to Christ, with so much of the power of God that about five hundred persons were converted. And just when I was speaking of the occasion and the nature of this wonderful event, I felt my own soul moved in a manner so remarkable that I was led like Mr. Livingston, to plead with the unconverted before me instantly to close with God's offers of mercy, and continued to do so until the power of the Lord's Spirit became so mighty upon their souls as to carry all before it like the rushing mighty wind of Pentecost. During the whole of the time that I was

speaking the people listened with the most riveted and solemn attention, and with many silent tears and inward groanings of the Spirit; but at the last their feelings became too strong for all ordinary restraints, and broke forth simultaneously in weeping and wailing, tears and groans, intermingled with shouts of joy and praise from some of the people of God. The appearance of a great part of the people from the pulpit gave me an awfully vivid picture of the state of the ungodly in the day of Christ's coming to judgment. Some were screaming out in agony; others, and among these strong men, fell to the ground as if they had been dead; and such was the general commotion, that after repeating for some time the most free and urgent invitations of the Lord to sinners (Isaiah lv., Revel. xxii. 17) I was obliged to give out a psalm which was soon joined in by a considerable number our voices being mingled with the mourning groans of many prisoners sighing for deliverance. After Dr. Burns and my father had spoken for a little and prayed the meeting was closed at three o'clock, intimation having been given that we would meet again at six.

## Calvin on the Three Heavenly Witnesses.

(I. JOHN v. 7).\*

"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." The whole of this verse has by some been omitted. †Jerome thinks that this has happened through design rather than through mistake, and that indeed only on the part of the Latins. But as even the Greek copies do not agree, I dare not assert anything on the subject. Since, however, the passage flows better when this claim is added, and as I see that it is found in the best and most approved copies, I am inclined to receive it as the true reading. And the meaning would be, that God, in order to confirm most abundantly our faith in Christ, testifies in three ways that we ought to acquiesce in Him. For as our

\*The above extract from Calvin's Commentary on I. John has been sent us by a reader of the Magazine with a request for its insertion in our pages.

†If Calvin refers to the Prologus Galeatus in vii. Epistolas *Canonicis* in which the author complains of the omission of verse 7 it is now recognised that the phrase is not Jerome's.—Editor.



faith acknowledges three persons in the one divine essence, so it is called in so many ways to Christ that it may rest on Him. When he says, "These three are one," he refers not to essence, but on the contrary to consent; as though he had said, that the Father and His eternal Word and Spirit harmoniously testify the same thing respecting Christ. Hence some copies have "eis hen," "for one." But though you read "hen eisin" as in other copies, yet there is no doubt but that the Father, His Word and the Spirit are said to be one, in the same sense in which afterwards the blood and the water and the Spirit are said to agree in one.

But as the Spirit, who is one witness, is mentioned twice, it seems to be an unnecessary repetition. For this, I reply, that since he testifies of Christ in various ways, a twofold testimony is fitly ascribed to Him. For the Father, together with His eternal Wisdom and Spirit, declares Jesus to be the Christ as it were authoritatively, then, in this case, the sole majesty of the Deity is to be considered by us. But as the Spirit, dwelling in our hearts, is an earnest, a pledge, and a seal, to confirm that decree, so He thus again speaks on earth by His grace.

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## The Best of Masters.

By C. H. SPURGEON.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—John xiv. 27.

**I**N whatever the world gives, Christ does not give after the same fashion. In the first place, the world gives *scantily*. Even the world's best friends have had cause to complain of its scurvy treatment. In reading the biographies of mighty men whom the world honours, you will soon be convinced that the world is a most ungrateful friend. If you should devote your whole life to serve the world, and make it happy, think not the world would ever return you so much as a doit. Robert Burns is an instance of the world's fine gratitude. There was the world's poet; he sang the loves of women, and the joys of lust; the world admires him, but what did the world do for him? He might drag along his whole life in almost poverty. When the time comes for Robert Burns to be honoured (which was all too late for a buried man), how did they honour him? He had poor relatives; look to the subscription list, and see how magnificent the donations they

received! They honoured him with libations of whisky which they drank themselves; that was all they would give him. The devotion of the Scotch drunkards to their poet is a devotion to their drunkenness, not to him. Doubtless there are many true-hearted men who bewail the sinner as much as they admire the genius, but the mass like him none the worse for his faults. However, if it had been ordained and decreed that every drunkard who honoured Burns should go without his whisky for a week, there was not a dozen of them that would have done it—not half a dozen. Their honour to him was an honour to themselves; it was an opportunity for drunkenness, at least in thousands of instances. As I stood by his monument some little time ago, I saw around it a most dismal, dingy set of withered flowers, and I thought, “Ah, this is his honour! O, Burns! how hast thou spent thy life to have a withered wreath for the world’s payment of a life of mighty genius, and a flood of marvellous song!” Yes, when the world pays best, she pays nothing, and when she pays least, she pays her flatterers with scorn; she rewards their services with neglect and poverty. Many a statesman might I quote who has spent his life in the world’s service, and at first the world said “Go on, go on,” and he was clapped everywhere; he was doing something to serve his time; but he made a little mistake—a mistake perhaps, which will prove not to have been a mistake at all when the book of history shall be read with a clearer eye. “Down with him,” says the world, “we will have nothing more to do with him.” All he may have done before went for nothing; one mistake, one flaw in his political career—“Down with him, cast him to the dogs, we will have nought to do with him again.” Ah! the world pays scantily indeed! What will it do for those it loves best? When it has done all it can, the last resource of the world is to give a man a title (and what is that?). And then to give him a tall pillar and set him up there to bear all weathers, to be pitilessly exposed to every storm; and there he stands for fools to gaze at—one of the world’s great ones, paid in stone; it is true the world has paid that out of its own heart, for that is what the world’s heart is made of. The world pays scantily; but did you ever hear a Christian who complained thus of his Master? “No,” will he say, when I serve Christ, I feel that my work is my wages; that labour for Christ is its own reward. He gives me joy on earth, with a fulness of bliss hereafter.” Oh! Christ is a good paymaster—“The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.” He that serves Christ may

get but little gold and silver such as this world calls precious, but he gets a 'gold and silver that shall ne'er be melted in the last refining fire, and that shall glitter among the precious things of immortality throughout eternity. The world pays niggardly and scantily, but not so Christ.—“Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.”—Extract from Sermon on—“The Best of Masters” (John 14, 27).

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## **Battle of Drumclog.**

BY AN OFFICER IN THE PRESBYTERIAN ARMY.

**I**T was on a fair Sabbath morning, 1st June, A.D. 1679, that an assembly of Covenanters sat down on the heathy mountains of Drumclog. We had assembled not to fight, but to worship the God of our fathers. We were far from the tumult of cities. The long dark heath waved around us; and we disturbed no living creatures, save the pees-weep\* and the heather-cock. As usual, we had come armed. It was for self-defence. For desperate and ferocious bands made bloody raids through the country, and, pretending to put down treason, they waged war against religion and morals. They spread ruin and havoc over the face of bleeding Scotland.

The venerable Douglas had commenced the solemnities of the day. He was expatiating on the execrable evils of tyranny. Our souls were on fire at the remembrance of our country's sufferings and the wrongs of the church. In this moment of intense feeling, our watchman posted on the neighbouring height, fired his carbine, and ran toward the Congregation. He announced the approach of the enemy. We raised our eyes to the Minister. “I have done,” said Douglas, with his usual firmness. “You have got the theory—now for the practice; you know your duty; self-defence is always lawful. But the enemy approaches.” He raised his eyes to heaven and uttered a prayer—brief and emphatic—like the prayer of Richard Cameron, “Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.”

The officers collected their men, and placed themselves each at the head of those of his own district. Sir Robert Hamilton

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\*Lapwing.

placed the foot in the centre, in three ranks. A company of horse, well-armed and mounted, was placed on the left, and a small squadron also on the left. These were drawn back, and they occupied the more solid ground; as well with a view to have a more firm footing, as to arrest any flanking party that might take them on the wings. A deep morass lay between us and the ground of the enemy. Our aged men, our females, and children, retired; but they retired slowly. They had the hearts and the courage of the females and children in those days of intense religious feeling, and of suffering. They manifested more concern for the fate of relatives, for the fate of the church, than for their own personal safety. As Claverhouse descended the opposite mountain, they retired to the rising ground in the rear of our host. The aged men walked with their bonnets in hand. Their long grey locks waved in the breeze. They sang a cheering psalm. The music was that of the well-known tune of *The Martyrs*; and the sentiment breathed defiance. The music floated down on the wind. Our men gave three cheers as they fell into their ranks. Never did I witness such animation in the looks of men. For me, my spouse and little children were in the rear. My native plains, and the halls of my father, far below, in the dale of Aven, were in full view, from the heights which we occupied. My country seemed to raise her voice—the bleeding church seemed to wail aloud. “And these,” I said, as Clavers and his troops winded slowly down the dark mountain’s side, “these are the unworthy slaves, and bloody executioners, by which the tyrant completes our miseries.”

Hamilton here displayed the hero. His portly figure was seen hastening from rank to rank. He inspired courage into our raw and undisciplined troops. The brave Hackston, and Hall of Haugh-head, stood at the head of the foot soldiers, and re-echoed the sentiments of their chief. Burley and Cleland had inflamed the minds of the horsemen on the left to a noble enthusiasm. My small troop on the right needed no exhortation; we were a band of brothers, resolved to conquer or fall.

The trumpet of Clavers sounded a loud note of defiance—the kettle-drum mixed its tumultuous roll—they halted—they made a long pause. We could see an officer with four file conducting fifteen persons from the ranks to a knoll on their

left. I could perceive one in black; it was my friend King, the Chaplain of Lord Cardross, who had been taken prisoner by Clavers at Hamilton. "Let them be shot through the head," said Clavers, in his usual dry way, "if they should offer to run away." We could see him view our position with great care. His officers came around him. We soon learned that he wished to treat with us. He never betrayed symptoms of mercy or of dreaded that he had met his match; and even then, it was only a manœuvre to gain time or to deceive. His flag approached the edge of the bog. Sir Robert held a flag sacred; had it been borne by Clavers himself, he had honoured it. He demanded the purpose for which he came. "I come," he said, "in the name of his sacred Majesty, and of Colonel Grahame to offer you a pardon, on condition that you lay down your arms, and deliver up your ringleaders." "Tell your officer," said Sir Robert, "that we are fully aware of the deception he practises. He is not clothed with any powers to treat, nor was he sent out to treat with us, and attempt a reconciliation. The Government against whom we have risen refuses to redress our grievances or to restore to us our liberties. Had the tyrant wished to render us justice, he had not sent by the hands of such a ferocious assassin as Claverhouse. Let him, however, show his powers, and we refuse not to treat; and we shall lay down our arms to treat provided that he also lay down his. Thou hast my answer." "It is a perfectly hopeless case," said Burley, while he called after the flag-bearer—"Let me add one word, by your leave, General. Get thee up to that bloody dragoon, Clavers, and tell him that we will spare his life, and the lives of his troops, on condition that he, your Clavers, lay down his arms, and the arms of these troops. We will do more: as we have no prisons on these wild mountains, we will even let him go on his parole, on condition that he swear never to lift arms against the religion and the liberties of his country." A loud burst of applause re-echoed from the ranks; and, after a long pause in deep silence, the army sung the following verses of a psalm:—

"There, arrows of the bow he brake;

The shield, the sword, the war,

More glorious thou than hills of prey,

More excellent art far.



Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,  
They slept their sleep outright;  
And none of those their hands did find,  
That were the men of might."

When the report was made to Claverhouse, he gave the word with a savage ferocity, "Their blood be on their own heads. Be *No quarters* the word this day." His fierce dragoons raised a yell, and *No quarters* re-echoed from rank to rank, while they galloped down the mountain's side. It is stated that Burley was heard to say, "Then be it so—even let there be *no-quarters*—at least in my wing of the host. So God send me a meeting," cried he aloud, "with that chief under the white plume. My country would bless my memory could my sword give his villainous carcase to the crows."

Our raw troops beheld with firmness the approach of the foemen; and at the moment when the enemy halted to fire, the whole of our foot dropped on the heath. Not a man was seen to remain down, when the order was given to rise, and return the fire. The first rank fired, then kneeled down, while the second fired. They made each bullet tell. As often as the lazy rolling smoke was carried over the enemy's heads, a shower of bullets fell on his ranks. Many a gallant man tumbled on the heath. The fire was incessant. It resembled one blazing sheet of flame, for several minutes, along the line of the Covenanters. Clavers attempted to cross the morass, and break our centre. "Spearmen! to the front,"—I could hear the deep-toned voice of Hamilton say—"Kneel, and place your spears to receive the enemy's cavalry; and you my gallant fellows, fire—*God and our Country* is our word." Our officers flew from rank to rank. Not a peasant gave way that day. As the smoke rolled off, we could see Clavers urging on his men with the violence of despair. His troops fell in heaps around him, and still the gaps were filled up. A galled trooper would occasionally flinch; but ere he could turn or flee, the sword of Clavers was waving over his head. I could see him, in his fury, strike both man and horse. In the fearful carnage, he himself sometimes reeled. He would stop short in the midst of a movement, then contradict his own orders, and strike the man, because he could not comprehend his meaning.

He ordered flanking parties to take us on our right and left. "In the name of God," cried he, "cross the bog, and charge them on the flank, till we get over this morass. If this fail, we are lost."

It now fell to my lot to come into action. Hitherto we had fired only some distant shot. A gallant officer led his band down to the borders of the swamp, in search of a proper place to cross. We threw ourselves before him. A severe firing commenced. My gallant men fired with great steadiness. We could see many tumbling from their saddles. Not content with repelling the foemen, we found our opportunity to cross, and attack them sword in hand. The captain, whose name I afterwards ascertained to be Arrol, threw himself in my path. In the first shock, I discharged my pistols. His sudden start in his saddle told me that one of them had taken effect. With one of the tremendous oaths of Charles II. he closed with me. He fired his steel pistol. I was in front of him; my sword glanced on the weapon and gave a direction to the bullet, which saved my life. By this time, my men had driven the enemy before them, and had left the ground clear for the single combat. As he made a lunge at my breast, I turned his sword aside by one of those sweeping blows, which are rather the dictate of a kind of instinct of self-defence than a movement of art. As our strokes redoubled my antagonist's dark features put on a look of deep and settled ferocity. No man who has not encountered the steel of his enemy, in the field of battle, can conceive the looks and the manner of the warrior in the moments of his intense feelings. May I never witness them again! We fought in silence. My stroke fell on his shoulder; it cut the belt of his carabine, which fell to the ground. His blow cut me to the rib, glanced along the bone, and rid me also of the weight of my carabine. He had now advanced too near me to be struck with the sword. I grasped him by the collar. I pushed him backwards; and, with an entangled blow of my Ferrara, I struck him across his throat. It cut only the strap of his head-piece, and it fell off. With a sudden spring he seized me by the sword belt. Our horses reared and we both came to the ground. We rolled on the heath in deadly conflict. It was in this situation of matters that my brave fellows had returned from the rout of the flanking

party to look after their commander. One of them was actually rushing on my antagonist when I called on him to retire.\* We started to our feet. Each grasped his sword. We closed in conflict again. After parrying strokes of mine enemy which indicated a hellish ferocity, I told him my object was to take him prisoner; that sooner than kill him I should order my men to seize him. "Sooner let my soul be brandered on my ribs in hell," said he, "than be captured by a Whigamore. *No quarter* is the word of my colonel, and my word. Have at thee, Whig—I dare the whole of you to the combat." "Leave the madman to me—leave the field instantly," said I to my party whom I could hardly restrain. My sword fell on his right shoulder. His sword dropped from his hand. I lowered my sword and offered him his life. "*No quarter*," said he, with a shriek of despair. He snatched his sword, which I held in my hand, and made a lunge at my breast. I parried his blows till he was nearly exhausted; but gathering up his huge limbs, he put forth all his energy in a thrust at my heart. My Andro Ferrara received it so as to weaken its deadly force; but it made a deep cut. Though I was faint from loss of blood I left him no time for another blow. My sword glanced off his shoulder, cut through his buff coat, and skin, and flesh; swept through his jaw, and laid open his throat from ear to ear. The fire of his ferocious eye was quenched in a moment. He reeled, and falling with a terrible clash, he poured out his soul, with a torrent of blood, on the heath. I sunk down insensible for a moment. My faithful men, who never lost sight of me, raised me up. In the fierce combat the soldier suffers most from thirst. I stooped down to fill my helmet with the water which oozed through the morass. It was deeply tinged with human blood, which flowed in the conflict above me. I started back with horror; and Gawn Witherspoon bringing up my steed, we set forward in the tumult of the battle.

All this while the storm of war had raged on our left. Cleland and the fierce Burley had charged the strong company sent to flank them. These officers permitted them to cross the

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\*It was on this occasion that the Laird used these words—"Bauldy Allison! let your officer settle this trifle—I never take odds to combat a foe, be he even a life-guard."

swamp, then charged them with a terrible shout. "*No quarter,*" cried the dragoons. "*Be no quarter* to you, then, ye murderous loons," cried Burley; and at one blow he cut their leader through the steel cap, and scattered his brains on his followers. His every blow overthrew a foeman. Their whole forces were now brought up, and they drove the dragoons of Clavers into the swamp. They rolled over each other. All stuck fast. The Covenanters dismounted and fought on foot. They left not one man to bear the tidings to their colonel.

The firing of the platoons had long ago ceased, and the dreadful work of death was carried on by the sword. At this moment a trumpet was heard in the rear of our army. There was an awful pause; all looked up. It was only the gallant Captain Nisbet, and his guide, Woodburn of Mains; he had no reinforcements for us, but himself was a host. With a loud huzza, and a flourish of his sword, he placed himself by the side of Burley, and cried "Jump the ditch, and charge the enemy." He and Burley struggled through the marsh. The men followed as they could. They formed, and marched on the enemy's right flank.

At this instant Hamilton and Hackstone brought forward the whole line of infantry in front. "*God and our Country,*" re-echoed from all the ranks. "*No quarters,*" said the fierce squadrons of Clavers. Here commenced a bloody scene.

I seized the opportunity this moment offered to me of making a movement to the left of the enemy to save my friend King and the other prisoners. We came in time to save them. Our swords speedily severed the ropes which tyranny had bound on the arms of the men. The weapons of the fallen foe supplied what was lacking of arms; and with great vigour we moved forward to charge the enemy on the left flank. Claverhouse formed a hollow square—himself in the centre; his men fought gallantly; they did all that soldiers could do in their situation. Wherever a gap was made, Clavers thrust the men forward and speedily filled it up. Three times he rolled headlong on the heath, as he hastened from rank to rank, and as often he remounted. My little band thinned his ranks. He paid us a visit. Here I distinctly saw the features and shape of this far-famed man. He was small of stature, and not well-formed;

his arms were long in proportion to his legs; he had a complexion unusually dark; his features were not lighted up with sprightliness, as some fabulously reported; they seemed gloomy as hell; his cheeks were lank and deeply-furrowed; his eye-brows were drawn down, and gathered into a kind of knot at their junctions, and thrown up at their extremities; they had, in short, the strong expression given by our painters to those on the face of Judas Iscariot; his eyes were hollow; they had not the lustre of genius, nor the fire of vivacity; they were lighted up by that dark fire of wrath which is kindled and fanned by an internal anxiety and consciousness of criminal deeds; his irregular and large teeth were presented through a smile which was very unnatural on his set of features; his mouth seemed to be unusually large, from the extremities being drawn backward and downward—as if in the intense application to something cruel and disgusting; in short, his upper teeth projected over his under lip, and, on the whole, presented to my view the mouth on the image of the Emperor Julian the Apostate. In one of his rapid courses past us, my sword could only shear off his white plume and a fragment of his buff coat. In a moment he was at the other side of his square. Our officers eagerly sought a meeting with him. “He has the proof of lead,” cried some of our men, “take the cold steel or a piece of silver.” “No,” cried Burley, “it is his rapid movement on that fine charger that bids defiance to any thing like an aim in the tumult of the bloody fray. I could sooner shoot ten heather cocks on the wing than one flying Clavers.” At that moment Burley, whose eye watched his antagonist, pushed into the hollow square. But Burley was too impatient. His blow was levelled at him before he came within its reach. His heavy sword descended on the head of Clavers’ horse and felled him to the ground. Burley’s men rushed pell-mell on the fallen Clavers, but his faithful dragoons threw themselves upon them, and by their overpowering force drove Burley back. Clavers was in an instant on a fresh steed. His bugleman recalled the party who were driving back the flanking party of Burley. He collected his whole troops to make his last and desperate attack. He charged our infantry with such force that they began to reel. It was only for a moment. The gallant Hamilton snatched the white flag of the Covenant, and



placed himself in the fore-front of the battle. Our men shouted "*God and our Country*," and rallied under their flag. They fought like heroes. Clavers fought no less bravely. His blows were aimed at our officers. His steel fell on the helmet of Hackstone, whose sword was entangled in the body of a fierce dragoon who had just wounded him. He was borne by his men into the rear. I directed my men on Clavers. "*Victory or death*," was their reply to me. Clavers received us. He struck a desperate blow at me, as he raised himself, with all his force, in the saddle. My steel cap resisted it. The second stroke I received on my Ferrara, and his steel was shivered to pieces. We rushed headlong on each other. His pistol missed fire—it had been soaked in blood. Mine took effect. But the wound was not deadly. Our horses reared. We rolled on the ground. In vain we sought to grasp each other. In the *mélée* men and horse tumbled on us. We were for a few moments buried under our men, whose eagerness to save their respective officers brought them in multitudes down upon us. By the aid of my faithful man, Gawn, I had extricated myself from my fallen horse; and we were rushing on the bloody Clavers when we were again literally buried under a mass of men, for Hamilton had by this time brought up his whole line, and he had planted his standard where we and Clavers were rolling on the heath. Our men gave three cheers and drove in the troops of Clavers. Here I was borne along with the moving mass of men; and, almost suffocated, and faint from the loss of blood, and knew nothing more till I opened my eyes on my faithful attendant. He had dragged me from the very grasp of the enemy, and had borne me into the rear, and was bathing my temples with water. We speedily regained our friends, and what a spectacle presented itself! It seemed that I beheld an immense moving mass heaped up together in the greatest confusion. Some shrieked, some groaned, some shouted, horses neighed and pranced, swords rung on the steel helmets. I placed around me a few of my hardy men and we rushed into the thickest of the enemy in search of Clavers; but it was in vain. At that instant his trumpet sounded the loud notes of retreat; and we saw on a knoll Clavers borne away by his men. He threw himself on a horse, and without sword, without helmet, he fled in the first ranks of the retreating host. His

troops galloped up the hill in the utmost confusion. My little line closed with that of Burley's and took a number of prisoners. Our main body pursued the enemy two miles, and strewed the ground with men and horses. I could see the bareheaded Clavers in front of his men, kicking and struggling up the steep sides of Calder hill. He halted only a moment on the top to look behind him, then plunged his rowels into his horse, and darted forward; nor did he recover from his panic till he found himself in the city of Glasgow.

"And my children," the Laird would say, after he had told the adventures of this bloody day, "I visited the field of battle next day; I shall never forget the sight. Men and horses lay in their gory beds. I turned away from the horrible spectacle. I passed by the spot where God saved my life in the single combat, and where the unhappy Captain Arrol fell. I observed that, in the subsequent fray, the body had been trampled on by a horse, and his bowels were poured out.\* Thus, my children, the defence of our lives, and the regaining of our liberty and religion, has subjected us to severe trials. And how great must be the love of liberty when it carries men forward, under the impulse of self-defence, to witness the most disgusting spectacles, and to encounter the most cruel hardships of war!"  
—*The Advocate* (December, 1881).

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Oh, if this world knew the excellency, sweetness, and beauty of that high and lofty One, that Fairest among the sons of men, verily they would see, that if their love were bigger than ten heavens, all in circles beyond each other, it were all too little for Christ!—*Samuel Rutherford*.

We might be oftener seeing what they are doing in heaven, were our hearts more frequently upon our sweet treasure above. We smell of the smoke of this lower house of the earth, because our hearts and our thoughts are here.—*Samuel Rutherford*.

I know no wholesome fountain but one. I know not a thing worth the buying but heaven, and my own mind is, if comparison were made betwixt Christ and heaven, I would sell heaven with my blessing, and buy Christ.—*Samuel Rutherford*.

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\*This fact is recorded in Crookshank's History, vol. I. chap. 13, but the author does not mention the name of the Laird by whom Arrol fell.

## Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir Fille.

I. AN STAID NEOCHIONTACH, NO A' CHEUD  
IONRACAS SAN ROBH AN DUINE AIR A CHRUTHACHADH.

ECCLES. vii. 29.

“Feuch, an nì so a mhàin fhuair mi, gu'n d'rinn Dia an duine dìreach, ach dh'iarr iad féin iomadh innleachd a mach.”

**T**HA ceithir nithe air am bheil e feumail dhoibhsan eòlas fhaotainn, le'm b'àill nèamh fhaicinn: 1. Ciod a bha'n duine ann an staid na neochiontachd, mar a rinn Dia e. 2. Ciod a tha e ann an staid an nàduir thruaillidh, 'san do dhithich se e féin. 3. Ciod as éigin dha bhi ann an staid nan gràs, air a chruthachadh ann an Iosa Crìosd gu deadh oibre, ma bhitheas e gu bràth air a dheanamh 'na fhear comh-pairt do oighreachd nan naomh 'san t-solus. Agus “anns an àite mu dheireadh,” Ciod a bhitheas e 'na staid shiorruidh, air a dheanamh le Breitheamh nan uile, foirfidh ann an sonas, no gu h-ìomlan truagh, agus sin gu sìorruidh. Is cùisean cudthromach iad so, a ta buntuinn ri beatha na fìor dhiadhaich; d' am bheil a chuid as mò de dhaoine, agus eadhon de luchd aidmheil, nam fìor-choigrich anns na h-amannaibh ole so. Tha rùn orm, air an aobhar sin, le còmhnaidh Dhé, na nithe so fhosgladh suas, agus cleachdadh a dheanamh dhiubh.

Tòisichidh mi leis a' cheud aon diubh, eadhon, staid na neo-chiontachd: a chum, air dhuinn an duine fhaicinn air a dheanamh maiseach a réir coslais lùchairt, gu 'n cuir an tuiteam nì's mò de chràdh oirnn, gu 'm bi an tuilleadh meas againn air a' Phearsa sin gun choimeas, a chuir an t-Athair 'na “fhear-càramh a' bhèuma;” agus a chum gu'n teich sinn le rùn suidhichte, a dh' ionnsuidh na slighe sin a ta treòrachadh do'n bhaile aig am bheil bunaite neo-ghluasadach.

Tha trì nithe againn anns a' bhonn-teagaisg. 1. An staid neo-chiontach 'san robh an duine air a chruthachadh: Rinn Dia an duine dìreach. Tha duine ann an so a' ciallachadh ar ceud sinnseara, a' chàraid phrìomdh-ghoslach, freumh a' chinne-daoine, an saoghal ann an suim aithghearr, agus an tobar o'n do shruth gach uile ghinealach, mar a chithear mu choimeasas sinn, Gen. v. 1. agus 2. rann, “Anns an là 'san do chruthaich Dia an duine,

ann an coslas Dhé rinn se e. Firionnaich agus boirionnach chruthaich e iad, agus bheannaich e iad, (mar fhreumh a' chinne-daoine,) agus thug e Adhamh mar ainm orra." Tha am focal ceudna sa' cheud chainnt a' ciallachadh an aon ni a ta 'nar bonn teagaisg: Anns an t-seadh so rinneadh an duine dìreach (freagarach ri nàdur Dhé, aig am bheil obair iomlan,) as eugmhais neo-iomlaineachd truailidheachd, no siol na truailidheachd, 'na chorp no 'na anam. Rinneadh e cothromach; 'se sin ri ràdh, dìreach ri lagh agus toil Dhé, as eugmhais mi-riaghailt 'sam bith 'na anam. Leis a' chumadh a fhuair e 'na chruthachadh, bha e 'g amhare gu dìreach ri Dia, mar 'àrd-chrìoch: bha'n t-aomadh dìreach sin air a thaisbeanadh mar ann an samhladh, le deilbh dhìreach a chuirp; deilbh nach 'eil aig creutair beò eile. Mar a bha Daibhidh ann an seadh an t-soisgeil, mar sin bha esan ann an seadh an lagha, "aon a réir cridhe Dhé féin," gu h-iomlan fireanta, fìor-ghlan agus naomh. Rinn Dia mar so e; cha d' rinn e air tùs e, agus an deigh sin a dheanamh firinneach, ach 'na dheanamh, rinn e firinneach e. Bha ceud fhìreantachd air a co-chruthachadh maille ris, air chor as anns a' cheart àm 'san robh e 'na dhuine, gu 'n robh e 'na dhuine firinneach, deadh-bheusach; leis a' cheart anail leis an do shéid Dia anam beò ann, shéid e anam firinneach ann.

2. Is i so staid leagaidh an duine: "Ach dh'iarr iad a mach iomadh innleachd." Thuit iad air falbh o 'm fois ann an Dia, agus thoisich iad air an innleachdan féin iarraidh, a leasachadh an staid; agus thur-mhill iad i. Bha'n sgrios o'n ceart ghluasad féin; cha'n fhanadh iad anns an staid 'san d' rinn Dia iad, ach dh' iarr iad a mach innleachdan gu iad féin a thruaillleadh agus a mhilleadh.

3. Thoir fa'near ann an so cinnteachd agus cudthrom nan nithe so: "Feuch, an ni so 'mhàin fhuair mi; "Creid iad, fhuaradh a mach iad leis an duine bu ghlice; an déigh mìnn-rannsachaidh agus geur-fhiosrachaidh. Ann an dà rann roimhe, tha Solamh 'ga nochdadh féin mar gu'm biodh e 'a rannsachadh an déigh maitheis 'san t-saoghal; ach 'se bu chrìoch d'a shaothair, nach robh e'n comas da toradh 'sam bith a riarachadh e, fhaotainn a mach; ged nach b'ann a dhith saothreachaidh "oir, mheas e iad gach aon an déigh a chéile a dh' fhaotainn an àireimh a mach." "Feuch, so fhuair mi (ars' an Searmonaiche) ni a ta m'anam ag iarraidh fathast, ach nach d' fhuair mi, mar tha'm focal ceudna air a leughadh 'nar bonn-teagaisg. Cha b' urrainn e riarachadh 'sam bith fhaotainn a mach, a chuireadh

stad air a rannsachadh. Fhuair e daoine maith ro theare, aon mar gu b'ann am measg mìle; mnai maith ni bu teirce, cha robh a h-aon maith an measg a mhìle mna agus coimh-leabaich. 1 Rìgh xi. 3. Ach am b' urrainn sin a' cheist mhòr a fhreagairt, "C' àit am faighear gliocas?" Cha b'urrainn; agus mu theid fiosrachadh muinntir eile an aghaidh fiosrachaidh Sholaimh air a' cheann so, mar nach masladh sin air a thuige-san, 's co beag a dh' fhuasglas e cheist, a dh' fhanas gun fhuasgladh gus an là dheireannach. Ach, am measg na neo-chinnteachd so uile, that aon ni air fhaotainn a mach agus air a dheanamh cinnteach: An ni "so fhuair mi a mach." Feudaidh sibh earbsa as mar ni a ta ro fhior, agus a bhi làn chinnteach uime, "Feuch so!" suidhichibh bhur suilean air, mar ni as airidh air smuaintibh domhain agus cudthromach, eadhon, gu bheil nadur an duine a nis air a thruaillleadh; ach cha'n ann o Dhia a bha'n truailleadh sin, oir "rinn e an duine dìreach;" ach is ann uapa féin a bha i, "dh' iarr iad iomadh innleachd a mach."

An teagasg,—Rinn Dia an duine gu h-ìomlan ionraic. Is i so staid na neo-chiontachd 'san do shuidhich Dia an duine 'san t-saoghal. Tha 'n staid so air a' cur an céill, 'sna Scriobtuiribh naomha gu h-aithghearr, an coimeas ris na staidan a leanas; oir cha do mhair an staid so, ach chaidh i thairis mar fhaileas, do bhrìgh gu'n do mhi-ghnathaich an duine saorsa a thoile. Feòraichidh mi,—*Sa' cheud àit*, Mu fhìreantachd na staid san do chruthaicheadh an duine.—*san dara àite*, Leigidh mi ris dhuibh cuid do 'n t-sonas a bha'n co-chuideachd agus a' leantuinne na staid so. *Mu dheireadh*, Ni mi cleachdadh do'n teagasg gu h-ìomlan.

*Mu cheud fhìreantachd an Duine.* 'S a' cheud àit, Do thaobh fhìreantachd na staid so, thoir fa'near, mar fhìreantachd neo-chruthaichte gur i fhìreantachd Dhé, an t-aon àrd-riaghailt; tha gach uile fhìreantachd chruthaichte, co dhiubh as ann an daoineibh no an ainglibh a tha i a' co-sheasamh ann an aontachadh leis an lagh. Cha 'n urrain Crèutair ann an seadh spioradail, gun a bhi ann an comain Dhé, do thaobh a ghnìomhara agus a chomasan, ni' s mò na 's urrainn dha ann an seadh nadurra, gun a bhi 'na chomain. Is éigin do 'n chrèutair, mar chrèutair, aideachadh, gur e toil a Chruitheir an àrd-riaghailt; oir mar nach urrainn e bhi as eugmhais, mar sin cha'n urrainn dha gun a bhi air a shon, agus a réir a thoile; gidheadh cha 'n 'eil lagh a' ceangal gus am bheil e air fhoillseachadh. Agus uaithe so tha e soilleir, gu 'n robh lagh ann fuidh'n robh an duine mar chrèutair reusanta 'na chruthachadh; agus gu'n robh an lagh so



air fhoillseachadh dha. “Rinn Dia an duine dìreach, deir an bonn teagaisg: Tha e air a roimh-chiallachadh ann an so, gu’n robh lagh ann ris an robh e air a chumadh ’na chruthachadh; mar an uair a tha ni ’sam bith air a dheanamh a réir riaghailt, gur éigin gu ’m bi an riaghailt féin air a roimh-chiallachadh. Uaith sin feudaidh sinn fhaicinn, gu ’m b’e so lagh siorruidh, neo-atharraichte na fireantachd a bh’air a choimhlionadh anns gach puine dheth, leis an dara Adhamh, aig am bheil an inntinn fheolmhor a’ cur ’na aghaidh; air am bheil cuid de bheachd dorch a fathast am measg nam Paganach, muinntir “aig nach ’eil an lagh, a ta ’nan lagh dhoibh féin,” Rom. ii. 14. Ann an aon fhocal, ’se so a’ cheart lagh a bha’n déigh sin air a chur sios anns na “deich àitheanta,” agus air a chur an céill gu follaiseach, do na h-Israelich air sliabh Shinaì, ris an abair sinn “Lagh nam modhanna;” agus bha fireantachd an duine a’ co-sheasamh ann an co’-fhreagradh do ’n lagh no do ’n riaghailt so. Gu h-àraid, tha dà chomh-fhreagradh air an iarraidh air an duine; comh-fhreagradh buadhan anama ris an lagh, ris am feud thu radh “fireantachd naduir,” agus comh-fhreagradh uile ghniomhara ris an lagh, ris an abrar “fireantachd ghniomh.” A nis, rinn Dia an duine fireanta an nàdur, bha’n duine ri e féin a dheanamh fireanta an gnìomh: b’e a’ cheud aon an gné a chuir Dia ’na laimh, agus b’e an dara aon a bhuil bu chòir dha dheanamh dheth. ’Se suim na thubhairt mi, gu ’m bi ’n fhìreantachd ’san robh an duine air a chruthachadh, co’-fhreagradh do uile bhuadhaibh agus uile chumhachdaibh an anama ri lagh nam modhanna. Is i so ris an abair sinn “a’ cheud fhìreantachd,” leis an robh an duine air tùs air a chòmhdachadh. Feudaidh sinn beachd a ghabhail orra anns na trì nithibh a leanas.

*’S a’ cheud àit,* Bha tuigse ’n duine ’na lòchran soluis. Bha eòlas iomlan aig air an lagh, agus air a dhleasdanas da réir sin. Bha e air a dheanamh a rèir coslais Dhé, agus uime sin cha b’ urrainn dha bhi dh’ easbhuidh eolais, a ta ’na earrann do’n choslas sin, Col. iii. 10.: Tha an nuadh dhuine air ath-nuadhachadh ann an eòlas, a réir iomhaigh an ti a chruthaich e. Agus gun amharus, bha so iomchuidh, gu dheanamh comasach air làn-umhlachd a thabhairt, a chionn nach urrainn umhlachd a bhi a réir an lagha, mur ’eil i a’ sruthadh o mhothachadh air àithne Dhé a bhi g’ a h-iarraidh. Tha e fìor, nach robh aig Adhamh an lagh scriobhta air clàir chloiche; ach bha e scriobht’ air inntinn, do bhrìgh gu’n robh eòlas an lagha air a chomh-chruthachadh leis. Dhaingnich Dia air anam e agus rinn se e ’na lagh, *dha féin*, mar a tha fuigheall am measg nan cinneach

a' taisbeanadh, Rom. ii. 14, 15. Agus do bhrìgh gu'n robh an duine air a dheanamh 'na bheul do 'n chruthachadh, gu Dia a ghlòrachadh 'na oibribh, tha aobhar againn a chreidsinn gu robh gu nàdurra fìor-eòlas aig air oibribh Dhé. Tha dearbhadh againn air so anns gu'n d'thug e ainmean air beathaichibh na macharach sin uile a réir an naduirean fa leth. "Ge b'e ainm dha," Gen. ii. 19. Agus tha'n nachdranachd a thug Dia dha os ceann nan creutairean, gu feum measarra dheanamh dhiubh a réir thoile, (do ghnàth ann an umhlachd do thoil Dhé,) a' taisbeanadh gu'n robh 'eòlais aig air an nàduiribh fa leth. Agus a thuilleadh air so uile, tha 'm fìor-eòlas bh' aig air an lagh a' dearbhadh an eòlais laghail a bh' aige mu ghnòthaiche saoghalta òrduchadh, ghnòthaiche, a thaobh lagh Dhé, "a riaghlas duine maith le ceartas," Salm cxii. 5.

'San dara àite, Luidh a thoil dìreach ri toil Dhé, Eph. iv. 24. Cha robh truailidheachd 'na thoil, cha robh fiaradh no clonadh a chum uile, oir is peacadh, sin, mar is ceart a ghoirear dheth; uaith so a deir an t-Abstol, Rom. vii. 7. "Cha b' aithne dhomh peacadh, ach tre'n lagh; oir cha bhiodh eòlas agam air sannt, mur abradh an lagh, na sanntaich." Clonadh a chum uile, is e sin da rìreadh tobar a' pheacaidh, agus uime sin neo-fhreagarach ris an ionracas agus an treibh-dhìreas a tha 'm bonn teagaisg gu soilleir a' dearbhadh a bh' aige 'na chruthachadh. Bha toil an duine an sin, gu nadurra ag amharc, agus ag aomadh ri Dia agus ri maitheas, ged a bhi i caochlaidheach. Bha an toil, 'na ceud deilbh, air a h-aomadh gu toil a Cruitheir a' leantuinn, mar tha'm faileas a' leantuinn a' chuirp; agus cha robh i air a fàgail ann an tomhas cothromaiche gu maith agus ole: oir nam biodh i mar sin, cha bhiodh an duine dìreach, no ann an nàdur freagarach ris an lagh, nach mò a dh' fhuilingeas do 'n chrèutair a bhi aon mhionaid, gun a bhi 'g aomadh ri Dia mar àrdchrioch, na dh' fhuilaingeas e do'n duine bhi 'na dhia dha fèin. Bha 'n lagh air a dhaingneachadh air anam Adhaimh: a nis that so, a réir an nuadh choimh-cheangail, leis am bheil iomhaigh Dhé air a h-aiseag, ann an dà ni, 1. A' cur an lagha 'san inntinn; a ta ciallachadh eòlas air: 2. Ga sgiobhadh anns a' chridhe; a ta ciallachadh aomaidhean anns an toil freagarach ri aitheantaibh an lagha, Eabh. viii. 10. Air chor, as mar bheir sinn fa'near do 'n toil, 'nuair a tha i air a nuadhachadh le gràs, gu bheil i leis a' ghràs sin ag aomadh gu dachasach gus a' cheart naomhachd a tha'n lagh ag agràdh anns gach earrann dheth; mar sin bha toil an duine, 'nuair a

*Ri leantainn.*

## Notes and Comments.

**The Palestine Disturbances.**—The Commission appointed by the Government to inquire into the disturbances in Palestine issued their report at the beginning of April. The following short summary is taken from the "Glasgow Herald":—"The conclusion of the commission is that the outbreak in Jerusalem on August 23 was 'from the beginning an attack by Arabs on Jews for which no excuse in the form of earlier murders by Jews has been established.' The Commission attach the highest importance to their first recommendation—that His Majesty's Government should consider the advisability of issuing a clear statement of policy, which would lay down for the guidance of the Government of Palestine more explicit directions as to the conduct of policy on such vital issues as land and immigration."

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## Church Notes.

**Communion.**—May—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Dumbarton; third, Edinburgh. June—First Sabbath, Applecross and Coigach; second, Sheildaig; third, Helmsdale, Loch Carron, Glendale and Dornoch; fourth, Gairloch; fifth, Broadford and Inverness. July—First Sabbath, Raasay, Lairg, Thurso and Beaully; second, Tain, Staffin and Tomatin; third, Daviot, Halkirk, Flashadder and Rogart; fourth, Ploekton, North Uist and Bracadale. August—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree; third, Laide and Bonar-Bridge; fourth, Stornoway. September—First Sabbath, Ullapool; second, Strathy; third, Stoer. South African Mission—The following are the dates of the Communion:—Last Sabbath of March, June, September and December. *Note.*—Notice of any additions to, or alteration of, the above dates of Communion should be sent to the Editor.

**Meeting of Synod.**—The Synod meets (D.V.) at Glasgow, on Tuesday, 20th May, at 6.30 p.m. in the Hall of St. Jude's Free Presbyterian Church, West George Street (off Blythswood Square), when the retiring Moderator, Rev. John Maclachlan, will preach.

## Literary Notice.

**THE BIBLE'S FIRST VERSE: MOSES OR MOFFATT?** by the Rev. W. L. Baxter, D.D., Minister of Cameron Cross. Author of "Sanctuary and Sacrifice." Seventh Edition. Edinburgh: The Daren Press, 5 Bristo Place. Price 2d.

This is the 7th Edition of an excellent little pamphlet in which Dr. Baxter thoroughly exposes the boasted claims to superior scholarship made by the Higher Criticism. Dr. Moffatt's translation is received by all who wish to be reckoned among the enlightened as a splendid piece of work. Prof. Allis, whose article was referred to in these pages at the time of its appearance, has very drastically exposed its inexcusable blunderings in the Old Testament. Dr. Baxter does not cover such a wide field, as he confines his attention to the first verse of Genesis only, but he has no difficulty in showing that the Hebrew Dr. Moffatt learned from his old teacher, Sir George Adam Smith, was of "a singularly misleading kind." In these days when those who try to mix the faith, once delivered to the saints, with a strong dose of unbelief and then coolly label it "First Rate Scholarship," it is refreshing to read such well informed criticism. Let our readers buy this excellent pamphlet and place it in the hands of the young and send copies of it to those benighted so-called scholarly people who are walking in the darkness of the Higher Criticism and who call this darkness light.

## Acceptance of Call to Dingwall and Beaully.

**Acceptance of Call to Dingwall and Beaully.**—At a meeting of the Southern Presbytery, held at Glasgow on 15th April, the Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, M.A., Oban, intimated acceptance of the call presented to him by Dingwall and Beaully joint-congregation. At a meeting of the Northern Presbytery, held on 22nd April, it was decided that the induction would (D.V.) take place at Dingwall, on Thursday, 15th May, at 12 noon.

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