

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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**The Forward Movement of the Church of
Scotland.**

I.

BEFORE writing this article we read over again the messages sent to the Seven Churches in Asia, and it is important to notice that the verdict given by the Faithful and True Witness was very different from what the Churches deemed themselves to be and also very different from the verdict passed on them by the world. Another feature of the verdict was that, while words of high commendation were passed upon them where there was reason for it, this did not in any way keep back severe condemnation where it was deserved. Now-a-days it is considered bad form and evidence of a censorious spirit to call attention to the imperfections of professing churches. The great goddess, False Charity, does not permit such unseemly conduct to her devoted worshippers. A blind eye must be turned on departures from truth and laxity in discipline, as all her followers are worshipping the same God and going to heaven at last, and from the high places of her worship there has gone forth the cry:—"Live and let live." We read the Epistles to the Seven Churches in vain to find the slightest hint of such a policy. None of these Churches is exactly the same. Ephesus is sound in doctrine but wanting in love—she is going back having forsaken her first love (Chap. ii. 4). Smyrna was poor but rich and was passing through a fiery trial but had the

promise of a crown of life given to her (Chap. ii. 8-11). Laodicea was rich in her own estimation but poor in the eyes of the Faithful and True Witness (Chap. iii. 14-21). Thyatira was commended for her works and charity, and service and faith and patience (Chap. ii. 19); unlike Ephesus, she was improving, as her last works were more than the first (verse 19). Sardis had a name that she was living but in the eyes of Him who had the Seven Spirits of God she was dead (Chap. iii. 1). Philadelphia, the smallest and most insignificant of all the Churches of Asia, yet destined to have a future extending down through the centuries when the work of the others had ceased, viewed in her weak state she might well be described as a church "without the promise of a future to look to"; but her Lord had set before her an open door and no man could shut it. Laodicea was neither cold nor hot. Pergamos was a very orthodox church, even in the face of persecution, yet she was lax in discipline. Her creed was better than her practice. The message from Him who had the sharp sword with two edges was:—"I have a few things against thee because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which things I hate" (Chap. ii. 14, 15).

It will be observed in the matters wherein the various churches are condemned there is no lessening of the condemnation because some of them are bearing a faithful witness, and it will be further observed that where they erred there is a call to go back and repent. Ephesus, Pergamos, Sardis and Laodicea are all called upon to repent. This change of mind was to be in reference to things tolerated by these churches which were displeasing to Him who warned them. We may be sure such warnings would not be lovingly given heed to by the churches who had their own complacent estimate of their orthodoxy and practice; but the sentence pronounced upon them was in strict accordance with truth however unpleasant it might have been to

themselves and however outrageous it might have appeared to the blinded devotees of False Charity.

This brings us now to say something about the great Conferences recently held in Glasgow in connection with the Forward Movement of the Church of Scotland. Great preparations were made for this Conference, delegates came from all parts of the land, noted churchmen were appointed to address the great audiences expected to be present; for over a year notices and articles appeared in the press calling attention to the Movement, publicity organizations and pamphlets set forth its aims; so that any failure on the part of the Forward Movement cannot be laid at the door of lack of advertisement. The question is already being discussed in certain quarters whether the Movement is to have the same fate as the Re-dedication Movement, which was heralded by a loud blowing of trumpets, but which ended as a complete failure. This much can be said of the Church of Scotland in launching this movement that there was evidently a consciousness on the part of the Church that there was something seriously wrong and that a desperate situation demanded extraordinary means. Whether the Church of Scotland took the right way to improve things within her borders is open to grave doubt, and already many connected with this great Church, members of her own communion, and who wish her well, have not hesitated to write to the press severely condemning the suggestions made at Glasgow. Our memories are not so short as to forget all the wonderful blessings which, we were told, were to flow from the great Union of the Established Church and the United Free Church. We were never misled by the speeches made by the advocates of Union, as we had too much evidence in the past to know that Union unless on a scriptural basis does not make for spiritual revival nor for ecclesiastical strength. No one who knows anything about the present state of the Church formed at the Union need have any doubt in his mind that the loudly proclaimed spiritual benefits that were to flow from the unification of the two bodies existed only in the lively

imaginings of the ecclesiastical leaders who carried through the negotiations.

The Forward Movement, as we have seen, is a clear intimation to all who can read the signs of the times that the Church of Scotland is in anything but a healthy state spiritually. Before dealing with the remedies suggested for the revival of religion in Scotland, and statements made by some of the speakers at the Conference, we may briefly glance at a few points that give indication of the spiritual backsliding of this great Church. It may be asked:—"What business have we to interfere with its affairs—we who are so few in numbers interfering with a Church which numbers her adherents by the million?" Our answer is that this Church claims to be the Church of Scotland, and is so recognised by the law of the land. She claims connection with the Church of Scotland from the Reformation, 1560, and we have a profound interest in her as the leading Presbyterian Church in Scotland. We are quite well aware that claims may not necessarily be just; neither may legal recognition be an axiomatic truth that no one dare question. In our estimation the Church of Scotland has cut herself from the old moorings and is surely and rapidly drifting down the stream at the mercy of a powerful and irresistible current. For more years than one cares to think of, the policy of drift has been publicly condoned in the church courts. Great praise has been given to Dr. W. P. Paterson for his speech in calling the attention of the Conference to the need of repentance. The learned Professor would have been much more to the point if he had emphasised that repentance should begin with so many of his own colleagues in the theological colleges, with Dr. W. P. Paterson leading them.

Let us now briefly notice a few counts against the Church of Scotland. (1) The treatment given to the Word of God is a serious count against the teachers, theologians and ministers of too many in the Church of Scotland. This is not a charge which is difficult to substantiate for, unfortunately, it is common knowledge to all who have been watching ecclesiastical movements

in Scotland for years past. (2) The glaring way in which the Church connived with the world in practices that ought never to have had its sanction has done more than one can tell of damage to her spiritual life, but as yet there is no sign of recoil from worldly practices. (3) There has been a culpable indifference to the claims of the Christian Sabbath. Concerning the sanctification of God's Day it might be truly said about it, as far as many of the ministers of the Church of Scotland were concerned, what was said about the Church of Laodicea:—"Thou are neither cold nor hot." No doubt, in recent years, the tremendous landslide in Sabbath observance in Scotland, bringing in its train empty pews and indifference to the claims of religion, awakened concern in the minds of many who were very apathetic about their duty of keeping holy the Sabbath Day. These are a few points, out of a great number, that indicate the great need there is in the Church of Scotland for repentance. Our space does not permit us to deal with the speeches delivered at the Conference, but we hope to return to them in a future issue.

(To be continued.)

Half-day Hearers.*

"Let every man be swift to hear" (James i. 19).

A precious faculty is that of hearing, and in a multitude of ways it is a source of delight to us all. Pleasant to us are the sounds even of inanimate nature—of zephyrs that sigh

*This sermon was preached by the Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., New York, and is taken from the *Family Treasury*. It deals with a matter to which the attention of many should be directed. Half-day hearing is a step-brother to non-churchgoing for while we do not consider that attendance on the means of grace is a work of necessity permitting the use of trains, street cars, 'buses, and other vehicles plying for commercial gain on the Sabbath yet we hold that it is the duty of all who are not hindered by ill-health, family duties, or too great a distance from the means of grace to attend on the means set up by God. Half-day hearing is far too common by those who have none of the above excuses. We trust that the pointed remarks in this sermon will appeal to those to whom it makes reference and that they may mend their ways.—Editor.

softly over banks of flowers, of brooks that glide with gentle murmur along their rocky channels, of mighty winds that sweep over forest-crowned mountains, of old ocean pealing forth the gravest notes of the universal anthem. The varied minstrelsy of birds, the hum of bees, the lowing of cattle—nay, even the hoarse baying of the watch-dog, have all, in their several methods and measures, a power and a charm for us. Dearer still are the tones that fall from human lips—the accents of friendship—the utterances of parental love—the voices of children—the notes of “men-singers and women-singers”—the “words that breathe and thoughts that burn” of those who have the gift of a lofty and commanding eloquence. A golden gate, surely, is that of the town of Mansoul which Bunyan has made so prominent in his famous old allegory of the Holy War.

But of all the many sorts of hearing, that which is most important, and which should be most prized by us, is the hearing of “God’s Word.” Large provision has God made for it. An order of men is instituted, a day is appointed, the better to secure this privilege. The noise of business is hushed, its clamorous demands are suspended, a peace typifying that of heaven overspreads the land, that God may speak to man, and that man may listen to God. The shedding of the Saviour’s blood hath secured this boon; blessed memories of Gethsemane and Calvary woo men to the sanctuary. “Swift to hear” men do well to show themselves, when called to listen to words of kindness, to expositions of science, to counsels of human wisdom; but swifter should they be to hear the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. It is not a vain thing for them; it is their life. For “faith cometh by hearing.” It is as they are listening to the tidings of salvation that a conviction that those things are true seizes upon them, deepens within them, overpowers them, and ends in altering their whole character and destiny. Faith begins thus, and thus commonly it springs up towards perfection. It is they only “that be planted in the house of the Lord,” that “shall flourish like the palm-tree,” that “shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.” The most eminent servants of God in

every age have understood this. Their language has been, like that of David—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple."

There is, however, a class of persons in our religious congregations—some of them even within the pale of the membership of the Church—whose temper is obviously of quite an opposite sort. The terms of my statement intimate that they do not utterly forsake the sanctuary; nay, they ordinarily suffer no Sabbath to pass without resorting to it. But their thirst for its privileges seems to be easily slaked; a single service is apt to suffice. They may be properly characterized as *half-day hearers*. Their goodness is too literally "as a morning cloud and as the early dew," or *vice versa*. In respect to either the afternoon or the morning service, they do but illustrate, negatively, the precept of our text. It is of these HALF-DAY HEARERS I propose to discourse.

Yet let me not be supposed to speak without discrimination. Far be it from me to ignore providential hinderances. There are aged persons whose infirmity makes even a single visit to the house of God a great Sabbath labour. Persons of all classes are liable to assaults of disease. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that attacks of this sort should happen so often upon the Sabbath. How are we to account for these hebdomadal visitations? To what occult influence shall we ascribe it, that just as holy time begins, cruel rheumatisms tighten their grasp, and hoarse colds clog the channels of respiration, and crushing headaches settle down upon the brain? Can it be that the god of this world has still some partial power over the bodies of men, and, by a natural exercise of his malignity, makes this the time of his sorest inflictions? Or is the cause to be found in some hidden physical force, some mysterious working of the law of periodicity? If the inquiry is to take this direction, it may well call into exercise the keenest sagacity of the medical faculty. Nor should they overlook the question, to what

peculiar atmospheric or other influence it is owing, that a malady, neglected during the week, is found to be most advantageously treated on the Sabbath-day—that just that day is discovered to be most favourable to the operation of the pills or powders, the tinctures or decoctions, which a particular case is judged to require. We cannot but suspect, however, that the cause sought for lies below the sphere of merely physical agencies; its seat, we fear, is in the province of the spiritual. Yet there are visitations of disease, we know, neither fancied nor welcomed, which must needs keep their subjects from the sanctuary. Some, too, must attend upon the sick, and others must watch over helpless infancy. We utter, in regard to this subject, no sweeping condemnation; nay, we are slow to judge of particular cases; we would ever exercise, in regard to them, that charity which “thinketh no evil,” and which “hopeth all things.” We would be guilty of no rude or impertinent meddling with men’s private affairs; least of all would we trench upon the rights which pertain in this matter to the individual conscience. We speak not of those whose justification is in the limitations of Providence, or in the imperative claims of duty. Let none who on such grounds stand absolved from censure regard this discourse as intended for them; it touches the case of those only who err in heart, who are defaulters from the lack, not of good opportunities, but of right affections. We pass, then, to present, in various aspects, the case of him who, both in heart and habit, merits the appellation of a *half-day hearer*.

I. The half-day hearer *incurs great loss*. The loss is all the greater from the fact that the course he takes is quite in accordance with his inclinations. He who is reluctantly detained from the house of God, is, indeed, deprived of a most valuable privilege; yet, if his heart be there, He whose service he delights in will not leave him unblessed. Partial amends, at least, may be made, in the joys and advantages of private devotion, and in his fervent communion in spirit with the assembled worshippers. No such compensation has the man who is willingly absent from the ministration of the Word. Rather

than curtail the means of grace, he should give them enlargement. Instead of half a Sabbath a-week, he needs the sunshine of two Sabbaths, to warm his frozen heart, to tempt upward the drooping pinions of his faith. Little enough for any one are all the ordinary services of holy time. It is a long eternity, filled with momentous scenes, for which the Sabbath is a preparation. A fearful host of outward enemies have we to contend with—a still more terrible array of inward foes. Often, then, should we resort to that great spiritual armoury, the sanctuary. If the half-day hearer is an unconverted man, our argument assumes a special urgency. In the simple language of one who was always in his place in church, he knows not “when the *saving word* will be preached.” The very sermon he fails to hear may be just that which was particularly suited to his case, which might have removed, under God, the only remaining barrier to his conversion. God dispenses His Spirit as a Sovereign, it is true; but not without regard to the relations and fitnesses of things. Much depends, too, in impressing the heart, upon the repetition of influences—upon keeping the truth continuously before the mind. There must be a succession of drops to wear away the rock; there must be precept upon precept to save the soul. Many a man, we cannot doubt, to whom the afternoon’s discourse would have been as the clinching of the already driven nail, has been kept out of heaven by being kept out of church. The god of this world understands this matter, and has a fiendish delight, unquestionably, in empty seats. The Christian, too, may lose by absence just what he peculiarly needs. It may be the resolving of some obstinate perplexity; or the removal of some overshadowing doubt; or the soothing of some deep wound of sorrow; or the detection of some latent sin; or the guarding of the soul against some specious temptation; or the shedding down of light upon some dimly-discerned path of duty or point of doctrine; or the opening up of a broad vista into the glories of heaven. Every wise pastor has his plans of discourse. He cannot be always preaching on the same theme; and just the service from which

you are needlessly absent, may be the predetermined one, and the only one for a long period, in which he may lay himself out to meet exactly your case. There are, besides, connections between different discourses, and that often when no formal series is either announced or undertaken. As the absence of a pupil at a single lesson unfits him for those that succeed, so he who loses a single sermon may lack a very desirable preparation, both of mind and heart, for whatever is to follow. For thine own sake, then, my brother—to make the most of the priceless privileges of the sanctuary—to guard against losses for which no earthly gains can be equivalent, and which the future can never retrieve—give to God not only a half, but a whole day's service.

II. The man who is willingly a half-day hearer *proclaims the Sabbath a weariness*. The estimation in which a man holds this day of God and its services is an unequivocal indication of his own state and prospects. "A day in thy courts," said David—not *half* a day, observe—"is better than a thousand." A like judgment, as we have already intimated, have holy men of all ages pronounced. Differing widely in other points, they have had little difference in this. By another class, however, quite an opposite view has been taken. It was boldly uttered by some of old. "When will the new moon be gone," they said, "that we may sell corn; and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?" Few now would express themselves so frankly, especially under a profession of piety. Yet does not conduct speak? The Sabbath is not a private, but a public affair. Public worship is its chief and most characteristic service. He who is habitually done with that service when the sun has reached the meridian—who ignores whatever may remain of it—who spends the rest of the day, so far at least as the ministry of the Word is concerned, as if holy time were ended, looks he not coldly on the whole sabbatical ordinance? What can he be understood to mean, but that it is irksome to him—that he would have as little of it as possible—that he is well pleased when it is over? How unlike is he to the man in

whose view all its moments are more precious than the sands of old Pactolus, or of the modern land of gold; and its last sands the most precious of all!

In this weariness of the Sabbath, it is worthy of special note, men declare themselves weary of the gospel message that comes with it. In this direction the example of the half-day attendant is specially eloquent. All over his vacant seat, as the neglected service opens, is written, in most visible characters, "No more of the old pulpit routine—of sin, of ruin, of atonement, of faith, of salvation! Enough, for one day, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of 'the Lamb as it had been slain!' Discourse as the preacher may of the woes of perdition, of the bliss of heaven, of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, it shall have no attraction for me. Let the task of the morning purchase me a welcome release for the rest of the day." Instead of being "swift to hear," such an one, even when he sits in the sanctuary, is little better than a deaf man.

III. Men of this class declare by their conduct, *that mere earthly gratifications are superior to heavenly*. It is the joy which perishes that lures them from the joy divine. I will not speak of those who, having done penance by sitting through the morning sermon, dash by us on a ride of pleasure, not only breaking the Sabbath themselves, but disregarding God's benevolent ordinance touching the brute creation. Some leave their places in God's house vacant, that they may make pleasant calls of friendship; that they may take their fill, while the pressure of business is intermitted, of multifarious gossip. The ruddy glow of the cheerful coal-fire, or the gentle warmth of the summer air, the luxurious lounge, and the pleasant faces of the family group or friendly circle—powerful pleas these last, nay, all these, properly considered, for faithful church-going—may yet, in many cases, be prevalent inducements to an abridgment of that duty. Nor are inferior competitions wanting. The Sabbath, it is alleged, is not a fast-day; it is a joyful occasion, it is a high festival. A festival for the soul it truly is; but some, keeping a brute's Sabbath, make it a feast-day for the

body. On other days, perhaps, such gratifications are omitted, or the time allotted to them curtailed, for all-potent business hinders; but less potent religion does not forbid it on this. The sermon can hardly be too laconic; but for the spreading of the cloth, and the despatching of the several courses, there must be ample time. The church-bell cannot compete with the bell that summons waiting epicureans to their groaning altar. The viands are savoury; it may not be so with the preaching. The material condiments are good; it may possibly be otherwise with the rhetorical. Of the carnal feast, so temptingly spread out, there can be no question; but there is more than a doubt in regard to the gospel feast. It could hardly be expected that swiftness to hear should characterize persons of this description.

IV. The half-day hearer *puts the business of this world above the things of religion*. No half-day work is there, commonly, in the prosecution of secular schemes. The service done for Mammon is no easy forenoon's diversion. It would be a strange thing to see our mechanics leaving their work-shops, and our merchants their counting-rooms, and our professional men their offices, just as the sun begins his daily declination, saying, "The morning hours must suffice for toil and gain." Whole-day workers are the great mass of our citizens. It is no marvel if the evening shades find them still at their post. It is no strange thing if business, in some of its forms, makes long strides towards the "noon of night." We say not this in the way of reprehension. There may, it is true, be excess in secular labours; but there must be diligence. In an age, and especially in a city like this, thrift, we are sure, is not for the man of slack hand. We only insist that the measure of devotedness to religion shall not fall below the prevailing type and standard of worldly efficiency. We only ask that if the secular market-day is to be wholly kept, there should be a like keeping of the market-day of the soul. We only aver that he who improves most faithfully every hour of the former, while a moiety of the latter quite satisfies him—a moiety at least of its most important privileges—gives but too clear an indication of his preference

for the things of earth, and most sadly under-rates the great realities of eternity.

Sickness, as we have said, may cut short Sabbath opportunities. But what if this be the effect of sickness that would not restrain from business? A noble rule is that of some godly men—to be kept from public worship by no ailment which would not keep them from their ordinary employments. There are fierce storms, I know. But what if through them all you make your way to the place of trade, or of amusement, or of social enjoyment? Are storms harder to meet with your faces churchward? Distance may try your fidelity. But does it forbid your stated visits to the scene of worldly occupation? In that regard, as prudent men, you make calculations beforehand. You tolerate no distance which you may not regularly overcome. If we would not by our example disparage divine things, if, in the Scripture sense, we would be “swift to hear,” we must put our Sabbath-keeping, in all these relations, on at least as high a platform as the keeping of our week-days.

V. The conduct of the half-day hearer *has a strong tendency to hinder the cause of Christ.* He harms not himself alone, but many others. He injures those who copy, as some will, the pattern he holds forth. He pours a chilling and discouraging influence on the heart of the preacher. I would you could understand how the spirit of the pastor faints within him, at times, as he gazes upon empty seats—especially if they be seats which he knows have holders, but which are apt to lack occupants. Weary hours, perhaps midnight hours, he has toiled in his study. He has sought, like the “Preacher” of old, “to find out acceptable words,” which shall be “as goads and as nails fastened by the master of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd”—even the gracious Shepherd divine. Hoping for the blessing of God on his message, he enters the pulpit. But, lo, the persons for whose conversion, or for whose growth in grace, he has been led peculiarly to long—persons of the very class to which his discourse is specially suited—are many of them not in their places. He would not think uncharitably of

the absent, yet he cannot but think of them sorrowfully. So far as they are concerned he has laboured in vain; and it is no marvel if the depressing conviction of it should impair somewhat his usefulness to others. Ministers ought, indeed, to be raised by faith above all disheartening influences. Yet they are but men; at the best they have not a seraph's fire. They need the influence of concurrent and enlivening ardours around them. Nothing is so great a help to them, short of the grace of God, as swiftness to hear. Scarcely anything is so like mountains of ice upon them as vacant seats.

Nor is the unhappy influence upon the preacher alone. It is matter of common observation, that feeling, other things being equal, is likely to be deepest when the greatest number of persons are present. The reason of this fact it is not difficult to state; it comes of the natural play and interchange of human sympathies. Fully and felicitously has Archbishop Whately elucidated this point. "Almost any one," he says, "is aware of the *infectious* nature of any emotion excited in a large assembly. It may be compared to the increase of sounds by a number of echoes, or of light by a number of mirrors, or to the blaze of a heap of firebrands, each of which would speedily have gone out if kindled separately; but which, when thrown together, help to kindle each other." What then, I ask, if half the echoing crags are taken away, or a large part of the mirrors are wanting, or a considerable number of the firebrands are removed? Of sound, light, heat, there must be a proportional diminution. Just so must feeling be diminished, if, while the case in other respects remains the same, you diminish the number of those who are expected to feel. Especially is this the fact if hearers are absent whose presence was looked for. The heart is chilled the more by force of contrast, and the feeling of disappointment. Let it never be forgotten, then, by him who is needlessly away from his place in the sanctuary, that as surely as the abstraction of fuel from the furnace below us tends to throw a wintry influence over our physical frames, so surely does his lack of attendance conduce to a moral frigidity in those who are present. The

laws of mind in this regard are settled and immutable. I need only suggest, in addition to all this, the reproach cast upon a particular congregation, in the eyes of strangers at least, by empty pews and a sparse audience—the reproach upon its ministry, its brotherhood, its office-bearers, its private members—upon all that pertains to it.

VI. I remark, finally, it is the saddest fact in the history of the half-day hearer, that *he dishonours God*. It is the temple of the Most High from which he turns away. It is the ministry of the divine Redeemer he so lightly esteems. It is the blessed day of God, the day which commemorated at first the work of creation, and which commemorates now the greater work of redemption, he so grudgingly regards. Of all days, the Sabbath is fullest of God—it is ever, in a spiritual sense,

“The bridal of the earth and sky.”

It is the grand audience-day of the King of kings. Of all its privileges, none bear more clearly the seal of Jehovah, none are more fragrant with the love of Immanuel, than the services of the sanctuary. It is not merely because the half-day attendant harms his own soul, and the souls of the people, while he fills with sadness the heart of his pastor, that we would urge upon him the injunction of our text. It is because his Maker calls for his homage, and will not hold him guiltless if he but sparingly renders it. “I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts.” “Them that honour me, I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.”

It is matter of thankfulness that there are so many to whom these words will serve no other purpose than that of cautioning them against a bad habit which they have not contracted. Even in their case, however, it will be no lost labour to magnify, as we have now done, the blessed ordinances of the Sabbath. Let the young, in this respect, form their habits aright. Let us all see to it that ours be no half-hearted or half-completed observance of those ordinances. As, on the day of God, the New Jerusalem, cometh down to us, its pearly gates glittering in our view, its seraphic symphonies floating around us, let us

be eager to gaze, let us be "swift to hear." Instead of wishing to shorten holy time, or to abridge its privileges, let us be waiting and longing, rather, for its lapse into the everlasting Sabbath.

A Letter by Alexander Gair.*

REISQILL, September, 1822. My Dear Friend, I am sure you have heard how the Lord hath been pleased to write bitter things to me upon the 11th day of September, a day of grief, and sorrow to me indeed, but the Lord Himself hath done it. Many a bitter cup have I got since 24 years but this is Marah water indeed. I do not say that a sorer stroke could not be; no, no. God forbid. However, I may say that it has reached my marrow. It is long since my lot was in the 88th Psalm, both outwardly and inwardly, and this dispensation brought me forward to the last three verses. I may say "Men's hopes are vain, their sorrows certain, and their joy feigned, our wine mixed with water, our honey with gall, our sugar with wormwood, and our roses with prickles." Well might I call this world a sea of glass for the troubles, and the brittleness of it. Trivial flowers surrounded with many thorns, this world is nothing at all, but Christ is all and all; and He has supported me a poor barren branch in His own vineyard. Suppose though He cast me down with one hand, He upholds me with the other. Ever blessed be His name for it. My wound is deep, but His wounds are sweet. But, oh! my withered hand, and unbelieving heart. I am sure my stroke is heavy, but it might be heavier if He were to mark iniquity. If the loving and sweet Branch Jesus were put in my Marah water, there would be no outcasts¹ betwixt us, and I would make Him very

*This affecting letter was written after the loss of his son-in-law and two sons by drowning.—Editor.

¹ Disputes,

welcome to the two sweet flowers He hath plucked out of my breast and they were that to me in my weak and decayed frame of body. I may call their death a Benoni to me, but I am clear to call it a Benjamin to them. Suppose though my son Robert is tossed in the womb of the raging sea I believe his soul is at its eternal rest, and endless happiness. I never saw three pleasanter young plants, than Robert Gair, Donald Bain, and Donald Ferguson or my lawful and dear son from his birth. To all he was mild and affectionate in his sweet disposition, and to me, the poor man now, is the burden heavy that he bore for me since he was twelve years of age. He had care of the family.

I am not able to add more, my son Donald Bain, was to me beyond what I can express in words, and Donald Ferguson. They were lovely in their life, united in mutual love, on land, and embraced in one another's arms till the raging waves made a separation. To me their love was beyond the love of women. Pray you for the poor young widow, my daughter, I brought her to my house with the child. My poor wife is wonderfully supported, but, oh! how flat and low this has brought her. Remember me to my friends at G. without exception.

Dear Brother I got your breath near and sweet to me since my last trial came upon me. Will you write me when you can. You'll find me in 109th Psalm, 22-24 verses. Accept of this confused mite presented to you from a poor and despised friend, Alexander Gair.

“Give Glory to God.”

By RALPH ERSKINE.

GIVE glory to God by living by faith upon the Son of God; you cannot glorify God, if you do not glorify Christ: “He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him” (John v., 23). O then, sirs, give Christ the glory of His name and offices. (1) Give Christ the glory of

His name by making His name your strong-tower. Give Him the glory of His name, Jesus, by looking to Him for salvation. Give Him the glory of His name, Christ, the Anointed, by looking to Him for the Spirit, the anointing. Give Him the glory of His name, the Sun of Righteousness, by praying Him to arise on you with healing in His wings. Give Him the glory of His name, the Resurrection and the Life, by looking to Him for life to your dead soul. (2) Give Him the glory of His offices. A man in his office reckons it His honour to be employed, much employed. O, then, sirs, give Christ the glory of His prophetic office, by employing Him to teach you, and to dispel the darkness of your mind. Give Him glory as a Priest, by employing Him to pardon you, and wash you in His blood. Give Him glory as a King, by employing Him to subdue all your iniquities, mortify all your corruptions, and destroy all your spiritual enemies. Give Him glory as a Physician, by employing Him to heal all your diseases. Give Him glory as a Captain by employing Him to fight all your battles. Give Him glory as a Treasurer by employing Him to supply all your wants out of His fulness. Give Him glory as an Agent, by employing Him to do all your works for you and in you, saying with the Psalmist, "Do Thou for me, for thy name sake," and again; "I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me" (Psalm lvii., 2). If you cannot believe, nor employ Him, will you give Him the glory as the Author of faith, by pleading that He may come and take employment, and work faith in you. Give Him the glory of His drawing grace, saying, "Lord, draw me, and I will run; turn me, and I shall be turned." Remember, you are called to give Him glory before He cause darkness. Darkness will come, whether you will or not, the darkness of distress, the darkness of a sick-bed, or a death-bed, the darkness of death itself, the darkness of a judgment-day. If you would have darkness to be light before you, O sirs, "Give Him glory, before He cause darkness." O seek to be regenerate, for you cannot please God while you are in the flesh. "Who can gather grapes of

thorns?" Seek acquaintance with Christ, and union to Him; you cannot glorify God but in Christ: be acquainted with the rule whereby we glorify God, and enjoy Him. Seek to have the Word hid in your heart, and particularly to be well acquainted with the Gospel Covenant; plead the promises thereof; "for the promises of God are yea, and amen, in Christ, to the glory of God" (II. Cor. i. 20).

Murmuring: A Story for Mothers.

I WAS tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. I had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a bit of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. I'd rather be in prison, I said one day, than have my life teased out so, as Jamie knocked my elbow when I was writing to a friend. But a moment came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room; when Jamie's little crib was put away into the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By and by he was singing in another room:—

"I want to be an angel,"

and presently rang out that metallic cough. I never hear those words since, that it doesn't cut me to the heart, for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse toward night, when my husband came home and went for a doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup and was soon over. "I ought to have been called sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash dishes now; and when a visitor comes I can sit down and entertain her without having to work

all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table, just as I have them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary, worn mothers to me. But my life is as weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my parlour at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the hissing coal fire, or made rabbits with the shadows on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa's coming home. I have the wealth and ease I once longed for, but at what price? And when I see other mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church; and my hair silvered over with grey, I think what might have been had I murmured less at the providence of God. Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt disposed to say with the writer, I will be more patient with my little ones—I will murmur less.—*Home Magazine.*

Mr. Alexander Macfarlane, Oban

(formerly of Raasay).

IN the passing away of Mr. Alexander Macfarlane, Oban, formerly schoolmaster at Raasay, the Free Presbyterian Church lost one of its outstanding office-bearers. Though he did not leave home much he was well known to many in our Church through his residence at various places—Raasay, Inverness, Rogart, Lairg and Oban. In all these places he left a fragrant memory. Comely in appearance he was also adorned with a beautiful Christian character. He lived a most exemplary life and was an epistle known and read of all men. Naturally of a retiring and reticent disposition nevertheless he never hesitated to come to the front battle line when the interests of the cause of truth

demanded it. He was a member of the first Presbytery of our Church and his name appears as one of the signatories of the Deed of Separation. He was the last survivor of those who were members of that Presbytery—the others being Rev. Donald Macdonald, Shildaig, and Rev. Donald Macfarlane, Raasay.

Alexander Macfarlane was born at Laxay, in the parish of Lochs, Lewis, on the 26th day of July, 1842. He was baptised by the Rev. Robert Finlayson, of whom he had many interesting stories to tell as told him, no doubt, by his father as well as by others. His parents were God-fearing—his father being the lay-missionary in that district previous to the Disruption. We are of the impression that Donald Macfarlane was a missionary in Jura before going for a few years to the parish of Lochs, and returned to Jura where the subject of this sketch was for the main part brought up. He was the youngest of three of a family—his elder brother, who was a teacher, dying in the Little Lochbroom district, where he lies buried.

As a young man Alexander went to Edinburgh to study at the Moray House Training College, and became a teacher for a period at Portree, then at Braes, and finally at Raasay, where he laboured for over forty years.

When residing in Portree, the subject of our sketch had the high privilege of hearing repeatedly the Rev. Roderick Macleod, of Snizort, and the Rev. Alexander MacColl, of Duirinish, latterly of Lochalsh. It may be remarked that the friendship between Mr. MacColl and himself was a mutual one and enjoyed by him to the end of Mr. MacColl's life. He was heard to say that he seldom, if ever, sat under one of these older ministers who had such an influence upon one. The time passed so rapidly when he was preaching that one wondered why he finished so soon. One text of Mr. MacColl's which he referred to was I. Cor., ii. 9. Mr. MacColl took it up and applied it to the state of matters in the Free Church. Mr. Macfarlane took great interest in the steps which led eventually to the passing of the Declaratory Act, whereby the Free Church lost its identity through change in her Constitution,

although, extracts of letters from an eminently godly school-master in Jura, of the name of Mr. Dugald Taylor, need not be given, yet they show that they were for years on the alert as to the movements taking place. Mr. Taylor was indeed in favour of agitating for a separation if Professor Robertson Smith was not faithfully dealt with. In 1893, however, the separation came. The Free Presbyterian Church carried on as formerly, in the good providence of God. He suffered for his convictions and actions, but that was no matter of regret to him. Indeed, in due course, the Lord caused exceeding kindness in providence to pass before him. We may add, as one might expect, that the Bible-lesson and Shorter Catechism received no second place in the school work. Probably many generations of pupils received their school instruction in the Word under him, and may it be that many of them may remember what was taught them for their spiritual and eternal benefit.

He had many useful and instructive stories to tell and edifying remarks to relate concerning Rev. John Macrae (*Macrath Mòr*), Rev. Francis Macbean, Fort Augustus, and Rev. Malcolm Macritchie, of Knapdale (afterwards of Strathyn and Knock, Lewis), among others.

He was not without his trials from within and without, but being of an exceptionally reticent nature, one might not hear anything of them, or, if at all, mainly when he felt relief had been granted. He did not conceal the blessing and joy granted him on the Sabbath day of an Oban Communion season some years ago. That joy continued generally until the close. By the way he spoke of Psalm ciii, especially the first five or six verses, and Ps. lxxiii., from verse 23 onwards, he was evidently standing in a large room. There were other portions marked in his Bible which he re-marked, before loss of memory and failure of strength came on, were made precious to his soul. He continually remembered in his prayers the Church at home and abroad. When memory failed in other things, he would be enlivened by reference being made to the "Strong One, the Chosen One raised out of the people." The earthly house of

this tabernacle was rapidly coming down for some time before the end. On the last Sabbath of the first month of 1930, he entered into the city where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick—the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

Those who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Macfarlane in his home will not readily forget the warm way he welcomed his friends. His cheerful, bright smile shed a ray of light in the home and his fund of stories about well-known ministers and "men" were of the most interesting kind. He had a trained and orderly mind, and it was well stored with gleanings from a wide field of reading of select Christian authors, and from a wide circle of the Lord's people with whom he came into contact. He was a lover of good men and delighted in the company of the Lord's people. As a speaker at the "Question" Meeting, and on other occasions, he was listened to with rapt attention. The winsome way in which the truth was presented and the beautiful orderliness of the discourse with the unction which accompanied the delivery, arrested the attention of the hearers. In the passing away of Alexander Macfarlane the Free Presbyterian Church is the poorer, and the cause of Christ has lost one who prayed unfeignedly for the extension of that Kingdom which is without end.

We extend to his two daughters and his son, Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, Dingwall (to whom we are indebted for the biographical details of this sketch), our sincerest sympathy in the removal of a beloved and loving father.

Jesus is Alpha, and there is no letter before Alpha; Jesus is the Way, and there is no way to the Way; and if there be a door, Christ Himself is the Door—and the Door is open.
—*Adolph Saphir.*

I forgot when I began to study to-day to crave help from God, and the chariot wheels dragged accordingly.—*Philip Henry.*

Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir Fillte.

MU THRUAILLIDHEACHD NA TUIGSE.

(Continued from page 313.)

San àite mu dheireadh, Tha'n toil neo-nuadhaichte gu h-iomlan fiar a thaobh crìch mhoir agus àraidh an duine. Cha'n i crìoch araidh an duine nadurra a Dhia, ach e féin. Tha'n duine 'na bhith a ta a mhain ann an crochadh agus ann an daimh ri bith eile: cha'n 'eil bith no maitheas a thaobh naduir aige, uaithe féin: ach gach ni a th' aige, is ann o Dhia a ta e, mar cheud aobhar, agus tobar gach uile iomlaineachd, nadurra no spioradail; tha e air fhilleadh 'na cheart nadur a bhi an crochadh ri bith eile, air chor as nan tarruingeadh Dia air ais uaithe, gu'n seargadh e gu neo-ni. A dh' fhaicinn, uime sin, eiod sam bith a ta ann an duine, gur ann uaithe-san a ta e; 's cinnteach gu'm bu choir dha bhi air a shon-san anns gach ni a ta e deanamh mar tha na h-uisgeachan a ta teachd o'n fhairge, a' deanamh, tha iad a' tionndadh gu nadurra d' a h-ionnsuidh a rìs. Agus mar so bha'n duine air a chruthachadh, ag amharc ri Dia, mar 'ard-chrìoch: ach air dha tuiteam gu peacadh, thuit e air falbh o Dhia, agus thionndadh e d'a ionnsuidh féin; agus cosmhuil ri fear-brathaidh a' glacadh na rìgh-chainnreach, tha e cruinneachadh màil, a chrùn d'a ionnsuidh féin. A nis tha so a' nochdadh làn chlaonadh, agus truailidheachd iomlan anns an duine; oir far am bheil a' chrìoch àraidh agus dheireannach air an atharrachadh cha'n fheud maitheas a bhi 'n sin. 'Se so cor nan uile a dhaoine, 'nan staid maitheas a bhi 'n sin. 'Se so cor nan uile a dhaoine, 'nan staid naduir, Salm xiv. 2, 3. "Dh' amhaire an Tighearn a nuas a dh' fheuchainn an robh neach ann a bha 'g iarraidh Dhé. Chlaon iad uile; (sin ri ràdh, o Dhia; cha'n 'eil iad ag iarraidh Dhé, ach iad féin: agus ged tha iomadh fuigheall maith do dheadh bheusan ri fhaotainn 'nam measg, gidheadh,) Cha'n 'eil neach ann a ni maith, cha'n 'eil cadhon aon." Oir, ged tha cuid diubh a' ruith gu maith, tha iad fathast bharr na slighe; cha'n 'eil iad ag a cuimseachadh ris a' chomhara cheart: "Tha iad féin-speiseil," (2 Tim. iii. 2,) tuilleadh graidh aca dhoibh féin "na ta aca do Dhia," rann 4. Uime sin, air do Iosa Criosd teachd a dh'

ionnsuidh an t-saoghail, a thabhairt dhaoine air an ais a rìs a dh' ionnsuidh Dhé, thainig e gan toirt a mach asda féin sa' cheud àit, Mata xvi. 25. Tha na daoine diadhaidh ag osnaich fuidh fhuigheall gne oillteil so-a' chridhe; tha iad 'ga aideachadh, agus 'gan cur féin 'na aghaidh, 'na uile mhealltaireachd agus carthachd chunnartach. Tha na daoine neo-iompaichte, ged tha iad ro neo-mhothachail uime, fuidh a chumhachd; agus eiod sam bith taobh a tha iad 'gan tionndadh féin, cha'n urrainn iad dol a mach á cuairt na féin: tha iad 'gan iarraidh féin tha iad ag oibreachadh air an son féin; tha'n gnìomhara nadurra, saoghalta agus beusach, eiod air bith tobar o'm bheil iad a' sruthadh, a' ruith a dh' ionnsuidh, agus a' coinneachadh, ann an cuan marbh na *féin*.

Tha chuid a's mò do dhaoine eo fada o bli a' deanamh Dhia na àrd-chrìoch dhoibh, 'nan gnìomharaibh nadurra agus beusach, is nach 'eil Dia idir 'nan smuaintibh. Tha'n ithe agus an òl, agus an leithide sin do ghniomhara nadurra, air an son féin, gun suil ri crìoch a's àirde. Sech. vii. 6. "Nach d'ith sibh air bhur son féin?" Cha'n 'eil suil aca ri glòir Dhé anns na nithibh sin mar bu choir dhoibh, 1 Cor. x. 31. Cha'n 'eil iad ag itheadh agus ag òl, a chumail suas an cuirp air son seirbhis an Tighearna, cha'n 'eil iad 'gan deanamh a chionn gu'n dubhairt an Tighearna na dean mortadh. Cha mhò a ta na boinnean sin do mhillseachd a tha'n Tighearna a' cur sa' chreutair, a' togail an anama a dh' ionnsuidh a' chuain sin do thoilinntinn a ta anns a' Chruithear, ged tha iad mar chomhara air a chur suas aig dorus nèimh, a dh' innseadh do dhaoine mu'n lanachd maitheis a ta ann an Dia féin. Gnìomh. xiv. 17. Ach is e *féin*, agus cha'n e Dia, a ta air iarraidh le daoine nadurra annta. Agus eiod iad gnìomhara beusach an duine neo-iompaichte, ann an ceannachd, ann an reic, no ann an obair, ach toradh dha féin? Hos. x. 1. Mar sin bha pòsadh, agus tabhairt ann an pòsadh, air a mheas am measg pheàcanna an t-sean saoghail, (Mat. xxiv. 38.) oir cha robh suil aca ri Dia annta sin, gu esan a thoileachadh, ach 'se na bh' aca 'nam beachd, iad féin a thoileachadh, Gen. vi. 3. Fadheoidh, is e *féin* crìoch mhor dhaoine nadurra,, 'nan gnìomharaibh erabhaidh: *féin* crìoch mhor dhaoine nadurra, 'nan gnìomharaibh erabhaidh:

tha iad a' deanamh dhleasdanaidh air son ainme, (Mata vi. 1, 2,) no air son buannachd eigin shaoghalta, Eoin vi. 26. No, ma tha iad ni's suairee, is e'n sìth, agus air a' chuid is mò, iad a bhi air an saoradh o ifrinn agus fearg, no an sonas sìorruidh féin, a' chrìoch is mò agus is àirde th'aca, Mata xix. 16—22. Tha'n suilean air an cumail, air chor as nach 'eil iad a' faicinn glòir Dhé. Tha iad gun teagamh ag iarraidh Dhé, ach cha'n ann air a shon-san, ach air an son féin. Cha'n 'eil iad idir 'ga iarraidh ach air son am maith féin; mar sin tha'm beatha uile air fhigheadh ann an aon deilbh do ghnath-thoibheum; a' deanamh Dhia 'na mheadhon, agus féin mar chrìoch, seadh, mar árd-chrìoch dhoibh.

Agus mar so thug mi dhuibh sealladh ann an tomhas air toil an duine, 'na staid naduir, air a tharruing o'n Sgrìobtur agus o fhiosrachadh dhaoine féin. Na h-abair ris á so suas Naomi, ach Marah; oir is searbh e, agus is freumh searbhachd e. Na h-abair ris ni's mò, saor-thoil, ach ana-miann traileil; saor gu ole, ach saor o mhaith, gus an dean gràs an ath-nuadhachaidh cuibhrichean na h-aingidheachd fhuasgladh. A nis, a chionn gu bheil gach ni clì, agus nach urrainn ni bhi ceart, far am bheil an tuigse agus an toil co truailidh, bithidh mi aithghearr anns na nithibh a leanas, a ta ann an ordugh a' co-leantuinn truailidheachd ard-bhuaghan so an anama.

Truailidheachd nan Aignidhean, na coguis, agus na Cuimhne an corp na fhear co-pairt do'n truailidheachd so.

III. Tha na h-aignidhean air an truailleadh. Tha aignidhean an duine neo-iompaichte gu h-uile as an ordugh agus as an riaghailt: Tha iad mar an t-cach neo-cheannsaichte, an dara cuid nach gabh r'a mharcach, no a ruitheas gu teann air falbh leis. Mar so tha eridhe an duine, gu nadurra, 'na mhathair do ghraineileachd, Marc. viii. 21, 22. "Oir is ann o'n taobh a stigh, á eridhe dhaoine, a thig a mach droch smuaintean, adhaltrannas, striopachas, mortadh, goid, sannt." Tha aignidhean an duine nadurra gu truagh as an riaghailt: Is uilbheist spioradail e! Tha 'chridhe far am bu choir d'a chosan a bhi suidhichte air an talamh! Tha 'shailtean air an togail suas an aghaidh neimh, an

t' àite am bu choir d'a chridhe a bhi air a shoerachadh! Gníomh. ix. 5. Tha aghaidh ri ifrinn, tha chul ri neamh! agus, uime sin, tha Dia a' gairm air tionndadh. Tha e gràdhachadh an ni bu choir dha fhuathachadh, agus a' fuathachadh an ni bu choir dha ghràdhachadh! a' deanamh aoibhneis anns an ni bu choir bròn a chur air, agus ri bron air son an ni bu choir aoibhneas a chur air! a' deanamh uail 'na naire, agus fo naire d'a aobhar uail; a gràineachadh an ni bu choir dha iarraidh, agus ag iarraidh an ni bu choir dha ghraineachadh! Gnath-fhocal ii. 13—15. Tha iad gun amharus ag amas a' chomhara, (mar a rinn Caiaphas ann an cùis eile) a ghlaodh a mach ris na h-Abstoil mar dhaoine “a thionndaidh an saoghal bun os ceann,” (Gníomh. xvii. 6.) oir is i sin an obair a th' aig an t-soisgeul anns an t-saoghal, far an do chuir peacadh na h-uile ni as a riaghailt, air chor as gu bheil neamh a' luidhe gu h-ìosal agus an talamh os a cheann. Ma tha aignidhean an duine nadurra dol an deigh cuspairean laghail, an sin tha iad an dara cuid ro-làidir no ro-lag. Tha aig toilinntinne laghail an t-saoghail, air uairibh, tuilleadh is beag, ach air a' chuid mhoir tuilleadh 'sa choir dhiubh; an dara cuid, cha'n fhaigh iad an coir, no ma gheibh, is tomhas e, a ta air a gheinneadh, agus a' cur thairis! Tha aig nithe spioradail do ghnath ro bheag dhiubh. Ann an aon fhocal, tha iad do ghnàth beag no mor: cha'n 'eil iad idir ceart, tha iad a mhain ole! A nis, tha ann an so cord tri-fille an aghaidh neimh, agus naombachd, nach 'eil furasd a bhriseadh; “duine dall, toil cheannaireach, agus aignidhean mi-riaghailteach neo-shuidhichte.” Tha'n inntinn air a h-at le féin speis, ag radh, nach bu choir do'n duine strìochdadh; air do'n toil a bhi an aghaidh toil Dhé, tha i ag radh nach aill leis a dheanamh; agus tha na h-aignidhean truailidh ag eirigh an aghaidh an Tighearn, a dhion na toill thruailidh ag radh, cha dean se e. Mar so tha'n creutair bochd a' seasamh a mach an aghaidh Dhé agus maitheis; gus am bheil là do chumbachd ag teachd, anns am bheil e air a dheanamh 'na chreutair nuadh.

IV. Tha 'choguis air o truailleadh agus air a salachadh. Tit. i. 15. Is droch shuil i, a ta lionadh caithe-beatha neach le moran

dorchadais, agus aimhreite, air dhi bhi gu nadurra neo-chomasach air a h-obair a dheanamh, gus am bheil an Tighearna le solus nuadh a leigeadh a stigh air anam, a' dusgadh na coguis, tha i mairsinn codaltach agus neo-ghnìomhaich. Cha'n urrainn a' choguis gu bràth a h-obair a dheanamh, ach a reir an t-soluis a ta aice gu oibreachadh leis. Uime sin, do bhrìgh nach urrainn an duine nàdurra nithe spioradail a thuigsinn, air mhodh spioradail, (1 Cor. ii. 14.) tha 'choguis gu nadurra, gun fheum anns a' phuine sin; air dhi bhi air a cur na leithid do throm-chodal, as nach 'eil ni sam bith, ach soillseachadh slàinteil o'n Tighearna, is urrainn a cur gu oibreachadh anns an ni sin. Tha solus na coguis nadurra ann am maith agus ann an òle, ann am peacadh agus ann an dleasdanas, ro dhòrach: Uime sin ged a dh' fheudas i achmhasan a thoirt air son pheacanna garbh, gidheadh, do thaobh oibreachaidh diomhair a' pheacaidh, cha'n urrainn i achmhasan a thabhairt, do bhrìgh nach 'eil i 'g an tuigsinn. Mar so leumaidh coguis an aghaidh moran, ma bhitheas iad aig àm sam bith air mhisg, ri mionnachadh, a' dìchuimhneachadh urnuigh, no ma bhios iad ciontach ann am peacadh garbh sam bith; muinntir aig am bheil, air dhoigh eile, sìth shoerach, ged a tha iad a' caitheadh am beatha an am peacadh a mhi-chreidimh, 'nan coigrich do aoradh spioradail, agus do bheatha a' chreidimh. Agus air do'n t-solus nadurra a bhi ach fànn agus lag, ann am moran do nithibh gus am bheil e a' ruigheachd, tha 'choguis, anns a' chor sin a bualadh mar ghreim ann am eliadhaich neach, a ta gu h-ealamh a' dol air falbh; tha a brosnachadh gu dleasdanas, agus a h-achmhasan air son peacaidh, agus a strì 'na aghaidh ro fhann, ni a ta'n duine nadurra a' faighinn gu furasda thairis. Ach do bhrìgh gu bheil solus mearachdach anns an inntinn dhòrach, air do'n choguis nadurra bhi leantuinn an t-soluis sin, their i "òle ri maith, agus maith ri òle," Isa. v. 20. Agus mar sin tha i gu tric cosmhuil ri each dall anmeineach, a tha gu dian ga thilgeadh féin agus a mhareach sìos agus gach ni a tha teachd 'na rathad! Eoin xvi. 2. "Ge b'e neach a mharbhas sibh, saoilidh e gu bheil e deanamh seirbhis do Dhia." An uair a tha 'choguis nadurra air

a dusgadh le Spiorad a' mhothachaidh, tha i gun amharus buaireasach agus beucach agus cuiridh i an duine gu iomgain eagalach! tha i gu h-uamhasach a' gairm uile chumhachdan an anama g' a cuideachadh 'na teinn! a' thoirt air a chridhe rag criotmachadh, agus air na gluibh lubadh! a cur nan sul a ghul, an teangadh a dh' aidmheil; agus a' toirt air an duine a mhaoin a thildheadh a mach do'n fhairge, nithe a tha esan a' meas a tha cur long an anama fodha, ged tha'n cridhe fathast a' dol 'nan deigh. Ach, gidheadh, is droch coguis i, a ta gu nadurra a' treòrachadh gu an-dochas; agus ni i sin gu h-eifeachdach, mar ann an cor Iudais; mur 'eil aon chuid ana-mianna a' buadhachadh orra, g'a cur 'na codal, mar ann an cor Fhelies, (Gnìomh. xxiv. 25.) no fuil Chriosd a' buadhachadh g'a crath-ghlanadh o oibribh marbha, mar ann an cor gach uile ata air fhior-iompachadh, Eabh. ix. 14. agus x. 22.

San àite nù dheireadh, Tha eadhon a' chuimhne a' giulan comharan soilleir air an truaillidheachd so. Ni a ta maith agus luachmhor a bhi air a chuimhneachadh, mar nach 'eil e ach a' gabhail greim lag, tha e gu h-ullamh a' falbh; tha a chuimhne mar shoitheach eu-dionach a' leigeadh leis ruith a mach, Eabh. ii. 1. Mar chriathar a tha làn, 'nuair a tha e san uisge, a leigeas na h-uile ni as an uair a ta e air a thoirt a mach; mar sin tha chuimhne, do thaobh nithe spioradail. Ach cia co-ullamh 'sa ghleidheas i an ni bu chor dhi a dhichuimhneachadh? Tha nithe ole a' teachd o stigh orra air chor as ged bu mhaith le daoine an cumail as an inntinn, gidheadh gu bheil iad a' dlùth-leantuinn rithe mar ghlaodh! Ciod air bith co dì-chuimhneach as a tha daoine ann an nithibh eile, is cruaidh leo an eucoir a dheanadh neach orr' a dhì-chuimhneachadh. Mar sin tha chuimhne gu tric a' fadadh teine ùr ri seana mhiannaibh; tha i tabhairt air daoine 'nan sean aois, a bhi ag ath-dheanamh peacaidh an òige, am feadh a ta i a ris g' an cur fa chomhair na h-inntinn le tlachd, leis am bheil iad ag imlich a suas an sean sgeith. Agus mar so tha i cosmhuil ris an ridail, a leigeas troimpe an siol fallain, agus a chumas na siolainnean. An fhad so mu thruaillidheachd an anama.

Tha'n corp féin, mar an ceudna, na fhear co-pairt do'n truailidheachd agus do'n t-salachar so, co fhad as a tha e an comas do. Time sin, tha'n Sgriobtur a' gairm dheth feoil pheacach, Rom. viii. 3. Feudaidh sinn so a thoirt fa'near ann an dà ni. (1.) Tha gne-madurra, no mar is fearr a dh' fheudar a radh, mi-ghnè cuirp chloinn Adhaimh, mar is gnè i a dh' fhàg am peacadh gin ann, mar sin tha aomadh dhasach anns a' chorp gu peacadh, tha e brosnachadh, gu peacadh, a' treòrachadh an anama gu ribeachan, seadh, tha e féin 'na ribe do'n anam. Tha'n corp 'na chreutair fiadhaich, 'na leithid do mhiotailte, is mur bi e air a phronnadh sìos, air a chumail fuidh smachd, agus air a throm-bhualladh, gu'n tilg e ann t-anam gu moran peacaidh agus truaighe, 1 Cor. ix. 27. Tha graineileachd anns a' chorp. (Philip. iii. 21.) nach bi air atharrachadh a thaobh na naomh, gus an leaghar sìos ann an uaigh e, agus gus am bi e air a chur gu cumadh ùr, aig an aiseirigh gu teachd a mach 'na chorp Spioradail; agus cha bhi e gu bràth air a thoirt air falbh o chuirp 'na muinntir sin nach 'eil 'nan luchd co-pairt do aiseirigh na beatha. (2.) Tha'n corp a' seirbhiseachadh an anama ann am moran pheacanna. Tha 'bhuilt 'nan airm-chogaidh, no nan inneil eucoir, leis am bheil daoine a' cogadh an aghaidh Dhé, Rom. vi. 1. Tha na suilean agus na cluasan 'nan dorsan fosgailte, tre am bheil miannan neo-ghlan agus iarrtuis pheacach a' teachd a steach do'n anam: "Is saoghal do aingidheachd an teanga," Seum. iii. 6. "Is ole do-chasgaidh i, lan do nimh marbhtach," rann 9. Leis an teangaidh, tha'n cridhe neo-ghlan a' brùchdadh a mach mòran d'a shalachar. Is "uaigh fhosgailte an seornach," Rom. iii. 19. Tha na cosan a' ruith air gnothaichean an diabhuil, rann 15. Tha 'bhru air a deanamh 'na dia, (Philip. iii. 19.) cha'n ann a mhain le misgeirean agus luchd ana-caithidh, ach leis na h-uile duine nadurra, Sech. vii. 6. Mar sin tha'n corp, gu nadurra, 'na fhear-oibre do'n diabhl; agus 'na thigh-stoir-airm an aghaidh an Tighearna!

Gu co-dhunadh, Tha'n duine, a thaobh naduir, gu h-uile air a thruailleadh: "O bhonn na coise, eadhon gu ruig an ceann, cha'n 'eil fallaineachd ann." Agus, mar anns an otrach, tha na h-uile

ni a ta ann a' cuideachadh gus an iomlan a thruailleadh; mar sin tha'n duine nadurra, fhad 'sa tha e san staid sin, a' fàs do ghnath ni's miosa agus ni's miosa. Tha'n t-anam air a dheanamh ni's miosa leis a' chorp, agus an corp leis an anam; agus tha uile bhuaghan an anama a' cuideachadh gu aon a cheile a thruailleadh ni's mò agus ni's mò. An urrad so mu'n dara ceann choitchionn.

San treas àite, Nochdaidh mi mar a tha nadur an duine air teachd mar so gu bhi air a thruailleadh. Dh' aithnich na cinnich, gu'n robh nadur an duine air a thruailleadh; ach cha b'urrainn iad innseadh cionnus a thainig am peacadh a steach. Ach tha'n Sgriobtur ro shoilleir' air a' cheann sin, Rom. v. 12. "Tre aon duine, thainig peacadh a steach do'n t-saoghal," rann 19. "Trid eas-umhlachd aoin duine, rinneadh moran 'nam peacaich." Thruaill peacadh Adhaimh nadur an duine, agus ghoirtich e am meall do'n chinne-daoine uile. Lobh sinn uile ann an Adhamh, mar ar freumh. Thainig an nimhe steach do'n fhreumh, agus mar sin dh'fhàs na geugan nimheil. Dh' fhàs an fhionain 'na fionain Shodoim, agus dh' fhàs 'na fion-dhearean 'nan domblas. Rinneadh Adhamh, le 'pheacadh, cha'n e mhain ciontach, ach truailidh; agus mar sin thug e nuas cionta agus truailidheachd d'a shliochd, Gen. v. 3.; Iob xiv. 4. Le 'pheacadh, ruisg se e féin d'a cheud fhireantachd, agus thruaill se e féin; bha sinn annsan, uar ar ceann coimheangail, air dha bhi 'na cheann-umhlachd air arson ann an coimheangail, 'nan oibribh; bha sinn annsan mar shiol, mar ar ceann nadurra; uime sin thuit sinn ann, agus le eas-umhlachd-san rinneadh sinne 'nar peacaich, mar Lebhi ann an leasraibh Abraham a dh' ioc an deachamh, Eabh. vii. 9, 10. Tha a' cheud pheacadh-san air a mheas dhuinne; uime sin tha sinne gu ceart air ar fagail fuidh easbhuidh a cheud-fhireantachdsan, ni air dhi a bhi air a tabhairt dhasan mar ar ceann coitchionn, a thilgeadh dheth le pheacadh; agus uaithe so, tha tsuailidheachd naduir an duine gu h-iomlan annsan agus annainne a' scruthadh; air do fhireantachd agus truailidheachd a bhi 'nan dà ni a ta'n aghaidh a cheile, is eigin gu'm bi aon diubh so do ghnath anns ann duine, mar chuspair iomchuidh air a shon. Agus air do Adhamh ar n-athair coitchionn a bhi

truailidh, tha sinne mar sin mar an ceudna; oir, “Co is urrainn ni glan a thabhairt á neo-ghlan?”

Ged is leoir a dhearbhadh, ceartais an fhrithealaidh so, gur ann e 'n Tighearn a bha e; a ta deanamh gach uile ni ceart; gidheadh gu tosd a chur air gearan an naduir uaibhrich, thugamaid fa'near ni's faide na nithe a leanas. (1.) Anns a' choimheangal anns an robh Adhamh 'na fhear-ionaid air ar soin-ne, bha sonas siorruidh air a ghealltuinn dhasan agus d'a shliochd, nam b'e as gu'n d' thugadh e ('se sin Adhamh) umhlachd iomlan, mar fhear-ionaid a' chinne-daoine uile: Oir, mur bitheadh coimheangal ann, cha b' urrainn iad beatha shiorruidh a thagar leis an umhlachd a b' iomlaine bheireadh iad; ach dh' fheudadh iad, an deigh sin uile bhi air am pilleadh gu neo-ni, gidheadh a reir ceartais naduir bhitheadh iad buailteach do fhearg shiorruidh Dhé, air son peacaidh. Co anns a' chor sin, nach aontaichadh ri esan a bhi 'na fhear-ionaid? (2.) Bha cumhachd gu seasamh air a thabhairt do Adhamh, air dha bhi air a dheanamh dìreach. Bha e co comasach air seasamh air a shon féin, agus air son a shliochd, as a b' urrainn neach 'na dheigh a bhi gu seasamh air an son féin, agus air son a shliochd, as a b' urrainn neach 'na dheigh a bhi gu seasamh air an son féin. Bhiodh deuchainn so a' chinne-daoine, ann am fear-ionaid gu luath thairis, agus bhiodh an crun air a chosnadh dhoibh uile, nan seasadh esan; oir, nam bitheadh a shliochd neo-cheangailte ris, agus na h-uile h-aon air fhagail gu deanamh air a shon féin, bhiodh an deuchainn do ghnath a' dol air a h-aghaidh, mar a thigeadh daoine do'n t-saoghal. (3.) Bha'n daimh nadurra, bu laidire aige, gu cheangal, air dha bhi 'na athair coitchionn dhuinn. (4.) Bha 'mhaoin féin anns an luing, bha chuids an uile ann an cumnart co maith r'ar cuid-ne. Cha robh seilbh air leth aige eadar-dhealuichte uainne, ach nan dichuimhneachadh e ar leas-ne, b' eigin da a leis féin a dhìchuimhneachadh. (5.) Nan seasadh esan, bhiodh againne solus inntinn-san, fireantachd a thoile, agus naomhachd aignidhean, le fìor-ghloinne iomlan air a cur a nuas d'ar n-ionnsuidh; cha b' urrainn sinn tuiteam; bhitheadh crun na gloire tre umhlachd-san gu brath air a dheanamh cinnteach dha féin agus d'a shliochd. Tha so soilleir o nadur fear-ionaid a'

choimhcheangail; agus air dhuine a bhì caillte tre pheacadh Adhaimh, cha'n fheadar reusan a thabhairt nach bitheamaid air ar sabhaladh tre 'umhlachdsan. Air an laimh eile, is reusanta, air dhasan tuiteam, gu giulaineadh sinne maille ris an call. *San àite mu dheireadh*, 'S eigin doibhsan a ta cur an aghaidh an t-suidheachaidh so, cul a chur r' an coir ann an Crìosd; oir cha'n 'eil sinn air dhoigh sam bith eile air ar deanamh 'nar peacaich tre Chrìosd, o'm bheil againn araon fireantachd air a meas duinn, agus fireantachd air a gin annainn. Cho mhò rinn sinn roghainn do'n dara Adhamh mar ar ceann agus fear-ionaid anns an dara coimhcheangal, no rinn sinn do'n cheud Adhamh anns a cheud chiomhcheangal.

Notes and Comments.

The Death of Dr. Hay Fleming.—It is with sincere regret we record the passing of this distinguished Scottish historian. Dr. Hay Fleming occupied the front rank of Scottish historians. His wide knowledge of documents and records, particularly of the pre-Reformation and post-Reformation periods, was amazing. He had no sympathy with the Cavalier-type of Scottish historians, who, unfortunately are far too numerous. As was naturally to be expected from a member of the Original Secession Church, he was in hearty sympathy with the contendings of the Reformers and Covenanters, which many a careless writer knew to his cost, when he ignorantly attacked the men who purchased for us our civil and ecclesiastical liberty. Dr. Hay Fleming's eminence as a historian opened doors to him in the press and literary journals which he took full advantage of. His greatest work is said to have been his unfinished work on Mary, Queen of Scots. The Princeton Stone Lectures, printed in this country, was a masterly piece of work laying bare the putrid sores of the Church of Rome immediately prior to the Reformation. Dr. Hay Fleming also did excellent work as a reviewer, and even

experts passed under his searching criticism in a way that must have made them feel ill at ease; while historians, who relied on their imagination for their facts, received a merciless trouncing. Many of these book reviews, which appeared in the "British Weekly," etc., were published in book form and contain valuable material for Scottish ecclesiastical historians.

Professor R. Hannay, of Edinburgh University, paid him the following fine tribute in "The Bulletin":—

"Dr. Fleming's industry was remarkable as was his memory. In those periods of Scottish history to which he had given special attention his intimate knowledge of the bibliography and of the books themselves was unrivalled; while habitually systematic methods enabled him to put his finger very rapidly upon the passage or the information which he sought. Along with a growing passion for accuracy in detail, he brought to his studies strong moral convictions and views firmly held. In matters religious and ecclesiastical his innate loyalty impelled him to deal faithfully with any who disparaged historical figures which he held in regard or what seemed to him a righteous cause. As a consequence his occasional papers and reviews on controversial questions are sometimes apt to appear unduly destructive and to obscure their very positive value, not so much in illuminating the broader and deeper issues, but in adding to the ascertained fact."

It is well known that Dr. Hay Fleming had prepared a life of John Knox, which it is hoped may yet see the light. He left instructions that no religious service should be held at the grave when he was buried.

Principal Martin on Women Preachers.—Dr. Martin is reported in the press as saying that it is his opinion that "eventually—not to-day nor to-morrow, but eventually—that the threefold petition supported by the late Lady Frances Balfour and others which came before last General Assembly will be granted by the Church in full." "The Scriptural argument," he further added, "formerly urged against a female is being

surrendered." If the argument is "scriptural" then why should it be surrendered. Unfortunately, it is not the only scriptural matter that is being surrendered in the Church of Scotland.

Questionnaire Issued by the Scottish Reformation Society.—The following questionnaire was issued to all candidates for parliamentary honours prior to the election:—

"In the interests of simple justice as well as national economy," asks the questionnaire, "would you be willing to support a Bill if introduced to amend the Education (Scotland) Act so as to secure that:—(a) No new school that the Roman Catholic Church may build shall be included in the national system and placed on the rates without the consent of the education department, obtained after a full and satisfactory public inquiry with respect to the adequacy of accommodation in existing schools for general requirements and for the giving of separate religious instruction to Roman Catholic children at the same hour as to the other children attending the school? (b) That under the provisions of the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1929, the Roman Catholic Church shall be placed in the same position as other churches with respect to representation on the education committees? Would you oppose all proposed measures for Scotland that would give legislative sanction to the inroads upon the quiet of the Lord's Day that are being made in the interests of wordly gain and pleasure?"

Roman Catholic Lord Rector for Glasgow University.—The students of Glasgow University have elected Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, and a pervert to the Church of Rome. The students evidently wished to cut themselves free from the traditional aspect of rectorial elections, which were usually decided on political lines. We have no quarrel with the students on that score, for it always has appeared to us rather a strange thing that a man should be elected to such a position simply because he is an outstanding politician, but when it comes to the election of a Roman Catholic as Lord Rector in a

Protestant University it is an indication, as Principal Rainy said when his ecclesiastical troubles multiplied:—"There is something wrong somewhere." We notice that the press, advocating Mr. Mackenzie's claims to recognition, made great use of the German god, "Culture," in making an appeal to the suffrages of the students. We had concluded that the red fields of France and the long trenches of the dead had given that god its death blow. We were evidently wrong.

The Importance of Atheism to Women.—Such is the title of a lecture recently delivered in Glasgow to the Glasgow District Rationalistic Press Association by Mrs. Dora Russell (Countess Russell). Mrs. Russell, according to the press report, indicated that religion and the modes of thinking it had imposed on the community had been the cause of many of the disabilities which hamper women. This is only one of the foolish and distorted sentiments expressed by the lecturer. She advocated a clean sweep of the marriage and divorce laws. Our marriage and divorce laws are far from perfect, though the ground of our objection to their defects is very different from Mrs. Russell's. These laws require strengthening, not sweeping away. Mrs. Russell indicated that she believed that the problems of marriage, divorce, sexual freedom for men and women, would not be tackled as long as religion was held to be good enough for women and they did not preach a full-blooded and passionate atheism to the whole of the female race. Satan has often made use of women for the extension of his kingdom, and in Mrs. Russell he appears to have an active propagandist in trying to bring about a condition of things that will cause everlasting sorrow.

National Government Returned to Power.—As a result of the Parliamentary Election the National Government has been returned to power. The Socialists suffered one of the most crushing defeats recorded in Parliamentary Elections. Most of their leading men were defeated at the polls. The new Government has a tremendous task on hand, and it is to be hoped that the leaders will look to God for guidance and not

trust too much to their overwhelming strength in the Commons, as they will be too ready to do. Britain is not yet out of the deep sea of her financial troubles.

Literary Notice.

SAMUEL CROWTHER OF THE NIGER, by JESSE PAGE. Glasgow : Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell street.

In this interesting biography we have the life-story of the slave boy who afterwards became a bishop. The story is of remarkable interest, and throws considerable light on the horrors of the slave trade in the part of Africa through which the Niger flows. Samuel Crowther, after his own conversion, worked with a zeal that was truly apostolic to bring the Gospel to the benighted heathen in the part of the world where his lot was cast. Here and there, there are doctrinal expressions with which we do not agree, but readers will find the biography most interesting.

SCRIPTURE CALENDARS. From the same firm we have received a number of Scripture Calendars. These are very beautifully produced, with texts from the Scripture.

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Church Notes.

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

Collection for December.—The Collection for this month is for the General Church Building Fund. Congregational Treasurers whose buildings are not clear of debt, and who wish

to participate in the allocation from the General Building Fund, are requested to state the amount of their debt to Mr. John Grant, 4 Millburn Road, Inverness.

A Note of Thanks.—The Rev. N. Cameron desires to thank, with sincere gratitude, all the friends who inquired or wrote concerning him during his late serious operation, especially such as remembered him in their prayers from day to day. He hopes that friends will accept of this inadequate acknowledgment instead of a reply to each, which would entail labour beyond his present strength. He desires to thank the Lord for the unmerited goodness and mercy with which He dealt with him in this affliction and for the good measure of health to which He has already restored him.

Day of Humiliation. — The Northern and Southern Presbyteries have appointed the 2nd day of December (Wednesday) as a day of Humiliation and Prayer in connection with the crisis through which the country is passing. At the time of writing this note we have not received word from the Clerks of the Western Presbytery and the Presbytery of the Outer Isles as to whether their Presbyteries have agreed to the above date or not, but word will be sent to their congregations when the date is fixed for these Presbyteries.

Student Received.—At the last meeting of the Southern Presbytery, held at Glasgow on Monday, 9th November, Mr. Donald Macaskill, M.A., was received as a student of the Church.

Arrival of Church's Deputy.—The Rev. Ewen Macqueen reached Scotland safely on 2nd November. The report of his visit to the United States and Canada will be looked forward to with interest.

Harvest Thanksgiving Day for Congregations in Southern Presbytery.—The Southern Presbytery appointed Wednesday, 16th December, as Harvest Thanksgiving Day for congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

Mr. John Grant, Palmerston, 4 Millburn Road, Inverness, General Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—

Sustentation Fund.—Miss I. W., Blacksboat, 10s; Mrs A. F., Glendale, 6s; W. J. C., Belfast, 10s; Anon, Port Appin, £2; Mrs H. N., Fort William, Canada, \$1; D. M., Fort William, Canada, \$1; Mrs F. Farley, per Mr. John Stewart, 10s; A. McK., Manchester (o/a St. Jude's), £1 10s; J. C. (o/a St. Jude's), per Rev. N. Cameron, £1; Mr and Mrs McD., Detroit, per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$2; A. F., Sheanlous, Clunes, £1.

Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Widows' Fund.—Mr and Mrs McD., Detroit, per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$2.

Home Mission Fund.—Mr and Mrs McD., Detroit, per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$1.

Colonial Missions Fund.—Mr and Mrs McD., Detroit, per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$1.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—Mr and Mrs McD., per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$2; Friend, Broadford, 6s; "Amiens," London, £20; Interested, London, £25; Miss D. McL., per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$5; Rev. N. Cameron, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following:—Miss M. McP., for School Children, 15s; Captain and Mrs N., £1; Miss McL., for Mrs Radasi, £1.

Organisation Fund.—Mr and Mrs McD., Detroit, per Rev. E. Macqueen, \$2; A Friend, Broadford, 10s.

Sollas (North Uist) Church Building Fund.—Mr D. MacSween, Missionary, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following:—Collecting Card, per A. Nicolson, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow, £4 4s 6d; Miss E. McL., Fife, 10s.

Staffin Church Building Fund.—Mr. A. Mackay, Missionary, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—K. M. D., Portree, £1; K. M. P., Staffin, 4s; J. M. K., Staffin, 10s; Friend, Oban, £1; Collecting Card, per J. MacAulay, Applecross, £3 17s 6d; Collecting Card, per J. C., Applecross, £3 9s 6d; Collecting Card, per A. M. L., Kilmarnock, £5 10s.

Uig (Lewis) Manse Building Fund.—Mr Norman MacKay, 31 Valtos, Miavaig, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—Mrs McK., 1 Aird, £1; Mrs H. M., Tunsgarry, £1; Friend, Applecross, 10s; Friend, Ullapool, £2; Rev. D. M. M., Portree, 10s; Miss C. McL., Applecross, £1. The following per Rev. R. Macinnes, Applecross Congregation Collecting Card, £12 15s; Friend, Lochinver, £2; Wellwisher, Scordig, 10s; Wellwisher, Stornoway, 10s.

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