

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. ix. 4.*

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"What We Believe."*

IN a commendatory notice of the above appearing on the paper jacket of the book we are informed that "in these studies of Christian doctrine, based upon the *Short Statement of the Church's Faith* commended by the General Assembly of 1935, there will be found, in simple language and with a wide range of illustration, material of interest to every church member, and of special value to ministers, Bible Class leaders and others engaged in giving Christian instruction." Prof. Riddell in his Preface says it was hoped that the late Prof. H. R. Mackintosh would have undertaken the preparation of the proposed handbook which was to be used along with the *Short Statement* but this Dr. Mackintosh was unable to accomplish. He, however, indicated how the book might be prepared. Three things he wished to see in it. (1) Full references to Scripture as the basis of Christian doctrine; (2) a large variety of illustrative material which might be used by ministers, etc.; and (3) guidance (if possible by quotation) as to books suitable for further study. These suggestions have guided Prof. Riddell in the preparation of the book under review. Before proceeding further, it may be advisable to give the following quotation: "The *Short Statement*," says Prof. Riddell, "as has already been pointed out, makes no claim for acceptance as a standard of doctrine. In it will be found, however, some indication, at

**What We Believe* by J. G. Riddell, M.A., Professor of Systematic Theology, University of Glasgow and Trinity College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: Church of Scotland Committee on Publications, 121 George Street.

least, of *what the Church to-day regards as of fundamental importance for its faith.*"

At the outset in fairness to Prof. Riddell it is but right, in view of the criticisms that are to be offered, to acknowledge that he has stated many doctrinal and practical points with a clearness and freshness of treatment that are admirable. We turn now to what may be regarded as objectionable features of the book. 1. The Biblical quotations throughout are, with one or two exceptions, taken from Prof. Moffatt's Translation of the Scriptures. This, in itself, is not a good beginning. Competent Old Testament and New Testament scholars have shown that Dr. Moffatt made use of higher critical principles when making his translation. Apart altogether from this serious aspect of the matter there is also another point against the translation in its unfortunate and unnecessary changing of passages that have come to be regarded as the precious heritage of the Church of Christ. For instance: "Let the children come to me, do not stop them; the realm of God belongs to such as these?" Why were the words of our Authorised Version, so beautiful, and which linger on memory's ear, displaced by Dr. Moffatt's common-place phrasing? 2. Another general criticism that may be offered is that throughout the book the doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God is accepted without a word of qualification. For a divinity professor to do so clearly indicates that notwithstanding the influence evidently exercised over him by the Theology of Crisis he has accepted the popular teaching which is certainly not the doctrine of the New Testament. 3. Prof. Riddell is an omnivorous reader. He has laid science, philosophy, literature and theology under tribute to provide himself with illustrative material but whether he has acted with discrimination in his choice will be readily seen when we give a list of the names of those he refers to or quotes from. Among the writers of fiction to whom appeal is made are George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, John Buchan, Meredith, Mark Rutherford, etc. In a work setting forth what we are to believe the less reliance on fiction as illustrative material the better. The poets

are also laid under tribute—Tennyson, Tagore, Chesterton, W. H. Myers, William Blake, Wm. Morris, Dora Greenwell, Francis Thompson, John Masefield, Spenser, etc. Among these will be recognised the names of men whose utterances came from vagrant hearts and which had an unsettling effect as far as the faith once delivered to the saints was concerned. But it is when we come to the theological and religious writers quoted that one gets an idea of Prof. Riddell's religious affinities. Quotations or references are given from, or to: Principal Rainy, Prof. A. C. Welch, Principal MacGregor, Prof. John Baillie, Brunner, Barth, Thurneysen, Dr. Moffatt, Principal Denney, Prof. A. B. Davidson, Dr. Carnegie Simpson, J. H. Newman, Dr. Dale, Canon Streeter, Dr. Glover, Dr. Stanley Jones, Prof. H. R. Mackintosh, Prof. Henry Drummond, Prof. Curtis, Horace Bushnell, Dr. W. N. Clarke, Dr. Schweitzer, Dr. Donald Fraser, Dr. Coffin, Dr. Fosdick, Dean Matthews, Borchert, Bishop Aulen, Dr. Micklem, Leslie Weatherhead, Prof. Robertson Smith, Prof. Manson, Dr. Mozley, Alexander Maclaren, Principal R. S. Candlish, Dr. A. B. Bonar, John Wesley, John Bunyan, Luther, John Newton, Samuel Rutherford, Matthew Henry, Robert Murray McCheyne, Dan Crawford, etc. Our purpose in quoting this list is to show how Prof. Riddell has carried out the suggestion of providing "illustrative material which might be used by ministers or Bible Class teachers at their discretion and give guidance (if possible by quotation) as to books suitable for further study." One need have no hesitation in saying that many of the works written by the above authors will lead their readers far astray if they are foolish enough to accept their guidance. One misses in the above list the names of men whose attainments in theological science gave them an honoured place in the Church of Christ. There is not a reference, as far as we noticed, to such distinguished conservative theologians as Dr. Dick Wilson, Dr. Warfield, Dr. Machen, etc. Prof. Riddell probably had a reason for neglecting these while quoting so largely from the Modernistic school; the reader will be ready to draw his own conclusion.

When we come to Prof. Riddell's doctrine of Scripture it is here seen how far he is off the lines on this important doctrine. Commenting on the words of the *Short Statement*—"For the understanding of the Holy Scriptures the Church welcomes every aid provided by linguistic, literary, and historical research"—Prof. Riddell says: "It is a help, for example, to the believer to realise that in the early chapters of the Bible narratives drawn from different sources are intertwined, and may not be expected always to be consistent with one another. It is a real aid to the understanding of the Book of Isaiah to know that it represents the work of more writers than one and comes to us from different periods of the nation's history. In the New Testament, likewise, investigation into the circumstances of the different Gospels and their relation to one another has enabled us to appreciate their message more fully From the literary point of view, it is a real strengthening of our faith to understand that the book of Jonah is not a *tale of unbelievable adventure* but an earnest plea that Israel should realise her missionary responsibility to the world" (pp. 185, 186). We need not quote further; what has been given shows clearly that Prof. Riddell accepts without hesitation the higher critical theory of the composite nature of Genesis and Isaiah and also their theory of the book of Jonah. "We are not," says Prof. Riddell, "as has been suggested above, to regard the Bible simply as an infallible, inerrant document, nor, on the other hand, are we to treat it as nothing more than a human production like any other book which has survived from the literature of antiquity" (p. 188). A theology based on such a foundation is subject to the unsettling fluctuations that lack the definiteness and finality of the older theology and which leaves one wondering what is really to be believed. Another statement to which exception must be taken is the ascription of peccability to the Lord Jesus—"We believe, *not that Jesus could not sin*, but *that He was able not to sin*, and that His sinlessness has to do with our salvation" (p. 258). The doctrine of the *impeccability* of the Lord Jesus (*the non posse peccare*, of the theologians),

the impossibility of sinning, as opposed to the *peccability*, (*the posse non peccare*, of the theologians) the possibility of sinning (the view stated by Prof. Riddell), must be asserted and held at all costs whatever difficulties may confront us with the reality of His true human nature. The doctrine meets us in connection with the Lord's temptation and some eminent divines, erroneously accepting the view that *temptability* implies *peccability*, have not hesitated to attribute peccability to the Lord Jesus. In so doing, however, they do not mean to say that there was a likelihood of His sinning, but only that there was the *possibility*. The true view, we believe, is that there was an impossibility that He could sin, or, in the language of the theologians that He was impeccable.

While we would not charge Prof. Riddell with supporting the theory of the Larger Hope there is a certain indefiniteness in what he says about the finally impenitent that lacks the definiteness of Scripture. "We may leave—as we must—the future of those," he says, "who die without faith in His control, confident that He who is for ever righteous and loving will deal with them according to His wisdom, for their highest good and the glory of His holy name" (p. 398). So far so good, but when this is read in the light of what he says in his *Life: Here and Hereafter* one wonders where Prof. Riddell really stands. In the foregoing he puts the question: "But what of others who may never have known even the name of Christ, or who, knowing Him, have rejected His claims, etc.?" And he answers his own question as follows: "I venture to suggest that the one thing which we may profitably say about this that all lives, hereafter as now, are in the hands of God.

"All souls are thine; and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share."

They are in the keeping of a God unchanging in His justice and in His love, who, we believe, will not tolerate wrongdoing or allow evil to remain unpunished, and yet has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but desires that he should turn

from his way and live (Ezek. xxxiii. 11)." This is too vague and lacks the definiteness of Scripture teaching on this solemn question. It is far from satisfactory.

In reading Prof. Riddell's book this vagueness which shows itself in other places leaves one with the impression that the religion and theology of *What We Believe* is characterised more by its fluidity than the solidity of the religion and theology of the Church of Scotland in other and better days. The theological language of the book is like that of the offspring of the mixed marriages between the Jews and the people of Ashdod, Ammon and Moab whose "children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jew's language, but according to the language of each people" (*Nehemiah*, xiii. 24). There are other statements in the book which, if space permitted, might be referred to, but from what has been said it will be seen that there are many things in the book which we *ought not to believe*.

Is the Religion of the Highlands Gloomy?

By REV. JOHN COLQUHOUN, GLENDALE.

THE President of the Glasgow and West Coast Mission when giving his report to that body in 1936, as reported in the pages of the Free Presbyterian Magazine at the time, referred to religion in the Highlands as "a terribly gloomy thing," and deplored the lack of a "gospel of cheerfulness and laughter." He has, however, left his hearers in the nebulosity of conjecture as to where they were to get this gospel of cheerfulness and laughter. There is a cheerfulness and laughter mixed up with religion in our day which makes a mock at sin and causes the sinner to forget his need of salvation, but that cheerfulness and laughter is as the "crackling of thorns under a pot"—it will make plenty of noise, but it will not last long, and it will leave the blackness after it forever. Alas! it is to be feared that this is the kind of religion that is preferred to true religion by the majority in the present generation.

There are at least two classes of people who look upon the religion of the Bible as a gloomy thing. There is, first of all, the world who make no profession of religion. Though by no means excluding those advanced in years, this is in a special manner true concerning the young. They are full of vigour and thirsting after all the pleasures which this world can afford. They promise to themselves many years in the world, and they put the day of death very far away. Why should they think of preparation for death? That is very well for old men and women who are drawing near the brink of the grave, but for the young to think of their need of Christ and of preparation for death would be to spoil all the pleasures they have in this world. Their very nature rebels against the idea of even thinking of such a gloomy thing as religion, and they thoughtlessly go on in their own ways, little realising that the day of account may be very near.

The other class who think that true religion is a "gloomy thing" is the professing world. They want, according to their own language, a religion by which they can make the best of both worlds and hope that after getting their fill of the pleasures of this world, all will be well at last. This is an easy religion. It gives those who adopt it a name to live but alas! without the life that should accompany the name. There are no struggles with Satan, with the world or with the flesh in themselves, and they can indulge in all the vanities which this world can give. Their religion is a religion that can allow them plenty of "cheerfulness and laughter" in the "pleasures of sin for a season," but it is a religion which is in accordance with that "carnal mind" which is "enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," and, therefore, such a religion cannot be anything but a counterfeit of Satan.

True religion is not gloomy because God is the source of it, and "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." It is God who draws nigh to the sinner and manifests His love to him, causing the sinner to exclaim, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be

the propitiation for our sins." When a sinner comes to taste of that love in his own experience, not only is there joy in his own soul, but there is joy in the presence of the angels and in the Church on earth when the fact becomes known. The only place where there is gloom is in the kingdom of Satan because a faithful slave is lost to it forever.

True religion, as set forth in the Word of God and in the preaching of that Word, is not gloomy for it presents to the view of sinners a crucified, risen, and exalted Redeemer. It sets before us a work by which the broken Law of God was magnified and made honourable, and justice eternally satisfied. It presents to our view a Substitute, who stood under the stroke of the sword of divine justice, who redeemed His people from the curses of the Law, being made a curse for them, and who has gone before them to intercede for them, and to welcome them to that abode where there is fullness of blessing and pleasures for evermore.

Those who are the subjects of it bear witness that true religion is not a "gloomy thing," for they are sinners made willing in a day of the power of the Holy Spirit to embrace Christ as their own personal Saviour and their only hope for eternity, and where that has taken place there is a desire to be conformed to the image of Christ and a fear of sin, such a fear as will cause those who have it to keep as far as possible from the cause of the "cheerfulness and laughter" of this world. That continues with the true child of God from the moment when true religion is planted in his soul till he draws his last breath in the world.

Further, when one considers what the eternal state will be of all who have true religion one sees no cause for gloom there. There was no gloom with the Apostle Paul when he was looking forward to his speedy dissolution and viewing by faith the "crown of righteousness" which was laid up for him, nor had he cause to be gloomy, for he was soon to be ushered into that place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. All that the Word of God reveals concerning that

rest which belongs to those who have true religion, begets thoughts other than that of gloom, for they will enjoy world without end the unbroken fellowship of a Triune God. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We must not, however, forget that while true religion is not a gloomy thing, it is contrary to the nature of things that there should be joy and happiness always. The Holy Spirit through Solomon tells us that there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance," and those who have true religion have these times. The psalmist could say, "I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping;" but he could also say, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." The child of God finds much his own heart and in the world around him to put him among the "afflicted and poor people" in the midst of the land, but his trust in the name of the Lord will keep him from giving way to gloominess, yea it will make him rejoice with Habakkuk when he was saying, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

True religion in those who have it will give them such a cheerfulness that they will be "Kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer," and those who come into daily contact with the Lord's people in the Highlands can testify that these elements are in the

Highland religion which the President of the West Coast Mission considers such a very gloomy thing. As for the "cheerfulness and laughter" which is to-day commended in religion, God's people in the Highlands and elsewhere, would do well to leave it with those spoken of by the prophet Amos; they "put far away the evil day and cause the seat of violence to come near; that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but they are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph." Such a cheerfulness will suit the carnal mind and beguile sinners to a lost eternity.

A Letter by Rev. William Romaine.*

IT may be of some use to you to be informed how I was brought into this way of believing. God's dealings with me have been wonderful, not only for the royal sovereignty of His richest grace, but also for the manner of His teaching.

I. When I was in trouble and soul concern, He would not let me learn of man.

I went everywhere to hear, but nobody was suffered to speak to my case. The reason of this I could not tell then, but I know it now. The Arminian Methodists flocked about me, and courted my acquaintance, which became a great snare unto me. By their means I was brought into a difficulty, which distressed me several years. I was made to believe that part of my title to salvation was to be inherent—something called holiness in myself, which the grace of God was to help me to. And I was

*William Romaine was born at Hartlepool, County Durham. He studied at Oxford and graduated M.A. in 1737. Romaine's *Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith* is his best known work though Bishop Ryle regarded his *Twelve Sermons on the Law and the Gospel* as his best and most valuable work.—Editor.

to get it by watchfulness, prayer, fasting, hearing, reading, sacraments, etc.; so that after much and long attendance in these means, I might be able to look inward and be pleased with my own improvement, finding I was grown in grace a great deal holier, and more deserving of heaven than I had been. I do not wonder now that I received this doctrine. It was sweet food to a proud heart. I feasted on it and to work I went. It was hard labour and sad bondage, but the hopes of having something to glory in of my own, kept up my spirits. I went on day by day "striving" (as they called it), but still I found myself not a bit better. I thought this was the fault, or that, which being amended I should certainly succeed. No guilty slave worked harder or to less purpose. Sometimes I was quite discouraged, and ready to give all up, but the discovery of some supposed hindrance set me to work again. Then I would redouble my diligence and exert all my strength. Still I got no ground. This made me wonder. And still more when I found, at last, that I was going backward! Me thought I grew worse. I saw more sin in myself instead of more holiness, which made my bondage very hard and my heart very heavy. The thing I wanted, the more I pursued it, flew farther and farther from me.

II. I had no notion that this was divine teaching, and that God was delivering me from my mistake in this way.

The discoveries of my growing worse were dreadful arguments against myself, until now and then a little light would break in and shew me something of the glory of Jesus. But it was a glimpse only, gone in a moment. As I saw more of my heart, and began to feel more of my corrupt nature, I got clearer views of Gospel grace, and in proportion as I came to know myself, I advanced in the knowledge of Christ Jesus. But this was very slow work. The old leaven of self-righteousness (new christened holiness) stuck close to me still, and made me a very dull scholar in the school of Christ. But I kept on making a little progress, and I was forced to give up one thing and another, on which I had some dependence.

III. I was left at last stripped of all, and neither had, nor could see where I could have, ought to rest my hopes that I could call my own.

This made way for blessed views of Jesus. Being now led to very deep discoveries of my own legal heart, of the dishonour which I had put upon the Saviour, of the despite I had done to the Spirit of His grace, by resisting and perverting the workings of His love, these things humbled me. I became very vile in my own eyes, I gave over striving; the pride of free will, the boast of mine own works, were laid low.

IV. And as self was debased, the Scriptures became an open book.

And every page presented the Saviour in new glory. Then were explained to me these truths, which are now the very joy and life of my soul. Such as (a) The plan of salvation, contrived by the wisdom of Jehovah, fulfilled in the Divine Person and work of Jesus and applied by the Spirit. The whole was so ordered from first to last that all the glory of it might be secured to the Persons in the Godhead. The devil fell by pride. He tempted and seduced man into pride. Therefore the Lord, to hide pride from man, has so contrived His salvation that he who glorieth should have nothing to glory in but the Lord. (b) The benefits of salvation are all the free gifts of free grace, conferred without any regard to what the receiver of them is. Therefore the receivers are the ungodly, the worst of them, the unworthy, the chief of sinners. Such are saved freely by grace through faith, and that not of themselves, it (namely, salvation by faith) is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. (c) When I considered these benefits, one by one, it was the very death of self-righteousness and self-complacency, for when I looked at the empty hand which faith puts forth to receive them, whence was the hand emptied? Whence came faith? Whence the power to put forth the empty hand? And whence the benefits received upon putting it forth? All is of God. He humbles us that we may be willing to receive Christ. He keeps us humble that we may be willing to live

by faith upon Christ received. And as it is a great benefit to have this faith, so (d) It is a great, inestimably great benefit to live by faith, for this is a life, in every act of it dependent upon another. Self is renounced, so far as Christ is lived upon. And faith is the most emptying pulling down grace. Most emptying, because it says (and proves it too) that "in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." And therefore, it will not let a man see aught good in himself, but pulls down every high thought, and lays it low in subjection to Jesus. It is called the faith of the Son of God, because He is the author and finisher of it. He gives it. He gives to live by it. He gives the benefits received by it. He gives the glory laid up for it. So that, if I live to God, and in any act have living communion with God, it is by nothing in myself, but wholly by the faith of the Son of God. When I wanted to do anything commanded (what they call duties), I found a continual matter of humiliation. I was forced to be dependent for the will and for the power, and having done my best, I could not present it to God but upon the golden altar that sanctifieth the gifts. Not the worthiness, not the goodness of the gifts, but the sanctifying grace of the great High Priest alone can make holy and acceptable. And so (e) I learned to eye Him in all my works and duties, the Alpha and Omega of them, the life and spirit of all my prayers and sermons and hearing and reading and ordinances. They are all dead works unless done in and by faith in the Son of God. Against this blessed truth of which I am as certain as that I am alive, I find my nature kick. To this hour a legal heart will be creeping into duties, to get between me and my dear Jesus, whom I go to meet in them. But He soon recovers me from the temptation, makes me loathe myself for it, and gets fresh glory for His sovereign grace. And as all the great and good things ever done in the world were done by faith, so all the crosses ever endured with patience were from the same cause, which is another humbling lesson. For (f) I find to this moment so much unbelief and impatience in myself that if God were to leave me to be tried

with anything that crossed my will, if it were but a feather, it would break my back. Nothing tends to keep me vile in my own eyes, like this fretting and murmuring and heart burning, when the will of God thwarts my will. I read: "The trial of your faith worketh patience." The trial of mine, the direct contrary. Instead of patient submission I want to have my own way, to take very little physic, and that very sweet. So the flesh lusteth. But the Physician knows better. He knows when and what to prescribe. May every potion purge out this impatient, proud, unbelieving temper, so that faith may render healthful to the soul what is painful to the flesh. And as no cross can be endured without the faith of the Son of God so (g) There is no comfortable view of leaving the world but by the same faith. "These all," who had obtained a good report in every age, "died in faith." On their death-bed they did not look for present peace and future glory, but to the Lamb of God. Their great works, their eminent services, their various sufferings, all were cast behind their backs. They died as they lived, "looking unto Jesus." He was their antidote against the fear and against the power of death. They feared not the cold death-sweat. Jesus' blood was their dependence. This life through death Jesus entered on, and we enter on it now by faith; and when our breath is stopped we have this life, as He has it, pure, spiritual and divine. Yes, my dear friend, we, you and I, after we have lived a little longer, to empty us more, to bring us more out of ourselves; that we may be humbled and Jesus exalted more, we shall fall asleep in Jesus, not die, but sleep; not see, not taste death, so He promises us, but sweetly go to rest in our weary bodies, when our souls shall be with the Lord. And then we shall be perfect in that lesson which we learn so very slowly in this world, namely, that from Him and of Him and to Him are all things, to whom be all the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

These are the things which God Himself has taught me. Man had no hand in it at all. No person in the world. Not I myself, for I fought against them as long as I could; so that my present

possession of them, with all the rich blessings which they contain, is from my heavenly Teacher alone. And I have not learned them as we do mathematics, to keep them in memory and to make use of them when I please. No, I find in me at this moment an opposition to every gospel truth, both to the belief of it in my head, and to the comfort of it in my heart. I am still a poor dependent creature sitting very low at the feet of my dear Teacher, and learning to admire that love of His, which brought me down and keeps me down at His feet. There be my seat till I learn my lesson perfectly. That will soon be. There is nothing in His presence but what is like Himself. In heaven all is perfection. The saints are as humble as they are happy. Clothed with glory and clothed with humility, with one heart and one voice they cry: "Worthy is the Lamb." In a measure I now feel what they do. My heart is in tune and I can join in the blessed hymn. I can take the crown, most gladly, from the head of all my graces, as they do from the head of their glory, and cast it down at His loving feet. "Worthy is the Lamb." He is—He is—blessings on Him for ever and ever!

Ought I not to say so, indebted as I am to the precious Lamb of God? You see how He has dealt with me—the kindness, the gentleness of His ways, His royal bounty, the magnificence of His love. Adore and praise Him, with me and for me. And learn, my dear friend, from what I have here related, to trust Him more. When He shews you your vile heart, your poor works, when dreadful corruptions stir and are ready to break out, go to Him freely, boldly. Stop not a moment to reason with your own proud spirit, but fall down at His footstool. Tell Him just what you feel. He loves to hear our complaints poured with confidence into His bosom. And never, never on earth, will you get such fellowship with Him, so close, so blessed as when you converse with Him in this poverty of spirit. Let nothing keep you from Him—whatever you meet with, let it drive you to Him, for all good is from Him, and all evil is turned into good by Him. Oh wondrous Saviour! To Him I commend you and yours. Believe me very truly yours, in that most lovely Lord Christ, most precious Jesus.

The Evils of Presumptuous Faith.

By WILLIAM GURNALL.

FIRST, A presumptuous faith is an easy faith; it hath no enemy of Satan, or our own corrupt hearts, to oppose it, and so, like a weed, shoots up and grows rank on a sudden. The devil never hath a sinner surer, than when dreaming in this fool's paradise, and walking in his sleep, amidst his vain fantastical hopes of Christ and salvation. And therefore he is so far from waking him, that he draws the curtains close about him, that no light nor noise in his conscience may break his rest. Did you ever know the thief call him up in the night whom he meant to rob and kill? No, sleep is his advantage. But true faith he is a sworn enemy against; he persecutes it in the very cradle, as Herod did Christ in the manger; he pours a flood of wrath after it as soon as it betrays its own birth, by crying and lamenting after the Lord. If thy faith be legitimate, Naphtali may be its name, and thou mayest say, with great "wrestlings have I wrestled" with Satan and my own base heart, and at last have prevailed. If thou canst find the like strife in thy soul, thou mayest comfort thyself, that it is from two contrary principles, faith and unbelief, which is the elder (however now it strives for the mastery), shall serve faith the younger.

Secondly, Presumptuous faith is lame of one hand; it hath a hand to receive pardon and heaven from God, but no hand to give up itself to God: true faith hath the use of both her hands. "My beloved is mine," there the soul takes Christ; "and I am his," there she surrenders herself to the use and service of Christ. Now, didst thou ever pass over thyself freely to Christ? I know none but will profess they do this. But the presumptuous soul, like Ananias, lies to the Holy Ghost, by keeping back part, yea, the chief part of that he promised to lay at Christ's feet. This lust he sends out of the way, when he should deliver it up to justice; and that creature-enjoyment he twines about, and cannot persuade his heart to trust God

with the disposure of it, but cries out when the Lord calls for it, Benjamin shall not go; his life is bound up in it, and if God will have it from him he must take it by force, for there is no hope of gaining his consent. If this is the true picture of thy faith, and temper of thy soul, then verily thou blessest thyself in an idol, and mistakest a bold face for a believing heart; but if thou art as willing to be faithful to Christ as to pitch thy faith on Christ; if thou countest it as great a privilege that Christ should have a throne in thy heart and love, as that thou shouldst have a place and room in his mercy; in a word, if thou art plain-hearted, and wouldst not hide a sin, nor lock up a creature-enjoyment from him, but desirest freely to give up thy dearest lust to the gibbet, and thy sweetest enjoyments to stay with, or go from thee, as thy God thinks fit to allow thee, though all this be with much regret and discontent, from a malignant party of the flesh within thee, thou provest thyself a sound believer. And the devil may as well say that himself believeth as thou presumest; if this be to presume, be thou the more presumptuous. Let the devil nickname thee and thy faith as he pleaseth; the rose-water is not the less sweet, because one writes wormwood-water on the glass. The Lord knows who are his, and will own them for his true children, and their graces for the sweet fruits of his Spirit, though a false title be set on them by Satan and the world, yea, sometimes by believers on themselves. The father will not deny his child because he is in a violent fit of fever, talks idle, and denies him to be his father.

Thirdly, The presumptuous faith is a sapless and unsavoury faith. When an unsound heart pretends to greatest faith on Christ, even then it finds little savour, tastes little sweetness in Christ. No, he hath his old tooth in his head, which makes him relish still the gross food of sensual enjoyments above Christ and his spiritual dainties; would he but freely speak what he thinks, he must confess that if he were put to his choice, whether he would sit with Christ and his children, to be entertained with the pleasures that they enjoy from spiritual communion

with him in his promises, ordinances, and holy ways; or had rather sit with the servants and have the scraps, while God allows the men of the world their full bags and bellies of carnal treasure; that he would prefer the latter before the former. He brags of his interest in God, but he cares not how little he is in the presence of God in any duty or ordinance; certainly, if he were such a favourite as he speaks, he would be more at court than he is. He hopes to be saved, he saith, but he draws not his wine of joy at his tap; it is not the thoughts of heaven that comfort him, but what he hath in the world, and of the world, these maintain his joy; when the world's vessel is out, and creature-joy spent, alas! the poor wretch can find little relief from, or relish in, his pretended hopes of heaven and interest in Christ, but he is still whining after the other. Whereas true faith alters the very creature's palate; no feast so sweet to the believer as Christ is; let God take all other dishes off the board, and leave but Christ, he counts his feast is not gone, he hath what he likes; but let all else stand, health, estate, friends, and what else the world sets a high value on, if Christ be withdrawn, he soon misseth his dish, and makes his moan, and saith, Alas! who hath taken away my Lord? It is Christ that seasons these and all his enjoyments, and makes them savoury meat to his palate; but without him, they have no more taste than the white of an egg without salt.

Jonathan Edwards' Account of his Conversion.

THE first instance that I remember of that sort of inward sweet delight in God and Divine things, that I have lived much in since, was on reading these words (1 Tim. i. 17), "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was, as it were, diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense,

quite different from anything I had ever experienced before. Never any words of Scripture seemed to me as those words did. I thought with myself how excellent a Being that was, and how happy I should be if I might enjoy that God and be wrapped up in him for ever. I kept saying, and, as it were, singing over these words of Scripture to myself, and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him; and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thought that there was anything spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehension and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful as those that treated of these subjects. Those words (Canticles ii. 1) used to be abundantly with me: "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys." The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much engaged in reading it about that time, and found from time to time a sweetness that would carry me away in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision or fixed ideas or imaginations of being alone in the mountains of some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapped and swallowed up in God. A sense of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart, an ardour of soul, that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my

mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as I knew not how to express. I seemed to see them both in sweet conjunction—majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet, and gentle, and holy, majestic meekness, an awful sweetness, a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this, my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of Divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything—in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things, in the meantime singing forth, in a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the the works of nature were so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified both with thunder and lightning, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising; but, now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunderstorm, and used to take opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural for me to sing, or chant forth my meditations, or to speak forth my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

I felt then great satisfaction as to my good estate, but that did not content me. I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full and ready to break, which often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist (Ps. cxix. 20), "My soul breaketh for the longing it hath." I often felt a longing and lamenting in my heart that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed in divine things, year after year, often in walking alone in the woods and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God, and it was always my manner at such times to sing forth my contemplations. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion were of an exceedingly different kind from what I ever enjoyed before, and what I had no more notion of when a boy, than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colours. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating, and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart, and did not arise from any sight of divine excellency of the things of God, or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them.

Noted Men among the Covenanters : Alexander Peden.*

I.

IT has been truly said that "of all the Covenanters who figure in the history of the last persecution, which, with increasing bitterness, extended over the long period of twenty-eight years, from 1660 to 1688, no one had a more remarkable career, or is better or more lovingly remembered in death, than Alexander Peden." He was no ordinary man. No doubt his hair-breadth

*The fullest biography of Peden is that of Rev. Kirkwood Hewat published at Ayr in 1911.

escapes from his persecutors and his remarkable utterances gave him a place among the people that none of his contemporaries enjoyed. After his death a little book—*Peden's Prophecies*—was published in 1725 and reprinted by Patrick Walker with additions in 1726, and this had much to do in keeping green the supposed prophetic utterances of Peden. The book is supposed to have been compiled by Patrick Walker, a pedlar, gifted with a remarkable nervous English style as is evidenced by his *Biographia Presbyteriana*.† Walker had little judgment and was very credulous. He did not possess the gift of separating the false from the true with the result that not a few of the stories in the book are recognised now by competent authorities as imaginary. Yet it must be admitted that after a careful pruning there are utterances by Peden and Cameron which cannot be lightly set aside as the deliverances of mere visionaries. These were men who spent days and nights with their God in lonely solitudes and should it be thought a thing incredible that the Holy Spirit would at times give them a sight into the future denied to their contemporaries?

Alexander Peden was born at Auchincloich, in the northern part of the parish of Sorn in 1626. He was educated at Glasgow University. He may have been a student when Robert Baillie and David Dickson were teaching there. He was licensed to preach the gospel in 1659 and in the *Diary of Andrew Hay of Craignethan* (Scottish History Society) there is an account given of his "trial" discourse. Hay gives the following leading ideas in the discourse preached from Acts v. 23, which were strangely prophetic of Peden's checkered career: "1. That sometimes the Lord makes His enemies errand-bearers of His people's delivery. 2. That wicked men leave no means unessayed to embitter the lot of the righteous. 3. That ordinarily the Lord disappoints the enemies when they think themselves sikker (sure). 4. That it's a hard thing to bear home the conviction of a disappointment

†This work was re-issued with notes by Dr. Hay Fleming in 1901 under the title, *Six Saints of the Covenant*, (2 vols.), with the exception of the life of Renwick by Shields.

on the wicked. 5. That the wicked are so blind as they cannot see most palpable progress of God's power. 6. That God whiles trysts [meets] His people's deliverance with impossibilities." For sometime Peden was schoolmaster, session-clerk, and precentor at Tarbolton about 9 miles to the west of his native place. The minister of the parish at this date was the Rev. John Guthrie, brother of the better known William Guthrie of Fenwick (*pronounced* Finnick), and cousin of James Guthrie, Stirling, the martyr. It was probably before his licensure that Peden held the above offices. It was while at Tarbolton, Peden passed through a fiery trial. A young woman made a cruel charge against him. Peden asserted his innocence and said the Lord would vindicate him. The out-gate from his trouble is thus stated by John Howie in his *Scots Worthies*: "The woman, after suffering many calamities, put an end to her own life, in the very same place where Peden had spent twenty-four hours seeking the divine direction, while he was embarrassed with that affair." In 1660 Peden was ordained minister of New Luce, in Galloway, sometimes called the Muir Kirk of Glenluce. New Luce did not long enjoy his ministrations for he was evicted in 1663 with the great majority of faithful Presbyterian ministers by a decree of the Privy Council passed at Glasgow on 1st October, 1662, when according to Bishop Burnet the Councillors were "so drunk that they were not capable of considering anything." Episcopacy was now set up and established in Scotland and began that odious career of persecution the memory of which has lingered in the memory of Scotsmen to this very day. The day he bade farewell to his people he preached in the forenoon from the Acts of the Apostles xx. 7, to the end, stressing the words: "Therefore watch and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn," etc. In the afternoon he preached from: "And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified" (Acts, xx. 32). The congregation were so overcome that they fell to weeping and it was with difficulty

they were persuaded to leave the church. As Peden closed the pulpit door behind him, he knocked upon it three times with the Bible, solemnly saying: "In my Master's name I arrest thee! that none ever enter thee, but such as enter as I have done, by the door." And remarkable to relate no curate or indulgent minister entered that pulpit during the ascendancy of Episcopacy in Scotland. From the date of his eviction Peden became a wanderer, hunted, searched for by dragoons, but never falling into his enemies' hands. His life onwards was full of incident with hairbreadth escapes and filled full with marvellous providences. As time went on the fires of persecution began to burn more fiercely and on being summoned to appear before the Privy Council and refusing to attend he was "put to the horn" and later his life and fortune were forfeited. In one of the Government proclamations issued at the beginning of 1666 Peden is described "riding up and down the country with sword and pistols, in gray clothes." After the rising of the Covenanters which ended so disastrously for them at Rullion Green, Peden, with others, is described as the worst of traitors and when captured he and they are to be handed over to the Lords of the Privy Council. In 1667 in a proclamation granting a general pardon Peden is expressly excepted. We now enter on an interesting period of Peden's life when as a wanderer he figured in those extraordinary escapes which have covered his name with a romantic interest. On one occasion he was hotly pursued by the dragoons and on reaching a swollen stream he urged his horse into the waters and got safely to the other side. On turning round he saw the leader of the dragoons urging his horse into the waters when he arrested him with the words: "Stop man! you have not *my* Ferryman to take you across. Consider where your landing would be. Ye are fighting for the devil, and riding post to him. Oh! think of it." On another occasion when it looked like that he would fall into the hands of his enemies he prayed pathetically to his Lord: "Twine them about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over puir auld Sandy." His prayer was immediately answered by

the mist coming down and shrouding him from his enemies. He had an uncanny sight into character—"There comes the devil's rattlebag" he said on one occasion as he saw a voluble religious professor approach. The man afterwards became a turncoat and Peden's characterisation stuck to him and to his family. After the Revolution the man complained to his minister but all the comfort he got was: "You well deserve it; he was an honest man that gave it to you; you and yours must enjoy the title, there's no help for it."

At length Peden was captured in 1673 at Knockdow, in the parish of Colmonell, in South Ayrshire. He had been holding a conventicle in the neighbourhood and after preaching he retired to the house of Hugh Ferguson, who constrained him to stay for the night. Peden warned his host that it would be a dear night's lodgings to both and so it turned out. Both were apprehended and taken to Edinburgh where Ferguson was fined a thousand merks. Peden was sentenced to imprisonment for several years.

After his release we find him performing the marriage of John Brown (the Christian Carrier) and Isobel (or Marion) Weir in a quiet moorland farmhouse where the hunted minister and the godly couple met for the ceremony which was to make John and Isobel one. When the wedding ceremony was over the young wife listened to ominous, prophetic words from Peden, which must have filled her heart with strange forebodings: "You have got a good husband," he said, "value him highly, and keep linen for a winding sheet beside you, for in a day when you least expect it the Master will take him away from your head." Three years afterwards the young wife saw her husband shot before her eyes by Claverhouse.

(To be continued).

It is common for men to make doubts when they have a mind to desert the truth.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

The Prayer of the Destitute.*

My land lies fallow; Master till me!
My heart is empty; Master fill me!
It plays the traitor; Master win me!
It faints, it dies; put new life in me!
It goes astray; Good Shepherd, lead me!
It sighs for hunger; come and feed me!
It is so poor; give riches to me!
It is corrupt; O Lord, renew me!
So ignorant; Oh! wilt thou teach me?
Has wandered far; but thou canst reach me!
Is so diseased: Physician, heal me!
Exposed to danger: O conceal me!
It trembles: in thine arms, O fold me!
Begins to sink: O Saviour, hold me!
Is sinking fast: Lord, look upon me!
So cold and dark: O shine upon me!
A poor lost sinner: come and find me!
A rebel: may thy love now bind me!
A prodigal: wilt thou receive me?
A beggar: O, wilt thou relieve me?
A backslider: wilt thou restore me?
Unholy: may thy presence awe me!
Unfit to die: O God, prepare me!
So weak: on eagles' wings, O bear me!
So comfortless: Lord Jesus, cheer me!
So lonely: God of Love, draw near me!
By sin accused: Good Lord, acquit me!
Unfit for Heaven's pure service: fit me!
Unfit for work on earth: but use me!
A suppliant: do not thou refuse me!

—*Ada Louise Abbot.*

*These words were composed by the late Miss Abbot known to a number of our people in the London Mission in days gone by. Affliction was sanctified to her and though laid aside from active participation in the outward means her Master prepared her in the furnace of affliction for a place among His redeemed.—*Editor.*

Three Wonders.*

THE late Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall while addressing the Lord's Table mentioned the following three wonders:—

1. The Spouse of Christ is here commemorating the death of her Husband and her Husband alive.
2. The Spouse of Christ is here commemorating the death of her Husband and her Husband can never die.
3. The Spouse of Christ is here commemorating the death of her Husband and her Husband is with her.

The Late Archibald Ross, Geocrab, Harris.

THE subject of this sketch was a worthy member for some years. He was offered office but declined to accept although he was eminently gifted with a far-seeing and judicious mind. He was an uncompromising Free Presbyterian who proved steadfast in his testimony unlike many who waver. When any opposed themselves to our standing as a Church or to individuals in the Church he invariably stood his ground against them. When a witness was raised against error in Harris, no place of worship could be had but the hillside, beyond where the present place of worship is at Kintail. An umbrella was the only protection that the speaker had against the elements. Our friend said to me that he never regretted the step he took in going to the hill-side and, we believe, he does not to-day. He understood the subtleties of the Delaratory Act as few did, and could also give reason for his ecclesiastical position with meekness and firmness. Discerning Christians noticed a decided change come over him before he made a public profession. Although he was never given over to frivolity and vanity, he now began under the Spirit's teaching to pay more attention to the Word of God, and to listen eagerly as though in concern

*The above was given us by a member who was present at the above Communion and who is happily still spared in her 87th year.—J. G.

about his eternal welfare. He was most exemplary in his attendance on the public means on Sabbath and week-day. He was an able speaker to "the question." Once he remarked that the best legacy he would like to leave to his children was the truth and the Free Presbyterian Church. He preferred the Bible to any other book whenever he had spare time, and especially towards the end. He wanted the 119th Psalm read to him in his last days on earth from beginning to end. I was impressed with: "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs; and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrows and sighing shall flee away," so much that I had a feeling that some of the Lord's people were to be taken to eternity. So I preached on that text the last Sabbath our friend was present in Kintail. He seemed perfectly well that day, but next morning he was struck down with paralysis, and never rose again although he lingered on for three weeks. He passed away without pain or struggle but melted, as Spurgeon says, into eternal life. We are the poorer by his departure as is also the world. "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world." We are left to mourn his loss although our loss is his gain. We should appreciate and cleave more to the Lord's people while we have them.—*D. J. MacA.*

Trocair Dhe.

"Mar so abradh iadsan a shaoradh leis an Tighearna,
a shaor e o làimh an nàmhaid."—Ps. cvii. 2.

CIOD e bu chòir a leithid so de dhaoine ràdd? Labhradh agus seinnadh iad air maitheas agus tròcair an Tighearna da 'n taobh; oir (de na h-uile dhaoine) tha na h-àobharan as mò acasan a shaoradh leis gu bhi taingeil airson tròcair comharrachichte Chrìosd, a shaor iad bho mhallachdan an lagh agus cumhachd Shatain, agus bho cionta, uachdranachd agus peanas a' pheacaidh; bho gath a bhàis, agus bho'n fhearg a tha ri

teachd. Tha creidmheich air an saoradh araon bho'n pheacadh agus bho ifrinn.

Ceist. Ciamar bhios fhios agamsa am bheil mi am measg na muinntir shona sin a shaoradh leis an Tighearna? *Freigradh.* Gabh na comharraidhean a leanas: am faca tu riamh do thruaillealachd 's do dhaorsa thaobh nàdur air leithid a dhoigh 's nach saoradh na bu lutha na luach agus cumhachd neo-chriochnach thu? An robh thu air t-iriosalachadh cho mór ann bhi faicinn do thruaighe agus gu 'm biodh tu toilichte bhi air do shaoradh uaithe air chumha 'sam bith? An d'earb thu t-anam air airidheachd agus tròcair Chriosd? an do ghabh thu ri teirgseachan an t-shoisgeil? agus am bheil thu làn riarachtaiche le cumadh a' choimheangail nuaidh? agus an doigh fèin àicheadhail so anaman bhi air an téarnadh tre fhìreantachd Chriosd bhi air am meas dhaibh? Am bheil thu riarachtaiche gu'm biodh Chriosd na Rìgh thairis ort agus g'ad riaghladh cho math agus a bhi na Shlànuighear agus na Fhàidh dhuit? An d' thug thu thu féin suas do'n Tighearna, gu bhi beò dhà, a' miannachadh gu'm biodh a ghràdh g'ad chomh-èignachadh aig gach àm gu bhi dèanamh a thoil? O ma ta feudaich tu comh-dhùnadh gu'm bheil thu am measg na muinntir a shaoradh leis an Tighearna, agus gu robh a chorp beannaichte air a cheusadh air do shon, agus fhuil air a dhortadh a chum do shaoradh.

Tha aobharan sònraichte agaibh gu bhi moladh a mhaitheas agus a thròcair os ceann muinntir eile. Carson? Dh' fhosgail e air suilean gu bhi faicinn maise ar Fear-saoraidh agus slighean na naomhachd, 'nuair tha dream eile a fantuinn ann an doillearachd! Dh' fhosgail e ar cluasan gu bhi cluinntinn an fhuaim aoibhneach agus ga leantuinn, 'nuair tha muinntir eile bedhar da thaobh! Dh' fhosgail e ar teangaidhean gu bhi ag urnuigh ris agus gun chomas am beul fhosgladh anns na dleasdanas sin! Dh' fhosgail e ar cridheachan gu bhi gabhail a steach Chriosd agus esan air a cheusadh 'nuair tha muinntir eile ga dhùnadh a mach! Thug e sibh gu bhi faireachadh olcas a' pheacaidh agus an eallach a th'ann, 'nuair nach eil faireachadh

'sam bith aig dream eile air na nithean sin! Thug e dhuibh càil carson biadh spioradail 'nuair nach cord nì 'sam bith ri dream eile ach nithean talmhaidh! Thug e dhuibh gealladh agus dòchas gu'm bidh sibh, shuas, air ar saoradh gu h-ìomlan bho pheacadh agus truaighe, 'nuair tha muinntir eile beò gun Chrìosd agus gun dòchas! Uime sin, seinneadh agus moladh iadsan a shaoradh leis an Tighearna e os ceann na h-uile muinntir eile.

O sibhse a shaoradh leis an Tighearna thugaibh buidheachas dhà, agus cuiribh an cèill ar taingealachd le ar smuaintean agus ar gnìomharan cho math agus le ar briathran, se sin ri ràdh, biodh ar Fear-saoraidh luachmhor agaibh, agus beachd àrd agaibh air fhuil agus fhìreantachd, a chosainn na h'uile nithean dhuibh. 'Se sin le bhi seachnadh na h-uile nithean a chuireas eas-urram air, agus le bhi teicheadh o'n peacaidhean tha cumanta agus air an cuir an gnìomh anns an àite 's am bheil sibh a' gabhail còmhnuidh. Le bhi moladh ar Fear-saoraidh rìusan a tha aineolach air. Le bhi seasaidh suas mar fhianuisean air a shòn agus airson fhìrinn agus a shlighean, ann am meadhon ginealach a tha dèanamh tair air Crìosd. Le bhi coimhead là Dhé gu cùramach, mar chuimhneachan seachd-nachail air gràdh saoraidh. Le bhi miannachadh gu'm biodh rioghachd Chrìosd air a mheudachadh, agus le bhi dèanamh gairdeachas 'nuair a chluinneas sibh gu bheil e meudachadh, agus le bhi cuir urram air uile chairdean agus luchdgaoil an Fhìr-saoraidh. Anns an àite mu dheireadh, cuiribh an cèill ar taingealachd le bhi seinn sailm, laoidhean, agus dàin spioradail, a moladh gràdh saoraidh, agus a seinn mu phearsa an Fhear-saoraidh, ofigean agus fhulangasan, nithean nach urrainn a bhi air an cur an cèill gu h-ìomlan. Seinnibh moladh dha 'n Dia mòr, a dh'ìrioslaich e féin, ann bhi fàgail a rìgh-chaithir agus a thàinig a nuas a ghabhail còmhnuidh anns an fheoil, agus a fhulaing am bàs air ar son, agus a dh'éirich a ris, agus a chaidh suas do nèamh a ghabhail sealbh air an oighreachd agus a dh'ullachadh àite dhuinn ann. Air an aobhar so, tha an Spiorad g'ur gairm, anns an aon àite ceithir uairean, gu bhi seinn moladh, Salm xlvii. 6, "Seinnibh moladh do Dhia,

seinnibh, seinnibh moladh d'ar Rìgh, seinnibh." Tha 'n t-seinn so ro thaitneach aig Dia, agus chum buannachd dhuinn féin. 'Se toil Dhé gu'm biodh sinn gu tric ga molaidh air an talamh, nì bhios na obair siorruidh ann an neàmh. Ach, Oh! mar a tha sinn a' tighinn gèarr anns an nì so. O seinneadh iadsan a shaoradh leis an Tighearna moladh dhà, agus thugadh iad buidheachas dha airson a thiodhlaie do-labhairt araon anns an t-shaoghal so agus anns an t-shaoghal ri teachd. Amen.

Seirbheis Chomanachaidh Leis an Urramach Aindrea Gray.

AN DARA BORD.

CARSON a tha sibh eadar dhà bharrail a chàirdean? Ma 's e bhuir n-iodhalan is Dia, an sin gabhaibh nur glacaibh iad: agus ma s'e Crìosd Dia, mar is e da rìreadh, an sin gabhaibh nur glacaibh e. An d'fhuair thu riamh de shealladh air Crìosd na cho-éigmiach thu gu glaothaich a mach, "O air son teangadh aingil gus am barraichd a thoirt, ann a bhi cur an céill a ghràidh?" An d'fhuair thu riamh de shealladh air na thug ort glaothaich a mach, O air son mìle crìdhe gus an toirt do Chrìosd luachmhor? Tha mi smaointeachadh gu bheil ceithir nithean ann a tha teannachadh a' Chrìosduidh, no 'ga chur ann an iom-cheisd, no 'ga chur gu cìod a their mi?

'Se cheud nì a tha teannachadh a' Chrìosduidh, 'n uair a tha e fo mhothaichean luachmhor air gràdh; mar a tha e an II. Samuel, vii. 20: "Agus cìod tuilleadh a dh'fheudas Daibhidh a ràdh riut?" O Dhaibhidh, cìod a thubhairt thu, 'n uair tha thu air do chur ann an iom-cheisd? Mar sin tha cuid ag ràdh, "Chan urrainn mi 'n còrr a ràdh ach so, chan urrainn mi 'n còrr a ràdh!" Tha 'n Chrìosduidh air a chur gu so aig amanaibh, agus 'se nis as urrainn e ràdh, "chan urrainn mi 'n còrr a ràdh!" Na choinnich thu riamh rì leithid de shonas aig urnaighean, agus aig sacramaidean, agus gu'n robh thu air

do cho-éigneachadh gu sgar de labhairt agus tòiseachadh ri gabhail iognaidh?

'Se'n dara nì a tha teannachadh a' Chriosduidh, 'n uair a tha e fo mhothachadh air feirg Dhe, agus ag òl a stigh saighdean an uile-chumhachdaich; mar a tha e ann an Salm lxxviii.

'Se'n treas nì a tha teannachadh a' Chriosduidh, 'n uair a choinnicheas e ri coimhlionadh nan geallaidhean, mar a tha'm focal sin ann an Isaiah xxxviii. 15, "Ciod a their mi? Labhair e rium, agus fòs choimhlion e."

'Se 'n ceathramh nì a tha teannachadh a' Chriosduidh, 'n uair a tha e air a leigeadh a stigh do fhoillsichidhean glòrmhor; a réir an fhocail sin ann an Daniel x. 16. 'N uair nach d'fhuair Daniel ach sealladh air Dia, thuit e sìos aig a chosaibh: cha labhair mi mòran air so, an nì a chi sibhse le 'ur sùilean, cha chanainn ach so, sàsuichidh e bhur ceud-fathan uile. O Chriosduidhean! am bu mhath leibh bhur sealladh a bhi air a shàsachadh? Thigibh an so agus faicibh gràdh a' dealradh ann an cupan de fhion dearg! Na'm faigeadh sibh am brat-sgàile a tharruing an dara taobh, dh'fhaodadh sibh sealladh fhaotainn nach di-chuimhnicheadh sibh a ris. Agus am bu toil leibh bhur blas a bhi air a shàsachadh? O thigibh an so agus òlaibh de fhion spìosraidhach. Am bu toil leibh bhur mothachadh a bhi air a shàsachadh? Thigibh agus cuiribh bhur meòir 'na thaobh, agus na bithibh na's fhaide mi-chreidmheach ach creidmheach. Am bu toil leibh bhur fàileadh a bhi air a shàsachadh? Ma ta thigibh an so agus bithibh air bhur n-ùrachadh leis-san a tha air a dheànamh cùbhraidh le uile mhin dhus ceannaich nan spìosraidh. Agus am bu toil leibh bhur claisneachd a bhi air a shàsachadh? Chan 'eil aon mhìr dhe 'n aran so nach 'eil ag analachadh gràidh do-thuigsinn. Chan 'eil e comasach do dh'ainglean a thuigsinn na smuaintean a bha aige 'n uair a bha e'n crochadh eadar neamh agus talamh. O ciod iad na smuaintean a bha aige air an oidheche ud 'san d' thubhairt e, "'Se so mo chorp, gabhaibh agus ithibh?" O 'se a' cho-chomunn bheannaicht' a bha ann far an robh Criosd!

Am bheil sibh a' smaointeachadh nach b' urrainn Crìosd labhairt na b'fheàr mu thimchioll fhéin n b' urrainn ainglean? Thubhairt e riubh, "Gabhaidh agus ithibh, le mo bheannachd, oir is e so cupan deireannach an Tìomnaidh Nuaidh; òlaibh e mar chuimhneachan ormsa, gus an tig mi." Tha mi smaointeach gu bheil e' g ràdh trì nithean.

An toiseach, tha e' g ràdh so. Nach e cuirm iomlan a bha anns a' chuirm so, agus uime sin gu 'n tigeadh e a ris.

'San dara h-àite tha e 'g ràdh so, gu'm bu chòir dhuinne chuimhneachadh, 'n uair a bhitheas sinn a' cuartachadh an orduigh so, gu bheil Crìosd a' dol a thiginn a ris. O 'se cuirm neo-chrìdheil a bhitheas ann, mur a tabhair sibh comhfhurtachd dhuibh fhein leis a so, "Feuch tha e teachd mar earb."

'San treas àit', tha e' g ràdh so, gu bheil Crìosd a 'miannachadh a bhì air neamh mar a tha esan an sin, cha bhitheamaid fad an so. Am bheil bhur crìdheachan air neamh, O Chrìosd-uidhean? Am bheil bhur n-ionmhasan an sin? Am bheil bhur smuaintean an sin? Am bheil bhur sùilean an sin? Am bheil bhur creidimh an sin? Chan aithne dhomh ciod e de'n Chrìosd-uidh a bu chòir a bhì mach a neamh, eadhon 'n uair a the e' n so, ach am pàilluin enapach, creadhach, a bhitheas ann an ùine gheàrr air a chòmhdach le neo-bhàsmhorachd. Nis, gu'm beannaicheadh Dia a' chuirm so dhuibh.—*Eadar-theangachta le I. M.*

Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir Fillte.

AN STAUD SHIORRUIDH: NO, STAUD SONAIS,

NO TRUAIGHE IOMLAN.

Mu Bhàs.

(*Air a leantuin bho t.d., p. 272.*)

"Oir a ta fhios agam gu 'n toir thu mi gu bàs, agus a chum an tighe a dh' òrduicheadh do gach uile bheò."—IOB xxx. 23.

'San àite mu dheireadh, Bi air t' faicill roimh an dòchas sin mu nèamh, nach 'eil ga d' ulluchadh agus 'ga d' uidheimeachadh air

son nèimh; nach 'eil idir a' dèanamh t' anama na's naoimhe: "Gach neach aig am bheil an dòchas so ann, glanaidh se e féin, mar a ta esan glan," 1 *Eoin* iii. 3. 'Se 'n dòchas a th' aig a' chuid as mò de dhaoine, dòchas a bhi saor o phian agus cràdh ann an saoghal eile; na's mò na dòchas fìor shonais, aig nach 'eil a nàdur air a tuigsinn no air a h-aithneachaidh: Agus uime sin tha e cumail sìos ann an leisg agus lundaireachd, agus chan 'eil e brosnuchadh gu claoidh peacadh agus gu beatha nèamhaidh. 'S cho fada tha iad o dhòchas ceart mu nèamh, is gur éiginn doibh aideachadh, ma labhras iad dearbh smuainte an cridhe, gur e bhi ag atharrachadh as an t-saoghal so, a dh' àite 'sam bith eile, an *eagal*, na 's mò nan dòchas. Chan 'eil glòir na caithreach nèamhaidh idir a' tarruing an cridheachan suas d'a h-ionnsuidh; 's cha mhò thogas iad an cinn le h-aoibhneas, ann am beachd teachd an sin. Na'm biodh fìor-dhòchas là na bainnse aca, bhitheadh iad, mar bhean na bainnse, bean an Uain, 'gan dèanamh féin ullamh air a shon, *Taisb.* xix. 7. Ach tha 'n dòchais ag éiridh o 'n leisg, agus an leisg air a h-altrum le an dòchais. O! Chuideachd, mar nach b' àill leibh a bhi ar bhur fuadachadh air falbh gun dòchas 'nur bàs, bithibh air bhur faicill o na dòchasan so. Lom-sgriosaibh iad a nis, agus togaibh air stéidh nuadh; air eagal nach fàg bàs clach air muin cloiche, agus nach bi sibh comasach air dòchas a bhi agaibh tuilleadh.

'*San dara àite*, Greasaibh, O pheacacha a mach as bhur n-aingidheachd; a mach as bhur staid pheacaich, agus a mach as bhur droch chaithe-beatha; mur b' àill leibh, aig a' bhàs, a bhi air bhur fuadachadh air falbh 'nur n-aingidheachd. Cuimhnichibh crìoch thruagh an duine aingidh, mar tha 'm bonn-teagaisg 'g a nochdadh: Tha fhios agam gu bheil eadar-dhealachadh mòr ann am bàs nan aingidh a thaobh cuid de nithe àraidh; ach tha gach aon dhiubh, 'nam bàs, a' còrdadh anns an nì so, gu bheil iad "air am fuadachadh air falbh 'nan aingidheachd." Tha cuid diubh a' dol a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàis le spiorad treubhantais, mar gu 'n dèanadh iad tarcuis air a bhi fo eagal:

Cuid ann am boile an-dòchais, air an lìonadh le leithid a dh' namhunn, is gu bheil iad a' glaothaich mar gu'm bitheadh iad cheana ann an ifrinn! Cuid eile fo thruime dhith misnich fo chuibhreach le h-eagail, air chor as gu bheil an eridheachean air dol fodha an taobh a stigh dhiubh, air dhoibh a bhi cuimhneachadh air mi-bhuileachadh na h-aimsir, agus an sealladh a th' aca air siorruidheachd! air dhoibh a bhi gun chrìch no ceann gu aon ni dhèanamh air son an cobhair féin: Agus tha cuid eile a' bàsachadh gu neo-mhothachail, chaith iad am beatha mar ainmhidhean 's mar ainmhidhean tha iad a faghail bàis gun churam air an spioraid mu thimchioll an staid shìorruidh! tha iad ag osnaich fo thrioblaid an cuirp, ach chan 'eil mothachadh 'sam bith aca mu chunnart an anama: Cha mhór nach cho maith do neach labhairt ri cloich le urrad dùil ri buadhachadh 'sa tha e labhairt riu-san; is diomhain an oidheirp feuchainn r' an teagasg, cha ghluais aon nì a theirear iad! A bhi labhairt riu, aon chuid mu aoibhneis nèimh, no mu phiantaibh ifrinn, is e sin a bhi treabhadh air carraig, no bualadh an adhair. Tha cuid a' faotainn a' bhàis cosmhuil ris na h-òighean amaideach, a' bruidhear mu nèamh; tha clàr an eudain air an cruadhachadh an aghaidh eagail ifrinn, le dòchais ladurna mu nèamh. 'Se 'n gnothuch-san, le 'm bu mhaith a bhi feumail d' an anamaibh, chan e bhi freagradh amharusan mu chor an anama; ach a bhi 'gan cur a mach as an dòchais mheallta. Ach ciod 'sam bith dòigh air am faigh an duine neo-iompaichte bàs, tha e "air fhuadachadh air falbh 'na aingidheachd." O staid uamhasach! O! gluaiseadh beachd air imeachd cho oillteil a mach as an t-saoghal so sibh gu teicheadh gu Iosa Crìosd, mar Shlànuighear uile-fhoghainteach, mar Fhear-saoraidh uile-chumhachdach. Buadhaicheadh e gu bhur ruagadh a mach as bhur n-aingidheachd, gu naomhachd eridhe agus beatha. Ged tha sibh a meas gur taitneach a bhi caitheadh bhur beatha ann an aingidheachd, chan fheud sibh gun aideachadh gur searbh bàs fhaotainn 'san staid sin. Agus mur sguir sibh deth ann an àm, théid sibh 'nur n-aingidheachd a dh'ifrinn, an t-ionad iomchuidh air son aingidheachd, chum gu 'm bi i an sin air a cur air a bonn féin.

Oir an uair a ta sibh a' dol a mach as an t-saoghal so, cruinnichidh bhur peacanna uile, o'n aon as sine gus an aon as òige mu 'n cuairt dhuibh, crochaidh iad ribh, théid iad 'nur comh-chuideachd gus an saoghal eile, agus, mar na h-urrad de dhroch spioraid, cuairtichidh iad sibh an sin gu bràth.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

Literary Notices.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MASS by REV. EDWARD BOURDERY. Protestant Truth Society, 31 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Price, 7d. post free.

This pamphlet is from the pen of the Rev. Edward Bourdery, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, and now a pastor in the Reformed Church of France. It gives a historical account of how this blasphemous rite developed in the Church of Rome until it occupies the central place in its worship.

MY PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES by J. A. KENSIT. Protestant Truth Society, 31 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Price, 7d. post free.

In this interesting pamphlet Mr. Kensit lays bare one of the great delusions of the age. It is almost incredible that so many Roman Catholics should be deceived and duped by it. Lourdes is 530 miles from Paris, about the same distance that Aberdeen is from London, yet it is computed that 300,000 or more Roman Catholics visit the shrine every year. The pamphlet is well illustrated.

Notes and Comments.

Ministers and Sabbath Observance.—In our last issue attention was called to Prof. Main's mischievous speech in which he suggested the compromise of attending divine service in

the morning and leaving the afternoon of the Sabbath for recreation. The Rev. H. S. McClelland, Trinity Church, Glasgow, is of the opinion evidently that the Professor is too narrow and puritanic in his ideas of Sabbath observance for he would allow people to keep it as they please. In neither case do these ministers pay attention to the binding obligation of the Fourth Commandment if they are to be judged by their utterances. While these sentiments were being expressed in the south, in the far north the Presbytery of Shetland was discussing the question of the calling of the North Isles mail steamer on Sabbath during winter at the islands of Unst and Yell. The Rev. W. Begg who raised the question said he had no objection to the steamer calling during the summer for the convenience of visitors but there was no necessity for the steamer making its call during the winter months. The Rev. Victor Wands, Yell, opposed this half-and-half motion and boldly announced that "Sabbatarianism is dead and there is no hope of seeing it revived." If it is, it is because ministers, to a large extent, like himself and Mr. Begg, with half and half measures, have had a hand in putting it to death. The Presbytery, after the discussion, decided to appoint a Committee to investigate the matter of the Sabbath call of the steamer at the islands mentioned.

Overdoing it.—In these days when a false charity is considered a virtue by many to condemn what is inconsistent with truth is usually characterised as fault finding when praise for that which is dishonouring to truth is numbered among the modern virtues. The monasteries which Dr. Coulton and Dr. Hay Fleming have shown to have been hot beds of vice are often described in the most glowing terms as seminaries of culture and all the virtues. Prof. Riddell in his *What We Believe* has a paragraph in which the monasteries have an honourable place given to them. "The monasteries," he says, "which meant so much for the culture and civilisation of the Middle Ages have been described as camps of the disciplined army of God,

scattered over the half pagan soil of Europe like fortresses in a newly conquered territory." Others, and perhaps they are nearer the mark, have described them as the disciplined army of Satan.

The Boy Scout Movement.—In a letter which appeared recently in the *English Churchman* Mr. F. J. Pizzey characterises this movement as a "positive menace" and in a later issue of the same paper the Rev. Colin C. Kerr uses even stronger language and gives his reasons for describing it as "one of the greatest menaces to youth to-day." We reprint these reasons in this month's *Young People's Magazine* and indeed they are sufficiently serious to be a warning to all parents who have a true interest in their children's religious welfare to use all their authority and influence in keeping them from joining the movement.

Church Notes.

Communion.—*November*—First Sabbath, Oban and Dingwall (*note change of date*); second, Glasgow and Halkirk; third, Edinburgh and Dornoch. South African Mission—The following are the dates of Communion:—Last Sabbath of March, June, September and December. *Note.*—Notice of any additions to, or alterations of, the above dates of the Communion should be sent to the Editor.

Student Licensed.—Mr. Alexander Macaskill, divinity student, was duly licensed to preach the gospel at a meeting of the Western Presbytery held at Portree on the 10th of August.

Fort William Church Purchase Fund: An Appeal.—The Fort William congregation having purchased a building for £550 which they purpose turning into a place of worship are making this appeal to the friends of the cause to help them in paying off this debt. Hitherto they have been dependent on halls for which they have had to pay a considerable rent.

It may be pointed out that since 1893 the sum paid for rent would not only meet the purchase price of the present building but leave a handsome balance on hand. The congregation decided, therefore, to make an effort to obtain a building for themselves. Owing to the high prices of building material and the heavy rates demanded for sites they had to give up thoughts of building. When the present building came into the market an offer was made, with the sanction of the Presbytery, and it was secured. While the congregation is small it is to be borne in mind that Fort William occupies a key position in the industrial development of the Highlands. At present the British Aluminium Company are doubling their plant and there has been a large influx of young men to the district and our congregation has considerably increased thereby. The congregation will do its utmost to clear off the debt but it appeals to all well-wishers of the cause to give them a helping hand. Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Rev. D. Beaton, Free Presbyterian Manse, Oban, or by Mr. Alexander Rankin, Mamore Cottage, Fort William.

The Southern Presbytery sanction this appeal. *Neil Macintyre*, Moderator; *R. Mackenzie*, Clerk.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—Friend, Glasgow, per Rev. R. Mackenzie, £1; Miss J. E. M., Helensburgh, 10s; "G.S.M.," o/a Struan, £2.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—A Friend per Mr K. Matheson, Dingwall, £3; Miss J. E. M., Helensburgh, 10s; Mr A. McK., Clashmore, Stoer, per Rev. A. MacAskill, Lochinver, £1; Friend, Lochinver, per Rev. N. McIntyre, £1; "Anonymous," Dumfriesshire, £2; Mrs T. F., Trantlemore, per Mr Murdo Mackay, 10s.

South African Mission—Kaffir Bible Fund.—Friend, Stornoway, per Mr John MacAulay, Applecross, £1.

South African Mission—Well-Sinking Fund.—A Friend per Mr K. Matheson, Dingwall, £2.

South African Mission—Clothing Fund.—Mrs Miller, 7 West Banks Terrace, Wick, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations and gifts:—Miss MacC., Kames, £1; Anon., Plockton, 10s; Friend, Inverness, 5s; Miss K. C., Inverness, 10s; Edinburgh Congregation per Mrs McIntyre, £8 4s 6d; Three Friends, Redcliffe, Portree, £1 16s. 330 yards material from friends in London Congregation per Miss K. Sansum; 62 skeins wool from Fladda friends per Miss Gillies, Raasay.

South African Mission Schools.—Mr H. S. MacGillivray, Ard-hallow House, Dunoon, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following:—Mrs McG., Dunoon, £1 and Mrs C., Ballibraich, £1 for payment of carriage on goods to South Africa. 6 dozen medals from "Lover of Children."

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Borve (Harris) Meeting House.—Rev. D. J. MacAskill, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—Mr McIsaac, Uist, per Mr J. McCuish, £2 13s 6d; Friend, Stornoway, 5s; Mrs MacLachlan, Uist, £3; Mrs Macdonald, Drunshadder, 11s; Miss F. Morrison, Greenock, £3 12s; Mr J. Gillies, Glasgow, £2 10s; Miss McLennan, per M. MacAulay, 16s.

Edinburgh Manse Purchase Fund.—Mr A. MacAulay, 20 Leamington Terrace, acknowledges with grateful thanks a donation of £1 from A Friend, per Mr James Mackay.

Wick Manse Purchase Fund.—Rev. R. R. Sinclair, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—Four Friends, £1 15s; Friend, Wick, 10s. Balance of Debt now due, £228.

The Magazine.

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