

THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
AND
MONTHLY RECORD

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

“Thou has given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.”—Ps. lx. 4.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Need for National Repentance 	241
Glorying in the Cross of Christ. 	244
Captain Hedley Vicars 	254
Letter to a Young Man 	259
Bright Ornaments of the Church of Christ ...	263
Tha Orduighean Dhé Naomh 	268
Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir Fille ...	271
Notes and Comments 	275
Church Notes 	277
Acknowledgment of Donations 	279
The Magazine 	280

Printed by
N. ADSHEAD & SON, 34-36 Cadogan Street, Glasgow.

THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
and MONTHLY RECORD.

VOL. XLIV.

November, 1939.

No. 7.

The Need for National Repentance.

WE are again as a nation involved in a war and no one can say what the end of it will be. "The lion hath roared, who will not fear? the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" In this calamity which has overtaken us we, with very good reason, blame Hitler, but we never realise that we may take a great share of the blame ourselves, for great as his power may be, and much as he may boast of his strength, he is but an instrument in the hand of the Most High and cannot move hand or foot except by His permission. He will bring about His purposes with Hitler and then, if He has not a purpose of mercy for him, He will cast him away for ever. It would appear at this time that part of God's purpose is to punish us for our forgetfulness of His mercies in the past, our misuse of great privileges, and our fearful rebelliousness and rejection of Him as our King and Saviour.

In common with the other nations of Europe we are guilty of these great sins, but our guilt is much deeper because we have sinned against greater privileges. In Germany and Russia there is every effort put forth to blot the name of God out of the minds of the inhabitants of this earth, and other nations, though they have not yet gone to the same extreme, seem to have made great progress on the same way. Truly it is sad to have to say that Britain must be classed with other nations in this respect, and unspeakably sad when one considers that the past history of our

beloved land proves that it was otherwise in a pre-eminent sense. This manifests our great need of national repentance.

In drawing a comparison between the past and present our need of repentance will become very apparent. The history of the fires of Smithfield in England is ample evidence of the warmth with which true religion was embraced in that land, and the zeal and faithfulness which many there had towards the Lord God of Israel. In Scotland, the Grassmarket and the Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, with many other hallowed spots; from shore to shore, prove that God was well-known among us as He was in Judah's Land, while the Solemn Leagues and National Covenants of our forefathers show the seriousness with which they engaged themselves and their posterity to be the Lord's. During these times and for a long period subsequent to them, we had many tokens that we were a land blessed by the Lord with spiritual blessings, but all this has changed, and, nationally, we are in a back-sliding condition.

God is dishonoured among us for we refuse to give Him the place that belongs to Him. Our legislators seldom make reference to the will of God, or to His glory, and this leads one to fear that among them the fear of God is not to be found. His commandments, and more especially the Fourth and the Seventh Commandments, are publicly and flagrantly transgressed, and the transgressors appear to think that they will escape with impunity. The Word of God tells us that "the wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted," and this has been amply demonstrated in our and other lands. Among high and low morality is at a low ebb. The marriage tie is dissolved now, by the law of the land, for reasons which are not admitted as valid by the Word of God, and many take advantage of the new facilities provided for obtaining divorce, and thus we reveal how far we have gone away from God. "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?"

Not only is our need of national repentance evidenced by the way God's Law is violated but also by the way His Cause is despised. Men have become "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God," so that the places of amusement are filled while God's house is practically empty, and it can be said that "The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts." Congregations where God used to be worshipped and where His people were fed have become synagogues of Satan, and while they still retain the name of Christian congregations all their activities militate against the Cause of Christ and the furtherance of true religion. The questionable amusements of the world are fostered by them, and a false charity that will apologise for sin, is paraded as religion, but the great question, What is it that saves a soul? is never considered. In the preaching found in such congregations orthodoxy is decried as narrow-minded, bigoted and behind the times, while heterodoxy is applauded as the last word in learning.

The place Romanism gets in our midst is another indication of our great need of national repentance. The principles of God's Word and the part of the Constitution of the Realm which deals with the safe-guarding of the Protestant religion, are openly and daringly violated. The witness made on God's side by our forefathers, and which many of them sealed with their blood is forgotten, and the system which sought to rob them of the "faith which was once delivered unto the saints," and against which they fought to the death, is not only tolerated, but encouraged, so that in many ways preference is given to it over true religion. In this God shall not hold us guiltless. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this." From the time that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act was passed Rome has insidiously worked itself into the high places of the British Empire. The Jesuits have placed themselves in every coign of vantage, not only in the State, but also in the professedly Protestant Church, taking note of everything that will be to

their own advantage, and skilfully engineering every movement that will serve the cause of the Papacy. The barriers against Romanism have, one after another, been removed; the God-honouring and God-owned work of the Reformation has been lightly esteemed, our covenant obligations to the God of Heaven have been sinfully disregarded by us, we have been carried away by the blandishments of the Mother of Harlots, and suffered ourselves to have become "drunk with the wine of her fornication," so that the Holy Spirit has been grieved away from among us and we have been left as a wilderness. These are crying reasons for both national and individual repentance.

We need repentance and we cannot bring it about by any efforts of our own for it is foreign to our fallen nature to repent. It is God's work to "pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications," and it is Christ alone whom "God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sin." Oh! when will we as a nation look to Him whom we have pierced. Truly it would be well for us to be found among those who say, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up."—*J. C.*

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

By Rev. JOHN MACLAURIN, Glasgow.

III.

(*Continued from p. 231.*)

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—*Gal. vi. 14.*

The curse of the law was a weight sufficient to crush a world. They who first brought it on themselves found it so. It sunk legions of angels who excel in strength, when they had abused

that strength against the law, from the heaven of heavens to the bottomless pit. The same weight that had crushed rebel angels, threatened man for joining with them. Before man could bear it, before any person could have his own proportion of it, it behoved, as it were, to be divided into numberless parcels. Man, after numberless ages, would have borne but a small part of it. *The wrath to come* would have been always wrath to come to all eternity; there would have been still infinitely more to bear. Christ only had strength to bear it all; to bear it all in a manner at once; to bear it all alone. None of the people were with Him. Our burden and our help was laid on One who was mighty; and His bearing it was a glorious manifestation of His might—of the noblest kind of might—that He was *mighty to save*. It is true, that load bruised Him; but we should not be surprised at that, if we considered the dreadfulness of the shock. Could we conceive the weight of eternal justice ready to fall down, like lightning, with violence upon a world of malefactors, and view that sacred body interposed betwixt the load of wrath from above, and the heirs of wrath below, we would not wonder at these bruises, we would not despise them. We should consider the event, had that wrath fallen lower. Had it met with no obstacle, it would have made havoc of another kind. This world would have been worse than a chaos, and been covered with the dismal effects of vindicatory justice, and divine, righteous, vengeance.

Although His sacred flesh was both mangled and marred with that dismal load, yet we should consider that it sustained it. Here was incomparable strength, that it sustained that shock which would have ground mankind into powder; and He sustained it (as was said before) alone. He let no part of it fall lower. They who take sanctuary under this blessed covert, are so safe, that they have no more to do with that load of wrath but to look to it (John, iii. 14, 15). To allude to the Psalmist's expressions (Psalm xci. 7, 8) "It shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the

wicked;" but they shall see it given to that righteous One; and all that in effect is left to them in this matter, is by faith to look and behold what a load of vengeance was hovering over their guilty heads; and that guiltless and spotless body being interposed, how it was crushed in an awful manner.

But it is the end of the conflict that shows on which side the victory is. In that dreadful struggle, Christ's body was brought as low as the grave; but though the righteous fall, he rises again, Death was undermost in the struggle (I. Cor. xv. 26). It was Christ that conquered in falling, and completed the conquest in rising. The cause, design, and effects of these wounds show incomparable power and strength appearing in them. The same strength appeared in His behaviour under them; and the manner in which He bore them, we see in the history of His death. He bore them with patience, and with pity and compassion towards others. A small part of His sorrow would have crushed the strongest spirit on earth to death. The constitution of man is not able to bear too great violence of joy or grief; either the one or the other is sufficient to unhinge our frame. Christ's griefs were absolutely incomparable, but His strength was a match for them.

These considerations serve to show, that it is the greatest stupidity to have diminishing thoughts of the wounds of the Redeemer. Yet, because this has been the stumbling block of the Jews, and foolishness to the Gentiles, and many professing Christians have not suitable impressions of it, it is proper to consider this subject a little more particularly. It is useful to observe how the Scripture represents the whole of Christ's humiliation as one great action, by which He defeated the enemies of God and man, and founded a glorious everlasting monarchy. The prophets, and particularly the Psalmist, speak so much of Christ as a powerful conqueror, whose enemies were to be made His footstool, that the Jews do still contend that their Messiah is to be a powerful temporal prince, and a great fighter of battles; one who is to subdue their enemies by fire and

sword; and by whom they themselves were to be raised above all the nations of the world. If pride and the love of earthly things did not blind them, it were easy to see, that the descriptions of the prophets are vastly too high, to be capable of so low a meaning. This will be evident by taking a short view of them; which at the same time will show the glory of that great action just now spoken of, by showing the greatness of the design, and the effects of it. The prophets oftentimes speak more expressly of the Messiah as a great King, which is a name of the greatest earthly dignity. The hand of Pilate was overruled to write that title of honour even on His cross. The glory of the kingdom that He was to found is represented in very magnificent expressions by the prophet Daniel, chap. ii. 35-45, and chap. vii. 9, 10, 13, 14. In these prophecies are lively representations of unparalleled greatness, an everlasting kingdom to be founded, strong obstacles to be removed, powerful enemies to be defeated.

It is useful to observe the *universal importance* of this design; no part of the universe was unconcerned in it. The glory of the Creator was eminently to be displayed, all the divine persons were to be gloriously manifested, the divine attributes to be magnified, the divine works and ways to be honoured. The earth was to be redeemed, hell conquered, heaven purchased, the law to be magnified and established (Isa. xlii. 21), its commandments to be fulfilled, its curse to be suffered, the law was to be satisfied, and the criminal that broke it to be saved, and his tempter and accuser to be defeated. The head of the old serpent was to be bruised, his works to be destroyed, and the principalities and powers of darkness to be spoiled, and triumphed over openly. (Col. ii. 15). The principalities and powers of heaven were to receive new matter of everlasting hallelujahs, and new companions to join in them; the fallen angels were to lose their old subjects, and the blessed angels to receive new fellow-citizens. No wonder this is called the making a new heaven and a new earth; and even the face of hell was to be altered. Surely a more glorious design cannot be conceived; and the more we consider it, the more we may see the greatness of the action that accomplished it.

As the design was great, the preparations were solemn. The stage of it was to be this earth; it was chiefly concerned in it; it was solemnly prepared for it. This is the view given us of the providences that preceded it. They fitted the stage of the world for the event in the fulness of time. If we saw clearly the whole chain of them, we should see how they pointed toward this as their centre, and how they contributed to honour it, or rather it reflected the greatest honour upon them. The forecited prophecies in Daniel, besides several others, are instances of this: they show how the great revolutions in the heathen world were subservient to this design, particularly the succession of the four monarchies represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream: their rise and overthrow were subservient to the rise of this monarchy, never to be overthrown.

We see but a small part of the chain of Providence, and even that very darkly; but this, perhaps, is worth the observing briefly, that universal empire came gradually from the eastern to the western parts of the world, from the Assyrians and Persians to the Greeks and Romans. By this means greater communication and correspondence than formerly was opened, between distant nations of the earth, from the rising to the setting of the sun. The kingdom represented by the stone cut out of the mountain was to extend to both (Dan. ii. 34, 35). Whatever we think of this, it is certain, that if we saw the plot of providence unfolded, we should see these and other revolutions contributing to the fulness of times, and adjusting the world to that state and form of things that was fittest for the Redeemer's appearance.

These were a part of the preparations for the work in view; but they were but a part of them; for all the sacrifices offered every morning and evening for so many ages, were preparations for it and shadows of it. The same may be said of other figures and types. The church of God, for four thousand years, waited with longing looks for this salvation of the Lord; they were refreshed with the sacrifices that prefigured it. The heathen

themselves had their sacrifices. They had sinfully lost the tradition of the true religion and the Messiah, handed down from Noah; yet Providence ordered it so, that they did not wholly lose the rite of sacrificing. There is reason to acknowledge a particular Providence preserving tradition on this point; for how otherwise could it enter into men's heads to serve their gods by sacrificing their beasts? It was useful that the world should not be entirely unacquainted with the notion of a sacrifice. The substitution of the innocent in the room of the guilty pointed towards this great oblation which was to make all others to cease. The predictions of the prophets in different ages from Moses to Malachi, were also preparations for this great event. John the Baptist appeared as the morning star, the harbinger of the Day-spring from on high; it was his particular office to prepare the way of the Lord before Him. The evidence of the prophecies were bright,—the Jews saw the time approaching,—their expectations were big. Counterfeit Messiahs took advantage of it; and not only the Jews, but even the heathen, probably by report from them, had a notion of an incomparably great person who was to appear about that time. These, besides many other great things, serve to show what glorious preparations and pomp went before the great work we are speaking of.

Here it may perhaps occur to some, that it is strange an action that had such great preparations before it happened, was so little observed when it did happen. Strictly speaking, this was not true. It was not much noticed indeed among blind and ignorant men,—this was foretold; but it had a noble theatre,—the whole universe was in effect spectators of it. The Scripture teaches us to reflect on this, particularly to consider the principalities and powers in heavenly places as attentive lookers on this glorious performance. We may infer this from Eph. iii. 10, besides other Scriptures. These morning stars shouted for joy, and sang together at the old creation (Job, xxxviii. 7). There was a new creation to sing at; a more amazing spectacle than the old. In that the Son of God acted in the form of God; now

He was to act the low form of a servant. Nor was that the lowest part of it—He was to suffer in the form of a criminal; the Judge in the form of a malefactor; the Lawgiver in the room of the rebel. The creation was a mean theatre for so great an event, and the noblest creatures unworthy judges of such an incomprehensible performance: its true glory was the approbation of its infinite Contriver, and that He, at whose command it was done, was fully well pleased with it.

Yet to us, on whose natures example has so much influence, it may be useful to consider the honourable crowd of admirers and spectators that this performance had; and to reflect how heaven beheld with veneration what was treated on earth with contempt. It was a large theatre, multitudes as the sand on the sea-shore—a glorious company. In Scripture, angels, in comparison of men, are called gods. We are not sensible of their glory, which struck prophets almost dead with fear, and tempted an Apostle to idolatry; but these, when the First-begotten is brought into the world (Heb. i. 6, compared with Psalm xevii. 7), all these gods are commanded to worship Him. The place of Scripture where angels are called gods, is the place where they are commanded to worship Christ; and according to the same Apostle (Heb. i. 6), it was a special time of His receiving this glory from the hosts of heaven, when His glory was to be veiled among the inhabitants of the earth. It is evident that they were spectators of all that He did in that state, and no doubt they were attentive spectators: they desired to look, as it were, with outstretched necks into these things (I. Peter, i. 12). Nor *could* they be unconcerned spectators: they were, on divers accounts, interested. They did not need a redemption themselves; but they delighted in ours: they loved Christ, and they loved His people: their love interested them in the glory of the one and the other. All we know of their work and office, as Luther expresses it, is “to sing in heaven, and minister on earth;” our *redemption* gave occasion for both. They sang for joy when it began at Christ’s birth (Luke ii. 13);

they went with gladness on messages of it beforehand to the prophets, and to the Virgin Mary; they fed Christ in the desert; they attended Him in His agony, and at His resurrection; and they accompanied Him at His ascension. They were concerned to look into these things in time, that were to be remembered to all eternity; and into that performance on earth, that was to be the matter of eternal hallelujahs in heaven. It should not, therefore, hinder our esteem of this great work, that the great men on earth took no notice of it. They were but mean and blind, ignorant and vulgar, compared to the powers and thrones just now mentioned, who beheld it with veneration. It is no disparagement to an excellent performance, that it is not admired by ignorant persons who do not understand it.

The principalities in heaven understood, and therefore admired. Nor were the principalities and powers of darkness wholly ignorant of it: their example should not be a pattern to us; but what they beheld with anguish, we should behold with transport. Their plot was to make the earth, if possible, a province of hell. They had heard of that glorious counterplot; they were alarmed at the harbingers of it; they looked on, and saw their plot, step by step, defeated, and the projects of eternal mercy go on. All the universe, therefore, were interested on-lookers at this blessed undertaking. Heaven looked on with joy, and hell with terror, to observe the event of an enterprise that was contrived from everlasting, expected since the fall of man, and that was to be celebrated to all eternity.

Thus we have before us several things that show the glory of the performance in view: the *Design*, of universal importance; the *Preparation*, incomparably solemn; a company of the most honourable, attentive *Spectators*. As to the performance itself, it is plain it is not a subject for the tongues of men. The tongues of men are not for a subject above the thoughts of angels; they are but desiring to look into it; they have not seen fully through it; that is the work of eternity. Men may speak and write of it; but it is not so proper to describe it as to tell that it cannot be described. We may write about it; but if all its

glory were described the world would not contain its books (John, xxi. 25). We may speak of it; but the most we can say about it, is to say that it is unspeakable; and the most that we know is, that it passeth knowledge. It is He that performed this work that can truly declare it; it is He who contrived it that can describe it. He it is, who knows it. None knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom He shall reveal Him. It is from Him we should seek this knowledge (Eph. i. 17). What of it is to be had here is but in part (I. Cor. xiii. 9), but it leads us to the place where it will be perfect. Here we think as children, we speak as children; yet we are not therefore to neglect thinking or speaking of it. Our thoughts are useless without contemplating it; our speech useless without praising it. The rest of the history of the world, except as it relates to this, is but a history of trifles or confusion, dreams and vapours of sick-brained men. What we know of it here is but little; but that little incomparably transcends all other knowledge, and all other earthly things are but loss and dung to it (Phil. iii. 8-11). The least we can do is, with the angels, to desire to look into these things; and we should put up these desires to Him who can satisfy them, that He may shine into our hearts by the light of the knowledge of the glory of God (II. Cor. iv. 6). The true object of this knowledge is the glory of God; the means of obtaining it is light *shining* from God; and as to the place into which it shines, it is into our hearts. We are therefore to desire that light from Him who is light itself. But our prayers should be joined with other means; particularly that meditation which Paul recommends to Timothy (I. Tim. iv. 15). We ought to meditate on those things, so as to give ourselves wholly to them. Our meditation should be as lively, and as like to seeing the object before us as possible. But it is not by strength of imagination that the soul is profited in this case, but by having the eyes of the understanding enlightened (Eph. i. 18).

The makers and worshippers of images pretend to help us in this matter by pictures presented to the eye of the body; but

it is not the eye of sense, or force of imagination, but the eye of faith, that can give us true notions and right conceptions of this object (II. Cor. v. 16). Men may paint Christ's outward suffering, but not that inward excellency from whence their virtue flowed, namely His glory in Himself, and His goodness to us. Men may paint One crucified; but how can that distinguish the Saviour from the criminals? On each side of Him we may paint His hands and His feet fixed to the cross; but who can paint how those hands used always to be stretched forth for relieving the afflicted, and curing the diseased? or how those feet went always about doing good? and how they cure more diseases, and do more good now than ever? We may paint the outward appearance of His sufferings; but not the inward bitterness, or invisible causes of them. Men can paint the cursed tree, but not the curse of the law that made it so. Men can paint Christ bearing the cross to Calvary, but not Christ bearing the sins of many. We may describe the nails piercing His sacred flesh, but who can describe eternal justice piercing both flesh and spirit? We may describe the soldier's spear, but not the arrows of the Almighty; the cup of vinegar which He but tasted, but not the cup of wrath which He drank out to the lowest dregs; the derision of the Jews, but not the desertion of the Almighty forsaking His Son, that He might never forsake us, who were His enemies.

(To be continued.)

God's Mercy.—There is a breadth, and length, and depth, and height in this mercy, when God will please to open it, that can swallow up not only all thy sins, but all thy thoughts and imaginations. This, therefore, is a wonderful thing, and shall be wondered at to all eternity; that river of mercy that at first did seem to be but ankle deep should so rise, and rise, and rise, that at last it became waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over!—*John Bunyan.*

Captain Hedley Vicars.

II.

(Continued from p. 205.)

We wish we had space to transfer to our columns some of the diary which he kept with great regularity, and which breathes throughout the most ardent love to his Redeemer and devotion to His service; but we must content ourselves with giving the reader some rules which he drew up for his guidance while at Halifax:—
“Rise every morning at seven o’clock. Meditate on a text while dressing. From eight to nine read a chapter in the Old Testament and prayer. From nine to ten, breakfast, and read newspaper, or any light book, carefully avoiding novels. From ten to one, orderly-room work. From one to half-past two, a chapter in the Gospels, and prayer. From half-past two to four, orderly-room work. From four to six, visiting sick people, etc. Offer up a short prayer before going to mess, that God would keep me from temptation. After dinner, offer up a prayer to God first, then read books of general interest, and give an hour to my Bible and prayer before going to bed. And oh, I beseech thee, my heavenly Father, to enable me thus to devote the remainder of my days to thee! May my motto be, ‘Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!’”

We must also pass over the year which he spent with his beloved family in England, a year which the companionship of kindred spirits, and the delight of home, made probably the happiest in his life. Here, too, we find him constantly employed; now in the country, visiting and praying in the cottages of the poor; and again in London, “teaching in ragged schools, visiting repentant thieves, and, with city missionaries, diving into the depths of metropolitan wretchedness.” Very soon after the breaking out of war in the East, the 97th received orders to repair to the scene of conflict. The pang which this announcement occasioned to his family and friends can be well conceived. Some extracts from his biography will show how the few weeks

before his departure were spent:—"On the 29th of March he came from Windsor to meet us in London, and return with us to Beckenham. On the evening of his arrival he addressed upwards of a hundred navvies, beside several of the young men of the village, at the reading-rooms. They were crowded to excess, and many more surrounded the doors. He chose for his subject, 'Prepare to meet thy God;' and no man on a dying bed could have spoken with greater solemnity and earnestness. Yet there he stood, a strong young man, amidst strong young men, 'putting himself alongside of us as a fellow-sinner,' as one of them remarked, 'and yet so good now, and such a *man* withal.' One after another they crowded around him for a shake of his hand, and to wish him safety and success. We heard them saying among themselves, 'It's a pity that such a fine fellow as that should go to be shot;' and several of them met at the farther end of the village to pray for him regularly." And again:—"One day when we were in London, I happened to meet him when on my way to a hospital to see a sick navy He requested permission to go also From that time he regularly visited that poor man twice a week, although the hospital was six miles distant from Kensington Barracks; and, even in the hurry of his last day in England, found time to bid him farewell."

There are many proofs in his life of the deep affection felt for him by those in whose spiritual concerns he was so much interested. He was prayed for by name at nine prayer-meetings for the army, in England and Scotland, from the day of their commencement until his death. We cannot omit to record a conversation held by the biographer with some of the light company of the 97th, a few days before they left England:—"One named Reynolds, said, 'Since Mr. Vicars became so good, he has steadied about four hundred men in the regiment.' 'Four hundred!' was repeated with surprise. 'I don't mean that he has made all the four hundred as good as himself; that he couldn't. I know enough of religion to know that God alone could do that. But while he was adjutant, and since, too, he has steadied and sobered nigh

four hundred of the most drunken and wildest men in the regiment. There isn't a better officer nor a better man in the Queen's service."

We give from the biography the account of his leaving England:—"It was a lovely morning that 19th May. The sunshine glittering on the bayonets of the men, as they marched up the steps to the station, seemed to mock the tears of wives, sisters, and friends who accompanied them. I saw a young wife quit her hold of her husband's hand, and approach Hedley Vicars, with a manner of respectful confidence, as she said to him, 'Oh, Mr. Vicars, you will see that Cotterell writes to me *regular*? won't you? It is my only comfort to know that you will.' The kindness and sympathy of his tone, as he answered her, told that her confidence was not misplaced. Just then his brother arrived; and, during the delay which followed before the train started, we read Psalm cxxi., in the waiting-room. I remember the deep well of quiet confidence in his eye, as the words were repeated to him: 'The Lord is *thy* keeper.' There was something in the tone of his voice that day which struck like a distant knell upon our hearts. It was a foreboding tone. However strongly hope may have sprung up afterwards, we felt at that moment that it was our last parting."

The first destination of the 97th was Greece. And here a malignant form of the cholera broke out, which, in thirty-four days, deprived the regiment of 120 men. Captain Vicars here took on himself the arduous duties of chaplain, visiting the sick, and attending the burial services, and seizing each opportunity for exhortation and warning. He writes:—"Morning and evening the dead cart leaves the hospital for the graveyard. It is all very sad and solemn, but there is a silver lining to every cloud! I believe that to many this dread visitation of the Almighty has taught a lesson which, I trust and hope, never will be forgotten. Alas! that so few have the *comfort* of religion; the knowledge of Jesus Christ! With some of my brother officers I have lately had most earnest conversations; and they have promised to come to my room, that we may read the Bible together.

Oh, that I may be enabled to speak a word in season to their souls; and, by my poor, feeble testimony to His tenderness and love, lead them to that precious Saviour who died for sinners! We meet for prayer every evening, with peculiar reference to the removal of this grievous sickness, if it please God; and for the gift of the Holy Spirit to sanctify this visitation." And, again:—"My Scripture reading and prayer-meeting at the hospital is better attended than ever. Last 'Sunday' I read Hebrews xii. in one of the wards; and after talking to the men about it, felt my heart drawn out earnestly in prayer for their souls. My chief, my only subject with them, is *Jesus*; and it is a theme of which I hope *never* to grow tired. May God the Holy Ghost bless my feeble words to their immortal souls, for Jesus Christ's sake."

We now come to the winter before Sebastopol—that winter whose privations and miseries so many pens have described, and in which Captain Vicars' character developed itself day by day. Every article of luxury and even of comfort sent him from England, was devoted to the suffering soldiers. In his letters at this time there is a singular combination of almost apostolic devotedness and love, with the gallant ardour of the soldier, leading to an almost boyish anticipation of a brush with the Russians. Notwithstanding the fatigues attending the duty in the trenches, and other constant military duty, he found time for nightly meetings for prayer, and habitual visiting of the sick and wounded. Several boxes from England arrived, containing clothing, etc., for the suffering soldiers, together with Testaments, tracts, and other religious books; and the distributing of these formed some of the bright spots of that desolate winter.

Spring came, in name at least; and with it Hedley Vicars' last Sabbath on earth. The devotional exercises, and the conversation with brother officers on that day, seemed indeed a foretaste of heaven. The day appointed for the national humiliation and prayer followed; and well did he keep it. The last words he wrote were in reference to this fact:—"I look for great results

from the prayers which have ascended to heaven this day, and have been presented by our great Intercessor before the throne of God I read Isaiah xii., and he prayed. We walked together during the day, and exchanged our thoughts about Jesus."

One other fragment was found in his desk, addressed to one to whom his heart's affections were engaged, and to whom he was to be united on his return to England, had his life been spared :—
"The greater part of another month is past, and here I am, still kept by the protecting arm of the Almighty from all harm. I have been in many a danger, by night and by day, since I last wrote to you, my own beloved; but the Lord has delivered me from them all; and not only so, but He has likewise kept me in perfect peace, and made me glad with the light of His countenance. In Jesus I find all I want of happiness or enjoyment; and as week after week, and month after month roll by, I believe He is becoming more and more lovely in my eyes and precious to my soul."

Twenty-four hours more, and his eyes had seen the King in His beauty. On the night of the 22nd of March, a Russian force of 15,000 men, taking advantage of a stormy darkness, issued from Sebastopol. A detachment of the 97th was on the advanced post of the British forces. When the Russians first approached, they were supposed to be allies. Hedley Vickers was the first to discover them to be the enemy. Leading on his band of barely 200 men, to charge a force of 2000, with the long remembered cry of "This way, 97th," he met his death on the field of his first action. A victory was won, but his men bore from the field the dying body of their devoted leader.

From many letters sent after his death to his family in England, from Sebastopol—letters coming from the highest in command to the private soldier—we take a few extracts from a young Scotch officer, Lieut. Douglas Macgregor, who was destined to follow his beloved friend. With this we now close :—
"*Dearest Mother*,—This is a dark and sorrowful day with me; my heart is wrung, my eyes red and hot with crying My

very dear friend Vicars was killed last night. The Russians made a sortie; and while gallantly leading on a handful of our men, to charge them outside our works, he was mortally wounded, by a ball striking his right breast. He was fully prepared for the most sudden death, and he died bravely fighting and doing his duty. . . . Such a death became such a life and such a soldier. The most gallant, the most cheerful, the happiest, the most universally respected officer, and the most consistent Christian soldier, has been taken from us by that bullet, and I know not how to live without him. . . . Every one liked and respected Vicars, even those who did not agree with his strict religion; and those who had known him so long as the leader of every mad riot, when, after closely watching him for years, and finding that once enlisted in Christ's army he *never* flinched, at last gave in, and acknowledged that Vicars at any rate was a true Christian. Farewell, Vicars! . . . I knew that when he went into action he would show that a Christian soldier is a brave as well as a happy man. God bless you, mother; and may He sanctify this severe trial to my soul. Your own, D. M."

Letter to a Young Man.

By REV. JOHN LOVE, D.D.

SIR,—The words with which in your mouth you parted with me a little ago, are still sounding in my ears; and they have excited in my mind ideas and emotions which I cannot forbear communicating to you—though I have little hope of their being in the least successful, but rather fear that they will be the object of your scorn and derision, if God do not interpose. That He may do so, I am probably praying, while you are reading this. And, before you laugh, I beseech you to consider these words of God which you will sooner or later find to be true words—"If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

When you retired, I sat down astonished. "Alas!" said I to myself, "What a poor vassalage is this, that Satan holds men in! How does he bewitch their understanding, and blind them with impenetrable darkness! This poor man has not so much as any idea of a state of liberty. He judges that all men are like himself, the slaves of vile and ruinous lusts. He judges rightly indeed of the generality. The broad way to perdition is full of wretchedly deluded travellers. They walk on to hell, in millions of millions; and they have done so, since the day that Adam sinned. And they are sinning, some of them with great jollity, (ah! poor jollity!)—within a step of the mouth of the bottomless pit. And though you tell them that the pit is just under them, they will not believe you: they will not so much as look whether it be so or not. This is a sad spectacle indeed. And this poor young man, who is now full of spirits and vivacity, and is saying in his heart—"I shall never see sorrow," little considers, that he is one of a race which is "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."—one who is "of few days," who "cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."

But what awful things are a-coming! and yet I cannot but speak out the truth.

(1) Suppose you were this moment lying on a bed in great anguish, and that a burning fever was raging in your veins, and that the wheels of your body were driving round at too violent a rate to continue long in order: Suppose that, at last, the moment was come when nature could no longer endure the shock,—when the silver cord must be loosed, the golden bowl be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern. And now a strange sweat is breaking on your ghastly countenance, and on your panting bosom,—your eyes begin to grow dim, your ears to tingle, desire to fail, and the heart strings to crack—to break.

(2) Suppose the spirit, in horror, after having felt the pang of separation, appearing in the invisible world—where it sees God,—angels, and devils, and human souls. Swift as the light,

it is darted by the power of the Almighty arm towards heaven, till it reaches the Divine throne. There begins to be rehearsed a roll of words,—of blasphemous, profane, rebellious, sensual, impure, revengeful, lying, discontented words. Then is to be read over a distinct and circumstantial enumeration of actions, done by the soul, while in the body. And then its secret thoughts are all,—from the beginning to the end of its life,—to be laid open.

All heaven is silent: angels are around, and saints upon, the throne of Christ: even accusing Satan is silent for a moment. And from that throne, from which proceed thunderings, lightnings, and voices, there issues a sound like the noise of many waters, making the golden roof of heaven above, and the iron vault of hell below,—the one to re-echo, the other to groan,—pronouncing your eternal doom.

All things *may* come in your view this night. This night, Sir, you may understand, in another manner than any on earth can do, what death, and judgment, and heaven, and hell are, by experiencing bitterness from each of them, if you repent not.

I obtest you, if you be not a perfect monster, and worse than a devil, to put this question now to yourself, What shall I then wish that I had now done?

Think it not a light matter, that you are in this manner by God admonished. Think not that it will be smothered, and that none shall ever know of it. At that appointed day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, the contents of this letter shall be proclaimed in your ears, and shall strike you with astonishment before all the spectators—saints and angels. At that day I will be a witness of your trial, of which the issue shall be the eternal life or death of soul and body.

Know that the eye of God is now surveying, and the heart of God pondering, your behaviour; and that in His book of remembrance He is recording it. Angels perhaps are now present,—ready to rejoice if you be converted; and devils too, with all their might scrambling for your soul, to whose malignant hearts it would give joy to get you down among themselves.

Judge, Sir, whether, supposing that I have these views of your situation, (and if I had not, why should I expose myself to the risk of contempt and hatred from you by expressing them?) it would have been a humane part for me to act, to allow you to pass on without forewarning you. If ever God give you His grace, you will not think so.

This way I have chosen, as being most fit to command your attention. I affirm, in the sight of God, that from the bottom of my heart I wish you may be happy in this world, and forever and ever. I advise you to the same course which I myself do take, and upon which I cheerfully do venture eternity: and I hope, if the Lord calls me to it, that through His strength I can, with undaunted resolution, meet the King of terrors in his most hideous form.

Can you retire, and say, "I am just as happy as I can be. I feel no want, no uneasiness, no craving: I feel no fear of what this invisible Power, who made me and has watched all my steps, may do to me?" Can you, Sir, sit down and say, "I think I can composedly meet death in the face: I can composedly go to be judged by God?"

That God, whom your heart is now despising, who with His awful arm encompasses and holds you, could at once crush you into hell; He could make it hell about you at this moment. He now gives being to this paper you are reading,—to those eyes that read it,—to that soul within your breast which thinks of it. He is now recording, how you are treating His compassion in thus admonishing you. Know, Sir, that, if this admonition be despised, it will add a thousand aggravations to your condemnation: it will make hell to be heated sevenfold more than it would have otherwise been.

I wish it were as painful to you to read this, as the considering and preparing of it, has been to me. I would then hope, that the wound was beginning to be searched by another hand than mine.

My dear Sir, these things are most solemn. Your conversion and salvation may depend on the attention you now give to them. I cannot make you sure but that what I have written may come

to pass this very night. When a wound is painful, and wearing a cankering aspect, it would be cruelty not to search it to the bottom, though this should have to be done with the utmost pain to the patient. But here, the very cure is delightful. If you will take my simple word for it, from what I myself have felt,—in God's sight I am not lying,—there is more real pleasure in the most painful throes of the new birth, than in all the enjoyments of sin.

Be willing that God make you willing : do not oppose Him, and He will work wonders.

I protest, in the sight of God, that I desire your happiness in time and eternity : and am, Most heartily and sincerely, Your humble servant, *John Love*.

Bright Ornaments of the Church of Christ.

1. JOHN D. OWEN, D.D.

IT is a remarkable fact that at the time of the Church's greatest needs God raised up men who were eminently useful not only in their own day and generation but their usefulness survived them, and to all appearances will survive them to the end of time. Of that number was the justly celebrated John Owen, whose name as a theologian is still a house-hold word wherever true and vital religion is to be found.

Born at the village of Stadham, Oxfordshire, in the year 1616, and the second son of Henry Owen, vicar of Stadham, he was educated, first at home by his father, and then sent to a private academy in Oxford. At the age of twelve years he was enrolled as a student of Queen's College, where he distinguished himself as a brilliant student and a lad of great mental parts. His application to his studies and his power of endurance is brought out in the fact that during several years of the time he was at the University he never allowed himself more than four hours sleep each night. At this time he was a mere worldling having

no thirst after anything higher than the learning which belongs to this world, but it was during the later years of his University life that he began to have serious thoughts concerning his condition before God. Holiness and Sin, Heaven and Hell became realities to him. We are not told of the means used in awakening his soul to these realities but that they were realities to him, his writings abundantly testify. It was a gradual process which lasted for years before he came to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus and a full-orbed gospel became meat and drink to his soul. It was during these dark years in the experience of John Owen that the infamous Laud became Chancellor of Oxford University and introduced his Romish ritual which he endeavoured to impose on the consciences of men. As a man who was brought face to face with spiritual and eternal realities Owen found in this ritual the very antithesis of what his soul was seeking, and chose rather to leave the University than submit to any thing so dishonouring to God. After this he became domestic chaplain, first in the house of Sir Philip Dormer of Ascot and afterwards in the house of Lord Lovelace of Hurley.

When the Civil War broke out between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians Owen and Lord Lovelace were in opposite camps with the double result that he left Hurley and was disinherited by his Royalist uncle in Wales, who had before intended making him his heir. Thus we find him with Moses, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward." As we have seen he was for years groping for the light of the gospel and was not attaining to it, but at last God's time had come and the means by which he was to obtain liberty were at hand. At that time Dr. Edmund Calamy was in the zenith of his power as a preacher, and Owen went one Sabbath morning to hear him. For some reason Dr. Calamy was not able to be present that day and a stranger occupied the pulpit. The text was from Matthew viii, 26. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith." That sermon was God's message of peace to the soul of John

Owen and he went away with the experience recorded in Isaiah xii., "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." He was never able to find out who the stranger was who occupied Dr. Calamy's pulpit that day. As far as can be gathered one result of that conflict and deliverance was his "Exposition of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm."

Shortly after this he was appointed to the incumbency of Fordham in Essex where he married. As one who had passed through a trying experience in his own soul, he was eminently fitted to be an instructor and guide to the souls of others. His congregation was a desert spiritually but he entered upon his duties with real earnestness, visiting each family and catechising them. This work was greatly owned by the Holy Spirit so that the desert blossomed as the rose. As one who drank deep in his own soul of the "pure river of water of life" he could say with the Apostle Paul, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." His fame began to be reported far beyond the bounds of his own congregation so that in 1646 he was appointed to preach before Parliament, for which he received the thanks of the House.

The time had now come when he must needs bid farewell to his attached flock at Fordham. His predecessor, a worthless man who had been ejected for scandalous behaviour, died and the patron gave the living to another; Dr. Owen as a result had to leave. One can imagine the feelings of both pastor and congregation when thus separated, and we can conceive of no creature more miserable than the man who will break the solemn and sacred ties that exist between a pastor and his people, either in a despotie manner as in this case, or by means more secret. We believe it were better for such that they were never born.

It has been often noticed that when one door is closed another opens. The people of Coggeshall, a market town about five miles distant, gladly invited Dr. Owen to be their pastor, which invitation he accepted, and thus a door of usefulness was opened

for this servant of Christ when men had endeavoured, as far as they were able, to shut it. His new sphere of labour was pleasant in many ways, and the growing attachment of his flock showed the large place which the gospel he preached, had in their hearts. It was after he began his pastorate at Coggeshall that Owen made the acquaintance of Oliver Cromwell, which acquaintance resulted in his accompanying Cromwell to Ireland as his chaplain, and playing an important part in setting in order the affairs of the University of Dublin. His duties as Cromwell's chaplain took him afterwards to Scotland where in the course of a discussion between him and the Scottish ministers, in the presence of Cromwell, Hugh Binning, the young minister of Govan, not yet twenty-six years of age, so managed the dispute as to confound Owen and the other English divines who were with him.

On 9th September, 1651, Dr. Owen was appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University from which seat of learning he departed ten years previously for conscience sake. The ways of the Most High are wonderful, revealing that "God is the Judge: He putteth down one, and setteth up another." Laud and his ritual had been cast out, and the very man who because of that ritual left his place in the University, was now appointed to take charge of affairs and raise that ancient seat of learning from the chaos which had overtaken it. God prospered him in his way so that he not only saved the University from ruin, but he himself was made a power for good to the souls of many who came only to seek earthly knowledge.

Though such a power for good in the University he was not destined to continue there until natural causes would constrain him to seek retirement. Cromwell had been offered the Crown and the title of king by a majority of Parliament and did not seem averse to taking both. Dr. Owen saw good reason to oppose him with the result that Cromwell's attitude to him changed, and he soon dispensed with his services and put another in his place. This is a sad commentary on the bitterness which

man is capable of showing when crossed in his purposes. After his enforced retirement he went to live in his native village of Stadham where he preached to a small congregation till forced to stop by the authorities. Not long after Owen's retirement Oliver Cromwell had gone the way of all the earth and his son Richard retired from public life. King Charles II. was invited to take the reins of government and ruled as badly, if not worse than his father. All non-Conformists were treated with scant respect and John Owen had his own share of these troubles, though perhaps not to the same extent as others, but because of other influences he was at times enabled to do a great deal to make the lot of some of his brethren easier. During his retirement up to the period of his death we find him actively engaged in furthering the Cause of Christ, and strengthening the Lord's people, more especially by his writings. One great public matter in which he took part at this time was the framing of the Savoy Confession, which is the Confession of Faith of the Independent Churches. With the exception of statements on Church government it bears a very close resemblance to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and shows many traces of the master-mind of Owen.

In the midst of his great labours John Owen began to show that the "earthly house of this tabernacle" was coming down. He was frequently afflicted with distressing attacks of asthma and the stone, so that often he was not able to preach though he would have an opportunity. The grim messenger of death was doing its work but of Owen it could be said that he was enduring "as seeing Him who is invisible." With the eye of faith he was seeing "the King in His beauty" and his meditations were on the glory of his Redeemer. The last work that issued from his pen was, "Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ," and on the morning of the day he died when the Rev. William Payne told him that the first sheets of that work had passed through the press, he lifted up his hands and his eyes towards heaven, saying, "I am glad to hear it; but, O brother Payne!

the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world." With calm submission to the will of God he descended to the river, in the midst of sharp afflictions, and then "with eyes and hands uplifted, as if his last act was devotion, the spirit of Owen passed in silence into the world of glory," on the 24th of August, 1683. Eleven days afterwards his mortal remains were buried in Bunhill Fields amidst manifestations of sincere sorrow.

He has left behind him a rich treasure for future generations, a legacy of far greater value than all the gold in the universe. While all his productions are master-pieces on the subjects with which he deals, his "Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews" seems to stand above them all. It might be considered a worthy labour of a life-time for the greatest theologian that ever lived, but when one considers that his published works number over seventy and that he died at the age of sixty-seven one feels the poverty of language to describe the magnitude of his labours.—*J. C.*

Tha Orduighean Dhé Naomh.

LEIS AN URRAMACH IONATAN EDWARDS.

THA òrduighean Dhé naomh anns na dòighean fa leth a leanas.

(1) Tha iad a deanamh sgeul gu h-uile agus gu sònraicht mu Dhia agus mu nithibh naomh. 'N uair a tha sinn a frithealadh air aoradh Dhé tha sinn air mhodh sònraicht an lathair Dhé. 'N uair a tha daoine a feitheamh air òrduighean Dhé tha e air a radh mu 'n timehoill gu bheil iad a tighinn an làthair Dhé. Ier. vii. 10. "An tig sibh an sin, agus an seas sibh ann am làthair-sa, 's an tigh so a tha air a ghairm air m' ainm." Salm, c. 2. "Thigibh na fhianuis le luath-ghàire."

Ann an òrduighean Dhé, tha co-chomunn aig daoine ri Dia, an dà chuid, ann a bhi cur an aghaidh air, mar ann an ùrnaigh

agus ann a bhi seinn a chliu, no ann a bhi gabhail bh' uaithe, a feitheamh gu 'sòlaimte air, air son maith spioradail, mar ann an eisdeachd an fhocail; no ann a bhi eir ar n-aghaidh air agus ann a bhi gabhail bh' uaithe anns na sàcramaidean. Tha iad air an suidheachadh a dh' aon ghnothach eum gu 'm bitheadh co-chomunn aig daoine ri Dia annta. Tha sinn na 'r enuimhean an duslaich, bochd, aineolach, dall, agus chan fhacaidh Dia freagarach gu'm bitheadh ar doigh co-chomunn ris air fhagail dhuinn fein, ach thug e dhuinn òrduighean, mar dhòighean agus meadhonan gu bhi cumail co-chomunn ris.

Anns na h-òrduighean so tha nithibh naomh agus neamhaidh air am foillseachadh agus air an samhlachadh. Ann an searmonachadh an fhocail tha teagasgan naomh, agus toil Dhé air am foillseachadh: anns na sàcramaidean tha Iosa Crìosd agus a thiodhlacan air an samhlachadh; ann an ùrnaigh agus moladh, agus ann a frithealadh air an fhocal agus air na sàcramaidean tha air creidibh, gràdh, agus ùmhlachd air an samhlachadh.

(2) Tha crìoch òrduighean Dhé naomh. 'S e crìoch araidh a bhi glòrachadh Dhé. Tha iad air an suidheachadh gu bhi ga 'r treorachadh ann an cleachdaidhean naomh a chreidibh agus a ghràidh, eagal diadhaidh agus urram, ùmhlachd, taingealachd, aoibhneas naomh agus bròn, tograidhean, rùintean agus dòchasan naomh. Tha fìor aoradh air a dheanamh suas dhe na cleachdaidhean naomh agus spioradail sin; agus mar a tha na h-òrduighean neamhaidh so nan òrduighean aoraidh, that iad nan cuideachadh dhuinn, gu bhi ga 'r treorachadh gu leithid so de dh' aoradh.

(3) Tha ùghdarras Neamh air an cùl. Chan e mhain gu bheil iad a labhairt mu chuspair naomh agus diadhaidh, agus air an dealbh gu bhi ga 'r treorachadh agus ga 'r cuideachadh ann an cleachdaidhean naomh agus diadhaidh, ach tha Ughdar naomh agus neamhaidh aca. Shuidhich an Dia neo-chrìochnach mòr agus naomh iad, an Triuir shiorruidh ann an Aon. Bha làmh aig gach aon phearsa anns an Trianaid ann a bhi ga 'n suidheachadh. Shuidhich Dia an t-Athair iad, agus sin, le a Mhac. Shuidhich am Mac e fein iad agus sin mar a thuir e

bho'n Athair: Eoin, xii. 49 "Oir cha do labhair mi uam fein; ach an t-Athair a chuir uaith mi, thug e aithne dhomh, ciod a theirinn, agus ciod a labhrainn." Agus dh' fhoillsich agus dhaingnich an t-Athair agus am Mac iad na b' iomlaine leis an Spiorad, agus tha iad air an cur ann an sgrìobhadh fodh dheachd-adh an Spioraid Naomha.

Tha iad naomh do bhrìgh gu'n do naomhaich, na gu'n do choisrig Dia iad. Tha iad a deanamh sgeul mu nithibh naomh; agus dh' òrdaich Dia iad, chum annta gu'm bitheadh sinne fiosrach mu nithibh naomha. Tha iad air son feum naomh; agus is e Dia, le ùghdarras sonraicht fein, a dh' òrdaich iad air son an fheum naomh sin; ni a tha ga'n deanamh ni's luachmhor na bhitheadh iad mur a bitheadh sin.

(4) Tha iad air am frithealadh ann an ainm Dhé. Mar sin tha e air aithne dhuinn na h-uile ni a ni sinn, ann am focal no gnìomh, a dheanamh ann an ainm Chrìosd, ni a tha gu h-àraidh gu bhì air a thuigsinn n'ar frithealadh air òrduighean. Tha òrduighean air am frithealadh ann an ainm Dhé. 'N uair a tha 'm focal air a shearmonachadh le teachdairean air an cur a mach, tha iad a labhairt ann an ainm Dhe, mar theachdairean Chrìosd, mar cho-luchd oibre le Crìosd. II Cor. v. 20. "Uime sin is teachdairean sinn air son Chrìosd;" Caib. vi. 1. "Tha sinn mar cho-oibrichean leis-san." 'N uair a tha fìor theachdair a searmonachadh, tha e labhairt mar bhriathrabh Dhé, agus tha e ri eisdeachd ris mar neach a tha labhairt air-son Chrìosd.

Mar sin, 'n uair a tha ministear a frithealadh nan sàcramaidean tha e samlachadh Chrìosh; tha e baisteadh na ainm, agus ann an Suipeir an Tighearn tha e seasamh na àit. Ann am frithealadh smachd eaglais, tha e ga dheanamh, mar a tha 'n t-abstol a cur an cèil, ann am pearsa Chrìosd. Air an laimh eile, tha 'n co-thional, na 'n tighinn am fagus do Dhia, na orduighean, ann an ùrnaigh agus am moladh, ga dheanamh ann an ainm Chrìosd, an t-Eadar-mheadhonnair, mar an neach is e am Fear-ionaid, agus an neach a tha iad a teachd a dh' ionnsuidh Dhé trid.—*Eadar-theangaichte le I.M.*

Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir Fillte. AM BREITHEANAS DEIREANNACH.

(Air a leantuinn bho t-d., 232.)

'San naothadh àite, Nis air do na naoimh am binne féin fhaotainn, "bheir iad breth air an t-saoghal," I Cor. vi. 2. Cha robh so air a choimhlionadh 'nuair a rinneadh an impireachd (Romanach) 'na (impireachd) Chrìosdaidh, agus a bha Crìosd-uidhean air an deanamh 'nan uachdarain. Cha robh tha'n Salmadair ag innseadh dhuinn, "Tha'n t-urram so aig a naoimh uile," *Salm* cxlix. 9. Agus tha 'n t-Abstol anns a' chaibideil a dh' ainmicheadh, ag ràdh, "Agus ma bheirear breth air an t-saoghal leibhse, an e nach fìu sibh bhi 'nur breitheamh air na cuisibh as lugha?" rann 3. "Nach 'eil fhios agaibh gu 'n toir sinne breth air ainglibh?" Air dhoibh a bhi air an gairm tha iad a teachd a dh' fhaotainn an rioghachd, ann an sealladh dhaoine agus aingle; tha iad a' dol mar gu b' ann a 'n chaithir bhreitheanas gus an rìgh-chaithir, "Do 'n tì a bhuadhaicheas bheir mi comas suidhe maille riumsa air mo rìgh-chaithir," *Taisb.* iii. 21. Chan e 'mhàin gu 'n toir iad breth air an t-saoghal ann an Crìosd an ceann, a thaobh co-chomuinn ris, le 'n gnìomhar-aibh air an coimeas ri gnìomhara nan an-diadhach, no mar theistear 'nan aghaidh; ach mar cho-luchd-suidhe ann am breitheanas le h-Iosa Crìosd am Breitheamh, a' toirt an guth 'nan aghaidh, ag aontachadh le 'bhreitheanas-san mar nì ceart, agus ag radh *Amen* ris a' bhreitheanas a bheirear a mach an aghaidh nan an-diadhach: mar a deirear mu na naoimh, air breitheanas na striopaich móir, *Taisb.* xix. 1, 2. "Aleluia, oir is fìor agus is cothromach a bhreitheanas." Mar so, bithidh uachdranachd aig na fireanaibh os an ceann, ann am maduinn na h-aiseirigh, *Salm* xlix. 14. An sin, agus chan ann gu sin, a bhitheas sin air a làn choimhlionadh, a dh' fheudas sibh a leughadh, *Salm* xlix. 6—9. "Biodh àrd chliù Dhé 'nam beul, agus claidheamh dà fhaobhair 'nan làimh, a chum dioghaltas a dhèanamh air na cinnich, smachdachadh goirt air na slòigh—tha 'n t-urram so aig a naoimh uile." 'O nach iongantach an tionndadh air gnothuich-

ibh a thaisbeanar an so! Nach iongantach an sealladh, a bhi faicinn luchd-eaglais aingidh, agus luchd-riaghlaidh rioghachdan, 'nan seasamh mar chiontaich an làthair nan naomh, a dhìt iad aon uair mar luchd-aicheadh, creidimh, mar cheannaircigh agus mar luedh-brathaidh! A bhi faicinn dhaoine saoi bhir agus cumhachdach, 'nan seasamh le aghaidh neulaich an làthair na muinntir sin air an d' rinn iad foirneart! A bhi faicinn an fhir-fhanoid 'na sheasamh a' criothnachadh na làthair na muinntir sin air an d' rinn e fanoid; an duine saoghalta glic an làthair na muinntir sin a mheas e mar amadain! Ann an sin bithidh aghaidh nan naomh air an d' rinneadh dì-meas, 'nan aghaidhean uamhasach do na h-aingidh! agus bithidh iadsan a bha aon uair 'nan orain do na misgeirean, ann an sin 'nan uamhas dhoibh! Is éigin do na h-uile mearachd a bhi air an cur ceart mu dheireadh, agus na h-uile aon air a chur 'na àite féin.

'*San deicheamh àite*, Cuiridh am Breitheamh an céill binn an dìtidh air an t-sluagh an diadhaidh uile! "An sin a deir e mar an ceudna rìusan air an làimh ehlì, Imichibh uam, a shluagh malluichte, a dh'ionnsuidh an teine shìorruidh a dh'ulluicheadh do 'n diabhul agus d' a ainglibh!" ran 41. Breitheanas eagallach! agus sin o 'n cheart bheul o 'n d'fhàinig a mach binn an t-saoraidh roimhe. Bha e 'na mheudachadh do thruaighe nan Iudhach, 'nuair a sgriosadh am baile, gun robh iad air an sgrios le neach a bha air a mheas 'na aon-ghraidh an t-saoghail. O cìod an an-tromachadh a bhitheas e do thruaighe nan aingidh, gu 'n cuir Esan an céill a' bhinne so mar an ceudna! A bhi eluinntinn a' mhallachd o shliabh Shìoin, is éigin da sin bhi ro-uamhasach. A bhi air an dìteadh Leis-san, a thàinig a thearnadh pheacach, is éigin da sin à bhi 'na dhìteadh dubailte! Ach mur so bithidh e. Beucaidh Uan Dhé mar leòmhann 'nan aghaidh! Cuiridh e iad as a' chomunn agus tilgidh e mach iad a làthair gu saoghal nan saoghal, malluichte! Bheir e breth orra gu teine shìorruidh, agus gu comunn nan diabhul gu saoghal nan saoghal! Agus bithidh a' bhinn so mar an ceudna, tha sinn a' smuaineachadh, air a cur an céill le guth àrd, leis an duine Crìosd: agus their na naoimh uile, "Aleluia! is fìor agus is cothromach a bhreitheanais." Cha

robh neach cho iochdmhor ris na naoimh 'nuair bha iad air thalamh, feadh aimsir foighidin Dhé; ach a nis tha crìoch air an aimsir sin, tha 'n iochd air na h-an-diadhaidh air a shlugadh suas ann an aoibhneas, an glòir an Eadar-mheadhonair, agus 'na chur ceart bhreitheanas an gnìomh, leis am bheil a naimhde air an dèanamh 'nan stòl a chois. Ge do ghul am firean air uairibh ann an ionadaibh dìomhair air son an uabhair, agus a chionn nach éisdeadh iad; gidheadh an sin, "Ni e aoibhneas an uair a chì e an dìoghaltas: nìghidh e a chosan ann am fuil an duine aingidh!" *Salm* lviii. 10. Cha bhi iochd an sin air a nochdadh dhoibh le 'n dàimhibh as dlùithe; molaidh a' bhean dhiadhaidh ceartas a' Bhreitheimh, ann an dìteadh a fir an-diadhaidh; their an duine diadhaidh *Amen* r' a dìteadh-so a luidh 'na uehd; their na pàrantan diadhaidh *Aleluia*, ag eur na binn an céill an aghaidh an leinibh an-diadhaidh; agus molaidh an leanabh diadhaidh, o chridhe, dìteadh a pharanta aingidh, an t-athair a ghin e, agus a mhathair a ghiulain e! Tha bhinn ceart; thugadh breth orra a *reir an gnìomhara, Taib.* xx. 12.

Cha d' rinneadh dochair dhoibh: "Oir bha mi oerach (a deir an Tighearna) agus cha d' thug sibh dhomh biadh; bha mi tart-mhor, agus cha d' thug sibh dhomh deòch: Bha mi a' m' choigr-each, agus cha d' thug sibh aoidheachd dhomh: lomnochd, agus cha d' thàinig sibh g' am amharc." *Mat.* xxv. 42, 43 Tha iad sin chan e mhàin 'nan *dearbhaidhean* air an staid an-diadhaidh agus mhalluichte, ach 'nan ceart chinn-aobhair agus stéidh an dìtidh: Oir ged nach 'eil gnìomhara maith a' toilltinn slàinte, gidheadh tha droch ghnìomhara a' toilltinn damnaidh. Chan 'eil ach peacanna do dh' aon ghnè a mhàin, eadhon, peacanna dearmaid, air an ainmeachadh an so; chan e gur iad sin a mhàin a bhios air an leigeadh ris, oir tha fosgladh ann leabhraichean a' dèanamh gach ni follaiseach; ach do bhrìgh gu bheil iad sin gu leòr, ged nach bitheadh tuilleadh ann, a dhamnadh pheacadh nach d' fhuair maitheanas. Agus ma bhitheas daoine air an dìteadh air son peacaidh dearmaid, is mò gu mór air son peacaidh deanadais. Tha dearmad air gnìomhara seirce agus tràcair gu h-àraidh air an ainmeachadh, a chum béil nan aingidh a dhruid-

eadh; oir is ro-cheart, gu faigheadh esan breitheanas gun trècàir, nach d' rinn trècàir, *Seum.* ii. 13. Tha ainmeachadh air dearmad a dhèanamh air ghnìomhara seirce agus trècàir, a thaobh buill bhoehd Chrìosd a' nochdadh, gur e breitheanas air a' mhuinntir sin a chuala Crìosd anns an t-soisgeul, a ta gu h-àraidh air a chiallachadh anns an earrann so de'n Sgrìobtur; agus gur e dìmeas air Crìosd a bhois 'na aobhar mór air sgrìos na muinntir sin a ta 'g éisdeachd an t-soisgeil: Ach tha naimhdeas eridheachan nan aingidh 'na aghaidh féin, air a thaisbeanadh leis an aoidheachd a ta iad a nis a' toirt d'a bhuill.

Is ann an dìomhain a deir iad, "C'uin' a chunnaic sinne thu ocrach, no tartmhor? Oir tha'n Tighearn a' meas, agus measaidh e, neo-chaoimhneas an t-saoghail d'a shluagh, 'na neo-chaoimhneas an t-saoghail d'a shluagh, 'na neo-chaoimhneas d'a féin: "A mheud 's nach d' rinn sibh e do'n neach as lugha dhuibh so, cha d' rinn sibh dhomhsa e," rann 45. O am biadh agus an deòch a bha gu truagh air an caomhnadh, 'nuair a bha ball de Chrìosd aig an robh féum air! O an dìchuimhn' thruagh, nach robh an naomh choigreach air a thoirt a stigh! B' fheàrr dhoibh, gu'n d' fhàg iad an seòmar, agus an leaba féin, na gu'm biodh àite-tàimh a dhi airsan. O an t-eudach malluichte, feudaiddh an t-aingidh a ràdh a bha 'm thigh glaiste suas a' m' chiste, no an crochadh ann am ionad-tasgaidh, agus nach robh air a thoirt a mach a dh' eudachadh a leithid sin de neach! O nach ann a ruisg mi mi féin, mu'n do leig mi air falbh esan gu'n eudach! Gnothuch malluichte, a chum mi o dhol a dh' fhaicinn a leithid so de naomh tinn! O mach ann a shuidh mi dh' fhaire maille ris oidhechean iomlan! An duine truagh a bha mi ann! e' arson a shuidh mi socrach ann am thigh, 'nuair bha esan ann am prìosan, agus nach deachaidh mi g'a fhaicinn? Ach a nis tha na bùird air an tionndadh; ithidh seirbhisich Chrìosd, ach bithidh mise ocrach: òlaidh a sheirbhisich-san, ach bithidh mise tartmhor; tha iadsan a' dèanamh gàirdeachais, ach tha mise air mo narachadh, *Isa.* lxx. 13. Tha iadsan air an toirt a stigh, ach tha mise air mo thilgeadh a mach, agus air iarraidh orm imeachd air falbh:

Tha iadsan air an sgeudachadh le trusgain glòire, ach tha mise lomnochd, agus tha iad a' faicinn mo nàire, *Taisb.* xvi. 15. Tha iadsan a nis air an togail suas gu h-àrd, os ceann trioblaid agus péin; agus is éigin domhsa nis luidhe sìos ann an doilghios, *Isa.* l. 11. A nis théid iadsan gu luchairt nèimh; ach is éigin domhsa dol gu prìosan ifrinn!

Ri leantuin.

Notes and Comments.

The Iona Community.—Among the many restrictions the War has imposed on the activities of men is the closing down, for the present at any rate, of Dr. George Macleod's quixotic scheme of training young ministers for work in the slums by giving them a course, of among other things, of rebuilding the ruins of the Roman Catholic Abbey in the historic Island of Iona. What use working among lime and mortar would be for men who are supposedly being trained for work in the slums has always been a mystery to us, as it has been to others, for the scheme has aroused questionings in the minds of many in the Church of Scotland. For the meantime, however, it has been brought to a standstill, according to a press report, thus sharing the fate of many worthier projects in the mighty upheaval.

Broken Pledges.—During the Crimean War and again at the time of the Indian Mutiny our country was in great danger, and the Prime Minister agreed that there should be a "Day of Humiliation and Fasting," so that people might think of their sins and turn again to God and seek His help in their difficulties. But Queen Victoria, though she was in many ways a fine woman, did not like to have a "Day of Humiliation," and wrote a letter saying that because the Crimean War was caused by the selfishness and ambition of one man, it would be foolish of us to take any share of the blame. She said she would gladly join in a prayer of thankfulness for God's goodness to her people, and would pray for His protection in the war, but she would not say that the

sinfulness of her nation had anything to do with it. To-day we hear a lot about broken pledges, and we know that Germany has acted shamefully in breaking treaties. We know too that we are fighting for a weak people against oppression, and God hates oppression, and we are fighting on the side of truth and honesty. But we can not say that we have no sin. God has been wonderfully kind to our nation in giving us the light of His Word for so many years. Many times too when we have been in difficulties He has helped us. We all know how He wrecked the Spanish Armada by raising a storm and scattering them, and some of you who know more history than I do could tell of other times when God worked for us against our enemies. Each time we are in difficulties we turn to God, and we often forget the promises we have made once the danger is past. I wonder if you ever promised God that you would be true to Him, and then forgotten all about it?—*The Irish Evangelical.*

The Church of Rome in the Mission Field.—In a recent number of *Evangelical Christendom* we published an article written by Canon W. P. Hares entitled "The Church of Rome in the Mission Field." From many parts of the world we have received news of the increased aggressiveness of the Church of Rome, and from the information received it is clear that the priests are not satisfied with proclaiming the Roman Faith to non-Christians, but spend their time and strength and money in striving to induce the converts of the Reformed Churches to transfer their allegiance to the Church of Rome. The missions in the Punjab, the C.M.S., the C.E.Z.M.S., the Baptists, the American Presbyterians and Methodists have all suffered from this proselytism on the part of Rome, and we are glad to hear that Canon Hares, the C.M.S. missionary at Gojra, in the Punjab, has responded to the challenge, and in order to help his people to understand the vital differences between the teaching and practice of the Church of Rome and that of the Reformed Churches, has written and published seventeen booklets in Persian Urdu on the principal doctrines of the Christian Faith, and shown very clearly how Rome has departed in many of her dogmas from the Primitive

and Catholic Faith. Not content with this, Canon Hares has also published twenty booklets on the same subjects in English. Some of these are now in their third and fourth editions. They are clearly printed, attractively got up, and are clear and definite statements of the Faith as taught by Christ and His Apostles, and also a complete exposure of the travesty of that Faith as set forth by the Church of Rome.—*Evangelical Christendom*.

Atheism, Paganism and Popery.—In the tremendous upheaval in Europe Atheism unashamed is marching on and making bloodless conquests. The menace to true religion does not seem to be realised as it ought to be realised. Russia never makes any hiding of its anti-Godism. Nazi Germany, too, on the other hand, is moving swiftly to the paganism out of which she was delivered centuries ago. Atheism open and avowed is, through the diplomacy of Giant Pagan, making progress that no one ever dreamt of at the beginning of the War. What about the Papacy; is Giant Pope asleep? The Rome correspondent of the *News-Chronicle* says that Marshal Balbo's paper *Corriere Padano* (strongly anti-Communist) announces that Britain and France desire closer relations with Roman Catholic Spain. It further reports that the Vatican Secretariat of State has received communications from "the Apostolic Delegates" in Britain and France which were immediately sent to the Pope. It is sincerely hoped Britain will not be entangled in the Vatican net and that it will have nothing to do with Roman Catholic Spain.

Church Notes.

Communions.—*November*, First Sabbath, Oban; third, Edinburgh and Dornoch; fourth, Glasgow and Halkirk (*note change of date*). *South African Mission.*—The following dates of the Communions: last Sabbath of March, June, September, and December. **NOTE.**—Notice of any change, or alteration, of the above dates of the Communions should be sent to the Editor.

Change of Date of Communion.—The attention of readers is called to the change of date of St. Jude's Communion, which will (D.V.) be held this year on the Fourth Sabbath of November, and not on the second as usual.—*R. M.*

Student Licensed.—At a meeting of the Southern Presbytery, held at Glasgow on the 3rd October, Mr. W. B. Nicolson, M.A., divinity student, was licensed to preach the gospel.

Ordination and Induction of Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Uig, Lewis.—The Outer Isles Presbytery met within the Miavaig Church, Uig on the 12th September for the purpose of ordaining and inducting the Rev. John Angus Macdonald to the pastoral charge of our Uig, Lewis Congregation. The ordination sermon was preached from II Cor. xi. 2. "For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy: for I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." Public worship being ended, the Moderator, Rev. D. J. Macaskill, gave a narrative of the steps taken to fill the vacancy in the Uig Congregation. He afterwards put the questions to Mr. Macdonald which are usually put to probationers at their ordination and induction and which were answered satisfactorily. The minister-elect having signed the Formula, and having knelt, he was solemnly set apart to the pastorate of the Congregation by solemn prayer and by the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery. The Moderator afterwards gave him the right hand of fellowship in which he was joined by the other members of the Presbytery. Mr. Macdonald was suitably addressed as to life and duty by the Moderator; the address to the congregation was given by the Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Tarbert. The Call to the Rev. J. A. Macdonald was signed by all the office-bearers and members: it was subscribed by 230 in all. It is our earnest prayer that Mr. Macdonald's ministry may be abundantly blessed, that the Lord's people there may be edified and strengthened and that he may have many seals of his ministry which he now enters upon, encouraged by the goodwill and deep interest of the friends in Uig.—*Malcolm Gillies*, Presbytery Clerk.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—A Friend, Ballachulish, £3; Friend, Lochinver, per Rev. A. MacAskill, £1; A. M., o/a Beaully Congregation, £2; A Friend, o/a Stratherrick Congregation, £3; Mr. K. C., P.O., Soay, Mallaig, £1.

Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Mrs D. M., North Ströme, 5s.

Home Mission Fund.—A Friend, Ballachulish, £1.

Organisation Fund.—A Friend, Ballachulish, £1.

Daviot Church Building Fund.—A Friend, Ballachulish, per Mr J. Grant, £1.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—Anon., Kyle Post Mark, for S.A. Mission, £6; Mr J. D. K. 123 Burnett Street, Ballina, N.S.W., 4s; Mr D. McA., 31 Leys Drive, Inverness, £5; Committee of the F. P. Congregation in Dunoon, per Mr Norman Shaw, £2; Wellwisher, Finsbay Post Mark, £1; "In Memory of M.,"—W. G. St., Glasgow, o/a Hospital, £1; "In Memory of M.,"—W. G. St., Glasgow, o/a Mission Schools, £2; M. M., Greenock, per Rev. N. McIntyre, 10s; A Friend, Ballachulish, £4.

The following lists have been sent in for publication:—

Applecross Manse Building Fund.—Mr M. Gillanders, acknowledges with sincere thank a donation of £1 from Mr J. F., Loubain.

Dingwall Church Building Fund.—Mr S. Fraser, Timaru House, Strathpeffer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—Per Rev. D. A. MacF., Friend, Oban, 5s; Per K. M., Miss H. F., Alness, 5s; Friend, London, 10s.

Dornoch Congregational Fund.—Rev. F. MacLeod, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—A. M., Glasgow, £1; Mrs M., Hurstville, £1 15s; Friends in the South, £1.

Edinburgh Manse Purchase Fund.—Mr A. MacAulay, 20 Leamington Terrace, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—Friend, Stornoway, £1; Friend, Portree, £1 10s, per Rev. N. McIntyre.

St. Jude's Congregation, Glasgow.—The Honorary Treasurer begs to acknowledge with sincere thanks receipt of the following donations:—Sustentation Fund: "In Memory of a beloved Uncle," £25, C. McK., Manchester, 10s, C. Meigham, 10s, all per Rev. R. Mackenzie; Two Friends, Kilwinning, £3; Anon., per Mr John Livingstone, £3. Foreign Missions: "In Memory of a beloved Uncle," £25, Well-wisher, £2, both per Rev. R. Mackenzie; Anon., per Mr J. Livingstone, £1. Home Mission Fund: Anon., per Mr J. Livingstone, £1.

Greenock Manse Purchase Fund.—Rev. Jas. MacLeod, acknowledges with sincere thanks a donation of 10s from Mrs M. Toronto.

Halkirk Congregation.—Rev. W. Grant, gratefully acknowledges receipt of £2 towards cost of Church Heating Installation from Mrs C., Weybridge.

London Congregational Funds.—Rev. J. P. Macqueen, acknowledges with sincere thanks a donation of £1 from "A Vancouver Friend."

Portnalong Mission House.—Mr D. Morrison, Portnalong, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—Mr

K. M., Dingwall, £1; A Friend of the Cause, Applecross, 10s per Mr D. MacSween, Missionary.

Raasay Manse Building Fund.—Mr Ewen MacRae, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—N. C. and family, Kyle Rona, £3; K. M., Dingwall, £1; A. N. Bishops, Stortford, Herts., 10s; K. McL., National Bank House, Portree, 10s.

Shieldaig Congregation.—Mr J. Gordon, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the sum of £4 o/a Shieldaig Sustentation Fund from Mr J. McK., Johannesburg, S. Africa, per Mrs MacBeath.

Tarbert, Harris, Congregational Fund.—Mr Norman Mackinnon, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks a donation of £25 from "A Friend," for Congregational purposes.

South African Mission—Clothing Fund.—Mrs Miller, 7 West Banks Terrace, Wick, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following:—Wellwisher, Lochinver, P.M., £1; Wellwisher, Assynt, 5s; Friend, Greenock P.M., 10s; Miss McK., Clacharuish, £1; Mrs C. M., Toronto, 10s; Edinburgh Congregation, per Mrs McIntyre, £11; London Congregation, per Miss Sansum, 320 yards Material sent direct, 5 yards Print from Friend, Glenhinisdale, Parcel Clothing from two Clachan Friends.

St. Jude's South African Clothing Fund.—The Treasurer acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—Mrs D. Y., £1; "Mairi," £1; Friend, 7s; Mrs N., 5s; A. M., 10s; Miss M., per Rev. R. Mackenzie, £1; Parcel from Friend, St. Jude's.

South African Mission Schools.—Mr H. S. MacGillivray, Bullwood, Dunoon, acknowledges with grateful thanks a gift of 300 assorted underlined Scriptures, 600 assorted Booklets and Cards from the Committee of Scripture Gift Mission, Eccleston Hall, London, per Mr Long, Assistant Secretary.

The Magazine.

4s Subscriptions.—Mrs G. Murray, Aultnagar, Lairg; Murdo Macpherson, 2 Opinen, Laide; Mrs R. Matheson, Polglass, Achiltibuie; R. Matheson, c/o McLennan, 57 Arith Drive, Mossbank, Glasgow; R. Mackintosh, Applecross, Ross; Miss Mary M. Cameron Kentra, Achiracle, Argyle; Ed. Morrison, F.P. Missionary, Carigrich, Harris; Mrs Jas. McCuish, Greenitote, Lochmaddy; Miss K. Macdonald, 1 Sand St. Couligrein, Stornoway; Mrs D. Matheson, North Strome, Lochcarron; Rev. H. S. Mekeel, Church Office, 209 Union Street, Schenectady, N. York; Jas. D. Kidd, 123 Burnett Street, Ballina, N. S. Wales; Mrs Mackintosh, Tordarroch Mains, Farr, by Inverness.

6s 6d Subscriptions—F.P. and Y.P. Magazines.—Mrs R. Murray, Stein, Waternish, Skye; Miss Jessie MacLeod, School House, Elphin, Lairg; Miss M. Martin, Scarista Public School, Leverburgh; Miss M. M. Martin, 10 School Road, East Linton; Thomas Finlayson, Trentlemore, Forsinard; K. Cameron, Isle of Soay, Mallaig.

Other Subscriptions.—Mrs John Mackay, Swordly, Bettyhill, 5s; Mrs C. Munn, Dalnaine, Oban, 5s; Nurse M. Montgomery, Uig, Portree, 2s 4d; Angus McLeod, Polbain, Achiltibuie, 10s; Alex. Macdonald, Cnoc-nan-Usaig, Tigharry, North Uist, 2s; Miss T. MacLeod, Campbelton, Lechmelui, Garve, 8s.

Free Distribution.—Miss M. Martin, Scarista Public School, Leverburgh, 7s 6d; Miss M. M. Martin, 10 School Road, East Linton, 8s; Ed. Morrison, F.P. Missionary, Carigrich, Harris, 6s; Mrs D. Matheson, North Strome, Lochcarron, 4s.