

THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
 AND
 MONTHLY RECORD

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

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

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No. 1

God Reigns.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise Thou stillest them.
(Ps. 89, 9.)

IT is in times of distress and danger that the Lord's people are specially favoured in their God. The idols of the heathen nations are all fair-weather gods; Baal was thought to be good enough till put to the test by fire; a test that must try every man's work. Baal was the work of man, as every false God is, and he failed as all his class will; but the God of Elijah did not fail. For Him every test, whether by fire or flood is but another opportunity for the display of His eternal power and God-head. Such an opportunity occurs when the sea rages and the waves thereof arise. Then God, the One Living and True God, reveals Himself as ruling and making His mighty power known.

There are many kinds of storm as well as those on the high seas; storms in the mighty far flung seas of human affairs; storms in the deep seas of spiritual experience, and storms encountered by the Church of Christ as she sails on to her destined haven. For all these the same truth holds good,—THOU rulest. What we have specially in view in this article is to note the fact that even in the unsettled conditions so prevalent to-day by reason of world-wide war God rules with absolute sovereignty and power. The significance of this great and consoling truth is illustrated when it is considered in relation to a natural storm on the ocean. Few scenes in nature are so impressive as a tempest on the high seas. The howling of the winds, the surging of the waves, the heaving and boiling of mighty ocean currents rising to the surface from unknown depths, the constant motion of the ship as she rolls and pitches, rises and falls, and over all the dark threat of a gloomy sky, all combine to create impressions of awe and apprehensions of danger. Puny man stands, as it were, aside, a helpless onlooker, overwhelmed by a sense of weakness and impotence, conscious only of vast forces, irresistible in their might and utterly beyond his control, and filling each moment with peril.

But to the eye of faith with which the devout onlooker beholds the same scene there is a truth of vastly greater significance impressed upon his mind; it is the fact that even in the raging of the sea THOU over it dost rule; that in all the seeming confusion, in the gloom and the danger, in the conflicting movement and convulsive upheaval of mighty forces con-

tending for the mastery there is after all but one Master, one Lord, one God unseen but ever present. We are told that He holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, that the Lord sits on the floods as King and ever shall. These scriptures, and a host of others, all proclaim the majesty of our God. He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, He ruleth with perfect control while the storm rages, and finally when it has run its appointed course and done its appointed work, He stills the waves and there is a great calm. By reason of our sin, unbelief and ignorance this fundamental truth is not soon nor easily learned, and its significance is not known. We must be called time and again to the exercise of being still and knowing that Jehovah is God indeed. It is only by faith deliberately exercised at the very time when the storm rages that this truth can be learned. It is only as a result of the experience gained by the continued exercise of faith in such circumstances that the real significance of this truth sinks into our hearts. Not until then can we enjoy the wealth of comfort and reassurance it is fitted to produce and to maintain. And, oh, what comfort it is! Think, for instance, of the 46th psalm, where the Church is enabled triumphantly to say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and are troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." How great is that mercy which brings the soul of a poor trembling sinner to rest on this Rock, and to say "this God is my God, my Covenant God, my Redeeming God! He will even unto death me guide."

These reflections will perhaps help to illustrate what is actually taking place in the confusion which exists in the world to-day. For the past four-and-a-half years Britain has been passing through what is generally recognised to be one of the most severe storms in her long history. During that time events of the greatest political and military significance for the future of mankind have succeeded each other in bewildering rapidity. And now we are warned by those in authority that the storm has just about reached its most critical phase. Before these lines appear in print the Allied Armies will, in all likelihood, have invaded the Continent in the West, and millions of men will be thrust into the battle. The whole nation is being called upon to brace itself for the conflict. Whatever the outcome may be—God alone knows that—it would be an act of folly on our part were we to blind ourselves to the sorrow and suffering inevitably connected with such a prospect. Modern warfare of the magnitude with which this one is being waged cannot be won except at enormous cost, "for every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." But God rules even in the raging of warring armies locked in deadly strife. In justice, righteousness and wisdom He exercises supreme control; the destiny of men and nations, the outcome of every battle, the flight of every bullet are but the fulfilment of His supreme will. Even in the raging of the sea THOU over it dost rule.

And now is there no voice that speaks out to us from the midst of the storm? Are there no lessons for us to learn? Shall we find an answer to the question "Why?" Many are asking the question "Why all this upheaval, why all this sorrow, why all this cutting off of lives? if God rules, why should these things be?" These things are *just because* God

rules. The nations of the earth have sinned and have set themselves against the Lord and His anointed. They have said "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us,—the Bible is discarded, the Sabbath is desecrated, the Spirit is grieved to depart; and what have we? "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak to them in wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure." Oh, that we heard His voice and understood.

The voice of God is heard in the tempest also calling upon the wicked to forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and to return unto God. Has our personal sin no place in those causes on account of which God, who delights in mercy, is pouring out the vials of His judgments. Shall we in self-righteous complacency shift the awful burden of responsibility on to shoulders other than our own. Well, let him that is without sin among us cast the first stone. No, my dear friend, the call is to you and to me, a call to sincere repentance and earnest prayer, a call awful in its solemnity and unmistakably clear. Shall it speak in vain?

Again, there is a message here for all those whose duty requires that they go out into the storm and face its fury. Remember that even when the tempest rages at its height God rules in it, through it and over it; God who sent His Son into the world to save sinners; God who in Jesus Christ made an end of sin, abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; God who calls even unto the ends of the earth, Look unto me and be ye saved, for I am God and there is none else. To one caught up in the storm of war with all its dread possibilities could anything be more satisfying and reassuring than to be bound up in the bundle of life with this God. While we follow you in our thoughts and prayers as you go out into the fray, we, at the same time, beseech you, as in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God, and thereby the peace of God shall keep your hearts.

To the relatives of our fighting men—wives, parents, children—left at home to spend anxious days and nights, we would say lift up your eyes on high; in the very midst of the storm there is One greater than the storm, the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. Seek Him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning. His promise to those who know Him is "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

A Communion Table Address.

By the late Rev. JONATHAN R. ANDERSON.

THE feast, intending communicants, to which you have come is emphatically a feast of love. It is love that provides the refreshments which it offers to the pilgrims of Zion. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins": it is love that issues the invitation on which you have this day come to His banqueting house. "Come," says Heavenly Wisdom, "eat

of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." It is love that furnishes the guests with all that is needful to prepare them for receiving and relishing the good which is presented. "But God who is rich in mercy for the great love wherewith He loved us even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." It is love, which like a golden chain, binds together the guests and their Heavenly King: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." In this dark and sinful world, what a marvel is it that a feast of this description should be provided and that the guests invited to it should be those who by nature be hateful and hating one another. To those of you intending communicants, whose hearts are duly affected towards your Lord, this feast will appear quite congenial to your feelings and you may perhaps be disposed to say with the Church, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." But it is possible that there may be some of you who know and believe that it is a feast of love, but who, instead of finding comfort in this reflection, are only the more distressed by it, because of their own coldness and carnality. In the ordinary occupations of life, and in intercourse with your fellowmen, it may not be matter of very deep and sensible distress, that your hearts are so full of vanity and distraction. But it is a burden and a grief to you to come with such hearts to a feast, where all that you see and hear and handle and taste impresses you with the fact that it is a feast of love. You may even question whether you ought to take the privilege of sitting at the Table of the Lord and appearing as witnesses for Him. But whether should one that is carnal go, but to Him who is the Fountain of life? Where will you get your hearts melted, if not under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness? How will your affections be drawn out towards heavenly things, but by communion with Him in whom they dwell? Oh, beware, intending communicants, of marring the sweet solemnity of this service by any inclination, however secret, to try expedients of human device for quickening, enlivening, and firing your hearts. The greater your sense of unworthiness, the more you need the worthiness of the Lamb: the livelier your consciousness of guilt, the more urgent should be your application to the Lord our Righteousness: the stronger your bonds of iniquity, the more speedily should you betake yourselves to Him who gives deliverance to the captives. Let it be your simple aim, your sincere desire, now to have the love of Christ so manifested, and applied to your souls, that you shall be constrained to say, "We love Him because He first loved us." "For it is only the apprehension by faith of the Redeemer's love that can awaken and sustain the grace of love in your cold hearts. His is the life and nourishment of yours. And as well may we suppose that flowers shall expand their beauties and emit their fragrance without the influence of the sun as that the graces of the Spirit shall thrive and blossom without Christ. Whatever then be your case, seek in this service to come under the hallowed influence of the Lord Christ, and hearing His voice, though dead, you shall live, touching His garments, though diseased, you shall be healed, receiving His salvation, though hungry, you shall be filled with good.

Have you, communicants, at all realized the service of communion as a feast of Love? Then does it not become you to bear testimony to Christ who instituted it by walking in love? To this appeal your hearts may at

this moment cheerfully respond: for where if not at the Table of the Lord are all wrathful and discontented feelings subdued. But do not imagine that you will be able to retain your present impressions or to keep your present frame of mind without a struggle. The well of carnality within you is very deep and though the stream may for a little be checked, yet be assured that it will again burst forth, and that too at an hour when you are little aware. Yet be not cast down or perplexed by this: for hath not the scripture said, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Let it be fixed in your minds that while the grace of love in you may change, at one time strong as a furnace, at another, weak as the glimmering of a taper, and while carnality may seem for a season to prevail against you, yet the love of Christ changeth not. Hasten therefore to Him and abide closely in Him that the power of sin within you may be kept in check and subdued and that faith and love may be maintained in strength and purity. The feast of love at which you have now been entertained lays you under the strongest obligations to lead a life of love. Let the love of God be shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost, and keep yourselves in the love of God by praying in the Holy Ghost. And see that you cherish an unreigned affection to the whole household of faith, and love one another with a pure heart fervently. And as to the world at large, ever regard them with the benevolence due to the creatures of God, and with the compassion which you owe to those who are still in the condemnation from which through sovereign mercy, you have been delivered. Nor let enemies be denied a place in your regard. "But I say unto you," says our Lord to His disciples, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you: do good to those that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." To maintain this spirit and to pursue this walk, it will be needful that you live habitually by the faith of Him who is at once the pattern and source of Christian love. In vain will this holy flame be preserved, if it be not continually fed with nourishment from Christ Jesus, the Head and fulness of all grace. Would you then walk in love? Be exhorted to walk by faith: for it is only when you act faith in Christ, that this or any other Christian grace can thrive or grow strong. Be exhorted also carefully to avoid all which tends to damp the flame, or to abate the fervour of holy love. Be on your guard against the world: for the influences which come from that quarter are most hostile to the grace of love: they may engender envy, bitterness, strife, and contention, but never will they produce love. Live near to the God of love, draw largely from Christ the fountain of love. Commune habitually with the Spirit of love, and associate cheerfully with those who shew that they are Christ's, by loving Him and all His saints. Whatever be the difficulties you encounter in the maintenance of this principle they will soon, very soon, disappear, and you shall be transported to that happy world, where love holds a universal and endless reign:—"For now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

"You will find that the sweet sense of Christ's love in the heart will enable you to rejoice in suffering, and then you need not fear but it will enable you to rejoice in the sufferings of death; for who or what shall separate believers from the love of Christ?"—*Rev. William Romaine.*

Letter from Ingwenya.

We have received the following letter with a request to publish it as the contents will no doubt interest many of our people. It gives a little insight into some of the trials and triumphs of the Gospel in connection with our Mission in Rhodesia.

Ingwenya Mission,
Bembesi,
1st October, 1943.

My Dear Friends,

I was lately on a visit to Murray Farm, one of our out-stations. It might interest you to know how this station came into being as a mission. As far back as 1926 a man called at our house one morning to tell us that he had been sent by some people to ask if we could not begin to preach among them and to set up a school. The people referred to were native squatters on the farm which we came to know as Murray Farm. Taking the messenger along with us to act as guide my wife and I set off for the place. The roads were not so good as they are now and the rough going soon told on the car. We had not gone far when a shock-absorber shackle worked loose, and the extra bumping which followed broke up some of the solder along the base of the radiator. Soon the car looked more like a steam-engine than a motor, but at last we did manage to reach the farm. We found that it was owned by a woman, Scotch too, but so antagonistic to the natives that she refused to give permission to us to erect a meeting house on her land. Finding we could do nothing we left the place. Our guide returned to his people to report failure. We returned to the car. For some distance we were able to find sufficient water to keep the radiator filled up, but on coming to one stretch of dry land, the engine got so heated up that it ultimately stopped altogether. Not anticipating such delay we had taken no food and nothing heavier in clothing than a blouse and a shirt. We got out to walk to a ranch if possible. We did discover a sign-post pointing in a certain direction but the homestead to which we presume it pointed was never discovered by us. We were later informed that these signs are sometimes as far as from 12 to 20 miles from the place they point to. The sun went down, and as if to decide the matter for us, we were unceremoniously chased by a wild cow. Our only refuge was the car. Into it we got and made the best of things for the night. Next day we left the car and after walking some distance got a goods train which took us to Bembesi. So ended our first attempt to open a station at Murray Farm.

Second Attempt.—We later heard that another farmer was willing to give ground in this locality. Again our friend the guide turned up, and I went to interview the farmer. He was Swiss, and so far as money was concerned a typical man of the world, otherwise, he was quite pleasant. He was willing to accede to our request for permission to begin a mission station on his land, but he made this condition, that all the school children should *help* with his harvest. I have emphasised the word *help* you will notice. The people put up a good building and a school was opened at the beginning of that year. Things went on well and the Word was blessed to a few. Then harvest came. The farmer went to the school and demanded the children to come and bring in the whole harvest. He

required their services from morning to night. This of course was a very different thing from merely *helping* with the harvest. The parents objected, the Government would pay no grants as the school would not be in session the number of hours required by the law; and while I was willing that the children should help, I was not prepared to order the children to do the whole of the work of harvesting. So the place was closed and effort number two came to an end.

But by now the fire had caught. There were a number of regular church-goers and over 50 children. So we sat back, prayed and waited. We felt that the people could not be put off for long. And sure enough our guide soon appeared again. He had with him a ragged piece of brown paper, with pencil writing on it, in his hand. This was a permit given by the first madame we had visited. It said in language not too kind that she was willing for a place of worship to be erected. A strong deputation of chiefs and headmen had waited on her—more than that, they waited until she had given them this little piece of paper. It was no more than a scrap, but it represented to us the fulfilling of the purpose of God. His time had come. The law requires that there should be a written permit from a land-owner accompanying any request to build. Through our application went, scrap of paper and all.

So the people met together and built another meeting house and here the children met for school, and the people to worship for three years. A small body of believers was formed and we began communion services.

Then the farm was let out to a Dutchman for grazing. His name was Ditmann, but the natives pronounced it "deadman," and sure enough he was the death of effort three. He ordered all the people off the ground. He would have no cattle grazing but his own. Without cattle our people could do nothing, as cattle are the backbone of their wealth; there could be no ploughing, no reserve of wealth. So they had to go where they could keep their cattle and get grazing.

But this time there was a difference. It was not merely the people who were dispersed, it was a Church that was dispersed, and like the Church in all ages it was dispersed only to grow in strength. One part got land only four miles away. The rest had to go ten miles further on, but in both sections there were male members who were able to hold services. So now there were two stations instead of one, and, a little time after, two schools. Those who went further away, had another short journey, and after that peace. The furthest away section, now called Inisani, began to hold services at another place twelve miles distant. This place, Ivishi, now has regular services and a school.

See what the Lord has done. First He kept us trying while He was trying us. Then He blessed His Word until nothing could hold back the people. Then He gave increase—an increase born out of the agony of dispersal. To-day there are three schools where there had been one. Where there had been one teacher of standard two qualifications, there are now six—three of them of certificate qualification, earning the highest grant, and three of standard five qualification, and next year there will (D.V.) be seven teachers. There are three elders and two deacons where there were none before, and a warm-hearted and true body of people,

among whom there were sixty members. There are five school rooms and two 'teachers' houses, all built and paid for by the people.

I was here lately holding Communion Services, and had the great joy of examining eighteen people for membership. As I looked at the four elders (I took one with me from Ingwenya) and saw the order of the Session as it went on with its work I felt that if there was one thing I wished to do more than another it was to hide my face. The Lord had done it all but He had been pleased to use us as a means to do it. Why, no one can tell.

The Lord's elect will be gathered. The time for that He has set. The services were late that Sabbath and the sun had gone down by the time we had finished. We expressed sorrow on this account, but after dismissing the people, some of the women came and said, "You need not apologise, it is nothing if the sun goes down, we were far too pleased to hear the preaching to-day. This is a happy day for us." And some of them had still to walk twelve miles to their homes, and perhaps get a scolding if not a beating from their unbelieving husbands on their arrival for being so late.

I must conclude with a word of warm thanks for all the interest, all the kindness, all the encouragement, all the prayers you have spoken on our behalf. The foregoing will be to you a good commentary on the words, "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." Stand by us as you have done during our temptations to faint, and together we will yet reap even more. The places I have written about are from fifty to sixty miles from Ingwenya, and there are hopes of our extending still further in this particular district.

The reward of the sower and the reaper be yours.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN TALLACH.

The Gospel Warrant.

The view in which Christ is the Object of a sinner's faith, so that he may say, "He gave Himself for me."

AS it respects the divine preordination, and concerns the elect, this doctrine of Christ's giving Himself for us, is not the first object of any man's faith; for who are elect is a secret, and secret things belong to God and not to us. As it respects the powerful application of Christ's death, and concerns believers, neither is this the object or ground of every man's faith, nor of any man's faith, but rather the object of the believer's sense and feeling, after he has believed. But as it respects the general dispensation of the gospel that Christ gave Himself for, and came to save sinners, this is the ground and object of their faith. Faith cometh by hearing this gospel doctrine, as it is generally proposed.

Faith comes not by hearing that Christ came to save the elect; for particular election cannot be the ground of a general invitation. There is here no visible ground for the sinner to fix upon; nor does the sinner's faith come by hearing that Christ came to save believers, to complete their begun salvation; for as He came not to find them believers, but to make

them believers, so this limited particular doctrine cannot be the foundation of an unlimited gospel call: but faith comes by hearing this gospel doctrine that Christ came to save sinners and gave Himself for them. This encourages them to venture their salvation upon Him, that He speaks to them as guilty sinners.

Let no sinner then exclude himself from the benefit of this gospel, and from making that particular application here, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me," by saying either I know not if I be elect, or I know not if I be a believer, and so I know not if Christ died for me, and gave Himself for me, in particular. This is to mistake the ground and object of faith; for as salvation in God's purpose, to the elect, is not the ground of faith, and salvation in possession by the believer is not the ground of faith, but salvation in the word of grace and gospel offer; this is the glad news that comes to the sinner's ears, upon which he may build his faith and hope of salvation.

The question then here is not, are you an elect person or not? nor is it, are you a believer or not? but the question is are you a sinner that needs a Saviour? and is He manifesting His love and grace, and giving Himself in the gospel offer to you? Then upon the warrant of this word of salvation sent to you, you may say with particular application to yourself, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*." It is not Christ in the decree that you are to look to, while you know not that you are elected; this is to go too far back; nor is it Christ in the heart or in possession you are to look to, while you know not that you are a believer; this is to go too far forward; but it is Christ in the world, because you know that you are a sinner, and Christ a Saviour held forth to you there, saying, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and besides Me there is none else."

RALPH ERSKINE.

Poor Joseph's Faith.

Extract from Dr. Duncan on 1 Peter 1, 1-3.

JESUS died to procure—Jesus rose to confer—repentance and the forgiveness of sins. Therefore, not only is His resurrection the proof of the completeness of His work, and so of the completeness of His right to live, and possession of life for those who are in Him; but His resurrection from the dead is also the restoration of Him to life as the conferrer and cherisher of the salvation which He was humbled in the dust of death to procure: He lives to procure it. Ah! then, as Christ in His gospel calls thee, and is of power to quicken thee, listen to His call, cry for His Spirit, come to Him and be saved.

And now, what is all this to thee? What does it matter to thee whether Christ died or died not, rose or rose not? Ah! you say, "It matters much; if He had not died and risen again, I could not be saved, but now I can." Well, that is true—make what you will of it, it is true, you can be saved. I am afraid too little is made of the faith in the possibility of being saved by Christ. As it goes generally, it is worth very little; but a living faith, a faith wrought by the Holy Ghost, of Christ's power

to save the soul, is no little faith. I don't say that it is the whole that is obligatory—thank God! no; but “Poor Joseph’s” faith, if it were scrutinized, amounted to no more, and “Poor Joseph’s” faith, I doubt not, saved Joseph’s soul.

You all know the tract “Poor Joseph.” The excellent Dr. Calamy was preaching in a church in London; and a poor half-witted man, named Joseph, who used to carry burdens through the streets, happened to look in at the door, and rested his burden, and began to listen. Dr. Calamy was preaching the good old apostolic gospel—“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance; that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” He, in the course of his discourse, as every faithful minister will, spoke of the person of Christ, who He is that came into the world to save sinners—that He was in the beginning with God, and was God—that by Him all things were made in heaven and on earth. Poor Joseph listened; and when the church dispersed was heard saying to himself—“Joseph never heard this before—that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners.” By and by, some persons came and asked him: “Yes, Joseph, but have you acted faith?” “Ah! Poor Joseph can act nothing; but it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners; and why may not Poor Joseph be saved?” “*The God who made all things*”—it was always that—no Socinian faith would do for Joseph. It might be small faith his, but it was a true faith and a living one. At last he became sick; and Dr. Calamy was sent for, and called on him. When he heard his voice, he said, “Are you the good minister who told me about Jesus Christ coming into the world to save sinners?” Then taking a little bag of money from under his pillow, he said—“Poor Joseph had set this aside for his old age; but Poor Joseph will never see old age. Take it, and give it to some of Christ’s poor people; and tell them that poor Joseph loves them, and he thinks he loves Jesus Christ for coming into the world to save sinners.” Poor Joseph can act nothing—but he *thinks* he loves Jesus Christ for coming into the world to save sinners.

This faith of Joseph, who could act nothing, had hope and love accompanying it—it was not a dead faith. If anyone had asked him, “Shall you be saved?” perhaps Joseph could not have said that he would be saved. But this man had a defence against every reason that could be adduced, a challenge to all earth and hell to bring any reason, why he should not be saved—since Jesus Christ, Who is God, came into the world to save sinners. Of course, it remained with Jesus Christ whether he would save him or not; but Joseph’s faith was a triumphant faith so far as the ability of Jesus Christ was concerned. “If He chose to save me—the Maker of all things—there is nothing in all things that can hinder Him saving me.”

Faith that Jesus Christ can save, is not therefore a little thing—nor did Jesus put away the man who came with it to Him—“Lord, if thou wilt, thou *canst* make me clean: I will, be thou clean.” Haliburton says, speaking of this man’s faith—“Christ’s power to save—if God revealed no more, kept all beyond to Himself; and I renounce all other schemes and views; all other ways I renounce—but this is a way worthy of Him—

I take it that this is justifying faith—or has in it of the nature of justifying faith.”

In conclusion—a word to the desponding. I believe that a *perhaps* of salvation, if it be with the Holy Ghost giving the grace of hope with a *perhaps*, is more in some souls than all the fulness of the gospel of Christ works in others. You will say, “It is a *perhaps* only, and a *perhaps* is very little.” But spiritual hope is a grace; and where you will find a *perhaps* you will find that. It must indeed be a *perhaps* of this very salvation—of this very God for my God—of this very Christ for my saviour—of this very Spirit for my renewer and sanctifier—of this very gospel, as the ground of my hope, and the exhibition of the things which I desire and hope for. But O! a *perhaps*, let no man despise it. Let no man rest with it; but let him who has got a *perhaps* of salvation, with a Holy Ghost giving him hope, be sure that the Holy Ghost, who has made him to hope on a *perhaps*, will carry him on step by step—till there be a rejoicing “with joy unspeakable and full of glory—receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.”

Family Worship: An Illustration of its Power.

A pious tradesman, conversing with a minister on the subject of family worship, related the following instructive circumstances respecting through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family himself:—When I first began business for myself, I was determined prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years, the advantages of these engagements manifestly appeared; the blessing of the upper and nether springs followed me; while health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length such was the rapid increase of my trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayers did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intention of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we rose in the morning, suffice for the day.

Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared as with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms: but judge of

my surprise and confusion when I read these words: "Oh, my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ in me the hope of glory.' O sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements: you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!" I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands.

Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful; and I am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion: better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.—*Christian Treasury.*

A Hundred Years of Sabbath-Breaking.

ACCORDING to a statement made by an official of the Advertising Department of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway recently it is just a hundred years since trains began to run between Edinburgh and Glasgow on the Lord's Day. In connection with this matter it will be of interest to read the following letter, which is reprinted from the *Memoir and Remains of R. M. McCheyne*. It is written by Mr. McCheyne and addressed to Alexander McNeill, Esq., one of the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, who was evidently responsible for bringing the motion to begin the running of trains on the Lord's Day before the Board of Directors. Judging by the letter there must have been a very considerable body of opposition to the proposal. But there is a class of men who are so bent on making Esau's bargain that opposition, however well-intentioned and solidly-grounded, serves only as fuel to strengthen their determination. It ought to be a solemn thought to each of us that both McCheyne and McNeill have gone to render their respective accounts to God. "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his soul."

TO ALEXANDER MCNEILL, Esq.

Sir,—I have read the report of your speech at the meeting of directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, on Tuesday, 16th November last, and also the motion which you propose to lay before the shareholders on the 24th February. As a Christian minister, and a free British subject, I take leave to express in this manner the deep feelings of righteous indigna-

tion which these have awakened, not in my breast only, but in the breast of every believing man whom I know.

You candidly acknowledge that in the ranks of your opponents are to be found "men of lofty intellect, of great learning and piety, and unbounded benevolence," and yet, in the same breath, you say, "you must judge for yourself, according to the reason and plain sense of the matter." That is to say, that the host of intellectual and pious men who are arrayed against you do not judge according to reason or plain sense in this matter, but by some airy superhuman notions, which a man of sense may brush aside as so many cobwebs. Ah! sir, speak out your mind. Tell what it is that lies at the bottom of your enmity to the entire preservation of the Lord's Day. It is the concealment of your sentiments that is the darkest part of your whole address. You are an utter stranger to me, and I dare not judge as to your true motives. But every thinking man cannot but form this opinion in his own mind, that the reason why you despise the lessons of all God's holiest and wisest servants in this land, is not that you think little of the resolutions of popular assemblies (that is a miserable subterfuge, unworthy of any but a mere debater), but that you despise and trample under foot the divine message which they bring. You say you are threatened to be overwhelmed with a flood of obloquy. Do not be afraid. You are on the world's side—"the world cannot hate you." There are not many to lift up their voices in behalf of the holy Sabbath. Those who do, are the followers of One who bade us bless and curse not. You say "you do not 'court approbation, and you care nothing for condemnation." This may be a brave speech; few will regard it as a wise one. If you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of worldly men, there would be something right in that, for in doing our duty we must expect that the world which crucified our Lord will not spare His servants; but if you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of God's people, and of the Word of God, and of the Lord Jesus, who is to be your Judge, then will you soon repent your words with bitter tears. Why, sir, what are you, that you should say, "I care nothing for condemnation?" "Can thine heart endure or can thine hands be strong in the day that I shall deal with thee?" Hast thou an arm like God, or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" If the condemnation of your words, which God's people are now testifying in every part of the land, be *righteous* condemnation—if it be in accordance with the Word of God and the mind of Christ—is it the part of a wise man to say, "*I care not for it?*" You may say so now in the blindness of your heart, but the day is at hand when you will feel the reverse.

And now one word as to your proposed motion. It runs as follows:—Whereas it is the duty of the directors of the company to give *implicit obedience to the Law of God*, etc.,—this meeting resolves that it is not inconsistent with the duty of the directors as aforesaid and they are *hereby enjoined to provide trains to be run from the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively, in the morning and in the evening of Sunday*," etc.

I do not know whether this motion has come entirely from your own mind, or whether several have agreed with you in it; but I here freely state my conviction, formed upon the calm and deliberate study of the motion, and without the slightest desire to use a harsh or improper term

that *the motion is blasphemous*. You say, first, that it is your duty to give implicit obedience to the law of God. What is the law of God? "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord Blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it." (Ex. xx, 8-11.) Now, sir, if, as I presume, you spent your early days in Scotland, trained up, perhaps, under the watchful eye of one who prayed for her child that he might walk in wisdom's ways, you cannot be ignorant of the explanation given of this Commandment in the Shorter Catechism (Qu. 60). "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, spending *the whole time* in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in works of necessity and mercy." This is the law of God, and this is the received interpretation of it, both of which were, no doubt, in your eye when you penned that memorable sentence: "It is the duty of the directors to give implicit obedience to the law of God." And yet, before the ink was dry, you write down, "the directors are enjoined to provide trains to be run in the morning and evening of Sunday." In other words, you hold in your hand the two Tables of Stone, written with God's finger; and you say we should obey this; and then you dash them on the ground, and say it is our duty, notwithstanding, to trample on and defy them. Ah! sir, you may call this reason and sense, but simpler men can see that it is open mockery of God's holy law, and of Him on whose heart it was graven from eternity. Such lip-acknowledgment of God and His law God hates and despises. I solemnly declare, and it is the feeling of many besides me, that I would have been less shocked if you had written down, "It is the duty of the directors to break God's law." That would have been honest and downright, and thousands would have applauded you. But when you set out with the hypocritical declaration that it is your duty to give *implicit obedience* to the law of God, and then conclude by declaring your resolution to break it, I believe in my heart that not only will God's children abhor the blasphemy, but honest, worldly men will despise your cowardice. And now, sir, I have done. You little know the feelings of deep compassion with which you, and the unhappy men who voted with you, are regarded by many a humble and holy believer, who loves, because he knows the preciousness of an unbroken Sabbath-day. Never in all my experience did I meet with a child of God who did not prize, above all other earthly things, the privilege of devoting to his God *the seventh part of his time*. It is still a sign between God and his Israel. It is this simple fact, sir, that affords me ground to fear that, with all your talents, with all your reason and plain sense, you are yet an utter stranger to the peculiar tastes and joys and hopes of those who love the Lord. You proclaim your own shame. You prove, even to the blind world, that you are not journeying toward the Sabbath above, where the Sabbath-breaker cannot come. If you shall really carry your motion against the prayers and longings of God's people in this land, then, sir, you will triumph for a little while; but Scotland's

sin, committed against light and against solemn warning, will not pass unavenged.—I am, sir, etc.

St. Peter's, Dundee, December 1, 1841.

Feuch Uan De.

Leis an Urr. AONGHAS MCMHAOLAIN, a bha ann an Arain, agus a chaochail'sa' bhliadhna 1843.

Feuch Uan Dé, a ta toirt air falbh peacaidh an t-saoghail—EOIN i. 29.

(Continued from p. 233—Vol. XLVIII.)

III. *An dòigh anns a bheil e iomchuidh.* Tha sinn air ar gairm gu bhì sealltuinn ris, tre chreidimh; oir cha'n'eil cothrom againn, anns an t-saoghal ata làthair, air fhaicinn air dòigh sam bith eile. Ma bha do chogais air a dùsgadh, O! a pheacaich gu mothachadh air do chionta, ma bha t-inntinn air a soillseachadh leis an Spiorad Naomha, ma bha sùil a' chreidimh air a fosgladh ann ad anam, thoir oidheirp air an t-sùil so a thionndadh a dh' ionnsuidh Chrìosd. 1. Feuch Uan Dé air a lot, air a chur gu bàs, agus air iobradh suas air a' chrann-cheusaidh chum peacaidh an t-saoghail a thoirt air falbh. 2. Tha e iomchuidh dhuinn a bhì sealltuinn ri Uan Dé le mòr iongantas. O, faiceamaid, le mò iongantas, Uan Dé air irioslachadh, agus air iobradh chum rèite a dheanamh airson peacaidhean a shluagh! Dh' fhuiling e 'na anam 'sna chorp, 'na bhuill 'sna bhuaidhibh, 'na ainm agus 'na oifigibh, dh' fhuiling e o cheartas Dé, o naimhdeas dhaoine, agus o shaighidibh teinnteach ifrinn; dh' fhuiling e bàs maslach a' chroinn-cheusaidh,—seadh, chrìochnaich e a thurus air talamh ann am fùrneis an àmhghair. 3. Tha e iomchuidh dhuinn a bhì sealltuinn ri Uan Dé le irioslachd agus bròn diadhaidh. Bha e, cha'n e mhàin eòlach air bròn, ach bha a bhròn romhòr, thug a bhròn barrachd air bròn gach neach eile bha riamh air thalamh (*Thoir.* i. 12). Ach is e dleasanais deisciobuil Chrìosd comh-fhulangas a bhì aca r'am Maighstir ann a àmhgharaibh, a bhì bròn, a bhì sealltuinn ris-san a bha air a lot air an son, le irioslachd agus bròn diadhaidh. Is ann le bhì sealltuinn ri Chrìosd, le creideamh agus irioslachd, a tha co-chomunn aca maille ris ann a fhulangas, agus air an cur an coslas cruth r'a bhàs. 4. Tha e iomchuidh gu bitheamaid a sealltuinn ri Uan Dé, le mòr thaingalachd cridhe.

Is ann o fhìor ghean-maith féin a dh' ullaich Dia an t-Uan a bha gu peacaidh an t-saoghail a thoirt air falbh. Tha fuil na h-iobairt a thug an Tighearn Iosa Chrìosd suas, leòir-fhoghainteach chum am peacadh as truime dath a ghlanadh as, agus am peacach as mò a dheanamh réidh ri Dia. Ach cha'n'eil buannachd spioradail, no saorsa a cheannaich Chrìosd, aig neach sam bith, co fhad 'sa tha e beò ann an gràdh, agus ann an cleachdadh a' pheacaidh. Uime sin is e dleasanais an dream a fhuair eòlas spioradail air Chrìosd, a bhì gu tric a' sealltuinn ris tre chreidimh. Thoir oidheirp, O, chreidmich, air a bhì a' dlùthachadh gu tric ri crann-cheusaidh Chrìosd, agus a' sealltuinn ris an Uan a bha air iobradh, chum do pheacaidh a thoirt air falbh. A bheil thu fo mhothachadh geur air

de a' pheacaidh? Seall ri fuil Chrìosd, a tha glanadh o gach peacadh. A bheil thu fo agartas cogais, agus fo eagal feirg? Seall ris-san a dhoirt fhuil chum fearg Dhé a chosg, agus chum a chogais chiontach a ghlanadh o oibribh marbh. A bheil thu caoidh thar cruadhas do chridhe, thar truailidheachd do nàduir? Seall ri lotaibh Chrìosd, o bheil ioc-shlaint a' sruthadh, chum an cridhe cruaidh a leaghadh, agus an t-anam leòinte a leigheas. A bheil thu fo dhiobhail misnich tre iomadh buaireadh? Seall ris-san a tha a' guidhe nach diobradh do cheideamh thu, agus gheibh thu spionnadh nuadh.

Literary Notice.

By Rev. JAMES MACLEOD, *Greenock.*

It may appear strange to refer to anything from the pen of H. G. Wells in the pages of the *F.P. Magazine*, but after reading his *Indictment of the Roman Catholic Church* we are fully satisfied that Mr. Wells has not exaggerated the case against the Papal Church. His masterly way of gathering the salient facts of history, bringing the case against the Vatican up to date is worthy of the perusal of our people, especially the young folk: who are up against the power of the Church of Rome in the most subtle, and indeed satanic form. Mr. Wells explains the facts. This book should be read and carefully studied. Those of us who have been reading the history of Papal Rome for long enough can vouch for the truth of what is said in this book. Poor ignorant Protestants would laugh at any one who would associate the Pope, the Vatican, and the Jesuit with this war! This war is being fought between the Roman Church, and the principles of Protestantism as represented by the American people and the British people, and those associated with them in this struggle. Wells ends his little book by saying:—"Before mankind gets rid of it (that is the papacy) the Papacy may be drowning our hopes for the coming generation in a welter of blood—in an attempt to achieve a final world-wide St. Bartholomew's Eve—and it will not add an inch to his stature nor alter the fact that pope, any pope, is necessarily an ill-educated and foolish obstacle of base resistance, heir to the tradition of Roman Catholicism in its last stage of poisonous decay, in the way a better order in the world." The madness of our authorities to trust the agents of the papal church. In this book Wells reveals how Roman Catholics control the "B.B.C." Need poor Protestants wonder at the stuff that pours forth from "The B.B.C." on week days but especially on the Lord's day? The Anglo-Catholics of England are on a par with the Roman Catholics. They work together, they think alike, seek the same ends, that is, that the Pope, and the "catholic" church would be supreme in the world over all nations, kings, and kingdoms. There is no doubt whatever but there is a secret league between all the Roman Catholic States of the world to destroy Protestantism from the face of the earth. We were recently told that there were over three hundred thousand men from Southern Ireland in the British Army! What for was not explained! Perhaps it would not be easy for the speaker to tell us! We were not told though how many of the three hundred thousand were Protestants from Southern Ireland. The Protestant part of the British Empire will yet feel and experience

the curse of Romanism as never before. All the Roman Catholic countries of Europe are fighting with Hitler, and the Vatican. As reported in the press, the Prime Minister on Sabbath evening assured his listeners that "Rome would be rescued" by the blood of the youth of the Allied nations." What mockery! That sink of iniquity, that city of debauchery—according to H. G. Wells, where the ablest intriguers, schemers, and world-wide plotters to destroy the British Empire dwell. Mr. Churchill's policy may be sound politics, but it is bad theology! God will destroy Rome and all it stands for. Alas for the man, or nation that will side with Rome when God's time will come to destroy the papacy! The Papacy has been the greatest curse the world has even known. It is at the root of this war which began in 1914. The present Pope was for three years with Von Papen in Berlin preparing for it immediately after the cessation of hostilities in 1918. It was Papen that found Hitler. The present Pope agreed that the "man" was most suited to put their plans into execution! The plot was hatched in Rome and Berlin. When all was ready the present Pope returned to Rome to watch over his "cockatrice eggs." The "eggs" were laid all over Europe, and as far east as Tokyo Roman Catholic France was an easy prey, Spain was in the know, an alliance with Russia (Military Alliance) would save the rear till heretical Britain would be forever subdued. Eire was to play her part in the interest of "mother church" as usual. The Roman Catholics of South Africa played their cards well but failed. The little savage Japanese did not hatch the Vatican "eggs" well at all when they attacked the U.S.A. Fleet so early in the fray! The yellow-savages could not be kept at bay as the prize was too dazzling and tempting: Australia, New Zealand, parts of India, and the Islands of the Pacific! The Japs smashed all the "eggs." The Battle of Britain failed. Russia was the next to be attacked. It would be easier to join the Yellow Race on the plains of India than destroy Britain by air! The Russians smashed all the "Cockatrice eggs" of the Vatican in the east: and the Allies smashed the Armies of the Vatican in Africa. It was a black day for popery! Mr. de Valera is now appealing to save Rome from destruction. Mr. Churchill is promising to "rescue" Rome from whom? From Hitler! Impossible! It may be from the Russians. Who can tell. We see that this war centres in Rome! Will it end there? It verily began in Rome. Watch the Jesuits in Britain crying for peace, in the Empire, in the U.S.A., when ever they are convinced that the war is lost. To end this note let me give the title of the book, *Crua Ansata, An Indictment of the Roman Catholic Church*, By H. G. Wells." A Penguin Special.

Notes and Comments.

America's Request to Eire.—From the beginning of the war the neutrality of Southern Ireland has placed Britain at a disadvantage in respect to her enemies. De Valera proclaims that his country is strictly neutral. Theoretically that may be true, it certainly is not true in practice. The very geographical position of Eire gives all the advantage to the Axis powers. On the eve of invasion, when it is all the more necessary to keep the movement of Allied troops secret, that advantage assumes serious

proportions. On that account the request of the American President asking for the closing of the German and Japanese Legations in Dublin was only just and reasonable.

De Valera's Refusal.—By his refusal to comply with America's request De Valera not only favours the enemies of Britain, but acts with inexcusable discourtesy towards America, and leaves his own country open to reprisals, the effect of which may be felt for many years to come. Neither Britain or America are likely soon to forget this incident.

Britain's Reaction.—The reaction of the British Government was not long delayed. Although the ban placed upon travel between Britain and Ireland will impose hardship on many, yet in view of all the circumstances it has been warmly welcomed, not only at home but in America and also in all the British Colonies.

The interest of this Magazine in the above incidents is simply to point to them as one further illustration of Roman Catholic hostility to British interests. It is also cause for thankfulness that the British authorities are sufficiently alive to the danger, if not from a religious, at least from a military point of view.

Rescue of an Idol.—The Italian people are to be pitied for the terrible plight into which their political leaders have brought them. They are far more to be pitied for the spiritual plight into which their religious leaders have plunged them. We are informed that during the recent eruption of Vesuvius, the lava flowing down the mountain side threatened to engulf a school (presumably a Roman Catholic school) on the edge of the village of San Sebastiano. In order to prevent its destruction nuns placed a figure of the Madonna, with out-stretched arms, in front of the oncoming lava. Instead of sparing the school, however, the Madonna itself had to be saved by policemen. It seems incredible in these "enlightened" times that people should be so much under the power of delusion as to indulge in practices which we associate with the darkest ages of European history. How thankful we in Britain should be for the Reformation, when in the mercy of God we were delivered from such soul-destroying superstition. And this is what Roman Catholicism would bring to us! May the Lord forbid!

Rebuff for the Anti-Sabbatarians.—It is with profound satisfaction and thankfulness to God we learn that the forces of evil, in their efforts to secularise the Sabbath Day, are not having things all their own way. Our readers will remember that a motion to open theatres on the Lord's Day was debated in open Parliament in 1941 and, in the mercy of God, defeated. Not content, however, with their defeat on that occasion the Anti-Sabbatarians returned to the attack early this year, led, of all people, by a minister, the Rev. R. Sorensen, M.P. The Government refused to re-open the question and this decision was announced on February 3rd by the Home Secretary. All lovers of the Lord's Day will welcome the Government's decision.

Church Notes.

Communions.—May, first Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Scourie;

third, Edinburgh and Broadford. *June*, first Sabbath, Applecross, Tarbert (Harris) and Coigach; second, Shieldaig; third, Helmsdale, Lochcarron, Glendale, Dornoch, Uig (Lewis); forth, Gairloch and Inverness. *July*, first Sabbath, Raasay, Lairg and Beaully; second, Tain, Staffin and Tomatin; third, Daviot, Halkirk, Flashadder and Rogart; fourth, Bracadale, Plockton and North Uist; fifth, Thurso.

Meeting of Synod.—The Synod will (D.V.) meet in the Free Presbyterian Church, Inverness, on Tuesday, 23rd May, 1944, at 6.30 p.m. The retiring Moderator, Rev. John P. MacQueen, London, will be expected to conduct Divine Worship.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—Mr. N. Mc. A., Ostaig, Sleat, £3/12/6; Miss I. C., Drimmin, Oban, 10/-; Mr. A. Mc. N., Kilcreggan, 12/9; D. McK., Sluggan, 12/6; Mr. and Mrs. McL., Des Moines, U.S.A., £5; P.C., 18 N. Street, Glasgow, £1; Perthshire Adherent o/a Edinburgh Congregation, £3; Perthshire Adherent o/a Flashadder Congregation, £3; Perthshire Adherent o/a Struan Congregation, £3; Perthshire Adherent o/a Vatten Congregation, £3; Wm. C. Dundonnell o/a Vatten Congregation, £1; Wm. C. Dundonnell o/a Struan Congregation, £1; Nurse McL., Melrose, 10/-; Miss M. G., Bridge of Allan, £2; Miss M. M., Upton Grey, £1.

Home Mission Fund.—P.C., 18 N. Street, Glasgow, £1; Mrs. A. B., Mid Clyth, 2/6; Wm. C., Dundonnell Home Farm, 10/-; Friend, Edinburgh, £2.

Organisation Fund.—J. McL., Drinishadder, Harris, £1/10/-; Mr. and Mrs. D. McLennan, Des Moines, U.S.A., £1/18/-; Miss M. M., Upton Grey, 15/6.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—Vancouver Congregation, 1st Collection for Year, £30; Vancouver Sabbath School, £10; Mr. and Mrs. D. MacLennan, Des Moines, U.S.A., £3; P/G Rod. C. MacLennan, Austin, Texas, U.S.A., £1/4/8; P.C., 18 N. Street, Glasgow, £1; A. McN., Kilcreggan, 10/-; Miss C. McD., Haslemere, Surrey, £1; Anon, Dornoch, £1; Wm. C., Home Farm, By Garve, 10/-; J.C., Achterneed, 10/-; D.G., Coulags, Strathcarron, 12/6; J. R., 1162 Dominion Street, Winnipeg, £2/18/-; Mrs. Isa Munro, Myrtle Cottage, Glenmoriston, 10/-; Nurse McInnes, Melrose, 10/-; Miss M. G., Bridge of Allan, £1; Anon, Kyle postmark o/a S.A. Mission, £8; Anonymous Friend, Ross-shire, £25; Miss M. M., Upton Grey, £1; Friend, Edinburgh, £2; Miss J. Alexander, 20 Victoria Square, Bristol, 13/6.

China Mission Fund.—P.C., 18 N. Street, Glasgow, £1; Nurse McInnes, Melrose, 10/-.

R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.—A Friend, 13/6; Mrs. McC. Kenovay, Tiree, 6/6; Friend, Edinburgh, £2.

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