

THE
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 AND
 MONTHLY RECORD

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

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A Sacramental Sabbath in the Burn of Ferintosh.

By the Rev. T. MACKENZIE FRASER, M.A.

FEW are familiar with the lovely scenery on the shores of the Cromarty Firth. The rugged grandeur of the Highlands combines with the softer beauty of the South to produce an almost unrivalled degree of the admiration always effected by strong and striking contrast in nature; while the splendid sheet of water, in which our whole British Navy might ride securely during the wildest gale, forms, from the choiceness of its position and the peculiarity of its shape, perhaps the chief element in the beauty of the scene. Guarded at the entrance by two immense rocks, spaciouly wooded atop, bay after bay disclosing itself in endless succession, skirted in one place by fields of corn, fringed in another by woods of varied green, and bounded in yet another by a line of sand-hills or moorland; at one time discovering a village or burgh town, and at another disclosing, amid the foliage, the mansion-house of some Highland proprietor, or the scarcely less lovely, though more humble, front of some Ross-shire manse; and fenced well-nigh all around by towering mountains, like gigantic sentries keeping watch over the loveliness within, the Firth of Cromarty leaves an impression on the mind of a spectator which is not soon to be forgotten, and creates in the traveller who has just left its scenery an almost irrepressible desire to return to it again.

At the uppermost extremity of this inland sea lies the well-known Ferintosh. Though itself not distinguished by great external beauty, in comparison with the parishes across the water, it is, nevertheless, the scene of an annual assemblage more interesting to me by far than the rarest combination of natural objects—the sacramental gathering in the Burn of Ferintosh.

A Highland sacrament is always a most solemn and interesting sight; but I question whether a spectator could have been at any time so much impressed with the scene, as when it was presided over by Dr. MacDonald in his own parish. The numbers were there swelled to an incredible amount by strangers from the neighbouring parishes and counties—the shires of Ross, Cromarty, and Inverness, and even Sutherland, pouring forth their companies to join the worshippers. It was but once that I was privileged to behold the sight—on the last public sacrament before the Disruption. As there happened to be no service in our church on that particular Sabbath, I rode over to Ferintosh, hoping, should the opportunity occur,

to behold for myself a sight of which so many glowing descriptions had been given me. I overtook on the way numbers of gigs and carts with their comfortable-looking occupants, "blue-bonnet farmers," on their ponies, and hundreds of pedestrians of both sexes travelling in groups of three or four; these last occupied almost invariably in conversing upon some Scripture text, or giving notes of the various sermons they had heard—some weighty word being not unfrequently recalled at a distance of many years. Did a minister happen to pass the travellers, every bonnet was doffed, and many an ejaculatory prayer was whispered, that the presence of the Lord might go with His servant, and that a blessing might rest on the preachers of the day.

I had intended to put up my horse at the manse stable, but found that not only were the stalls filled—three horses being often in one division—but that in the sheds and square every available inch was occupied. I was soon, however, relieved from my difficulty by a boy offering to take charge of the animal, and see it well fed; and knowing that in no possible circumstances could a Highland groom be an expensive one, I had little hesitation in accepting his offer.

At each Highland sacrament there are two congregations—the one composed of the English hearers, who worship in the church; the other, of the Gaelic population, who conduct their services in the open air. Owing to the fervour and expressiveness of the Gaelic tongue, and to the great liberty enjoyed by the preacher who employs it, the outdoor services are always attended by a far larger number than when English is spoken; and, indeed, it would be almost impossible to accommodate within any Presbyterian church an average Gaelic congregation on a Communion Sabbath. But at Ferintosh the number is immense (1842)—being seldom below six thousand, frequently amounting to ten, and on one occasion reaching, I was told, the enormous total of fifteen thousand souls. It reminds one of those glorious days when the cities of Germany poured forth their thousands to hear the Gospel at the lips of Martin Luther; and I question whether, even in that land of deep feeling, and those times of thrilling excitement, there was ever witnessed a scene more solemn and impressive than the gathering at Ferintosh.

The place of meeting seems cut out for the express purpose, by the immediate hand of Him who is at once the God of nature and of grace, and who, as if in anticipation of the scenes of holy interest to be presented by that locality, would appear to have included the very dip of the land and the course of the brook among the "all things" which "work together for the good of them that love Him." At a convenient distance from the church, the Burn of Ferintosh, often almost dry in summer, descends a deep hollow that forms a large oblong slightly rounded at the upper end, the sides of which slope towards each other, leaving a space of flat greensward between; and under this the waters of the Burn are carried by a drain. The sides of the declivity are deeply furrowed all around, like the parallel roads of Glenroy on a small scale, as if the waters of the Burn had collected in the space, and forced an outlet at different intervals, though much is doubtless owing to manual labour.

These furrows are the seats on which the people rest, line rising above line, in close succession, somewhat like the pews of many of our Free Churches. The appearance of the people as they sat on these Highland

benches, was both interesting and uncommon. Hats were pretty numerous among the males, but rarely was a bonnet seen upon a female head—that of the maiden being generally bare, the matron wearing a “mutch” (cap), while the elderly women had grey or blue cloaks, with the hoods wrapped round their heads. The snow-white caps of the females contrasted pleasingly with the coarse blue bonnets of the men; and as my eye first caught the congregation, it dwelt with a more delighted gaze upon their homely appearance than even when, after the lapse of a few months, I looked round, at the time of the Disruption, on the vast concourse of gentility at Canonmills. A solemn interest sat on every countenance, the men in particular appearing to drink in with avidity every word that was said; and as the heart-searching address of the minister fell meaningless on my ear (not being a Gaelic speaker) I could have wept at my inability to share their strong emotions. The tent, or temporary pulpit, is placed at the lower end of the open space, which rises slightly towards the upper extremity of the area; and in front of the tent stretched one long Communion table—at which, by the way, a Highlander never seats himself till it is “fenced.”

After the conclusion of the “action sermon” and the “fencing” of the tables, a large number of verses were sung in the plaintive emotional music of the Gaelic psalmody. The precentor who officiated on the occasion was a venerable-looking old man whose voice was heard, even if less distinctly, by the more distant part of the congregation; as he was joined however, by those near him, the sound gradually waxed louder and louder, till the whole eight thousand voices swelled the sacred song, and formed one vast chorus which, in power if not in harmony, in fervour if not in skill, has, since the days of Gustavus Adolphus been almost wholly unsurpassed. (During the war of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the whole army, consisting of twenty thousand men, on the eve of battle, used to sing Luther’s favourite psalm—Psalm xlvii.) Still, I confess, I was a little disappointed in the expectations I had formed of the singing; for, though I have never heard so powerful a chorus, yet I had entertained a higher idea of the compass of so many voices than was actually realised. But a Highland congregation never sings loudly; their melody is rather deep than strong; and the greater the solemnity of the occasion, the lower is the tone in which the psalm is sung.

During the singing, the elders—“the men” of Ferintosh—assisted by a few of their brethren from neighbouring parishes, placed on the tables the elements of bread and wine, the communicants coming slowly forward to take their seats. The tardiness of the Highlander in this solemn matter is very striking—each seeming to feel that he is going to meet the Lord, and to tremble lest he should be found eating and drinking judgment to himself; and the officiating minister has to encourage, exhort, and not unfrequently to rebuke the timid believer, ere he will venture to commemorate his Saviour’s dying love. I do not deny that this hesitation is often carried to an unwarrantable extent, the Highland communicant often thinking that his present frame of mind, rather than his personal interest in Christ, is to be the test of his worthiness. But still hesitation is infinitely preferable to haste, affording, as it does, pretty sure indication of a stricter compliance with the injunction, “But let a man examine himself.” At the table, the solemnity was most marked; not an eye was open—each head was hung down; and, save when the elements passed, and

the communicants partook of the bread and wine, scarcely a motion was visible along the whole line. It being the fourth or fifth table that I witnessed, Dr. MacDonald did not officiate. He was leaning over the front of the "tent," watching his beloved flock with a pastor's eye, and seeming to view with that delight which none but a pastor knows, the refreshment of his people's souls at the streams of living water.

Blessed old man! Twenty years had elapsed since he sprinkled the water of baptism on my face, and prayed that I might be spared for usefulness in the cause of Him from whom a scarcely-living mother had received me; and as I now stood above him on the alder-skirted bank of the Burn, my heart glowed more strongly than ever with an affection which I shall always cherish for his memory; and right sure am I, that when I then returned his prayer into his own bosom—that he now might be spared for many a useful year—the supplication was re-echoed from the breast of every child of God that had seen the person of John MacDonald, or heard his voice that day. I did not stay long, and about an hour after my departure the congregation dispersed. Suitably rewarding my little groom, I returned slowly to my home, never to forget the scene which I had witnessed in the Burn of Ferintosh.

Nearly seven years have now elapsed since the gathering which I have attempted to describe, and the Elijah of the Scottish Highlands has been taken home to his God. The next Communion in the Burn of Ferintosh will to many be a Bochim indeed! The recollections of years will crowd upon the warm heart of the Highlander, as he seats himself once more upon the well-worn sod; and when the tremulous notes of the white-haired precentor are again heard, and many an eye will look almost instinctively upwards in search of the preacher who used to sit above him in the weather-beaten black "tent," and instead of the beaming old familiar face, meets the countenance of a stranger—many a spirit will cry in bitterness:—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," and, "the people will lift up their voice and weep." And on whom has his mantle fallen? Or is he indeed "the last of the apostles." Porteous of Kilmuir, MacPhail of Resolis, and Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochearrow have preceded him, but who is to take his place? "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful faileth from among the children of men."

Meanwhile, the history of such a man must not be lost. Being dead, he should yet speak. The Highland public call for a memoir of this remarkable man—the Whitefield of Scotland. I grieve to hear that the Journal which he had kept for a number of years up to 1839, is now nowhere to be found. But surely there is more than one among his intimate friends who can partly supply the deficiency. Can Dr. Mackintosh of Tain do nothing to redeem from oblivion the memory of at least one of the great evangelists of the North? Or may we not look for a life of the father from the biographer of the son? But John MacDonald must still preach to the heart, if his sonorous and powerful voice no longer peals in the ear of the Highlander. And it were deeply to be regretted, if no record should be preserved of one who approached nearer than any living man to the example of Paul—"in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst,

in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

The foregoing account is extracted from the *Christian Treasury*, Dr. MacDonald himself having distributed a large number of copies of that particular issue throughout his parish. Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall has long since supplied the need above emphasised in his *The Apostle of the North*, copies of which may be obtained from *The Northern Chronicle Office*, Inverness.—*Christian Treasury*, 1842.—J. P. M.

Calvin on the Scriptures.

[John Calvin is known to the Christian Church from the early part of the 16th century as the greatest theologian of the Church of God from the days of the Apostles. His mind might well be called "a master mind." He was given precious gifts, not only of grace but natural sagacity above many. His great work was to set in order the "Reformation House," in all its apartments, according to the New Testament pattern, which had been disorganised by the abominations of Popery for ages. John Calvin was the man appointed by the Most High for that work. He was not a perfect man, but a poor sinful mortal (as he often confesses), but the material he had in hand was perfect. His love to the Word of God was certainly from above, and not taught by the precepts of men. He was the most courageous in defence of the truth of God of all the Reformers, the most gifted of them all. He was in Christ a father to the Reformers of France, the Low Countries, England and Scotland. Kings, princes, governments and nations consulted Calvin. We have no doubt when kingdoms and churches will turn to the Lord, the works of John Calvin will be yet sought after, and diligently studied for advice, instruction and guidance in the affairs of church and state. Those who in our day traduce and vilify his name, character and works are in the service of Satan, and wicked enemies to the gospel of Jesus Christ. We intend to write for the benefit and instruction of our people a chapter of two from Calvin's Institutes on the Word of God.—J. M.]

1. In vain were the authority of Scripture fortified by argument, or supported by the authority of the Church, or confirmed by any other help, if unaccompanied by an assurance higher and stronger than human judgment can give. Till this better foundation has been laid, the authority of Scripture remains in suspense. On the other hand, when recognising its exemption from the common rule, we receive it reverently, and according to its dignity, those proofs which were not so strong as to produce and rivet a full conviction in our minds, become most appropriate helps. For it is wonderful how much we are confirmed in our belief, when we more attentively consider how admirable the system of divine wisdom contained in it is arranged—how perfectly free the doctrine is from every thing that savours of earth—how beautifully it harmonises in all its parts—and how rich it is in all other qualities which give an air of majesty to composition. Our hearts are still more firmly assured when we reflect that our admiration is excited more by the dignity of the matter than by the graces of style. For it was not without an admirable arrangement of Providence that the sublime mysteries of the kingdom of heaven have

for the greater part been delivered with a contemptible meanness of words. Had they been adorned with a more splendid eloquence, the wicked might have cavilled, and alleged that this constituted all their force. But now, when an unpolished simplicity, almost bordering on rudeness, makes a deeper impression than the loftiest flights of oratory, what does it indicate if not that the Holy Scriptures are too mighty in the power of truth to need the rhetorician's art. Hence there was good ground for the Apostle's declaration, that the faith of the Corinthians was founded not "on the wisdom" but on "the power of God," his speech and preaching among them having been "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration and power." For the truth is vindicated in opposition to every doubt, when, unsupported by foreign aid, it has its sole sufficiency in itself. How peculiarly this property belongs to Scripture appears from this, that no human writings, however skilfully composed, are at all capable of affecting us in a similar way. Read Demosthenes or Cicero, Plato or Aristotle, or any of that class; you will, I admit, feel wonderfully allured, pleased, moved, enchanted; but turn from them to the Sacred Volume, and whether you will or not, it will so affect you, so pierce your heart, so work its way into your very marrow, that, in comparison of the impression so produced, that of orators and philosophers will almost disappear; making it manifest that in the Sacred Volume there is a truth divine, a something which makes it immeasurably superior to all the gifts and graces attainable by man.

2. I confess, however, that in elegance and beauty, nay, splendour, the style of some of the prophets is not surpassed by the eloquence of heathen writers. By examples of this description, the Holy Spirit was pleased to show that it was not from want of eloquence He in other instances used a rude and homely style. But whether you read David, Isaiah, and others of the same class, whose discourses flow sweet and pleasant, or Amos the herdsman, Jeremiah and Zechariah, whose rougher idioms savour of rusticity, the majesty of the Spirit to which I adverted appears conspicuous in all. I am not aware, that as Satan often apes God, that he may by a fallacious resemblance the better insinuate himself into the minds of the simple, so he (Satan) craftily disseminated the impious errors with which he deceived miserable men in an uncouth and semi-barbarous style, and frequently employed obsolete forms of expression in order to cloak his impostures. None possessed of any moderate share of sense need be told how vain and vile such affection is. But in regard to the Holy Scriptures, however petulant men may attempt to carp at them, they are replete with sentiments which it is clear that man never could have conceived. Let each of the prophets be examined, and not one will be found who does not rise far higher than human reach. Those who feel their words insipid must be absolutely devoid of taste.

3. As this subject has been treated at large by others it will be sufficient here merely to touch on its leading points. In addition to the qualities already mentioned, great weight is due to the antiquity of Scripture. Whatever fables Greek writers may retail concerning the Egyptian Theology, no monument of any religion exists which is not long posterior to the age of Moses. But Moses does not introduce a new Deity. He only sets forth the doctrine concerning the eternal God which the Israelites had received by tradition from their fathers, by whom it had been transmitted, as it were, from hand to hand, during a long series of ages. For what

else does he do than lead them back to the covenant which had been made with Abraham? Had he referred to matters of which they had never heard, he never could have succeeded; but their deliverance from bondage in which they were held must have been a fact of familiar and universal notoriety, the very mention of which must have immediately aroused the attention of all. It is, moreover, probable, that they were intimately acquainted with the whole period of four hundred years. Now, if Moses traces the tradition of his doctrine from a remote period, it is obvious how far the Holy Scriptures must in point of antiquity surpass all other writings.

[We may be permitted to add here if Calvin was writing the above paragraph in our day, he would not modify a sentence of the above, but certainly would add to it in the light of recent excavations. It is proved beyond any possible doubt that there were writings extant many hundreds of years before the times of Moses, and all that has been found in clay tablet form proves beyond the most arduous desires of the genuine friends of the Bible, the absolute veracity and the genuineness of the Book of Genesis. The atheist and destructive critic may sneer, but the facts are too palpable for the honest scholar to challenge.—J.M.]

4. Some perhaps may choose to credit the Egyptians in carrying back their antiquity to a period of six thousand years before the world was created! But their garrulity, which some profane authors have held up to derision, it cannot be necessary for me to refute. Josephus, however, in his words against Appion, produces important passages from very ancient writers, implying that the doctrine delivered in the law was celebrated among all nations from the remotest ages, though it was neither read nor accurately known. And then, in order that the malignant might have no ground for suspicion, and the ungodly no handle for cavil, God has provided, in the most effectual manner, against both dangers. When Moses relates the words that Jacob, under Divine inspiration, uttered concerning his prosperity almost three hundred years before, how does he ennoble his own tribe? He stigmatises it with eternal infamy in the person of Levi. "Simeon and Levi, says he, are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O my soul, come thou not into their secret; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united" (Gen. xlix. 5, 6). This stigma he certainly might have passed in silence, not only that he might spare his own ancestor, but also save both himself and his whole family from a portion of the disgrace. How can suspicion attach to him, who, by voluntarily proclaiming the first founder of his family was declared detestable by a Divine oracle, neither consults his own private interest, nor declines to incur obloquy among its tribe, who must have been offended by his statement of the facts? Again, when he relates the wicked murmuring of his brother Aaron, and his sister Miriam, shall we say that he spoke his own natural feelings, or that he obeyed the command of the Holy Spirit? Moreover, when invested with supreme authority, why does he not bestow the office of the High Priest on his own sons, instead of consigning them to the lowest place? I only touch on few points out of many; but the Law itself contains throughout numerous proofs, which fully vindicate the credibility of Moses, and place it beyond dispute, that he was in truth a messenger sent forth from God. The many striking miracles which Moses relates are so many sanctions of the law delivered, and the doctrine propounded, by him. His being carried up

into the mount in a cloud; his remaining there forty days separated from human society; his countenance glistening during the promulgation of the law, as with meridian effulgence; the lightning which flashed on every side; the voices and thunderings which echoed in the air; the clang of the trumpet blown by no human mouth; his entrance into the tabernacle, while a cloud hid him from the view of the people; the miraculous vindication of his authority, by the fearful destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and all their impious faction; the stream instantly gushing forth from the rock when struck with his rod; the manna which rained from heaven at his prayer. Did not God by all these proclaim aloud that he was an undoubted prophet? If any one objects that I am taking debatable points for granted, the cavil is easily answered. Moses published all these things in the assembly of the people. How then could he impose on the very eye-witnesses of what was done? Is it conceivable that he would have come forward, and, while accusing the people of unbelief, obstinacy, ingratitude, and other crimes, have boasted that his doctrine had been confirmed in their own presence by miracles which they never saw?

5. For it is also worthy of remark that the miracles which he relates are combined with disagreeable circumstances, which must have provoked opposition from the whole body of the people, if there had been the smallest ground for it. Hence it is obvious that they were induced to assent, merely because they had been previously convinced by their own experience. But because the fact was too clear to leave it free for heathen writers to deny that Moses did perform the miracles, the father of lies suggested a calumny, and ascribed them to magic (Exod. ix. 2). But with what probability is a charge brought against him, who held it in such abhorrence, that he ordered every one who should consult soothsayers and magicians to be stoned? (Lev. xxx. 6). Assuredly, no imposter deals in tricks, without studying to raise his reputation by amazing the common people. But what does Moses do? By crying out that he and Aaron his brother are nothing, that they merely execute what God has commanded, he clears himself from every approach of suspicion. Again, if the facts are considered in themselves, what kind of incantation could cause manna to rain from heaven every day, and in sufficient quantity to maintain a people, while anyone who gathered more than the appointed measure, saw his incredulity divinely punished by its turning to worms? To this we may add, that God then suffered His servant to be subjected to so many serious trials, that the ungodly cannot now gain anything by their clamour. When (as often happened) the people proudly and petulantly rose up against him, when individuals conspired and attempted to overthrow him, how could any impostures have enabled him to elude their rage? The event plainly shows that by these means his doctrine was attested to all succeeding ages.

(To be continued.)

When a sinner is deeply convinced of sin, the law, at God's command, arrests him with its curse, and binds him with chains of guilt. Now terrors from the Lord beset him round about and fill him with fear and shame and confusion of face. These troubles are bound upon him, and are greater or less, longer or shorter, as God sees best for the sinner's present humiliation and future safety.—*Berridge*.

The Vatican or The Kremlin ?

By Rev. Dr. MORGANS, of Melbourne.

THERE is a most vital and imperative challenge facing Protestantism the world over. It is the twofold challenge of Communism and Romanism. One is arrayed in priestly robes, the other is armed with the hammer and sickle—the Priest and the Soldier. The fight is on. The shape of current events is of great significance.

Both organisations claim the right to supremacy not only in the State, but over men's minds and consciences, over their actions, and over their homes. Romanism goes further in some directions than Communism does, in that she claims to have authority not on earth, only, but in heaven and in hell. The challenge of Communism is more blatant and less subtle than that of Rome. It condemns the whole existing order whether that of the tribal customs of the African native, the feudal rule of the Arabs, the partisan government of the South American States, or the democratic governments of the great Protestant countries. All are denounced as capitalists, imperialists, and anti-social.

Communism, whether you like it or not, is a spreading faith, which claims to be valid for all mankind. Roman Catholicism, whether you like it or not, is an international organised Church with over 300,000,000 adherents.

The two faiths are diametrically opposed—yet one in aim and purpose—world domination.

Shall we briefly examine these two faiths, which are challenging the world to-day.

The objective of Rome is world domination, and nothing less. Rome's ambition is to subjugate and to subdue the whole world to her feet.

Rome has found a thousand channels through which to pour its poison. It has found millions of willing instruments through which to accomplish its purposes. It is totalitarian in this sense that it aims at the assimilation of all to itself.

The Roman Church never argues, never attempts to persuade. The Roman Church decrees, defines, pronounces, declares, demands acceptance of its positions. It never brings its dogma into the open forum of free discussion and decision. That would be fatal to its aims. So, therefore, it defines its position. That is Romanism. *It is totalitarian in the sense that proposes the elimination of all who will not accept its position.*

To reveal the Roman position, I will quote the following declarations of the Roman Catholic Canon Law:— (1) All human power is from evil, and must, therefore, be standing under the Pope. (2) The temporal powers must act unconditionally of the spiritual. (3) The "Church" is empowered to grant or take away any temporal provision. (4) The Pope has the right to give countries and nations which are non-Roman Catholic to Roman Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery. (5) The Pope can make slaves of those Christian subjects whose prince or ruling power is interdicted by the Pope. (6) The laws of the "Church" concerning liberty of the "Church" and the Papal power are based upon divine inspiration. (7) The "Church" has the right to practise the unconditional censure of books. (8) The Pope has the right to annul State laws, treaties, Constitutions, etc., to absolve from obedience thereto,

as soon as they seem detrimental to the rights of the "Church," or those of the clergy. (9) The Pope possesses the right of admonishing and, if needs be, of punishing the temporal rulers, emperors and kings, as well as drawing the spiritual forum any case in which moral sin occurs. (10) Without consent of the Pope no tax or rate of any kind can be levied upon a clergyman or upon any church whatsoever.

That is the totalitarian position of the Roman Catholic Church. There must be one creed, one will, and everybody must accept that creed, and obey that will, or go to perdition.

The creed of Pope Pius IV., for example, which embraces the leading dogmas of the Church, compels every Roman priest at his ordination to make the following declaration:—"I do at this present freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved."

To the same intent is the decree of Pope Boniface VIII.:—"We declare, assert, define, and pronounce that it is necessary to salvation for every human being to be subject to the Pope of Rome."

Once a year, on Maundy Thursday, which is the day preceeding Good Friday, a form of excommunication used to be pronounced against all heretics who would not acknowledge the supremacy of the Papal See. In that denunciation is the following clause, which, mark you, has been inserted since the days of the Reformation:—"We excommunicate and anathematise, in the name of God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and by the authority of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and by our own, all Hussites, Wyckliffites, Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, Trinitarians, and apostates from the faith, and all other heretics, by whatsoever name they are called, and of whatsoever sect they be."

According to the above and other proclamations of the Roman Church, nothing but eternal darkness is the portion which awaits all Protestants and members of the various sects specified in the Papal Bull.

There was a day when Christians generally recognised the Roman Catholic Church as the Church of the Anti-Christ. The Westminster Confession of Faith, which is the foundation of Presbyterianism, says:—"There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ, nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be head thereof; but is that Anti-Christ, that man of sin and son of perdition that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God." All the Reformers so believed; Luther and the rest. They looked upon the Papacy as a satanic system that was anti-Christian through and through. But to-day things are entirely different—we have compromised, and called the Roman Catholic Church—"just another branch of the Church." It is not, and never can be. It is an organisation that has Satan as its head, and not the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall never withstand this evil thing until we recognise that the Papacy was spawned in hell itself, and is to be fought ceaselessly, just as we fight the devil in all realms. It is not Christian; it is evil, and only evil, continually. I have not touched the political aspect of Romanism—but a bare outline of her nature and objectives, but I have shown enough for us to realise afresh the tremendous challenge that is facing England again right in the middle of the twentieth century.

Now we will touch briefly on this other evil—that is in our midst to-day like a monster—challenging the rights of the human soul. What is Communism ? Let Nicholas Berdyaev answer it for us. “It is the religion of the kingdom of this world, the last and final denial of the other world, of every kind of spirituality. That is precisely the reason why its very materialism becomes spiritual and mystical” (*The Russian Revolution*, p. 88).

It is the “last and final denial of the other world,” because it makes this world—the final. One of the slogans of the Communist Party used to be: “Jesus promised the people Paradise after death, but Lenin offers them Paradise on earth.”

Communism admits only one kind of activity: an economic-technical activity—for economic and technical values are the only true values and the whole process of life is subject to them. All branches of human creative activity are rejected, or narrowed down and subjected to economic and technical aims. Man merely becomes a mechanism, an obedient social animal. Man becomes the tool of a collective body. Everything that happens must happen for the mass; every action is subordinated to it.

Communism, like Romanism, is a passionate protest against the value and significance of the personality of the individual. It is an attempt to wipe out the other world and the “soul-encumbered individual creature” and replace it by the “collective man,” who is subjected to the machine.

In Roman Catholicism, man is not denied, but merely diminished; man is regarded as an insignificant being, possessing neither real freedom nor creative capabilities; he is a second-rate being.

In both ideologies, man is reduced to a one-planed being, without individuality or purpose, but in relation to State or Church.

The Communist believes that political, economic and social events control history, and not God. God is entirely liquidated out of history. He is dismissed as a theological survival of medieval bogey, and morbid fantasy. It is the fatal assumption that man can build civilisation that will ultimately become perfect, and that he is capable of doing it in history. Communism is a gospel that proclaims that man's needs are predominantly material. “Man shall live by bread alone,” so nearly, at any rate, as to make no difference.

In pursuit of the ideal of the predominance of material needs, Russia pioneered the policy of a State responsible for social security—pioneered—for our democratic countries—England included—has taken the same road to serfdom to-day—under the name of Social Security—but it smells the same!

One hundred years ago the sanctity of the individual was an established tradition. To-day, the State is master in every realm. The very phrase, “rights of man” is beginning—even in England—to sound strange to modern ears.

So we at last arrive at the master-principle of contemporary Communism and Romanism—the end justifies the means. Once a Government or Church commits itself to the principle that the end sanctifies any method, or any immorality, the rights of man are thereby strangled. Communism is a strangler-in-chief of all human rights and freedom.

Communism reduces man to the State, while Roman Catholicism reduces the soul to the Church; it makes the soul's supreme interest to be the religious state, the Church. From beginning to the end, Romanism and Communism rear a structure on the denial of the soul's competency, one in religion, the other in the State.

To-day we are called to match both these soul-destroying ideologies—by something greater—more dynamic—that is the alternative.

Have we the alternative? Yes! In the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "It is God's answer that will answer to Pharaoh," said Joseph (Gen. xli. 16). And to-day it is God's only answer, which will answer to these twin challenges of to-day. The half-answers are breaking down. The answer is Jesus Christ—the unchanging Person! In the midst of a changing world, He stands unchanging.

There is no answer to Romanism—but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—the One Mediator between man and God: The answer to Communism is Christ and His Kingdom.

Lewis Mumford is right when he said: "One cannot counter the religious faith of fascism unless one possesses a faith equally strong, equally capable of fostering devotion and loyalty, and commanding sacrifice."

We have the faith—but I wonder if we as Protestants have the "devotion, loyalty and commanding sacrifice." If not, the alternative is either—the Red Cap—or the Red Flag! But God's answer is the red nailed-pierced hands of the Crucified.—*Churchman's Magazine* (London).

Rev. Donald Sage, Resolis.

(Continued from page 98.)

As a preacher, though the beginning was very unpromising, he occupied a very high place, and Dr. Kennedy, himself a master, has described the outstanding features of Mr. Sage's preaching. "It would be difficult to determine," he says, "whether he excelled more as a lecturer, or as a preacher, in expounding a passage, or in discoursing from a text. In each capacity he was by few excelled. Always careful to trace from its starting-point the train of thought throughout the preceding paragraph on to his text, he usually gave, in the introduction of his sermon, a most instructive exposition. When the text was reached, it was opened up with marvellous skill, and its several parts were logically arranged. Entering into it, he carried his hearers with him so gradually, and kept, as he went before them, so clear a light shining on their path that, without a sense of difficulty, they found themselves in the deep places of the subject, marvelling that they had not seen before what was now so clearly discovered to them. An attentive hearer he always kept engrossed with the subject of his sermon. Few preachers have ever laboured more to exalt their theme, and to abase themselves. His applications of doctrine to the consciousness and practice of Christians were minute and skilful. His preaching was rarely* fitted to be edifying to the Church of God. His

*Dr. Kennedy here uses the word in the sense of "remarkably well," and not in the sense of "seldom."

addresses to the unconverted never passed into mere declamation. He never sought to reach their conscience but through the understanding. In calm solemnity he presented to their minds the awful truth—he never brandished it before their eyes to scare them into blind alarm. Each sermon he delivered left abundant materials for future meditation in the minds of all earnest hearers; and never could they, in course of reading, meet a text on which they heard him preach, but the light of his sermon still hovered over it, and made them fain to linger on it" (*Disruption Worthies of the Highlands*, page 52). Such a testimony from such a man is conclusive testimony that Mr. Sage is worthy of being reckoned as one of the noted preachers of the Northern Highlands.

As a writer he possessed literary gifts of no mean order. To an easy command of language he added mental gifts of high quality. There were an incisiveness and piquancy in his characterisation of individuals that gave life and movement to his literary work, but this, while relished by some, sorely wounded others, especially where his characterisations were anything but complimentary. It was this feature of his posthumous *Memorabilia Domestica* that caused so much heart-burning notwithstanding the careful pruning it received by his son, the Rev. D. F. Sage, before it went to the printer.

In the closing years of his life his memory failed, and the strong frame became very feeble. In a conversation with Dr. Aird, who visited him and told him a deathbed saying of one of the Ross-shire worthies, he said:—"You have cheered me by telling me of these three wonders which he expected to see in heaven. I too expect to see them—my nature in the Person of the Son of God, the first, indeed, and the greatest; myself among the glorified saints, the second; and some there whom, while on earth, I never expected to be there, the third." And so, in the eightieth year of his age, in March, 1869, passing through death, as Dr. Kennedy puts it, as one passes into sleep, he entered on the vision of the wonders he so longed to see.

Marsantachd Na Sabaid.

Tha mallachd Dhé air marsantachd na Sàbaid. Is è a tha ann ni a tha fuathach leis an Tighearna. Anns an teachdaireachd a chuir Crìosd gu Eaglais Phergamois, chomharraich e mach gu robh nithean innte a bha fuathach leis, is an aghaidh na muinntir sin a tha 'gan cumail suas, tha e a' beugar gu bhith a' tighinn am mach gu bhith ag cogadh 'nan aghaidh le claidheamh a bheòil. Bha marsantachd an Teampuill fuathach leis: "Na deanaibh tigh m'Atharsa 'na thigh marsantachd (Eoin ii. 16). Bha a' mharsantachd ud a' dol air adhairt fo chleò a bhith a' toirt ùmhachd do àithne Dhé. Dh' àithn Dia gu'm biodh iobairtean air an toirt suas. Bha an luchd-reic ann an suid a' reic cruaidh, chaorach agus chalaman air-son iobairtean. Bha iad ag cumail ris an t-sluagh an ni a bha an Tighearna ag àithneadh. Ged-thà, cha ne gràdh do àithne an Tighearna, ach gràdh an airgid, a bha air eùl am marsantachd. Bha na h-uile a bha ag ceannach uapa ag cumail suas na marsantachd gràineil so. Mholadh iad a' mharsantachd. Is è a bha ann ullachadh iongantach air an son. Cha robh aca, mra bha aig an athraichean, dragh agus

saothair gu bhith a' factinn iobairt. Bha sin, a nis, aca ri an laimh aig an Teampull. 'Nam beachd féin, bha iad a' deanamh ni a bha taitneach don Tighearn, is bha na sagartan a' toirt gnùis dha. Dhearbh an Tighearn an àite do'n mharsantachd so a bhith taitneach dhà gu robh i fuathach leis: "Na deanaibh tigh m'Atharsa 'na thigh marsantachd." Their na daoine a tha ag cur am mach innealan-giùlain, mar na "buses," air an t-Sàbaid, gur ann air-son math an t-sluaigh a tha iad 'gan cumail air an rathad. Ma's ann, carson a tha iad a' deanamh buannachd shalaich asda air Là Naomh an Tighearn? Tha na h-uile a tha 'gan gabhail ag cumail suas na marsantachd Sàbaid so. Aidichidh iad gu'm feum iad an ùmhlaichd a thoirt do àithne Dhé a bhith 'na thigh; ach is è a tha an Tighearn ag ràdh, "Is feàrr ùmhlaichd na iobairt." Is e iobairt gun ghaoid a tha an Tighearn ag iarraidh. Mo thruaigh! air iobairtean ar là tha E a' faicinn gaoid na buannachd shalaich a' cheart cho cinnteach 's a bha E 'ga faicinn air iobairtean an Teampull an uair a ghlaodh e am mach, "Na deanaibh tigh m'Atharsa 'na thigh marsantachd!" Tha Crìosd eudmhor m'a thigh, is tha e eudmhor m'a là. Is fuathach leis marsantachd a thighe, agus is fuathach leis marsantachd a là. Dhearbh e, is tha e sgriobhte chùim ar fòghluim, gu robh marsantachd an Teampull, a bha a' dol air aghaidh fo ainm a bhith a' deanamh seirbhis Dhé, fuathach leis, is nochd e a dhiomb 'na aghaidh. Biodh Dia fìor is gach duine 'na bhreugaire. Eisdeamaid ri teachdaireachd Chrìosd féin a thaobh nan nithean sin is fuathach leis: "Dean aithreachas, no thig mi ad ionnsuidh gu grad, agus cogaidh mi ad aghaidh le claidheamh mo bheòil!" (Tais, ii. 16). Is tha sin a' toirt leis teagasgan mearachdach, mar a thà E ag comharrachadh am mach anns an rann air thoiseach, is cleachdaidhean neo-sgrìobtuireil air cho ionmholta is a dh'fhaodas iad a bhith ann an sùilean dhaoine, mar a tha marsantachd na Sàbaid. "Uime sin, thigibh am mach as am meadhoin, agus dealaichibh riù!" tha an Tighearn ag ràdh, agus na beanaibh ris an ni neo-ghlan; agus gabhaidh mise am ionnsuidh sibh.

U. M.

The late Roderick Ferguson, Retired Missionary, Tarbert, Harris.

THE late Roderick Ferguson was born over ninety years ago in the Outer Isles. As has been noticed in the August issue of the Magazine, he died on the first day of July this year.

His early youth was spent on the island of Taransay. There his father, Angus Ferguson, followed the humble calling of a fisherman, and the high calling of a follower of the Lamb. His father also held evening services in the evening of his own pilgrimage in this world. His mother, whose maiden name was Rachel MacLeod, was a follower of the Lord. His father died during the first decade of this century; but his mother survived until the spring of 1918.

Owing to his reticence concerning his experience, little can be said about the turning point in his life. One or two events, however, he often related. One night he, with several others like-minded, was engaged in wedding festivities. All too soon the dawn began to break in on the party. The best that could be done under the circumstances was to exclude

the light by filling up the window or windows with such materials as they could lay their hands on. Mr. Ferguson claimed he saw vital godliness exemplified by father and mother; but with what effect in those days he kept unrevealed. It was while from home, and following his trade (he was a tailor) that he was lastingly and savingly awakened to his ruined condition and God's claims. His state of mind compelled him to leave his work and return home to Taransay. The first ray of light and hope came through a portion of God's Word applied by the Holy Spirit. From that time onwards, he found that the "Misty Isle" was in the region of his own corrupted nature, and that the light necessary to salvation is the Word applied by the Spirit. "Search the Scriptures" meant to him—the ruinous errors and corruptions are not there but in man.

After spending some years at his trade in the Lowlands, he returned for the same purpose to Harris. Those were the days of the controversy leading first to the Declaratory Act, and afterwards to the Union. He identified himself with the conservative element in the then Free Church. At Tarbert, he found a circle of friends like-minded with himself. To recall the names of some of these men may not be unprofitable. There was Donald Bethune, a native of Skye, who held responsible positions in the Church and in the community. John MacLeod, contractor, too, was interested in the Lord's cause in the world. Ewen Mackenzie, Missionary, a native of Glenurquhart, was actively and zealously engaged in the Lord's work. Murdo Mackinnon, Tarbert, was also a man of sound judgment, and keen, gracious discernment above most. These all predeceased him; but it seems he felt the death of the last-named more than he did that of any of the others.

In 1911, R. Ferguson was ordained a Deacon of the Harris Congregation of the F.P. Church. In 1924, he was ordained an Elder of the same Congregation. For thirteen years he served the Northton Mission Station. As a leader of praise, on many occasions, he was enabled to render valuable assistance. Unlike Archbishop Laud, who lauded vestments as essential to the Christian ministry, Ferguson saw in the High Priest's garments under the Old Testament economy, the necessity of shadows to set forth the goodly furniture, for the work of redemption, of the Messiah. He composed several religious poems which were published in book form. The Elegy on the late Rev. D. MacDonald, Shieldaig, is, in the opinion of many, very good.

He had his own share of the sorrows of this life. His first wife and one son and two daughters died several years ago. World War I. claimed a son; World War II. claimed another after having been a prisoner of war in Italy for a number of years. After receiving confirmation of the latter's death from the War Office, he appeared to have lost all relish for the newspaper. The news longed for never came through that channel.

To his widow, sons and daughter, surviving sister and brothers, we would commend the Saviour he believed, the fountain that quenched his thirst and the recompense of the reward. This, doubtless, is written for our good: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the World."—*D. R. Macdonald.*

The late Maggie Beaton, Portree.

SOME of the Lord's people have to go through a long process of affliction in preparation for the Kingdom of glory, and the subject of this sketch was of that consecrated number. The prophet Zechariah mentions how God deals with many of His chosen ones in these words: "I will bring a third part through the fire and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." After a long illness which was sanctified to her, Miss Beaton was removed to the rest that remaineth to the people of the Lord.

She became a member of Portree congregation by disjunction certificate from the Free Church, and in that connection she was much exercised about her duty. In this frame of mind she felt an impulse one evening to enter our church and she said herself that the address she heard seemed to meet her case in a very particular manner. She then decided to identify herself with the Free Presbyterian Church. All attempts made to induce her to change her mind were futile and she remained a most loyal and steadfast supporter of the church.

She was well liked in the household where she was employed because of her fine Christian character and general conscientiousness.

A severe attack of rheumatism made her incapable of walking, and through Mr. A. Mackay, Missionary, she got a wheeled chair which greatly helped her.

The late Mrs. Mackenzie, Kiltavaglen, with her usual considerateness, kindly took charge of her and many friends had the pleasure of meeting her there. Her Christian patience and cheerfulness notwithstanding her pain and helplessness, were conspicuous, and the fruit of the grace reigning in her. It might well be said of her that she realised in her own experience the fulfilment of the Saviour's encouragement to the Apostle Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee and my strength is made perfect in weakness."

It was edifying to have fellowship with her in the Gospel she loved, and to hear her justifying the Lord in all His dealings with her.

Being of a studious nature before her illness, she delighted to read the writings of the great Puritan divines with the result that her mind was well-stored with the doctrines of grace.

The cause of Christ was very dear to her and nothing could weaken her loyalty to the Church. She used to speak of the Lord's wonderful provision for her in His providence, and her soul needs were fully satisfied in her glorious Redeemer, through whose precious blood, shed for guilty and lost sinners, peace entered her heart.

At the appointed time, she passed suddenly from the furnace of affliction into the joy of her Lord.—*D. M. M.*

The late John Macinnes, Deacon, Portree.

THIS promising young man passed to his rest some time ago. He made a public profession of his faith in Christ about thirteen years ago and soon afterwards proved very useful in the congregation, serving it in various capacities as Precentor, Deacon, Sabbath School Teacher and Collector of the Sustentation Fund.

Latterly he was appointed part-time missionary for Glenmore and Kensaleyre districts, doing the work diligently, faithfully and with the appreciation of his hearers.

Owing to exposure to wet and cold weather, he contracted an illness which necessitated treatment in Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow, and recovered, but a relapse took place after being some time at home, and his health continued to decline until he entered the state of glory.

Our young friend will be much missed. He adorned his profession by his consistent and beautiful Christian life. It was quite evident that he loved his Saviour and His cause. In his character, these fine Christian graces were exemplified—meekness, humility and patience. Throughout his long illness, he manifested great submission to the Lord's will and never, as far as we know, murmured or complained. The Word of God was his stay and comfort all through his affliction. Grace reigned in him victoriously and his hope was fixed in his glorious Redeemer within the veil. He was taken away from the evil to come before he had reached his forty-second year, and is now, we believe, made perfect in glory.

Our sympathy goes out to his sorrowing mother, brothers and sisters. May they have their portion in the Saviour in whom he trusted and who is able to save sinners unto the uttermost.—*D. M. M.*

The late Norman Macleod, Stornoway.

THE Lord is removing His people from our midst as a Church very rapidly, particularly the fathers in Israel, and few are raised to take their place. While all God's people believe that His works are done in righteousness, they cannot but feel alarmed at the spiritual desolation of our land. Lewis, like other parts of the country, suffered from this desolation.

Norman Macleod was born on 8th December, 1865—the year before “Macrath Mór” came to Carloway—at Tolsta Chaolais in the parish of Carloway. Both his father and mother feared the Lord with the result that Norman had the great privilege of having a godly upbringing. His father was Malcolm Macleod, affectionately known as *Calum Beag an t-soisgeil*, was missionary in Harris, Uist and Lewis, and is yet remembered by the older generation in these parts. As would be expected of such a man, Malcolm Macleod brought his family to the house of God from their infancy and Norman remembered being, at the age of seven years, in the church of Carloway at the induction of the Rev. Roderick Ross of that parish. His father was the only man to separate from the Declaratory Act Free Church in 1893 and followed the late Rev. Donald Macfarlane in his defence of the truth in Scotland. With the testimony then raised, his son wholeheartedly agreed and defended. At the age of fourteen years he took up work in a shop in Stornoway but later went south to Greenock. While there he developed pneumonia and this in the Divine Providence necessitated his return to his native island, where he spent the rest of his life.

Being of a very reticent disposition himself, it was not easy for one to ascertain much about his conversion, which evidently took place early in his life. The people of his native village say that he was always so circumspect in his walk and conversation that it was difficult for them

to say when the change came. That the change did come and that the Holy Spirit was the Author of it no one could consistently deny. The things of his soul were all-important to him and constantly occupied his mind. This was evident from his conversation, particularly when in the company of the Lord's people. He yearned after more knowledge and understanding of the Word of God and enjoyed exchanging views on different portions of it. At communion seasons he was in his element when the conversation was of a spiritual nature. He was given much to reading and had a good knowledge of the views of the conservative school of Bible expositors. The fact that he was led to Christ very quietly without experiencing much of the terrors of the law gave him, throughout his life, much thought especially at Question Meetings when he heard his brethren giving an account of the law's dealing with themselves. In this connection he said once to a friend, whom he knew well and who evidently experienced considerable law work: "It is your kind that puts me on my back." It would seem that in his youth he had seasons when he enjoyed much of the Lord's presence. He used to tell of once in the means of grace and his soul was so filled with a sense of the Divine presence that he thought every person in the church must have been the same. This made the means of grace precious to him and his place there unto the end, was always occupied, if he at all could. To be there Norman Macleod deemed it a duty and a privilege. He would not take any excuse to absent himself from the house of God. On another occasion, while fishing, he was holding the sail-rope, when the Word spoke to him and it had such an effect on him that he let go the rope and fell flat on the deck. No one who knew him would attribute this to an emotional disposition because he was not of that kind. The Word of God, however, "reaches to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit the joints and marrow and is a discernor of the thoughts and the intents of the hearts." He married at the age of twenty-six years, a state which he happily enjoyed for over fifty years, and left a widow, who was a helpmeet to him in every way during these years, which had their vicissitudes for him. He lost four grown-up sons after a very short illness but these sore dispensations were not fruitless in his case. This helped him to more readily sympathise with others in bereavement.

He was for forty years a member of the Free Presbyterian Church and an Elder for several years. He was often a member of Synod and this brought him into contact with the business of the Church, not only within the bounds of his own Presbytery, but with that of the Church as a whole. In all its spheres of labour, he was interested and often prayed that the Lord would crown its efforts with success. In his association with his brethren he won respect. He did not hesitate to give his mind when controversies arose and was frank enough to acknowledge his mistake when convinced. He was for thirty years a precentor and treasurer of the Stornoway Congregation and had its welfare at heart. He felt the sudden death of his late pastor very much, for he was devotedly attached to him and only survived him by a year. Shortly before his last illness, he confidentially told a friend he felt his end was near, and it was noticed in his exercises in public that the dying words of Christ were often quoted by him: "It is finished." His last illness, though painful, he bore without a murmur. A friend, who called to see him at that time, expressed the wish that he might be seen and heard yet in the church, but his answer

was that he was quite reconciled to the will of God as his anchor was within the veil. The nature of his illness made it necessary to remove him to hospital for an operation and before leaving the house he spent the day in meditation and prayer, finishing with reading the seventh chapter of the Book of Job. He did not regain consciousness after his operation and passed away, we believe, to be forever with the Lord on 18th September, 1946. The testimony of those who knew him best was that he was a good man; a man of prayer and one who loved to be in the house of God. He was truly planted there and of such it is written: "They shall grow up and flourish all in our God's holy place." His place is now vacant in the Church below, but we are sure that he has joined the Church above, and that was his own chief aim. We miss him as we do others who were fathers in Israel. Our prayer is that the Lord would raise up the sons in place of the fathers and the daughters in place of the mothers, who now through faith and patience inherit the promises.

In our day the gospel is rejected by most, and regarding this deplorable fact the writer cannot help giving here a remark made by one of our ministers lately, on a Communion Sabbath. At the conclusion of the service, he rose and after thanking the congregation for their decorum, said he was thinking of a boy who used to deliver milk, and there was one house where the pail was seldom ever ready, and one day the boy, finding no vessel, shouted: "No vessel as usual." That, said the minister, could be said of sinners there that day where the sincere milk of the Word was concerned. Norman Macleod relished the sincere milk of the Word and he grew thereby. This milk we recommend to those who mourn after him. We sympathise with his widow, daughters and son in their great loss, and in committing them to the care of his God, we pray that they may be made partakers of that grace by which he was saved.—D. C.

Church Notes.

Communion.—January—Last Sabbath, Inverness. February—First Sabbath, Dingwall.

South African Mission.—The following are the dates of the Communion: Last Sabbath of March, June, September and December.

Note.—Notice of any additions to, or alterations of, the above dates of Communion should be sent to the Editor.

Held over.—Owing to pressure on our space a number of obituaries and Boston's *Camaidh anns a' Chrannuchur* are held over.—Editor.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—A Friend, Lochtayside, £3; "Mac," o/a Dumbarton Congregation, £3; Mr. S. C., Tighfurist, Glencoe, £1; D. G., Coudoran, o/a Shildaig Congregation, £1; Mrs. C. McL., Strathfillan Terrace, Crianlarich, 10/-.

Home Mission Fund.—Miss M. H., Victoria Street, Tobermory, 10/-.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—A Friend, Struan, o/a Paul Hlazo, £1; Mr. J. M., 3 Toekavaig, Sleat, £1; Miss M. H., Victoria Street, Tobermory, 15/-; Mr. A. F., Fullyett, Newhouse, Motherwell, £1; Mr. D. N., Stoniefield, Tarbert, Argyll, £1 12/6; Mr. M. McL., Stanley Cottage, Brora, 11/3; "Mac," o/a Dumbarton Congregation, £3; Mr. S. C., Tighfurist, Glencoe, 10/-.

Shangani Mission Car Fund.—From Stratherrick Congregation, per Mr. J. Fraser, Treasurer, £6 7/6.

Magazine Fund.—Mr. M. McLeod, Stanley Cottage, Brora, 11/3; Mr. D. McLeod, 10 New Tolsta, per Mr. J. Nicolson, 10/-; Mr. Angus McLeod, Polbain, Achiltibuie, 5/6.

Synod Proceedings Fund.—Mr. D. Macdonald, 27 Marketgate, Crail, 4/-.

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Ness Manse Building Fund.—The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following:—Friend, Stornoway postmark, £1 10/-; Friend, Inverness, per Mr. Wm. McLean, £2; Mr. N. M., Geocrab, Harris, £1; Mrs. M. McK., Cross, Ness, 10/-; Psalm lx. verse 4, £5; A. and S. T., Balornock, Glasgow, £5; D. McL., Glasgow, £2.

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Correction.—Page 140, line 7 from foot of page—"Two Anonymous Ladies" should read "Two Anonymous donors."