

THE  
**Free Presbyterian Magazine**  
 AND  
**MONTHLY RECORD**

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

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*"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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**Religious Festivals.**

THE "voice of the past" is how the Rev. Dr. Charles Warr, St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh (in a recent press article), describes a public expression of our views upon the un-Presbyterian and Anglican practice of appointing and observing religious festivals such as Easter and days such as Good Friday connected therewith. We recalled that the Church of Scotland cast out such observances as Christmas and Easter by Act of Assembly in the sixteenth century; and it is obvious that "the twentieth century is not the sixteenth," as the minister of St. Giles' observed. But this is a fallacious and dangerous trend of thought when employed to suppress old Scottish Presbyterianism of a Scriptural character on the one hand, and to seduce Scotland back to pre-Reformation formalities, play-acting and darkness, in the realm of religious practices and worship, on the other.

Do the people of Scotland need Good Friday, as it is called? Certainly not. Every Friday during the year might, under the blessing of the Lord, be a good Friday to the sincere and consistent Christian. The Cross of Calvary and the most solemn events connected therewith, are *in a manner* recalled by the Popish and ritualistic professors of the Christian faith, on Good Friday and at Easter. But the Cross of Christ is the glory of believers at all times, and seasons, and day by day, in the spiritual experience of their own hearts. The facts of the crucifixion and the truths respecting God so loving a sinful and lost people as to give His own Son, a ransom for them, should be taught and preached to our children and adults, in our homes, schools and the house of God, constantly and with repeated emphasis. But there is no Biblical authority why these great glories should have been emphasised in Scotland on Friday, the twenty-third day of March, especially, as in 1951, because this was so-called Good Friday.

The voice of the past making itself heard through the medium of present-day Scottish Presbyterians, who are consistent in holding to their heritage, does not necessarily mean that the past "cuts no ice,"

as Dr. Warr stated, and has no application to the present. Why? Surely it is from the past that we hear the words, "It is finished," from the lips of the dying Redeemer. Yes, the work of redemption was completed; and further, the feasts, holy days and ritual of the Mosaic economy were laid aside for ever, in the Person and by the work of Christ, the anti-type.

Scotland in the past embraced the simplicity of the gospel in doctrine and worship. This was no "bleak austerity," as Dr. Warr described the form of worship of our fathers, still retained by the Free Presbyterian Church. It was not so to the Covenanters, and to many souls, when revivals took place at such places as Kirk of Shotts and Cambuslang under showers of blessing from heaven by the Holy Spirit's presence. Then, thousands sat down under the preaching of the Word of God, and also remembered (not on Good Friday) in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, what was accomplished outside the gates of Jerusalem, with hearts melted in true repentance and moved by sincere love to Jesus. One day of this were better than a thousand in the present St. Giles' Cathedral. Forms and ritual in religion increase to-day, and true piety among the masses of people in Scotland diminishes. For instance, normal Church attendance figures to-day—what are they? A fraction of what they were forty years ago. The introduction of Christmas, Lent, Holy Week, Good Friday, and Easter into the Church of Scotland, has, as yet, failed to turn the people back to *regular* and weekly attendance upon public worship, in Presbyterian Scotland. Ritual can never do for backsliding Scotland, what repentance from heaven can accomplish.

Again, what of "Easter Sunday" as it is called? Do we need this ritualistic *annual* remembrance of the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ? Every Lord's Day is a memorial of this glorious fact in the Christian faith. But it cannot be denied that the "old Scottish Sabbath" as it is sometimes described, is by the majority of people disregarded and relegated to the category of institutions which are a burden too heavy to be borne in modern Scotland. Ministers and others in the Church of Scotland, are to be found, who do not believe in the reality of Christ's resurrection at all. We wonder how many of these hypocritically pay lip service to "Easter Sunday." And surely, enthusiasm for one season in the year relative to the Resurrection, to say the least of it, is inconsistent and a Popish form of godliness, while denying the power of true godliness.

The voice of the past sounds to us over the centuries through the noble Apostle Paul, thus, "Ye observe days, and months, and times and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain" (Gal. iv, 10, 11). And the voice of the past informs us that the term "Easter" is derived from the Saxon *Ostora*, the goddess of Spring; so now we understand why the Rev. Dr. Warr described

"Easter Day" as "the Queen of all Christian Festivals," irrespective of the obvious, that it was the King of Glory who rose from the grave. But a mixture of paganism is thought worthwhile to garnish Christian worship. And even in the early Church there was no uniformity in the day observed by those who gave place to Easter. Astronomy and mathematics, to a certain extent, are essential to fixing the time of Easter year by year; and, of course, there is no Scripture authority for such a festival, which is a moveable one, within the limits of March and April. In 1949, Good Friday was on the 15th of April; in 1950, on the 7th of April; in 1951, as already stated, on the 23rd of March.

If Presbyterians who fear God and abhor ritualism, abide by New Testament and Apostolic guidance, and the example of their fathers (albeit some of them lived in the sixteenth century), in excluding Christmas, Lent, Holy Week and Easter from their worship—then if their forms of worship are "uncouth and dreary," as Dr. Warr, of the Church of Scotland, describes them, they find themselves in good company, spiritually. There are still a few consistent Presbyterians in Scotland, who in conscience must oppose the imposition upon themselves and their children, whatsoever tends to Episcopacy and Popery. Surely to be strongly and openly of this mind cannot detract from their reverence for the verities of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and their spiritual satisfaction in the worship of His Name according to Apostolic practice.

But the minister of St. Giles' turns in his practice, increasingly to Episcopacy and an aping at Popery. We understand he publicly prays for the dead. It would be well if he heard the voice of the past, effectually, in the story of Jenny Geddes. He appears to turn his ear from the history of the past, which records the godly and invaluable services rendered to Christ and His Kingdom by eminent ministers of the Gospel and God-fearing laymen, in the establishment of Christ's Kirk (Presbyterian) in Scotland, centuries ago, to the then purging and freeing of Scotland from the blight of Episcopacy and much that was a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel and to piety.

It is as clear as the noon-day sun that there are men in the Church of Scotland, who are deeply interested in the conferences between their own Church and Church of England dignitaries, with a view to closer relations; and thus they work to bring the people of Scotland to conform to Anglican practices. And so the Reformers and the godly of the past must be maligned and critically handled for having cast out of the Church the childish practices, and play-acting of pre-Reformation times. Truly we need that the Lord would raise up many, by His power, who would worship God in the Spirit and have no confidence in the flesh; such as would follow in the blessed footsteps of the Reformers.



## “How Long, Lord!”

By REV. JAS. A. TALLACH, Kames.

“How long! O Lord, how long!” is a prayer often repeated in the Scriptures. In the Book of Psalms especially, it occurs very frequently. In it there is expressed the inner longing of soul after that complete deliverance from all evil, of which grace is the promise and glory the realisation. This inner pressure of longing concern bursting forth in such exclamations reveals the secret exercises of a mind deeply interested in things unseen and eternal. It is largely by these heart breathings that those who are strangers and pilgrims on the earth seek after a better country, even an heavenly, and press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. These longings of soul are part of the gracious process by which they separate themselves from an ungodly world and come out from among them.

In various parts of Scripture we find the prayer used in a great variety of different conditions and circumstances affecting the life of the spirit. Personal experiences of a grievous nature, the trials of the Lord's Cause on earth, then oppression of spiritual enemies, the judgments of God among the nations, the trial of delayed answers to prayer, the hidings of God's face, etc., all find appropriate expression in the words of this prayer, “How long, O Lord!”

For the present let us confine ourselves to the first of these—the prayer “How long, O Lord,” as an expression of one in soul trouble, as for instance, in Psalm vi, 3, “My soul is also sore vexed; but thou, O Lord, how long?” My soul is vexed, sore vexed. Of the many possible causes of such vexation, let us notice three briefly: (a) A true sense of sin; (b) Adversity in things providential; and (c) Divine chastisements.

(a) A true sense of sin is an essential element in repentance unto life, and is the fruit of the Holy Spirit's work of conviction. Scripture everywhere testifies that sin is a grievous evil—it is a burden, a plague, a loathsome disease, a dire bondage, an awful curse—and, until the Lord in mercy sends relief, every soul taught of God has some true sense of this evil *as it affects himself*. The burden is the burden of *his* own sin; the plague is the plague of *his own* deceitful and desperately wicked heart; the loathsome disease fills *his* loins with pain; the bondage is the bondage of *his own* utter helplessness to will or do any good; and the curse is the crown of shame wherewith *his own* sin has crowned him. Oh, my sin! my sin! he cries, How long shall this enemy of my peace prevail against me? I would repent, but cannot; can I but be vexed, sore vexed, with such impenitence, such hardness of heart? Have mercy upon me, O God. I would believe, Oh, how I would like to believe in the mercy and love of the Redeemer of the lost; but there is of unbelief and God-dishonouring atheism in this heart of mine that *will not* believe: I would humble myself under the mighty hand of God, but instead, this proud rebellious will of mine rages against the sovereign will of heaven: I would love, oh, how I would love, but can I? This is my sin, my sorrow and my shame—how altogether worthy of love Christ is and yet, how utterly far short I come in love to Him. In all this, and much more of a like nature, when I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good that I would I do not: O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? Who and when, “Oh Lord, *how long!*”

(b) Added to such spiritual vexation there is often the long continued trial of providential adversity, when the ways of the Lord are in the sea and His footsteps are not known. Such adversity adds greatly to the intensity of the trial and gives deeper significance to the cry, "*How long, Lord!*" In these spiritual extremities gracious men have given voice to expressions which show how greatly dismayed they, for the time being, were; as for instance, "My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God"; "All these things are against me"; "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious, hath He in wrath shut up His tender mercy?"; "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not," etc. The night of spiritual darkness is long in any case, but add to the darkness, sorrow, perplexity, loneliness and dismay, and oh, how long is the night as it drags out its weary way! "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His Word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." "*Lord, how long!*"

(c) Add again to this the strokes of Divine chastisement, and the grief produced by them on a tender conscience: for "no chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous." The chastisement of God is the chastisement of a Father's love, for "What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" But it is love which, when expressed in this way, burns like a fire—and the fire burns not without cause. Heaven is a state of holiness, and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But every child of God is destined to see the Lord, for, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." In order to the realisation of this wonderful prayer holiness is a divine necessity, and on this side of heaven no child of God is perfect in holiness: "I will," therefore, "bring the third part through the fire, and I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." The gracious soul undergoing the searching discipline of the refiner's fire may well cry, "O Lord, how long!" Nor is it to be wondered at if sometimes he mistakes the fire of loving chastisement for the fire of divine wrath as in Psalm lxxxix, verse 46, "How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever? shall thy wrath burn like fire?" But eternal thanks be unto God, the fires of chastisement are *not* the fires of wrath, but of love—redeeming, sanctifying, unchanging love.

The difficulties arising from such experiences are often greatly complicated by the interference of the Evil One. Satan has his own malicious ends to serve, and he does not hesitate to take advantage of situations where the child of God finds himself at the greatest disadvantage. In this connection, John Bunyan's description of Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death is worthy of note: "One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice: and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and slipped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or

to know from whence these blasphemies came." In this Bunyan's Christian is typical of many as they pass through the same valley. In connection with such the cry of Psalm lxxiv, verse 10, appears to be most appropriate: "Oh God, *how long* shall the adversary reproach? shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?" And it is not difficult for us to read into these words the painful intensity of longing for deliverance inseparable from such a cry. Oh God, how long! How long! The case would indeed be deplorable were there no deliverance at hand; but deliverance there is. "Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption."

There is much more, however, in these words than a mere cry of distress: there is in them a recognition that God Himself has a direct and supreme hand in all the circumstances—grievous, vexatious and painful circumstances—which give rise to the cry; for it is immediately to God that the gracious soul directs his question: "How long, Lord?" and he waits upon God for the answer, and his waiting shall not be in vain.

The Word of God supplies us with many instances when the night of weeping is succeeded by a brighter and joyful morning. After long years of waiting, and, in face of human impossibilities, Abraham receives his long promised Isaac. After many years in which the word and purpose of the Lord tried him, Joseph sees his dream realised. Job's night was long, but the time did come at last when, "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." In the 54th chapter of Isaiah, the Church is comforted with the assurance, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath, I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." What is the meaning of these Scriptures and many other portions of a similar kind? Can we not read in them an answer—gracious, reassuring and most encouraging—to the very question we have been considering, "How long? O Lord, how long?" Surely, they are the Lord's answer through His own Word to this very question; and the substance of what they say is this, "Just as long as God in His infallible wisdom, and in fulfilment of His eternal purposes of mercy, considers to be necessary, and not one moment longer."

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.—Amen."

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"Who would not love Him? I have been with the Lord Jesus," may the poor soul say; "I have left my sins, my burden with Him, and He has given me His righteousness, wherewith I am going with boldness to God. I was dead, and am alive, for He died for me. I was cursed, and am blessed, for He was made a curse for me. I was troubled, but have peace, for the chastisement of my peace was upon Him. I knew not whither to cause my sorrow to go; by Him I have received joy unspeakable and glorious. If I do not love Him, delight in Him, obey Him, live to Him, die for Him, I am worse than the devils in hell."—*Owen*.

### **A Recent Visit to Rome.\***

By the REV. FRANCIS A. SCHAEFFER, Switzerland.

*I was in Rome from 30th October to 1st November of this year, 1950. Come with me and observe the most important event in the history of the Roman Catholic Church.*

#### **ROME, 30TH OCTOBER—1ST NOVEMBER.**

By Monday, 30th October, Rome is filling up even beyond its regular "Holy Year" crowds. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, diplomats, great and small of Roman Catholicism, are arriving from all over the world to be present for the Definition of the Dogma of the Assumption of Mary. The actual ceremony will take place on Wednesday, 1st November, but already a large "Mary Congress" is in session. By Monday, thirty-five cardinals and five hundred other leading Roman Catholic dignitaries have arrived.

A special meeting has been held to-day at the Vatican with only the Pope, the cardinals, and the bishops present to take the last formal step before the ceremony on Wednesday. At this meeting the Pope said that the proclamation of this Dogma of the Assumption of Mary will fill the whole Catholic world with unspeakable joy. To the assembled leaders of the Roman Catholic hierarchy he formally declared the steps which have led to this time when the Dogma of the Assumption would be declared. First a study had been made by experts; then a circular letter had been sent to all the bishops. There had been "a wonderful and almost unanimous chorus" that the Dogma should be declared and defined. The Pope then stated, "With the authority which the divine Redeemer transmitted to the Prince of the Apostles and his successors, we have the intention of ordaining and defining the Dogma that Mary, the virgin Mother of God, was assumed body and soul into the glory of heaven." He continued, "If it is true that the entire Catholic Church cannot deceive or be deceived, the divine Redeemer who is truth itself, having promised the Apostles, 'And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world,' it follows that this truth, firmly believed by the holy pastors and by the people, has been revealed by God, and can be defined by our supreme authority." Then the cardinals present were asked by the Pope, "Is it your good pleasure, venerable brothers, that we proclaim and define, as a Dogma revealed by God, the bodily assumption of the blessed virgin into heaven?" After the vote, the Pope said, "This shows that with one thought and voice we agree . . . There emerges still more clearly what the Holy Catholic Church believes, teaches and desires in this matter . . . On the first of November, the feast of all saints, the radiant brow of the queen of heaven and the beloved Mother of God will be wreathed with new splendour, when, under divine inspiration and assistance, we shall solemnly define and decree her bodily assumption into heaven . . . The blessed virgin Mary, resplendent on her throne as with a new light, stretches forth her maternal arms exhorting them (the faithful) to climb with courage the heights of virtue . . . May the sublime and beloved Mother of God lead back to the unity of the Church all the erring and the wayward . . . May this (the defining of the Dogma) be for all

\* Rev. F. A. Schaeffer, an American, resident in Switzerland, is connected with the Council of Christian Churches and is a Fundamentalist and strong Protestant. He offered this article for publication and our thanks are due to him.—*Editor.*

a new incentive to piety towards her." With this official declaration by the Pope, following the vote of the cardinals, all is now ready for the ceremony on Wednesday.

To get the full flavour of Rome at this time we go now to **Santa Maria Maggiore** (Saint Mary Major). This is one of the four major basilicas in Rome. It is dedicated to Mary and is called "Mary Major" because it is the largest church in Rome dedicated to her. The customary Holy Year crowds are here plus a multitude more for this special event. The lines of pilgrims form outside the church. Most have their little "Book of the Pilgrim" in their hands to follow the prescribed formula of worship. As they pass through the "Holy Door" most kiss its side posts and some even the threshold. The rich, the poor, the educated, the uneducated, speaking a babble of tongues, planting their lips in an endless succession on the dead material of the door jambs and sill, as though it were the gate to heaven. Hundreds stand in line inside for confession—so many that one kneels ready to be heard on one side of the box while the priest hears one on the other side, so that no time is lost. Crowds under the leadership of priests kneel praying, others are singing, others reading aloud from the Pilgrim Books. The women tell their beads over and over again. A long queue waits to descend under the altar, many finger each statue, each trinket they pass, then kiss their fingers, desiring to show an additional devotion. A trough of money is under the altar; money from many lands is piled high in it. They cross themselves; their lips move through the prayers; there is a feverish haste about it all, to finish here, to get to the other three basilicas, Saint John's, Saint Paul's, Saint Peter's, which they must visit. The priests work hard taking these masses through their rituals. Off to the right there is a chapel; at one side is a glass-sided coffin in which there is a skeleton exposed to view, under a metal death mask, and clothed in the rich robes of his office. Many finger the coffin and then kiss their fingers.

We leave the crowds here and go on to **San Pietro in Vincoli** (Saint Peter in Chains). This is not one of the major churches, but many come here, for the relic under the altar is a set of chains in a glass case which the Roman Catholic Church teaches are the chains that bound Peter. The people look in awe. It is also worth taking a quick look at the Church of the Capuchins where gaping crowds view, and some touch, the bones of four thousand monks which are exposed in the cellar. A part of these bones is arranged in fanciful designs on the ceilings and walls. This, too, is Rome.

Now to Saint Paul's. This is outside the walls of Rome. Again there are throngs going in the Holy Door, kissing it as they go. It is the same here as in Santa Maria Maggiore, except it happens here that the diversity of languages especially smites the ear. Prayers and recitations in German clash with Italian, English, French, Spanish, and the languages of even farther lands. In the Benedictine cloister off to one side we go into the small chapel; bones of leaders of the past are enclosed in glass containers. Again they are fingered, and the fingers are lovingly kissed.

Early the next afternoon, Tuesday, we are in place to observe the parade in Mary's honour. It is to begin at the Church Santa Maria in Aracoeli. While waiting we go up the hundred and twenty-four steps and into the church to view the image San Bambino of Aracoeli (Saint Child of

Aracoeli). It is about two feet high, covered with jewels, bracelets, pearl necklaces, watches, pins, and brooches which have been given to it; and on its head is a golden crown which was solemnly put there by the Vatican Chapter in 1897. The pilgrims push each other to get copies of a little card being given out by a monk. This card tells the prayer to be said before the image, for which one hundred days' indulgence is granted. The card also says that, "The celebrated statue of the Divine Infant is now known, visited and honoured by the whole Catholic world owing to the innumerable favours which the Divine Infant bestows on those who venerate it."

Now we come down and wait for the parade to start. The hundred and twenty-four steps are soon filled with monks and others of the religious orders, clothed in many different colours. There are also many schoolgirls who sing hymns to Maria unceasingly for over two hours. Victor Emmanuel's great monument which is on our left literally crawls with thousands of people. The streets are full, windows and roofs are crowded. When it becomes time for the parade to start the bells begin to toll and the crowd chants in unison, "Maria, Maria." A mass of monks and priests pass by; then down the stairs designed by Michael Angelo, which descend the Capitol Hill, comes the main procession: bishops carrying huge candles, then in the gathering twilight comes the centre of all this—a painting of Mary, with a real gold crown superimposed upon her head and a real gold cross swinging from a chain upon her neck. It is lit with a floodlight which moves with it. As it moves down the street, there come the words in adoration like mighty waves, "Maria, Maria, viva Maria."

The Piazza San Pietro (the great square before the Church of Saint Peter) had barriers erected in it the day before in preparation for the Definition of the Dogma of the Assumption of Mary on Wednesday morning. People begin filing into the unreserved section by midnight. By three, numbers of people are arriving; by four, all the places from which pictures could be taken, are filled. By four also, buses begin to arrive, and adults and children come by thousands. Several hundred arrive all the way from Spain just for this moment. By sunrise, the square is a sea of people. Now a tapestry woven with a picture of Mary is lowered from a balcony of Saint Peter's, to hang over the throne which has been erected for the Pope on the portico. Soon the announcer begins to speak on the amplifying system. He tells all present how fortunate they are to be here for this important event. At eight-thirty, the procession begins, out of the side door nearest the Sistine Chapel, down the open way which has been kept clear by the strongly erected barriers, almost to the obelisk in the centre of the square; then it turns and comes up the gradual incline until it reaches the portico of Saint Peter's. The procession takes a full hour to pass. The parade yesterday was nothing by comparison. Monks from many orders, priests clothed in white lace surplices over their black robes, bishops, archbishops and cardinals in red, patriarchs of the Eastern Rites, besides other dignitaries of the Roman Church, showing every possible colour of skin, and all clothed in their richest robes, pass by. Those of the highest rank carry lit candles and their robes are supported by monks and priests. The crowd calls out the names of the better known prelates as they pass. Cardinal Spellman of New York causes more stir than the others. Thousand upon thousand they

march by, chanting as they come. The way is lined with armoured Swiss Guards and more modernly clothed Palatine Guards. Here are the Papal Cortes, the Knights of the Cape and Sword, in Elizabethan costumes of black with white ruffs about the neck. The press of the crowd is so great that many women faint. Diplomats from some forty nations are present. In Rome for the occasion are Robert Schumann and Georges Bidault of France; Don Juan, pretender to the Spanish throne; E. B. Eguia, president of the Spanish Cortes; W. Norton, vice-president of Ireland; O. Gagnon, Provincial Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, Canada; and many lesser men of the diplomatic world. How I praise God that no diplomat from my land, the United States, walks meekly in that procession as the Pope rides in grandeur. Since Myron Taylor has been withdrawn as the special representative of the President of the United States, the Vatican studiously ignores the United States' diplomats to Italy who are stationed in Rome. Now the Pope appears in his canopied chair, carried on the shoulders of men. The triple crown is carried before him. He is crowned with a mitre jewelled with clusters of diamonds and rubies, and clothed in gold and jewel-encrusted cloth, with a splendour no earthly monarch surpasses. During the Holy Year, the Pope has appeared two times each week so that all pilgrims might see him, but this is no ordinary time; everything Rome has is put into this display, for this moment is the high point of this Pope's life. For this which he will do to-day he will be remembered; undoubtedly he will be known after his death as "The Pope of the Assumption." When the people see him, over a million voices are raised, "Viva Il Papa." The sea of people becomes a sea in motion as hats and handkerchiefs are waved. As the Pope passes the Spanish, they cry in unison, "Espana por El Papa" (Spain for the Pope). On the portico he is helped from the portable throne and sits upon the damask-draped throne erected there. The voices cry, "The Pope is enthroned." The ceremony begins at nine-thirty, and lasts for almost an hour.

First, the thirty-eight cardinals who are present pass by the Pope, one by one, in order of their precedence; they kneel and do obeisance to him. Now Cardinal Tisserant, the highest ranking cardinal present, asks the Pope "immediately to exercise his 'supreme judgment' and declare Mary, our most sweet Mother, to be assumed in body and soul into heaven." The Pope answers that he wishes first to pray. He kneels and prays aloud for "guidance in this most grave act." The other dignitaries also kneel, but the people in the square do not, as they are jammed in far too tightly to move. When he arises, the Pope reads a short portion of the Papal Bull on this new Dogma. In this he said in part, "The Church had examined the historical background of the truth to be defined . . . This remarkable unanimity of the Catholic episcopacy and faithful in the matter of the definability of our Lady's bodily assumption into heaven as a Dogma of faith showed us (the Pope, he speaks of himself in the plural) that the ordinary Teaching Authority of the Church and the belief of the faithful, which it sustains and directs, were in accord and thereby proved with infallible certainty that such a privilege is a truth revealed by God and is contained in the divine deposit which Christ has entrusted to His spouse (the Church) to be guarded faithfully and declared with infallible certainty."



This official reading marked his speaking *ex cathedra*, the first time any Pope has done so since 1854, and, more important, the first time since the Pope was declared infallible by the Vatican Council in 1870. When he has finished, the crowds shout until the ears almost burst, "Viva Maria, viva Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria"—over and over and over.

Now the Pope speaks in Italian, "This day marks the definition of the Dogma of the Assumption of the most blessed virgin in body and soul into heaven . . . We give thanksgiving to the loving providence of God who has wished to reserve to you the joy of this day and to us the comfort of placing upon the brow of the mother of Jesus and our mother, Mary, the radiant diadem that crowns her singular privilege . . . There opens to the eyes of this belaboured generation a luminous expanse of sky, glowing with candour and with hope, with blessed life, where is seated next to the sun (s-u-n is the correct spelling here) of justice, Mary, Queen and Mother . . . For a long time invoked this day is ours (the Pope), and finally yours. The voices of the ages, in fact, we would say, the voice of eternity, is ours (the Pope) which with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, has solemnly defined the outstanding privilege of the celestial mother. And it is the cry of the centuries, your cry today which breaks in the vastness of this venerable place, already sacred to the Christian glories, the spiritual harbour of all people, and now the altar of overwhelming piety . . . Under this expansive sky, together with the wave of angelic exultation, in harmony with that of all the militant church, there cannot but descend upon souls a torrent of grace . . . The humble and unknown girl of Nazareth now glorious in heaven . . . We are all sons of the same mother Mary who lives in heaven, a bond of union with the mystical body of Christ, as a new Eve and a new Mother of the living who wishes to lead all men to truth and to the grace of her divine Son."

The Pope continues and recites the Prayer he has written for this occasion: "O Virgin Immaculate, Mother of God and Mother of mankind. 1—With all the fervour of our faith we believe in your triumphal assumption, soul and body, into heaven, where you are acclaimed Queen by all the choirs of Angels and by all the hosts of Saints; and we unite ourselves to them to praise and bless the Lord, who has exalted you above all creatures, and to offer you the ardour of our devotion and our love. 2—We know that your gaze which on earth caressed with a mother's love the humble and suffering humanity of Jesus, is satiated now in heaven by the vision of the glorious humanity of the uncreated Wisdom, and that the happiness of your soul, in contemplating the adorable Trinity face to face, makes your heart exult with blessed tenderness; and we, poor sinners, whose aspirations heavenward are checked in flight by the burden of the body, we beseech you to purify our senses, so that we may learn, while here on earth, to taste the sweetness of God, and of God alone, amid the fascination of created things. 3—We trust that your eyes of mercy will look down upon our miseries and sufferings, our struggles and weaknesses; that your lips may smile on our joys and victories, that you may hear the voice of Jesus saying of each one of us as once He said of His beloved disciple: Behold thy son; and we, who call you Mother, take you as did John, for the guide, strength, and consolation of our mortal life. 4—We have the comforting certainty that your eyes, which



flowed with tears on the earth bathed by the blood of Christ, are still turned on this world beset by wars, persecutions, and oppression of the just and weak; and we, amid the darkness of this vale of tears, look to your heavenly light for guidance and to your sweet mercy for solace in the sorrows of our hearts and in the tribulations of the Church and our country (he is probably referring here to the "Free State of the Vatican City"). 5—We believe, finally, that in the glory where you reign, clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars, you are, after Jesus, the joy and delight of all the angels and saints; and we from this earth, where we wander as wayfarers, comforted by our faith in the coming resurrection, we look to you, our life, our sweetness, and our hope; draw us on with the gentleness of your voice, to show us one day after our exile, the blessed fruit of your womb, Jesus, O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary." In its written form he signs this prayer, "PIUS PP. XII" (The "PP." stands for "Father of Fathers").

Again the throng breaks out in loud cries; the Sistine Choir flawlessly sings "The Hymn to Our Lady" over and over in many languages; the nearly five hundred Roman Catholic churches in Rome ring their bells in unison; a twenty-one gun salute is sounded from Gianiculum Hill; two thousand doves are released to wheel over the crowds; the Pope pronounces his solemn benediction as his soldiers come to attention; and he disappears into Saint Peter's to say High Mass. He has reached the pinnacle of his glory; for the first time a Pope has spoken with the whole doctrine of Papal infallibility behind his words; he has had to-day a show of power which by comparison makes the Caesars into humble men. Mary has been called "The Queen of Heaven and Earth" by the voice of a man claiming to speak for God, and for all practical purposes the Roman Catholic Church has a goddess.

When evening falls the spectacle continues; the whole city is illuminated. Standing upon Capitol Hill, one has at his back and right, the Palazzo Senatorio, now the city hall of Rome, which is built over the old Tabularium, erected in 78 B.C. To-night the Palace has hundreds of blazing torches over its cornices, roof and cupola. These torches are shallow pans from which fire rises several feet into the air. Below us is the Mamertine Prison, where Roman Catholic tradition says that Paul and Peter were imprisoned. In age it is old enough to have held Paul when he was in prison in Rome. Off to the left is a church completely outlined in electric lights, and with a huge electric "M" covering its entire facade. In front of us is the ancient Roman Forum. To-night these ruins, reaching back to the time of Christ and before, are all illuminated. The Arch of Septimus Severus, erected in 203 A.D., is right before us. The Temple of Saturn, built in 498 B.C., is a little more to the right, with the artificial lights upon it, somehow restoring the ruins to life. This was the most sacred spot in ancient Rome. Over the main square of the Forum is the pavement laid by Caesar Augustus, whose order that all the world should be taxed sent Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. From here began all the roads of the Roman Empire. Then at the back of the Forum rises the Arch of Titus, erected in commemoration of the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. Even beyond is the Colosseum, finished by Titus in 80 A.D.; to-night it is lit with bluish-green flood-lights and literally thousands of flaming torches. In an instant all time

seems telescoped, and before us is a panorama of time. The centuries before Christ, the days of Paul, pagan Rome fallen to be born phoenix-like in Roman Catholicism, the march of the Caesars and the march of the Popes, the worship of the old goddesses, and to-night all this illuminated in honour of a new.

We go on to Saint John Lateran, the fourth of the churches to which pilgrims must go. Usually the great churches of Rome are closed and locked at sunset, but to-night thousands stream in and out seeking special blessings on this important day. Nearby stands the Scala Santa, "The Holy Stairs." To-night so many hundreds are crawling up on their knees that they look like an ascending carpet slowly moving up it.

The streets and houses are lit with lanterns, every shrine to Mary has its candles and its kneeling people, and Saint Mary Major is a natural centre for veneration on this night. But Saint Peter's is the focal point. When we come near the square before Saint Peter's there are obviously more people here to-night than this morning. We step into the crowd and are washed along with the stream of people. Under the arch from Citta Leonina we are swept into the square. If there were one million this morning, there are two million or more to-night, stretching back beyond the Tiber. Here we are in the Free State of the Vatican City, a tiny empire of one hundred and eight acres with its tentacles reaching into almost all the lands of the earth. The United States and the other Allies are responsible for this. Vatican State by their honouring, after the fall of Italy in the last war, the Concordat the Pope made with Mussolini in 1929. This Concordat, the Lateran Treaty, was drafted primarily by the present Pope's brother. To-night this small sovereign state is almost beyond description. The piazza is overlaid solidly with people. On either side are the vast colonnades as planned by the genius Bernini. Over the colonnades are placed at regular intervals one hundred and forty statues of saints. There are innumerable of the flaming torches hanging at different levels along the colonnades, with the statues of the saints flood-lighted above. Saint Peter's rises beyond, a flood of light, with the high dome of Michael Angelo its crowning glory.

The moving crowd carries us up and into Saint Peter's. If one seeks earthly glory, it is here to-night. The church, the largest in the world, is lit with thousands of electric candles suspended at many levels, as well as the ceiling being illuminated with indirect lighting so brilliant that the eyes dance from it. Many of the greatest works of painting and sculpture to be found anywhere in the world surround us. Bernini, Michael Angelo, Canova, Raphael, G. Della Porta, Giotto, and others, have poured out their genius here. The crowd flows up and around the front by the huge canopied Papal altar; to-night the Pope's throne is near here. High above on the left has been placed the flood-lighted picture of Mary which was carried through the streets yesterday. As many as can, kiss the toe on the statue of Peter, but to-night not many can reach it. Now the crowd carries us back toward the exit. As we come near, we hear the Swiss Guards stationed there calling, "Piano, piano" (softly, softly). The crowds are so great people are injured as they are extruded, by the weight of the crowd behind them, out of the doorways. Into the square, down the side, out past the Castel Sant'Angelo, which was begun in 135 by Hadrian. To-night it has a tremendous cross of flaming torches upon it. These shiver and move in the rising wind like some live thing.

The day is done. We go to the station and enter our compartment on the train. How important is this day to the Roman Catholic Church, and how important is it for us to understand what was done? I will let a Roman Catholic priest speak who shares the train compartment with me. He says to me most earnestly, "*To-day is the most important day for the Catholic Church in the last two hundred years; probably it is the most important day since the Resurrection.*" In so speaking, he expresses what is the general and serious Roman Catholic evaluation of this day.

(To be continued.)

### The late Mrs. Norman Morrison, Skigersta, Ness.

MRS. NORMAN MORRISON, widow of Norman Morrison ("The Bard"), an eminent elder in the Ness congregation, entered, we believe, the haven of her desire on Sabbath, 16th July, 1950, in her 88th year. She was of the seed of the righteous, but like the rest of Adam's lost race, the desire of grace was not in her heart as she was by nature. In her early married life she was awakened to a sense of her sinnership—its guilt, pollution and damnation before God. The Lord in His own time granted her deliverance, for "unto God the Lord from death, the issues do belong." The anchor of her hope for eternity was cast in the promise which is yea, and amen, in Christ Jesus, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

She allowed opportunities of publicly professing her faith in Christ to pass. For this the Lord rebuked her. On a Communion Sabbath in Ness, on entering the Church and seeing the Table set with white linen in preparation for the solemn ordinance, she used to tell that the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" spoke to her. At the next Communion she came forward and was admitted to full membership. That was in October, 1910. She did not divulge to her husband that she had been before the Session. He knew nothing of the step she had taken until she arose from his side in the seat to go forward to the Table of the Lord. The Lord in His sovereignty made use of her witness as an arrow to pierce her husband's soul. His obituary, written by the late Mr. Gillies, Stornoway, appeared in the December issue of the Magazine for 1935. For a year he was under the spirit of bondage. "The servant sent to loosen his bonds, under the hand of the Holy Spirit," according to his obituary, "was the late Rev. Donald Graham, Shieldaig. Mr. Graham preached a sermon in Lionel, Ness, on John iii, 16, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' God's peace came into the heart of Norman Morrison that day, so that he walked in the joy and comfort of it for many days, and it kept his heart and mind to the end of the journey . . . Though a man of great gifts and of fluent expression, which made him excel in public prayer and speaking, he had a humble view of his own ability and grace, which caused him to court retirement" (*F.P. Magazine*, Vol. XL, p. 347). He was familiarly known as "The Bard." His compositions are of a high poetic standard. His elegy to James Finlayson, who along with Malcolm McLeod raised the

standard on the side of Truth in Ness in 1893, appeared in one of the early volumes of the Magazine. He passed away to be with Christ on the 5th November, 1932.

Mrs. Morrison was adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. The transparent sincerity of what she would say when bemoaning "want of holiness" and her need of the efficacy of the shed blood, could leave no doubt in the minds of those acquainted with her, that she bore the mark of those who cry and sigh in Zion. Sanctimonious affectation, offensive to God and to man, was not in her profession. Towards the close of her life, she passed through a very trying dispensation. With the Psalmist she could say, "Thy breaking waves pass over me, yea, and Thy billows all." She was sorely tried. The face that was an expression of gentleness and sincerity became furrowed with sorrow and grief. A severe winter was hers before the harvest. One is reminded of the late Dr. Kennedy's comment on the words, "Who in His cold can live?" (Ps. cxlvii)—"frost in the affections, snow in the profession and hail in one's lot in providence." But "He sendeth forth His mighty word, and melteth them again." Five weeks before the end Mrs. Morrison heard the voice of her Beloved saying unto her, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone," etc. The radiance of her countenance revealed that she had received the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Tempest tossed and sorely tried though she had been by the temptations of Satan, she entered the haven of eternal rest in the full assurance of faith.

The following beautiful verses composed by her daughter Annie, feelingly express the long trial through which her mother passed:—

Chaidh thu troimh na càsan  
'S an fhasach 'na do chuairt  
Fhuair thu roinn is pairt ann  
De amhgharan ro chruaidh,  
Ach cliu do'n Ti as airde  
Chuir E an aithne nuas  
Na tuinn ud a bhi samhach  
'S tu an cunnart bathaidh uath.

Le croinn bhriste is siuil reubta,  
Is a' long fo gheill 's a' chuan  
Rinn cuid an calaidh neamhaidh dheth,  
Air an eigin co ni luaidh?  
Bha an oidheche aca is gun reult  
Na speuran is iad fo ghruaim,  
Ach rinn a' ghrian bhi ag eirigh orr'  
'S gach neul do sgap i uath.

An sin bha iad aoibhneach  
Chaidh an oidheche a ris air cùl,  
Bha mhaduinn ùr a' soillseachadh  
Na beanntan is iad fo dhrùchd  
Bha Sabaid naomh air tionndainn dhoibh  
Is ceann a' tighinn air ùin'  
A steach do thir Chanaàn  
Chaidh am fàilteachadh gu saor.

Cha chuimhnich iad na h-àmgharan  
 'S ann a dh'fhag iad iad 's an fheoil  
 A ris tha staid ro-bhàsmhor ac'  
 Thug Fear-an-graidh iad beo.  
 Do chuir iad sgìos an fhàsaich dhiubh  
 'S am pàillion so fa dheoidh,  
 'S cha ghearan am fear-àiteachaidh'  
 Gu bheil aig cràdh no leon.

Cha'n iognadh ged a tha sibh  
 Rì gradhach Rìgh na gloir,  
 Thug sibh a dh'ionnsuidh sabhailteachd  
 'S nach d'fhag E sibh ri bron,  
 'S ann a dh'ullaich E dhuibh aite  
 'S tha na sràidean ann de òr,  
 'S tha craobh na beatha fàs ann  
 Chum sasuchadh gach seors'.

Nach sona dhoibh gu'n d'rainig iad  
 'S gu bheil iad sàmhach beo,  
 Gu'n d'fhuair iad steach do'n aros sin  
 Am port bu mhiannach leo.  
 Tha sluagh nach deanar aireamh ann  
 'S cha bhàsaich iad nis mò;  
 As an tobar nach tig traghadh oirre  
 D'a ghràdh bi iad ri 'g òl.

Am Parras tha sibh aoibhneach  
 Leis na naoimh a' seinn ann shuas  
 Air cliù an Ti a shaor sibh  
 O dhaorsa is o thruaigh.  
 Air trioblaidean is amhghar  
 Is bàs 's ann thug E buaidh,  
 'S e oran molaidh Dha-san  
 Gu brath bi sibh ri luaidh.

Sincere sympathy is extended to the family at home and abroad in their sore bereavement.—*W. M.*

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There are certain seasons in which the Lord comes nigh to men in the ordinances and duties of His worship, and we know not at what time the Lord cometh forth by His Spirit upon this design. He many times comes in an hour when we look not for Him; it is good, therefore, to be found in the way of the Spirit; had that poor man, that lay so long at the pool of Bethesda, reasoned thus with himself: "So long have I lain here, in vain expecting a cure, it is to no purpose to wait longer"; and so had been absent at the very time the angel came down, he had in all likelihood carried his disease to the grave with him. How dost thou know but this very sermon, this prayer, which thou art tempted to neglect may be the instrument wherein the Lord may do that for thy soul, which was never yet done to it?—*J. Flavel*, 1699.

## Searmon.

Leis an Urr. IAIN LOVE, D.D.

(Air a leantuin bhò t.d. .)

I. Bitheadh ar rùn a bhi rannsachadh a mach ciall an t-samhladh mhaoth agus mhaisich so: ròs Shàron agus lili nan gleann.

Ann an ceud fhosgladh leabhair Dhe tha sinn air ar treorachadh a stigh do sheomraichibh cùbhraidh a cheud phàrras; agus tha tlachd agus glòir ceud staid an duine ag analachadh oirrn mar mhaduinn cùbhraidh le tùis tre uile mhaise cruthachadh nan luibhean. Agus a nis ged tha bàs agus mallachd a luidh air an talamh, a seargadh a bhlàthan, agus a milleadh a ghlòir, gidheadh anns na fuighil de chùbhruidheachd luibhean agus de mhòrachd a dh'fhàg maitheas Dhe anns an t-saoghal pheacach, chi sinn samhlaidhean soilleir air na h-aoibhneas an a bhuineas do'n anam, agus a tha leantuin a cho-chomuinn ri Dia. Tha na Sgrìobhturan, uime sin, a cleachdadh a leithid de dhealbhan gu bhi foillseachadh sòlasan gràidh Dhe, agus ga'n giùlain air adhart a dh'ionnsuidh staid lànachd na h-iomlanachd ann an neamh, far am bheil e air àithne dhuinn amhare air son gàradh iomlan Dhe—aimhnichean fìor-ghlan—a chraobh beatha—a bhlàthan neo-sheargt', a phailm agus a chrùn—àdhar fìorghlan agus farsuinn—a sholas—a thoraidhean neo-bhàsmhor—a cheol—agus a luchd-àiteachaidh glòrmhor.

Tha àite saibhir ann an Tìr Chanàin agus glinn tìr choisrigte a gheallaidh, air an taghadh, le mòr shnas, mar a toirt a mach bhlàthan air am bheil urram air a chur gu bhi foillseachadh a mach oirdheirceanan a Mhesiah nach urrainn teanga dhaoine na ainglibh a chur an ceill gu h-iomlan. Ann a bhi'g amhare air co-cheangal a Mhesiah ris an tìr sin, agus làthaireachd Dhe ann-san, thug daoine, air an deachdadh leis an Spiorad Naomh, mar ainm oirre, "glòir nan uile fhearann," "An tìr glòrmhor," "An tìr anns an còmhnuich glòir." (Esec. xx, 6; Dan. xi, 41; Salm lxxxv, 9.)

Ann an tìr sin a gheallaidh, an deigh fuil naimhdean a bhi air a crathadh oirre, sheas Solamh suas, air a sgeadachadh le glòir gliocais agus subhailceas rioghail, a samhlachadh a mach Pearsa a Mhesiah, agus air a shamhlachd a machleis na blàthaibh a bu mhaisich a bha deanamh maiseach na duthcha sin. Tha eadhon Saul, na dhreuchd mar rìgh, air aimmeachadh "Maise Israel," agus is motha gu mòr na sin a dh'fhaodas briathran a chinn-theagaisg a bhi air an co-chur le fìrinn ri Solamh, ged a bhitheadh e mach as an rathad dha a ràdh mu thimchioll fein, "Is mise ròs Shàron, lili nan gleann," mar a bitheadh stùil aig ris a chliù rioghail a bhuineas do'n Tì is Airde, agus glòir do-labhairt an Tì air an robh e na shamhladh, Mac agus Gliocas Dhe air fhoillseachadh 's an fheoil.

Mar tha na liosan is toraiche ann an tìr a gheallaidh a toirt air adhart nan ròsan so aig am bheil am maise chùbhraidh nan sgàile glòir Chrìosd, mar sin faodar a mheas gu bheil deanamh suas Phearsa, le e thighinn gu bhi na dhuine, na thoradh is uaisle air cùmhnant agus gealladh Dhe. Agus mar ann an glinn mhilis na tìr naomhaicht' agus bheannaicht' sin a tha na liliidhibh glòrmhor agus maiseach so ag eirigh suas, a tha nan samhladh dorch air an t-Slànuighear, mar sin bha e, gur ann an glinn iosal ach shaoibhir an t-saoghail thruaigh so, agus ann an staid na h-ioraslachd,

a dh'fhàs suas an nàdur daonnachd sin a ghabh Esan da ionnsuidh fein is e Dia, an Tì is e am Meangan Cliùiteach, Craobh na Beatha agus na Slàinte, maiseach agus taitneach do'n t-sùil, cùbhraidh do'n fhàile, agus ni's mìle do'n bhlas. Is e so, mo bhràithrean gràdhach' 's an Tighearn, sùim samhlaidhean a chinn-theagaisg; mar a tha na ròsan is maisiche agus na lilidhean is tlachdmhor do'n t-sùil, a lionadh an adhair le cùbhruidheachd agus a beothachadh gach creutair, mar sin tha oirdheirceas bharraicht, maise, agus mìlseachd Iosa Crìosd do'n anam na phàrras de aoibhneas neamhaidh, na thobar nach gabh a bhi air a thraoghadh, de ùrachadh agus de shòlas spioradail.

(*R'a leantuinn.*)

## Notes and Comments.

### Scottish Nationalist Activities.

Since our Synod of May, 1950, issued a statement critical of the Scottish Nationalists' Covenant, the activities of members of this organisation up to date justify the warning Free Presbyterians were given as to signing the Covenant. The Stone of Destiny has been removed from Westminster Abbey, meetings have been held on the Lord's Day to propagate Scottish Nationalism, the Scottish National Congress passed a resolution on 17th March, 1951, pledging itself to protect those Scots who refuse to be conscripted by what the Congress calls an English Government, and Scottish Government personalities have been threatened maybe by irresponsible Scottish Nationalist supporters. Comment is unnecessary.

### Festival Funfare a Financial Fiasco.

Already Mr. Herbert Morrison, now Foreign Secretary, has had to relate a sorry story regarding the financial situation attaching to the Festival of Britain Funfair. He announced on 19th March that the loss on preparing this Fair, during six months has been £1,500,000. He stated that a decision of the House of Commons to close certain parts of the Festival on Sabbath had made a difference of £200,000 to the possible revenue. He meant, of course, a loss. Mr. Morrison will yet have to tell a darker tale of financial losses in this Festival undertaking, if we are not mistaken, by reason of his efforts to make it an all out Sabbath-breaking Festival. He has sown and will reap accordingly. Another great evil is that the taxpayer will suffer also. God is not mocked by men or nations.

### Pope Blesses Condemned Nazi.

It was recorded in the daily press on the 16th March, that the Pope sent his blessing to Oswald Pohl, former Nazi S.S. leader, awaiting execution for war crimes in Bavaria. Pohl left the Protestant Church in 1936, turned back to religion after the defeat of Germany, and after instruction in prison, he became a Roman Catholic. The Nazi and Fascist governments were no friends of Protestant Britain. Hitler and Mussolini were Roman Catholics. It were infinitely better to hear that Oswald Pohl, condemned for crime by men and God, received God's blessing through Christ Jesus, and became, not an R.C., but a penitent Christian.

### South African Government and Coloured People.

Prime Minister Malan and his South African Government introduced to Parliament there, in March, a "Representation of Non-Europeans" Bill which, as reports say, will place coloured people on a separate voters' roll and virtually dis-enfranchise them. We are conscious of the fact that there are delicate and difficult features of the colour question, even from a Christian viewpoint. But it has been made palpably clear that Dr. Malan holds extreme and unscriptural views in his attitude to the native African and other coloured people living in South Africa. Dr. Malan and his government may emphasise racial differences by Act of Parliament and by the arm of civil power; but if these be inconsistent with the Word of Truth and mind of God revealed therein, let Dr. Malan beware of consequences.

### Literary Notice.

*A Hebridean Parish*, by Rev. Ewen MacRury, M.A.

There has recently been issued from a Highland newspaper publishing company, a book entitled *A Hebridean Parish*, by Rev. Ewen MacRury, M.A., dealing with a North Uist parish, of which the author is a native. The name of North Uist will always prove attractive to genuine Free Presbyterians as the birth-place of their ministerial leaders, the Rev. Donald MacFarlane, Dingwall, of revered memory, and his equally saintly and spiritually minded brother minister, the Rev. Donald MacDonald, Shieldaig. Our main reason, however, for drawing attention to the above book is our feeling that the author, so far from manifesting the first indispensable qualification of a historian—accurate, fastidious, magnanimous and scrupulous impartiality—has actually displayed a petty, mean, embittered prejudice against these faithful servants of the Lord and the noble God-honouring denominational testimony they were honourably instrumental in raising in defence of the Truth, as it is in Jesus. Typical Free Church prejudice is obvious in every reference to these two worthy ministers and their Church. Despite the fact that there are no people more fastidiously sensitive and resentful at being called "Wee Frees" than the people of the Free Church, this author invariably refers to the Free Presbyterian Church as "the Secession" and "the censorious Separatism." There are now over twenty years since this same writer described our witness-bearing as a Church as "the religion of mis-calling." This is but Satan's method to make us cease witnessing against his kingdom.

In this book his aim seems to be to disparage the two worthy ministerial leaders. For instance, on page 29, he quotes from that notorious book by the late Rev. Kenneth MacDonald, entitled *Social and Religious Life in the Highlands*, a statement falsely attributed to Rev. Donald MacDonald, Shieldaig, relative to the Sabbath, despite the fact that Rev. Kenneth MacDonald was rebuked in the Press over twenty years ago for making the same statement. Probably the author gives a sop to his conscience by the qualifying statement, "The Free Presbyterian minister of Shieldaig is not the only one to whom that form of reproof has been attributed." Why, then, transmit it to posterity in the name of the Free Presbyterian



minister of Shieldaig? Is this with the view of conveying the impression that he was an awkward simpleton, not worth following, or taking seriously? This is very unworthy Free Church propaganda. Why quote at all from a book, the author of which was notorious for ecclesiastical buffoonery, in which, with characteristic irresponsibility, he besmirched and denigrated not only the Free Presbyterian Church and its leaders, but, in a still more ridiculing manner, the present Free Church and its leaders. Mr. MacRury's taste in ecclesiastical Highland historians is more than passing strange—it is surpassing strange. Why quote from a book in which Dr. Begg and Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall are held up to public ridicule and scorn?

What but disparagement and the attribution of ulterior motives to the Rev. Donald MacFarlane, in declining to consider a call to his native Uist, led the author to make the following statement:—"He (Mr. MacFarlane) arrived at this decision in August, 1891, but in the Spring of 1893 he received a call from Raasay, which he accepted. A portion of his congregation followed him into the Free Presbyterian Church, but the Kilmallie congregation did not secede." The Most High could find plenty of work for Mr. MacFarlane in Kilmallie from 1891 to 1893 to account for his remaining there. I suppose it would be too much for Mr. MacRury to confess that the overwhelming majority of Mr. MacFarlane's congregation in Raasay followed him.

Referring to Carinish, North Uist, the author says, "No division of any importance was caused in the congregation by the Free Presbyterian secession." He indiscriminately deplores division, as if those who stood for truth and principle were the real mischief-makers, while the doctrinally-indifferent union-mongers manifested the essence of calm sobriety and propriety. "There must also be heresies among you that they which are approved may be made manifest." Thus, in the case of Malcolm MacCorquodale, our author has to deplore, when he ought to praise:—"In the year 1893 he joined the Free Presbyterian secession, a step which severed him from the fellowship of many former friends." The true side of the picture is as follows:—"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 33).

Relative to the congregation of Paible, our author says: "The Free Presbyterian secession in 1893 rent the congregation in twain," and the reason why the other half did not do likewise is explained by Rev. John MacLeod, Paible, despite Mr. MacRury's denial, "the backbone of Moderatism was never broken in North Uist."

Concerning Rev. Donald MacDonald, of Shieldaig, and his academic studies, our author says:—"As a student he did not show much brilliance, but he was conscientious and painstaking." If it is any consolation to Mr. MacRury, some of the older Free Church ministers of 1900 said far worse than that about the saintly minister of Shieldaig, but the Great Day will declare it. The author's explanation of those people in North Uist who were charged with indifferent Moderatism is:—"The Uist people have rejected extremism in religion, whether that extremism was Moderatism or a censorious Separatism." My own candid opinion is that Mr. MacRury himself would be none the worse of obeying the words, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Uncompromising fidelity to principle is not extremism.

Here is a paragraph from the pen of the author which speaks for itself, and I have personally no hesitation in concluding that it is largely the language of a blind ecclesiastical leader of the blind:—"One of the sections, which professed to stand by that original constitution (1843), called themselves Free Presbyterians, but they were treated with growing indifference, while the remanent Free Church was well-nigh overwhelmed by an avalanche of unfavourable public opinion for the moment. The third section, representative of the majority of the Free Church of 1900, has practically disappeared from view in the Church of Scotland by the Union of 1929. Such has been the fate of the Church of Scotland free. There were a number of thoughtful people in North Uist who regarded the controversies of the period 1892-1900 as retarding the natural development of the Free Church, and who maintained that the present Free Church of Scotland ought to have taken up the trend of that development by returning to the position and practice of the Free Church of 1890." Whether these "thoughtful people" are confined to North Uist or not, such sophistry will not stand the light of common sense, let alone historic fact, and the judgment of the Great Day. What the present Free Church must return to, penitently and sincerely, is the historical and doctrinal position occupied by the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland from 1893 to the present day. The Most High will yet raise up in Scotland young men and women, and older ones also, who will so thirst for the truth, historically and doctrinally, that no amount of sophistry will be able to enslave them any longer by such magic ecclesiastical designations as "the Free Church of Scotland." They, as enlightened from above, and made perfectly candid, honest, sincere, and conscientious, will insist upon possessing the kernel with the shell, and not merely the latter. Then we shall have proper leadership, "but not that of the bigot or the opportunist."

Though typically Free Church, Mr. MacRury's criticism of our Church and leaders is peculiarly bitter and disparaging in its prejudice. We cannot, therefore, both be right, but the present writer is comfortably satisfied and certain in his own mind that the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland has been initiated, and is continued to this day, by the Holy Spirit. As the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of order, harmony, and unity, whence comes this spirit of prejudice?—*J. P. McQ.*

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He who alone gives life to us gave up His life for us. This giving imports the voluntariness and freeness of the action. He gave Himself freely. He did not *sell* Himself, but *gave* Himself, and that willingly and entirely, without constraint. No violence could have pulled Him from the bosom of the Father; but He came leaping upon the mountains; He came singing, and saying, "Lo, I come! I delight to do Thy will, O my God!" There was no necessity lying upon Him but the necessity of love, and of a loving agreement with His Father. Greater is the work of redemption than that of creation; there He was the Giver, but here He is the Gift.—*Erskine.*

## Church Notes.

### Communions.

*May*—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Seourie and Broadford; third, Edinburgh. *June*—First Sabbath, Tarbert, Applecross and Coigach; second, Shieldaig; third, Lochcarron, Glendale, Helmsdale, Dornoch and Uig; fourth, Inverness and Gairloch. *July*—First Sabbath, Lairg, Raasay and Beaul; second, Staffin, Tomatin and Tain; third, Halkirk, Rogart, Flashadder and Daviot; fourth, Achmore, Bracadale, North Uist and Plockton; fifth, Thurso. *August*—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree and Stratherrick; third, Bonar and Finsbay; fourth, Stornoway and Vatten.

*Corrections regarding any Communion dates should  
be sent at once to the Editor.*

### Meeting of Synod.

The Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland will meet (D.V.) in the Hall of St. Jude's Church, Glasgow, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of May, 1951, at 6.30 p.m., when the retiring Moderator, Rev. John A. MacDonald, Applecross, will conduct public worship and preach.—*Clerk of Synod.*

### H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Visit to the Pope.

10th April, 1951.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

May it please Your Majesty—

We, the Church Interests Committee of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, take cognisance of the contemplated visit of Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth, to the Pope on Friday, the 13th day of April, 1951, as reported in a press statement. And therefore we are moved respectfully to represent to Your Majesty the undesirability of such a visit by a member of our Royal House for the following reasons:—

That the Pope has arrogated to himself the position and claims of Vicar of Christ on earth, which is abhorrent to the Protestant conscience of our nation;

That Vatican intrigues aim at the destruction of our Protestant Throne, liberties and institutions;

That unscriptural and impossible tenets have from time to time been promulgated by the Pope, the most recent being the Bodily Assumption of Mary into Heaven, from which the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in the name of the English National Church have promptly dissociated themselves;

That the provisions of the Bill of Rights forbid any member of our Royal House from holding communion with the See of Rome, which has special application in the present circumstances to Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth, as Heiress to the Throne.

Therefore, the aforesaid Committee respectfully, but emphatically request Your Majesty to withhold Your Majesty's approval of this God-

dishonouring and highly provocative visit being included in the programme of the Royal Tour of Italy.

That Your Majesty may be furnished with divine grace and wisdom to guide Your Majesty in this important national question is the humble prayer of Your Majesty's most loyal subjects.

In the name and on behalf  
of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland,

ROBERT R. SINCLAIR,  
*Clerk of Synod.*

### **North Uist Repair Fund Appeal.**

As extensive repairs are necessary for the Church and Manse in North Uist, the Deacons' Court decided to ask authority to appeal in the Magazine for donations, from friends overseas and at home, which will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Neil MacIsaac, Kyles, Bayhead, or Mr. Alistair Macdonald, Cnoc nan inseag, Tigharry, North Uist. This appeal is endorsed by the Outer Isles Presbytery.

WILLIAM MACLEAN, *Moderator of Presbytery.*  
D. R. MACDONALD, *Clerk of Presbytery.*

## **Acknowledgment of Donations.**

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

*Sustentation Fund.*—Mr. J. R. McL., 36 Morey Street, Hillsdale, Mich., U.S.A., £8; Mr. E. M., Carrigrich, Tarbert, £1.

*College Fund.*—Mr. J. R. McK. M., Hamilton, Ontario, per Rev. J. P. Macqueen, £5.

*Dominions and Colonial Missions Fund.*—Mr. J. R. McL., Hillsdale, Mich., U.S.A., £6.

*Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Widows' and Orphans' Fund.*—Mr. J. R. McL., Hillsdale, Mich., U.S.A., £5.

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*Organisation Fund.*—Mr. J. R. McL., Hillsdale, Mich., U.S.A., £3 19/3; A Friend, MacMorran, Sask., £1 7/6.

*Jewish and Foreign Missions.*—Mr. J. R. McL., Hillsdale, Mich., U.S.A., £8; From Two Inverness Friends, £2; From Two Unknown Friends on the Train, Strathearn Station, per Mrs. Macdonald, F.P. Manse, Shieldaig, £2; Miss A. McL., West End, Saltburn, £1; Mr. I. McL., Box 322, Ocean Falls, B.C., Canada, £1; Mr. M. McG., Hurstville, New South Wales, £1; Mr. A. S., West Wollongong, New South Wales, £1.

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