

THE
Free Presbyterian Magazine
 AND
MONTHLY RECORD

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

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

C O N T E N T S

	page
The Death of His Majesty King George The Sixth	267
Conversion of a Roman Catholic Priest	269
George Wishart	275
Mr. Gadsby and the Prayer, "Lord, Help Me!" ...	277
The Conversion of William Huntington, S.S. ...	279
The Helpfulness of Grace	283
The late Rev. Thomas Houghton	286
Aonadh ri Crìosd	287
Notes and Comments	289
Church Notes	290
Acknowledgment of Donations	292

Printed by
N. Adshead & Son, 34-36 Cadogan Street, Glasgow.

THE
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VOL. LVI.

March, 1952.

No. 11

**The Death of
His Majesty King George the Sixth.**

THE announcement of the death of His Majesty the King, which occurred during his sleep, in the early hours of the morning of the 6th day of February at Sandringham, came as a profound shock to the nation and the world at large. This most solemn providence has caused genuine and heartfelt sorrow in every corner of the land and among all classes of the late King's loyal subjects at home and abroad.

His late Majesty was born on the 14th December, 1895, and succeeded to the throne on the 11th December, 1936, on the abdication of his brother, Edward VIII, now the Duke of Windsor. He was crowned King on the 12th of May, 1937, and thus reigned for fifteen years, passing away at the age of fifty-six years.

The coming to the throne of the late King was considered by Christian and thoughtful people at the time, to be an event in the providence of God which manifested the divine kindness and care over us as a nation, in the light of all the circumstances relative to the actions of the now Duke of Windsor. We can record, that generally speaking, his late Majesty was a man and a king worthy of respect and homage, possessing as he did, a kingly dignity in the discharge of duties in his exalted office, and as he manifested a respect for the Christian faith, although there were periodically actions on his part and that of the Royal Family against which we, as a Church, had occasion to protest in the terms of our Loyal Addresses and otherwise. Yet about two weeks before he died, the late King, on the 20th of January, presented 14-year-old Diana Melton, daughter of a gamekeeper on the Royal estate, with a Bible. Inscribed in it in the King's own handwriting is: "Presented to Diana Melton for proficiency in religious knowledge.—George R." The late King annually

presented a Bible to the pupil on the Sandringham estate, most proficient in religious knowledge; and he handed the Bible to Diana in his study at Sandringham House. This personal interest in Bible knowledge was indeed commendable and an example to others, in a day when the Word of God is despised and ignored by so many.

One thing stands out prominently with regard to the death of His Majesty, while giving due consideration to the illnesses through which he passed latterly, that death came as a thief in the night. He had some days previously bade farewell publicly to Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, when leaving for Australia with her husband, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Little did the Royal Family or the nation think that in a few days afterwards, the then King would have laid aside his Crown by reason of the messenger of death, and that the youthful Princess Elizabeth would be proclaimed Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, etc. Truly, there is "a time to die" (Eccles. iii. 2), and that time, day, hour and moment arrives very suddenly and *unexpectedly* in the case of many sinners and saints. And the solemn words of the Lord Jesus Christ as to His second coming at last, have a suitable application here: "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. xxiv. 44). Blessed are those who, as poor penitent, trusting sinners, are found in Christ Jesus when the last enemy comes, and fall asleep in Jesus. But woe to the wicked, the Christless, the unbelieving at that day.

God has spoken loudly and most solemnly to every person throughout the land, by this dispensation in His all wise providence, inasmuch as all have been reminded in this signal manner that "man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble," that "it is appointed unto men once to die," and that kings as well as peasants must leave all things here, and enter the eternal world and have their residence in heaven or otherwise their abode in hell. Public calamities, such as the unexpected death of a reigning monarch, ought to be taken as a rod of chastisement upon the nation as a whole, when we think of the sins and grievous backslidings of which we are guilty as a people. And thus there is in this solemn event a call to repentance from the Throne in heaven, and that we turn to the Bible once more, to Zion's King and Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the ways of God's commandments.

We as a Church do deeply and sincerely sympathise with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, in her great personal loss and sorrow by the passing away of her devoted husband. May the consolations of God's grace, mercy and peace, in Christ Jesus, be vouchsafed to Her Majesty in her widowhood. And may her daughters, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, be also led to seek unto the God of all comfort, through

Jesus Christ, for strength and consolation in their bereavement and grief. We desire also that the Most High would be gracious to Queen Mary and all the other members of the Royal Family.

The new and youthful Queen Elizabeth the Second has ascended the throne of our nation in times of strain and tension as to international affairs, and while the economic condition of the country is said to be unfavourable; and alas! when the religious and moral character and conduct of the masses are to a deplorable extent inconsistent with the holy claims of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. May Her Majesty be granted by the Lord of heaven and earth, spiritual and saving wisdom through faith which is in Christ Jesus; and like King Solomon be divinely guided to seek unto God for His blessing. "And Solomon said unto God, Thou hast shewed great mercy unto David my father, and hast made me to reign in his stead . . . Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great" (II Chron. i. 8, 10).

Conversion of a Roman Catholic Priest. *

By ALFREDO FLOREZ.

LAST July 1, the day annually dedicated by the Roman Catholic Church to the "Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ," I mounted the Roman Catholic altar and for the last time said mass as a Roman Catholic priest. At each mass that day, I preached a short sermon about the blood of Christ, the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and declared to my Roman Catholic congregations that Christ's sacrifice on Calvary was sufficient for the remission of all sin, once for all, that through His death He gave us His righteousness which justifies forever those who *believe* in Christ. From a Roman Catholic pulpit I declared the Roman Catholic mass was a mockery of the true Gospel of Christ; the gospel which sets men free; the gospel which the Church of Rome cannot accept.

Less than nine hours after that mass, by pre-arrangement with Christ's Mission, I was met in New York by a representative of the Mission and taken to his home for lodging. On July 1, 1951, I voluntarily left the Roman Catholic Church and its priesthood in order to serve the God-Man who shed His blood to save me. How symbolic that I left the Church of Rome on the very day they set aside to honour that blood. Now, I see the hand of the Lord, not only in leading me to Christ's Mission, but also in leading me through my life in preparation for this step.

I was born June 22, 1914, in Urabamba, a small city in Cuzco, Peru, into a humble family of five. As soon as I was able to read, I craved books, but had access to just a few, as reading material is very expensive in Peru. I cannot remember the circumstances now, but when I was a child, my mother purchased a Bible for me to read, because it was available at a most reasonable price. The more I read the life of Jesus as

*Reprinted from October, 1951, issue of *The Converted Catholic*, a magazine edited by former Roman Catholic priests; and published at 160 Fifth Avenue, New York. We reproduce the article by Editor's permission.—Editor.

recorded in the inspired Word, the more fascinated I became, and many hours of family life were enriched by my recounting the marvellous stories I read about Jesus. Great was my surprise when I discovered the history of Christ was written in four different ways, and realised its richness and wealth.

I BURNED MY BIBLE.

Unfortunately, all these things were changed when I left my home and joined the Roman Catholic order of the Mercedaries and entered their monastery in Cuzco. One of my first religious acts of obedience was to burn my Bible, because it was a Protestant version. Roman Catholics are strictly forbidden to read a Protestant version of the Bible although there is little variation between the two when the Roman Catholic notes are ignored. However, I was not offered a Catholic substitute for the Bible I burned, so with a spiritual thirst, I began to study the Roman Catholic catechisms and other religious books. Year by year I studied: High School, Philosophy for three years, and Theology for four years. In 1935, I left the monastery in order to continue my studies at the Roman Catholic seminary of Arequipa, Peru. There I completed my theological courses, and on May 23, 1937, in Arequipa, was ordained a priest in the Church of Rome by the former Bishop Mariano Aolgün. From that time until 1943, I taught Greek, Holy Scripture, and Latin in the Seminary.

During this period I constantly doubted different points of Roman Catholic doctrine and philosophy. Many of their teachings were unacceptable to me, and seemed to have very little, if any, historical, philosophical or scriptural foundation. However, my acceptance of the authority and infallibility of the Pope, the Roman Catholic Church and their General Councils was my strongest and last refuge in the storm of doubt and anxiety. Naturally, I did not refer to the Bible to solve these theological problems, because the more I studied the Bible, the more doubtful and confused I became.

PRESCRIBED v. PROSCRIBED EDUCATION.

In 1943, without the knowledge of my Bishop and even at the end of the first year, against his expressed prohibition, I became a registered student in the National University of Arequipa. I deliberately defied his wishes, because I knew that according to the rules of the Holy See it was hopeless for me to obtain permission to study at a non-sectarian university. Just as Roman Catholic parents are instructed to send their children to parochial schools, Roman Catholic bishops are not permitted to allow their clergy to attend any but Roman Catholic universities.

Such a ruling of the Holy See is a necessary one to keep their clergy in darkness. For while studying at this secular university, where the metaphysical theories of all the great philosophical thinkers were taught so freely, I also began to think outside of proscribed Roman Catholic philosophy. I could see the narrowness and fallacies in many Roman Catholic theories. But, such studies were too dangerous for Roman Catholic religious faith, a faith that can only be retained by ignorance of other kinds of thought.

At the end of two years of study at the secular university, I was appointed Roman Catholic pastor of a church in Taruta, Peru. Both in this parish and in my former parishes in Sabandia and Paucarpate the

people were not faithful to their church and its teachings. This condition is prevalent in Roman Catholic parishes in South America. In November, 1947, with the permission of my former Bishop Carlos A. Arce Masis, I matriculated at the Ecclesiastical University of Comillas, Spain. Under the tutelage of these famous Jesuit scholars, I obtained my Bachelor of Canon Law degree. During my student days at the University of Comillas, I read for the first time the New Testament in the original Greek and Latin. This perusal brought forth many doubts about the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, the belief of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. The following verses particularly captured my attention:

"It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John vi. 63).

"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom" (Matt. xxvi. 29).

I discussed this point of doctrine with many of my fellow priests, and none could give me a satisfactory logical or scriptural explanation. Through the pages of this magazine, I anticipate discussing from time to time this and other fallacious Catholic doctrines.

MORE CATHOLIC STUDY.

Towards the end of 1948 I came to New York, tired and disgusted with the deceptive Roman Catholic religious life in the University. My diocese in Peru refused me any financial support to continue my studies, and when I applied to the New York diocese, I was rudely denied any assistance except a return ticket to Peru. "Go home," they ordered, "you have no money for your studies. Your bishop needs priests in Peru."

But I did not obey the New York diocese, as my Bishop had granted me permission to finish my second year of Canon Law, and I was determined to do so. For the three months of the summer 1949, I sweated in the New York City heat with a secular position I had been able to secure because of my knowledge of Spanish. Some of my Spanish-speaking Roman Catholic friends also gave me financial assistance, so that in September of that year I was just financially able to matriculate at the Roman Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada.

I must confess that, even during that trying summer, I fell in love with the United States. I don't know why, although its brilliant feats of engineering, its glorious pioneering spirit, and its practised freedom of religion and thought all contributed to my feeling. But now, I say it was the work of God, for had it not been for these United States, I would have found no one to help me leave the priesthood, no one to give me the message of the assurance of salvation.

MY DOUBTS INCREASE.

During my year at the University of Ottawa, I read the New Testament through twice in English. While reading the Epistle to the Hebrews ix. 27, 28: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and

unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." I asked myself: "If Christ died *once*, as men die only *once*, what happens in the sacrifice of the mass? Could there be sacrifice without the *death* of the victim?"

I discussed this question with a classmate of mine, a brilliant priest now a student in Rome. He answered that Christ really dies in the mass, but a mystical death. For me such an explanation was merely a juggling of terms, for no one in the Catholic Church can explain "mystical death." It could have been more convenient for the Roman Catholic Church to have defined the mass as a mere symbol or remembrance of the Last Supper and the death of Christ according to the words of the Holy Scripture. But now it is too late, for Rome, it boasts, never changes.

I graduated in September, 1950, *Magna Cum Laude*, with the degree of Licentiate in Canon Law from the Catholic University of Ottawa. I returned to New York, and the Bishop of Brooklyn, at my request, appointed me an Assistant priest in St. Anne's Church of Brentwood, Long Island. I worked there from October 27, 1950, until the day I left the priesthood, July 1, 1951. Materially speaking, I was most comfortable, but spiritually speaking, I was starving and dissatisfied. When not performing my priestly duties, I diligently and carefully studied the Roman Catholic doctrines. But my religious doubts were constantly increasing rather than diminishing. I did not feel any progress in my personal spiritual life, and recognised myself in a worse spiritual condition than two years before. Upon taking personal spiritual inventory, I decided that with all my courage I would seek the true gospel outside the Roman Catholic Church. This decision was made with the full knowledge that in so doing I was committing the most grave and mortal sin.

A BIG KEY FROM A LOCKSMITH.

A day in May, 1951, stands out singularly in my memory. As an Assistant in the Church of Brentwood, I needed keys to open certain doors in the parochial school, where each Friday night bingo games take place. The pastor, Father Thomas Conesty, sent me to the nearby town of Bay Shore to obtain these keys. In conversation with the locksmith, I found he was not a Roman Catholic, but an ardent Protestant, and subscriber to *The Converted Catholic Magazine*. The Lord laid it upon his heart to detect my disillusionment with Roman Catholic doctrine and to give me an advertising folder about Christ's Mission. I do not remember the name of that man, but I trust he will recognise my picture and write to me as I would like to personally thank him for the part he played in my conversion.

I accepted the folder, and although I had no intention of ever contacting Christ's Mission, for some reason I placed it in my pocket with certain valuable papers I always kept on my person. It was the working of God that I did not put it in another pocket where I could carelessly have thrown it away. Around the time of my visit to the locksmith, I also received a communication from my Bishop, calling me back to Peru because of the lack of priests in his diocese. He set the month of August, 1951, as the final date for my return.

DOORWAY TO LIBERTY.

My time of freedom in the United States was short, so it was necessary for me to act quickly. I entered the offices of Christ's Mission and queried the receptionist about the work of the Mission and its religious affiliations. E. Van B. Kelly, the Executive Secretary, was there and discussed my spiritual condition with me and stressed that I must not leave the Roman Catholic Church without any spiritual convictions; that life without definite spiritual beliefs was like a ship sailing the stormy seas without a rudder to guide, a captain to direct. I agreed to the wisdom of that, and accepted from Christ's Mission my second Protestant book, *Truth v. Dogma*. This work I diligently studied for an entire week, and it clearly showed me the scriptural fallacy of the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. The following week I again went to Christ's Mission and, because he was not in the office, listened to a message left for me by Dr. Montaña.

The following week, I again entered the office of Christ's Mission, and this time was interviewed by the members of Christ's Mission's Executive Committees, and again discussed my spiritual convictions. The Committee promised me the necessary economic assistance and spiritual guidance if I sincerely desired to leave the Catholic Church. After prayer with them, I confessed that the last and strongest refuge in my intellectual battle was papal infallibility. I argued that the destruction of that belief shakes to shambles the Roman Catholic Church; for as a Roman Catholic author so aptly stated, "If the Pope is not the vicar of Jesus Christ, he is an impostor."

THE LAST ILLUSION DISPELLED.

While glancing through the Mission book shelves, I saw a work by George Salmon, entitled, *The Infallibility of the Church*. This was the book for which I had been looking; a Catholic study of the authority and infallibility of the Pope, which I was permitted to take with me. As my soul's salvation was at stake, I diligently sought the truth about this vital doctrine, and while reading the Protestant source, compared its statements with histories of the Church by Roman Catholic authors. I thoroughly studied the Biblical texts which the Romanists claim as their authority for the divine institution of papal infallibility. I fine-combed the Acts of the Apostles to see whether there was any sign or vestige of the recognition of this authority in apostolic times and the first years of the Christian Church. I did not rely on my own study alone, but frankly discussed this fundamental point with Father Flinn, a teacher of Church History in a Roman Catholic seminary in Brooklyn. Father Flinn could not prove, nor is anyone able to prove that the authority of the Pope was accepted *everywhere* and *always* from the time of Christ and the apostles.

As the result of all this investigation I was, and still am, firmly convinced that papal authority and infallibility are *human inventions*, a progressive development in which "We can trace the history of the growth of the supremacy of the Roman Bishop, exactly as in secular history we can trace the process by which the city of Rome came to exercise imperial dominion."†

†*Infallibility of the Church*, by George Salmon, D.D. Published by James Bales. Fourth Edition, pages 366, 367.

"THE REAL THING" AT LAST.

All the time I was so carefully studying I did not contact Christ's Mission, but on Friday, June 28, two days before I left the Church, I went to their offices and gave them my decision. We made plans for a staff member to meet me Sunday afternoon in New York City and take me to his home for lodging. This plan was promptly executed. The following day, Christ's Mission outfitted me with the necessary civilian clothes. This was indeed a strange situation to me. I had been in the Roman Catholic Church for many years, and when I came to New York the Roman Catholic Church would not even lift its hand to assist me. But Protestants, who knew nothing about me and had nothing personally to gain, sacrificially provided the necessities of life for me. This spirit I felt must be motivated by an inward peace and love, a peace which at that time I mentally possessed, but had not spiritually experienced.

Tuesday, July 3, a devout servant of God, Reverend Harold Bater, took me to his home in Pennsylvania, where I was to observe Christianity at work. Mr. and Mrs. Bater gave me the most hearty attention. I shall never forget those days, and particularly last Fourth of July, the day I personally realised I was justified by faith, that I was born again as a child of God, because I had accepted Christ's death on Calvary as the sufficient atonement for my sins. I observed and lived in the most marvellous spiritual atmosphere, only possible in the fellowship of real children of God. Never before had I seen such love of God manifested through men.

True Christians are few in comparison with the multitudes of Roman Catholics, but they are the salt of the earth. Their lives testify to the truth of the Scriptures, "by their fruits ye shall know them." They daily read the Word of God and lean upon Christ's promise:

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand" (John x. 28, 29).

Never for one moment have I regretted leaving the Church of Rome. On the contrary, I rejoice continually in the knowledge that my sins are forgiven through His righteousness, and that I am justified by faith. I plan, because of the support of Christ's Mission, to study at an Evangelical seminary to equip myself to take the Gospel of Christ to my own Roman Catholic people. I wish truly to be a creditable servant of God, and feel a strong concern for the many fellow priests who have no spiritual satisfaction, but whose calloused consciences lead them day by day farther into agnosticism and disillusionment. They need the prayers of God's people.

Thanks to Christ's Mission, instrument of God, I came from the darkness to the light, from death to glorious life in Christ.

Thrash on the mountain of corruption, in dwelling sin; Thrash on every height therein, particularly that top of it that is the sin that easily besets you; infallibly you will get it down at length (Rom. vii. 24, 25).

—Thos. Boston.

George Wishart.

By the late REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D., Edinburgh.

(Continued from page 255.)

Another base attempt of the same kind was a few weeks afterwards defeated in like manner, Wishart's conduct in both instances teaching us that had the occasion called for it, and had not a holier and more heavenly spirit possessed him, he had been as vigilant of eye, as cool in danger, as prompt to action, as the best of our mere battle-field heroes. When the plague left Dundee, Wishart visited Montrose. A letter bearing the signature of a well-beloved friend in the parish of Kilmany, in Fifeshire, was here put into his hands, purporting that his friend had been seized with a sudden and dangerous illness, and entreating him to come to him with all diligence. Wishart at once mounted the horse that the messenger had brought with him, and was already outside the town, when, stopping suddenly, he said to those who were accompanying him,—“I will not go; I am assured that there is treason. Go to yonder place, and tell me what ye find.” They went to the place he indicated, and there in ambush were sixty well-armed men ready to have seized him.

From Montrose, Wishart went to Edinburgh to meet there some friends from Ayrshire. On his way a strong presentiment of his approaching death and martyrdom took possession of him. One night the friends in whose house he was staying watched him going out, and saw him with many sobs and groans first fall upon his knees and then upon his face, and continue so upon the ground for nearly an hour's space. They urged him in the morning to tell them what was weighing so heavily upon his heart. “I will tell you,” said he, “that I am assured that my travail is near an end. Therefore, call to God for me, that I shrink not now when the battle waxeth most hot.” “But,” he added, as they began to weep, “God shall send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's gospel as clearly as ever was any realm since the days of the apostles. The house of God shall be builded in it, yea, it shall not lack the very copestone. Neither shall the time be long; there shall not many suffer after me.” Not finding in Edinburgh the friends he came to meet, he put himself under the guidance and protection of Chricton of Brunston, Douglas of Longniddrie, and Cockburn of Ormiston, three tried friends of the Reformation in East Lothian. While with them, he preached at Inveresk, Tranent, and Haddington, numbers flocking to hear him. Since the attempt upon his life at Dundee, some trusty friend had always been in the habit of bearing before him, when he appeared in public, a two-handed sword. This duty was now entrusted to one then young in years but ardent in faith, destined afterwards to be the chief instrument in the establishment of the Reformed faith in Scotland. His last sermon was preached in Haddington. At its close he took an affectionate farewell of his other friends, as he was going to spend the night at Ormiston. John Knox, who bore the sword before him that day, as usual, would have accompanied him, but he strictly forbade him, and ordered the sword to be given to another. “Nay,” said he to him, as he still asked to be permitted to go, “return to your children, and God bless you. One is sufficient for the sacrifice.” That night the Earl of Bothwell and his band surrounded the house in which Wishart was lying,

and after a solemn pledge, not long of being violated, that he would not give him up to the Cardinal, Wishart was committed to his hands. After lying a short time as a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, he was carried to St. Andrews. It was in the end of January, 1546, that he arrived, and the Cardinal named the 27th of the following month as the day of his trial. He summoned a large convention of the clergy for that day, and wrote to the Regent, asking that a commission should be given to some noblemen to be present, and append the civil sanction to the sentence. Arrau's conscience for the moment was touched, and he sent word in reply, "that he should not precipitate the man's trial, but to delay it till his coming," protesting, that if the Cardinal did otherwise, "the man's blood would be required at his hands." The prelate's haughty answer bore, "That he wrote not unto the governor as though he depended in the matter upon his authority, but out of a desire he had that the heretic's condemnation might proceed with a show of public consent; which, since he could not obtain, he would be doing himself that which he held most fitting."

The narrative of the trial, of which a full account is preserved, is a painful record of the coarsest invective met with meekness, patience, and charity. On the 28th he was condemned to die next day. Permission was asked to administer to him the sacrament. It was refused. The night was spent in prayer. In the morning the captain of the castle invited him to breakfast with his family. The invitation was accepted. When all was ready at the table, Wishart rose: "I beseech you," he said, "in the name of God, and for the love you bear to our Saviour Jesus Christ, to be silent a little while, till I have made a short exhortation, and blessed the bread which we are to eat, so that I may bid you farewell." All were silent around the table. With the utmost solemnity and entire composure, he then for nearly half-an-hour discoursed on the passion and death of Christ, exhorting to mutual love and holiness of heart and life; then giving thanks, he brake the bread, and, partaking of it himself, distributed to those around. Having done the same with a cup of wine that stood upon the table, he offered a short prayer, and adding, "I will eat and drink no more in this life," he bade them farewell, and retired to his chamber.

Two executioners soon entered. They threw on him a black linen cloak, put a rope about his neck, an iron chain round his waist, and fastened some bags of gunpowder to different parts of his body. Thus prepared, they led him out to the appointed place. This had been chosen at the foot of what is called the Castle Wynd, nearly opposite to the eastern tower or corner of the castle, in order that, lolling on rich cushions laid down at a window in that tower, the Cardinal and his friends might feast their eyes with the spectacle. On the scaffold, Wishart, addressing the people, said, "I beseech you, Christian brethren, that ye be not offended at the word of God, for the afflictions and torments that ye see already prepared for me. For that word's sake and true evangel, which was given to me by the grace of God, I suffer this day by men, not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind. Consider and behold my visage. Ye shall not see me change my colour. This grim fire I fear not. Some have said of me that I taught that the soul of man should sleep till the last day; but I know surely, and my faith is such, that my soul shall be this night

with my Saviour in the heavens." Bending on his knees he offered up the prayer,—“I beseech thee, Father of heaven, to forgive them that have of any ignorance, or else of any evil mind, forged any lies upon me. I forgive them with all my whole heart. I beseech Christ to forgive them that have condemned me to death this day ignorantly.” Rising from his knees he was bound to the stake, and thrice he cried aloud, “O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!” The fire was kindled. The powder bags blew up. He was sadly scorched, but the captain of the castle, who stood near, perceiving that he was still alive, bade him be of good courage, and commend his soul to God. “This flame,” said the dying martyr, “hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he who from yonder high place beholdeth us with such pride shall within few days lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly to rest himself.” As he spake these words, one of the executioners drew the rope tight that was about his neck, the fire burned more fiercely around him, and in a short time the body was consumed to ashes.

Mr. Gadsby and the Prayer, “Lord, Help Me!” *

THE late Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester, once preached at Rochdale from the text, “Lord, help me!” Having read his text, he took off his spectacles and in his usual deliberate way, looked round on the congregation, saying, “Friends, by way of introduction, I will tell you how I came by my text; and if you will allow me to speak in the first person, I can tell you more easily by saying “I” than “he.”

“Well, then, before I was fully devoted to the ministry, I was in business, and, as most business men do, I worked a little on credit. When I gave up business and settled as a preacher and pastor of a congregation, I owed several sums of money, but much more was owing to me, so I had no fear of being able to pay my creditors. One of these creditors, to whom I owed twenty pounds, called upon me for the payment. I said to him, ‘I will see what I can do for you next Monday.’ He called on the Monday, but I had not got the money. He was rather cross with me, saying I had no business to promise unless I intended to perform. This observation roused my pride, and I told him I would pay him on the coming Monday. He went away in a rage, saying he hoped I would.

“I set out the following day to see some of my debtors, not fearing but that I could raise the twenty pounds; but I did not get one farthing. I tried others, but with the same result. I then put down on a sheet of paper the names of several of my friends, certain that I could borrow twenty pounds from any one of them; but to my utter amazement, I was mistaken. All of them could sympathise with me a deal better than lend me anything; and I began to find out that if a man wants to know how many friends he has, he had better try to borrow some money. The next day I made out another list of names, of those not so well able to help me as the former, for I thought that if I can get five pounds here and five pounds there, I shall be able to raise it all. I travelled many miles

*Reproduced from *Hope Chapel (Baptist) Circular*, by kind permission of Pastor Frank L. Rowell, Rochdale, Lancashire.

on my errand, spending a whole day, but returned in the evening without one penny. I began to ask myself, 'How is this, that I, a respectable man, and, as people say, a popular preacher, cannot, in the whole of my acquaintances, borrow twenty pounds.' My pride got a terrible shake, and I felt very little indeed.

"Friday came, and my spirits were sinking. I could not tell which way to turn. I had promised to pay, and was very anxious to fulfil my promise for good reasons—my honour and veracity as a minister of the Gospel were at stake. I feared that if I did not pay the man, he would send me the bailiffs, and for a minister to have the bailiffs would be a terrible disgrace. I read the seventy-third psalm that morning at family worship, for I thought it was nearest my case. The mournful portions of God's Word best agree with the feelings of God's mourning people. I began to look out texts for the Sabbath, but I could find none, for I could think of nothing but twenty pounds. I tried to read, but it was of no use; twenty pounds covered all the letters. Twenty pounds seemed written on everything—on the ceiling, on the walls, in the fire, on my dinner plates, on the faces of my wife and children, so that the whole of that day was one of morbid depression of spirits. I was really miserable.

"Saturday morning came, and I rose from a sleepless bed. I ate very little breakfast, and, when at prayer I was so overcome with my feelings that my wife asked me if I was poorly or in trouble. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am in trouble enough,' and I then told her all about the cause of my sorrow. She was silent for a few minutes, and then said, 'You have often talked and preached about the power of faith; I think you now need some yourself.' Having said this, she rose from her chair, and went rattling amongst her pots and kettles. She was evidently mortified because I had been refused the money by those she had considered our friends. 'My wife,' I said to myself, 'is a good Christian woman, but she thinks works are the best evidence of faith, both in preacher and people.' Saturday was spent much as Friday had been. I was in a state of torpor till evening. I then went upstairs into a little room I called my study, with a heavy heart, for I had to preach three times on Sabbath, and no text—twenty pounds to pay on Monday, and no money. What was I to do? For a long time I sat with my face buried in my hands, and then I fell on my knees and, I believe, I said 'Lord, help me!' a hundred times, for I could say nothing else. While praying I felt a strong impression that these words might serve me for at least one text, and as Sabbath came before Monday, I began to prepare as well as I could for the Sabbath's work, but no other text could I think of but 'Lord, help me!'

"While preaching on the Sabbath morning, I had so many thoughts and illustrations arising out of the subject that I felt very great liberty in preaching. One of my illustrations was about a man I knew well, who was a deacon of a church, and had been an executor for two orphan children. He was tempted to make use of the money, and much of it was lost. This so preyed upon his mind that he began to drink. He lost his character, lost his office, lost his peace of mind, and died with the notoriety of a rogue. 'Now,' I said, 'had this man, the executor, when he first thought of taking the children's money, resisted the temptation, calling on God to help him to do nothing but what a professing Christian

ought to do, instead of losing the money, his good name, his peace of mind, and perhaps his soul, God might have heard his prayer and saved him.' Noon came, and my sermon was not half done. I preached from it again in the afternoon, and again in the evening, and I felt that I could have preached from it for a week. So, you see, the Lord helped me through my work on the Sabbath, and I believed He would, some way, on the Monday.

"After finishing the night's service, when I got to the bottom of the pulpit stairs, a young man stood there, with his hat in hand, wishing to see me in private. I took him into the vestry and requested his errand, expecting it would be something about his soul. For several minutes we were both silent, but at length he said, 'You knew my mother, Mr. Gadsby?' I looked him in the face, saying, 'Surely I did, but I did not know you at first sight.' 'Well, sir, when she died she left me some money; all she had except two small sums she wished me to give—one sum of five pounds to a poor old woman of her acquaintance: and, then, speaking of you, she said, 'Our minister needs help, and I wish you to give him twenty pounds.' I paid the five pounds to the poor woman, but thinking no one knew, I resolved never to give you the twenty pounds. But while you were speaking about the roguish executor this morning I felt thunderstruck, and I have now brought you the twenty pounds. Here it is. Do take it, and forgive me.' It was now my turn to be thunderstruck. I was amazed, and while the young man was putting the twenty sovereigns into my hand I trembled all over. God had heard my prayer; He helped me through the Sabbath, and sent me the twenty pounds for the Monday. It was mine, and I took it. I shook the young man by the hand, and without putting the money into my pocket I went home, spread it out on the table before my wife, saying, 'Here it is. I see now how it was that I could not borrow the money. God knew where it was, and He has sent me the twenty pounds and delivered me out of my trouble. He has heard my prayer, and helped me, and I will trust Him and praise Him while I live.' Ah! my dear friends, when that little prayer, 'Lord, help me!' comes from the heart of one of God's children in distress, neither men, devils, nor angels, can tell its power. It has brought me thousands of blessings, besides the twenty pounds. Truly 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform'."

The Conversion of William Huntington, S.S.

*William Huntington's conversion, as related by himself in his
"Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer."*

"I HAVE now brought my reader to the day of jubilee (one of the most remarkable deliverances from all his sorrows that any man has ever experienced). It was in the winter season, a little before so-called Christmas. My business at that time was pruning the wall trees. I was one day cutting a large pear tree; and while standing on the ladder, pensive in thought, and sometimes fretting because there was no deliverance for me from this blasphemous temptation (about election), and with my thoughts all captured and kept in hold under the sceptre of eternal death,

I said to myself, 'O what a place hell must be! I have already got the earnest of it in my heart. Our clergy will not tell us which way we can be saved, though they know, yea, they must know, because they are learned. All the prayers which I have read will not do, nor do any of the ministers express my case in their sermons. *The Whole Duty of Man* holds forth what I cannot perform; the more I strive against sin, the more violent are my temptations, and the more defiled my heart appears. I strive to be holy, but I cannot. I strive to please God, and to appease His wrath, but in vain. I get worse and worse, and God's displeasure burns the hotter. When I go to church I am only grieved, for the minister longs to finish; some of the people sleep and some laugh, while others only admire each other's beauty and dress. If I read the Bible, I cannot make one part agree with the other; if one passage comes with any encouragement or comfort, another occurs to my mind full fraught with terror and vengeance, and cuts it off. The doctrine of election is dreadful. I have searched it out, and it is the truth; I have tried to write down all the places where it is mentioned, but cannot, for the Bible is full of it. If I am not elected, I shall never be saved, do what I will; I will, therefore, strive no more, but expect the worst, which ere long I shall surely know. Oh, that I had been upon the earth when the Saviour was! I would have followed Him, however He had used me. But alas! the Jews were a highly favoured people. O that I was a Jew! But I am not; I am a Gentile, and I am a sinner!'

"While I was standing on my ladder, pondering on the doctrine of election, sinking in despondency, or rather despair, wishing for more books of prayers and fretting because I could get none that would suit my case: behold, suddenly a great light shined round about me (Acts xxii. 6), quick as lightning, and far superior to the brightness of the sun; but whether my bodily eyes saw it or not, I know not, but this I know, that it shined into my heart (II Cor. iv. 6), and it brought, as I thought, all the Scriptures that I had read to my remembrance (John xiv. 26), and impressed them, in their spiritual meaning, with uncommon energy on my mind (Jer. xxxi. 33). And there appeared in the vision two straight lines, drawn throughout the whole world, and I know they were God's lines, fallen unto me in pleasant places, for I have a goodly heritage (Ps. xvi. 6). One of these lines consisted of commandments, conditional promises, threatenings and curses; and these belonged to the wicked; they are their portion from God (Job xx. 29), and the curses from Mount Ebal (Deut. xxvii. 13). The other line was unconditional promises and sweet invitations from Christ, and these belong to God's elect. And the human race was divided into two classes, in the open vision, all arranged before the eyes of my mind, and there was no more. The one is the line of confusion (Isa. xxxiv. 11), the other the line of inheritance (Ps. lxxviii. 55). All this was done in a minute. The plan is still in my mind, and will ever remain there, and, it is Scriptural, as it is written, 'Even with two lines measured he to put to death, and with one full line to keep alive' (II Sam. viii. 2). These are God's lines, and agree with the curse from Ebal and His blessing from Gerizim; and these were the two lines which the apostles were sent to stretch out (Ps. xix. 4; II Cor. x. 16).

"All my thoughts were taken up in pondering the plan of these two covenants, and the two classes of people that were under them; and one

of these cords must be stretched out to reach every stake of the tabernacle (Isa. liv. 2). I was as though I had been enwrapt in the full blaze of the sunbeams. My hair stood upright, and my blood rankled in my veins, fearing this was to bring me to my dreadful and long-expected end, for I knew not as yet of which class I was to die a member, not being pardoned. Thus Paul was enlightened with the light that shone round about him (to which vision I have often compared mine), but it was three days after the light shined that he received the Holy Ghost in that powerful manner, as you read in the ninth chapter of the Acts.

"I now came down from the ladder, and stood looking this way and that, but could see nothing except the vision. I cried out, 'What is it? What is it? What is it?' fearing it was something to bring me to my end, and that I should have no part in that sweet line of promises and invitations which I saw belonged to the elect, who were emphatically styled heirs of promise. Immediately I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me in plain words, 'Lay by your forms of prayer, and go pray to Jesus Christ; do not you see how pitifully He speaks to sinners?' These are the words *verbatim*, for I think that I shall never forget them.

"'I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision' (Acts xxvi. 19), but went to my little tool-house to pray; yet I cannot remember that I had at that time any faith in the Saviour, or expectations of being heard or answered; to all appearance I was sunk too low for that. I rather thought this vision was to bring me to my final end. Therefore I trembled in myself, and was almost desperate, fearing that I should shortly sink under that awful line of dreadful threatenings and curses. When I came into my little tool-house, to the best of my remembrance, I did as I usually had done, that is, I pulled off my blue apron, and covered my head and face with it, for I was like the poor publican, I could not even look up to God; I was afraid He would damn me if I offered to do it. I kneeled down and began to pray *extempore*, in the language of one desperate, precisely thus: 'O Lord, I am a sinner, and Thou knowest it. I have tried to make myself better, but cannot. If there is any way left in which Thou canst save me, do Thou save me; if not, I must be damned, for I cannot try any more, and will not.'

"The very moment the last sentence had dropped from my lips the Spirit of grace and of supplications was poured into my soul (Zech. xii. 10), and I forthwith spake as the Spirit gave me utterance (Acts ii. 4). I immediately prayed with such energy, eloquence, fluency, boldness, and familiarity as quite astonished me, as much as though I should now speak Arabic, a language that I never learned a syllable of. And the blessed Spirit of God poured the sweet promises into my heart, from all parts of the Scriptures, in a powerful manner, and helped my infirmities greatly, by furnishing my faltering tongue with words to plead prevalently with God. Yea, that blessed Spirit enabled me to compass the Almighty about with His own promises, which were so suitable to my case that His blessed Majesty could not get out of His own blessed bonds. It came to pass that, after I had been wrestling in this manner for about the space of a quarter of an hour, behold, Jesus Christ appeared to me in a most glorious and conspicuous manner, with all His body stained with blood! He appeared in His aspect as one greatly dishonoured and much abused, and yet inclined to pity me. I turned my eyes from Him, but He pursued

me, and was still before me. I fell to the ground and laid on my face, but could not shun the sight. I never before saw sin in such a light as I then did.

"The more I strove to avoid Him, the nearer He approached, the vision opened brighter and brighter, and the impression was made deeper upon my mind, and the more I condemned myself, and tried to creep into darkness from His sight, the more He smiled upon me, and the more He melted, renewed, and comforted my soul. When I found I could not shun Him nor shut out His dissolving beams, I arose from the ground and went into the garden. Here I found all my temptations were fled, my hard thoughts of God and the dreadful ideas I had of Him in His righteous Law were dissipated; my sins, which had stood before me for so many months, with their ghastly and formidable appearance, had spread their wings and taken flight, as far from me as the east is from the west, so that no bird remained upon the sacrifice. My darkness was dispelled by the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and life and immortality appeared in such a glorious point of view, that I swooned in the soul-renewing and soul-transporting flames of everlasting love! All the horrors of the damned, and meditations upon their irrevocable doom, vanished; confusion and despair sunk into oblivion; the self-existent Jehovah, the God of armies, had put all to flight, and kept both throne and field alone, waving the banner of eternal love. The reprobate and awful lines of threatenings were all set at the foot of the mount, and I was brought under the covenant line of God's elect; while the unconditional promises of an everlasting Gospel stood as numerous as the leaves in autumn to secure my interest in a finished salvation. My thoughts were sweetly established; my mind was serenely composed; my doubts and fears finally fled; my conscience appeared a mysterious principality, divinely governed by the Prince of peace; my affections were rapturously inflamed; my will sweetly resigned; and grace, with all her comforting operations, swaying her uncontrollable spectre over every faculty of my soul. Thus sin, Satan, death, destruction, horror, despair, unbelief, confusion, and distraction struck their flags, and were routed, vanquished and slain before the triumphant Redeemer's divine artillery, displayed from the wonderful armoury, the mystery of the cross, where God and sinners meet. I went into the tool-house in all the agonies of the damned, and returned with the kingdom of God established in my heart. O happy year! O happy day! Blessed minute! Sacred spot! Yea, rather, blessed be my dear Redeemer, Who 'delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling' (Ps. cxvi. 8).

"I now went and tried to work, but could not; for I had not a thought at my command, nor an affection but what was in Heaven, nor was it in my power to recall them thence, for my heart was where my treasure was (Matt. vi. 21). I went to my tool-house to fetch a tool, but before I reached the spot I forgot what I wanted. I stood trembling, laughing, crying and rejoicing, and saying, 'What do I want? What do I want?' but I could not recollect which tool I wanted. So I went back again to my work, and stood looking at it, but my soul was fled to her own mansion, and the poor gardener was left alone. As I could do nothing without her, I was just like a mere machine without wheels. After I had stood

considering a long time, I thought it was a hoe I wanted, then I ran to my tool-house, crying out as I went, 'Hoe, hoe, hoe, hoe!' but before I could reach the tool-house my thoughts and the hoe were fled together. I then went back a second time, and stood looking at my work, laughing and crying aloud for joy. When I was able to consider a little, I remembered it was a rake I wanted. Then I set off again, as fast as I could walk, to my tool-house, crying out, 'Rake, rake, rake, rake!' but before I could get to my journey's end, the thought of the rake went after the hoe, so that I could get neither of them. I was like poor blessed Peter, when he said, 'It is good to be here,' but knew not what he said. I now went back the third time, and gave up all hopes of being able to work, and I considered with myself what I should do in the case. If I did not work I could not conscientiously receive my wages, and, if I received no pay, my wife and child must suffer for want of bread. As for myself, I regarded not food, nor do I believe I should have felt the want of it had I starved to death.

"However, all my efforts to work would not do; Jesus Christ was come; it was the year of jubilee with me, and the earth must bring forth of herself, for I could not till the ground. The servant was now freed from his master, and my hands were delivered from the pots. My soul had got on the wings of a dove; she had fled to keep holy-day, and I was determined to keep holy-day also. I therefore left the garden and went to Sunbury Common, where I could walk as many miles as I pleased without being molested, and there I blessed and praised God with a loud voice, without anybody listening to the glorious converse which I held with my dear Redeemer.

"When I came there I was amazed, for the whole creation appeared in such embroidery as I had never before seen. 'His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise' (Hab. iii. 3). Indeed, I could not compare myself to anything, unless it was to one who had been shut up in a dark cell from the moment of his birth till he arrived at the age of twenty or thirty years, and then was turned into the world on a glorious sunshiny day, and placed on an eminence, where he could survey the greatest part of the world at one view."

The Helpfulness of Grace.

By ROBERT TRAILL, London, 1696.

1. The grace of God helps always to purpose, and effectually. This grace helped Paul to *labour more abundantly than all the apostles*, I Cor. xv. 10. I say not, that this is always sensible to the receiver; but only that grace given is always really effectual for the end for which it is given. It is not given in vain.

2. The grace of God helps universally. There is no case wherein it is not helpful. As *without Christ we can do nothing*, John xv. 5; so, *through him strengthening*, we may *do all things*, or *any thing*, Phil. iv. 13. A Christian can imagine, can foresee no condition, no trial, no difficulty,

wherein the Lord's grace cannot help him. So the text runs, *that we may find grace to help in time of need*. Let the time be what it will, and the need what it will, grace can help in it. It were a sad weakness of faith for any Christian to say, *I am in that condition, that the grace of God cannot help me in*. His grace is omnipotent.

3. Grace helps sweetly. I mean, that it doth not help as an external help, but as an internal. As for a familiar similitude: A weak and weary, or lame person, may be helped by the strength of another, or by being carried; but this is but external help. This weak or lame person is helped far better, when his infirmity is removed, and new strength given to him, so that he can pleasantly walk and run: Psalm cxxxviii. 3. *In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me; and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul*. It is true, the grace of God, wherein our strength consists, is without us, and in him; but it is inwardly applied to us, when strength is found and felt. Therefore is it that believers not only find, by the dispensings of his helping grace, an effectual strength for their work and duty; but a great deal of sweetness and easiness in the exerting of that gracious help. So Psalm cxix. 32, *I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart*. When he draws, we run, Song i. 4. When such helping influences of grace come on believers, holy obedience becomes in a manner as sweet, easy, and natural to them, as it is to a man that hath bodily strength, to use it in speaking, walking, or working: Isa. xl. 31. *They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew (or change) their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint*. Psalm ciii. 5. *Thy youth is renewed like the eagles*, is one of the notes in the Psalmist's sweet song. No saint is ignorant of this in his own experience. Who knows not, that at some times their work is heavy, and is a burden too heavy for them; at other times it is as light as a feather; and as pleasant and easy to them, as for a bird that hath wings to fly?

4. *Lastly*, The grace of God helps very mysteriously. Sometimes its help is very secret; and at other times it is very plain to be discovered. Its help is sometimes so secret, that the saints cannot know or discern it at present, but they are made to know it afterwards: Psalm lxxiii. 2. *But as for me, my feet were almost gone: my steps had well-nigh slipt*. Ver. 22. *So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee*. This is the account he gives of the power of the temptation he was under, and of the bad frame it had brought upon him. Ver. 23. *Nevertheless, I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand*. He did not know this, till he was brought out of the darkness of the temptation: but then he did discern, that there had been a secret support given him, otherwise he had fallen utterly.

Secondly, What encouragement have we to come to the throne of grace for this helping grace?

1. The proposal and revelation made to us of this grace as helpful, is an encouragement to come for it. Hath the Lord revealed his grace, as only helpful to his people; and should they not come for that help? Your faith is not very strong and active, unless you can catch at the grace of God, without a plain particular promise. I say not, but there are

promises many and great of this helping grace, and that faith must build upon them, and doth: but I only mean, that the bare revelation of the treasures of grace that are with the Lord, should, when an interest in the promises is dark, encourage a poor soul to come for a share of this grace of God: Psalm cxxx. 4. *But there is forgiveness with thee.* He saith not, *There is forgiveness for me;* but, *There is forgiveness with thee.* So verse 7. *Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.* Wherefore is this *forgiveness*, this *mercy*, this *redemption*, with the Lord; and why is it revealed; but that the guilty should come for this *forgiveness*, the miserable for this *mercy*, the many-ways captives for this *plenteous redemption*? The Lord's fulness of grace is an argument for our faith, as well as his goodness and faithfulness in making and performing promises of grace.

2. But we have promises also for our encouragement. Promises imply God's fulness of grace; but do express his good will to dispense it, and do bind and engage his truth to fulfil them, to all that take God at his word, and trust him on his word. It is a pity, that ever the *exceeding great and precious promises*, and *precious faith*, II Peter i. 1, 4, should be parted. Mark x. 49. *And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called: and they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.* They had no promise; but they understood Christ's calling of the blind man, was an act of mercy, and on a design of shewing more mercy. But we have many promises of grace.

3. We have all the experience of the communication of his grace, according to his promises, for our encouragement in coming for grace. Every supplicant for grace should encourage his heart, by all the Lord's dispensings of his grace. How many of these are revealed in the word! and many like them daily are to be seen in the church of Christ. If you have such experiences of your own, build upon them, praise for them, and beg more. If you have none of your own, behold the showers of grace, that have fallen upon many as bad as yourselves, and which have changed them into that same blessed state that you desire to be in.

APPLICATION. 1. Is the grace of God thus helpful? and should we come to the throne of grace for the help of grace? Then we see, that weak Christians should pray most. Such as can do least for themselves, have most need of grace to help them, and should seek it most. Is any man under a clear conviction, by the light of the word, and his own sensible experience, that he is extremely weak, and utterly unable for any good word or work? This man, of all men, should pray most. Manage your sense of weakness, as a call to ask much of this helping grace of God.

2. Surely, then, coming to the throne of grace for grace to help, must be hopeful work. If at any time Satan, or an ungodly world, should tempt you, or your own heart fail you, in fears of the unprofitableness of seeking God, have this as a ready answer: "I am fit for nothing, his grace can help me in everything. Whither should I go but to the throne of grace? What can I beg there but his grace?" Say with David, Psalm lvii. 2, 3. *I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me. He shall send from heaven, and save me. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.* And will not these save any man?

(To be continued.)

The late Rev. Thomas Houghton.

Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

By REV. J. P. MACQUEEN.

SOME months ago, in a comment in our Magazine, we warned our readers, many of whom are also regular readers of the *Gospel Magazine*, relative to the favourable reviews of books on Pre-millennarianism appearing then in the pages of that otherwise excellent and edifying evangelical undenominational magazine. In case some may have concluded from our comment that we had fallen out of hearty sympathy with the witness of that excellent evangelical periodical, we wish to state emphatically that it is far otherwise, and that our only objection to the *Gospel Magazine* was against these favourable reviews of books bearing on the subject of Pre-millennarianism. It was during our itinerary in Canada and the United States that we were especially shocked by the extravagantly unbecoming views held, and the methods of propagation employed, by those holding Pre-millennarian views of the Second Advent, and we then resolved to oppose and expose this blatant caricature of Scriptural and divine truths. In one city in Canada, for instance, during the present writer's sojourn there, a lady teacher who stayed in the same house with us, went to the local Dispensational Pre-millennarian Church on a Sabbath night, to see things for herself at first hand. On her return she said she was horrified to see in the Church a dramatic representation of the Second Advent stage-acted. Those on the lower platform represented those who were to be left behind in the so-called "tribulation," whose foreheads were marked by a man with an ink-horn in his hand, with "the mark of the beast," and the bodily tortures, contortions, and agonies they were supposed to undergo were gruesome and lurid in the extreme. On the upper platform were men and women, all dressed in white, with palms in their hands, representing the Church being triumphantly raptured, and Christ coming in the clouds to meet them. The religious extravagances of the pre-millennarian Fifth Monarchy Men in England were tame in comparison with the foregoing impious, dramatic representations and caricature of the most solemnly awe-inspiring events yet to be. Knowing these facts, we were duty-bound to warn our readers, but, notwithstanding, we would otherwise like to pay deserved tribute to one of the finest Christian gentlemen it has been our privilege to meet on life's journey, while regretting very much his Pre-millennarian views.

Rev. Thomas Houghton, editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and a faithful and godly minister of the evangelical section of the Church of England, passed to his everlasting rest and reward in 1950, aged 92 years, after having served his generation, by voice and pen, according to the will of God. It is interesting to record that when he was offered the editorship of the evangelical *Gospel Magazine*, he at first refused, owing to the arduous nature of the work of his wide parish. Shortly after his refusal he lost his voice, and, thinking himself useless for the work of the ministry, he then accepted the editorship of the *Gospel Magazine*, and, wonderful to relate, immediately his voice was restored to normal. Previously, the *Gospel Magazine* had as editors men as distinguished for their intellectual gifts as they were eminent for piety, especially its first editor, the renowned Augustus M. Toplady, the author of the famous

hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me." For uncompromising fidelity to evangelical principle, Rev. Thomas Houghton was not a whit behind the best of these.

He was a regular reader and sincere admirer of the *Free Presbyterian Magazine* from its inception till the day of his death. He corresponded cordially with the late Rev. J. S. Sinclair, our Magazine's first and worthy editor. He also corresponded with Rev. D. Beaton, whom he met in London at one of the annual conferences of the Sovereign Grace Union. He quoted frequently, in the *Gospel Magazine*, from the *Free Presbyterian Magazine*, and often reproduced from it entire articles. He was the author of many books, booklets and pamphlets, bearing on evangelical subjects generally, and also books and booklets on present-day heresies and errors. These books and booklets were in popular demand, and obtained a wide circulation among true evangelical believers.

He was noted for his strict and Scriptural observance of the Lord's Day. He condemned, with uncompromising fidelity, the running of vehicles for commercial gain on the Lord's Day, and while he unsparingly condemned listening-in on the wireless on Sabbath, he declined to have a wireless set in his house even on week-days, because the abuse far exceeded the use in this connection. It was altogether remarkable that so faithful a minister of the Gospel could be found in the heterodox Church of England, with its widespread Modernist and Anglo-Catholic corruption. He was a gentle but firm witness for "the truth as it is in Jesus" in his day and generation, and as fine a Christian gentleman as the present writer ever knew. "The righteous man's memorial shall everlasting prove" (Ps. cxii. 6, metrical version).

Aonadh ri Crìosd.

Leis an Urr. IAIN MAC A' CHOMBAICH, D.D., Lite.

(Air a leantuin bhò t.d. 261.)

4. Is e aonadh spioradail a th'ann, aonadh leis am bheil iad, air dhoibh a bhi ceangailt' ris an Tighearn, na'n aon spiorad ris. Mar a tha aon anam a beothachadh agus a gluasad, araon an ceann agus na buill anns a' chorp nàdurra, mar sin tha aon Spiorad, an dearbh Spiorad, a gabhail comhnuidh ann an Crìosd agus anns a chreidmheach. A deir Pòl, "Mur eil Spiorad Crìosd aig neach, cha bhuin e dhà." Rom. viii. 9. Ma thà, a thaobh a cheangal-pòsaidh, fear agus bean na'n aon fheoil, nach motha gu mòr a tha Iosa agus an creidmheach, 'n uair a tha iad air an aonadh mar so, a tighinn gu bhi na'n aon Spiorad. Am bheil an Spiorad Naomh, mar a tha e na chomhnuidh ann an Crìosd, na Spiorad gràis? Mar sin tha e air a dhòrtadh a mach air a chreidmheach na Spiorad gràis mar an ceudna; oir a mach a lànachd Crìosd that e faotainn gràs air son gràis. Tha'n creidmheach, do bhrìgh e bhi air aonadh ri Crìosd, a co-phàrtachadh de na h-aon bhuadhan agus oibre ri Crìosd a thaobh an gné, ged nach eil anns an aon tomhas. 'S e so an t-aobhar gu'm bheil aonadh beo air a ràdh ris.

5. 'S e aonadh bunaiteach a th'ann; oir, ann an aon seadh, is e bunait gach sochair eile a tha aig a chreidmheach. Is leibhse na h-uile ni, oir is le Criosd sibhse tre aonadh beo ris. Is e bunait gach uile ùmhlachd thaitneach. "Mar nach urrain a gheug toradh a thoirt uaipe fein, mar fan i 's an fhionain, cha mho is urrain sibhse, mur fan sibh annamsa," bunait gach comhfhurtachd spioradail. Tha an naomh, am feadh 's a tha e'n gleann na'n deur so, ann am meadhon naimhdean a tha ullamh gus a shlugadh suas, agus ann am meadhon thrioblaidhean móra; ach bho'n a tha e air aonadh ri Comhfhurtachd Israel, bitheadh comhfhurtachd aige. Tha e na aon ri Iosa Criosd, agus na'n sguireadh an Slanuighear iochdmhor so, air son aon mhomaint, a bhi gabhail cùram dheth, sguireadh e bhi gabhail cùram dheth fein. Is e Criosd bunait na beath do'n a chreidmheach. "Do bhrìgh gu'm bheil mise beo bithidh sibhse beo mar an ceudna." Eoin xiv. 19. Am bheil aon agaibh falamh de spiorad na beatha? 'S ann do bhrìgh nach eil sibh air 'ur n-aonadh ris a Cheann bheo. Is e bunait dòchais a chreidmheach, "Criosd annaibh-se, dòchas na glòir," agus bunait urrainn agus àrdachaidh. Is e'n t-urram is àirde ghabhas a bhi air a chur air anam, e bhi air aonadh ri Criosd, dealradh glòir an Athar agus fìor iomhaigh a phearsa. Cia cho àrd 's a tha urram an fhìor chreidmheach!

6. Is e aonadh ann an sealladh an lagha a tha ann. Ged nach e a leithid a dh'aonadh laghail a th'ann agus a bha eadar Criosd agus an creidmheach bho'n uile shiorruidheachd, gidheadh 's e aonadh a th'ann a sheasas, agus a tha air aideachadh leis an lagh. Cha luaithe tha'n t-aonadh so a toiseachadh, anns an latha 's a bheil neach a creidsinn an toiseach, na tha h-uile ni a rinn agus a dh'fhuiling Criosd air son a chreidmheach air a mheas dha a reir an lagha, mar gu'm b'e fhein a rinn agus a dh'fhuiling iad. Mar sin tha e air a ràdh gu'm bheil e air a cheusadh maille ri Criosd; air àrdachadh maille ris, air dha bhi air adhlacadh maille ris tre'n bhaisteadh; air a thogail suas maille ris, anns am bheil sibh mar an ceudna air eirigh maille ris, tre'n chreidimh a tha air oibreachadh le Dia. Thog e suas sinn maille ris, agus thug e oirne suidh maille ris ann an ionadan neamhaidh ann an Criosd, a ciallachadh gu'm bheil, ann an sealladh an lagha, ceusadh, adhlacadh agus aiseirigh Iosa, Fear-urrais a chreimhich, air a meas gu ceart agus gu slàn ri chunntas, mar gu'm b'e fein a bha ceusda, marbh, agus adhlacaidh na phearsa fein. Tre'n aonadh so tha Criosd agus an creidmheach na'n aon a reir an lagha: air dhoibh a bhi mar so air am faotainn annsan, cha'n eil am fireantachd fein aca a tha a reir a lagha, ach an fhìreantachd a tha tre chreidimh Criosd.

7. Is e aonadh dìomhair a tha'n so. "Is dìomhaireachd mhòr so," Eph. v. 32. Am bheil aon agaibh a miannachadh a bhi cluinntean dìomhaireachdan? O ciod e na dìomhaireachdan do-labhairt agus làn ioghnaidh a tha'n so. Criosd ann an neamh, fada bhos ceann na'n uile ni; agus, gidheadh anns a chreidmheach air an talamh, neach a tha ni's lugha na'n aon is lugha de thròcairean Dhé. Criosd, Pearsa neo-chrìochnach, astar neo-chrìochnach bho nàdur eriochnach a chreidmheach, agus an creidmheach beo troimh-san; ag imeachd anns a chreidmheach, agus an creidmheach ag imeachd maille ris; a gabhail còmhnuidh na chridhe, agus esan aig an aon am a gabhail còmhnuidh ann an Dia; Criosd a gabhail a chreidmheach mar aon dhe neamhnaidean, agus an creidmheach a cur uime Chriosd; Criosd a ghnàth an ni ceudna gun atharrachadh air

bith, agus gidheadh an creidmheach ag ith fheola agus ag ol fhuil; Criosd ann an neamh, agus an Criosduidh air an talamh, agus gidheadh, gu dlùth air an aonadh ri cheile. Am bheil diomhaireachdan anns an aonadh do-sheachaint' a tha eadar an t-Athair agus am Mac, agus anns an aonadh phearsanta a tha eadar nàduir na Diadhachd agus na daonnachd? Tha diomhaireachdan do-labhairt anns an aonadh eadar Criosd agus an t-anam creidmheach, diomhaireachdan air am miann leis na h-ainglean beachdachadh. Cha robh diomhaireachd na bu mhotha riamh air a taisbeanadh do chloinn nan daoine diomhaireachd a tha ri chreidsinn, agus gidheadh nach gabh gu brath a bhi gu h-uile air a brethneachadh.

8. Is e aonadh nach gabh a bhi air a bhriseadh a th'ann. Tha e gu neo-chrìochnach làidir agus maireannach. Bithidh an creidmheach air a dhealachadh bho dhàimhean is dlùith, bho chàirdean is motha air am bheil eolas, bho na h-aoibhneasan talamhaidh air a' measail e, agus bithidh anam ann an ùine ghearr air a dhealachadh ri chorp; ach cha bhi e gu bràth air son aon mhomainnt air a dhealachadh ris an Tighearn Iosa. Smuaintich gu'm bithidh corp a chreidmheach air a losgadh, agus gach mìr dhe luaithe air an dealachadh bho cheile cho fad 's a tha'n àirde 'n ear bho 'n iar, bhithidh iad fathasd air an aonadh, air an aonadh gu neo-sgaraicht', ri Iosa Criosd. Rom. viii. 35-39. Mar nach d'rinn am bàs sgaradh anns an aonadh a tha am Pearsa Criosd, cha mhotha na sin is urrain e sgaradh a dheanamh anns an aonadh dhiomhair a tha eadar e agus na naomh. Tha'n cuirp, an deigh dhoibh cnàmh anns an uaigh, cho dluth-cheangailte ris an Tighearn Iosa agus a tha'n anamaibh a tha na'n còmhnuidh ann an lùchairtean na glòire. Tha iad na'n codal ann an Iosa: tha e coimhead an cnàmhan uile. Cha ghabh an t-aonadh so gu bràth a bhi air a bhriseadh: cha'n urrain creutair air bith a bhriseadh, agus cha bhris an Tighearn Iosa e fein e. Cha'n urrain an creutair a dheanamh, "ni mo is urrain neach air bith an spionadh as mo làimh-sa." Cha dean Esan, am Fear-saoraidh iochdmhor e; cha tionndaidh e air falbh bh'uaitha bho bhi deanamh maith dhoibh. O tearuinteachd, urram agus gloire an fhìor chreidmheach! Mairidh aonadh ri Criosd tre'n uile shìorruidheachd.

(R'a leantuinne.)

Notes and Comments.

Strange Happenings in the Churches.

According to newspaper reports, the pagan habit of playing "MacCrimmon's Lament" at the funerals of noted ecclesiastics and others, in Church of Scotland services, is becoming increasingly common. Some time ago, for instance, a well-known Church of Scotland Doctor of Divinity, after eulogising his elder, who had passed away the previous Saturday, asked the organist, at the Sabbath evening service, to play "MacCrimmon's Lament," and the report in the Highland weekly newspaper emphasised that "the congregation was deeply affected." More recently, a Doctor of Divinity, though reared in a Calvinistic atmosphere, gave orders for the same secular lament to be played on the bagpipes at his funeral. This is nothing short of Celtic paganism and spiritualistic

mysticism run riot, and deserves the severest condemnation, in the light of Christian Revelation. Another popular custom, this time among professedly orthodox evangelicals in Scotland, is becoming sadly common. When a minister, who has served a particular professedly evangelical congregation, leaves for a Modernistic denomination, the congregation is called together; elders and deacons, and some members, laud and eulogise the renegade minister to the skies, as they hand over to him a well-filled purse of treasury notes. The minister, in turn, speaks as flatteringly of the harmony that had existed between them these many years. This seems to indicate that in our backsliding days, solemn ordination vows are treated by people and ministers alike as scraps of paper, whether the minister leaves for a Modernist church or a Mohammedan mosque.—*J. P. MacQueen.*

Northern Newspaper and New R.C. School.

The following extracts are given from the leading article of *The North Star*, Dingwall, Saturday, 1st December, 1951:—

“Among local Scottish items of news in one of our daily papers this week we find this: ‘New R.C. School for Kilmarnock.’ ‘Kilmarnock Dean of Guild Court granted warrant for the erection by Ayr County Council of a Roman Catholic Secondary School in Grassyards Roads, Kilmarnock, at an estimated cost of £167,529. It was stated that it was intended at a later date to erect a primary school at the other end of the site and that playing fields to be laid out in the centre would serve the needs of both schools.’ When we read this item we thought, first of all of the anxiety shown over a proposed road in Protestant Dingwall, in case it might cost too much! Certain departments may be anxious to cut down public expenses. The Roman Catholic Church seems to have no compunction about that part of it!

“When we come to think of it, we are in a strange condition here, in a Scotland which is nominally a Protestant country. The Roman Catholics are entitled to have separate schools provided for them. The ordinary common-to-others schools are not good enough. So a great exception is made to suit one church. We are a great people, but we are also a peculiar people. Imagine what would happen in Italy or in Spain if Protestants demanded state-aided separate schools for Protestant children as their ecclesiastical right.”

Church Notes.

Communions.

March—First Sabbath, Ullapool; second, Ness and Portree; third, Finsbay; fourth, Kinlochbervie; fifth, North Tolsta. *April*—First Sabbath, Portnalong and Achmore; second, Fort William; third, Greenock; fourth, Glasgow and Wick. *May*—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Scourie and Broadford; third, Edinburgh. *June*—First Sabbath, Tarbert, Applecross and Coigach; second, Shildaig; third, Lochcarron, Glendale, Helmsdale, Dornoch and Uig; fourth, Inverness and Gairloch. *July*—First Sabbath, Lairg, Raasay and Beaully; second, Staffin, Tomatin and Tain; third, Halkirk, Rogart, Flashadder and Daviot; fourth, Achmore, Bracadale,

North Uist and Plockton. *August*—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree and Stratherrick; third, Bonar and Finsbay; fourth, Sternoway, Vatten, and Thurso.

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

London F.P. Communion Services.

The Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, London Congregation, Eccleston Hall, Eccleston Street, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. In connection with the dispensation of the Lord's Supper on Sabbath, 13th April, 1952, the following services have been arranged (D.V.), to be conducted by the Rev. William Grant, Halkirk, and the Rev. Donald Campbell, Edinburgh:—Thursday, 10th April—7 p.m.; Friday, 11th April—3.30 p.m. (Gaelic); and 7 p.m. (Fellowship Meeting); Saturday, 12th April—3.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. (Prayer Meeting); Sabbath, 13th April—11 a.m., 3.30 p.m. (Gaelic) (with corresponding English services in downstairs Hall, simultaneously), and 7 p.m.; Monday, 14th April—3.30 p.m. (Gaelic), and 7 p.m.

Services are held every Sabbath at 11 a.m., 3.45 p.m. (Gaelic), and 7 p.m. Weekly Prayer Meeting—Wednesday, 7 p.m.

Message of Sympathy to Her Majesty the Queen Mother.

The following message was sent by wire to Her Majesty the Queen Mother, on the 7th of February, 1952:—

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth,
Sandringham.

On behalf of the members of the Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, we herewith respectfully and sincerely offer Your Majesty, your daughter, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, Queen Mary, and all members of the Royal Family, deep and tender sympathy on the death of His beloved Majesty the King; and pray that the God of all grace and consolation, for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ, will grant Your Majesty and all members of the Royal Family divine comfort and strength in this season of sore bereavement and grief.

Rev. D. J. MACASKILL, *Moderator.*

Rev. ROBERT R. SINCLAIR, *Clerk.*

Free Presbyterian Manse,
Wick, Caithness.

Telegram of Sympathy Acknowledged.

The following telegram was received by the Clerk of Synod on 9th February, 1952:—

Clerk, Free Presbyterian Manse,
Wick, Caithness.

Her Majesty has deeply appreciated your telegram of sympathy.

PRIVATE SECRETARY,

Buckingham Palace.

Congregation of Dornoch, Sutherland: An Appeal.

One of the recent storms, which began about the afternoon of the last Sabbath of the year 1951, destroyed our Church at Evelix, Dornoch. It was a corrugated iron church, built fifty years ago. The congregation was then much larger than it is to-day, and did not require to appeal for help outside the parishes of Sutherland.

It is expected that a brick building will replace the old one on a much smaller scale. The congregation, however, seek earnestly the help of friends throughout the Church to meet the present-day cost in building.

Contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Rev. F. MacLeod, F.P. Manse, Evelix, Dornoch, Sutherland.

The Northern Presbytery endorse this appeal.

F. MACLEOD, *Clerk of Presbytery.*

African Mission: School Equipment.

In order to provide a further consignment of useful school equipment for our Mission in Southern Rhodesia, suitable articles will be gratefully received by Mr. J. Gillies, Church Officer, St. Jude's, 278 West George Street, Glasgow. (Donations are used to purchase material as required.)

—W. G.

Binding of Magazines.

The dates given for sending Magazines to Messrs. Adshead & Son for binding has been extended to help those endeavouring to complete their volumes. Please note instructions already given in December issue and act without undue delay.—W. G.

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—Miss J. McD., Macmorran, Sask., £5; M. P., Glasgow, £5; Nurse M. McC., Dunkeld, £3; Mr. K. McL., North Adams, Mich., £3; Mr. H. McP., P.S., Colintrave, £2; Misses M. and J. McN., Lochgilphead, £1; A Friend, Applecross, £1; Mrs. M. McL., Aviemore, £1; Miss G. M., Memus, o/a Lochbroom, per Rev. D. N. McLeod, £1; Mr. A. C., Stevenston, Ayr, £1; Mr. C. N., Berkeley, Calif., 14/-; Mr. A. C. Broallan, Beaulieu, £1; Mr. A. F., Bridge of Orchy, £1 4/-; Mr. W. R., Ottawa, Ontario, £3; A. M., Anonymous, £2; Mrs. W. M., Dalhvaig, 10/-.

Home Mission Fund.—M. P., Glasgow, £5; Misses M. and J. McN., Lochgilphead, £1; A Friend, Applecross, £1; Miss G. M., Memus, o/a Lochbroom, per Rev. D. N. McLeod, 10/-; Mr. W. G., Dundee, o/a Lochgilphead Congregation, £5; Mrs. M. McL., Aviemore, 10/-; Mrs. A. M., Bandaloch, 10/-; A. M., Anonymous, £1 10/-; Miss J. McD., Macmorran, Sask., £3.

Dominions and Colonial Missions.—Mr. K. McL., North Adams, Mich., £3; Mr. W. R., Ottawa, Ontario, £2 10/-; Miss J. McD., Macmorran, Sask., £3.

Jewish and Foreign Missions.—From the Treasurer of Bloor East Presbyterian Church, Toronto, £136 2/10, being contributions collected during 1951 on behalf of the South African Mission; Mr. R. F., 6941 South Stewart Avenue, Chicago, £10; M. P., Glasgow, £5; A. M., Anon., £2 10/-; A Friend, Sleat, Skye, £5 10/-; Applecross Prayer Meeting Collections, £21 6/-; Mr. J. McK., Strathnaver, B.C., £4 17/9; Mr. K. McL., North Adams, Mich., £2; Nurse M. McC., Dunkeld, o/a Mission Lorry, £2; Mr. H. McP., P.S., Colntraive, £2; also £2 for Mission Lorry, and £2 for Mission Clothing Fund; Mr. W. Ross, Ottawa, Ontario, £2 10/-; Miss M. G., 29 Queen Street, Grafton, N.S.W., £2; Miss R. McL., 13 Cove, Inverasdale, in memory of a beloved father, £1; Misses M. and J. McN., Lochgilphead, £1; A Friend, Applecross, £1; Mrs. M. McL., Aviemore, 10/-; Mrs. J. McL., School House, Elphin, o/a Mission Lorry, £2; Mrs. W. M., Dalhalvaig, 10/-; Miss L. C., Broallan, Beaully, 10/-; A Friend, Daviot, o/a Shangani Mission, per Mrs. E. Fraser, £2; Two Friends, o/a Mission Lorry, per Rev. J. Colquhoun, £2; Mr. A. H. McL., Clashmore, Culkein, £1; Miss J. McD., Macmorran, Sask., £4; Mrs. J. A. R., Sheerness, Alberta, £2 13/-; Ontario Friend, £8.

Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Ontario Friend, £8; Mr. R. H. C., Stevenston, £1; A Friend, Macmorran, Sask., £2; Mrs. McL., 13 Beaufort Road, Inverness, 14/-; L. W. J., Chippenham, Wilts, 10/-.

Organisation Fund.—Mr. K. McL., North Adams, Mich., £1 10/-; Mr. W. R., 96 Waverley Street, Ottawa, £1 10/-; Miss A. McD., 27 Inverarish, Raasay, 10/-; Mr. J. McL., Drinishadder, Harris, £1 10/-; A Friend, Macmorran, Sask., £1 14/-; Mr. J. McK., Strathnaver, B.C., £4; Mr. N. S., George Street, Dunoon, £1; Miss J. McD., Macmorran, Sask., £2 10/-.

Publication Fund.—The following received on behalf of the Trinitarian Bible Society:—Ontario Friend, £4 10/-; Shildaig Congregation New Year's Day Collection, £2; Miss M. Campbell, 19 North Tolsta, 10/-; Miss C. McLeod, 20 North Tolsta, 10/-; Miss E. Fraser, St. Giles, Kingussie, 5/-; Mrs. B. Trotter, Badfern, Aultbea, 10/-.

General Building Fund.—Mr. N. S., George Street, Dunoon, £1.

Magazine Free Distribution Fund.—A Friend, Torridon, Ross-shire, £1; Mrs. C. MacKellar, Flichity, Inverness, £1 10/-; Miss R. Ross, 11 Geocrab, 10/-; Miss C. Macleod, Auchterarder, Perthshire, 10/-; Mr. A. Munro, near Drumbeg, Lairg, 2/6; Miss A. Murray, Port of Ness, Stornoway, 3/-; Mrs. D. Morrison, Port of Ness, Stornoway, 10/-; Miss J. Graham, St. Katharine's, Fortrose, 10/-; Mr. C. J. Jefferys, Chippenham, Wilts, 4/-; Miss S. A. Urquhart, Balblair, by Conon Bridge, 6/-; Mr. A. MacLennan, 6 Cheesebay, North Uist, 10/-; Mrs. E. M. Begg, Shipinsay, Kirkwall, 10/-; Mr. L. W. Jefferys, Chippenham, Wilts, 10/-; Mrs. A. Walker, 530 Great Western Road, Glasgow, W.2, 10/-; Miss C. Urquhart, Auchterarder, Perthshire, 10/-; Mr. J. Maclean, Leverburgh, Harris, 5/-; Mrs. J. Macdonald, Sponish, Lochmaddy, 1/-; Mr. G. Ross, School House, Lochcarron, 10/-; Mr. A. Macleod, Vancouver Island, B.C., £2 17/-; Mrs. J. Macleod, Elphin, by Lairg, £1.

The following lists sent in for publication:—

Applecross Church Repairs Fund.—Mr. C. Gillies, 9 Culduie, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks a donation of £5 from Miss J. G. Culduie, and £1 from Mr. D. McK. Diabaig, per Rev. J. A. Macdonald.

Bayhead Church and Manse Repairs Fund.—Rev. D. J. McAskill acknowledges with sincere thanks a donation of £1 from Mr. A. McD., Cross Road, Malaglate.

Gairloch Congregational Funds.—Mr. D. Fraser, Treasurer, thankfully acknowledges the following donations from a loyal member from home:—O/a Sustentation Fund, £5; o/a Home Mission Fund, £2; and Church Repairs Fund, £1.

Greenock Congregation.—Mr. A. Y. Cameron, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the sum of £30 from a Greenock Friend for congregational purposes; also £1, o/a S.A. Mission Lorry, Glasgow post-mark; both per Rev. James McLeod.

Lochcarron Manse Building Fund.—The Treasurer gratefully acknowledges £2 from A Friend, per Miss Gillies.

London Congregational Funds.—Rev. J. P. MacQueen acknowledges with sincere thanks £3 from A Friend, Wollongong, Australia.

Ness Manse Purchase Fund.—Mr. D. MacKay, Treasurer, 72 Cross, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—Miss J. M., Toronto, £4; Two Sisters, Portrona Dr., Stornoway, £2; Miss J. R., Washington, U.S.A., £3; Mrs. McA., 24 Frances Street, Stornoway, £5; Miss E. M., Linbrae, Carmunnock, £2; Mrs. McL., 48 Morrison Avenue, Stornoway, £2; Mr. D. W. McL., School House, Cromore, £2; Mr. and Mrs. M. McL., New Road, Swanibost, £1; A Glasgow Family, £5; Miss M. M., Glebe House, South Dell, £2.

Oban Congregation.—Mr. J. Martin, Treasurer, thankfully acknowledges a donation of £5 from Mrs. G. Wyatt, Kenya, o/a Sustentation Fund; and £1 from Mr. A. McD., Oban, o/a the Trinitarian Bible Society.

Plockton Church Building Fund.—Mr. Alex. Gollan, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks a donation of £1 from Mrs. Walker, Glasgow, and 15/6 from A Friend.

Raasay Manse Building Fund.—Mr. E. Macrae, Treasurer, thankfully acknowledges the following donations:—A Friend, Skye, per Mr. J. Grant, £1; also from A Friend, Raasay, £1, o/a Home Mission.

Dornoch Church Building Fund.—Rev. F. Macleod acknowledges with sincere thanks the following donations:—D. B. M., £2; Dr. M., £5; Mrs. M. M., £5; M. A. M., £5; M. S. M., 10/-; M. A. M., 10/-; B. M., Bonar Bridge, £1 10/-; Nurse M., £5; D. B. M., £1; Mrs. R. Lairg, 10/-; Anon., Glasgow, £1; Four Friends, Dornoch, £5; Mrs. C., Gairloch, £15.