

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

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**Thou Knowest.**

ONE of the great truths concerning God and His glory, which is revealed in the Word of God and made known to His believing people in their experience, is the fact that He possesses a divine and unlimited understanding, by which He knows all things in the most perfect manner. And the saints of the Old Testament Church, as of the New, have left on record in the pages of the Holy Scriptures their belief in the omniscience of their God. This knowledge extends to all parts of His created universe, and to every conceivable matter relative to angels, men and devils. As Peter said to the Son of God, after His resurrection: "Lord, thou knowest all things" (John xxi. 17). And so let us refer to several particulars wherein the knowledge of the Lord applies to His people during their sojourn in this world.

*He knoweth them that are His.* He knew them before the foundations of the World were laid, and before they had a being, in the covenant of grace. But now He knoweth them as His regenerated, believing and justified people, distinct and apart from all others of their fellow beings in the world. Those who may profess to be believers and are not, and who may have but a form of godliness and appear righteous and God-fearing to men: such cannot deceive God into accepting them as His peculiar people. And however lowly, despised and unknown the Lord's people are in the midst of worldly-wise and evil generation, He knoweth them as precious in His sight. And, although they themselves may be tried and deeply concerned at times as to whether, after all, they have a real, spiritual and saving interest in the Christ of the Gospel, they are well known to Him, who is the God of their salvation, who will never leave them nor forsake them.

*He knoweth the indwelling and exercise of the graces of the Spirit in their hearts.* When the Son of God questioned Peter once and again as follows: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" (John xxi. 15-17), Peter finally answered His Lord and Saviour thus: "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Peter here, with a comfortable sense of heart and gracious affection for the Lord, when thus questioned and tried regarding his love, turns the whole matter back upon the Lord

Himself, in a way honouring to the Lord and to settle this question. He therefore refers to that divine and penetrating knowledge the Lord had of the very secret workings and exercise of his heart under the influence of grace. And so it is that the Lord knows of every movement of genuine love to His person, His salvation, His Word, His commandments, etc., in the hearts of His people. He sees every inward tear of godly grief over sin, and discerns every groan and sigh after His mercy and presence. In a word, He knows where the life of faith is in exercise, although He may test and try it and even say to His disciples, "Will ye also go away?" that He may draw into special activity that same life of faith as when Peter again said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 67, 68).

*He knoweth their folly and foolishness.* In the 69th Psalm, a Psalm of David (although Messianic as well), the Psalmist acknowledges to God, "Thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from thee" (v. 5). David had more than one severe and solemn experience with respect to what he here believes regarding God's knowledge of his foolishness and sins. The Most High sent Nathan the prophet to remind and convince David of his foolishness and sins regarding Bathsheba, and to bring home upon him the solemn truth that God knew all concerning his every step in that course of sin and backsliding (II Sam. xii). The omniscience of God is indeed a solemn truth and reality in relation to even the heart and inward backslidings of His people. He searches the heart without cessation and that fully and perfectly. "He knoweth the way that I take," saith Job (xxiii. 10), and whether the way is God honouring or dishonouring, it is known from heaven full well. The rod of correction is taken to God's people for known folly, by Him who is their covenant God in Christ, and knoweth all things, and who exercises correcting and chastening love towards them. Indeed, frequently it is only when the Lord in His knowledge of His people's folly corrects them that they are made aware of their particular folly. All this is truly a Covenant mercy.

*He knoweth the downsitting and uprising, and every word, of His people.* All their external activities and providential circumstances and experiences are known minutely and perfectly to the Lord, and also there is not a word which their tongues utter but the Lord hears it and knows it. When Hagar, Sarai's maid, fled from her mistress into the wilderness, and when the Angel of the Lord met her and spoke to her, then Hagar "Called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me" (Genesis xvi. 13). And when Peter was cast into prison by Herod, who intended to kill him, the Lord in answer to the prayers of the Church, sent His angel to release the Apostle out of the prison. And this was accomplished. The Lord knew well where and how His servant was circumstanced, and sent His angel to the very spot in the prison where Peter was, to command his deliverance. Then every word spoken to man, spoken to God, spoken to one's own soul,

spoken in a right frame of mind, and spoken in a wrong spirit, is well known to God. The Son of God in His teaching declared, "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. xii. 36-37). And so every word is noted by Him that is Most High. This is not, considered as carefully and seriously, even by the Christian, as it ought to be. David felt his personal need of divine keeping as to the employment of his lips, and therefore prayed, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (Ps. cxli. 3). Nevertheless, when they that fear the Lord, and love the truth, and are exercised in soul about their spiritual case and condition, meet together and have fellowship one with another in gospel conversation—then the Lord hearkens and hears it, and a book of remembrance is written before Him, for them that fear the Lord and that think upon His name (Malachi, iii. 16). "Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off": and "For there is not a word in my tongue but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether" (Ps. cxxxix. 2 and 4).

*The Lord knows the counsel of the enemies of His Church and people.* One of the most common experiences of the people of God throughout the history of the Church has been exposure to the enmity and hostility of worldly men by reason of faithful witness bearing according to the truth and mind of God, and against the iniquities of godless persons. Jeremiah was outstandingly destined to be a prophet of the Lord, who had to bear heavy tidings to the people of Judah and Jerusalem, in making known the anger of the Lord against them on account of their manifold sins and backslidings. He had to tell them that they would be driven and scattered before the enemy and carried away to Babylon. On one occasion when the prophet had delivered such a message, as he did time and again, we are told that the people said, "Come and let us devise devices against Jeremiah . . . Come and let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words" (Jeremiah xviii. 17-18). And later, Jeremiah, in addressing the Lord, says, "Yet, Lord, thou knowest all their counsel against me to slay me . . ." (Jeremiah xviii. 23). And so Jeremiah knew that the Lord knew all the evil and wicked devices of his enemies to hurt, harm and even kill him, if possible. And it thus appears that the Lord's people may rest assured that the Lord himself sees and beholds full well all the wicked designs and devices of men against His Word and witnesses. It is true that the Lord in His inscrutable wisdom and for the fulfilling of the counsels and purposes of His own heart, permitted the enemies of His people to hurt, harm and even slay them in all ages. Of course, as Jesus said, such can only proceed as far as killing the body, and after that have no more that they can do. Whatever then is devised of mischief or evil against the children of God, it is unchangeably true, that He who sits upon His throne in heaven, has



a perfect knowledge of it all; and rules and acts accordingly, for His own glory and the highest good of His children and His Church. On the other hand, we see in the history of King David how and in what manner the God of David took cognisance of the wicked designs of Absalom and Ahithophel to slay David, to the preservation of David and the overthrow of Absalom, his rebellious son. As the Apostle Peter writes, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished" (II Peter ii. 9).

*Their Father knoweth what things they have need of.* The disciples were instructed by their Lord and Saviour not to follow the practice and habit of the heathen, in their praying, and to avoid using vain repetitions, the heathen thinking that they would be heard for their much speaking. They were told by Jesus, "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him" (Matt. vi. 7-8). What a wide range this covers with respect to the needs of the Lord's people! Do they need light, quickening, comfort, strength, preservation, help in time of need, etc.? Then their Father knoweth that they have need of these favours and blessings. What encouragement this is! What an incentive to enter into the secret chamber, and pray to their Father, in secret, for their Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward them openly! And He will be enquired of, to do it for them, although He knows perfectly what they need.

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### A Leaf from a Minister's Journal.\*

THE Christian minister is frequently dejected when he reflects upon the few visible signs of success which sometimes attend his ministry of the Word. He may labour with unremitting diligence, be instant in season and out of season; yet, to the end that his faith and patience may be tried, he may not be permitted to have any outward proof that God is making him instrumental in turning souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. But if on this account we may relax in our labours to do good, and fail to seek to use every season of doing good which presents itself, we may thus, for the time being, become indifferent to the very circumstances in which the Almighty intends to show to us that we were not labouring in vain nor spending our strength for nought. For oft-times after a season of long apparent dearth and darkness, and just perhaps as we had begun to give up hope, the wilderness suddenly appears to blossom as the rose, and the desert becomes fruitful as the garden of the Lord. By some remarkable instance, it may be, it is made plain to the patient

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\* This deeply affecting narrative was recently printed in the Magazine *Waymarks*, edited by Mr. S. R. Hunt, Newquay, Cornwall. It is from a book published many years ago by the Religious Tract Society. We take the liberty of publishing it in our pages also.—*Editor*.

labourer in His Master's vineyard that God is with him establishing the work of His hands. And this revelation of the Master's presence with him is, to the Christian labourer, what a friendly light in the distance is to a traveller, journeying amidst the darkness of the night through a wild and lonesome country: he sees the light and takes courage, and feelings of doubt and despair are dispersed, even as the gloomy night clouds vanish under the beams of the rising sun.

Thus was I encouraged in the young days of my ministerial life. In weak health and in depressed spirits, I had been labouring, apparently without any success, for a lengthened period. No words of mine seemed to avail in turning back the swollen tide of wickedness which, like a torrent, rolled down the streets of our town, and I was beginning to despair of ever labouring profitably in such a place; when I was requested to occupy a pulpit in a neighbouring city for a single Sabbath evening. Somewhat unwillingly, I consented to do so, for I was just then meditating a retreat from the ministry altogether, thinking it not impossible that I had mistaken my vocation in life.

When the Sabbath evening came round that was to find me preaching at D—, I well remember debating with myself long and anxiously whether I should go or not. It was a dull November evening; I had more than four miles to walk, and a cold drizzling rain was falling. More than once I determined to send someone else to fill my place; but while thus in doubt as to what I should do, the words sounded in my ears, clearly and solemnly, as if a voice had spoken them, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." I hesitated no longer; but, breathing a prayer for help and utterance, I set forth for D—.

When I arrived at the scene of my evening's labour, I found but a very small congregation assembled: the place of worship was filled with a cold raw fog, through which a few tallow candles faintly glimmered. The atmosphere was damp and unhealthy as that of a vault, and seemed to strike everyone who entered with a perceptible chill. Throwing myself, however, upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, I began to speak to the people the Word of life. Taking for my text the glorious words, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," I endeavoured to illustrate and to enforce the following truths—that man as a sinner was under condemnation; that this condemnation was of a most fearful character, and involved in it the most terrible results; that man by himself was wholly unable to escape from this condemnation and its consequences; but that God, in the gospel of His Son, had met fallen man in his low estate, had provided a means of escape from the terrors of a broken law, and from the accusings of a guilty conscience; that He had established a sure foundation for the sinner's hope, and was merciful to him who, casting himself by faith upon this most precious Foundation, was longing to be saved according to God's way and purpose.

While I was proceeding with my address, my attention was forcibly arrested by the appearance of a poor lad, who was standing, or rather crouching in the aisle near the door. He was shivering with cold, and occasionally, as the wind howled past the windows in fitful gusts, he would draw his tattered garments closer round him to protect his emaciated, sickly looking frame. He seemed afraid to meet the eye of anyone, for once when he found my gaze fixed upon him he immediately cowered, dropped his head upon his bosom, and did not look up again for some moments. How it was that I began to lose all thought of the congregation, and to speak as if that poor boy were my only auditor, I know not, but so it was: like a magnet he drew my thoughts and feelings towards himself, and I found myself speaking more emphatically to him than to anyone else. I forgot the cold, dull place of worship in which I was preaching; and even while I was speaking, my heart earnestly prayed to God to bless the words to the salvation of that wretched outcast. New thoughts and illustrations came into my mind, and God seemed speaking through me, more especially to him who had so forcibly awakened my sympathies. He looked so poor, so miserable, and withal so desirous of having a word of kindness spoken to him, that at the close of the service I determined to send for him; but on looking to the place he had occupied during worship I found it vacant; the boy had gone. No one, it appeared, had observed him but myself; and all the way home my fancy followed the unknown, apparently friendless lad, wandering in his tattered garments, through the wind and rain of a November night, without a home to which to direct his wearied steps.

I cannot explain the cause, but I inwardly felt that night that I had been made instrumental in doing good. I was as certain of it as if the fact had been announced to me by a messenger from the skies; and I returned to my own field of labour rebuked for my want of faith, and resolved to press on, begging for more implicit trust in God. So vivid was the impression which the service at D—— made upon my mind, that I even used to dream about it; and always, as the central figure in the dream, was the poor boy who had so deeply interested and affected me. Again I could see him, standing cold and solitary in the aisle, the very image of want and sorrow, and I would sometimes awake with words of sympathy intended for him upon my lips. On several occasions I made inquiries with regard to him of persons who were likely to meet such as he, but always without success; and yet the thought would often occur to me that he and I were destined to meet. We *did* meet, and under circumstances never, never to be forgotten by myself.

It was the middle of winter, and the snow was lying deep on the earth, when one evening, as I was reading in my study, I was told that a very poor woman wished to speak to me. "She would not come in," the servant said, but would be very thankful if I could allow her to ask me a question at the door. Upon going to the door, a most

pitiable object met my view. Prostrate upon the steps, her forehead touching the cold stones, lay the poor woman: she was very thinly clad, and seemed almost frozen by the severity of the winter air. At the sound of my voice, she started and made a languid attempt to rise, but her strength failed her; and shivering with cold she sank down again into a kneeling posture, looking at me with a mute appeal for compassion and succour. With the assistance of my servant, I carried her in almost a fainting state into the kitchen, and for a time she remained without power to utter a single word; but gradually she recovered through the restoratives we employed, and accepted very gratefully some food that was set before her. She had not, however, eaten above a mouthful or two, before she suddenly recollected the object of her errand: she burst into tears and exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion, "I didn't come here to beg, sir, indeed I didn't." There was that in her very wretchedness, and in the large tears which coursed down her cheeks, which forbade even the thought of her being an impostor; and in as kind words as I could use I expressed my willingness to help her. She paused for a moment, struggled with herself to obtain the mastery over the feelings which were agitating her, and then, in more quiet tones, gave me the following account of herself.

She was a widow, having lost her husband about five years ago; she had seen better days for, while her husband was alive, she together with her son, her only child, was enabled to subsist very comfortably; but upon his death ruin and want stared them in the face, and they were reduced almost to beggary. By dint, however, of great exertions, she had contrived to maintain herself and her child, and she was beginning to regard the future even hopefully, when her son, just as he was approaching the age when by his efforts he might have assisted his widowed parent most materially, ran off to sea. Thus was she deprived of both husband and child, and left with only penury and grief as her bitter portion. She followed the prodigal with her tears and prayers, but more than two years elapsed without any tidings of him reaching her. At length, one Sunday evening, while she in sad loneliness of heart was brooding over his case and trying to reconcile herself to the thought of his death, her boy, whom she still loved with all the depth of maternal affection, notwithstanding all his waywardness and disobedience, had suddenly presented himself before her, and with many tears besought her forgiveness. "God knows, sir, how readily I forgave him. I thought no more of his past misconduct in the delight I experienced in his return. He had been shipwrecked, and escaped by almost a miracle: he came home to me in rags, and looking very weak and ill, quite the ghost of his former self. But since then, sir, he has been more than any mother can wish, working night and day, poor fellow, to make up for his running away from me."

At this point in her narrative she broke out into a stream of tears. I tried to comfort her and told her how glad and thankful I was that her son had returned to her.

"Oh, sir," she said, between the sobs which were rending her poor bosom, "how shall I tell it you? My boy, my darling Richard, is dying. He has been dangerously ill for more than a month, and I am afraid there is no hope of his recovery. I have parted with almost everything we possessed to provide him with necessaries."

I took out my purse with the intention of giving her a trifle of money, but she hastily said, "It was not money I am seeking of you, sir"; and then, after a short pause, in which her tears flowed freely, she continued, "During his illness he has frequently told me that had it not been for a sermon he heard when he came home to his native land, he might still have continued disobedient and wild. It seems, on his way home, that he heard some singing, and was so attracted by it that he entered the place where it was, and it was a place of worship. There he heard the sermon which was made the means of causing him to change his course, and he, prodigal-like, came home that very evening to ask his mother's forgiveness. And oh! sir, it is after the minister that preached that sermon that I have walked miles and miles. My poor Richard says that he should be so glad to shake hands with that minister before he goes hence; but though several have come to see him, he says to me when they have gone, 'Mother, he has not come yet.' At last someone advised me to come to you to tell the story I have told to so many. If you could come and see my dying boy, a mother's deep gratitude will ascend to heaven for you. We live a little way out of D—"

"What!" I said, starting with a suspicion that now for the first time crossed my mind; "and was it in D—— that he heard the sermon about which he speaks?"

"It was indeed, sir. Oh! were you ever there?"

"Was it about Christmas time that your poor boy came back?"

"It was in the month of November, sir; how well I recollect——"

"Say no more," I replied; "I believe God has sent you to the one you want at last. I was preaching at D—— about that time, and I verily believe I saw your son there."

To describe the mother's gratitude upon my signifying it as my intention at once to accompany her home, is next to impossible. I quickly obtained a conveyance, and taking with me a few necessaries for the sick boy's comfort, we set off together. On the way I communed with my own thoughts, and was still, being lost in wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence. I was yet in a reverie when we arrived at our destination; and leaving the conveyance in the town, I followed my sorrowing guide to her dwelling. She had prepared me to expect a very miserable place, for she had been obliged to part with almost every article of furniture to buy food for her son; but I think I never entered a room so chill and comfortless. Not a spark of fire enlivened the rusty grate; a feeble rushlight was flickering in the window, and was in danger every moment of being extinguished by the wind, which

penetrated through the broken casement, which the widow had vainly striven to mend with pieces of old newspaper; and in the corner of this abode of wretchedness was a heap of straw, upon which the dying boy was fast breathing out his life. The parish surgeon was leaving just as I entered, and to him I said with some warmth, "Is it in a hole like this, sir, that people, however poor, ought to breathe their last?"

"You must complain to the authorities," he said, not unkindly; "I can only tell you that I have to see poor people die in worse places than this, almost every day of my life."

It was quite true; and in my own immediate neighbourhood I had seen people worse housed than even this poor boy was. My voice seemed to touch a chord in the sufferer's heart; for as soon as the door was closed, and a rustling in the straw attracted my attention to the spot where he was lying, I heard him utter, in tones that went to my very soul, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

I approached the prostrate figure of the poor boy, and for some moments my heart was too full to speak, as I recognised in those wan and wasted features the countenance of the youth who had so attracted my attention when preaching at D——. His head was resting upon the arm of a neighbour, who had come in to keep him company during the absence of his mother, but upon the approach of the latter she assigned her post of affection into her hands, and parent and child tenderly embraced. I soon saw that death had marked him for his own, and that even a few hours would terminate his earthly existence. It was with great difficulty that he could bring his tongue to utter the words his heart wished to speak; a hectic flush spread his countenance, and his breathing was short and irregular. I sent the kind neighbour, whom we had found with him on our entering, to buy a little wood and coals; and with as little noise as possible a fire was quickly lighted, and began to send forth a cheerful blaze. After having given him a little wine, I said, "Richard, my poor boy, I am sorry to see you so ill; I have thought very much about you ever since I saw you at D——, now more than twelve months ago, and I have often prayed God to bless you."

A smile of blessed calmness, as of the heaven to which he was going, lit up the features of the dying one, as he replied in a whisper, "It is so kind of you to come; I knew you would if you could but be found out; and mother, dear mother, has been so kind to take so much trouble. I behaved very ill to her."

His mother knelt down and kissed his parched lips.

"But your mother, Richard, has forgiven you," I replied; "and there is a Saviour more loving and gentle, and more ready to forgive than the tenderest mother who ever watched by a sick bed."

"Yes, sir, I know there is; I know there is," he repeated with great emphasis. "Thank you a thousand times for telling me about Him in a way that He made me understand" and then, to my grateful surprise, he repeated the pith of the discourse I had delivered at D——.

"Oh, how I prayed that night, sir, as I was going home to ask mother's pardon! Once I felt almost inclined to turn back and not go home, but then there sounded in my ears the words, 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' And so I knelt down in a field near to where mother was living then and prayed to God to have mercy upon me, and give me a new heart; and I have often thought since, sir, that God's reception of the sinful wasn't unlike mother's receiving of me; for she didn't mention anything about the past, except to forgive me for it and to encourage me for the future."

"Yes, Richard, God meets His penitent and prodigal ones when they are a great way off, and clothes them in royal robes; and His angels in heaven rejoice over the repentance of a sinner."

A violent fit of coughing prevented for awhile any further conversation, but upon its subsiding, he said, in a painful whisper, "You have come, sir, to see me die. Do not weep, mother; it's all for the best, and we shall meet again where men hunger no more, nor thirst any more, and where God wipes away all tears from our eyes. It seems hard to part now, but we shall hereafter see that it was for the best—for the best," he repeated.

The night winds howled dismally past the lattice and shook the frail walls of the room in which a soul, redeemed not with things corruptible, but with the precious blood of Christ, was awaiting its dismissal to the enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance; and in the pauses of the storm the dying boy went on, "I used to think, sir, when I was at sea, that the wind howling like that was the angry voice of God rebuking me for my ingratitude and sinfulness. When I was shipwrecked, and was clinging to a mast for my life, the wind howled like that, and I expected to be lost here and in the world to come; but, praise be to God, He has made me feel it to be a faithful saying, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that in Him there is no condemnation."

"And do you feel, Richard, that Christ is with you now?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I feel Him underneath my soul, holding it up like mother's arm is holding my head now."

"His arm, my dear boy, is an everlasting one," I said; "you cannot slip through that, and—

"He will present your soul  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of His face  
With joys divinely great."

I read and prayed with him and committed his soul to the keeping of a faithful and merciful Creator. His faith was fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and a sweet assurance of faith had been given him; he had the witness of the Spirit within himself that he was born again and reconciled to the Father of spirits. I could not but gratefully thank the Giver of all good for permitting me to witness a scene like this, and for making my feeble labours a blessing to this poor boy's soul.

Being determined to spend the night with him, I went out, and sent the conveyance back with a message that I should not return home that night, and upon my re-entering the widow's abode her son had dropped into a deep and quiet slumber. We stood silently watching him, believing that he was sinking into his last sleep. Anything more solemn than the chamber of the dying there cannot be on this earth of ours; the death-bed, be it where it may, in the cottage or in the palace, is a spot round which our tenderest and most solemn thoughts and feelings gather. To this honour some of my deepest feelings stand associated with that night of watching by poor Richard's dying bed. Towards morning he awoke and said in an altered voice, "Mother, where are you? I cannot see you."

His mother knelt down and supported his fevered head upon her arm.

"Is the minister gone, mother?"

"No, Richard, I am here," I said, gently drawing my hand across his forehead, upon which the dews of death were thickly rising.

"How the wind roars, mother! It has put out all the light!"

Alas! it was death's blindness that was taking hold upon him.

"Richard, my dear boy, there is a world where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; there is no night there, Richard."

"No," he replied with startling energy, "the Lamb is the light thereof."

He now laboured fearfully for breath, and more than once I thought the vital spark had fled. Suddenly he became quite calm, drew his hand from mine, and lifted his arms in an attitude of prayer; then in words that, for their strength of tone, seemed rather to belong to the living than the dying, he cried out, "There is NO condemnation." And fell back on his mother's bosom and died there.

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#### TIME.

Time is generally thought to be of little use, except as it may be employed in amusements or in the prosecution of worldly business; but its value, as it stands connected with eternity, exceeds all calculation. The manner in which every hour is spent is recorded in Heaven; every moment as it were increases our eternal happiness or misery.—*Charles Simeon.*



## Two Famous Christian Brothers.

ROBERT and JAMES HALDANE: By REV. D. M. MACDONALD,  
Edinburgh.

(Continued from page 117.)

One of the most distinguished Continental ministers to be led into Gospel peace was the famous Dr. Malan. He valued Mr. Haldane's lectures highly because it was through his instrumentality he obtained a saving knowledge of Christ. Dr. Malan says of him: "This man, grave and profoundly skilled in a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, came to pass some months at Geneva at the same time that the friends of whom I have just spoken were there. I saw him at the house of one of them, and I paid him the first visit, for he was a retiring man and unostentatious, who neither sought to make himself known or listened to. You cannot form too high an idea of the wonderful sweetness, the staid prudence, which accompanied all the words and actions of this venerated man. His countenance was peaceful and serene. There was in his expression a charity so profound that it was impossible in his presence to condemn or judge harshly of anyone. Never did he allow me to do so. I was young and animated by first zeal, which is always imprudent and bitter. I spoke with some warmth of persons opposed to the Gospel. 'Leave persons, my friend,' said my father in the faith; 'they are all under God's judgment and in no way under yours. Speak to me only of their errors in order to avoid them, both on your own account and that of others.' How many times have I seen him moved with sorrow at the sight of the enmity which already declared itself against the Word of God. He said to me, as had also the Rev. Dr. Mason of New York, 'Oh, if it were necessary to give my blood to bring over those who raise themselves against the Gospel I would shed it.' But, added he, 'It is not the blood of man which is necessary: it is that of the Son of God shed upon the cross.'"

Dr. Malan had great admiration for Mr. Haldane's *Commentary upon the Epistle to the Romans*, and said it was an admirable course of the purest theology. He further declared, "One finds there, united with the candour of a soul devoted to Jesus, all the depth of the science of salvation and the judgment, the common sense and exquisite tact of a veteran, prudent and accustomed to the wiles of the human heart and to the lies in which it envelops itself. I invite you, strongly, my friends, to make a serious study of this commentary. I consider that every minister who shall read it before God and verify by the Bible all the quotations which it contains, will have made the most ample provision of knowledge and of strength against the errors of our day—against that religion of words and beautiful phrases with which so many people amuse themselves or nourish others."

Mr. Haldane had now considered his work accomplished at Geneva and decided to proceed to Montauban in France. The Faculty for the education of French Protestants was established here, and it was regarded as the centre of all the French Protestant Churches. His wife accompanied him, and they arrived in the city in July, 1817. Its name is inseparably associated with the struggles, triumphs and reverses of Protestantism in France. In the past the Churches of the French Reformation had produced many bright examples of enduring faith and of a patience that nothing could subdue, but the words of Scripture were fulfilled in connection with them: "The beast would wear out the saints of the Most High, making war and prevailing against them." The martyrdoms of the early Christians at Lyons and Vienne by the Pagans were only the prelude to the equally bitter and merciless persecutions of the Papists. Ceaseless efforts were made to exterminate those who refused to submit to Papal authority through successive centuries. The crowning attempt instigated by the Jesuits with the help of the King was the terrific massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572 when, it is estimated, 70,000 Protestants were slaughtered throughout France. It is sad to think that at one period France was almost Protestant but stopped short!

It is noticeable that the vengeance of heaven came upon many of the members of the Royal families of France because of their monstrous cruelty to the rest of their subjects. They died miserable deaths. The common people in France were oppressed by Royalty and the ruling classes, aided by the Church of Rome. Excessive taxation was causing dire poverty and there was no redress. At last, led on by clever but reckless leaders, the people became infuriated with a sense of their wrongs and rose in revolt against the government. They armed themselves, attacked the aristocracy and the priests, and slaughtered great numbers of them without mercy. The slogan now was—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Class distinctions were abolished as well as religion. The retributive justice of God was manifested in the bloody Revolution of 1789. The King and Queen were arrested when trying to escape, and after trial were condemned to death and publicly executed. The descendants of those who had persecuted God's people in the past were now mercilessly slain. The sins of the fathers had been visited on their children. Most of the people became infidels and the Protestant Churches became lukewarm, and some of them even heretical in their doctrines.

Such was the low condition of religion when Mr. Haldane commenced his work in Montauban. Yet there were a few who loved the Gospel and to whom Christ was precious. He was delighted to meet with them and became a tower of strength to them. He soon noticed that there was a great lack of Bibles. The Word of God was proscribed by the Church of Rome and infidelity caused it to be ignored. One of the first things he did was to give an immediate donation of £100 for the printing of French Bibles, and he obtained a grant of

£300 from England to help the undertaking. Very soon an edition of 6,000 copies was followed by another of 10,000 at Toulouse in spite of opposition from some unfaithful ministers. For the use of the students he printed Luther's celebrated *Letter to Erasmus on Justification by Faith* and got copies of them distributed amongst the students studying theology. At his rooms he received visits from students and ministers whom he endeavoured to instruct in the doctrines of the Gospel. His sojourn in Montauban became a landmark in the history of the Protestant Churches. One after another received the Gospel at his hands. Some were turned to the Lord and many were strengthened in the faith. One who wrote from Montauban in 1827 says: "Believe it, that your abode in the midst of us has been blessed to many and the word of truth is announced this day in many Churches, when they would not perhaps have yet heard anything but the teaching of a fatal Rationalism if we had not had the advantage of knowing you."

Another successful method of spreading the Gospel was the restoration of the old system of colporteurs. They had done much good at one time and the idea was at once approved of by M. Pyt, a zealous missionary in touch with Mr. Haldane, who, at his own expense, supplied detached portions of the Bible printed for distribution by the colporteurs in the form of tracts. The labours of the Bible colporteurs appeared to have been much blessed in France and Switzerland.

The declining health of Mrs. Haldane's father was the immediate cause of the return to Scotland of herself and her husband in September, 1819. Soon after this he established the Continental Society. Its faithful missionaries, in the midst of dangers, discouragement, and toil, proclaimed with joy the Gospel in the North, Centre, and South of France. They became for multitudes the instruments of life and salvation.

In the winter of 1821-22 Mr. Haldane had the unusual experience of attending two convicts who had been sentenced to death for murder and piracy on the high seas. One was a Swede and the other a Frenchman. They were captured and condemned to death. Peter Heaman, the Swede, gave strong reason that he had received repentance to believe the truth. A sketch of his life written by himself was afterwards published as a tract, and an account of him in the gaol and at his execution by Robert Haldane, Esq. It was satisfactory to Mr. Haldane that the judges expressed an opinion that this tract was free from those objections which too often apply to the accounts of converted criminals. When he began to converse with Heaman, he replied to his excuse that his occupation at sea caused him to neglect religion, that he himself knew the life of a sailor, and that nowhere was there a better opportunity for reading the Scriptures, for meditating on them, and holding communion with God; and nowhere was there a louder call to exercise habitual dependence on God than on board ship. The Gospel was then stated to him. He was shown that the atonement made by Christ was complete. His righteousness is applied to every

individual of the human race united to Him by faith. For the great purpose of sanctification the outpouring of the Spirit is obtained through the mediation of Christ. At the end of another conversation Heaman stated that he never before met a single person who presented to him such views of the Gospel. It was after this he made his confession and gave up a sum of money, in token of his true repentance, which he could have left to his wife and family. For eight days before his death his countenance indicated a settled peace and his composure continued to the last. He expressed his entire confidence in his Redeemer, and his last words were: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

In August, 1821, to make inquiries about Martin's French Bible, he called at the offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society when in London and discovered that the Apocrypha—a number of Jewish religious fables—was appended to the Bibles for distribution on the Continent. He at once advised that this should cease because it was improper. Friendly negotiations followed for some time but nothing was done, and then he saw that the moment for action had come. A public controversy now started which continued for several years. Mr. Haldane proved in several pamphlets that the policy of the Society was wrong and unscriptural. He was ably supported by Dr. Andrew Thomson, apart from Dr. Chalmers, the most eminent minister in Scotland. It is said of him that "he was a man of gigantic intellect, unflinching courage and indomitable industry." He was one of the leaders of the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and as a debater not one of his opponents could stand before him. On occasions he triumphed over them when Dr. Chalmers himself with his thrilling eloquence failed to do it. The result of their joint efforts was that many of the evils against which they warred were removed and the rest greatly abated.

Not only did Mr. Haldane consecrate his life and talents to the service of his divine Master, he spent a great portion of his wealth on the propagation of the Gospel. It is estimated that from 1798 to 1810, the years of his extraordinary exertions, he spent in round figures, or gave away within that period, more than seventy thousand pounds.

At the end of December, 1841, Mr. Haldane left Auchingray, his country home, and arrived in Edinburgh. His strength had been failing for some time. In August he became very unwell but rallied slightly. By November it was evident that his end could not be far off, but his intellectual powers were as keen as ever. He spoke to a friend of the importance of the 9th chapter of Romans and of the view it gives of the sovereignty of God. He said he could not express the comfort which he had received from it at all times, and especially in a recent season of trial. To a relative he remarked that, however praiseworthy in the eyes of the world anything he had done might appear, he in no way rested on it as a ground of acceptance in the sight of God; that, on the contrary, he renounced his good works as

well as his bad ones and desired only to be wrapt in the robe of his Redeemer's righteousness. He added that the words which the Saviour uttered on the cross, "It is finished," gave him solid peace and comfort. The last words he was heard to utter were, "For ever with the Lord, for ever, for ever." He departed peacefully on Monday, the 12th December, 1842, and was buried within one of the aisles of the old Cathedral at Glasgow.

A noble tribute was paid to his memory by the *Witness*, from which we quote an extract: "Mr. Haldane was one of those eminent men who leave the impress of their character on the age in which they live; and devoted as his whole exercises were from an early period to the Cause of the Redeemer and with an efficacy rarely equalled in any age, his is a name which will be remembered among the worthies of the Church when mere worldly fame is gone."

*(To be continued.)*

### Gathered Fragments.\*

#### "FAINT YET PURSUING."

The Lord's people are led in paths they know not, and they frequently get where Job was when he said, "I am vile" and "I am full of confusion." You will never be sorry you have waded through much miry clay when you are delivered, and you will learn to put a right value upon religion; for if a man is taught of God, his heart will make him speak aright, and pray aright, and will add learning to his lips. He will, by such teaching, be led to discern between good and evil, and to know things that differ.

Whatever true religion a man gets he must buy; and "he that believeth shall not make haste." I seem to get comfort from these words, for I am sure I do not make haste. Hardness of heart, unbelief, uncleanness, pride, self-seeking, covetousness, indifference about the Lord's cause, backwardness to prayer and preaching, with various other evils, make me feel more fit for hell than this earth, and I am glad to get comfort from the thought that Paul had to make a complaint of such evils when he says that the law worked in him all manner of concupiscence. These evils and abominations do not satisfy my soul that I am right, but I do not envy those, however holy they may be, and however strong their faith is, if the corruptions of their own hearts have never been stirred up; you will find that the genteel Christians generally fall short in such knowledge. But God must be known by His people as a heart-searching and rein-trying God. I question nearly everybody's religion which stands in much joy, peace and comfort, for faith must be tried. If they are even sincere in thinking that they are blessed with such strong faith, they are only deceived.

\* Selected by Rev. Wm. MacLean, M.A., Ness.—*Editor.*

for in the present day very few can justly say they believe they are pardoned. Most of the Lord's people that I meet with cannot get beyond, "I hope and I trust."

As regards myself, I must confess that my prayers are faint and few. Sometimes I am concerned about my soul, and at other times feel hardened. I find the ministry a great trial to me, as I feel myself so ignorant and unfit for the work. I am driven into corners, and often wonder where the same will end. O that the Lord would pour down His Holy Spirit on me, and make me more useful, so that I might have a sweet testimony in my soul that He is with me of a truth! I can preach very little about Jesus Christ, as I know so little of Him—so little of the power of His grace in my own heart. It even seems a mercy of mercies that I continue making a profession of the Lord's blessed name unto this moment. I find the way that I am on is all uphill, but that does not satisfy me that it is the right way. I do not want outward marks, such as sneers and persecutions, but I want internal marks, more and more of the Spirit's work upon my heart, more and more of a spirit of love both to Jesus and His people.—From a letter dated April 6th, 1835, by Wm. Tiptaft.

"WITH THE PSALTERY . . . WITH THE HARP"

(Ps. lxxi. 22).

There was a typical signification in them; and upon this account they are not only rejected and condemned by the whole army of Protestant divines as, for instance, by Zwingli, Calvin, Peter Martyr, Zipperus, Paroeus, Willet, Ainsworth, Ames, Calderwood and Cotton, who do with one mouth testify against them, most of them expressly affirming that they are a part of the abrogated legal pedagogy; so that we might as well recall the incense, tapers, sacrifices, new moons, circumcision, and all the other shadows of the law into use again. But Aquinas himself also, though a Popish schoolman, pleads against them upon the same account, "*quia aliquid figurabant*" (because they typify something), and Smith, the Church in his time did not use them, "*ne vidiatur judaizare*," lest they should seem to judaize.—Samuel Mather on *The Types*.

"IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON."

The apostle says to his son in the faith, "Be instant, in season, out of season." It is not so difficult when we are in season, and the word flows comfortably out of our heart into our lips; but it is not so easy when we are out of season, devil-hunted, tempted to give up, and fears arising in the way. Then out of season, out of harmony with ourselves, and almost with everybody else, we are so pressed down. Well, what are we to do? Preach the Word, whether we are out of season or in. Don't expect to be always in a comfortable frame of mind. That is not the lot of those sent of God into the work of the ministry. It is very often discouraging. We meet with opposition,

sometimes very hard words are spoken; but for all that it is the Lord's business not ours. He will have servants, and when He touches their hearts with His love, they are willing to serve Him. And that means frequently that they are the most use when they are the most heavy-hearted themselves, and He gives them a word, a touch of His love, and that holds them up, leads them on, and they go safely along, in spite of all that comes against them."—*The Gospel Standard*, June, 1955.

#### THE REV. JOHN MORRISON OF GAIRLOCH AND URRAY.

The Rev. John Morrison was translated from Gairloch to Urray in January, 1717. He is said to have been quite oblivious to the value of money . . . At one time at which he was announced to preach at Cromarty, a pious man residing in the neighbouring parish of Resolis, who had never seen him, though he had heard a great deal about him, resolved to go to Cromarty to hear him. As he wended his way to the Church, at some little distance from the town, he overtook a stout, rough, unpolished looking man. Being strangers to each other, neither of them spoke. They had not been long walking side by side, when the sound of the Church bell which was generally rung in those days at 8 a.m., and 10 a.m., and at the hour of beginning the services, reached their ears. The uncouth looking stranger, on hearing it, to the astonishment of the Resolis man, exclaimed in Gaelic, "The bell of my heavenly Father's house," and set off. In due time the man from Resolis arrived in Church, and a little after he had taken his seat, to his surprise and consternation, whom should he see ascend the pulpit but the ungainly person who had parted with him on the road a short time before. He gave up the day for lost, and felt that his long walk to hear the services of the day would prove fruitless to his soul, but there was no help for it. After sitting for a few seconds in the pulpit, the preacher rose, announced the Psalm. Three or four verses were read and sung in the usual way. Prayer followed, the opening words of which by their striking originality and weighty solemnity at once arrested the Resolis man's attention. The prayer was in Gaelic, and full justice cannot be done in translation. It began in terms somewhat to the following effect:—"O thou who art the supreme object of the love of all the angels and seraphs in glory, the supreme object of the redeemed Church in glory, the supreme object of Thy Church on earth, and the consciousness of whose love kept me awake during the past night, wilt not Thou now look upon us in Thy mercy and love assembled as we are in Thy house and engaged in Thy service." The sermon which succeeded was equally unctious and savoury. The Resolis man did not lose his pains. Mr. Morrison died 1st June, 1747.—From *Religious Life in Ross*.

LETTER BY THE LATE REV. DONALD MACDONALD,  
SHIELDAIG.

Dear Madam,

I infer from your letter that you are much troubled in body and mind. That is the case with God's people at times. As the great Dr. Love says, "Whoever enjoys peace in this world, God's people will not have peace; the devil, the world, and the flesh will not allow them to have it." Satan is a roaring lion going about to afflict God's people, and as he cannot deprive them of Christ and heaven, he will try to make their journey thither as painful as possible (Eph. vi. 12). Read the following verses prayerfully: I Peter iv. 12-19. I have suffered very great trials this summer from inward corruption and temptations. I was much afraid that I would become useless in the world, as my trial continued for some time. I was really envying the brute creation; but the Lord in His mercy returned to my weary soul, and made me happy beyond measure.

I met with a godly minister the other day, and he told me his inward anguish was so intense that he was afraid he would lose his reason. It is a most trying thing to be shut out from God, and to be tossed to and fro on the sea of trials, ready to be swallowed up in the abyss of despair. That was the case with Job (vii. 3, 14-16).

The Lord saw that His dear children should be very much tried in this world, and for their comfort has dispensed so many promises throughout His inspired Word (Isa. liv. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11; xlv. 15, 16; Zech. xiii. 9: "I will bring the third part through the fire," etc.). Read prayerfully all these precious promises, and if you are not able to do so, let a friend read them for you, in the hope that the blessed Lord may draw near to you, and bring you out of the fiery furnace into which you have been mysteriously permitted to sink for a time. For your comforting I will quote the following from Dr. Love's letters:—"My soul is passing through mountains of darkness which I do not understand until the light of heaven shall let me know the mystery."

Kindly let me know how you feel when you find it convenient. With our united kind regards.—Yours very truly,

18th August, 1896.

*Donald MacDonald.*

CONTENDING FOR CHRIST.

Covenant with Him and contend for Him to the utmost of your power; for I have found more of His sweet love in contending for Him than ever I got in prayer or hearing the Word. O His sweet work! Let it not slip through your fingers. It is like ye will have sad days of it when I am gone . . . O it is sweet to be a sufferer for truth!

(From the Testimony of Andrew Pitiloch, the Covenanter, on the scaffold. He and Lawrence Hay and Adam Philip, all from Fife, were executed on 13th of July, 1681. After their execution their heads were affixed to the Tolbooth of Coupar.)



### The Power of Christ's Name.

THERE is a strong recommendatory power in the names which are given to Christ, and any person at all given to reflection must feel attached by them and constrained to accept His proffered love. Take those seasons, for example, when the mind is oppressed with a conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and with a sense of its own bondage to sin's power.

With what surprising freshness and force will such assurances and epithets strike the heart as those which describe Christ as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"; as "the Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness"; as "the Balm of Gilead"; and as "the great Physician!" Or in those hours when, in deep perplexity and doubt, thick gloom over-spreads the soul and our greatest temporal or spiritual interests become tangled and inexplicable to our wisdom, the mere mention of the name "Counsellor" is the revelation of our help—is like the stream of rays from a lighthouse thrown upon the waters to guide the tempest-tossed mariner.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life" says the unerring voice. Our Lord is a Sun and Shield—the true Light—the Sun of Righteousness; and by these figures is revealed to the perplexed mind the very help it needs.

There are times of depression and sadness in, perhaps, every man's experience when he can truly say of his friends, in the words of Job: "Miserable comforters are ye all." One feels alone in the world, weary of it. Like Hagar in the wilderness, ever feel that we are forsaken and outcast. But in the moment of our deepest depression let it be whispered in our ear that "there is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," or that "we have an high priest which can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and how does the whole flow of our feelings change under the influence of a sentence or even of a word!"

Of course, we do not exclude, but by all means include, the Holy Spirit operating through Scriptural expressions and names of the Saviour, in this sublime and beautiful effect. But we are speaking now of visible means, and of their wonderful effects—so wonderful that often a single word upon which the mind never, perhaps, paused before, or a name, of which the meaning was scarcely ever thought of, becomes in a moment a light hung out from heaven, a signpost on the way of life, ministering grace and peace to the soul.

Perhaps were we to enquire minutely into causes and effects we should find that a single word fitly spoken and heard is often the means of a conversion of which the blessed consequences reach to eternity. Especially how often would it appear that the names of the Lord Jesus Christ are a tower of strength and a fountain of consolation. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower." "He is the God of all comfort and consolation." "God who comforteth those that are cast down." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him" (Psalm ciii. 13).—*Christian Treasury*.

**The late Donald MacLeod, Elder, Lochcarron.**

THIS good man was born at Daliburgh, South Uist. His mother died when he was very young and he was brought up with an uncle. When he was old enough to work he was sent to Greenock to learn a trade—that of a wheelwright. He had many stories to tell of those early days when he came to the town as a raw rustic from a remote island in the Outer Hebrides, with very little English to make his way. But of the English language he got a good hold by self-teaching and reading so that he became a very acceptable public speaker at Church services in after years.

After spending six years learning his trade in Greenock, he removed to Glasgow. It was in Glasgow, and in connection with the St. Jude's Free Presbyterian Congregation, that he spent the most of his life. In this city he was employed during his whole time in the workshops of the Caledonian Railway, latterly the L.M.S. Railway. For wheelwrights there was a good deal of work in his days—the days of horsedrawn vehicles. In his young days, when he first came to the South, companions led him aside, and he associated himself with those who frequented the "Highland Gatherings," as he used to call these, and being a good singer he was much in demand for singing Gaelic songs. Some will remember how he used to speak on the Friday of communions with sorrow for frequenting these gatherings in the days of his youth. He would then take the opportunity to warn the young people lest they also would be led into these bye-paths of Satan. He had no question about these being the works of darkness and calculated to blind the mind "lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

The day came, however, when Donald turned his back for ever on the frivolities of this world and the talents that Satan and the world had the use of for a time, he now used in the service of Christ. This happened when he was about 27 years of age. We are not in a position to say what way the Lord used to bring our friend "to himself" (Luke xv. 17), but it was God's truth that touched his heart, as he used to relate in giving marks of the grace of God in the soul when speaking to the "question" on the Friday of communions. To begin with, he was connected with the present Free Church, and was a member in full communion with it. For how long we cannot say. Latterly he got dissatisfied with certain practices in the Free Church, and also with utterances which he used to hear from her pulpits, which he could relate to the end, and he severed his connection with that Church in the year 1904, and joined the congregation of St. Jude's Free Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, where he became a member in full communion, and later a very useful elder. To the position of the Free Presbyterian Church he kept faithful, by the grace of God, throughout the ups and downs of life, till the Lord took him, we believe, to be with Himself. To the fathers of the Church he had the greatest respect for the stand

they made in 1893, when the whole doctrine of the Westminster Confession of Faith, for which the Free Church of 1843 stood, was cast overboard by the passing of the infamous Declaratory Act of 1892. As time went on, with the rapid declension in all the other Churches in Scotland, it came more clear to him the need there was of the separate stand for the truth made by and continued by the Free Presbyterian Church. To this he would bear public testimony without fear or shame.

He was blessed with a retentive memory, and he could quote freely from the sermons of the late Rev. Neil Cameron, under whose preaching he sat for 28 years, in the Church of St. Jude's. He was a great reader and was familiar with the lives of the good men and women of the past, and especially the Reformers and Covenanters. He was a great visitor of the sick and aged in the city of Glasgow. Besides keeping worship with these, he had a host of good edifying stories to draw on and quotations from the sermons he had heard the previous Sabbath, and at other times, so that his visitation of the sick at home and in hospitals was made very profitable, and looked forward to. In his day many used to go from the Highlands and Islands as patients to the large infirmaries in Glasgow, and in visiting these places he got to know many people from different parts, and this made him widely known among Highland people, not only of the Church, but of other Churches as well. In his spare time he was in the habit of collecting good evangelical books that could only be got in second-hand places; these he would distribute to patients in hospitals and to others, together with useful tracts and booklets. In this sort of work he never spared himself, and one could see that he took great delight in it. As a visitor he excelled many and got to know practically all who attended St. Jude's Church. If he saw a stranger and got in contact with him he always had a word of welcome for him and encouraged him to come back to hear the doctrine that he loved. This made the late Rev. N. Cameron characterise him in our hearing as "the most useful elder I ever had: if I want to know anything about anyone I have only to ask Donald and he is sure to know." Such was his knowledge of that large congregation.

He was of a very entertaining disposition with his host of anecdotes and reminiscences of the crop of godly men and women who were in the congregation of St. Jude's at the beginning of its history. Indeed, a very interesting part of the history of that congregation, and of the people who attended the ministry of the first minister there, is now lost by his removal. Another distinguishing feature of his was his attractiveness to young people, with whom he was a general favourite. He had a way with him that few possessed to get round them and give a good advice or reprove anything that he saw amiss, which would as a rule be taken in good part, whether they would follow it out or not. If he saw a young person following the means who had signs of the work of the Holy Spirit within, his tendency was to nurse that person in the spirit of the Gospel. On the other hand he could be sharp in

his rebuke to Sabbath breakers and others, and especially to ungodly men in ministerial garb, many of whom he came in contact with in the city; such as a professed minister carrying a newspaper in his hand on the Lord's Day.

After his retirement in the year 1939 he removed from Glasgow to Lochcarron, where he had bought a house some years before. He was admitted as an elder in the congregation of Lochcarron in June, 1941. In Lochcarron he was a frequent visitor at the bedside of the sick, the dying, and the aged, who appreciated his visits and looked forward to his coming again. During the vacancy there he, as a rule, and so long as he was able, kept the evening service there, and those services were much appreciated by the people. He had a good command of both the Gaelic and the English languages and could keep the attention of his hearers, especially when his addresses, as they were wont to be, were interspersed with useful anecdotes. He was also a good leader of the praise in the sanctuary, having a strong and melodious voice. Since he retired he was free to attend communions more frequently, and he was often at these solemn gatherings in the Outer Isles, and on the mainland, with an occasional visit to Glasgow, so that his removal is not only a loss to Lochcarron but to other congregations which he visited.

He was a strong, healthy man, and very much concealed his age. We could almost say of him, as is said of Moses, that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," until a year or two before his end, when he gradually began to lose strength. His end came on the 4th day of February of this year (1955), having passed his 80th year. We saw him three days before he died. He was very weak then. We asked him if he was supported by any portion of Scripture, and he quoted in a broken way the words of Is. xliii. 25: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," and part of John vi. 37: "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." We had to constitute the Kirk Session at his bedside that evening in order to appoint a congregational meeting to arrange to call a minister, otherwise we would not have a quorum, as one of the elders was from home. This was the last part he took in a Church court. The last words he was heard to utter was from the metrical version of Ps. xxv: "The Lord is good and gracious." His wife died a number of years before him. He also lost a son who died in his teens. Two sons and three daughters are left for whom many a prayer was made, we believe. Peter, the youngest son, with his wife, lovingly ministered to his wants during his illness.—*A. B.*

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"Impatience complains of divine delays, but in very deed the Lord is not slack concerning His promise. Man's haste is often folly, but God's apparent delays are ever wise; and, when rightly viewed, are no delays at all."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

## BRIEF OBITUARIES.

## LILIES GATHERED FROM HALKIRK CONGREGATION.

In the Song of Solomon, chapter six, verse 2, we read, "*My beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies.*" The day of death is a gathering day to the redeemed children of God. They were graciously drawn to Christ in the day of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and when ripe He gathers them into His own bosom. He gathers when and where He pleaseth, for who can stay His sovereign hand? The garden of the Church in our land was beautiful and fragrant with many lilies, and their removal leaves the garden more desolate. Gathered from the Church below to the Church above, they had the savour of the Gospel in their walk, life, and conversation. They leave weeping dear ones behind but they join the wonderful company of "the general assembly and Church of the first-born that are written in heaven, the spirits of just men made perfect."

All of Christ's lilies are not planted in a place of equal prominence in the garden of the Church. Some grow in hidden corners, while others occupy conspicuous places in the world.

Recently the Lord gathered lilies from Halkirk congregation, and here we write briefly of the following who were esteemed as such.

## THE LATE MISS ANNIE MACADIE, GERSTON.

Although of the seed of the righteous, she did not and could not inherit grace but was like all the fallen race of Adam, in a far off state until drawn to Christ by "the cords of a man, with bands of love." Her early years were spent at Appat, Scotscalder, later at Brawlbin, and latterly at Gerston, Halkirk. She was a member in full communion for the last 28 years of her life. She was of a quiet, reserved disposition, and thus spoke little of her spiritual experience, but although her words were few her actions showed a genuine love to the cause of Christ. With the Psalmist she could say—"The habitation of thy house, Lord, I have loved well; Yea, in that place I do delight, where doth thine honour dwell."

The Sabbath before her death she occupied her place in the house of God, and again at the weekly meeting. Her end came quickly and she passed away at the advanced age of 92 years, to be "with Christ, which is far better," leaving two sisters and others to mourn their loss.

## THE LATE MISS ELIZABETH MURRAY.

This gracious person was a cousin of the aforementioned, Miss MacAdie, and resided at Scotscalder. Her parents were witnesses for Christ in their day. The ancestors of the MacAdie and Murray families are mentioned in *The Ministers and Men in the Far North*.

It is a joy to see the seed of the righteous led to walk in the footsteps of godly parents, and a deep grief when it is otherwise.

Elizabeth (and her like-minded late sister, Christina) were received into Church membership about 30 years ago. The work begun in them was carried on and the fruit of it could not be hid. They removed to the village of Halkirk on the death of their brother in 1948. In March last Elizabeth was laid aside. On her sick-bed she quoted Psalm 1, 15, as given to her, "I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me," which at first she took to mean restoration to health, but it soon appeared as meaning her final deliverance from this world.

To her sister, by whom she was lovingly nursed, she quoted from other Psalms and asked the writer to sing the closing verses of Psalm 143. Her departure came peacefully while we were singing Psalm 23, and so this lily was gathered on 13th April to the Church above at the age of 76, leaving a sister and brother to mourn their loss.

#### THE LATE MISS ELIZABETH CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

This lily, familiarly known as "Cathie," grew for many years in Glasgow, where she resided for over 40 years. She was born in Wick. Her mother was the late eminent Mrs. Aliek Sinclair. At an early age she was received into Church membership, and as a member of St. Jude's congregation was much respected for her steadfastness and loyalty to principle. Her business ability was seen in her being for many years in charge of a Post Office in Glasgow. She retired to Halkirk, where she enjoyed the fellowship of like-minded relatives, but her time there was soon to end. Symptoms of failing health appeared, and while on a visit to the Mission House, Strathly, she, in the company of her two surviving sisters, became indisposed. It was thought she was recovering, but on the morning of 7th June last she told her dear ones that she was to depart, adding, "I have received the message in Psalm xvii. 5: But as for me, I thine own face in righteousness will see, And with thy likeness, when I wake, I satisfy'd shall be." And before the day was over she too was gathered home.

These three followers of the Lamb were predeceased by the late *Miss Annie Banks*, Sinclair Street, who also was a warm-hearted member of the congregation. She was able to keep up an exemplary diligent attendance on the public means of grace almost to the day of her death.

The great day of Judgment will be a gathering day, terrible for the Christless, but glorious for the ransomed of the Lord.

To all who sorrow in each of these bereavements sincere sympathy is extended and may they be abundantly blessed with covenant blessings.—*W. Grant.*

## Searmonan.

LEIS AN URR. TEARLACH C. MAC AN TCISICH, D.D.

### SEARMON III.

(*Air a leantuinn bho t.d. 152.*)

Mar nach eil àite aig an dà aobhar a dh'ainmicheadh ann an gairm shoisgeulach a mhaithenais, mar sin tha an treas aon a dh' aimich-eadh ann an gairm prionnsa talmhaidh, mar an ceudna air chall. Cha'n urrainn e bhi neo-thearuinte do chriochaibh ceartais gu maitheadh Dia nan gràs an ciontach bu mhotha na rioghachd, agus, uime sin, cha'n eil dùnadh a mach air bith de'n ghné so ann an teachdaireachd an t-soisgeil aige-san. Cha'n urrain e bhi neo-thearuinte do chriochaibh ceartais; oir ann a bhi bualadh Chrìosd, bhuail ceartas Cuspair a bha cho uasal 's nach gabhadh cuspair air bith a bhi air a choimeas ris, seadh na h-uile cuspair còmhladh. Ann a' bhi deanamh a chlàidheamh dearg anns an fhuil rioghail, fuil Mhic an Rìgh, bha chliù do-lùbaidh air a chumail suas, agus urram air a thoirt dha agartasan, ni's motha na ged a dheanadh E le aon bhuile E fein a dhioladh air lochdarain cheannairceach uile. Agus, mar sin, tha E air àrdachadh ann an co-cheangal ri peacach air bith a theicheas a nis gu fasgadh fireantachd Chrìosd, mu bheil e fìor an àite e bhi folach a chùnn mar gu'm bitheadh e fodh eas-urram, a tha bualadh a làmhnan agus a deanamh iolach-bhuaidh 'n a chur saor. Gach uile shineadh a mach air maitheanas, am feadh a tha e 'n a fhoillseachadh sònraicht' air gràs, tha e da-rìreadh, ann an tomhas co-ionnan, na fhoillseachadh air ceartas; oir tha e 'n a ghairm as ùr gu beachd-smuainteachadh air an urram a tha air a thoirt do cheartas leis an riarachadh a thug Mac Dhé; agus mar sin, a reir an tomhais so de urram a tha air a thoirt do cheartas leis an riarachadh so, os ceann na gheibheadh e ann am peanasachadh a pheacaich, tha an t-urram ùr a tha air a thoirt dhà ionnsuidh, le maitheanas a thoirt do pheacach sònraicht' air bith, os ceann na gheibheadh e tre am peacach sin a bhi fulung a pheanas. Tha seadh ann, uime sin, anns am bheil eadhon ceartas a co-aontachadh le tròcair ann a bhi gairm na'n ciontach gu maitheanas fhaotainn.

Agus ann an rathad eisempleir do'n chruinne-ché, tha saoradh nan ciontach uile gu leir air taobh naomhachd agus an aghaidh peacaidh. Cha'n eil a leithid de nì fodh uachdaranachd Dhé agus ceannairceach a thuair maitheanas agus e fathasd 'n a cheannairseach aig a chridhe. Na'n gabhadh a leithid de chealladh a bhi air fheillseachadh agus ciontach a bhi air a dheanamh tearuinte le focal agus mionnan Dhé bho pheanas, agus fathasd a buannachadh 'n a cheannaire, na neach a bha air a dheanamh nì bu daingnich-te anns a pheacadh le a pheacaidhean a bhi air a' maitheadh, an sin, da-rìreadh, dh'fhaodadh sinn a ràdh, "Buannaicheadh-mid ann am peacadh oir tha pailteas gràis ann." Ach cha'n eil a leithid sin de neach ach ann am mac-meanmhuinn dhaoine; cha'n eil e ri bhi air fhaotainn am measg pobull Dhé a

shaor E agus dh'n d'thug E maitheanas. Cha'n e paipeir fuar, tioram, neo-thorach, a tha ann am maitheanas Dhe, a tha fàgail a chridhe far an d'thuair se e; 's e th'ann ach maitheanas a tha our fodha agus a buadhachadh, a sguabadh roimhe uamhar agus mi-dhìlseachd a pheacaich, a leaghadh a chridhe chruaidh agus a toirt air a bhi beo chum moladh agus glòir Dhé. Agus tha tomhas a dhol a mach a reir na'm briathran, Chaidh moran a mhaitheadh, uime sin tha moran gràidh ann. Is ann a reir mothachadh air cionta agus neo-airidheachd a tha'n gràdh agus an ùmhlaichd a tha air a thoirt seachad air ais. Is ann a reir meudachd na'm fiachabh a chaidh a mhaitheadh a tha'n ioraslachd agus an t-ioghnadh air oibreachadh co-cheangailt' ri mothachadh air tròcair.

Air bhi do thròcair mar so air a daingneachadh 's na h-uile rathad 'n a cleachdadh urramach, tha gairm a mhaitheanas a taomadh a mach gu saor, làn, agus gun chuibhreach, air a ghiulain air sgiathaibh an t-soisgeil a dh'ionnsuidh a h-uile creutair fodh neamh. Ged a ràinig bhuir peacaidhean cho àrd ri neamh, tha ann an so tròcair a tha dol os an ceann; ged a ràinig iad sìos gu ifrinn, ann an so tha tròcair a tha ruigheachd a dh'ionnsuidh na h-ifrinn iochdraich. Aig cho mòr 's ga'm bi bhuir cionta, co dhiubh tha sibh òg na sean anns a' pheacadh, co dhiubh tha sibh 'n a ar foirmealaich fhuar, na tha sibh gu foilaiseach ain-diadhaidh, co dhiubh tha sibh ag aideachadh diadhachd na gu foilleasach ga dimeas, ged a pheacaich sibh an aghaidh soluis, sochairean agus cothroman, tha a ghairm dhuibhse, "Pilleadh e ris an Tighearna, agus nochdaidh e tròcair dha; agus ri ar dia-ne, oir bheir e maitheanas gu pailte."

Co-dhùnaidh sinn a nis le bhi deanamh co-chur a chùim a bhi toirt dhachaidh teagasg sònraicht' a chùim theagaisg, a chùim bhuir eridheachan agus bhuir coguisibh.

Agus, 1. Ciod o'n sealladh a tha so a toirt air cliù Dhé. Tha a chridhe uile gràsmhor; tha tròcair a taomadh a mach bho a dhoimhneacdan is fhaide a stigh; a leum thairis air sealladh air cionta a pheacaich, agus gluasad innigh eridhe an Athar thairis air a Mhac; tròcair a cromadh gu bhi tearnadh na muinntir a bha coltach ris na diabhuil, a tairgse dhoibh maitheanas, ga'n gabhail le gàirdeanabh fosgailte; ga'm maitheadh gu saor, gu làn, gu toileach, agus gu neo-chaochlaidheach; a deanamh gàirdeachas ee an ceann a chùim maith a dheanamh dhoibh, agus mu dheireadh ga'n togail suas gu bhi na'n luchd-comhphairt dhe bheannachd agus dhe ghlòir fein. Is E so Dia an t-soisgeil—neach is e colas air agus air a Mhac Iosa Crìosd, a bheath mhaireanach. Cha'n eil Dia eile ann ach E Fein; agus na bheir sinn aoradh do bhith eile, tha sinn ag aoradh do iodhal, agus feumaidh sinn co-roinn a bhi againn ann an erioch luchd iodhal aoraidh-diamhanas, amhladh, agus eu-dochas sìorruidh. Ach ma chumas sinn a mach gu'r e dia dha'm bheil sinn a deanamh aoraidh,



is e dia e a tha cho salach agus cho truailte ruinn fein; agus an dia so gu earbsa ann? an dia so gu ar saoradh ann an làth mòr agus uamhasach an Tighearn? Cha'n eil teagasg eile ach se, a tha labhairt air tròcair shaor agus shaoibhir Dhé, is urrain gu bràth am peacach a thogail bho shlochd coguis neo-mhothachail, agus bho phrìosan coguis chiontach, gu bhi gluasad ann an solus agus saorsa leanamh Dhé.

*(R'a leantuinn.)*

## Notes and Comments.

### **The Messiah and Israeli General Election.**

During last July a General Election took place in Palestine to elect a new Israeli Government and it was reported that a great deal of bribery took place to influence voters to support one party or another. But one man came all the way from America to bribe as many Jews as he could to abstain from voting altogether. A religious leader Rabbi Teitelbaum came over from New York before the election to offer food vouchers worth 15 American dollars to any Jew who in return would abstain from voting. Behind this was the view of a Jewish sect, which believes that Israel needs its Messiah before establishing secular rule, and that the present political state is an illegal one. So we are made aware once more of the sad fact that there are still Jews looking for the first advent of the Messiah, foretold by the prophets of the Old Testament Scriptures, in face of all the glorious evidence that He came to this world to seek and to save the lost, and not to establish a temporal Jewish Kingdom, nearly two thousand years ago. It seems that these Jews are expecting the Messiah to come for their temporal advantage as a people. But when the Spirit of grace and of supplication shall be poured down upon the Jews in God's appointed time, then they will turn to their Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, in the New Testament and in the gospel of His grace, and mourn over their rejection of Him, and embrace Him and believe upon Him in the exercise of a living faith.

### **Sabbath-breakers Disturb Scottish Villages.**

Two reports have appeared recently telling of the activities of haters of the Sabbath which have affected villages in Scotland. In July, at Perth and Kinross County Council, Councillor Andrew Howie declared that people in the Perthshire village of Errol were afraid to go to Church on the Lord's Day, when there is motor cycle racing at Errol Aerodrome, because there is so much congestion and danger on the roads. He proposed some traffic arrangements to obviate the danger. What a terrible state of matters when law-abiding citizens who desire on one day in seven to publicly acknowledge God are afraid to appear on the public road of their village when ungodly men hold

a motor cycle race meeting in the vicinity. Truly the devil in men is seeking increasingly to trample down even the remaining evidences of outward decency on God's holy day. It is, of course, true that these motor cycle enthusiasts on the Lord's Day are driving fast to hell. Let no one envy the license they are taking by engaging in their sport, in violation of the law of God. The other case of deplorable Sabbath breaking in a village is connected with the Aberdeenshire village of Boddam. It is said that every Sabbath evening bus loads of people from Aberdeen and the surrounding countryside pour into the village. They bring their own dance band with them. There is a meal in a local hotel and drinking also, and then the dancing, which sometimes goes on until 11 p.m., Sabbath night. It has been said that the noise is terrible, and there has been quite a lot of discontent among village householders about these dances. But others do not care, and it is reported that nothing is being done. Here is the enemy coming in like a flood upon a quiet Scottish village on the Lord's Day to dance, drink, and distract the minds of others. This is indeed the true character of those who reject with scorn the old Scottish Sabbath. But why is nothing being done to oppose these unholy activities? If there is a minister of religion worth the name in the village of Boddam he should be up and doing in an endeavour to stop the lawless being a burden and a trial to others. The Sabbath dancers in Aberdeenshire, as elsewhere, have yet to appear at the judgment seat of Christ. There will be no trifling with the divine law there, or any carnal frivolity.

#### **Irish Republican Army in England.**

During August, as reported in the press, members of what is called the I.R.A., raided Arborfield Barracks, Berks., and stole large quantities of arms and ammunition. These were recovered in a derelict shop in North London. And it should be very particularly noted that during the removal of all this ammunition by the police a man called Danny Rory O'Ryan, said to be London's I.R.A. chief, drove to watch the special police do this work. He is reported to have stood there cursing and saying, "We will rise again." This whole movement with its main headquarters in Roman Catholic Eire, is organising to bring to an end by force the partition between Roman Catholic Eire and Protestant Ulster. And apparently members of this gang and their families find employment and live comfortably in England, and at the same time plot against our Protestant nationals and religion in Ulster. Will this new manifestation of Vatican policy open the eyes of indifferent professed Protestants to the boldness of the enemies of our Protestant liberties and heritage?

#### **Roman Catholics and Scottish Nationalism.**

In the recent past we have expressed the opinion that the campaign for Home Rule for Scotland is definitely supported by the Roman Catholic Church to further its own aims. We have further information on

this very fact in the *Scottish Catholic Herald* for 1st July, 1955. In this issue it is reported that two prominent R.C.'s, among others, have signed a new declaration calling for unity among Scottish nationalists, viz., Sir Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Moray McLaren. The Covenanters want Scottish control of purely Scottish affairs. The Scottish Nationalist Party wish full dominion status. Mr. Oliver Brown, who signed the declaration, said that if the Scottish Parliament were to be constituted the eight Roman Catholic bishops of Scotland would automatically be entitled to seats. This is the Mr. Brown, who some years ago, suggested that the Church of Scotland should return to the Roman Catholic Church, all the abbeys and churches said to be taken over at the Reformation. These recent items of information indeed confirm us in the view that the Roman Church is using the Home Rule for Scotland campaign not for the advantage of the people of Scotland but with intention of furthering the Papacy in our midst. Thus we must keep clear of this Home Rule business.

### Church Notes.

#### Communions.

*January*—Fifth Sabbath, Inverness. *February*—First Sabbath, Dingwall; third, Stornoway; fourth, North Uist. *March*—First Sabbath, Ullapool; second, Ness and Portree; third, Finsbay and Lochinver; fourth, Kinlochbervie and North Tolsta. *April*—First Sabbath, Breasclete and Portnalong; second, Fort William and London; third, Greenock; fourth, Glasgow and Wick. *May*—First Sabbath, Kames and Oban; second, Scourie and Broadford; third, Edinburgh. *June*—First Sabbath, Tarbert, Applecross, Coigach; second, Shieldaig; third, Lochcarron, Glendale, Helmsdale, Dornoch and Uig; fourth, Inverness and Gairloch. *July*—First Sabbath, Lairg, Raasay and Beaulay; second, Staffin, Tomatin and Tain; third, Halkirk, Rogart, Flashadder and Daviot; fourth, Bracadale, North Uist and Plockton; fifth, Achmore and Thurso. *August*—First Sabbath, Dingwall; second, Portree and Stratherrick; third, Bonar, Finsbay and Laide; fourth, Vatten and Stornoway. *September*—First Sabbath, Ullapool and Breasclete; second, Strathy; third, Tarbert and Stoer; fourth, Kinlochbervie. *October*—First Sabbath, Tolsta and Lochcarron; second, Gairloch and Ness; third, Applecross; fourth, Greenock, Lochinver; and fifth, Wick. *November*—First Sabbath, Oban and Raasay; second, Glasgow and Halkirk; third, Edinburgh, Dornoch and Uig. *December*—First Sabbath, London.

#### Special Notice.

We have published above all the Communion dates for the year 1955. Will ministers kindly check the list and forward a note of omissions or corrections to the Editor.

**London F.P. Communion Services.**

The Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, London congregation, Eccleston Hall, Eccleston Street, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. In connection with the dispensation of the Lord's Supper on Sabbath, 4th December, 1955, the following services have been arranged (D.V.), to be conducted by the Rev. A. F. MacKay, M.A., Inverness, and the Rev. Donald Campbell, M.A., Edinburgh:—Thursday, 1st December, 7 p.m.; Friday, 2nd December, 4 p.m. (Gaelic) and 7 p.m. (Fellowship Meeting); Saturday, 3rd December, 3.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. (Prayer Meeting); Sabbath, 4th December, 11 a.m., 3.30 p.m. (Gaelic) (with a corresponding English service in downstairs hall simultaneously) and 7 p.m.; Monday, 5th December, 4 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.

**Acknowledgment of Donations.**

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

*Sustentation Fund.*—A Friend, Edinburgh, £2; Miss J. M. S., Ardrishaig, 10/-; Anon., Inverness postmark, £1; Dr. E. McS., St. Blane's, New Cumnock, £3 10/-; Mr. L. Gillanders, N. Zealand, o/a Applecross Congregation, per Mr. D. J. Gillanders, £5.

*Home Mission Fund.*—Mr. H. McK., Craig Dunain Hospital, £1.

*Dominions and Colonial Missions.*—Mr. L. Gillanders, N. Zealand, per Mr. D. J. G., £5.

*Home of Rest Fund.*—Mr. Wm. McB., Lonbain, Arrina, £5.

*Organisation Fund.*—Mr. L. Gillanders, N. Zealand, per Mr. D. J. G., £5.

*Synod Proceedings Fund.*—Mr. E. McS., Raasay, 5/-. The following per Rev. A. McAskill:—C. McL., Lochinver, 8/6; K., P.O. Recharn, Achve-loich, 8/6 Mr. D., Strathan, Lochinver, 3/6.

*Jewish and Foreign Missions.*—Mr. N. Shaw, Wollongong, N.S.W., £4; Mr. J. D. Kidd, Grafton, N.S.W., £5; Mr. J. P. D., Applecross, £2; Mr. L. Gillanders, N. Zealand, o/a Shangani Mission, per Mr. D. J. G., £5; Mrs. A. E. H., Lake Michigan Drive, Grand Rapids, £1 15/3.

*Magazine Free Distribution Fund.*—Mrs. K. McK., Minch View, Porthenderson, £2 8/-; Mr. W. McK., Deebank, Inverness, £1; Mr. A. J. Davidson, Portgower (Magazine Fund), £2.

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*Raasay Manse Building Fund.*—Mr. E. MacRae, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks:—Friend, Skye, £5; A. G., Fort William, £3; J. C., Glasgow, £2; B. G., Portree, £1; J. A. B., Glasgow, 10/-; C. N. I., £1; Friend, Glasgow, per E. M. S., £1; also o/a Sustentation Fund, B. G., Portree, £1.

*Staffin Manse Building Fund.*—Mr. D. Gordon, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks:—Rev. W. McL., £2; Misses J. and A. McK., Pitlochry, £5; Mrs. D. G., Staffin, £1; Friend, Portree, £1; Friend, Glenelg, £1.

*Ullapool Church Building Fund.*—Mr. A. Corbett, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following:—Gairloch Congregation by Collecting Cards, £89 16/-; Ullapool Congregation, by Book, £92 12/6; Ardendrene and Logie, £23 10/-; Anon., Blussary, Stratheanaird, £8; Mr. and Mrs. D. McL., Culnaeraig, Achiltibuie, £10; Mr. J. McC., Shieldaig, £1; A Friend, Diabaig, £2; Mr. and Mrs. M., Laide, £2, per H. Campbell; Mrs. McK., Slattadale, £1, per Rev. D. N. McLeod. (Gairloch Congregation's contributions now amount to £97 16/-.

*Winnipeg Church Repairs Fund.*—Mr. H. A. Kitchen, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following donations:—Mrs. M. Lawrence, 232 Ninth St. East, Pr Albert, \$10; A. M. Kellar, 329 Fifteenth Avenue West, Calgary, \$20; Ps. 51-18, Clinton, Ontario, \$12; Mrs. C. Gibson, Salvadore, Sask., \$5. (This Fund is now closed. We wish to convey our sincere thanks to all who contributed so promptly and generously.—ALLAN McLEOD, Clerk of Deacons' Court.)