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"The Right Way."

"AND He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." The Lord finds all His people in spiritual Egypt; in bondage to Satan, and under the curse of a broken law. There is no difference in this respect between them and the rest of mankind; they are children of wrath even as others. But the Lord makes a difference. He made a difference in His purpose in eternity, and He makes a difference in His performance in time. He leads them forth out of Egypt. They are not left in bondage for ever; they are set free in a day of power. He leads them forth by "the right way." It may not be the way they expected or desired; it may not be, in some steps of it, a comfortable way; but it is the Lord's way. It is a way dictated by infinite love and wisdom; it is a way that leads safely to the appointed end; in one word, it is "the right way." The Lord leads them by this way, that they may "go to a city of habitation." They were dwelling at first in a land of sin and darkness and oppression; they have to pass through a wilderness of trial and conflict; but He leads them to "a city"—a scene of light and liberty and joy; a holy city of habitation, where they will find a permanent abode; a sphere of sinless activity, and a quiet resting place for ever. This is the heavenly Jerusalem, towards which the Lord is leading all His ransomed ones. "And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Our present subject is "the right way," and to some things which are true of it we desire to direct the attention of our readers.

1. The right way is a way of sharp conviction. This is the general path by which the Lord leads His people out of Egypt. He brings them through painful exercises of conviction. He shows them where they are, what they have done, and what they deserve. Out of the grave of a dead memory He raises up their past sins, presses home the guilt of these on their consciences, and thus arouses them to seek a way of escape and salvation. Again, He confronts them with the righteous curse of the law they have broken, and they are brought to tremble lest they be quickly

overwhelmed in the bottomless ocean of God's wrath. Some He deals more sharply with than others at this part of their course ; some pass through greater depths of fear and terror than others ; but almost all know a little at the outset of the sharp pathway of conviction. And if it happens that some do not know very much of it then, they will know a good deal of it afterwards. It is sinners—helpless, guilty, hell-deserving—Jesus came to save, and the Spirit will take of these things of Christ, and show them unto them. The way of conviction is a right way ; it awakens poor souls on the brink of hell, and makes them seek a Saviour who is able to save to the uttermost.

2. The right way is a way of gracious deliverance. In the time of His people's extremity, the Lord graciously appears as a Saviour and Deliverer. He shows them a way through the mighty waters ; He enables them to make choice of this way ; and He leads them safely through. These same waters, that before struck unspeakable terror into their hearts, now stand as lofty walls of protection on either side of them ; and speedily these walls of law and justice fall upon their pursuing enemies, and destroy them for ever. Jesus Christ is the way of deliverance. He already passed through the sea of wrath, and by His sufferings unto death purchased a safe passage for His poor people. And so when a guilty sinner is enabled by grace through faith to lay hold of this glorious Redeemer as offered in the gospel, he experiences a gracious deliverance from sin and hell, and sees his enemies dead upon the sea shore. This is the right way out of Egypt. No matter how extreme our terrors may be, these alone will not suffice ; we must get a deliverance from the Lord himself by the Spirit through the Son, ere we are emancipated from Egyptian bondage. Nothing less will do than "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." And the renewed soul who may be oftentimes afraid he never got this deliverance will not be satisfied with anything else. The salvation of God alone will meet his case.

3. The right way is a narrow way. It is a contrast to "the broad way." The latter is wide enough to afford scope for all kinds and dispositions of men ; the debased profligate, and the upright moralist may be found walking in perfect comfort along its expansive course. But the narrow way is a spiritual way ; and while its gate is open to receive all, no matter how black or fair their past life has been, who are willing to enter upon it, yet it is only the spiritual, they who are born of the Spirit, that can and do walk in it. It affords abundant scope for the broken and contrite in heart who mourn their past and present sins, and who bedew their steps with the tears of true repentance ; and it provides many encouragements for those who bemoan "a shut Bible, a prayerless heart, and an absent God." But it has nothing but stones of stumbling and broken bones for such as will attempt to walk in it with reigning sin, or sin indulged by their side. It is

"a way of holiness." All who are truly in it long after deliverance from a body of corruption, and after conformity to the image of Christ. Their cry ascends continually, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is their constant prayer to be kept free from open transgression also, and they endeavour in the strength of grace to walk in integrity and uprightness before God and their fellowmen. The way is narrow to all manner of moral evil, and therefore supplies not the smallest footpath to Atheist, By-ends, Worldly Wiseman, or even Legality.

4. The right way is a wilderness way. It is a way that passes through a wilderness. This world is in large measure a wilderness to the people of God. Its best comforts cannot satisfy the supreme desires of their souls. It proves to them "a dry and parched land wherein no water is." Their souls thirst after God, the living God, and while He grants a little of His presence here, He reserves the full enjoyment of it for "a better country, even an heavenly." Their pathway through the wilderness is a solitary way. They meet with few that understand their language, thoughts and feelings. They meet with many who look askance at them, and regard them as a strange company of fanatics. Their individual way also is to some extent solitary among themselves. Each has his or her own peculiar inward experiences, and there are difficulties, sorrows and joys, that no stranger inter-meddleth with. The wilderness way is a troublous one. It is not always smooth walking they have in it. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The Lord's people have troubles which spring directly from inward causes in their souls, from the darkness of their minds, the workings of corruptions in their affections, the powerful temptations of the devil, and their own frequent shortcomings and backslidings; they have also troubles from causes outside themselves. In times of sunshine they rejoice, their mountain stands strong; they walk on with a courageous heart. But in an unexpected moment, the sky darkens, the clouds lower, and the tempest begins to beat on them. They meet with losses and crosses and disappointments. The sweet gourd, under whose shadow they rested, begins to wither, and they find themselves desolate and afflicted. They feel their pathway is strewn with thorns, and often they are much discouraged because of it. But it is the right way after all. Their sins need to be chastised, their desires after Christ need to be quickened, and their progress in the life of grace needs to be increased. The Lord brings them through the fire and the water in order that they may be useful to their fellow-travellers on the way to Zion, in directing, stimulating, and encouraging them, and that they themselves may be sanctified and "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

5. The right way is a way of faith and hope. "The just shall live by faith." They are "saved by hope." By faith they take the word of the Lord to be the guide in their journey. Their cry is, "Order my steps in thy word." They know that they are safe

from danger if their footsteps are planted in the divinely-marked path, for not a few sorrows they have brought on themselves by sometimes taking their own, and not the Lord's way. By faith they look to the grace of God in Christ Jesus as their only strength for the journey. "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." Without grace they cannot walk or run in the course set before them; aye, without grace they cannot even creep in it. And so they are shut up to God alone for strength as well as direction. When they are in a proper frame of mind, this is no pain to them; they glory in the Lord as the fountain of all their supplies. By faith they lay hold on the promises of present help and final safety. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation: ye shall not be ashamed or confounded, world without end." By promises such as these, they are enabled to go on from strength to strength. The right way is a way of hope. Hope is the child of faith. They are inseparable companions. By hope the soul gets foretastes of "the rest that remaineth," of the holy sweetness of the city of habitation. The star of hope in the sky of God's word encourages the traveller to push on in spite of the darkness that encompasses his path. "The lively hope" enables him to endure manifold temptations, for he has reason to conclude that these are for a short time, and that beyond them lies "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

6. The right way is the only way to the city. Many may take other ways, ways of their own choosing and devising, and ways that may seem very fair and plausible, but they are wrong ways, ways that will eventually lead not to heaven but to hell. The right way is a way of conviction of sin, a way of gracious deliverance; it is a narrow, wilderness way, but a way of faith and hope. Its lines are marked out for us in the Word of God; it is the sure and only way to heaven. Some may appear to be very near this way by a form of godliness, and yet not be in it. Some may have an immovable confidence that they are in it, when they are far from it. Others again may be afraid that, notwithstanding what they thought to be a past acquaintance with it, they are not in it and never entered it. It is very probable the latter are on the way, but fears, however wholesome they may prove in stirring up the soul to examination, are not enough in themselves to prove we are in the way, nor will they satisfy the living soul as to this important matter. The Lord himself by His own Spirit and Word must make clear to the soul where it stands, whether it is in the way or not. And we believe that it is the cry of every poor soul that has been enlightened to see the need, the preciousness and the glory of this way, "O Lord, if I am not in the right way, put me in it now by the exercise of thy saving power, and enable me to walk in it even to the end."

"Them also in a way to walk that right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go, wherein they might abide."

Ps. cvii. 7.

Christ's Napkin.

A SERMON PREACHED IN KIRKCUDBRIGHT, 12TH MAY, 1633,
BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

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“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.”—REV. xxi. 4-7.

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“AND God shall wipe away all tears.’ When friends meet, they give the stranger his welcome-home. Here is the pilgrim’s welcome that our friend Christ gives us. It was spoken from heaven, and therefore it is true doctrine. Then we see that the tears of the saints shall be wiped away and removed, but not fully until the world to come, for then is Christ’s welcome-home to poor sinners. They come all to Him with wet faces, and bleared* with tears for sin and the manifold troubles of this life; and Christ meets them in the door, with a fair soft napkin in His hand, and puts up His hand to their faces, and says, “Hold your tongue, my dear bairns, ye shall never weep again.” And indeed, in my judgment, it is a speech borrowed from a mother that has a bairn with a broken face, all bloody and all bleared with tears, and it comes to her—woe’s her heart to see him so—and she sits down and wipes the tears from his eyes, and lays her hand softly on the wound, and his head in her breast, and dights† away the blood, and lays her two arms about him, and there is no end of fair words. So, when Christ and we shall meet in heaven, He will hush us, and wipe away all tears, and lay our head in His bosom. See how He alludes to this, Isaiah liv. 2, “O thou afflicted, and tossed with tempest, and not comforted; behold I will lay thy foundations with sapphires,” &c. It is there, to speak so, our Lord is ruing‡ that ever He had handled His saints as He did. Isaiah lxx. 18, 19, “Be glad and rejoice for evermore in that which I create; for behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice over Jerusalem, and joy in my people, and the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying.” If ever there was a blythe§ meeting betwixt two, it must be betwixt the bridegroom and the bride in the marriage day. And what a meeting there is of joy betwixt such a bridegroom and bride, cannot be conceived. For Christ, that day, will have on all His best clothes: and such a bride as the Lamb’s wife! When

* Bedewed. † Wipes. Repenting. § Happy.

we shall be clothed and not a wrong pin on us ; a fair bride in silk and purple of Christ's own busking.* And what a welcome she will get ! To get a drink, at our first meeting and incoming to heaven, of the "well of the water of life," O strong comforting water ! And Christ our Lord shall present His bride to His Father ; and our Father-in-law, the Father of our Husband, shall take us by the hand and lead us bent the house to the dining-hall, and set us down at a table to feast our fill upon the "tree of life"—to feast upon the Trinity for evermore ! Now, mock and scorn the way to heaven as ye please, ye never heard of true happiness till now. Here is a "banquet of joy" for evermore.

"He shall wipe away *all* tears." Christ our Lord in this world wipes the tears from His bairns' faces, yet after that they weep new tears. He never wipes away *all* tears till now. Here shall be our last good-night to death—good-night, crying, and mourning, and sorrow. We shall be on the other side of the water, and over beyond the black river of death, and shall scorn death ; for "Christ shall take death and hell and cast them into the lake of fire," Rev. xx. 14. The mother that lost her bairns shall get them,—all the Lord's widows shall get their husbands—the old world, which was the mourning world, shall be away ; and therefore, never till now shall "*all* tears" be wiped away.

The kirk is half a widow here—her Lord is in an uncouth country, far from her home ; and ilk loun† round about plucks at this silly widow, while she is in the valley of Baca wherein is no water. The watchmen strike her and take her veil from her ; but Christ writes a love letter to her, and after she has read it she rejoiceth and wipeth her face. But when the letter grows old, and she has lost the letter, new troubles come on,—she sheds new tears, and comes under new persecutions ; and her Lord, for her sins, goes in behind the wall and hides himself, and lets her mourn her fill. But in that day "He will wipe away all tears from her eyes." See then how it goes here in this life, first a fair day, then again a foul day, till at last that fair day dawns when all shadows flee away ; and there shall never be a foul day after that, but aye the long, lasting, summer day for evermore. You see a man travelling to his home—here is a water, then dry land, then another water, then dry land, then a water, and at last only dry land between and his home ; then he goes home to his wife and bairns, and has no more waters. So all our tears are never dried till we come to heaven ; for the saints have a liferent tack of the cross of Christ, while we are here, and aye§ ill weather—ever the cross. See John xvi. 20-22, our Lord compares our troubles to the pains that come upon a woman in travailing ; now a shower and then some ease, a shower again, and then ease—aye till the last shower that she be delivered, and then no more showers ; "she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."

* Dressing.

† Inward.

‡ Each low fellow.

§ Always.

We must be in pain ere our birth be born; but we shall be delivered of our birth.

Use 1st. Let us prepare; for tears will follow us to heaven; unto the very entry of the door our face shall be wet, for we go out of this life sad and groaning for this miserable life; and to thrust through the last port, and to wade through the hindermost water—it is a sore set.* But be blythe, Christians, and grip to the promises. God's bairns that can now mourn for their own sins, and the sins of the land, rejoice in heaven; there are never seen greeting bairns† there, God has a napkin to dight‡ their faces.

But ye that laugh now (and so are far from tears), that mock the mourners of Zion, you may sigh and close the Bible, and say, "Alas! I never shed a tear for Christ; your text is not for me." It may be Christ shall that day make you weep and shed tears for evermore. This vain, laughing world will pass away—there is a day of tears coming on you, "weeping and gnashing of teeth;" and when a man gnash his teeth, one against another, he has no mind of laughing. I would not have your mirth for a world. Be doing; we shall see who will laugh fastest yon day.

Use 2nd. There is an ill coming on this land. Sin is not come to full harvest. Often have I told you of a fan of God's Word to come among you, for the contempt of it. I have told you often of wrath,—wrath from the Lord to come upon Scotland, and yet I bide by my Master's word; it is quickly coming—desolation for Scotland, because of the quarrel of a broken covenant. Now, my dear people, my joy and crown, seek the Lord and His face; let Him be your fear. "Flee to your stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Doves, flee to Christ's windows, and save your souls.

Verse 5, "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."

John heareth more of Christ—a sweet speech. Here are three things mentioned. 1st, A speaker. 2nd, A speech. 3rd, A direction to keep the speech.

1. A speaker. "He that sat upon the throne." Who spake the speech is not told, whether an angel or an earthly king, for they sit on thrones also. But it is He of whom it is said, Rev. iv. 2, "And, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne." John tells not his name, but he thinks so much of Him that he takes it for granted that there is none worthy to be a king but He, and to sit on a throne but He. The saints measure all the affections of others by their own affections. As, if one speired§ at John, "Who is he that sits upon the throne?" he would have answered, "What needs you speir? is there any in heaven or earth, in my estimation, worthy to be a king but He? and to sit on a throne but He? and to take a crown upon his head but He?" The saints set aye|| Christ alone—they set Him

* Difficult work.

† Weeping children.

‡ Wipe.

§ Enquired.

|| Always.

above all. Speak of kings to them ; but Christ is out of play. So, Cant. iii. 3, the kirk, meeting with "the watchmen," saith, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" What kened* the watchman of him whom her soul loved? for she might have loved a loon, or a harlot, or an idol-god, or the world. But she measureth the watchman by herself. There was none in *her* mind but Christ ; and therefore she needed not to tell them, as she thought. So Mary Magdalene, John xx. 15, says to the gardener (as she thought), "Sir, if ye have borne him hence, tell me where ye have laid him." She tells not what *him*, taking as granted that what so much possessed her own soul, would doubtless equally occupy the thoughts of every other : and none was so much in her mind as Christ. Now, I pray you, let the same mind be in you that was in John and in Mary. Let Christ be to your soul the pearl of the ring. Among all kings, Christ should be made high, and esteemed by us as He—the only He—that is worthy to "sit on the throne." So, in Cant. v. 10, He is to the kirk "the chiefest among ten thousand." Gather all the angels in heaven and earth together,—Christ is too good to be their captain. And, indeed, what is all that sits on a throne? It must be infinitely more in Him. And whatever glory is in the world, is far more in Him. Take all the roses in the earth, and put them all in one, that would be a dainty thing and sight. But what are all these to Christ?—no more than a nettle to the fairest rose. Fie upon the tasteless love of men, that never loveth Jesus Christ, and yet falleth in love with lusts. They love gold, riches, and honour, and put Christ to a backside. Aye, Christ gets not His own among us. We commend Him not ; neither will we match with Him.

2. A speech. "I will make all things new." This is as much as all things are old. Sin hath made all things old. They are like a woman groaning in childbirth with pain and vanity, because of our sin. Rom. viii. 22. All the creatures are sickened because of sin. Because of our sin, vanity came on the sun, moon, and other creatures. They sigh under this, and pray, in their kind, a malison,† and a woe to man ; for sin has made us all miserable. The heavens, that are the fairest part of the great web of the world, "wax old as a garment ;" the prophet saith they are like an old clout‡—the water saith, "let me drown sinners, they have sinned against my Lord,"—the fire saith, "let me burn them, let me burn Sodom, for they have sinned against my Lord." All things have lost the glory that they got at their first creation. Jesus saw all things gone wrong, and quite out of order, and man fallen from his Lord, and He did, even with the world, as the pilot, who, when an inattentive man at the rudder was steering the ship on a sandbank, stept in quickly and turned her incontinent, or else all would have gone to confusion. So our Lord stept in when the great ship of this world was running on destruction ; and when the sun and the moon looked sad-like, and said they would

* Knew.

† Evil.

‡ Rag.

not serve us, He renewed them by His death, made them all laugh on the elect again, and gave them all a suit of new clothes.

Drunkards, Christ gave His blessing on the wine ye spue on the walls. Ye that dishonour your Maker with your vain apparel, ye know not what it cost Christ our Lord to buy a right to those things that ye abuse in vanity. All that set the world in their hearts, where the Lord should be, forget that Christ bought the world to be their servant, and not to be as their darling and wife that lies in their bosom. Ye that make the earth, and the broad acres of it, your soul's portion, forget that Christ bought the earth, and made it new, to be a footstool, and not a chair for our souls to sit down in. And if Christ has this art to make all things new, come to Him all ye that are old. O ye that have old hearts, come. Christ may get His craft among ye, if ye would come to Him; the devil, it may be, has borrowed your heart for covetousness, and crooked it with the thorny cares of this world, and holed it, and knocked the bottom out of it. O if ye would put it in Christ's hand, He would put it into His furnace, and melt it again, and by His art bring it out a new heart for Himself to dwell in. Alas! Christ gets not His trade or calling among us. But why are not our old hearts mended? Because we handle them as a foolish mother doth a dawted bairn;* she will not let him go to the school to learn, and why? Because she dow† not want him out of her sight. She will therefore, never let him do well, but feeds him for the gallows. We dow not give away our souls to Christ, who would fain have, and could easily mend them. But lust, or pride, or covetousness, like the foolish mother, keeps them out of Christ's company; so that we will not let that dear craftsman, who made the earth under our feet and the mountains new, make our old hearts new. Our souls are all hanging in tatters, worn and old with sin, and yet we dow not put them in Christ's hand, that He might make them whole, and cleanse them. Fie upon thee, that thy garden, cursed in Adam's day to bring forth nettles and thorns, is blessed again to bring forth fruit in Christ, and thy soul gets not so much of Him as thy yard;—it is made new, but thy soul remains old. O bring it to Jesus,—He will create in you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you. Indeed, Christ may get His craft among ye, if you would go to Him; for it is His trade to “make all things new.”

3. A direction to keep the speech. “And he said unto me, Write; for these words are true and faithful.” He bids John write these things about the state of the glorified, and calls them faithful and true. He would not intrust His word to man's memory and conscience,—He would have it written. Blasphemous papists, laugh not at this, nor call the Pope's breast the Bible; here is a warrant for written scripture. Indeed it tells us, that man's falsehood wore his conscience. Had his conscience been a faithful register, there should have been no need of a written

* Indulged child. † Will.

Bible. But now, the Lord has lippened* more to dead paper, than to a living man's soul. Our conscience now under sin had not been a good Bible, because man is ready to run away from his conscience; and because, what is written on our conscience (as, that there is a God—a judgment—a heaven—a hell), Satan and sin come in as two false witnesses and blot it out, and write that in the fool's heart that says "there is no God." And there are many holes in our souls; the Word of God comes in and runs out again at back-spouts, unless Jesus make our souls waterfast, so that "the Word of God may dwell in us plentifully." Are not our hearts compared to a field, wherein the preacher sows the seed, and the black spirits of hell come and gather up Christ's wheat? O but there are many running-out souls; and much need we have of a written Bible. Therefore make much of the written word, and pray God to copy His Bible into your conscience and write a new book of His doctrine in your hearts; that ye may be made "the living epistles of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not in tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart."

Verse 6. "And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end: I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Here also are three things. 1st. A prophecy. 2nd. A description. 3rd. A promise.

1. A prophecy. Christ says to John, "It is done." That is expounded in Revelation xvi. and xvii. The world is ended. So speaks Christ of the world. The glory of it passeth away in the twinkling of an eye, and Christ crieth to those that have the world in both their arms, "It is done," it is a past thing, there is no more of it. It is but a word to our Lord. He said "let all things be," and they were; he will say "let all things depart," and they will be at an end. We are beginning with the world as if it would be evermore ours; and our Lord says, in a moment, let it be plucked from them, and it is done. It is not for nothing that the taking down of this inn of heaven and earth is touched in so few words,—*"It is done."* For it is an easy thing for the Almighty to take in His own hand the staves that hold up this fair tent, and, when He pulleth it, He maketh it come down with a tilt. So, Rev. vii. 1, four angels are brought in "holding the four winds of the earth," as if they had the world in their hands, and as if they had it ready to fold up as a sheet. And O! what a fighting and business do men make to get a clout† of this sheet! He staring out his eyes—and he setting out his neck, for a piece of this holly clout‡ and sheet, and for a gloib§ of the earth. But see, Rev. vi. 14. "The heavens shall depart away like a scroll" of parchment that is rolled together, and the fair stories thereof are like figs; with the shake of the Almighty's arm shall they fall together to the ground. And, what is more, with a touch of the Almighty's

* Trusted. † A piece. ‡ Tattered covering. § Piece of ground.

hand,—or a putt of His little finger,—or a blast of His mouth saying “it is done,”—the cupples of the walls of the house shall come down. Now I cannot but speak of fools that have their heads full of windmills, and cry it is beginning, “to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant.” Isaiah lvi. 12, and there is no end of buying and selling. I came not here to bid anybody be unthrifty; but be not like bairns building sandy bourocks* at a burnside, when presently a speat of water comes and spills all their sport, or a shower chases them in from their play. Men are ever bigging castles in the air. In very deed, we are like bairns holding the water at a river side with their hands. They think (daft things) they hold the water; while in the mean time it runs through their fingers. And what says God, of honour, riches, pleasure, lands, fair houses, and sums of money? Even that in a word “all is done.” Ask of them that had the world and broad acres once at will, what is to the fore? And what is to the fore† of so many thousands? What has the world of them but their name? And what if their name be lost too! For what is their name? Ten or eleven letters of the A B C; and for their bodies—howbeit, when they were living, kingdoms would not content them—the clay into which their bodies are dissolved would not now fill a glove. I think that a true, and a strange spoken word, Isaiah xl. 22, “God sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.” We even creep like grasshoppers up and down the globe of this earth, and cry to men, of the vanities of all things, till death comes, like a common thief, without any din or feet, and plucks them away, and there is no more of them; then they say, “It is done.” All men must confess it is true that I say, but I think to be dead ere they believe it, and act accordingly, or be brought to hate the world. I think the world is the devil’s great herry-water-net, that has taken thousands and slain them. Ye say, ye are sure of it. Then I say, ye are a dyted horse for heaven.

2. The second thing that is in the verse, is a description of Christ: “I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.” Our Lord here being to make an offer of the water of life, He first sheweth what He is; even the first and the last letter of the alphabet—the Ancient of Days—the Eternal Son of the Eternal God. This teaches us that we may crack‡ more of our old holding, and old charter, than all the world can do. For why? When began Christ to bear a goodwill to a sinner? Even when He began to be God; and He was God from all eternity. Suppose the sun in the firmament were eternal, the light of it behoved to be eternal; for the light of the sun is as old as the sun. Now love is a beam of life and heat that comes from Christ, the Sun of Righteousness; therefore everlasting Christ—everlasting love. For loves comes not on Christ the day, which was not in Him yesterday. Man’s love and a king’s love, are hunted for very

* Places of shelter.

† Remains.

‡ Boast.

much ; and yet they die, and their love dies with them, and often their love dies before themselves. But who seeks Christ's love, that "changes not?" Yea, this is a matter of admiration and wonder, that Christ should have thought on us worms of the clay, ere ever we were ; and that our salvation is as old as evermore ; as old as Christ, and Christ is as old as God !

Indeed, if God should begin at any point of time to love sinners, His love would have had a beginning ; and if His love had a beginning, Christ himself would have had a beginning, because love with Him is one with His essence and nature. But it may be said, can the love of God be older than the death of Christ? Ans. Christ's death doth not properly make God a hater or a lover of man, for then both His will should be changeable and His love have a beginning. How then? Christ's death doth only let, that God kythe the fruits of his eternal love out upon us, but after such a way as He thought convenient for His justice ; and therefore *we* are said in Scripture "to be reconciled unto God," and not God to be reconciled unto us. His love is everlasting ; because by order of nature it was before the seed, before we had done either good or evil ; so that sin could not change God's mind, but only by the order of justice. Sin stood in the way to hinder us of life everlasting, which is a fruit of His love. Yea more, God with that same love in Christ, loveth the elect before and after conversion ; and therefore, in feeling any of God's love to us, we have to rejoice in Christ. It is old acquaintance between Him and us. And therefore, as it is folly in man (as Solomon saith) to cast off his old friend, and his father's friend, so let us think it madness to cast off such an old friend as Christ. And under temptations and desertions, let our faith hold fast by this ; Alpha and Omega changeth not, the change is in us.

3. The third thing in the words is a promise of the water of life to the thirsty : "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Isaiah lv. 1, and John iv. 14. Christ at the market cross cries the well free. Here learn,

(1.) The thirsty and hungry souls are meetest for the water of life. What ! (ye will say) and are not all thirsty? Yes, all want the life of God, and the sap of grace, and are burnt and withered at the root ; but all know not their own want. Here is indeed a special comfort for the weak ones who say, "O I know Christ doth good to believers, to repenters, and to such as love Him ; but I dow not, cannot, win to faith and repentance, hope and patience : I have too short an arm to rax* so high." Then, say I, have ye a desire, a hunger, for faith, and repentance, and love? Now, upon your conscience, speak the truth. I trow ye cannot deny it. Then your Lord bids you come : the well is open to you. For hunger and thirst being next to motion, and the two properties that begin first with life ; so every one that is new-born is lively, and hath a stomach for meat and drink. "O but," say ye, "I am

* Reach.

many times, in my soul, at death's door. I have neither faith nor feeling. I am even at this—'God loves me not,' and the well is not ordained for me at these times." Would ye fain be at the well? In my mind ye cannot win away. In the children of God, when at the lowest ebb; even when faith, comfort, joy, love, and disposition to pray is away, is there not a longing for a presence? I speak to the conscience of God's child; lie not. David, Psalm vi., when he thought God spake to him in wrath, was at, "How long, Lord?" A cutted word. I think that he looked like a poor hungry beast looking over the dyke; he would fain have had a mouthful. He was even going about to seek a slap to break over the dyke of his doubtings. And so it is with God's bairns, under their thirst for the water of the well of life. See Canticles iii., when the kirk can get no speiring of Christ, and has no smell of Him, and cannot find the print of His foot; yet she is at this, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" And chapter v. 8, "I charge you, O daughters of Jesusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love." Then, let me now tell you weak ones, who are Christ's companions, and who it is shall drink with Him, and get their hearts and heads full of the water of life,—even the tender Christians that are aye seeking. The bairn in Christ's house that is most cumbersome, and makes most din for his meat, is the best bairn that Christ has. The bairn that is greeting ilk hour of the day for a piece and a drink, we say of such a silly thing, "He would fain love." Aye the cumbersomer that Christ's bairns be, they are the welcomer. Na, He loveth the bairns best that have no shame, and are aye crying, "Alas! black hunger, dear Lord Jesus: I am burnt with thirst; O for an open cold fountain!" O it is a sweet thing aye to be whinging, and crying, and seeking about Christ's pantry doors, and to hold aye an eye upon Christ when He goes into the house of wine, into His Father's lucky wine cellar, where there are many wines, and bout* in at Christ's back. But, in a word, have ye a good stomach? much hunger and thirst? Well, ye shall get much satisfaction of grace in Christ. Is there not a time when ye cannot get a presence, and ye have no pith to put up the door and bout in, but ye put it half up and blink in? Love ye to pray, or desire ye but a desire of prayer? Hold on then. Ye are right. The true desire is absolute, and not conditional. Not like the sluggard that would have a crop, upon condition he might have a feather bed to lie on for fear of cold. Even so some would have heaven, upon condition that they might keep their lusts, and take their lusts with them.

Now, who are they that are debarred from Christ's well? Ans. Those who have gotten an ill drink from the devil, full of lusts, pride, and covetousness,—full of love of the world. Such are they that have no stomach for Christ. Alas! and woes me! Christ standeth at the well's side, and crieth, "The back of my hand to

* Push.

you." The Lord Jesus give such a vomit-drink, that they may grow wholesome and hungry again for Christ; for till then they are never meet for Him.

(2.) But secondly, Hunger is aye seeking through the whole house. For the belly can hardly play the hypocrite. The natural man is in darkness; he is in a sleep; it is night with him. He is like a cumbersome bairn greeting in the night for a drink, and crying, "Who will shew me any good?" Psalm iv. 6. And Satan is ready at his elbow with his dishful of the dirty, miry waters of lust, and love to the world; and he drinks till he sweats and tines* breath, and tines all sight and desire of Christ,—“the Fountain of the Water of Life.” It is true this fountain is said to proceed “out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” Rev. xxii. 1. But it is all one; for the streams of the water of life proceed from the fountain, Christ. How then is the water Christ? Answer. It is Christ-man dying, and sending out His heart’s blood for quenching the thirst of such poor sinners as find the fire of hell at the stomach of their souls, burning them up with the fire of the wrath of God for sin. This is the well; this is why He is called “a fountain of the water of life.” A man burnt with thirst, nothing can quench him; no, not a world of gold is so good as a drink of pure, cold, clean, fountain water. So a soul wakened under sin, findeth nothing in the world satisfactory to the soul’s appetite, but in Christ. Tell me, art thou a thirsty sinner after Christ? Then thy soul is dead-sick till ye get Him. Is a man faint, and fatigued, and way-worn? Lay him down on a soft bed, dry the sweat off him, give him a cold refreshing drink. In like manner, ye cannot speak such a word to a soul-bursten thing under sin, as to lay it upon a crucified Christ. O that is a soft bed! His sinful soul being stretched upon the open wounds, and warm-flowing blood of Christ. O that is a soft bed! O but a part of Christ’s blood is a refreshing cooling drink to him! A slave of hell, to know that he is made a free heir of heaven—O that is sweet! Hence it is, that those who are wakened with the furies of hell, howbeit they know not yet what Christ is to them, yet this world cannot calm their conscience. Because, for men that are soul-sick and sin-sick there is no physic but one—only a “drink of the well of life.” And because they ken not the gate to this well of life, they, in despair, leap out of this life into the fire of hell, through the madness of an awakened conscience. A thirsty soul finds two things in Christ, never to be found in all the world or in anything else. 1st, Christ takes off the hardness of sin. None has power to do this but He. All the pardons of sin are in Christ’s keeping, and of Christ’s making. It is His office, and His alone to forgive sin. 2nd, They find in Him an influence and abundance of happiness, so that what they sought before in the creature, they find nowhere else but in Him. Speak to them of gold—it is nothing to Christ. Speak to them of lands and lordships—a

* Loses.

Saviour, and such a Saviour, has another and a more delightful name to a sinner that is awakened. Again,

(3.) The text calls Him "the water of life." We see here there is some water rotten and ill-tasted. Will a thirsty man drink of it, he shall not be the better. But the wholesomest water is the running spring—so all that sinners can get beside Christ is standing water. Let them drink in gold, and kingdoms, and lands; these will never be satisfying to a sick soul as He will be. And they who have drunk in these, at death would be content to spue them out again; they lie so heavy upon their stomach. But Christ is the cooling, wholesome spring, "the well of water springing up to eternal life." Now to make our use of this. Seeing Christ is such a living well of water, how comes it that under the gospel there are so many dry and withered souls? I answer, for God's part. Indeed, God has not put an iron lock upon the well of life; but Christ by His word and sacraments, opens the well in the midst of us, and for seventy years and more in this kingdom the well has been open—Christ and his messengers have been crying to dry souls. But now, for aught we see, He will close the well again. He has been setting out the means of life, and opening the booth-doors to give us freely, even to such as would take it; but He gets no sale. Therefore He must put up His wares, and go away, for men are not thirsty for His waters. But one thirsts for court and honour; another for lust and money, and a third for sinful pleasures. There be few stomachs gaping for Christ. They have not a vessel to cast down into the well, and take up water. This is a fruitless generation. O! we loathe Christ, and Christ loathes us. We need speak no more of the call of the Word. All the land,—court, king, noblemen and kirkmen, have spued the waters, by despising grace and contemning the gospel; and in very deed, when we cast in clay and mud in Christ's well, and mix His worship with the poison of the whore's well of Rome, what do we else but provoke the Lord to close the well?

"I will give it freely." So are all Christ's mercies given of grace. His mercy is for nothing, and of free grace. I grant the well is dear to Christ. God's justice digged it out of His side, and heart, and hands, and feet. The man Christ got not this water for nothing; yet He gives it to us for nothing, because He minds not to make a gain of us. We live upon Christ's winning. For know ye that Christ, who redeemed many, did so by the rule of justice; since "he gave himself," and has bought all "with His own blood;" so that in this sense Christ was bought to us with blood, else we could not get Him; for He was both the price and the wares; so that, as far as we can see, it was decreed by the Lord, by order of justice, that Christ could not have lived and given to us the waters of life. It was dear water to Him; for in the garden God deserted Him, and blood came out. On the cross God bruised Him, and blood came out; and *that* is the well

we have here. We think we would have something to give to Christ for the water of life—some of our own righteousness—some of our own worthiness; but this is plastered humility, watered copper. And in doing so we refuse grace, and make grace to be no more grace; for if it be given for any worth in us, then it is no more grace. Let men here then see that the kingdom of grace is a good cheap world, where the best things are gotten for nothing. I think in *this* dear world nothing now is bought for nought; all things go for money. Court costs expenses, lands are dear, gold is not gotten for nought; and law is dearer than ever it was. Yea, paper and ink are now dearer than jewels and gold rings were long syne. Yet Christ, for all that, will not change His world. All things with Him are given *gratis*, and ye are welcome when all is done. Here we get no garments for nought, no physic for nought; but Christ gave “white raiment,” “eye-salve,” and all for nought. Sinners say, “Lord, what take ye for the water of life?” He answers, “Even nothing, and yet welcome.” Christ plays not the merchant with His wares: He makes no gain, but cries, *The well is free*. No, says the Pope; not a drop of it till ye tell down money. That bloody Beast would sell the water of Rome for gold. As meikle money,—as meikle grace and forgiveness. Want ye money? He says, ye shall not come here. Nothing in Rome without money. Fie, fie; the stink of the devil’s world. Nay, but Christ is for nothing. Here justice giveth money, and officers give money; it is a dear world. But Christ and His world care no more for money than before.

Verse 7. “He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.”

I. Alway in this book, John urgeth “*fighting*” and “*overcoming*” for heaven. We wonder much that God will not have poor men go to heaven but by fighting, seeing He might have sent us to heaven by a second heaven. But this is but a thought of men, that would make a new backgate of their own to heaven. God advised well when He made His causeway to it, and ordained all His saints, yea, His own Son, to go that way. But it is easier for us to complain on God’s decree than to obey, and to dispute than believe. Men have too thin skins. For health they will cut a vein, or let a leg or an arm be cut off for fear of a fester; and yet for “life everlasting” they are so, that they dow not venture a moment’s pain.

There are excellent promises made to the overcomers—to him that taketh heaven with stroke of sword and blood. For heaven is a besieged city or castle. There are many foes to fight against. Armies of sin with all their armour, and the deceiving and malicious world, with Eve’s apple in one hand, and fire and sword in the other; and the devil is the captain of the army. Now, here is a prize set, and an offer made to him that overcometh; to him that will mount up by faith and hope, and leap up into Christ’s chariot, and betide him life, betide him death, will go through.

They are cowards that take a backside, and let the devil coup* them in a gutter. But yet to lead men on, here is a promise, "He shall inherit all things." Ye see that the Christian's Captain is a man of fair rent. "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come—all are yours," 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22. And to let us see He bides† by the thing He has said, He says again, "All are yours." Ye see, in this world, one has a kingdom, as Asa, but wants health, and is sick of his feet—he has not all things. Another, as Samson, had strength of body above any living, yet had many troubles, and wanted his eyes—he had not all things. Oh the business Adam's sons are at for inheritances! Here a mailen—there a lairdship—there a new lordship. These they call their all things. I think this is a greedy style, and proudlike lordship or lairdship. Yea greedy Adam's sons have more greediness here than wit. They run all upon their lordships, that they call the lordship of many things. "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled," Luke x. 41. Worldlings, ye are aye careful and troubled about this, to be called my lord of many things. But we shall see if the text be true.

Ye will notice, that Paul puts in "death" into the rent-roll. I think death an ill mailen,—better want it out of the charter. Nay, but death is also a part of the lordship this way, because it is my lord of all things, and a coach to glory, Christ Himself being the coachman and driving the horse. As the wind serveth to bring the seaman home, so death serveth him that hath the new lordship. Death is Christ's ferry-boat to carry the Christian home, for in Christ he sets his foot on death's neck. It is a bridge over the river of hell that he walketh on to heaven; and it is his. The Christian is advanced in Christ's court, and gets the new style, and is called my lord of all things, the prince, the duke of all things. Yet I shall get you a lordship far inferior, but much sought for—the lordship of vanity or nothing. "Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?" He that is rich has nought, "For riches certainly make themselves wings; they flee away as an eagle toward heaven," Prov. xxiii. 5.

Again, if the Christian "inherits all things," then the whole world is his, and so he wanteth nothing. Psalm lxxxix. 25, "I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers." Here see how broad Christ's two arms are. His one hand upon all the sea, and His other hand upon the rivers. And that promise is made to Christ as principal cautioner of the covenant; for it is said, verse 26, "He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the rock of my salvation." Verse 27, "Also I will make him my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth," which is expounded of Christ, Heb. i. 6. Again, in Rev. x. 2, He has "his right foot on the sea and his left foot on the earth." Put these two together, and see how wide His arms and legs, or feet are;

* Upset.

† Stands.

they go over the whole world as His inheritance, which He won to Himself and His heirs after Him, with His blood. Now Christ got land not to Himself. What! needed He land, and to give His blood for clay! But He won it to us, and took infetment in the earth, in the name of His friends; so that in Him they inherit "all things."

But here one may say, How is it then that the saints are hungry and poor? Ans. It is true they are not now possessors of all things. But (to compare earthly things with the heavenly) for minors' wants ye see their interest is in and over all things, yet their tutor lets them go with a toom* purse. He knows the heir is a young one, and cannot keep gold, and therefore He gives him food and raiment for his present necessity, but keeps the lordship till he be able to guide it. Even so Christ is made of God our tutor and treasurer. It is all one whether our wealth be in our chest-nook, or in our tutor's hand, to keep till we need it, providing we lose it not.

Another objection and doubt is, Seeing they are under so many troubles in this life, and have no ease, the saints have not "all things." I answer, yet I must defend it, and say, if they have the inheritance they have all things, because the sweet of the comforts and the trouble is theirs.

A third question or objection is, The saints have not heaven and glory, at least, in this life, and therefore they have not all things. I answer, the promise is not fulfilled in this life. Yet when a man has shorn a stook or two of corn, we say, he "has got harvest and new corn." So the believer gets joy, hope, faith, assurance of heaven, and the first fruits of the Spirit; these are a foretaste of the full harvest and new corn; and having God and Christ, the saints have all things. For ye see the great ship draggeth the cock-boat after her, so the great Christ bringeth all things after Him at His back. So I say, having Christ, believers, ye have all things—ye have "the Father, and the Spirit, the word, life, and death."—Amen. Let us pray.

* Empty.

THE day of grace is not past with any who rejoice to meet with any of the Lord's people; nor would I give over hope regarding any who would say, "I wish I were like them."—*Joseph Mackay.*

A MAN and a beast may stand upon the same mountain, and even touch one another; yet they are in two different worlds; the beast perceives nothing but the grass; but the man contemplates the prospect, and thinks of a thousand remote things. Thus a Christian may be solitary at a full exchange; he can converse with the people there upon trade, politics, and the stocks; but they cannot talk with him upon the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—*John Newton.*

Letters of the late Donald Duff, Stratherrick.

(XXIII.)

STRATHERRICK, 19th August, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is written, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but yet at length the Lord delivereth out of them all."

It appears that the Lord sees it meet still to be chastising you and yours. Oh! how much does He see that we need to keep us mindful of our dependence upon Him, even as creatures, and upon His keeping and protection. His Word makes it clear beyond a doubt that not a sparrow falls to the ground without a special providence, but how difficult it is for us to believe that. For myself, the infidelity of my heart has been fighting against that truth for the last forty years; and oh! how much do I lose of the benefit that His own people in every age got in seeing His hand in everything that befel them. But all that He does for His own people He does it for their good. The Covenant in which all things are well ordered and sure, puts this out of question, but we require the grace of faith before we can have the comfort of this. Without faith in the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord wrought in us by His own Word and Spirit, we will be, under all troubles and crosses, like "the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," for nature shrinks from and seeks to avoid the cross; although Christ has told us plainly that in following Him we will have to take up the cross. I am doubtful if I understand aright what is meant by "taking it up." There is more meant than that we are to submit to it because we are not able to remove it, and more in it than that we are to bear up under it as best we can. Nor does it mean either that we are to seek and break out for ourselves a way of escape—a back door, as it were—by which to get away from, or to lighten the cross. To "take up the cross" must surely mean that we are to view it as coming from the Lord's hands and by His appointment, and to confess that, without His own support, we shall not be able to carry ourselves under it in a way that shall be glorifying to Him. Also, that however dark things may look in connection with it, we desire to trust Him to bring out of it the end He has in view in ordering it, pleading His own gracious promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." One thing, moreover, at least is certain, that however high the waters of trouble may have risen, or however heavy the cross may have been in our experience, the Lord has been better to us in the midst of it all than we deserved, or than we could give Him credit for; which we should confess to our own shame and to His praise.

We had not Dr. Martin at last Communion in Dingwall, and likely need not expect him in future, for the medical men give no

hope of his being able to resume public work. What a mysterious providence that such a man should be laid aside, and many useless—or I might go further and say worse than useless—ministers are allowed full liberty. For my own part, I do not know a single minister, south or north, that could handle a passage of Scripture like him, although some—such as our dear friend, Dr. Kennedy—may have more influence on the feelings. But “what is man but man at best?” although we cannot but regard it as a dark stroke on the Church when one so eminently qualified, and who took the side of truth in the present contentings, is set aside.

Hoping to hear soon.—Yours, &c.,

D. DUFF.

(XXIV.)

STRATHERRICK, 26th February, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I confess I am to blame for not writing sooner, but you know it is possible to answer some letters without writing. Moreover, it is customary among people of a little sense not to write at all unless you have something to write about. You will say that surely I am very dead if I had nothing to write about. And that is true; but spring is coming in now, and we hope things will be beginning to revive. Indeed, if you saw me listening to a very good gospel sermon, or at a Friday meeting surrounded by some of the precious ones of the earth, you would scarcely believe it was the same person, and indeed I could scarcely believe it myself. I have heard ministers condemning the religion that would be by fits and starts, and I believe they were right in what they meant. But my religion for the last forty-five years has been nothing but fits and starts, and alas! that the *starts* have been so few and far between.

But there is one thing of which I am quite convinced—that this world and all it can produce will never satisfy the desires of my soul. I think I can also say this—that the greatest happiness I ever knew or tasted was found in what I thought was the fellowship or communion of the blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus. And if my heart deceives me in this, I am undone for ever, for although we dare not set bounds to almighty power, yet I have no hope of becoming better as to myself while in this world. For a man who has discovered that he is a bankrupt can hardly flatter himself that his credit is good; far less will others credit him, even should he promise for the future to put matters to rights. So unless I have an interest in the Covenant that is “well ordered in all things and sure,” I have no hope. That blessed Covenant undertook for all the debts and obligations of those who are interested in it; and what is no less wonderful, it will gather all its bankrupt children from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, even the blind, and the lame, and the halt, and her that is with child—a company of characters very unlikely to go on a journey. But the effect of the Covenant transaction is that they

shall be brought, and may the Lord grant that you and I be found among that number.

You would see from the papers that Dr. Kennedy left home last Friday, intending to be back in April or May. It is thought that the change to the climate of Italy during the cold weeks of spring will benefit him, as cold always increases his trouble. I went to see him before he left. Sheshadri, the Indian convert and missionary, was in Dingwall at that time, and I heard a precious and very affecting address given by him.

Hoping to hear soon.—Yours, &c.,

D. DUFF.

(XXV.)

STRATHERRICK, 29th July, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will be glad to know that I have arrived safely at home after my journey to the north, and can honestly say that I never met with more kindness on any former occasion. At all the places that I made a stage of, the dear friends could not show more warmth and kindness. We read that David said, “Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.” It was grace that enabled him to say this, and the same grace could enable us, in some measure, to thank the Lord for His goodness and mercy toward us, and to trust in Him also for the future: Alas! that we are so ready, by our unwatchfulness and untenderness, to grieve away the blessed Spirit from our souls, by whom alone we can have any right thoughts toward God, for certainly of ourselves we can do nothing but sin. It is wonderful how difficult it is for us to learn the lesson, “Without me ye can do nothing,” although, if sad experience would teach us, we might have learnt it long ago.

On my way home I heard one or two sermons in different places, as the Communion are being held just now in the Highlands. But they were all very much like my own little sermons—very common-place sayings. However, I heard one minister saying “that the Lord’s people were every day offering up Christ as their daily sacrifice.” Is that your opinion?

I have been thinking since returning of the conversation we had about faith the day before I left. Well, I think faith will be trying to exert itself not only—as you were saying—when the truth is before the mind, but even when the mind feels dead and dull, and when the heart feels hard and insensible; yea, faith will have a cry out of the very belly of unbelief, and it is then it will show its true nature as struggling towards its only resting-place—the heart of God. “From the place whence the rivers come, thither do they return again.” But young folks like you are always desiring to be fed at the breast of experience, and it is not easy to wean you from that. However, Moody and Sankey are in the country just now, and they will teach you to believe right off without any difficulty. But, dear friend, where true faith is, it is

precious, for it is the gift of God, implanted by Him in the soul, and often kept alive there unknown to experience, being secretly upheld by the power that created it. And hidden though it often is, by reason of the sin that dwelleth in us, there is no growth in grace, nor the least step in the divine life, but is got by faith. And I may add (though you may consider it selfish) that if I have any sure ground on which I depend for eternity, I have it by faith.

Things here are much in the usual way. The people, who are as kind as ever, were very glad to see me back. I have a pleasant remembrance of my visit; and oh! may the Lord in His mercy prepare us for the place where there is no parting, and where sin and sorrow shall never enter.

Best wishes to you all.—Yours, &c.,

D. DUFF.

The late Mr. Donald Mackay, Student.

IT is with feelings of deep sorrow we notice this month the death of Mr. Donald Mackay, student, which took place at the Free Presbyterian Manse, Broadstone Park, Inverness, on Thursday, the 2nd August. Our deceased friend, whom we prefer to speak of in familiar language, as Donald, had not been very robust for some years, but was able to prosecute his studies for two sessions at Glasgow University. He had just put in some weeks of his third session last winter when he took ill with a deep cold in his chest. This was about the end of November. For some months he rallied, and was eventually able to go to Inverness on the 6th April, where his brother (the Rev. John R. Mackay) had been newly inducted. Here he got worse, and lingered with alternating ups and downs until the date mentioned, when he passed away to "the better country." Not a few friends cherished the fond hope that Donald Mackay's valuable life would be spared to the Church militant, but it appears the Lord had ordered otherwise. Jehovah doeth according to His will among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou? Rather we should endeavour, in the strength of grace, to say, "He doeth all things well." Seldom do we find it more difficult to speak in these terms than on the present occasion, for if ever there was a time that such a life, as the one under notice, was needed for the good of Christ's cause, it is the present. We fear that its removal is a sign of God's wrath against us as a generation.

Donald Mackay was born at Strathy Point, Sutherlandshire, on 22nd February, 1867, and was thus 33 years of age. He went to Thurso when a lad of 17 to learn the baking trade. He was then quite careless about the things of God and eternity, but one Sabbath when he was mis-spending his time these words mysteriously took hold of his mind:—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and

we are not saved." They produced a deep awakening in his soul. For the next half-year his distress was so great that his condition might be described as truly pitiable; yet it was the beginning of days to him—the days of a life that shall never end. During those dark days he felt as if no one cared for his soul, but at length a glimpse of hope was given him in the words, "Those that seek me early shall find me," spoken to him by a pious mother in Israel, now at her rest. This was Kitty Macrae (Mrs. Mackenzie), Dunnet, an ornament in Christ's Church in her time. Donald cherished a great attachment to her ever afterwards. But the burden, as far as can be learned, did not consciously fall off his back until one day he heard the late eminent Dr. Walter Ross Taylor, Thurso, preach from the words, "If I may touch but his garment, I shall be whole." It was then he first realised what it was by faith to enter into rest.

As it has been with others of the Lord's people, Donald enjoyed this first rest but for a short time. It was followed by a long and deep conflict, not unrelieved, however, by occasional beams of sunshine. The new creation now appeared very clearly in him, in a holy fear of God, an extreme tenderness of conscience, low thoughts of himself, and ardent love to the Lord's people, features that shone conspicuously in his character to the end. He was kept, however, during this period in a very low place, and up to the year 1893, he might be compared to a plant that dared not show itself much above the ground. In that year, however, he got more than ordinary spiritual liberty. His brother, Rev. John R. Mackay, tells us that he heard him say that, as Moses knew that the erection of the tabernacle had the approval of the Lord by the fire which fell from heaven and burnt the sacrifice, so he (Donald) felt in his soul with respect to the testimony borne for the truth in 1893, that fire had fallen from heaven to bear witness that it had the Lord's approval. The Lord was clearly a deliverer to Donald out of all his distresses, for we can hardly think of a greater contrast than his demeanour during the first and the closing years of his spiritual career. During the first no smile ever appeared on his countenance, while during his latter years he was marked by a Christian cheerfulness that could not be hid. The joy of the Lord was his strength.

We feel it difficult to give our readers who knew not the subject of this notice an exact portrait of him. We do not desire to employ the language of exaggeration, but cannot help saying—what others who knew him will corroborate—that seldom has been seen in these latter times a person upon whom the image of Christ was more clearly stamped. He was meek and lowly in heart, and holy and harmless in his life. We claim no perfection for him, but an unbecoming look, an ungracious word, an unworthy action, we never saw in connection with him. He was a bright example of the power of vital Christianity, and to the grace of a Triune Jehovah be all the praise.

His exercises in prayer were distinguished by rare spirituality. They exhibited the case of a soul deeply emptied of self, humbled in the dust of self-abasement, a soul that had no righteousness or strength of its own, but whose desires were wholly towards the Lord as the fountain of its life and happiness. We heard him once say in prayer, when he was manifestly feeling his need not merely of fear but of child-like liberty at a throne of grace, "O Lord, give us a grain of the spirit of adoption; a grain of the spirit of adoption is better than all the howlings of hell." The spirit of adoption he truly had, and it manifested itself in his ardent longings after communion with the Lord. Drops from heaven of the divine favour he greatly thirsted after, and the Lord satisfied him with these from time to time. He got remarkable nearness to the Most High, and that not least in prayer for others. Some striking examples of this are known to his friends. We cannot omit to refer to the earnestness with which he often prayed for "a better country." He felt this world to be a wilderness at best, and panted after the land of light and holiness. The Lord has now granted him his desire and request.

As may be understood, it was only within recent years that he began to preach. He believed he had that promise for the work of preaching, "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." His public discourses were savoury and edifying. They had not, it may be, the literary finish that growing experience would give; but at times they were quite brilliant, with an eloquent flow of spiritual thoughts, and full of unction and power, so that no ordinary expectations were raised of future usefulness. In fact, his abilities as a preacher were never fully developed, for it was at the beginning of his course in this respect that he was cut down. The last time he preached was in Oban, on Sabbath, the 19th November. The Church to which he belonged had little need to lose him. But we must submit to the Lord's hand; "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

His last Sabbath on earth was almost as happy a day as he was ever seen to enjoy. In conversation with his brother, Rev. J. R. Mackay, after mentioning some things which showed how great a reality his intercourse with heaven was, he went back upon his past life. He began by mournfully telling what wicked company he made choice of when he first went to Thurso, and then proceeded to express what the grace of God had done for him, in the following words of the 119th Psalm:—

"I thought upon my former ways,
And did my life well try;
And to thy testimonies pure
My feet then turned I."

And we personally may add the verse which follows, in order to complete the picture of our beloved friend which the Holy Spirit has drawn for us by the pen of inspiration:—

"I did not stay nor linger long,
As those that slothful are ;
But hastily thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare."

He was "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

To this imperfect sketch there is little now to be added. The remains of the deceased were taken from Inverness to the abode of his parents at Strathy Point, and were thence interred in the Strathy burying ground on Monday, 6th August, amid a large concourse of mourners. Much sympathy is felt with his parents and with his brother, the Rev. John R. Mackay, Inverness, and the other members of the family, while the loss sustained by the Church is deeply mourned throughout her borders. What is our sorrow is the joy of the departed ; what is our loss is his gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them."—(Rev. xiv. 13.)

A Letter from Canada.

THE following interesting letter from Mr. George Forrest was recently received by the Rev. John R. Mackay, Inverness :

BRUCEFIELD, ONTARIO, 7th July, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. MACKAY,—Your very welcome letter came to hand yesterday. I was longing to hear from you, and was afraid that something was wrong, and now I sincerely sympathise with you in your affliction. I hope your own health is restored by this time. . . . From what you told me about your dear brother, Donald, I can have very little hope of his recovery, but what a comfort it must be to you to know that his feet are on the Rock. We may naturally feel disappointed and discouraged, when such promising young men are taken away, when we think they are so much needed here ; but the Lord seeth not as man seeth ; His ways are high above our ways ; He doeth all in infinite wisdom and goodness. Let us humble ourselves under His mighty hand.

You will be anxious to know what we are doing here. Well, we have met with a very great disappointment. Rev. James Patterson returned to Manitoba about the time that I wrote last to you with the full intention of coming back here this spring, but he had not been in very good health during the winter, and in the early spring, when he was about to begin to prepare to come to Ontario, he had a bad attack of jaundice, with other complications, and he died on the 16th of April. He laboured among us with much acceptance during the last two summers, and we were looking forward in pleasant expectation of his return again this summer, but in this we have been disappointed. We have no minister at all among us now, but it is the doing of the Lord, and it becometh

us to be silent before Him. But we have employed one of our elders to work as a catechist among our people, and he is very acceptable to them in that capacity, but we cannot have the sealing ordinances dispensed to us. I may tell you that his name is Mr. Daniel Clarke, and he is a native of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire, but he left that place when he was very young.

The most of our people are turning longing eyes toward the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and would like so much to have, at least, a short visit from one of your ministers.

Do you think we could persuade the Free Presbyterian Church to send one of their ministers here for a little while next summer, if we would raise the necessary funds?

Now, dear Mr. Mackay, may the presence and blessing of the Lord be with you, and all those that are associated with you in the Lord's work. I will be anxious to hear more about your dear brother. We will be watching with some degree of anxiety the action of the Constitutionalists in October.—I remain, your sincere friend,

GEORGE FORREST.

The late Christina Gunn or Bain, Westerdale, Caithness.

THERE passed away on Monday, the 16th July, from the village of Westerdale, Caithness, one of the ripest and most estimable Christian women in the north of Scotland. Widow James Bain, or Chirsty Gunn, as she was more familiarly called, needs no introduction to our readers in the far north, for within her native county her name has been respected for many years. But for the sake of readers at a distance, it may be interesting not only to give a brief sketch of her, but also to supply a note or two in regard to her godly parents. Her father was David Gunn, a native of Kildonan, and heir to the chieftainship of the clan Gunn. David, however, laid no claim to this honour, which was at the time an empty-handed honour at best; he aspired after the higher honour which cometh from God only. He was an eminently pious man, and exercised the office of catechist in a district of the extensive parish of Halkirk. The well-known Rev. John Munro used to welcome him in his own lively cordial manner with the words, "Come away, King David." And David Gunn was indeed a king in one virtue that few kings have ever excelled in, namely, in humility. His humility was a conspicuous feature of his character. One said of him in this respect, "David Gunn walks so low that Satan's shots fly over his head," meaning that by his blameless life and lowly conversation he afforded no target for the accuser of the brethren to strike at. So much for Chirsty's father.

Her mother was Catherine Ross, daughter of the Rev. John Ross, who was minister of Kildonan from 1761 to 1775. She also

was eminent for piety, a person much beloved and respected by all who knew her. One homely incident in illustration of her faith and nearness to the Lord at a throne of grace, we may put on record. It appears that the household was sometimes in straitened circumstances. One day when there was no food in the house, she said to her daughter, "Put on the pot, Chirsty." The latter replied, "What's the use of my doing that? There's nothing to put into it." "Oh, but *it's* coming," she answered; and the pot was not long on the fire when a knock came to the door, and there was a messenger from a friend with an abundant and varied supply of provisions. The mother died at a great age, upwards of twenty-six years ago.

Christina was a worthy daughter of these worthy parents. Not that grace was communicated to her by blood, but it pleased the Lord to bless the precious privileges she enjoyed to her saving good. She was early made a subject of divine grace, and it is not too much to say that throughout her long life she was a rare example of living Christianity. She possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." Her humility, like that of her father, was remarkable; she was "clothed with humility," being in her own estimation "the chief of sinners," and "less than the least of all saints." No one could converse with her without being struck with the lowliness and humbleness of mind which characterised her. She did not say much, except when called upon to do so, and then her words were fitly chosen. This reticence of speech often concealed her superior mental power, but the sight of her saintly, intelligent countenance produced an impression upon her visitors that mere volubility of utterance could never do. When asked any question about herself, she would speak after this manner:—"What can a poor, ignorant creature like me say? But is it not a wonder how He is bearing with me still, blessed be His name? How often have I provoked Him to cast me off! But one of His names is 'the Wonderful,' and it is all wonders He does. He must do everything for me, I can do nothing." To one she said, "Pray for me; I am the blackest sinner on the earth." This language may appear very contemptible in the eyes of the world or of strong professors of religion who never got the back of self broken, but it is the heart-felt utterance of one who was as a little child and as a great sinner at the feet of Jesus. There is nothing that more clearly manifests the saving work of the Holy Ghost in the soul than self-loathing and self-emptiness. "Having nothing, yet possessing all things."

Chirsty, as might be expected, took much interest in the public cause of Christ, and she deeply regretted the changes in doctrine and worship that have been introduced into the now nominal Free Church. Her sympathies were entirely with those who protested against the Declaratory Act of 1892, and she became a member of the Free Presbyterian Church when it was formed, believing it

to be none other than the Free Church of 1843. She read a good deal, and was conversant with the writings of many of the old divines. A correspondent, who has given us several interesting items about her, informs us that she was greatly disgusted with the doings of last Assembly. The Moderator's opening address pained her very much. The meaning of "Evolution" troubled her not a little, and when a friend tried to explain it, she exclaimed with some warmth, "Oh! what do they mean? Is it not fearful how they are going on? They don't know what they are about, but they will yet know it all, and they are to be pitied." She often wondered at the attitude of the "Constitutional" ministers who were remaining silent in a Church so changed from that of 1843. We should not omit to say that she was revered by all in her neighbourhood capable of appreciating her worth, and not least by the young to whom she was kind and considerate, often entreating them to seek the Saviour in the days of their youth.

It was somewhat striking that a service, conducted by the Rev. John Macleod, Ullapool, was held in her room on the Friday evening of the Halkirk Sacrament, three days before her death. She was then in her usual, and next day she seemed wonderfully well, but on Sabbath evening she took a stroke of paralysis, and passed away about 8 o'clock on Monday evening, 16th July, surrounded by several friends, including an elder of the Church. She was 85 years of age. Her remains were interred in Achreny burial ground, near to the resting place of her beloved parents. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

The following verses by a friend in Halkirk, are a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased:—

TO THE MEMORY OF CHRISTINA GUNN OR BAIN,
WESTERDALE.

THOUGH along the obscure secluded vales of life thou went,
Yet in the paths of righteousness thy hallowed years were spent;
Humble, holy in thy walk, on thee a sacred unction shed,
Drinking from the brook of truth, and by its precious pastures fed.

Sprung not of earth's nobility, yet of a godly race,
Much noted for their piety, yea, eminent in grace,
The instruction early giv'n thou didst cherish in thine heart,
By grace thou chose the fairest choice, even the better part.

How often in years gone by thou didst greet us with thy smile,
So artless in thy sweet beauty and so bereft of guile;
O that the God of Jacob would lead us in the paths thou trod,
Then thy people would be our people, thy God would be our God.

The dignity of rank and wealth, to which the crowd aspire,
Thy pure heart coveted not, thou had'st a treasure higher;
The nobler dignity of grace did richly thee adorn,
It sanctified the ills of life so meekly by thee borne.

Within thy humble dwelling many shelter there have found,
A fair sweet Bethel of pray'r and praise, a spot of hallowed ground,
An arbour for the pilgrim band, where oftentimes they did rest,
Harass'd with life's cares and sorrows and with their sins oppressed.

Why need I eulogise thy life? To His Name be all the praise,
'Tis fragrant in the minds of those who loved thy walk and ways;
Thy grave and saintly bearing, and the love thou didst impart
Are treasured in each memory, engraven on each heart.

But what about thy shortcomings? the critics now may ask;
After them I never did enquire, let others take that task;
Some reckon it a great failing for which to be accused,
To sep'rate from a church wherein God's word is much abused.

Thou didst support a faithful few who for truth have made a stand,
E'en that the God of righteousness would visit this our land,
And receive the kingly rights that are due unto His Name,
So that within both church and nation He might reign supreme.

D. T.

Searmoin.

LEIS AN URR. DR. NIXON, MONTROSE.

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“An sin chaidh Pilat a steach a ris do àit a' bhreitheanaidh, agus ghairm e Iosa, agus thubhairt e ris, An tusa Rìgh nan Iudhach? Fhreagair Iosa e, Am bheil thu ag ràdh so uait féin, no an d' innis daoine eile dhuìt e mu m' thimchioll-sa? Fhreagair Pilat, An Iudhach mise? Thug do chinneach féin, agus na h-àrd-shagairt thairis dhomh-sa thu: Ciod a rinn thu? Fhreagair Iosa, Cha 'n ann do 'n t-saoghal so tha mo rìoghachd-sa: na 'm b' ann do 'n t-saoghal so bhiodh mo rìoghachd, dheanadh mo sheirbhisich cogadh, chum nach tugadh thairis do na Iudhaich mi: ach a nis cha 'n ann o so a ta mo rìoghachd. Air an aobhar sin thubhairt Pilat ris, An Rìgh thu ma seadh? Fhreagair Iosa. Thubhairt thusa gur rìgh mi. 'S ann chum na crìche so a rugadh mi, agus chum na crìche so thàinig mi do 'n t-saoghal, chum gu 'n deanainn fianuis do 'n fhìrinn. Gach neach a ta air taobh ua fhìrinn, éisdidh e ri m' ghuth-sa. Thubhairt Pilat ris, Ciod i an fhìrinn?”—EOIN xviii. 33-38.

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IS iad teagasga sònruichte nam briathra so, nàdur fhìrinn Chrìosd agus a Rìoghachd; na ceanglaichean r' a fhìrinn agus r' a rìoghachd anns am bheil Esan e féin, an so, agus ann an earrannaibh eile, a' suidheachadh luchd-riaghlaidh na talmhainn; agus mar tha an fhianuis, agus an eisimplir a thug e féin, a' cur mar fhiachaibh air a sheirbhisich féin gu léir an t-aideachadh ceudna a dheanamh air an fhìrinn, agus air a rìoghachd, agus an t-urram ceudna a nochdadh d' a fhìrinn-sa, agus do a rìoghachd.

Tha nàdur 'fhìrinn agus a rìoghachd-sa gu bhith air a bhreithneachadh le bhith a' toirt fainear cliù an Fhìr-riaghlaidh, agus cliù nan ìochdaran, agus a laghanna, agus cliù an luchd-riaghlaidh a

tha fo 'uachdaranachd féin, aige-san, agus a tha dileas dha, agus d' a aobhar : agus mar an ceudna le bhi a' toirt fainear nàdur shochairan na firinn, agus na rìoghachd a' s leis féin, agus nam beannachd a bhuineas d' a rìoghachd, agus farsuingeachd a rìoghachd, agus a buan-mhaireannachd : agus an dòigh agus an rathad 's an tugadh a stigh i, agus 's am bheil i air a cumail suas, agus air a cur ann am farsuingeachd 's air a craobh-sgaoiladh air thalamh. Bha Rìgh na rìoghachd so gu h-iomlan ni b' ilse na rìghrean na talmhainn so, 'n a chor agus 'n a shuidheachadh o 'n leth muigh ; gidheadh, tha e gu do-thomhais, agus gu neo-chrìochnach àrdaichte os an ceann gu léir, ann am mòrachd, ann an cumhachd, agus ann an glòir. Is iad ìochdarain a rìoghachd-sa, a chorp spioradail, dìomhair, féin : uaithe-san tha iad a' tarruing na beatha spioradail, a tha 'g an deanamh 'n an anamaibh beòtha, agus leis an bheil iad a toirt ùmhlachd thoileich dha, agus d' a thoil. Tha laghanna na rìoghachd so gu léir o nèamh, 'n an tùs, 'n an ùghdarras, agus 'n an crìch a tha aca 'n an amharc. Tha luchd-dreuchd na rìoghachd so air an suidheachadh 'n an inbhibh fa leth, a chionn e bhi aca mar an aon seirbhis air thalamh a bhi ri faire os ceann anamanna dhaoine, mar dhream a fo fhiachaibh cunntas a thoirt do 'n Rìgh, air na rinneadh leotha air thalamh. Tha uile shochairan fhaicsinneach na rìoghachd so spioradail 'n an nàdur, agus a sochairan 's an leth stigh, ann an anamannaibh, slàinteil, 'n an nàdur. Cha 'n 'eil an rìoghachd so a' gabhail a stigh uil' ìochdaran rìoghachd 's am bith eile air thalamh ; agus cha mhò, air an làimh eile, a tha an rìoghachd so ceangailte ri crìochaibh rìoghachd 's am bith eile. Le cumhachd 'fhirinn féin, air a co-chur ris an anam fa leth le cumhachd a Spioraid, tha an Tighearn Iosa, 'g a tòiseachadh, agus 'g a cumail suas, agus 'g a cur air aghaidh, ann an anamannaibh dhaoine. Agus, fa dheòidh, air do 'n rìoghachd so gach rìoghachd thalmhaidh eile a tha a' cur 'n a h-aghaidh a bhriseadh 'n am bloighdibh, seasaidh an rìoghachd so féin gu sìorruidh.

Tha an cuspar-smuaineachaidh urramach agus glòrmhor so, eadhon Rìoghachd Chrìosd air thalamh ; agus an cuspar eile sin, an Fhìrinn, leis am bheil, tre a Spiorad-san, an rìoghachd so air a cur suas, agus air a cur am farsuingeachd air thalamh,—tha iad so 'n an cusparaibh ro-urramach agus ro luachmor, gu bhi ri beachd-smuaineachadh orra, 's an duine 's an leth stigh, agus ann an comhlùadar, ri bhi a' thighinn orra. “Air glòir do rìoghachd labhraidh iad, agus cuiridh iad an céill do chumhachd, a chum a bhearta iongantach a dheanamh aithnichte do chloinn nan daoine, agus glòir mòralachd do rìoghachd.”—(Salm. cxlv. 11, 12.)

Oirne, mar luchd-riaghlaidh ìochdaranach, tha e mar fhiach-aibh, dìdeana, no gàraidhean na rìoghachd so o 'n leth muigh a choimhead, le faicill, fhad 's a tha i air thalamh, 'n am fallaineachd, agus 'n an tèaruinteachd. Feumaidh sinn a dìonadh o gach ionnsuidh o chumhachdaibh thalmhaidh, o ionnsuidhibh truailidh chumhachdan an t-saoghail, eadar gur luchd-riaghlaidh cumhach-

dach iad, no gur buidheann aineolach gharbh, no bhorb iad, a dh' iarradh an àilghios féin bhi aca, an aghaidh an lagha 's an t-soisgeil : i sud a dh'ionadh mar am fonn coisrigte, far am bheil an Tighearn Iosa a' foillseachadh a làthaireachd féin, mar an Ceann beo, a' toirt beatha spioradail d' a ìochdaranaibh féin ; agus gun cheadachadh do fhocal neach eile 's am bith, ùghdarrus fhaighinn no chosnadh, an taobh stigh do 'n rìoghachd so, ach a mhàin do Fhocal a Rìgh glòrmhoir féin. Cha 'n fheud comas-riaghlaidh a bhi, ach aig 'fhòcal-sa a mhàin. Agus gun mholadh bhi air a chluinntinn an taobh stigh do 'n rìoghachd so, a rìoghachd féin, ach a mhàin a chliù féin, a' toirt molaidh dha, an taobh stigh d' a crìochaibh. Agus is ann a mhàin, fhad agus a gheibhear sinne a' coimhead 's a' cumail suas saorsa iomlain no h-Eaglais, o gach ionnsuidh o 'n leth muigh air a saorsa spioradail, a bheirear le a naimhdibh, a tha e ceadachtaid dhuinn bhi ag earbsadh gu 'm faic sinn 'imeachd-san, mar imeachd ar Dé agus ar Rìgh an taobh stigh d' a ionad naomh féin.

Air dhuinn ach a mhàin amharc 's a' choitchionn air a' ghnòth-uch mhòr agus chudthromach so, a tha ro ghlàrmhor ann féin,— nàdur Eaglais Chrìosd, agus ar dleasdanas-na dhi, mar a rìoghachd-sa ; 's an àm, théid sinn air aghaidh chum nan cùisean eile, a tha briathran Chrìosd, a labhradh leis ri Pilat, a' togail ; is e sin, na fiacha fo 'm bheil luchd-riaghlaidh aimsireil, do Chrìosd, d' a fhìrinn, agus d' a rìoghachd ; agus an fhianuis sin, a tha mar fhiachaibh oirne a thoirt dhoibh, mu thimchioll ar dleasdanas dha-san.

I. 'S a' cheud àit. Gabhamaid sealladh coitchionn mu dhleasdanas Rìoghachda talmhaidh agus an luchd-riaghlaidh, do Chrìosd, d' a fhìrinn, agus d' a Rìoghachd.

'Tha focal na fìrinn a' toirt fianuis choimhionta ni 's leòr dhuinn, cia mar bha cinneacha agus an luchd-riaghlaidh air am meas fo fhiachaibh leis an Tighearn, anns gach linn agus ginealach, ge b' e àm 's an d' thàinig 'Eaglais agus a sluagh-sa, 'n am fochar, spéis agus càirdeas a nochdadh dhoibh, an aideachadh, agus cuideachadh a dheanamh riutha ; agus gu 'n robh e 'n a shùilibh-san, agus 'n a bhreth, 'n a pheacadh 's an robh mòr chionta do luchd-riaghlaidh agus do rìoghachdaibh aimsireil, turcuis a dheanamh orra, no oilbheum a thoirt dhoibh, no geur-leanmhuinn a dheanamh orra, mar Eaglais, no mar shluagh.

Mar so, mu Abraham, mar fhear-ionaid na h-Eaglais ann an seadh, chaidh a chur an céill le Dia, gu 'm beannaicheadh Dia iadsan a bheannaicheadh Abraham, agus gu 'm mallaichteadh iadsan a mballaicheadh e, agus gu 'n d' thug an Tighearn achmhasan do rìghribh air a sgàth. Air son mar bhuilich iad na h-Eabhruich, teaghlach Abrahaim, chaidh Phàroh agus uil' fheachd a rìoghachd a shlugadh sìos anns a' mhuir Ruaidh. An uair a thàinig rìgh agus sluagh *Amalek* a mach 's an fhàsach an aghaidh nan Eabhruideach, "do bhrìgh agus nach robh eagal Dhé orra," Mhionnaich an Tighearna 'n a chorruich, gu 'm biodh cogadh an

aghaidh *Amalek*, o linn gu linn, gus an caiththeadh as dhoibh gu h-ìomlan.

Tha an ni ceudna air a nochdadh, ni 's mò agus ni 's mò, air aghaidh, o linn gu linn, mar tha Eachdraidh a phobuill féin a' tighinn air aghaidh o àm gu h-àm. Air son gu 'n do ghlac iad le h-ainneirt, agus gu 'n do mhill iad caithir agus teampull Dhé, agus gu 'n do ghiùlain iad air falbh sluagh an Tighearna mar bhraighdibh; bha Babilon mhòr, uaibhreach, mu dheireadh air a leagail gu làr fo bhreithanas uamhasach Dhé, agus air a fàgail 'n a fàsachadh sìorruidh. (Faic Irem. l. 18, 's mar sin sìos; li. 34, 's mar sin sìos.) Agus thàinig an leithide ceudna do bhreitheanasaidh a sìos air na cinnichibh gu léir timchioll, air son an naimhdeis an aghaidh nan Iudhach; air *Ammon*, air *Moab*, air *Edom*, air dùthaich nam *Philisteach*, agus air *Tirus*, 's mar sin sìos. (Faic Esec. xxv. 3; xxvi. 2.)

O na tha air a chur air chuimhne 's an fhìrinn do oibribh fhreasdail Dhé a thaobh nan cinneach fa leth ud, tha e foillsichte dhuinn, gu 'm b' e an dleasdanas, agus gu h-àraidh, gu 'm b' e dleasdanas an luchdriaghlaidh a bha 'n an Cinn-iùil agus 'n an ceannardaibh orra sud, agus 'n an luchd-iùil d' am feachdaibh,—Eaglais Dhé a dhionadh, 's a coimhead o chaldachd; agus deadh-ghean a nochdadh dhi, agus cuideachadh a dheanadh rithe. Mur biodh sin 'n a ni suidhichte ann an comhairle nan nèamh, cha bhiodh na nithe ud air an cur air chuimhne dhuinne 's an fhìrinn air mhodh cho soilleir agus cho sùnruchte, 's a tha iad, mar pheacaibh cho an-tròmaichte, ann am breth chothromaich Iehobha.

Tha an dearbh bheachd ceudna air a thoirt mu dhleasdanas Rìoghachdan agus an Rìghrean a thaobh Eaglais Dhé agus a shluaigh, fo riaghladh Chrìosd, ann an linnibh frithealaidh an t-soisgeil.

Arsa Iosa ri Pilat, "Cha 'n ann do 'n t-saoghal so a ta mo Rìoghachd-sa. Thubhairt thusa gur Rìgh mi. 'S ann chum na crìche sin a rugadh mi, agus chum na crìche sin a thàinig mi do 'n t-saoghal, gu 'n deanainn fianuis do 'n fhìrinn. Gach neach a ta air taobh na fìrinn, éisdidh e ri m' ghuth-sa." Tha giùlan Philait agus Heroid ri Chrìosd, agus giùlan luchd-riaghlaidh Ierusalem thaobh nan abstol, air an ainmeachadh dhuinn anns a' cheathramh caibidil do Leabhar nan Gnìomhara, mar an ni ceudna a tha air a chronachadh 's an daramh Salm.

A' dol air aghaidh dhuinn, ma ta, mar tha an fhìrinn féin 'g ar seòladh, chum Sgriobtur an t-Sean Tiomnaidh, a chum 'gu 'n amais sinn air riaghailt dleasdanasais Luchd-riaghlaidh, mar bha Pilat, do 'n fhìrinn agus do rìoghachd Chrìosd, gheibh sinn an dleasdanas air a chur gu ro shoilleir mu 'r coinneamh, agus gu còmharnad.

Mar so, anns an Daramh Salm, tha foillsichidhean drùidhteach air an toirt dhuinn mu pheacaibh, agus mu ghàbhaibh Luchd-riaghlaidh aimsireil, agus mu na fiachaibh fo 'm bheil iad do 'n

ard Fhear-riaghlaidh, agus mu 'n aon slighe 's am faighear tèarainteachd leotha, a thaobh Chrìosd, agus a shluaigh, agus an aobhair a 's leis-sa. "C' air son a ghabh na cinnich boile, agus a smuainich na slòigh nì dlomhain? C' air son a dh' éirich rìghrean na talmhainn, agus a ghabh na h uachdarain comhairle le chéile, an aghaidh an Tighearna, agus an aghaidh 'Aoin Ungta-sa, ag ràdh,—Briseamaid o chéile an cuibhreach, agus tilgeamaid dhinn an cuing? An Ti a ta 'n a shuidhe air nèamh, nì e gàire; nì an Tighearna fochaid orra. An sin, labhraidh e riu 'n a fheirg; agus 'n a chorruih e uamhann orra. Gidheadh, dh' ung mise mo Rìgh air Sion, mo shliabh naomh-sa. Cuiridh mi an céill òrdugh an Tighearna; thubhairt e rium, Is tu mo Mhac-sa; an diugh ghin mi thu. Iarr arm, agus bheir mi dhuit na cinnich mar oighreachd, agus crìochan na talmhainn mar sheilbh. Brisidh tu iad le slait iaruin, mar shoitheach criadhaidir pronnaidh tu iad 'n am bloighdibh. A nis, ma ta, a rìghrean, bithibh glic; gabhaibh foghlum, a bhreitheamhna na talmhainn. Deanaibh seirbhis do 'n Tighearna le h-eagal, agus deanaibh gàirdeachas le ball-chrith. Pògaibh-am Mac, air eagal gu 'm bi fearg air, agus gu'n sgriosar sibh 's an t-slighe, 'n uair a lasas ach gu beag a chorruih. Is beannaichte iadsan uile a dh' earbas as." Mar sin, mar an ceudna, ann an earrannaibh eile. "Leam-sa rìoghaichidh Rìghrean, agus òrduichidh uachdarain ceartas." (Gnath-fh. viii.) "Tha Dia 'n a sheasamh ann an coimhthional nan cumhachdach, a measg nan déé, bheir e breth." (Salm lxxxii.) "Buailidh an Tighearna, a ta aig do dheas làimh, rìghrean ann an là 'fheirge." (Salm cx. 5.) "Oir an cinneach agus an rìoghachd nach dean seirbhis dhuit, bithidh iad caillte: seadh, sgriosar na cinnich sin gu tur." (Isai. lx. 12.) "Cuiridh Dia nèimh suas rìoghachd nach téid gu sìorruidh a sgrios: agus cha bhi an rìoghachd air a fàgail aig sluagh eile; ach brisidh i 'n am bloighdibh, agus caithidh i na rìoghachdan so uile, agus seasaidh i gu sìorruidh." (Dan. ii. 44.)

Cha lùgha soilleir a tha Crìosd e féin ann an Sgrìobtuiribh an Tiomnaidh Nuaidh, a' foillseachadh nan ceanglaichean agus nam fiachan fo am bheil Luch-riaghlaidh aimsireil air an cur, dha féin agus d' a Eaglais. "Thugadh dhom-sa gach uile chumhachd air nèamh agus air talamh. Uime sin imichibh-sa, agus deanaibh deisciobuil do gach uile chinneach, 'g am baisteadh ann an ainm an Athar, agus a' Mhic, agus an Spioraid Naòimh," agus mar sin sìos, (Mat. xxviii. 18, 19); no, mar ta an t-abstol Pòl ag ràdh, ann an sgrìobhadh a chum nan Ephesianach,—“A dh' oibrich e ann an Crìosd, (mar Dhia agus mar Athair ar Tighearn Iosa Crìosd, mar Athair na glòire), 'n uair a thog se o na marbhaibh e, agus a chuir e 'n a shuidhe air a dheas làimh féin e, anns na h-ionadaibh nèamhaidh gu ro àrd os ceann gach uile uachdaranachd, agus chumhachd, agus neirt, agus tighearnais, agus gach ainme a dh' ainmichear, cha 'n e mnàin 's an t-saoghal so, ach 's an t-saoghal ri teachd mar an ceudna: agus chuir e na h-uile nithe fo a chosaibh, agus thug se e gu bhi 'n a Cheann os ceann nan uile

nithe do 'n Eaglais, a ta 'n a corp aige, lànachd an Ti a ta a lionadh nan uile nithe anns na h-uile."—(Ephes. i. 20-23.)

Anns na h-earrannaibh so, tha craobh-sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil air feadh an t-saoghail, agus gleidheil agus cur air aghaidh uile chùisean 'Eaglais féin air thalamh, air an suidheachadh le Criosd e féin fo sgéith agus cumhachd an ùghdarrais a tha e féin a' cleachdadh os ceann chinneacha agus an Luchd-riaghlaidh mar os ceann gach inbhe do àrd-chumhachda spioradail nan nèamh féin. Agus tha a chumhachd-san, agus 'ùghdaras-san os ceann Luchd-riaghlaidh agus chinneacha an t-saoghail, a' filleadh annta a chomas-sa, a thoirt orra gun fhios dhoibh féin, a bhi 'n an innealaibh gu 'fhìrinn féin, agus a rìoghachd, a chur air aghaidh; ach e bhi mar fhiachaibh orra so a dheanamh, agus iad a bhi 'n an innealaibh aige-san 'n a làmhaidh féin, a chum na h-àrd crìche so.

Tha daingneachadh sònruichte air a thoirt do'n teagasg so uile, ann an Leabhar an Taisbeanaidh, agus air a' chrìch air chionn am bheil Criosd, mar Rìgh nan uile chinneach, agus mar Rìgh nan Rìghrean, agus a chionn am bheil e 'n a dhleasdanas do rìghribh agus do chinneachaibh, agus mar fhiachaibh orra sud uile a choimhlionadh dha-san, agus do 'fhìrinn, agus do a rìoghachd. Tha an Leabhar sin do na Sgrìobtuiribh, ann an toirt shamhlaidhean air an aghaidh, ann an spiorad na fàidheadaireachd, no mar a dh' fheudar a ràdh, Eachdraidh shamhlachail roimh làimh mu thighinn air aghaidh Eaglais Chriosd, o àm dol suas a' Chinn ghlòrmhoir, gu ruig crìch ùine an t-saoghail so, a' cur an céill, iomraidh riaghlaidh a fhreasdail-san, araon os ceann Eaglais féin, agus an t-saoghail. Ann an deanamh so, tha e a' toirt àite ro àrd, agus ro shoilleir, do àrd-uachdaranachd Chriosd gu pearsanta os ceann uile rìoghachdan an domhain, mar tha sin gu bhi air 'fhoillseachadh le e bhi a' toirt dìtheachaidh agus leagail sìos, 's a bhi a' cur as do 'n dream uile a tha a' diùltadh géill' no ùmhlachd a thabhairt do a riaghladh-san, gu bhi a' cur 'aobhair-san air aghaidh, agus gu bhi, iad féin, 'n an cuibhrinn do a rìoghachd. 'S i an fhìrinn, so,—aig fosgladh an Leabhair ioghantaich ud, tha e a' toirt fianuis, no seallaidh dhuinn air Criosd, mar "an Fhianuis dhìleas agus fhìrinneach, an ceud ghin o na marbhaibh, Prionnsa Rìghrean na talmhainn."

'S an dreuchd 's an inbhe àrd-urramaich a tha an so, air am foillseachadh a bhi aige-san 'n a phearsa glòraichte féin, is cinn-teach, gur h-ann a réir an fhoillseachaidh so, a tha e, a nis, gu h-eudmhor a' deanamh faire os ceann giùlain nan uile chinneach agus rìoghachdan a thaobh a shoisgeil agus 'Eaglais féin. 'N uair a tha rìghrean agus luchd-riaghlaidh eile, a' buintinn gu coimheach, no eadhon gu mìchùramach, ach gu h-àraidh gu naimdeil, no gu geur-leanmhuinneach, r' a shluagh-sa, no r' a Eaglais mar chomunn, no r' a fhìrinn; tha fearg an Aoin Naoimh, aig am bheil gach cumhachd air nèamh agus air thalamh, air a brosnuchadh, agus air a dùsgadh; agus tha i air a foillseachadh ann an oibribh a

fhreasdail an aghaidh nan naimhdean ud d' a aobhair, 'n an inbhibh fa leth, an déigh a chéile. B' ann mar so, o chionn fad, ann an linntibh a tha air dol seachad, a bha luch-aideachaidh Chrìosd anns gach cèarna do 'n Roinn-Eòrpa, a' mìneachadh oibre follaiseach fhreasdail Dhé. Dh' éirich, mar eisimplir air so, geur-leanmhuinn thròm 's an Fhraing, an aghaidh a' chreidimh, agus Eaglais ghlan, shoirbheachail, a bha aig àm sin, 's an Fhraing; ach bhuadhaich a' Phàpanachd le a cuilbheirtibh, geur-leanmhuinn a thogail; agus bha i anabarrach fuilteach, ain-iochdmhor. Thàinig a' gheur-leanmhuinn so 's an Fhraing gu a leithid do àirde 's do bhuirbe, 's gu bhi 'n a leithid do chasgairt bhuirb air daoinibh, 's air mnàibh, 's air cloinn, 's gu 'n do chuir i gràin air rìoghachdaibh eile na Roinn-Eòrpa, gus an do chuireadh impidh leo air luchd-riaghlaidh rìoghachd na Frainge, toirt thairis do 'n gnothuch oillteill agus eagalach. Ghéill an Fraing do 'n impidh; agus thàinig iad gu sìth a shuidheachadh ri luch-aideachaidh an t-soisgeil. Bha na cùmhnantan a rinneadh, gu bhi seasmhach, daingean, air taobh na Frainge mar rìoghachd. Ach cha robh an ùine ro fhad, gus an do bhris an Fhraing na cùmhnanta sìthe so gu h-ìomlan. Agus bhris geur-leanmhuinn eile a mach, bu truime 's bu naimhdeile gu mòr na bha' gheur-leanmhuinn roimh sin. Cha robh air feadh na rìoghachd ud an sin, ach sadadh, agus fuadach, agus casgairt sluaigh, gun spéis 's gun athadh—na h-uile creutair reusonta a dh' aidich Crìosd a réir an t-soisgeil, ge b' e ionad 's am faighteadh iad, bha a' bhiodag 's an claidheamh air an sàthadh n am feoil,—na mìltean dhiubh air am bàthadh anns na h-aimhnichibh, mìltean air an crochadh, agus mìltean eile air an casgairt gu follaiseach air sràidibh nam bailtean mòra. Bha an Tir ud, agus i 'n a ruith le tuitibh uamhasach do fhuil nan naomh. A nis tha fios soilleir aig na h-uile, d' an aithne eachdraidh na Frainge 's na Roinn-Eòrpa, riamh o 'n là ud, gus an là an diugh, nach do sguir dòrtadh fola ann an rìoghachd na Frainge. Bha iad gu comharraichte air an toirt thairis, agus ar am fàgail do 'n combhairlibh ea-céillidh féin; agus d' am buirbe do-leighis féin—is gann a fhuair iad clos no fois o chogaidhibh bàsmhor ri rìoghachdaibh eile, no o bhuaireasaibh fuilteach eatorra féin, rìghrean agus prionnsacha air am mortadh, 's air an casgairt gun sòradh, iad air tionndadh an aghaidh a chéile, 's a' mortadh, 's a' casgradh a chéile: an naimhdeas agus an ain-ìochd a nochd iad do shluagh Chrìosd, air an ath-philleadh orra féin ann am breitheanasaibh ro-uamhasach air an Tir chiontaich ud. Nach aithne dhuinn, mar an ceudna, mar thòisich obair an ath leasachaidh, o 'n Phàpanachd, ann an rìoghachd na Spàinte, dìreach mar thòisich sin 'n ar Tir féin. Is aithne dhuinn ann an rathad Eachdraidh, mar sheas 's mar chathaich gu fuil an t-iarmaid a chaidh a ghairm gu h-éifeachdach tre ghràs, 's an rìoghachd sin. Is aithne dhuinn na h-uamhasan oillteil agus do-labhairt a rinneadh, agus sin gu folchaidh, le ainneirt agus air dhòighibh do-labhairt gràineil, air na mìltibh do dhìobarraich bhochda 's an rìoghachd ud,—an talamh

ag òl fo bhrat an uaigneis chealgaich, tuiltean na fola a dhòirt an ain-tighearnas—dh' fheudtadh gu cothromach a ràdh gur h-ann diabhluidh a bha e, ann an làmhaibh na Pàpanachd, agus a bha a' dol air aghaidh, eadhon gus an là an diugh ach beag; anns an rìoghachd ud, a bha gu h-àraidh ro-uaihbheach, àrdanach, fein-spèiseil. Ach riamh o chuir iad an ùghdarras agus an làimh ris an obair uamhasaich ud; tha an rìoghachd ud air tuiteam sìos gu ro ìosal agus truagh, anns gach aon dòigh, agus air a roinn 'n an aghaidh féin; ged tha ni-éigin dòchais 's an là so féin; gu 'm feud e bhi gu 'm faicear fathast ni-éigin aobhar dòchais mu a timchioll, —an Tighearn a bhi a' tionndadh 'n a mhòr-throcair féin rithe, agus 'g a beothachadh ann am fuath an aghaidh ain-ìochd agus mealltaireachd Ana-Criosd, leis am bheil i air a toirt gu bochduinn agus-aimhreit. Is ann mar so a tha an Tighearn Iosa Criosd a' toirt fianuis do rìoghachdaibh an domhain, mu 'fheirg agus 'fhuath féin do 'n pheacadh, agus nach faigh e dol as gun dìoghaltas. Agus ni 's faide na so, tha sinn a' faicinn, 'n uair a tha breitheanas Iosa Criosd a' faotainn saorsa agus comas ruithe, gu 'm bheil gu tric, nàdur truailidh ceannarcach dhaoine, tuilleadh air a chruadhachadh; agus mar sin, mar tha e air a roimh-innseadh, mar tha an fhìrinn 'g a chur an céill, cha ghabh rìoghachdan agus luchd-riaghlaidh aithreachas, a thoirt glòire do Dhia. Agus mar sin, theid spiorada neo-ghlan a mach; agus gabhaidh iad seilbh air rìghribh, agus air an sluagh, agus cruinnichear iad sud an ceann a chéile, a chum a' chatha, air là mòr an Dè uile-chum hachdalch. Agus nithear cogadh leo-san an aghaidh an Uain, agus bheirear buaidh leis au Uan orra; or is Esan Tighearnan, agus Rìgh nan Rìghrean. Agus mar sin, is e crìoch nan uile nithe a bhuineas do Eachdraidh an t-saoghail so gu léir, air do Chriosd rìoghachadh ann am buillsgean 'eascairdean gus an cuirear fo a chosaibh gach aon bhuidheann nach géilleadh dha;—gu 'n tig an t-iarmad a mhaireas, gu géilleadh dha fa dheòidh mar ìochdaranaibh ùmhail, agus mar sheirbhisichibh, agus gu 'n tig uile rìoghachdan an t-saoghail so gu bhi 'n an aon Rìoghachd do ar Tighearn, agus do a Chriosd-sa.

Air dha-sa dol suas gu deas-làimh a' chumhachd, thòisich Criosd a riaghladh féin mar an t-aon Eadar-mheadhonair, mar Phrionnsa Rìghrean na Talmhainn. Tha a sheirbhisich a nis a' deanamh fàidheadarachd an làthair iomadh shluagh, agus chinneach, agus theanganna, agus Rìghrean. (Taisb. x.) An luchd geur-leanhuinn fineachail, a bhrosnaicheadh leis an eascarrid mhòr gu éireigh suas ann an ceud linnibh na h-Eaglais 'n an aghaidh-san a bha a' gleidheil theisteis Chriosd, thuit iad sud gu léir, agus chaidh as doibh, fo chorruch an Uain. (Taisb. vi.) C' àit am bheil iad r' am faighinn an diugh? Na cumhachdaich uile, an déigh nan linn ud a dh'éirich suas 's an Roinn-Eòrpa—dhlùthaich siad iad féin ris an Eaglais Phàpanaich an aghaidh an t-soisgeil, agus thug sin tomhas neirt dhi sin, màthair nan strìopach, i féin a mhisgeachadh rè linnte agus linnte le fuil nan naomh agus mharturach Iosa.

Agus a rìs, mu dheireadh, thàinig, chunncas gu 'n tàinig, Criosd, a mach, mar Rìgh nan Rìghrean, agus mar Thighearn nan Tighearnan, agus chunncas, gu 'n do bhuail e na Rìoghachdan ciontach ud, le slait do 'n iarrunn, agus gu 'n tug se as an rathad gach ceaptuislidh, a bha a' bacadh do a Rìoghachd-san bhi air a suidheachadh feadh fharsuingeachd na talmhainn.

Tha e soilleir agus foillsichte mar so, gu bheil soirbheachadh agus sonas Rìoghachdan air an dlùth-cheangal ri an deadh-ghean do Eaglais Chrìosd, agus d' a fhìrinn-sa : agus gu 'm bheil, air an làimh eile, an leagail sìos, agus an claidh, dlùth-cheangailte ri an naimhdeas agus an àicheadh air Criosd agus air 'fhìrinn-san, a thaisbeanar leotha. Chi sinn gu soilleir, ann an Eachdraidh Rìoghachdan, gur h-ann mar so, a bha, agus a tha, chun an latha 'n diugh. Ghabh an làn-dearbhadh so greim gu domhain air inntinnibh dhaoine do na h-uile inbhe, rè aimsir an Ath-leasachaidh bheannaichte o 'n Phàpanachd, air feadh na Roinn-Eòrpa. Agus thaisbein luchd-riaghlaidh agus na slòigh so gu farsuing 's a' chuid mhòir do Rìoghachdaibh na Roinn-Eòrpa ; oir chunncas iad 'g an gnàthachadh féin, 's g' an giùlan féin fo fhiosrachadh iad féin a bhi freagarrach do Chrìosd 'n an deanadasaibh, a thaobh 'fhìrinn-san agus a Rìoghachd spioradail. Chunncas iad a' dol an guailibh a chéile, gu bhi a' craobh-sgaoileadh 'fhocail, agus gu a luchd-teagaisg a chur an lionmhoireachd, agus a chum an Eaglais a bhi air a neartachadh 'n an rìoghachdaibh féin, agus ann an Tìrìbh eile. Cha d' thàinig e riamh a stigh orra, gu 'n robh iad a' deanamh ni 's am bith ach an dleasdanas, le bhi ag altrum agus ag eiridinn na fìor dhiadhachd mar an àrd-bheannachd do rìoghachdaibh aimsireil, agus mar am buannachd shlàinteil, shìorruidh, do anamannaibh dhaoine. Is fìor gun teagamh, mo thruaighe, mar a thruaillleas nàdur truailidh dhaoine na h-uile fìrinn, agus gach aon ni glan, spioradail, a thig 'n an caraibh, 's a' chùis ro chudthromaich so ; nach do ghléidh Rìghrean agus luchd-riaghlaidh iad féin leis an fhaicill a bhuineadh dhoibh, ri imeachd mar bhuineadh dhoibh, 'n an inbhe 's 'n an slighe féin, ann an simplidheachd na h-ùmhachd a bhuineadh dhoibh, a thaobh nithe naomha. Am an àite bhi a' dol air an aghaidh, a' cuairteachadh, agus a' gabhail cùraim mu nithibh naomha thighe an Tighearna ; 's ann a chuir iad, tuilleadh agus tric, an uachdaranachd agus an ùghdarras féin ann an àite an ùghdarrais agus na h-uachdaranachd a' s le Criosd a mhàin. Agus mar so, gu 'n do ghabh iad tarsuinn air còir dhlighich na h-Eaglais, fo riaghladh Chrìosd, na cùisean sin a bhi air an riaghladh a réir fhìrinn-san a mhàin, leis an Eaglais féin.

Ach 's an là an diugh, gidheadh, is ann a tha daoine 'n an ruith gu bhi a' tilgeil féin sùim 's am bith bhi aca do àrd-riaghladh, no do Rìoghachd Chrìosd, gu h-iomlan, gun aideachadh idir bhi aca air a leithid, no gu 'm biodh a leithid do aideachadh idir aig Rìoghachd, no aig sluagh na Rìoghachd : agus bhi a' sguabadh air falbh gach uile chomharradh o aideachadh rìoghachdan, mar

Rìoghachdaibh, air sùim bhi aca do fhìrinn Chrìosd ; ach gu 'n gabhadh gach neach a' bheachd a thogras e, eadar iad sin a bhi an aghaidh fhìrinn Chrìosd no nach bitheadh e. Agus mar so, is gnothuch ro-chudthromach, gu 'n amaiseadh sinn, agus gu 'n deantadh follaiseach leinn, ma's comasach, slighe ar dleasdanas do fhìrinn agus do Rìoghachd Chrìosd, a chum agus gu 'n coimhheadh sinn an t-urram a tha mar fhiachaibh oirnn a thoirt, do 'n Tighearn Iosa Crìosd, mar Rìgh os ceann nan uile Chinneach, agus mar Rìgh nan Naomh.

(Ri leantuinn.)

Notes and Comments.

The Bane and the Antidote.—The evil of mixed marriages was under consideration during the Conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies, held lately at Chester. A remedy was suggested in the following deliverance, "That the Societies desire to record the opinion that the young of both sexes should be brought together by mixed dancing promoted by the Societies, under the supervision of the clergy, as an innocent amusement, and a practical means of decreasing the number of mixed marriages." Mixed dancing is thus to be the remedy for mixed marriages, and the tempted Catholic youth is to find safety amid the pure delights of the ball-room. How frankly do these zealous sons of the Church advertise their destitution of the least savour of the Christianity of the Christ and the morality of the New Testament! "As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth, but their folly is manifest unto all men as theirs also was."

The Glasgow Magistrates and Popery.—The late tragic death of the King of Italy gave occasion for much Romish superstition. There were requiem masses of the most imposing character in many Cathedrals at home and abroad. The dignitaries of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, invited the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city to be present at the Romish Memorial Service, on 9th August, and these silly subservient persons went. Solomon in the Proverbs has a strong description of an empty godless youth who was importuned by a bold, bad woman, and he says, "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks." The sin of the Lord Provost of Glasgow and the civic counsellors who accompanied him to the idolatrous service is, in the sight of God a sin of the same complexion with that delineated in the 7th chapter of Proverbs, and it is a sore sight to see the leaders of the people so abandoned. It was bad for the Lord Provost and Magistrates as individuals to present themselves at a Romish

service, but doubly bad to do so in their official capacity. The Protestant part of the community decidedly object to be so misrepresented, humiliated and compromised. In London a similar service was held in the Romish Italian Church, and there the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the officials of the Foreign Office were present by deputy. These, in our opinion, are bad, ill-omened doings.

"Draw Me."

"Draw me; we will run after thee."—SONG i. 4.

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
 I lie secure, long lost before I was :
 And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
 That undiscovered worm that never dies,
 I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking Lazarus compound or strive
 With death's entangling fetters, and revive ?
 Or ~~can~~ the water-buried axe implore
 A hand to raise it, or itself restore,
 And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore ?

So hard's the task for simple flesh and blood
 To lend the smallest step to what is good,
 My God ! I cannot move the least degree :
 Ah ! if but only those that active be,
 None should Thy glory see, none should Thy glory see.

But, if the potter please t' inform the clay ;
 Or some strong hand remove the block away :
 Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher,
 That proves a vessel, which before was mire ;
 And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And, if that life-restoring voice command
 Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophet's hand
 Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
 To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
 Dead Laz'rus must revive, and the axe must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
 To hear Thy voice, or echo to Thy call ;
 The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me ;
 Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets, invite me ;
 They* neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

* The clouds.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies
 Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise !
 Shine home upon Thy creature, and inspire
 My lifeless will with Thy regen'rate fire ;
 The first degree to do is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do ;
 O raise me up and I will strive to go :
 Draw me, O draw me, with Thy treble twist,*
 That have no pow'r but merely to resist ;
 O lend me strength to do, and then command Thy list.

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
 And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
 Of eating rust), want vigour to fulfil
 Her twelve hours' task, and show her Maker's skill,
 But idly sleeps unmoved, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is Thy work, and therefore good,
 If Thou be pleased to cleanse it with Thy blood,
 And wind it up with Thy soul-moving keys,
 Her busy wheels shall serve Thee all her days ;
 Her hand shall point Thy pow'r, her hammer strike Thy praise.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

* Three-fold cord.

I HAVE read of many wicked Popes, but the worst Pope I ever met with is Pope Self.—*John Newton.*

HAVE compassion on thy poor ones encompassed with their corruptions ; but was not thine own tabernacle covered with badger's skin?—*Joseph Mackay.*

HAVE you ever seen the wicked one? When you see men strolling about the fields and shores on the Lord's day, then you see him.—*Joseph Mackay.*

IF you have no other rest on the Sabbath but that of the horse or ox that cease to work, they as much glorify God as you.—*Joseph Mackay.*

IF I cannot take pleasure in infirmities, I can sometimes feel the profit of them. I can conceive a king to pardon a rebel, and take him into his family, and then say, "I appoint you to wear a fetter. At a certain season I will send a messenger to knock it off. In the meantime this fetter will serve to remind you of your state ; it may humble you, and restrain you from rambling."—*John Newton.*