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The Gospel Changes Not.*

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We live in times of change. There are changes constantly taking place in almost every sphere of life. Some of these are for the better; many of them for the worse. But the Gospel changes not. The idea, however, that it ought to change has gained widespread currency at the present time, and the most of the religious leaders of our day are doing their utmost to change it, in order to suit the carnal ideas of men. The reason of this is that unbridled intellect is seeking to usurp the throne of God, and whatever principle or doctrine of the Gospel does not yield to its imperious claims must be set aside, and something new substituted in its place. For all this, the Gospel changes not. Intellect may substitute a new Gospel for the old, but the old continues the same, and is ever new. A spurious Gospel may introduce a seeming paradise into the souls of men, but it is the paradise of the opium-eater, that exists in his imagination for a brief moment, and then departs from him for ever, leaving a hell of misery behind it. So, we fear, it will be with multitudes at the present day. Their new Gospel and new heaven will leave them at death, and they will be miserable throughout an endless eternity.

The Gospel changes not, because the Bible is unchangeable. "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever." It is only one Bible we have got. The same Book that was adapted for the first century of the Christian era is adapted for the twentieth; nothing can be added to it or taken from it. All the achievements of literature and science have failed to produce any other book that may be compared for a moment with the Bible. It proclaims the same message of salvation to the people of every age, and therefore, whatever changes may take place among the sons of men, the Gospel is unchangeable. The Gospel our fathers preached at the glorious Reformation is the same as we stand in need of at the present day.

The Gospel changes not, because God is unchangeable. The Bible is His Word, and His Word is the Gospel. It is "the Gospel of God," which first was spoken by Christ and then by His apostles.

* Opening Article in Free Presbyterian Magazine, August, 1899.—*Editor.*

God is unchangeable in His being and perfections. His perfections, like Himself, never change. His holiness is unchangeable, and therefore in all ages He hates sin with an infinite hatred. His righteousness is unchangeable, and therefore He punishes sin in all ages with an infinite punishment. The grace, mercy and love which He showed to the Church in Old Testament times, and manifested in supreme fullness and glory in the Person and work of Jesus Christ, are also unchangeable. We may as well expect, therefore, that the self-existent Jehovah, who is ever the same in substance, power and glory, should change in the very essence of His being, as that the Gospel which He has sent for the salvation of men should change. It is the same God we have to do with today as in former ages of the world's history. Nations may depart from Him and worship vain idols, but He looks down from the immutable throne of His glory, and will yet call them to account for their doings that are not good. We may also be certain that the unchangeable Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday and today and for ever, will yet appear in flaming fire to take vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel. God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—is unchangeable, and therefore the Gospel of salvation, which is of the Father, through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost, changes not.

The Gospel changes not, because the soul of man in its spiritual needs is unchangeable. The external environment of life may undergo many changes, but the soul does not change in its essential nature. Go back to the time of Cain and Abel, and go forward to the days of the Millennium, and the soul of man in its spiritual requirements is the same. Go to the darkest parts of the savage world, and go to the highly cultured schools of Christendom, and the soul in its spiritual requirements is the same. Every human being possesses understanding, conscience, will and affections. Every human being is a rational responsible agent. The soul of every human being is accountable to God, and is destined to exist throughout the ages of Eternity. It has also deep capacities that nothing but God Himself can fill. The soul is a World in itself, replete with activities, and marked by deep cavernous regions not easily explored. It is in its own nature more precious and wonderful than any or all material objects put together. It is capable of knowing, enjoying, and glorifying God its Creator, and fearful degradation it is for its noble powers to be the slaves of sin and Satan. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Man sinned shortly after he was created. The soul which was created in the holy image of God, lost that image. The whole race of mankind shared the loss. The soul now comes into the world with the impress of sin upon all its faculties, and under the displeasure and curse of God its Creator. The same God, however, in rich mercy, sent His beloved Son into the World that He might suffer and die in the room of an innumerable company of sinners

of our race, and obtain eternal redemption and eternal life on their behalf. The blessings of salvation thus procured, are presented to us in the Gospel for our acceptance. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Faith is the gift of God, and His command is, "Ask and it shall be given you." All the blessings of the Gospel are needed by sinners now-a-days as much as they ever were, no matter to what extent educational progress has been made. The wisest philosopher, the most accomplished man of letters, the most acute scientist, the most masterful politician, and the most eloquent ecclesiastic, all require to know the same Gospel of salvation in their souls as the poorest, weakest, and silliest creatures of the race. Saul of Tarsus was a man of spotless morality, outstanding intellectual powers, extensive learning, and uncommon zeal in religion. Yet, until the Lord met with him on the way to Damascus, he was as dead in sins and as great an enemy to Christ as the most illiterate and narrow-minded Jew. He needed the unchangeable Gospel to be spoken with living power to his soul. This by the grace of God, he got to his own good, and the good of multitudes in all ages. Many in our day think that if a man has learning, intellectual ability, and moral behaviour that he needs nothing more for salvation. No greater delusion than this could take possession of the heart of man no matter how cultured. Every individual needs to know the Gospel in its power if he is to be saved. Whatever diversity of intellectual attainments and external advantages there may be among men, the soul in its essential, moral, and spiritual necessities is the same in all.

The Gospel changes not, because heaven and hell are unchangeable. The heaven of today is as holy a place and as much closed against atheists, infidels, unitarians, and legalists as ever it was. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Not a few imagine that because many preachers put all and sundry to heaven, let them believe what they may or live as they please, that therefore the gate of entrance is much wider now than it used to be. This is a delusion. The Most High will yet make it manifest before an assembled universe that He turns the unbelieving into hell, and all that live in forgetfulness of God. Many in the folly and blindness of their hearts will try to deny that there is such a place as hell. They regard the belief in it as a mere relic of barbarism. But hell is still the same unchangeable place of never-ending misery as it was in the past. Preachers of the Gospel had much to say about it in days of old, because they loved the souls of men, and desired them to escape from the woeful misery to which they were exposed. The pulpits of the present age, however, have little or nothing to say on the subject, and yet the vast proportion of Church goers are in the broad way which leadeth to destruction. For the Bible tells us that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." There are few

or none of the marks of this birth to be seen upon the greater number of people who attend church in Scotland and England today. We refer not to exceptional places where some of the Lord's people gather together for the maintenance of the truth, and where sometimes a goodly number of the congregations truly fear the Lord. It is the unchangeable Gospel we need now as in the past, if we are to escape hell, and to enter upon the everlasting felicity of heaven.

In conclusion, we remark that the cry at the present time after a new gospel is a sign of the prevailing darkness of the age as to spiritual and eternal realities. There is much intellectual light, but that helps as nothing for eternity. If the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness! May the Lord grant that our readers will hold fast to the fresh, ever new and unchangeable Gospel of Jesus Christ who is God over all, blessed for ever!

God's Sovereignty in the Lives of Twin Brothers

(Continued from page 76.)

For a long time it had been my desire that I might have intercourse with the people of God, but as long as I remained a soldier this seemed impossible. And to leave the service would not do either, because I knew no trade and then I would surely fall to the beggar's staff.

Light and darkness changed off in these ways, while it remained my earnest prayer that I might meet some of God's people. I could not foresee how this desire would ever be fulfilled, but the Lord knew what to do and granted my desire.

It was early one morning during the month of November that we had to go on a march. I did not know what the purpose of the undertaking was, and was not anxious to know it either.

My outward calling was to obey the command of my superiors, and while in earlier days I had quarreled about every way we had to go, it was so different now. I was like a lamb that follows its mother, and every command was welcome to me for I believed that everything was under the dominion of Him Who had promised that He would be with me wherever I should go, and that He would accompany me. I found myself so safe under this protection that, although my companions quarreled and were rebellious, personally, I felt so fortunate on that cold, raw, and misty November morning as not one of them could understand.

There was a lot of commotion in the town of L. on that day, which was not so pleasant for many, as I later heard. The quiet citizens of that town could expect some guests: our regiment had to be quartered by the townspeople, and I knew by experience that, in general, people were not very desirous of having this sort of guests

in their home. Yes, to my disgrace and shame, I must now say that during my former life I made myself guilty of terrible deeds, and the good which was shown to me by the people with whom I was quartered, I have shamefully rewarded with unthankfulness. Also in the town of L. I had been quartered more than once, and there also, both of the twin drummers, who resembled each other like two drops of water, were notorious and feared as great brutes. Nature had given my brother and I a speaking likeness, but grace had made me another man.

During the tiresome march I had to endure much inconvenience from my brother, who tried in every way to make me angry. All his efforts, however, were in vain. When he would scold, I was silent; and when he would continue teasing me, I would not answer, but endured it all with patience and meekness. It became plain to me that, because he could not accomplish his purpose, his anger was kindled more and more until he finally burst out in terrible curses towards me, saying, "Just wait! I'll get you tonight!" He knew that we always had to be quartered at the same place.

After a very wearisome march, we entered the town of L. at four o'clock in the afternoon. Just as I had feared, I had to stay with my brother in the same house. But what happened? Scarcely had we received our ticket, when the sticks fell out of the hands of the drummer; my brother crumbled to the ground. A nervous attack overtook him, and biting, hitting, and kicking in all directions, he could hardly be subdued. Four strong men had a hard time keeping him under control.

The resultant command of my superior was in my favor, and the consequence was that I was permitted to take up my quarters alone. I stopped in front of a small, neat home. The number that was on my ticket was in accordance with the one appearing on the house. The door was soon opened by an elderly looking woman. When I was invited to enter, I soon noticed that my hostess was much perplexed and she asked me if the other drummer had to come yet too. I replied that she would have me alone this time. I also told her what had happened, although I omitted telling her what had taken place within me. The woman treated me in a very friendly manner and did all she could to make things pleasant and comfortable for me, which I continually acknowledged with thankfulness. When the food was ready for me and I shut my eyes and folded my hands, my mind was overwhelmed during prayer on account of the love and faithful care which the merciful Lord rendered to such a nothing as I was, and a few big tears trickled down my cheeks. The woman saw this, but could absolutely not guess what the reason was; she assumed that it was on account of what had overcome my brother.

After some time, she said that I was unfortunate, for she was having a meeting at her home that evening; she could have me during the day, but not at night, and I could go to my inn a little earlier.

I asked her what kind of a meeting it would be. It was to be a religious meeting, and at my request, she allowed me to stay and listen when the people would be gathered. My heart leaped with joy, but I only said to her, "I would rather sleep on boards in your home than on fluff in an inn."

When I again returned to the house after the roll call, I found my host there too. He spoke friendly to me and asked if I was not the same drummer who had been quartered in the neighborhood some time ago with another soldier. I remembered that whole affair very well; it is too infamous to speak about. I replied that I had been one of those monsters. He then asked me if I was still such a monster. I told him that I was just as bad yet, but that I had been somewhat changed. We were interrupted in our conversation; some friends entered the home, and gradually the room was filled with people. I think there must have been twenty altogether. The one looked more shyly at me than the other, and I noticed that two young girls were present who were filled with fear. I could read the uneasiness upon their faces.

Before they began their religious exercises, our host told the friends that I had requested to be with them to listen to their conversation. No one answered, but I could see very clearly that I was not a welcome guest.

When the meeting commenced, they sang and prayed, and a chapter from the Bible was read. I was in my element and could hardly hold my peace; I was as full as a bottle ready to burst. When they had spoken for some time about the Kingdom of God, and it seemed that there was not much opening and liberty, an old respectable man turned to me and said: "Well, friend! Why is it that you wanted to be in our midst this evening? Do you, perhaps, have the desire to exchange your king?" To this I answered, "I will tell you that I never, never hope to change my king!"

It was as if a fright went through the ranks, a soldier would say, and one amongst them uttered a cry of horror.

"I must tell you," I continued, "that the Lord has answered my prayer. For a long time already, I have begged the Lord, if it would please Him, to bring me amongst His people, and now I may say: 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.'"

I never saw the faces of people change so suddenly as they did then. I noticed that the surprise could be read upon the faces of them all, and that the fear of the girls changed into a charming attraction. At once the mouths were opened and they all testified that they had observed with fright the fact that I stayed in their midst. Instead of being amongst strangers, I was now with friends, yea, amongst my own people. And when I received boldness to tell what God had done, the gladness amongst each other was very great; never

have I experienced so powerfully that the Lord was in our midst as at that occasion. It was an unforgettable evening for me and also a very surprising one. This I can say, that for me, and for the others also the evening passed away very rapidly. There was one present who wanted us to sing a hymn of Rev. Groenewegen. I did not know who Rev. Groenewegen was, but this I know, that his words were engraved into my soul and that I have never forgotten them. They are as follows :

" Sweet spiritual bands, that bind me
To that beloved people of God;
They certainly are my friends,
Their language is that of my heart.
They are the children of my Father
And the household is the same;
We are related to each other
More than bands of earthly love."

The hour of parting had come, and we left one another as if we had known each other for years. " It may be that we will see each other no more here below, but then surely hereafter," said one of them. It was known that we would march from that place the next morning. The Lord had, however, decreed it differently; He has all superiors and whole regiments in His hand to render one of His children a favor, and to that end they are made subservient.

I was very glad that I did not have to go to my inn. My host said, " You are an inmate of this house and we shall not send you to an inn. We shall manage to help each other." And thus it happened. A soft bed was prepared on the floor for me, and I slept like a rose; yea, I slept, but my heart watched.

After I left the house the next morning for the roll call, (it was now Saturday), I understood that the King of kings had directed things so that we could not think of marching on that day. With this glad tidings I returned to my friends. The woman of the house then told me that, if she had not deceived herself, I would spend the Sabbath Day with them. The words were given in her heart: " You shall keep the Sabbath with him." And although this could have reference to the eternal Sabbath, it was continually in her heart that I should remain in their midst during the forthcoming Sabbath.

In regard to my brother, high fevers seized him, and the attendants had a hard time to control him. In his deliriums he uttered the most terrible blasphemies against God and threatened me with death. It was to be feared that death would make an end of his life. This however, did not happen; his life was lengthened and after a long illness he recovered again.

The days of sweet rest, peace, and joy with the friends at L. were followed by severe uproar. I will not give you a description of the awful destructions caused by people rising against people in war-time, as I have witnessed more than once. Since I was privileged

to lay the weapons at the feet of King Jesus, against Whom I had fought so fiercely, I was more fond of peace than of war; and under all the commotions and movements of the soldiers, whether it was in time of peace or war, I began to long more and more for restful and quiet surroundings. I especially longed to attend the preaching of the Word in God's house and to associate with God's people. But this, however, was not laid away for me yet. Many years yet passed before I could arrive at the desired rest and deliverance, for which I longed so. I thought in my foolishness that if I would be delivered of that life amongst soldiers, I would have a wonderful rest, and be delivered of my own sins.

I wish to tell of one particular event which took place during that fierce struggle, because it bears witness of peace, and not of war.

I found myself between dead and injured soldiers. Wonderfully I was protected by the grace of God, for the bullets whizzed right past me. I have thought so often that angels must have watched over me, and that a heavenly bodyguard compassed me, otherwise the bullets would have struck me.

Amongst all that were injured, I noticed one who laid on the battlefield with his hands folded and raised to heaven. This one especially drew my attention. I spoke kindly to him. The blood flowed out of a wound in his chest. Being young and strong, I lifted him and carried him to an adjacent underwood through which murmured a gently brook. I thought about Hagar, who was so near to a spring without knowing it. The cool water refreshed the injured soldier. I washed his wounds, which seemed to give him much relief. He opened his eyes, and looking at me so friendly, he said: "Behold, He comes! Yea, Amen!"

Everything thrilled within me for joy, hoping that he spoke of Jesus. I asked him of whom he spoke, upon which he replied: "Of my Savior, Who had drawn me out of darkness and translated me into His marvelous light, and to Whom I belong in life and in death."

"Well," said I, "my dear and beloved friend! then we are children of the same household; He has also bought me, yea me, with His precious blood."

He lifted his head up, and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. Then he said: "I did not think that the Lord would yet send me one of His children to close my eyes when I leave this sinful world . . ."

Although with interruptions and stammerings—for I noticed that his end was near—he told me of sweet experiences and gave a lively testimony of the hope that was in him, leaning and resting only upon the merit and righteousness of his Surety and Savior. He had yet one request and charge which he consigned to me. In his knapsack was a New Testament, which I took out. He then told me that his name was written in it and also the name of her, who, next to the Lord Jesus,

was his most beloved one upon earth. He asked me to visit her and give her that book, "out of which," he said, "both of us have learned to know our dear Jesus. Tell her," he continued, "that she must not weep over me; that she soon will follow me, and that I will expect her above in the heavenly Fatherland. And now," he thus went on, while his voice grew weaker, "and now, my friend and brother! the Lord has sent you to me; we also shall see each other again. Now . . . now I lay my head at the breast of my beloved Savior, for see, He comes, yea . . . A . . . m . . . en!" And his soul escaped its earthly prison.

Motionless, I stood by his corpse, which I watered with warm tears, and it seemed as if my most intimate friend was taken away from me. And yet, I had only seen him for the first time, and then such ties already! Yes, I thought, this must be something of the communion of saints.

I had seen many dying people in my life, but I had never seen how a Christian dies. And though it was painful for me to miss him so soon, I rejoiced, however, in his blessed end.

I packed the little Bible carefully in my knapsack to keep it as a precious jewel until I should be able to place it in the hands of the rightful owner. I hoped that the Lord would spare and protect me, for the war was not yet over. Then I covered the corpse with the greatcoat, after I had cast a last glance upon the mortal remains. Filled with heavenly thoughts I then went my way, till I had sought and found my regiment.

When I rejoined my regiment it was evident how many of my fellow soldiers had found death upon the battlefield, whose lot had been decided for an everlasting eternity. I was certain that many of them had died with a curse upon their lips. I trembled at the thought of what an awful lot their portion now was, while I realized vividly how just it would have been if I also would have sunk into everlasting perdition. And considering that the Lord showed mercy to me, the greatest of sinners, this melted by heart like wax, and I said to myself, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength!"

After a few months had passed, I was classified into another regiment, and to my great joy I found my brother again, who had also been spared. On the one hand, I would have desired that we would not be together any more, for I knew his fierceness and the hatred he felt towards the new life which God had wrought in me. It seemed, however, that he had changed somewhat; he was quiet and did not speak to me any more than was highly necessary, although I discovered that amongst his companions he was yet the same as he had ever been before. When I pointed out to him the goodness and long-suffering of God Who had spared both of us, while so many were cut off from this life, then he did not answer me; sometimes, however, with a smothered curse. I believed, therefore, that it was now a time that it was best for me to be silent.

After many turbulent and restless days and weeks, we were now in the barracks again. I found myself, however, in the midst of Sodom, my soul continually being tormented with the wickedness of men, while there was no one who understood me. And if the Lord had not upheld me, I certainly would have perished in my oppression.

On a certain morning I awoke, and these words entered my mind: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." I sat up in bed, and thought that this might be a warning against an evil which my enemies had planned against me.

Shortly after this, everything in the barrack was in a great commotion and confusion. A watch had been stolen. Knapsacks, bunks, and everything was searched. Finally the missing object was found, and . . . imagine my consternation . . . it was in my bunk! My enemies shouted as loud as they could with joy, and my brother not the least. The scoldings that were hurled at my head were legion, and I, being conscious of my innocency, stood as a dumb person in the midst of my many enemies. Although I told them that I didn't know anything about the stolen object, the watch that was found in my bunk testified against me, and in a very rough manner I was put in irons and brought to the prison.

There I laid for many days, miserable in body, but with a quiet conscience and with my Witness in heaven.

What happened without my cell, I did not know of course. When the tenth day had come my prison was opened; the fetters were taken off my hands and feet and I was told that I was free and that the guilty one had been found.

Afterwards I learned the following:—Three days after what had happened, a soldier was attacked with severe nerve-fevers. Being delirious from the high fevers, he spoke of such strange things that the nurses became attentive and reported it. He continually screamed: "The drummer is innocent! The drummer is innocent!" When he came back to his senses it seemed as though he was in severe agony, but would not answer one of the questions which they asked him.

On the eighth day the doctor spoke very sympathetically to him and said: "My boy! be honest with me; I believe that you have something or other on your conscience which disturbs you." In the beginning the doctor could make him talk, but while he persevered to get something out of him in a gentle way, he suddenly burst out with these words: "The drummer is innocent!"

"I thought so," said the doctor, who finally got him to tell how it all happened, which he then later reported to the officers.

My brother made himself master of the watch during the night, not to enrich himself therewith, but apparently to get rid of me, his troublesome companion. He knew very well that upon conviction of such a crime, a long imprisonment would follow.

The sick soldier, however, had spied him in his abominable work, and when my brother noticed this, he threatened him with death if he would tell on him.

My own brother had thus dug a pit for me, into which he soon fell himself, and the Lord confirmed His word that no weapon that was formed against me would prosper.

The enemies, who had so greatly rejoiced, were now made ashamed, and I was restored to my honor, even so, that the officers gave me the liberty to ask this or that favor of them. I did so, and my request was that my brother would be forgiven and not be punished for that crime. This, however, was asking too much; justice must have its course, which took place afterward. My brother was condemned to serve a twelve year term in jail as punishment.

After the sentence was pronounced I was allowed to visit my brother. I spoke kindly to him and told him that I forgave him completely; but he remained hardened, yea even so, that he threatened to get me when he would be released. I instructed him that he could not be sure he would ever get out of prison, because death could cut off his life before the end of his imprisonment had come, and that he would then have to appear before a holy and righteous God. It was, however, all in vain, and with sorrow I left his gloomy abode, considering how he was bound with the chains of Satan.

When I had heard the outcome, and the guilty one was led away to his prison, I reported to ask for a few days' leave because I yet had to fulfill the charge which was laid upon me by a dying fellow soldier. My request was immediately granted, and was not only for a few days, but above my expectation they gave me a leave of three weeks, and in addition, I received a liberal traveling-penny from each of the officers.

As I was going to leave in the morning, a message came from the commander that he wanted to see me before I left.

I tried to guess what that could be, while the enemy whispered within me that the leave would be withdrawn; but another friendly voice said: "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

I reported to the commander, and upon entering his room, he spoke very cordially to me. Again and again he testified that he was very sorry that they had put me innocently in fetters, but that he was very glad that my innocence had come to the light. I replied, "Yes, Commander! God has done that, Who also promised me that no instrument would prosper that was formed against me." He then took a green purse, and opening it he gave me a nice edged Zeeuws rix-dollar, saying, "Now, my boy! much pleasure on your trip." I thanked him for his kindness, courteously bid him farewell, and sped away.

Not long afterwards I found the right place and stood before the master of the house. I told him that I had to fulfill a weighty charge which was laid upon me by a dying man, for I judged that I was at the right place. I asked him if he had a daughter by the name of Mary, which he readily affirmed, adding, "My only child, the happiness of my old age and of my beloved wife, and whom I soon will have to lose, while it pleases the Lord to take this dear child away from us by death."

This tidings struck me very deeply, which they could clearly observe, while it seemed to me that my further information was awaited with a strained expectation. I further asked him if his daughter was not in a close relation to Carl . . . , who was killed on the battlefield. He then cried out and said, "Do you know something about him?"

I now brought forth the New Testament and asked him if he had some knowledge of the little Bible, upon which he burst into tears and suddenly left the room. After a few moments he returned with his wife, and I had to tell them all about the meeting with the beloved one, to which they hearkened with a flood of tears. During our conversation, it was made clear to me that the old people possessed more than the world can give, and that their prospect was the eternal union of all those to whom they were bound in Christ Jesus.

I was told that it was the last desire of the sick daughter that she might hear something yet about her Carl before her death; that she also believed that her desire would be granted, which was now so wonderfully fulfilled.

It was decided to tell the sick one very carefully about the death of her beloved. We would go in the room together; I would keep myself at a distance so that she could not see me, and her father would then prepare her slowly.

We entered, but she slept, and we clearly heard her say in her dream, "Carl! Carl! Without parting any more!"

It took some time before she awoke. Then her father approached her bed, and I heard the following. To the question if she had rested a little, she said with a weak but understandable voice: "I have dreamed so pleasantly; I was with Carl in heaven, and we found such satisfaction in seeing Him, Who is fairer than the children of men. I cannot describe how glorious He was, and we said to each other, 'Yea, He is altogether lovely! And what increased our salvation so much was the fact that we shall never part any more.'"

Her father asked her if she would not rather remain with them longer, to which she replied: "If this had been God's will, yes; but His will is otherwise, dear father! I am going to die. I have nothing any more that draws me to the earth, while I am sure that I will go just a little while before you and mother into glory and that we will soon see one another again."

"Have you no desire for anything any more?"

"I had yet one desire . . . you know that; I would have gladly heard something of Carl yet, but may the Lord do what is good in His sight. I am perfectly united with His will."

"But it would be a joy to you if you heard something of him, would it not?"

"It certainly would."

"And if I would tell you now, that I know something about him?"

"Father! Do you know something about him? Then tell me all you know!"

"Yes, dear child! I shall tell you, but I fear that it will shock you too much."

"I can bear it all. O, do tell me!"

"I have spoken to the man who has closed the eyes of your Carl when he died."

Then her father told her that I was in the room, and I approached her bed.

There she laid with a light flush upon her pale cheeks, and with a face upon which peace was expressed. What then followed I cannot express. It was a pathetic sight; and when she turned over the leaves of the little Testament with her thin hands, she said with a broken voice, "Thanks, dear Lord! Thou has fulfilled my last desire." Then she held out both of her hands to me, and said, "And also to you, my beloved unknown friend! my thanks. May the Lord reward you for your deed."

After this she sank backwards into the pillow, saying, "For Thy salvation I wait, O Lord!"

We thought that her last moments had come, but she again regained consciousness, and with a pleasant smile upon her face she said, "I am so fortunate."

But I will be brief. When I was alone with the master of the house again, he told me his desire, that I should spend the days of my leave with them. I informed him that I had a strong desire to visit my friends again. They, however, had been good friends of theirs also. He said "had been," because they had entered into the eternal rest about six weeks previous, eight days after each other—first the woman, and then the old Simon, who departed with these words: "I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

This was a heavy blow for me; I was so tenderly bound to them, and that they had now been taken away from me . . . I could hardly bear this. My host tried as much as was possible to comfort me, and had much difficulty in persuading me to stay with them. Where would I have gone? I had no one, and was alone in this world; my father, I had never known; my mother had left me; the only relative I had was my most bitter enemy, and the surroundings in which I

lived were like unto Sodom. Sorrow overpowered me, and I experienced then what I had never known; I felt such pity for myself that I wished that I had never been born. In addition to this, my arch-enemy did not stop at anything to make me more despondent with his instigations. If the Lord would not have supported me secretly, I would have perished in my oppression.

The love, however, which I enjoyed in this house, the tender attachment shown to me by the sick daughter, and besides that, the charming words spoken by the woman of the house were as so many means, in the hands of the Lord, that I could resign myself to the will of God. I was yet oppressed more or less, but was not hopeless.

I consequently spent the time of my leave amongst them, experiencing both ups and downs; occasionally feeling sorrowful, and then again cheerful, while the domestic circle began to have such attraction for me that, with regard to myself, I longed for it with my whole heart.

The sick daughter seemed to recover again somewhat, and although there was not the least hope for her perfect recovery, I have nevertheless seen her sit many a time in her armchair and heard many good words from her mouth which sparkled with love towards her Surety and Savior.

To all that is here below, there comes an end—also to my sweet stay at that place. With a broken heart I bid farewell to the sick one and her parents, and soon I stood all alone again. Very much cast down, I continued my way. I felt so forsaken, so lonesome, that I sent my lamentations up to God with these words: "Ah Lord! Just take my soul away!"

The sky was dark and clouded when I left the house; and it was just as dark in my soul. After I had sat down in sad and gloomy reflections for some hours, the sun in heaven broke through the clouds, and it also then seemed to clear up within, when these words were then spoken to me so sweetly and lovely: "Fear not! I am with thee."

This was a sweet and strengthening provision for me on my journey, and I said: "Well, Lord! with Thee I will lack nothing, and if I have Thee I will have all that I need in life and in death!"

(To be continued)

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.

(Continued from page 81)

APPLICATION.

The use of this awful subject may be for awakening unconverted persons in this congregation. This that you have heard is the case of every one of you that are out of Christ. That world of misery, that lake of burning brimstone is extended abroad under you. There

is the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God; there is hell's wide gaping mouth open; and you have nothing to stand upon, nor anything to take hold of; there is nothing between you and hell but the air; it is only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up. You probably are not sensible of this; you find you are kept out of hell, but do not see the hand of God in it; but look at other things, as the good state of your bodily constitution, your care of your own life, and the means you use for your preservation. But indeed these things are nothing; if God should withdraw His hand, they would avail no more to keep you from falling, than the thin air to hold up a person that is suspended in it!

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and if God should let you go, you would immediately sink and swiftly descend and plunge into the bottomless gulf, and your healthy constitution, and your care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell than a spider's web would have to stop a fallen rock. Were it not for the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans with you; the creature is made subject to the bondage of your corruption; the sun does not willingly shine upon you to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth does not willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts; nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air does not willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals, while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good and were made to serve God with, and do not willingly subserve to any other purpose, and groan when they are abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spew you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of Him who has subjected it in hope. There are black clouds of God's wrath now hanging directly over your heads, full of dreadful storm, and big with thunder; and were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God for the present stays His rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury and your destruction would come like a whirlwind and you would be like the chaff of the summer thrashing floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course, when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but our guilt in the mean time is constantly increasing and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are constantly rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God,

that holds the waters back, but are unwilling to be stopped, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw His hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousands greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest, devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent and the arrow ready on the string and justice bends the arrow at your heart and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow for one moment from being drunk in your blood. Thus all you that never passed under a great change of heart by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all you that were never born again and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new and altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets and in the house of God, it is nothing but His mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction. However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by and by you will be fully convinced of it! Those that are gone from being in like circumstances with you see that it was so with them; when they expected nothing of it, and while they were saying, "peace and safety" now they see, that those things on which they depended for peace and safety were nothing but thin air and empty shadows!

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: His wrath towards you burns like fire; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else; He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in His sight; you are ten thousands more abominable in His eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours! You have offended Him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did His prince; and yet it is nothing, but His hand holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else, but that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes in sleep. And there is no other reason to be given, why you have not dropped into hell since you rose in the morning, but that God's hand has kept you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking His pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending the solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this moment drop into hell.

O sinner consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hands of God whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment. And consider here more particularly.

1. Whose wrath it is: it is the wrath of the infinite God! If it were only the wrath of man, though it were of the most potent prince, it would be comparatively little to be regarded. The wrath of kings is very much dreaded, especially of absolute monarchs, who have the possession and lives of their subjects wholly in their power, to be disposed of at their mere will. Pro. xx:2. "The fear of a king is like the roaring of a lion: whoso provoketh him to anger, sinneth against his soul." The subject that very much enrages an arbitrary prince, is liable to suffer the most extreme torments that human art can invent, or human power can inflict. But the greatest earthly potentates in their greatest majesty and strength, and when clothed in their greatest terrors, are but feeble, despicable worms of the dust, in comparison of the great and Almighty Creator and King of heaven and earth. It is but little that they can do, when most enraged, and when they have exerted the utmost of their fury. All the kings of the earth before God, are as grasshoppers; they are nothing, and less than nothing; both their love and hatred is to be despised. The wrath of the great King of kings, is as much more terrible than theirs, as His majesty is greater. Luke xii:4-5. "And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that, have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom you shall fear: fear Him, which after He has killed has power to cast into hell, yea, I say unto you fear Him." It is the fierceness of His wrath that you are exposed to. We often read of the fury (wrath) of God, as in Isa. Lix. 18. "According to their deeds accordingly He will repay fury to His adversaries." So Isa. Lxvi:15. "For behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with chariots like the whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire." And in many other places. So Rev. xix. 15. we read of "the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of almighty God." The words are exceeding terrible! If it had only been said, the "wrath of God," the words would have implied that which is infinitely dreadful: but it is "the fierceness and wrath of God." The fury of God! the fierceness of Jehovah! Oh, how dreadful must that be! Who can utter or conceive what such expressions carry in them! But is also the fierceness and wrath of almighty

God. As though there would be a very great manifestation of His almighty power in what the fierceness of His wrath should inflict, as though omnipotence should be as it were enraged, and exerted, as men are wont to exert their strength in the fierceness of their wrath. Oh, then what will be the consequence! What shall become of the poor worms that shall suffer it! Whose hand can be strong? And whose heart can endure? To what a dreadful, inexpressible, inconceivable depth of misery must the poor creature be sunk who shall be the subject of this!

2. Consider this, all ye that are here present, that yet remain in an unregenerate state? That God will exercise the fierceness of His anger, implies, that He will inflict wrath without any pity. When God beholds the ineffable extremity of your case, and sees your torment to be so vastly disproportioned to your strength, and sees how your poor soul crushed, and sinks down, as it were, into an infinite gloom; He will have no compassion upon you, He will not forbear the execution of His wrath, or in the least lighten His hand; there shall be no moderation of mercy, nor will God then at all stay His rough wind; He will have no regard to your welfare, nor be at all careful lest you should suffer too much in any other sense, than only that you should not suffer beyond what strict justice requires!

Nothing shall be withheld, because it is so hard for you to hear. Ezek. viii:18. "Therefore will I also deal in fury; mine eyes shall not spare, neither will I have pity; and though they cry in mine ear with a loud voice, yet I will not hear them." Now God stands ready to pity you; this is the day of mercy; you may cry now with some encouragement of obtaining mercy. But when once the day of mercy is past, your most lamentable and dolorous cries and shrieks will be in vain; you will be wholly lost and thrown away of God, as to any regard to your welfare. God will have no other use to put you to but to suffer misery; you shall be continued in being to no other end; for you will be a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction; and there will be no other use of this vessel, but to be filled full of wrath. God will be so far from pitying you when you cry to Him, that it is said He will only "laugh and mock" Prov. i:25-26. How awful are those words, Isa. lxiii. 3., which are the Words of God. "I will tread them in mine anger, and will trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." It is perhaps impossible to conceive of words that carry in them greater manifestations of these three things, viz. contempt, hatred, and fierceness of indignation! If you cry to God to pity you, He will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or shewing you the least regard or favour, that instead of that, He will only tread you under foot. And though He will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet He will not regard that, but He will crush you under His feet without mercy; He will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled

upon His garments, so as to stain all His raiment. He will not only hate you in the utmost contempt: no place shall be thought fit for you, but under His feet to be trodden down as the mire of the street!

3. The misery you are exposed to is that which God shall inflict to that end, that He might shew what that wrath of Jehovah is. Some times earthly kings have a mind to show how terrible their wrath is, by the extremest punishments they would execute on those that provoke them. Nebuchadnezzar, that mighty and haughty monarch of the Chaldean empire, was willing to shew his wrath when enraged with Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego; and accordingly gave orders that the burning fiery furnace should be heated seven times hotter than it was before, doubtless, it was raised to the utmost degree of fierceness that human art could raise it. But the great God is also willing to shew His wrath, and magnify His awful majesty and mighty power in the extreme sufferings of His enemies. Rom. ix:22. "What if God, willing to shew His wrath, and to make His power known, endure with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction." And seeing this is His design, and what He has determined, even to shew how terrible the unrestrained wrath, the fury and fierceness of Jehovah is, He will do it to effect. There will be something accomplished and brought to pass that will be dreadful with a witness. When the great and angry God has risen up and executed His awful vengeance on the poor sinner, and the wretch is actually suffering the infinite weight and power of His indignation, then will God call upon the whole universe to behold that awful majesty and mighty power that is to be seen in it. Isa. xxxiii:12-14. "And the people shall be as the burning of lime, as thorns cut up shall they be burnt in the fire. Hear ye that are far off, what I have done; and ye that are near, acknowledge my might. The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness has surprised the hypocrites," etc. Thus it will be with you that are in an unconverted state, if you continue in it; the infinite might, and majesty, and terribleness of the omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you, in the ineffable strength of your torments. You shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in presence of the Lamb; and when you will be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is; and when they have seen it, they fall down and adore that great power and majesty. Isa. lxvi: 23-24. "And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh."

4. It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one moment; but you

must suffer it to all eternity. There will be no end to all this exquisite horrible misery. When you look forward, you shall see a long for ever, a boundless duration before you; which will swallow up your thoughts, and amaze your soul, and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all! You will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this almighty merciless vengeance; and then when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite! Oh, who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances is! All that we can possibly say about it, gives but a very feeble, faint representation of it; it is inexpressible and inconceivable: for, "who knows the power of His anger?"

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in the danger of this great wrath and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober, and religious, they may otherwise be. Oh, that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight it would be to see such a person. How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry for him! But, alas, instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? And it would be a wonder, if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, even before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons, that sit here now, in some seats of this meeting-house, in health, quiet, and secure, should be there tomorrow morning. Those of you that finally continue in a natural condition, that shall keep out of hell longest will be there in a little time! Your damnation does not slumber; it will come swiftly, and, in all probability, very suddenly upon many of you. You have reason to wonder that you are not already in hell. It is doubtless the case of some whom you have seen and known, that never deserved hell more than you, and that heretofore appeared as likely to have been now alive as you. Their case is past all hope; they are crying in extreme misery and perfect despair; but here you are in the land of the living and in the house of God, and have an

opportunity to obtain salvation. What would not those poor damned hopeless souls give for one day's opportunity such as you now enjoy!

And now you have an extraordinary opportunity, a day wherein Christ has thrown the door of mercy wide open, and stands in calling and crying with a loud voice to poor sinners; a day when many are flocking to Him, and pressing into the kingdom of God. Many are daily coming from the east, west, north and south; many that were very lately in the same miserable condition that you are in, are now in a happy state, with their hearts filled with love to Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood, and rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. How awful is it to be left behind in such a day! To see so many others feasting, while you are pining and perishing! To see so many rejoicing and singing for joy of heart, while you have cause to mourn for sorrow of heart, and howl for vexation of spirit! How can you rest one moment in such a condition? Are your souls as precious as the souls of the people at Suffield, where they are flocking from day to day to Christ?

Are there not many here who have lived long in the world, and are not to this day born again? and so are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and have done nothing ever since they have lived, but treasure up wrath against the day of wrath? Oh, Sirs, your case, in an especial manner, is extremely dangerous. Your guilt and hardness of heart is extremely great. Do you not see how generally persons of your years are passed over and left, in the present remarkable and wonderful dispensation of God's mercy? You have need to consider yourselves, and awake thoroughly out of sleep. You cannot bear the fierceness and wrath of the infinite God. And you, young men, and young women, will you neglect this precious season which you now enjoy, when so many others of your age are renouncing all youthful vanities, and flocking to Christ? You especially have now an extraordinary opportunity; but if you neglect it, it will be soon with you as with those persons who spent all the precious time of youth in sin, and are now come to such a dreadful pass in blindness and hardness. And you, children, who are unconverted, do not you know that you are going down to hell, to bear that dreadful wrath of that God who is now angry with you every day and every night? Will you be content to be the children of the devil, when so many other children in the land are converted, and are become the holy and happy children of the King of kings?

And let every one that is yet without Christ, and hanging over the pit of hell, whether they be old men or women, or middle age, or young people, or little children, now harken to the loud calls of God's Word and providence? This acceptable year of the Lord, a day of such great favour to some, will doubtless be a day of as remarkable vengeance to others. Men's hearts harden and their guilt increases apace at such a day as this, if they neglect their souls; and never was there so great danger of such persons being given up to

hardness of heart and blindness of mind. God seems now to be hastily gathering in His elect in all parts of the land; and probably the greater part of adult persons that ever shall be saved, will be brought in now in a little time, and that it will be as it was on the great out-pouring of the Spirit upon the Jews in the Apostles days; the election will obtain, and the rest will be blinded. If this be the case with you, you will eternally curse this day that ever you were born to see such a season of the pouring out of God's Spirit, and will wish you had died, and gone to hell before you had seen it. Now undoubtedly it is as it was in the days of John the Baptist, the axe is in an extraordinary manner laid at the root of the tree, that every tree which brings not forth good fruit, may be hewn down and cast into the fire.

Therefore, let every one that is out of Christ, now awake and fly from the wrath to come. The wrath of Almighty God is undoubtedly now hanging over a great part of this congregation: let every one fly out of Sodom: "haste and escape for your lives, look not behind you, escape to the mountain, lest you be consumed."

A Tribute to Rev. James Fraser*

The following tribute to the late Rev. James Fraser, only son of the late Mr. Samuel Fraser, Strathpeffer, and of Mrs. Fraser, Ashlyn, Craig Road, Dingwall, has been received from a friend in Rhodesia. Mr. Fraser's widow (Christine Finlayson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson, Fingal Road, Dingwall), and their young family returned home to Dingwall recently.

Rev. James S. Fraser came to us in Rhodesia in 1938, almost immediately after completing his University career and his training as a teacher, and but for a few short periods, he spent the intervening years in trying to uplift the African people of Southern Rhodesia, until his untimely death on Easter Saturday.

Mr. Fraser's original purpose in coming to Southern Rhodesia was to permit the Principal of Ingwenya, a boarding school for African children, run by the Free Presbyterian Church, to go on furlough.

On the return of the Principal from leave, Mr. Fraser was prevailed upon by the Inspector of Schools for this district (who was quick to recognise Mr. Fraser's potentialities as a teacher) to accept a temporary post as Head of the Hope Fountain Teacher Training School for Africans. Hope Fountain belongs to the London Missionary Society, the first Mission to establish schools in Southern Rhodesia.

Before Mr. Fraser could be replaced at Hope Fountain, war broke out, and although he made strenuous efforts to return to Scotland and

* Reprinted from "The North Star," Ross-shire, 30th May, 1959—Editor

join the army, the Government of Southern Rhodesia refused to release him, as his work at the training School was considered to be of the utmost national importance.

AFRICAN TRIBUTE

It was while he was at Hope Fountain that the African people gave him the name "Mthadabantu," which means the man who loves the African people. No greater tribute could have been paid to a white man by the African community.

When the war ended, Mr. Fraser decided to make African education his life's work. He returned to Scotland and after a short course in theological studies, he returned to Southern Rhodesia in the dual capacity of minister and schoolmaster.

He immediately set out to establish a Teacher Training centre to meet the needs of the many schools which the Free Presbyterian Church Mission were trying to run with a minimum of trained teachers.

Characteristically, he did not select the easy path. He obtained a site from the Government, literally in the centre of a forest, some 120 miles from Bulawayo, the nearest town to his new Mission.

His aim was not only to train teachers, but also to make the impact of Christianity felt by as many heathen people as possible. Hence his determination to have his school in the midst of the African people.

EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL

Mr. Fraser's Training School has been eminently successful. He was an excellent teacher, thorough sympathetic and full of enthusiasm, and he possessed the gift of inspiring his teachers with his own enthusiasm. As a result of his labours, practically all the Free Presbyterian schools will be nearly a hundred per cent staffed with trained teachers by the end of this year.

In December of last year, Mr. Fraser became critically ill with some mysterious disease. He was brought to Bulawayo and in spite of the best medical skill that Rhodesia could provide, he passed away on Easter Saturday.

He is greatly missed by a wide circle of friends, African and European, and also by the Department of African Education. For the past three years he was a valued member of the Government Advisory Board on African Education.

It may be fitting to end this tribute to a distinguished son of Ross-shire by this quotation from a letter sent to me by an African Headmaster:—

"This brilliant man, how modest! Please tell Scotland that we know that in James she gave us her best. Yes, with him as with all dedicated lives, it was strife, victory over life, and today it is a song of triumph."

"I happen to know how deeply and widely mourned he is by the African people in this part of the country. Please tell Scotland that James Fraser's elevation to a higher service is a terrible challenge to the African people here and to Scotland herself. Scotland's sons and daughters must come out quickly to carry on Mr. Fraser's work. This work must not lag behind, must not fail because it cannot fail."

Searmonan.

Leis an Urr. Tearlach C. Mac an Tòisich, D.D.

(Air a leantuinn bho t.d. 91.)

Ach tha E 'n a chòmhnuidh mar an ceudna "Maille ris-san aig am bheil cridhe briste, a bheothachadh spiorad na'n iorasal, agus a bheothachadh cridhe nan daoine leonta."

Tha iadsan a tha iorasal an spiorad a cur feum air comhfhurtachd bho Dhia agus cumail suas, fodh mhothachadh air cho peacach, neo-airidh, neo-thorach, agus cho eu-comasach gu spioradail 's a tha iad. Ann a bhi cuimhneachadh air peacadh, na fodh fhein-fhiosrachadh 's an am a tha làthair air cumhachd a pheacaidh, na ann a' meadhon deuchaine an sonraicht' dha'm bheil iad buailteach, feumaidh iad a bhi air an cumail bho mhi-mhisneach—ni nach eil idir 'n charaid do ioraslachd—agus bho dhoilgheas an t-saoghail so a tha'g oibreachadh bàis. Agus is e'n Dia-san "Dia nan uile chomhfhurtachd," a "tha toirt comhfhurtachd dhoibh-san uile a tha air an tilgeadh sìos," agus a tha leigheas luchd a chridhe bhriste. Cia cho luath agus a dh'fhàilnicheadh an spiorad leointe fodh mhothachadh air ciont agus ann a bhi cuimhneachadh air na h-uile ni a bha air a dheanamh an aghaidh glòir neo-chrìochnach agus gràs neo-chrìochnach, mar a tigeadh fuasgladh bho'n àirde, agus mar a leighiseadh an làmh a leòn. Oir cha bhi an Tighearna "a cronachadh gu sìor, agus cha bhi fearg orm an comhnuidh; oir dh'fhàilnicheadh an spiorad romham agus na h-anam-anaibh a rinn mi fein." Am bheil iad ann a tha cur feum, cha'n ann air comhfhurtachd a bheir ni air bith saoghalta seachad, ach ni bheir dòchas agus mothachadh air tròcair ann a bhi maitheadh seachad? Is urrain an Tighearna am beothachadh, agus tha E ga'm beothachadh, le co-chur cumhachdach air a leithid de bhriathran riutha so, "Glanaidh fuil Iosa Crìosd a Mhic bho gach uile pheacadh." "Is mise, mise fein, esan a dhubhas d'eu-ceartan as, air mo sgàth fein; agus do lochdan cha chum mi air chuimhne." "Uime sin a ta mi ag ràdh riut, Gu bheil a peacanna a ta lionmhor, air a maitheadh." "Far an do mheudaicheadh am peacadh, bu ro-mho a mheudaicheadh gràs." Am bheil iad ann a tha cur feum air a bhi air an ath-bheothachadh fodh mhothachadh air cruas an cridheachan, cho beag drùghadh 's a tha ni sin a deanamh orra a bu chòr a ghnàth an cumail ann am fonn tais agus maoth? Is urrain an Tighearna an leithid sin ath-bheothachadh le focal a gheallaidh fein a chur dha'n ionnsuidh le cumhachd,

agus an cuideachadh gu earbs' ann air son a choilionadh:—"Bheir mi air falbh an cridhe cloiche as bhur feoil, agus bheir mi dhuibh cridhe feola." Am bheil iad ann a tha cur feum air a bhi air an ath-bheothachadh fodh mhothachadh air bàsachadh spioradail (ni tha na fhoillseachadh duilich agus sòlaimte do leanamh Dhé) agus a tha, am feadh 's a tha iad air an ioraslachadh, cha mhòr air an cur fodha leis an fhoillseachadh, 'n uair a tha iad ag ràdh, "Och nach robh mi mar anns na miosaibh a chaidh tharum, mar anns na làithibh air an do choimhid Dia mi." Am bheil idir cumhachd beothachaidh anns a ghealladh, "Leighisidh mise an cùl-sleamhnachadh, gràdhaichidh mi iad gu saor; oir phill mo chorruch air falbh uaith?" Am bheil iad ann aig am bheil suidheachadh Phoil 'n uair a thubhairt e, "Tha mise feolmhor, air mo reic fodh'n a pheacadh;" "Oir a nì a bu mhiannach leam, cha'n e tha mi deanamh; ach a nì is fuathach leam, is e sin a tha mi deanamh;" "Och is duine truagh mi, co shaoras mi bho chorp a bhàis so?"—a stri anns gach seirbhis an deigh co-chùmtachd ris an lagh naomh agus spioradail, agus gidheadh gun a bhi ruigheachd air, ni-h-eadh, a reir coltais, a fàs, ni's mo agus ni's mo, ni's neo-chùmta ris; gun a bhi creidsinn mar a bu mhath leo, na ag ùrnuigh mar bu mhath leo, na a' gràdhachadh mar bu mhath leo, ach eu-ceartan a toirt buaidh orra. Tha comhfhurtachd da'n leithidean sin far an d'thuaire Pol i, "Uime sin, cha mhise ni's motha a tha deanamh so ach am peacadh a tha gabhail còmhnuidh annam." "Tha mi tort buidheachas do Dhia tre Iosa Criosd ar Tighearna." Na'm bheil iad ann a tha ullamh gu dhol fodha le tròm chudthrom deuchainn chruaidh—oir tha'n fheoil anmhuinn—na cheann gu'm bheil iad cho dall air làimh Dhé, na cheann gu'm bheil iad a faicinn corruich 's cha'n e gràdh 'n a dheiligidhean naomha ruitha? Gidheadh tha E ga'n cumail suas. Cia lion dhe' shluagh a dh'fheumadh fianuis a thoirt, 'n uair shleamhnuich an cas gu'n do chum a thròcair suas iad. Tha E teagasg dhoibh fìor ùmhlachadh do Athair nan spiorad; seadh, a bhàrr air sin, tha E nochdadh dhoibh a ghràdh ann a bhi measgachadh dhoibh a chupain shearbh, le bhi ga shìneadh dhoibh leis a ghealladh, "Is leoir mo ghràs air do shon, agus tha mo neart air a dheanamh foirfe ann an anmhuinneachd." "'N uair a theid thu troimh na h-uisgeachan, bithidh mise maille riut; agus tre na h-aimhnichean, cha tig iad tharad; 'n uair a shiubhlas tu troimh'n teine cha loisgear thu, ni mo ni an lasair greim ort."

Mar so tha Dia a toirt comhfhurtachd Dha shluagh na'n uile àmhghairean, gus, ma dheireadh, an siab E air falbh gach deur bho'n suilean; agus gus an imich iad ann an culaidhean geal ann an saoghal is fearr, an innis iad do aon a cheile mu'n t-slighe air an do threoraich E iad, agus mar a rinn E gach ni gu maith.

Cha lean mi air a cho-chur choitchionn agus chudthromach a ghabhas a bhi air a dheanamh de'n chuspair so; an solus a tha e air a chiallachadh a thilgeadh air cliu Iehobhah mar a tha E glòrmhor ann an naomhachd agus glòrmhor ann an gràs, an teagasg a tha E

toirt dhuinn a thaobh ciod anns am bheil fìor dhiadhachd a co-sheasamh, 's e sin ioraslachd agus (gu h-araidh anns an t-saoghal so) bris-teachd spioraid, a tha a reir teagasg Chrìosd ann an làithibh fheola, "Is beannaicht' iadsan a tha bochd na'n spiorad, oir is leo-san rioghachd neamh;" "Ge b'e neach leis an àill a bhi mòr 'n ar measg bitheadh esan 'n a òglach dhuibh uile;" agus, uime sin, an rabhadh, air am bheil feum cho mòr 'n ar latha-ne, a tha sin a toirt ann an aghaidh diadhachd a tha deanamh air falbh le aithreachas agus le ioraslachadh air son peacaidh a tha fàs ni's doimhne, air taobh a chreidmhidh a tha air gabhail ris agus air uchdmhacachd.

Ach dean-am gu sònraichte an cuspair so a cho-chur a thaobh sàcramaid na Suipeir:—

1. Mar òrdugh dha'm buin co-chomunn sònraichte ri Dia. Agus mar sin tha e. 'S e th'ann suidhe maille Ris aig a Bhòrd. Mar nach urrain ach a' neach a tha briste 'n a chridhe co-chomunn a bhi aig anns an t-soisgeul ri Slànuighear a tha air a bhruthadh, cha'n urrain ach an leithid sin co-chomunn a bhi aca Ris anns an t-sàcramaid. Mar is doimhne mothachadh air peacadh, 's ann is luachmhor a tha iocshlainte a chùmhnannt'; mar is doimhne an ioraslachd 's ann is glòrmhor a tha gràs ann an sealladh an anama. A thuilleadh air sin, mar is motha a dh'ioraslaicheas an Tighearna E Fein ann a bhi toirt cleachdadh dha ghràs do-labhairt—agus ann an òrdugh air bith eile cha'n eil so air fhaicinn cho mòr 's a tha e air fhaicinn ann an òrdugh na Suipeir—is ann is àirde an gairm Dha shluagh gu bhi cur am brògan far an casan. Uime sin mas a bu mhath leibh fagasgachd do Dhia agus co-chomunn Ris ann 'n a òrduighean Fein, iarraibh an deigh bristeadh agus ioraslachd spioraid; agus iarraibh e ann an dòigh an Tighearna, tre'n Spiorad Naomh a bhi toirt peacadh gu 'ur cuimhne agus a nochdadh dhuibh peacadh ann an solus a chroinn-cheusaidh.

2. Mar òrdugh air son comhfhurtachd shònraicht', tre'n a chuideachadh a tha e toirt seachad gu bhi faicinn glòir na h-aon iobairt air son peacaidh, agus neo-chaocluidheachd a ghràidh a tha dol thar gach uile eolas; òrdugh air son comhfhurtachd, a chum 's gu'n imich neach ni's dluithe maille ri Dia, agus gu bhi leantuinn gu dòchasach agus gu beothail a's deigh naomhachd. Ma tha thu cur feum air fuasgladh bho bhi cur teagamh 'n ad chòir phearsanta anns an t-Slànuighear, a chum agus gu'n tugadh tu thu fein le oridhe air a shaoradh bho eagal a tha ga'd mharbhadh, thairis do'n obair mhòr a bhi ga'd ghlanadh fein; ma tha feum agad air comharradh beannaicht' air mhaith gu'm buin dhuit-sa an gealladh, "Cha bhi tighearnas aig a pheacadh thairis oirbh," air chor agus ann an neart gràis agus ann an dòchas buaidh fhaotainn gu'm faod thu dhol an ceann 'n a comhraig ris a pheacadh a tha gabhail comhnuidh annad; ma tha thu, fodh mhothachadh goirt air cho neo-thorach agus cho neo-dhìleas 's a bha thu 's an am a chaidh seachad, ag iarraidh gu dùrachdach fhios a bhi agad cia mar a ghabhas tu bhi air do chumail

's an am ri teachd, cia mar a leanas tu ris an Tighearna, agus a dh'ath-cheannaicheas tu am fuigheal de'd bheatha ghoirid air son na h-obair sin nach gabh a bhi air a deanamh 's an uaigh; na, ma tha thu, fodh dheuchain ghoirt phearsanta, na aobhar bròin cràiteach, a cur feum air an t-sìth sin a tha Criosd a toirt seachad, a chùm agus gu'm bitheadh tu comasach ann am firinn agus bho fhein-fhiosrachadh a labhairt gu maith ma ainm agus mu shlighean, an sin cluinn guth an Tighearna ag ràdh, "Fosgaill do bheul gu farsuinn agus lionaidh mise e;" agus gabh misneach gus do chridhe a dhòrtadh a mach 'n a fhianuis, a chum agus gu'm foillsich Se E Fein dhuit air dhòigh eile 's a tha E deanamh do'n t-saoghal, agus gu'n toir E dhuit greimachadh air a leithid de dhòigh ris a chomhfhurtachd làidir a dh'ullaich E do "oighreachaibh a gheallaidh," agus gu'n lean thu, a dh'ionnsuidh na crìche, iadsan a tha, tre chreidimh agus fhoghaidean, a sealbhachadh nan geallaidhean.

Notes and Comments.

The Undesirable Ideas of some Young Liberals Rejected

by Liberals.

In our June issue we wrote a Note and Comment headed; "Young Liberals with Undesirable Ideas." In this note we referred to a booklet entitled *New Orbits* issued by some young Liberals in London, in which they stated that "Sunday Observance Laws should be repealed . . . Betting shops should be made legal . . . The recommendations of the Wolfenden Report should be enacted . . . Divorce by consent should be introduced," etc. We stated that this revealed the deformity of the thinking of these young Liberals, and we wondered if young Liberals in Scotland were involved in this publication. We condemned these views expressed from religious and moral grounds only. We have since received a letter from Sir Andrew Murray, Vice-Chairman, Scottish Liberal Party, on the subject and which we are indeed pleased to quote. Sir Andrew states: "The Free Presbyterian Magazine for June, 1959 questions whether this publication involves young Liberals in Scotland. The answer is most emphatically NO. Liberals in Scotland, young and old, had no part in the compilation of *New Orbits*, they had no knowledge of its preparation, and their views in regard to its contents had neither been sought nor ascertained. Thus it was that promptly upon publication the Scottish University Liberals and the Scottish Liberal Party issued an immediate disavowal both of the publication and its suggestions on Home Office reforms. It should be made clear that *New Orbits* was the production of seven young people and the views expressed were wholly their own alone . . . The offending statements on Home Office Reforms were unanimously rejected by the Congress of Young Liberals and the Union of Liberal Students at Manchester following upon publication, and thus, in no sense whatsoever can it be said

to represent Liberal opinion or the trend of Liberal thought. Liberals regret that such views by seven young people even should have arisen . . . " The aforesaid quotation sets forth the main part of Sir Andrew Murray's letter, which we were relieved and satisfied to read. We, of course, were free from doing injustice to any in writing as we did on the basis of printed views. But we are sure readers will join with us in thanking Sir Andrew for his informative letter upon the subject.

A Reproving Rejoinder to Lord Boothby.

Lord Boothby in his Rectorial Address to the students of St. Andrews University, in April, 1959, made, among other statements, the following: " Make the most of life. It won't last long . . . enjoy yourselves and be gay. By so doing you will obey the will-to-live, and fulfill the only divine orders we know of." At the Free Presbyterian Synod in May, we criticised much of his Address, and this will appear in the Synod Proceedings in due course. But we wish in this Comment to record with satisfaction that Principal T. M. Knox, of St. Andrew's University, took occasion at the graduation ceremony there at the end of June, to reprove Lord Boothby. The Principal said: " We are called to be men not beasts: we are called to a life in which duty takes precedence to enjoyment, a life in which we recognise that the chief end of man is not to pursue amusement or ease, but to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." As one paper stated, this contrasted with the advice given by the Rector of the University, Lord Boothby in April. We should be grateful that the Principal took a dignified occasion to administer a dignified and much needed reproof to the worldly minded Lord Boothby, while giving good counsel to the students.

Literary Notice.

The Epistle of Jude by Thomas Manton, D.D.

The Banner of Truth Trust have done excellent service to the cause of truth. The Puritans of England were the most outstanding godly men that ever rose in England to the present day. Dr. Manton was chief among equals. Dr. John Owen must be regarded as the greatest Theologian, not only among the Puritan Divines, but in the Reformed Protestant Church from the days of Luther and Calvin. Owen was a scholar of the first rank, but his great scholarship was not his greatest attainment, but his marvellous nearness, and access to the mind of the Spirit in the divine revelation of grace in the Word of God! But they were excellent Theologians—all of them. Richard Baxter was a very prolific writer, but dangerously leaning towards Arminianism! He must be read with great care, and watchfulness. Some of the leading Scottish Covenanters passed very severe

criticism on some of Baxter's theology, and so did Dr. John Owen. It is wise for learners to get well acquainted with their book knowledge, before they either praise, or adversely criticise an author. It was said that "little knowledge is dangerous!" It is a life time work for the gospel Minister to search, examine, and find out all the facts about the Theological author? In theology "here-say" evidence is extremely dangerous.

We highly recommend Thomas Manton on his splendid work on the Epistle of Jude to our people at home and abroad. The saint and the sinner are faithfully handled in the light of God's Word Manton not only writes for the Church in time, but for eternity! It is obtainable from "The Banner of Truth Trust," 58-59 Highgate West Hill, London, N.6. Price 13/- Postage over, and above. It is very cheap at present day prices.—J. MacLeod.

Church Notes.

Communions.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All changes in Communion dates for year 1959, should be sent AT ONCE to the Editor, that the above List may be corrected. This will save inconvenience later on.—Editor.

Jewish and Foreign Mission Fund Collection.

The time has come round again when we issue our annual Appeal to our loyal people for contributions to this Fund. We rejoice in the fact that throughout the church there is an increasing appreciation

of the work done in the Mission Field in Southern Rhodesia, yet the work cannot be continued without a heavy outlay. Our accommodation for pupils at Zenka and Ingwenya is limited, so that about a hundred pupils who are likely to pass Standard 3 will have to go elsewhere for further education, and possibly not a few of them will go to the Roman Catholic Schools, which would be a great calamity. We have to mourn the great loss of our esteemed Missionary, Rev. James S. Fraser, M.A., on the eve of his coming home on furlough with his wife and family, but would humbly seek to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in inclining the heart of another young man to go out with the good seed of the Kingdom, and thus manifesting to us a wonderful interposition of His Providence from which we ought to take courage. These changes, however, add greatly to our expenses, but we feel confident that the friends of the Mission will rise to the occasion, and contribute as liberally as the Lord will lay to their hand. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matthew xxv. 40. August, 1959. *John Colquhoun, Convener.*

Psalms in Metre.

A small attractive well bound reprint of the psalms in metre has just been issued by the Trinitarian Bible Society, London. It is without hymns and paraphrases—psalms only and in good print. This meets the wish expressed to us by friends at home and overseas. Some hitherto unacquainted with the psalms are showing an encouraging tendency to turn from uninspired hymns to the divinely inspired songs of Zion. "Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him" (I Chron. 16:9)

This reprint is sold at less than cost price—2/6 per copy by The Trinitarian Bible Society, 7 Bury Place, London, W.C.1—W. Grant.

Day of Prayer.

Will Ministers and Missionaries at home, and Congregations abroad take note of the following Notice from the Synod of May, 1959, viz.,

"That a Day of Humiliation and Prayer be observed on the 14th or 15th October, 1959, because of the serious state of affairs internationally and the widespread moral and religious backsliding within our nation."—Robert R. Sinclair, *Clerk of Synod.*

Acknowledgment of Donations.

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

Sustentation Fund.—2 Corinthians v. 14, £17 12/6; A Friend per Mr. R. Watt, £2; Mrs. A. Shaw, Wollongong, £2; Mr. Wm. Sutherland, Skelpick, Bettyhill, £3.

Home Mission Fund.—2 Corinth., v. 14, £17 12/6; F.P. South Harris, £3; Mary Mackay, 25 Northton, Harris from the estate of her late brother Wm. Mackay, £50; Passerby, New Zealand, £10; Miss Isabel Macdonald, Outlook, Sask., £5; A Friend per Mr. R. Watt, £1; Mrs. A. Shaw, Wollongong, N.S.W., £2; Mr. J. MacKintosh, 13 Elgol, 10/-.

Foreign Mission Fund.—Passerby—New Zealand, £5; Miss I. Macdonald, Outlook, Sask., £5; 2nd Corinth v. 14, £17 12/6; Anon. Friend, Ross-shire, £15; Glasgow Friend, Ps. 102-15, £2; A Friend, Edinburgh, £1; Mr. Wm. Sutherland, Bettyhill, £1; Sandwich Meeting Collection o/a Stornoway Cong., £12; Stornoway Church door Collection taken at the Ordination Service of Rev. Alfred Macdonald, £127 10/-.

Home of Rest Fund.—A London Friend, £2; Mrs. M. Dalhalvaig per Rev. Wm. Grant, £2.

Organisation Fund.—A New Zealand Passerby, £3.

Mission to the Jews Fund.—A Passerby, 10/-; A New Zealand Passerby, £2.

China Mission Fund.—Mrs. Wheal, Toronto per Rev. J. P. Macqueen, £1.

Publication Fund.—"Go Forward," £5; Interested, Tomatin, 3/-; J. M., Tomatin per D. C. MacKintosh, 5/-; The following received on behalf of the Trinitarian Bible Society—2nd Corin. v. 14, U.S.A., £17 12/6; From Two Inverness Friends, £2; Miss C. Meighan, Edinburgh, 5/-.

Legacy Fund.—Received from the estate of the late Sarah Ann Urquhart, late of Balblair and Evanton the sum of £100 bequeathed to the Foreign Missions Fund per Messrs. Macdonald & Sandison, Solicitors, Tain.

Free Distribution and Magazine Fund.—Mr. A. McL., Port of Ness, 13/6; Mrs. E. A. C., Otahuhu, New Zealand, 8/-; Miss I. McD., Outlook, Sask., Canada, £2.

The following lists sent in for publication.

Bayhead, N. Uist Congregation.—Mr. A. Macdonald, Treasurer, thankfully acknowledges the following o/a Church Repairs Fund, £5 from Mrs. J. Robertson, Vancouver; £5 from Miss A. Macdonald, Maidens, Ayrshire in memory of her beloved brother Wm. Macdonald.

Dingwall New Church Building Fund.—Mr. D. Matheson, Treasurer, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following:—Miss Isabel Macdonald, Outlook, Sask., £6; Mrs. Irvine, Ayrshire per Mrs. McIver, 10/-; Friend Edinburgh, £2; Friend per Miss H. F., £5; Mrs. Newington, Laxdale per Rev. D. A. Macfarlane, 10/-; Mr. Lachlan Gillanders, New Zealand, £5.

Edinburgh Church Repair Fund.—Mr. D. O. Gunn, Manilla, Philippine Isles, £30; Mr. A. R. Macdonald, Oban, £5; Friend N.C. Applecross, £1; Friend, Shieldaig, £1; Mr. M. Montgomery, Aberfeldy, £1 all per Rev. D. Campbell; Friend in memory of the late Mr. Mackay, £5.

Fort William Manse Fund.—Mr. Ian Matheson, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks, Applecross and Coast C. Card per Wm. Macdonald, £50; A. Matheson, Skye, £1; N. Mackinnon, Elgol C. Card, £9 1/6 both per Mr. M. McRaid; Mr. D. McNicol, Spean Bridge, £1; Friend Portree, £2 both per A. Colquhoun; J. McLeod, Kelvingrove, £2.

Inverness Congregation.—Mr. W. MacKenzie, Treasurer, acknowledges with thanks £1 from A Friend, Edinburgh for Congregational purposes per Mr. Peter Anderson.

London Church Building Fund.—Rev. J. P. Macqueen, acknowledges with sincere thanks the following:—R. G. Applecross, £2; M. M. Applecross, £2; F.P. Friend, U.S.A., \$10; Friends Uig, Lewis, £3; Mrs. J. Macdonald, Geshader, Uig, £2; Friend, Skye postmark, £2; Friends, Diabaig, £2; A Friend, Diabaig, £1; A Friend, Shieldaig, £1; Miss C. Macarthur, Glasgow, £1; A Friend, Uig, Lewis, £1; A Friend, N.C. Applecross, £1; A Friend, Inverness, £1; Anon. Friend, £1; The following o/a Congregational Funds, A Friend, Dundee, £5; A Friend, Kingussie, £2; Mrs. E. H. Wheal, Toronto, £2.

Oban Congregational Funds.—Mr. J. Martin, Treasurer, thankfully acknowledges £5 from Mr. John Fraser and £1 from A Friend both per Rev. M. MacSween.

Portree Church Hall Fund.—The Treasurer desires to acknowledge with sincere thanks:—A. C. Waternish, £2; In memory of Angus and John MacInnes Garlopain, £5; D. McDonald, £2; Mr. and Mrs. Nicolson, Torran, £1; J. McLeod, Inverarish, £1; MacLeods, 3 South Arnish, £3 10/-; Mr. and Mrs. M. McLeod, So. Arnish, £4 per Rev. A. McLean; Well-wisher, Skye, £2 per the Treasurer; Congregational Fund:—From the estate of Mrs. M. A. Matheson, Duncraig, Portree, £50 o/a Sustentation Fund and £50 for Congregational purposes per the Treasurer.

South Harris Car Fund.—The Treasurer acknowledges with sincere thanks Finsbay, £4; Stroud per Mr. D. McL., £3; Geocrab per Mr. N. M. K., £5; Mrs. M. M. L., Rodel, £1; Mrs. McL., Tarbert, £1; Friend Stornoway per N. McK., £1; also £5 from Mrs. M., Lochwinnoch for Congregational purposes.

Ullapool Congregation.—Mr. A. Corbett, Treasurer, acknowledges with sincere thanks £2 from Mrs. H. McKenzie, 2 Drummond St., Tain o/a Sustentation Fund.

St. Jude's South African Clothing Fund.—The Committee acknowledges with thanks contributions amounting to £28 8/4.

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