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Death of Rev. D. A. Macfarlane

The death of Rev. D. A. Macfarlane on Thursday, 25th October 1979, has left a great blank in the North of Scotland and throughout the Church as a whole. Well might we cry with Elisha, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," at the translation of such a shining light from the Church militant to the Church triumphant in heaven. The world is a poorer place through the removal of the Lord's honoured servant from time to eternity. The respect in which Mr Macfarlane was held throughout the Church and beyond was evidenced by the large number from all parts who gathered at the worship held in Inverness Church and afterwards for the interment of the remains at Mitchell Hill Cemetery, Dingwall.

With David we may well say: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Mr Macfarlane was a spiritual giant, towering over the generality of men in his day, both in spirituality of mind and in humbleness of spirit. Endowed with an unusual measure of natural gifts, these were sanctified and consecrated to the service of Christ and His Cause in the world. In his preaching he was able not only to ascend great heights in displaying the glory of Christ and in making known the terrors of the law, but also to stoop down and minister comfort to the tried, afflicted and drooping soul, even to the least in whose heart there was some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. Like His Master, he did not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. When he prayed, those who were present found themselves brought into the very presence chamber of the King. Yet what Mr Macfarlane was as a preacher, as a teacher, as a servant of Christ, grace made him. None was more ready than he was to acknowledge indebtedness to grace. He gave