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Reformed Presbyterian Witness.

"Ye are my Witnesses, saith the Lord."—*Isaiah.*

"The truth I speak, impugn it whoso list."—*John Knox.*

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND REFORM.

The whole nation has an interest in the character and usefulness of the English State Church. It is a national institution. It is supported by the nation. It is supposed to represent the religious belief and sentiment of the nation. And although more than the half of the population have drifted away from its fold, it continues to be the national Church still. It is still national money and State prestige that give it its exceptional influence and dignity, and it is still the Sovereign who appoints its Archbishops and Bishops, and occupies the lofty position of being its supreme ecclesiastical head. The nation, therefore, is entitled to feel an interest and have a say in the character and work of that Church, as assuredly it bears a heavy responsibility for the same.

It has gone without saying for a long time that the Church of England is not what it was at the beginning of its career. Coming out of the corrupt Church of Rome, and bringing with it too many of the corrupt features of that Church, it was only half reformed; yet it became a Protestant Church, avowedly leaving the glaring and palpable errors of Rome behind it. And it is to be gratefully acknowledged that the English State Church has had many sons who have done yeoman service for Christ's cause. Yet the seeds of error which it brought with it were never eradicated, and they only needed time to germinate and grow. The Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, to which we referred in our last issue, proved only too convincingly that they have grown, as weeds always do, with

fatal vigour. That Report proves to the hilt that all that has been said against the Ritualism of the State Church is true. The Report does not really disclose anything that was not well known before, but it acknowledges it all, and adduces overwhelming evidence to confirm it. Now, the nation knows that outrageous and unblushing Popery is widespread in the Church of England, that the Bishops have palpably neglected their duty, and that some of them have encouraged and aided the Romanising process. The picture drawn by the Commission, in short, is a sad one to be presented to a Protestant nation, and it shows that a crisis has come in its history.

The cry has long been heard from those inclined to favour the State Church, while condemning its unfaithfulness—"Reform." Retain it as the national Church, but reform it. "Woodman, spare that tree." The revelations made in the Report of the Commission show that it has been hopeless to expect reform in the Church from within. The progress has simply been from bad to worse. What, then, has the Commission to suggest? They offer nothing but the abolition of the Episcopal Veto. That is always something, considering that the Bishops, by their veto, were able to muzzle those whom they thought too active—such as Mr Kensit—in the interests of genuine Protestantism. But, over against that, the other recommendations of the Commission are wholly in the way of concession to the Romanisers. They propose a new Ornaments Rubric, which would open up the way for the permissive use of the Popish Mass vestments. They propose also that by authority of the two Convocations and Parliament such modifications should be made in the existing law relating to the conduct of divine service and to the ornaments and fittings of churches as may tend to *a greater elasticity which a reasonable recognition of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England and its present needs seems to demand.* (The italics are ours.) Which simply means a lengthening of the tether of the Romanising party. At present the law, while allowing considerable liberty in the compilation of special services, requires that the prayers shall be taken from the Bible or the Prayer-book only. This liberty the Commissioners would extend. They would also repeal the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, to the great delight of Lord Halifax and his friends; and they would erect a final Court of Appeal, consisting of the Archbishops and Bishops only, whose

decisions would be final. Such a proposal gives the whole case for Protestantism away, when we remember the history and leanings of the present occupants of the Episcopal bench. On the authority of this Report, except the Bishop of Sodor and Man, there is not a single Bishop who has been doing his duty in the suppressing of Popish Mass vestments; and that means, in plain words, that they have been condoning the Mass itself.

It remains to be seen what the Government will propose. Those who look to that quarter for reform lean on a broken reed. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Neither of the two great parties in the State will make any move that would cost them the Romish vote. The late Government played fast and loose with the Protestantism of the country. Judging by the Education Bill, and the declinature to demand the opening of nunneries, the present Government will follow suit. At the head of every pit shaft, as part of the machinery for raising and lowering the hutches, may be seen two large wheels, constantly revolving, but always revolving in opposite directions. They seem to be working at cross purposes; in point of fact they are doing the same work. So of the two great parties in the State. They are like wheels revolving in opposite directions; but examine the output of their work. They are both engaged continually in raising and lowering the hutches for the Church of Rome. A reformation in the nation is needed, and that will come only by the Spirit of the Lord.

The chaplain to the Bishop of Gibraltar of the English Protestant Episcopal Church, at a recent conference held in London, read a paper on "Our Relations with Other Christian Bodies," in which he urged all Church of England people on the Continent to attend Romish Mass. He further warned them against the distribution of "unauthorised translations of the Bible." Archdeacon Collyer, then of Malta, now of Norfolk, said that when Romanists came to him asking to join the Protestant Church, he always tried to dissuade them. And the Bishop of Gibraltar closed the discussion by saying that there was nothing wrong in joining occasionally in the worship, and at the altars, of the Greek and Roman Churches. So much for the Protestantism of the Church of England.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS: A READING FROM HISTORY.

By K. B.

Some names stand out pre-eminent in history, and deservedly, for through them the race has profited, and the cause of righteousness and truth has been conserved. We have all a persuasion that we have some knowledge of the men to whom, under God, we are indebted for the religious light and civil liberty which we enjoy. And yet how vague that is. The names of Wyclif, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Luther, and Zuingli, and Calvin at once arise before the mind as men to whom the world has been put under unspeakable obligation for their bold emprise on behalf of the evangel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Scotsmen and Presbyterians think in this connection of the services rendered to the cause of God by Patrick Hamilton, and George Wishart, and John Knox, and Andrew Melville in preparing for and moulding the First Reformation in Scotland. And Covenanters venerate Alexander Henderson, and George Gillespie, and Samuel Rutherford, and the Good Marquis, and James Guthrie, and others equally distinguished, as instruments in effecting the Second Reformation in Scotland, whilst Cameron, Cargill, Peden, and Renwick are synonyms for steadfast adherence to a testimony for Christ's crown rights when the banner for that truth was being trampled in the mire. The memory of these men has not been quite forgotten. But there are some who wrought and fought for the sacred cause of Gospel truth and Protestant principle whose memory has been allowed to sink almost into oblivion, though they were instrumental in delivering Europe from falling again under the thrall of Popery and darkness. Such was the hero whose life is here very briefly sketched.

Gustavus Adolphus was raised up by God at a critical period in the history of Europe. He was the son of Charles IX. of Sweden. Misrule had obtained in Sweden before Charles became king of that territory, and things had not been reduced to order in the kingdom when Charles was stricken with the sickness of which he died. On his death-bed, as sometimes happens to the dying, he had a vision of the world and of the troubles soon to be. Speaking of these to his counsellors, who surrounded his dying pillow, and appraising the stiffness of the struggle, his nobles became filled with alarm and deprecated the result of these struggles when they should have to face them. But Charles was calm and unmoved as, stretching out his right hand toward his eldest son, sitting by him, he said—"Ille faciet," he shall accomplish it. The death of Charles took place in the year 1611, and of right Gustavus Adolphus became heir to the

throne. Many stories are told of the childhood of this champion of Protestantism, and liberty, and Swedish independence. Two of these are typical of the man who was to fight the battles of the Lord. When five years of age his father took him to Kalmar to see a fleet which was preparing to pay a visit of observation to Lubeck, which was threatening to give trouble to Sweden. There an officer of distinction said to the child—"Which of these ships do you like best?" The boy, pointing to one, said—"That one." "Why?" asked the officer. "Because," said the boy, "it has more guns than the others." The other story is alike significant. Walking out one day with his nurse near Linköping, she tried to frighten him from entering a forest past which they went, saying—"You must not enter that wood, for there are great serpents in it." His answer showed his mettle—"Give me a big stick then, and I shall soon kill them." Wordsworth sings—"The child is father of the man." Guns were to be his toys, or rather the essentials of his trade, and killing snakes and other dangerous enemies was to be the work of his life. His training was such as became a Prince, and suitable to a youth of noble parts. And he so profited by his instruction that he knew seven languages and could converse with fluency in four besides his own. He was a cultured gentleman, and he was a master in arms and strategy. He set before himself a noble ideal. In a history of the House of Vasa which he began to write this was the opening sentence—"God grant me so to live that I may ever live with Christ; and may I never blush for my own deeds." His father early accustomed him to affairs of State. He took him with him to the council chamber and the camp, and when the ambassadors of foreign courts had audience of Charles, Gustavus was always there. At the time of the father's death he was but seventeen years of age, and so fell short by seven years of the legal age for assuming the crown. The Diet, however, two months after Charles' death, voted him of full age, so he was crowned and ascended the throne. His hands were full, for the country was in great disorder. He set himself to secure tranquillity, so as to lead on to that prosperity his kingdom needed, give solidity to his throne, and also secure that leisure which was required for the larger enterprise in which he was to be engaged. With the true instincts of a statesman, and with that decision that showed him a born leader of men, he effected his purpose and accomplished his desire in the home land and its surrounding coasts, raising Sweden as mistress of a large and important section of the Baltic coast. The revenue and resources of his kingdom were greatly augmented. In the wars he had to wage in order to secure peace to Sweden from immediate surrounding nations, generals and officers and soldiers on whom he could rely were trained under his own eye, men who feared God and did their duty. It had not been a purpose of his to champion the cause

which eventually he was plunged into. But, looking back, we can see and say regarding those preliminary encounters—

“Here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existing behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are.”

Gustavus Adolphus was being prepared, his generals were being trained, his officers exercised, his soldiers moulded and hardened for mighty deeds and bold enterprise in a most sacred cause. By 1629 his home affairs were all set in order. He was enjoying peace at home, and he was revered abroad. A little breathing space would now have been grateful to him, for he had known little of leisure since the death of his father eighteen years before. But just then affairs in Germany had reached a stage which left him no alternative but to plunge into the strife for God and His cause, and that of religious and civil liberty; or else stand by prepared to see his own sovereignty extinguished and the Protestantism of his kingdom blotted out. The armies of the “Catholic League” had been victorious all along the line. They had reached the shores of the Baltic. The towns and fortresses which Gustavus had secured on the coast were now in danger of being wrested from him. If that had been done Sweden would have been overrun and despoiled by the troops of Austria; indeed, such an enterprise had actually been suggested. It was a case either of waiting till attacked at home at great disadvantage, or of boldly meeting the enemy on the plains of Germany, and this he decided to do. Remember he was a devout Christian and an earnest Protestant. He saw the religion of Jesus Christ about to be trodden under foot and extirpated under the armed, fiendish hordes of a ruler whose counsellors were Jesuits, and whose generals and officers thought only of the spoil to be obtained. The German Protestant rulers had let the time go by when they could have struck a decisive blow; England was indifferent; Holland at the time was quite unable. Providence had singled out Gustavus and his kingdom and army for this great enterprise. For such a task the resources and army of Sweden seemed quite inadequate. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. And Gustavus

“Trusted in the Lord’s great name,
Who heaven and earth by His great power did frame.”

In this spirit Gustavus ventured forth.

Ludwig Haussier, in the second volume of his works, says of our hero—“In one respect he was a unique person, animated by the fresh, youthful, unbroken spirit of the early days of the Reformation. . . . He was filled with Protestant zeal, and sincere enthusiasm for the greatness of the cause he had embarked on. He was lifted above the mean artifices and miserable intrigues of narrow-minded men. He was a true hero. . . . Sacred things were no idle sport to him.”

His farewell meeting with the Diet was at Stockholm on 30th May, 1630. The scene was most touching. As having a presentiment that "he would return no more nor see his native country," he entered the Diet and faced the States, having in his arms his little daughter, called Christina, a child of five years old. He presented her to the nobles and deputies of the chambers, who swore fidelity to her as their sovereign should her royal father, their king, fall in the field of battle. Every eye was melted. So affected was the king that it was only after a time that he could deliver his farewell address to the members of his Parliament. In his address he took God to witness that he had not sought that contest. But the same armed bigotry which had wrought desolation in Germany was now approaching their own doors, threatening the extirpation of their religion, the destruction of their independence, and the overthrow of his throne. And, in effect he added, as did Mordecai to Queen Esther, whom he sought to arouse to action in defence of God's people—"If we altogether hold our peace at this time, then shall deliverance arise from another quarter, but we and our father's house shall be destroyed. But who knoweth whether we be come to the kingdom for such a time as this." He bade his counsellors seek to be filled with wisdom, to govern with equity. He bade his nobles emulate the bravery of their interpid Gothic ancestors. He bade pastors be diligent in discharging their duty, and in practising what they preached. For himself, his prayer was that order might bless their cities, fertility their fields, and plenty cheer their homes. And then, like a father taking leave of his children and family, he said—"I bid you all an affectionate, it may be an eternal, farewell." In a few days the king, with 15,000 officers and men embarked at Elfsnabben, and in due time cast anchor beside the Isle of Rugen, off the coast of Pomerania. By 24th June, 1630, they set foot on German soil. The first act of the king was to kneel on the ground and return thanks to God for leading them safely, and to ask of Him a blessing on their enterprise. On hearing of his having landed on German soil the Austrian Emperor spoke of it with disdain, as Sanballat, and Tobiah, and Geshem, the Arabian scoffed at Nehemiah. Even the German Princes, for whose disentanglement Gustavus had taken up arms, held aloof from him. Notwithstanding all this, he pushed ahead, and, sitting down before Stettin, summoned it to surrender. The Prince of that territory and the people feared the incursion of foreign soldiers because of the horrors they might inflict. But Gustavus was instant, and at last his troops were admitted. The fears of the citizens were soon allayed, for such was the behaviour of the Swedish soldiers that it established for them a reputation for piety and good conduct second only to their prowess in the field. Soon German peasants, and men of other nationalities, who had fought in

other campaigns, flocked to his standard, and, being admitted, were trained under the discipline they were subjected to in Swedish service. Within seven months Gustavus had taken 80 cities, strongholds, and redoubts in the States of Pomerania and Mecklenburg. And now, when success was crowning his efforts, and the army of the "Catholic League" and its general had suffered disastrous defeats, a strange ally made overtures to Gustavus, even Cardinal Richelieu, Chancellor of France. Richelieu feared Austria, and desired to humble that great power; so, though he was a Popish prelate, and Austria in religion the abject slave of the Pope, Richelieu conceived the idea of offering the Swedish monarch monetary help, with the design of getting the ordering of the campaign. Gustavus accepted the help, but retained full control of the operations. Forward the Swedish army moved. Colberg and Frankfort-on-the-Oder fell to the army of Gustavus. And now the German Protestant Princes bethought them, and reluctantly joined their forces with those of him whom spitefully they had termed "the little Gothic King." Here I pass over several battles that were fought, to mention a great encounter effected with the favourite General of the Austrian army, Count Von Tilly, victor in a hundred battles. Under Gustavus the troops of all descriptions numbered 42,650, including 16,000 Saxons. Those under Tilly numbered 32,000, but reinforcements were expected. The plain of Breitenfeld, about a mile from Leipsic, was the battlefield. On 7th September the armies faced each other, and the battle was joined at noon. Early in the encounter Pappenheim, one of Tilly's generals, made a dash with his 5000 against the Swedish left wing; he was met stubbornly by the Swedes and badly worsted, the finest cavalry in the imperial army being completely broken, a remnant of which escaped. Another Austrian, General Furstenburg, made a dash on the Saxon right wing, 16,000 strong; these, after a little resistance, were broken and fled, as did the Elector and his Lifeguards, Furstenburg following in pursuit. Fiercely the battle raged, but victory at length was achieved by Sweden's army. Of it Gustavus, in a letter, said—"This victory, on which the very greatest matters turned, is so decisive that we have every reason to thank God, who has so mercifully preserved us in danger so imminent as we never were in before." This battle created an epoch in history; it fixed the limit of Austria's power; and won Northern Germany for the cause of freedom and the Gospel. When Gustavus left the field that night he was no longer "the little Gothic king," but the great conqueror, the terror of the Popish Princes, and the hope of the Protestants of Germany. The projects of the Jesuits were defeated; the throne of the Emperor was made to totter.

We have not time to record all the stages in the campaign, for it was just one, long, continued campaign from the time

Gustavus left the shores of the Baltic till he finished his course on earth fighting the battles of the Lord. There was no cessation with him. When at the beginning of the winter of 1631 the Austrian generals, disheartened by their repeated defeats, proposed a truce to Gustavus during the winter, he replied—"The Swedes are soldiers in winter as well as in summer." With his victorious troops he pressed on southward, entered Bavaria, and crossed the Danube. Tilly had gathered his scattered forces and mustered another army. The Swedes desired again to try issues with the soldiers of the empire. Gustavus had secured Ulm, and, by force of arms, had taken Donauworth. Tilly waited for him with his troops on the right bank of the little river Leck. Tilly thought himself safe, and was expecting to be joined by General Wallenstein. The Swedish king knew the danger, got a bridge hastily constructed, crossed the Leck, forced a battle, and Tilly was mortally wounded. Night fell ere the issue of the contest, but when the light of the morning broke Gustavus found that the enemy had withdrawn. Augsburg received him with open arms. It, we have to remember, was the cradle of the Lutheran faith. A medal was struck in honour of the occasion, on the obverse of which were the words in bold characters—"Gustava et Augusta," and on the reverse, "Caput religionis et regionis." The Protestants of Augsburg were glad, and letters were printed and circulated to celebrate the event.

Affairs were now growing desperate with the Austrian Emperor and his Popish league. Bavaria was all in the hands of Gustavus. The greatest general the Emperor had in his dominion, but one who, through fear of his great influence, had been dismissed the service, was summoned. After parleying, Wallenstein, on exacting very humbling conditions from the Emperor, agreed to raise an army and oppose the victorious Swede. He made careful preparation, assembled his troops, and took the field. The armies met near the town of Lutzen, in Saxony. The Swedish army was but 18,000 strong, that under Wallenstein 25,000, and he had a reinforcement of 10,000 that had been summoned to join him under Pappenheim. Before entering on the battle the Swedish king had prayer offered at the head of each regiment in his army, beseeching Divine help, and Luther's Psalm, "Ein feste burg ist unser Gott"—"A strong fortress is our God," was sung by the whole army. Gustavus, for once, too eager to begin the fray, led out his army, while it was yet dark. It gave advantage to the enemy. The struggle was very fierce. Victory leaned decidedly to the side of Wallenstein. It proved the bloodiest of all the battles waged by Gustavus. Rushing himself into the thick of the fray without his armour, he was struck and his left arm shattered. On being led away a bullet pierced him fatally, and he was assisted to the ground from his charger. The cuirasiers

of Wallenstein came on him, and, discovering who he was, with consummate savagery drove their swords again and again through him. Duke Frances Albert of Saxe Lauenburg assumed the command. The Swedish army, learning that their king had fallen and was dead, fought with desperation. The Austrians suffered terribly. Wallenstein fell mortally wounded, but ere he died it was told him that the Swedish king was slain, at which intelligence he answered—"Then I die happy."

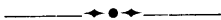
This battle of Lutzen decided the question of Protestantism in Europe. To Gustavus, under God, all praise for that is due. The glory of this king is that of being champion for the defence of Christ's blessed evangel; the champion of the Protestant religion, the religion of truth, of righteousness, of light, and liberty, the triumph of which meant salvation for Europe. At Riddarholm Church at Stockholm rest the remains of him who was called "The Lion of the North." There, in a marble sarcophagus, under the tattered banners which tell of his earthly triumphs, the dust of the Swedish hero lies. He was, as one of his biographers has said, "Simple, brave, passionate, truthful, devout. With the highest sense of kingly dignity, but with a still higher sense of his great mission on earth, it is not unfair to say of him that he had a single eye to the work God had given him to do. More cannot be said of a man." His life and work sanctified a cause which the German Princes, by their lives and indifference, had only known how to betray.

The names of such heroes we should cherish as being rich gifts vouchsafed to us by the Eternal One. The liberties they were the instruments in securing for us we should cherish, rally around, seek to perfect, and hand down to succeeding generations. The bright example they set us we should cherish, and, not content with that, we should seek to have the spirit they manifested animating our own hearts during all our course on earth. This were to make our lives sublime; this were to benefit our fellows; this were to live to purpose. By a life lived strenuously in the cause of God, of good, in the vanquishing of evil, and the sweeping away of everything that is inimical to the cause of Jesus Christ—

"Thus would our life the fruitage yield,
Which trees of healing only give;
And, green-leafed in the eternal field
Of God, for ever live."

We have to recall how Gustavus Adolphus, indirectly, helped on the cause of the Covenants in Scotland. Many, alarmed at the possibility of the ascendancy of Popery again in Germany, flocked to the standard raised by Gustavus, and were trained by him in arms and discipline. Under him they learned to love the Bible, and the Gospel, and its truths, and Him who is the Truth, with an earnestness and depth they had not felt before. And

when their struggles under Gustavus were over, they returned to their several countries better and wiser men, and men resolved to spend themselves in Christ's service. Among those thus influenced were many of Scotland's sons, who came back to their country to help the struggling cause of Christ's Crown and Covenant, their hearts glowing with more intense desire, and their breasts burning with an holy zeal. May the flame that touched the hearts of God's heroic servants touch ours; may the zeal that moved them to adventure for the triumph of Christ's cause stir us up unto effort.



THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST—No. III.

By Rev. J. M'KEE.



In a former article we have shown what the central scheme of all apostolic teaching, preaching, and writing was—"Jesus and the resurrection." And when we add to that the fuller and more detailed testimony of the Gospel narratives and of Paul, we may fearlessly affirm that no event in ancient or modern history is established on surer or more satisfactory evidence. Testimony however full and clear, is nothing to those who are determined not to believe. None so blind as those who will not see. The resurrection of Jesus is a miracle, and, according to Hume, it is more likely that the evidence is false than that the miraculous event is true. Modern sceptics, however, take up a bolder position, for they assert most emphatically that a miracle is impossible. This assertion, if true, would dethrone God, as well as leave Jesus in the tomb. Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? Granted that there is a God, and that He is infinite in power, why should miracles be impossible? Why should the resurrection of Jesus be a thing incredible? Is anything too hard for the Lord? If Jesus was what He claimed to be, the Son of God, His resurrection was neither improbable nor incredible. His *death* might seem incredible, but, having died, His resurrection was not only probable, but that He should be holden of death was incredible. These modern Sadducees are quick to see that if the resurrection of Jesus be admitted it involves the truth of Christ's claim to be the Son of God, a Divine Saviour.

Many scientists, assuming that the laws or order of nature are uniform, unalterable, supreme, conclude that miracles are impossible, and therefore the resurrection is incredible. "These laws are accounted sufficient for all things. There is no place for God, or for Jesus Christ as His Son and our Redeemer. Anything

beyond nature, anything above nature, anything other than nature is denied as a sheer impossibility. Whether God, in the beginning *created* the universe in substance and in germ, and disposed it in its orderly motion and progress is a question which puzzles and baffles most of these teachers. But, the universe once existing and put into working order, they all agree that any interference with, any suspension, any alteration of this order is inadmissible. . . . But if all things from the beginning of the creation had continued to this day without interruption or change, this would not prove their inherent and necessary unchangeableness. The shining of a star for ten millions of ages would not prove that that star would *never* cease to shine. If no man, not even Christ, had ever been raised from the dead, this would not prove that no one ever would be in all the future. . . . Christians hold to 'the order of nature,' to the uniformity, certainty, and dependableness of its laws as truly as do our adversaries. Only, with this we believe *more*. We believe in powers *above* nature, which work *in* nature without disturbing its harmony. We believe in an omnipotent, ever-being, ever-active God. We believe in mental, moral, and spiritual forces that are free and responsible. We believe in the presence and operation of the Holy Ghost, independent of, never infringing upon, yet controlling the vital powers in the material and mental spheres. And we believe in real, veritable, actual miracles, in the exercise of Divine energy upon and in the very laws of nature themselves, suspending and reversing them, and introducing new and supernatural effects." Men talk glibly of the laws of nature, but are there not laws of which the most advanced scientist is still ignorant? If a finite knowledge of the few laws with which we are acquainted gives man such power in the realm of nature, what power must an infinite knowledge of all the laws of nature give to Him who is both Creator and Lawgiver?

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men, and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

"Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

"Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place—
She is the second, not the first.

"A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child:

"For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul."

True science unhesitatingly accepts every well-ascertained fact. The fact of Christ's death as recorded in the Gospels is accepted without question. Why, then, should the fact of the resurrection, which rests on the testimony of the same persons, and is recorded in the same Gospels, be rejected as incredible? Rationalism has joined hands with science, so-called, in rejecting miracles. Human reason is made the absolute test, and everything is rejected that fallible human reason cannot comprehend. "Reasonable faith need not be able to explain fully every object it believes in, but it must rest on evidence that is reliable." Rationalism, either wilfully or ignorantly, mixes up two things which ought to be kept perfectly distinct—*i.e.*, the *how* of Christ's resurrection, and the fact that He was alive, and seen of many, at intervals, during forty days, after He had been dead and buried. The sacred writers do not profess to give a history of the resurrection. No one saw Him restored to life. No one can tell whether He left the tomb before or after the stone was rolled back. His resurrection is a mystery, hidden away among the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God, among the things too high for us to understand. But Christ risen, Christ alive, was the fact of apostolic testimony. They could not be mistaken. Proofs were multiplied. "Behold My hands and My feet." "He showed unto them His hands and His side." The nail-marks, the spear-thrust were there. "Handle Me and see." Not only see but touch; no phantom, but a real body. "He did eat before them." And Peter can testify, "Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly . . . to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead." The witnesses were numerous, their character unimpeachable, and their knowledge of the facts perfect. Is it rational to accept the records of Christ's life, death, and burial, and to reject the testimony of the same witnesses to Christ risen?

Every imaginable supposition has been made to nullify the evidence of the Gospels. Imposture, a mere awakening from a trance, hallucination, such are some of the imaginings. Imposture is now rejected by modern sceptics as untenable, as morally impossible on the part of the Apostles. That Jesus was dead and not in a swoon was clearly proved, His enemies being judges. The Roman soldiers declared that He was dead. The spear-thrust of one of the soldiers made assurance doubly sure.

Pilate, before giving the body to Joseph, asked the centurion if He had been any while *quite dead*. Let the sceptic Strauss answer the sceptic Schleiermacher, "Is it possible that a man half dead, who had dragged Himself in languor and exhaustion out of the grave, whose wounds required careful and prolonged attention, should have left upon the minds of His disciples the impression of the Conqueror of death and the grave, the Prince of life—an impression which is, nevertheless, the source of all their subsequent activity? Such a return of life would only have served to weaken the impression which Jesus had previously made upon them in His life and in His death, and could never have changed their grief into enthusiasm, and exalted their admiration into adoration."

As for hallucination, suppose we admit that such a thing was possible in the case of one or two persons, is it reasonable to suppose that all the Apostles, all the women who professed to have seen the risen Christ, the two disciples journeying to Emmaus, and the five hundred persons of whom Paul speaks were all under a hallucination? The person who could believe this must be labouring under a terrible hallucination. We doubt if such a case of insanity has ever been found within the walls of any asylum. It is not incredible that God should raise the dead, but it does seem incredible that the advanced thinkers of our day should imagine that apostolic testimony and the universal faith of the Christian Church could be upset by such absurdities. Truly the sceptic has harder things to believe, and must be more credulous than the Christian. All sceptics are agreed in rejecting Christ's resurrection as a historical fact, but there is no working hypothesis on which they are agreed to reject it.

Apparent discrepancies have ever been urged by infidels against the Gospel narratives of the resurrection. As regards the central fact, that Christ rose from the dead, all the writers agree. No one writer gives us all the details. He gives us just as much as is suited to the end he has in view. Not one of the Gospels is a complete history of Christ's life on earth, nor do the Gospels, taken together, give a complete history. Seeming discrepancies would disappear if we knew all the circumstances and the exact order of events; but if all gave us the same account there would be the appearance of collusion. If witnesses in a court of justice testify to the same events in the same order, it raises suspicion in the mind of a judge. That one witness omits some things that others have mentioned is no contradiction. Take any public event, and no four men will give an account of it in exactly the same order or the same details. There will be agreement in regard to the chief facts with variation in details, and yet all are perfectly truthful. The Duke of Wellington used to say that he never met two men who were exactly agreed as to just when the battle of Waterloo began. The importance of the battle transcended all such unimportant questions. Just

as in the Lord's Supper we have a perpetual memorial of Christ's death, so in the weekly return of the Lord's Day we are reminded that "the Lord is risen."

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

No. VI.—The Interdict and the Lion's Den.

By N. M.

The glimpses we have of the life of Daniel, while they give us a wonderful insight into his character, are very brief; and they occur only at widely separated intervals. We see him first when he is but a boy in the Royal Academy of Babylon; and when his training there is completed we see him stand before Nebuchadnezzar and rehearse and interpret the dream which the king himself was unable to remember. Thirty years elapse before we see him again. When he has reached the age of between forty and fifty we see him stand a second time before the same king, and this time to interpret that dream that foreshadowed the loss of the king's reason, when, because of his pride, he was removed for a time from his throne and compelled to make his dwelling with the beasts of the field. Then it is other thirty years before we see him again. And this time it is to appear before Belshazzar and his thousand lords, and read the writing of doom that was written on the wall of the palace of Babylon. And when we see him now the stripling boy that came with the early captives has become the grey-haired old man of more than eighty years of age.

All these years, it is true, we have seen little of Daniel—far less than we would have liked—but there is one thing to be marked, that when we do see him we always find him where he ought to be. Be the circumstances what they may in which his figure rises up before us, we can always tell for a certainty where we shall find him. The astronomer who has mastered the movements of the heavenly bodies, though he may not be able to follow them with his telescope every mile or million miles in their orbits, yet knows their track, and he can tell where on any day, or at any hour, they may be found. Their course is certain. It is marked out for them by the Eternal, and they never diverge one hair breadth from it. Daniel was like a star, a star shining clear and conspicuous in the sky of a dark heathen world, and whose course was as certain and undeviating as that of the great orb of day. And from the time we see him first a captive boy, until the time we see him now a silver haired old man, we find him always the same. He began in youth and he began well; he continued on through manhood and turned not aside from the straight path; and

when old age came his hoary hairs were a crown of glory, for he was still true to his God. He was a true servant of the living God, the beloved of the Lord.

At the time we have now reached in our studies the Babylonian empire, so magnificent and extended, has passed away, and the Medo-Persian taken its place. A new king is seated on his throne of world-wide authority. That king is Darius. He is not a man of remarkable gifts, or of outstanding force of character. He is a weak man, a man easily driven by stronger men around him; a man whose life was given more to sensuality and self-indulgence than to the serious duties of life. He is a man, in fact, who would not have been known to history had it not been for the conjunction of his name with that of one far greater than he, the prophet Daniel.

When he took possession of the throne he heard a great deal, as was inevitable, about Daniel. The events of that wonderful night when the handwriting appeared on the wall were the theme on every tongue, and Daniel was the hero of the story. It was natural for Darius to inquire who this Daniel was. And as the outstanding events of the Hebrew statesman's history were unfolded in his hearing, he could not but be impressed with the transcendent ability and spotless integrity of the man. What more natural, then, than that he should attach such a man to his service. This was the will of that divine providence that watched over the Hebrew prophet. The Most High was leading forward events to accomplish His own designs, for He had more work yet for Daniel in Babylon. And Darius, with all his moral weakness of character, was yet wise enough to discern and select a faithful and able servant to stand by him in the affairs of his great kingdom. New honours, therefore, were in store for this aged servant of God.

The position to which Daniel was raised was the most exalted that could be occupied by a subject in any land. Its duties were onerous and responsible beyond our conception. Talk of Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State, and so forth, Daniel had the cares and responsibilities of all such vested in himself. Like Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon was second only to the king. It was thus. Darius divided his great kingdom into 120 provinces. Over each of these he appointed a responsible officer. Over these 120 officers he appointed three presidents, to whom the 120 were accountable. And chief of these was Daniel. Thus the authority to be exercised in the weighty affairs of that great kingdom was narrowed, bit by bit, till it was concentrated in the person of one man; all the threads of government were ultimately in his hands. And that man was the Hebrew prophet. Many a difficult task must he have had to face, many a difficult problem to solve. He had to deal, in different languages, with foreign nations and their kings. He had to hold his own with men who were by reputation

the wise men of Babylon, men versed in starry lore and scientific research. He had to settle many a dispute, and disentangle many a heated controversy. In the administration of justice many a hard case came before him, as it was his, as last appeal, to act as judge and execute the decision. He needed to have an Argus eye to watch on every side, that he might guard against intestine feud and be on the alert against foreign aggression. And his, too, was the sole responsibility in the last resort for the fair and equitable adjustment of the finances of the kingdom. If his rank was exalted his work was no sinecure, and his honour lay in the fact that he served both his king and his God.

In the midst of all the anxiety and ceaseless industry that this high position involved, Daniel never neglected the duties of his religion. Let the demands of the kingdom be what they might, there was another kingdom whose demands were paramount to him. Let the requirements of the king be what they might, there was to him a greater than Darius, to whom belonged pre-eminence over all. The Prime Minister of Babylon, in short, was a man who feared God, and he did not forget his divine Lord when he entered into the service of the king. There was one duty that Daniel never neglected. He had learned it early, and now, with the silver hairs upon his head and the cares of a great kingdom on his shoulders, he follows it as zealously as ever. That was secret and family prayer. Not all the work and worry of the great Babylonian empire could make Daniel forget that. How that great statesman in a heathen land puts to shame many a professing Christian in this Christian land! Are there not many professing Christians who seldom bow the knee in secret prayer, and who seldom or never bow the knee with wife and children in family worship? On a Sabbath evening, mayhap, they may "take the book," but rarely through the week. Some are ashamed to do it, some say they are not able to do it, many say they have not time to do it. Not time; when the Prime Minister of Babylon found time, nay, made time, to retire every day for prayer to his God, the busiest man to-day can find no excuse. Prayer is the vital air of the Christian.

Another thing worthy of note in the character of Daniel was, that amid all the power and irresponsible authority vested in him, he never turned any of it to unworthy ends, or swerved one hair-breadth from the principles of incorruptible truth and righteousness. His character, private and public, his life, domestic and official, ever shone clear as a sunbeam. With power almost irresponsible, he never wronged even the humblest of his fellows; with opportunities of self-enrichment that were without number, he never diverted a penny of the nation's wealth to his own selfish ends; with honours that were short only of imperial, he stood before the world a true patriot, a

God-fearing man. All this is worth being remembered to-day. How often it happens in these times that when men spring from the ranks to honour and wealth their pride makes them forget themselves, their ambition makes them forget their God. It seems a difficult thing for men to attain high honours in this world and remain loyal to the world to come; the atmosphere of civic and political life often seems fatal to practical godliness. As a simple matter of fact, the claims of true religion do not hang well with many of the ongoing in the political world. Expediency and compromise swamp the claims of the divine law.

But there was yet another thing remarkable about the old man Daniel. He was not only a religious man, but while in the service of the king he was a dissenter. He was an ecclesiastical dissenter, for he was a Jew; and he was a political dissenter, for he would join hands with neither king nor people in any act of which his conscience disapproved. This fact is emphasised in the sixth chapter of the book, and we refer to it here because the case of Daniel is often cited against the position and principles of modern Covenanters. Their outstanding principle is that they dissent both from the national Church and the State. For two hundred years they have maintained this position, and they maintain it still. They dissent from the National Church because they cannot accept its constitution; and in this there are many who join them. But they dissent also from the national organisation called the State for a similar reason, although in this they stand alone. What is their objection to the constitution of the State? It is that the foundation on which it rests, the keystone that holds it together, is the supremacy of the Sovereign in things ecclesiastical. That constitution is founded, not on the authority of God, but on the will of man. And such a principle no Covenanter can accept. The royal supremacy, moreover, is guaranteed and confirmed by the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign, an oath which is not merely a pledge of the swearer's personal loyalty to the King, but a pledge expressly designed, according to Parliament's own interpretation, to cover the King's supremacy over the Church. As Covenanters would be loyal to the divine Head of both Church and State, they cannot bind themselves by such entangling oaths, and so they are compelled to be dissenters.

Now, it is said, look at Daniel. There is no such unhealthy political squeamishness about him. He takes office readily under a heathen king. He serves willingly under a heathen king. He is Prime Minister without a grudge, even under a heathen king. And if he did all that in a heathen land—and Daniel was a Covenanter, for his people were in covenant with God—should not modern Covenanters follow gladly in his steps? In answer to such a question as this we have to answer that this

is the very thing they endeavour to do. Look again, and more closely, at Daniel's position in Babylon. To what, or in what way, was Daniel actually pledged in his high station? Was he harnessed by any oath to any constitution? He was not. He served the king, it is true, but he served him only in so far as his commands were just and right. He was a free-handed, untrammelled servant of God. But did he not serve the king under some constitution? No, he did not. The will of the king was the sole constitution of the kingdom, for he was an autocrat; and Daniel rejected that same imperial constitution whenever it tampered with the supremacy of his God. Daniel never promised to yield to the supremacy of Darius, and he never did it. He never committed himself to the authority of this heathen king, he refused to do it. Unpledged, untrammelled, free as a bird of the air, he stood before Nebuchadnezzar, and Belshazzar, and Darius. When their commands were right he was ready to obey, but the first moment they encroached on the supremacy of God he was immovable. Modern conceptions of political place and duty would have dictated to him to yield—oh, it was only form and popular custom, and who would be the worse? But with Daniel it was "No surrender." When the truth and honour of God were at stake there was a higher constitution that controlled him than the authority of any king or senate upon earth. So we find him a dissenter when he was but a boy in the Royal Academy in Babylon, and we find him a dissenter with the snows of eighty winters on his head. Were there more of such dissenters still, both in heathen and in Christian lands, the kingdom of Christ would be more rapidly established on the earth.

Such was the character of Daniel, and it was put to the severest test. In spite of his high position, perhaps because of it, Daniel had many enemies. Moved by jealousy, their one object was to see him degraded. But to accomplish their wish was a hard task. They set themselves to find some flaw in his character and work as a statesman. Oh, they said to themselves, it will not be hard to find that. This psalm singing, praying Hebrew is no better than he ought to be. Your religious man is always made up of cant and hypocrisy, and you will find him as full of tricks and dishonesties as less pretentious men. And too often such suspicions hold good. But it was not so with Daniel. They mistook their man. His religion was not veneer, it was the solid oak. They watched him long and keenly, but it was no use, they were compelled at last to say:—"We shall not be able to find any occasion against this Daniel except we find against him concerning the law of his God." It is a happy record when the only fault the world has against the Christian is that he *is* a Christian.

But these enemies were not to be baffled. They will make his religion a fault. And they were accomplished diplomats.

If they had gone to Darius and made Daniel's Hebrew beliefs and practices a charge against him, Darius would not have listened to them. But they had a better plan. They knew that Daniel was a man of prayer, and that to the living and true God alone he bowed the knee. That was enough for them, and they laid their plans accordingly. Let us explain here that in Persia the king was regarded as divine, he was esteemed as the representative of Ormuzd, the Persian God, and divine honours were ascribed to him. In this fact we have the foundation of the other fact that the laws of the Medes and Persians altered not. They did not alter because the king who made them was supposed to be divine. They first made their king infallible, and then logically they made his laws unchangeable. We have the same Pagan idea to-day in the Church of Rome. These enemies of Daniel then laid their plans. They went to the king with a proposal as plausible as the old serpent could have devised. Was not the king divine, and ought not all his subjects to honour him as such? Let them all, then, be put to the test by decreeing that whosoever would ask a petition of either God or man, except the king, for 30 days should be cast into a den of lions. The decree was passed. Such a punishment was Persian. The fiery furnace was Babylonian. But now the kingdom was Babylonian no longer. In the eye of the Persians fire was a sacred element, and they would not defile it with the body of an unbeliever. The Persian punishment was a den of lions, and here we have the first utterance of that fearful shout of malignity heard centuries afterwards in Pagan Rome, "To the lions, to the lions."

The meaning of the decree to Daniel was plain enough. There were more ways than one in which he could have evaded it. Sometimes the imprisoned Covenanters were offered their lives if only they would say, "God save the king," or spill a drop of ink on a sheet of paper. But they refused to accept deliverance by any such methods. So with Daniel; he would neither seek evasion nor compromise. He would neither let his stated devotions slip nor purposely conceal his devotions. He would not move a hair-breadth from his wont. He would continue to do what he had always done; no more, no less. For seventy long years the worship of God had been his daily custom, and now that a cruel threat hung over him, he could praise and pray to God, as Paul afterwards did in prison. He will be faithful unto death, for he was nearing the Jerusalem on high where he would stand with acceptance before a greater than Darius.

We know the result, and we need not dwell on the details. Darius would have saved Daniel if he could. He could not. But God could, and did. That night there was neither music nor gladness in the palace, but there was joy and communion with heaven in the lions' den. The angel of the Covenant was there, and the godly statesman, the faithful dissenter, was

delivered and crowned with fresh honour in the eyes of the king. His enemies fell into the pit which they had digged; whereas Daniel rose in nobility, to stand in his lot, blessed and glorious in the end of his days. A lesson for us, whether our rank be high or low, to be decided in our religion, and to have our religion steeped in prayer. "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life."



ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

By Rev. A. C. GREGG, B.A.

"All his thoughts are, There is no God."—Psalm x. 4, R.V.

This is a most terrible kind of man. He thinks there is no God; that is terrible. He never has a thought but this is in it, There is no God. He never makes a plan, never sins a sin, never reflects on things, but this is still his idea, There is no God. Is not that very terrible?

Now, how could any man or woman, boy or girl, ever come to such a state of mind as this? For I think all human beings begin by thinking, There is a God. I never knew a child who thought there was no God. It is a good while before a person has the first thought or the first suspicion that maybe there is no God. Nobody slides naturally or peacefully into the denial of the existence of a God. This awful thought comes in with difficulty among our usual thoughts. It is a kind of stranger in a human soul, and it comes a great many times before it is made at home. And it must be made feel at home a long time before it draws all other thoughts into its power, and makes them all lean on it and love it. Atheism stark and cold has a great fight to get full dominion over man's judgment, understanding, and conscience. And we may well ask again, How can it be that any man could have it as a part of his every thought, There is no God?

With the man in the psalm it is because he wants to be wicked, and to be a god unto himself all the time. He loves to do what he knows a true and living God must hate and punish; he has no love to do what he knows a true and living God must desire him to do; and so he says to himself at first, Perhaps there is no such God at all; and then, by-and-by, he goes another step, and says to himself, I see no sign that there is a God, for if there were a God He would not have permitted me to do the bad things I have done; but I go on doing them, and I am nothing the worse for them. And thus, taking one step after another, he lands at the bottom of the devil's ladder, and boldly tells himself every day, till he believes it, There is no God, so becoming the victim of his own foolish imaginings.

If you did not wish to see the light of day at noon, you could shut your eyes tight and have your wish. But would you be so silly as to say, Now there is no light? You could blindfold yourself with a dark cloth and keep your eyes wide open, and yet not see the light. But would you be so foolish as to say, Now, I am sure there is no light, for my eyes are open and yet all is dark? The atheist of the psalm blindfolds himself with his black and cursed sins, and then says to himself, There is no God. No wonder that in another psalm he is called a fool—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

A minister told me that he was once called to visit a dying atheist. The man had gone about preaching in the open air that there was no God. The minister refused to argue with him on the point, but told the atheist all that Christ was to his own soul. Then he asked him, "Did you believe your own preaching when you preached that there was no God?" After a pause, the dying man said, "I didn't believe it, but I wanted to believe it." On his deathbed he was glad to listen to the good news of God's love. Nothing but wanting to sin will make us want to believe there is no God. If we must enjoy sin, we know we cannot enjoy God, and we would rather think there is no God at all than not sin at all.

But every thought that there is no God is a false thought. No matter what the wicked man thinks or says to himself, he cannot do away with God's existence. We may shut out God from our thoughts, but that does not shut Him out of being. We may not look at Him, but He continues to look at us. We may seal our own eyes, but we cannot seal God's eyes. I remember coming suddenly on a child where he did not wish me to see him, and what did he do but clap his two hands over his eyes, standing stock-still, and fancying in his simplicity that in covering the part of him that saw me he was covering his whole self from me. It was very touching. There was he, shrouded in his own little darkness, and seeing nothing and no one, and there was I unable not to see him, and smiling at his vain, childish device. What a wretched situation a man is in before God when, after driving God out of his thoughts, he sits down to iniquity as if he had driven God from the throne of the universe! Nothing but badness of heart could bring a person into such a dark and miry pit as that.

It is quite true we do not see God with the bodily eye, but the bodily eye was not made for seeing Him. It is with the soul's eye we perceive God. It would be a senseless thing to try to see a sound or to smell a scene. We have ears for sounds, and eyes for scenes. And God, who has given the right powers of sense for these different things that meet our senses, has given us also the right power or faculty for perceiving Him. If we seek Him we shall find Him. But we must seek Him with the soul's eyes and ears and hands, not with the body's eyes, ears,

and hands. If we love the thing God hates, and hate the thing God loves, we shall only destroy our soul's sense of God and knowledge of God. And it is quite possible that in this wicked way we may end up by saying and thinking that there is no God. It is men who do not feel God and know God in their souls that go out and say, There is no God for us to know. And you have seen how untrue and unsound that sort of reasoning is. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." If you have a good and pure heart, you will be as sure there is a God as you are sure there is ground beneath your feet, and sky above your head; yes, and far surer.

As it is with the Bible, God's Book, so it is with God's very existence. There is a something within us that proves to us that the Bible is true and divine

A man of subtle reasoning asked
 A peasant if she knew
 Where was th' internal evidence
 That proved the Bible true?
 The sound of disputative art
 Had never reached her ear;
 She laid her hand upon her heart,
 And only answered, Here.

And there, too, deep in the heart of us all, young and old, lies the conviction that there is a God. Let us try always to honour and please that God who has set Himself in the very core of our being.

The World of Missions.

Letter from Rev. Dr MARTIN, Antioch.

About 30th June, and during my missionary visit to Aleppo, I wrote a note to you of which I do not find that I have preserved a copy. I presume that I therein informed you of the energetic diplomacy of the British Consul (H. Z. Longworth, Esq.) on behalf of our mission buildings. Before I left Aleppo, a letter, dated 28th May, and apparently much delayed in the post, reached the Consulate from the British Embassy at Constantinople, in which His Majesty's Ambassador, after stating it as his understanding that our school at Antioch is recognised by the authorities, and also that an official permit was, with the knowledge and approval of the preceding Governor-General at Aleppo, issued to Dr Martin, and this after the plans had been approved by the Council of Administration; and the Director of Education at Aleppo added that if such were the case, and only the roofing of the buildings remained to be completed, the Consul should advise Dr Martin to continue the construction. His Excellency,

besides, instructed the Consul as to procedure in case the Turkish authorities again endeavoured to interfere—namely, that he should insist on the Governor-General's recognising the permit, which was granted with the knowledge and sanction of his predecessor.

On my return to Antioch on Friday, 6th July, I directed the workmen to resume operations on the buildings. A few days thereafter we were informed that a fresh complaint to Aleppo was in preparation against us at the local Government. But, after our Vice-Consul and I had visited the Governor, and informed his honour of instructions received from Consul Longworth, we heard no more of this. Probably the Governor, as he said he would, consulted the Governor-General, the latter being in correspondence with Consul L., who would give an answer favourable to us.

The roof on the meeting-house is now practically completed, and work on the roof of the schoolhouse is in progress.

The work remaining to be done is, however, very considerable—doors, windows, flooring, plastering (inside), and painting.

I am much ashamed that the cost of construction will, evidently, much exceed even the revised estimate given me by head builder and head carpenter last year, when we were about to commence work, which was £1000. At the close of last week's account I carefully summed up the whole expenses till date, and found them already £1050, and I believe that at least £250 more will be required to finish the work. The buildings, however, are of a much more substantial description than I had at first proposed; and they are, therefore, far more satisfactory, considering that Antioch is so subject to earthquakes, and that buildings of a cheap construction are undoubtedly ill-suited to stand the wear and tear of a school, and so are more costly in the end, as requiring frequent repairs. And I cannot regret the improvements upon my original plans on which our principal constructor insisted, and which included also stone floors supported by iron joists in upper storey of schoolhouse, a provision against fire. We find that the masonry work of the new schoolhouse alone is equal to that in this original mission building, which cost £850.

May I not here beg of the kind contributors for these mission buildings to give us, in addition to their ordinary subscription to the mission, a further special and supplementary donation this year for the completion of our elegant though simple meeting-house and schoolhouse. Their situation is distinguished, as, from an eminence, they look out on the mountain-sides to the west and south, whence issue, as at Daphne, fountains of gardens and wells of living waters, famous of old, and upon the Orontes, the chief of the "streams from Lebanon;" but especially as being in Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, and whence the first missionaries, even Paul

and Barnabas, were sent forth to our Gentile world. The three mission buildings within our boundary wall are such as all who may visit them will admit to be worthy of our Church, and worth the money they cost.

On my recent tour to Idlib and Aleppo I had many and very interesting meetings and good audiences.

On Sabbath, 17th June, the Lord's Supper was administered at Idlib, and on 1st July at Aleppo.

The Greek Church agreeing in all fundamental particulars with that of Rome—idolatrous and undoubtedly an Antichrist—it has been my custom, in accordance with Chap. xxiv. sec. 3 of *The Confession of Faith*, which I have here taken frequent opportunities to read publicly and expound, to forbid members of the Church to intermarry with Greek Church people.

One of our members in Idlib becoming, a few years ago, widowed, married, after a time, a Greek Church woman. He was placed under Church discipline. He lately died, deeply regretted by all brethren who knew him. He had been very distinguished for Christian intelligence, and his conduct was for the most part exemplary. Before his death he gave a special charge concerning his two little daughters by his former wife, that "they shall not be married except to members of the Protestant Church." Another brother, who, having married a Greek Church woman, was placed under "suspension," and who now rejoices that his wife, after years of instruction, has at length professed herself convinced of the truth of the Gospel, has been openly expressing among the brethren, as well as to me, his decided approval of my custom, and that he would be ready to make in the church public confession that he erred.

On each Thursday evening of the three last weeks I preached in the open air; twice in the streets of Antioch, and last week at a pagan village about three miles distant. The friend who rode out to the village with me told me he counted 145 hearers, but thought he did not count all my audience. All were orderly and attentive. I discoursed on the 51st Psalm.

Two further applications have recently been made to me for admission to membership in the mission congregation.

Antioch, Syria, 4th August, 1906.

P.S.—The text of my morning discourse yesterday was Ephes. vi. 18-20. Adopting as my own the Apostle's request in verse 19, I would address it to brethren in the churches at home, as I have to the brethren here—"And for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel." J. M.

6th August.

How to be miserable—Gratify the carnal propensities of your nature, and spare no pains to execute your purpose.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE BIBLE.

No. IV. — The Burning Bush.

By Rev. JOHN M'DONALD, B.D.

The burning bush in Horeb was a luminous object of wonder to the eye of the Hebrew exile as he tended the flocks of his father-in-law in Midian. It is no less a luminous object to every reader of the Word, shedding its bright light alike on the dark oppression of Egypt and on every page of the long history of God's afflicted people on earth. It has an effulgence that never fades. In God's great universe it shines with kindred brightness side by side with that star that announced the advent of our Lord. They are twin lights answering each other from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, or, rather, they are binary stars that shine as one, unfolding the glory of God and proclaiming His mercy and power in behalf of His chosen race.

To understand the true supernatural bearing of the burning bush let us mark first its time and place in the wonderful economy of redemption. For like the promise to Adam, and the ark to Noah, and the call to Abraham, it came at a time of all times when its appearance was remarkable and significant. Let us remember that we are here, so to speak, in the third dispensation of God's plan of mercy to the world. The first dispensation began with the promise given to Adam, and it ended with the flood. The second began with the promise given to Noah, and it ended with a world given wholly to wickedness and idolatry. The third began with the gracious choice and call of Abraham, and it has been running its course all down through the ages until the present hour. It was in this third dispensation that the burning bush appeared.

Let us follow the history. When Abraham was called it was a new departure, a fresh beginning, for he was a grand, heroic, God-believing man. And for a time, a considerable time, all went well. Abraham maintained his faith and loyalty to the end, and when death drew near he passed the promises on to his son. Isaac walked in his father's steps, and when he was about to bid adieu to earth he, too, passed the promises on to his son. Jacob in his turn maintained the royal line, and despite the blemishes of his youth preserved in purity the worship of his father's God, and when he was about to die he passed on the blessings and promises to his son. Jacob had many sons, but there was one who was distinguished above his brethren, one who was honoured to be a wonderful type of Christ, and to whom the personal and prophetic title was given, "The Shepherd and Stone of Israel." That son was Joseph. He was carried away a slave and sold into Egypt, but his faith did not fail him there; in the confines of a prison as in the service of Potiphar he never forgot his allegiance to God. He

rose to honour and fame, became the saviour of his adopted land, and brought his father and brethren all to the peace and plenty of Goshen—father and children and children's children all joining in the proud inheritance of the promises given to Abraham.

Thus far all was well. The sun never shone more brightly than when the aged Jacob entered Egypt. It shone on a happy, hopeful band. And it seemed as if the promises given to Abraham were on the high road to fulfilment. But let us wait a little. Jacob died. Joseph died. And the descendants of the patriarchs disappeared from view, for they became slaves in that empire in which they had been lords; they became serfs in that kingdom whose saviour their kinsman had been. Is it not remarkable how the Book of Genesis ends? How would it have ended if it had been a tale of the imagination written by man? How would we ourselves have expected it to end? With such a bright beginning, thrice repeated in Adam and Noah and Abraham, would we not have looked for the record to close with a happy people, a favoured community, a prosperous and believing nation, hastening on the fulfilment of the promise of the great Deliverer. So we would have thought, for we are ready to forget what human nature is. But how does the Book of Genesis end? It ends with the bones of Joseph, and as we read its closing words we are looking into a coffin in Egypt.

Is this, then, the outcome of all the great things foretold to Abraham and his seed? What is the good of the call to Abraham now, and what the worth of all the promises? What of the promised land now, seeing there is not a patriarch's tent pitched in the whole of it, and even the cave of Machpelah has gone into the hands of the Canaanites? What of the promised seed now, seeing they have sunk beneath oppression to the fate of slaves in a strange land? Does not this seem a miserable ending to such exalted hopes? Is the past all a dream, and the call of Abraham a delusion? No. Here the supernatural comes in, comes in once more with sovereign potency and effect, comes in to illumine the darkest hours of Israel's history. Listen to Joseph when the shadows of a sorrowful future were gathering around his people—"God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence"—that is, keep my bones safely, for in them is the promise of a resurrection; ye shall yet carry them to Canaan, for you will one day go in triumph to possess the promised land. These were Joseph's thoughts amid the gathering gloom. Then look four centuries ahead, when the descendants of Abraham seemed to have lost all, and in the desert of Midian the God of Abraham appears anew. In the burning bush the glory of His love and faithfulness shines with undimmed brightness to an afflicted race. The supernatural is manifestly before us here. Neither God's promise nor covenant can fail. "All flesh is grass, and all the glory

of man is as the flower of grass: the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Note, first, the time when this burning bush with its Divine Occupant appeared, for this brings out its supernatural character. It was a time when the need of Israel was extreme, and when the help of God would be opportune. Israel's extremity was to be God's opportunity, and the glory of Abraham's God was to be made great in the riches of His grace at this time. Note, too, the preparation that was made in the providence of God before the burning bush appeared. Go back eighty or a hundred years, and we find that among that horde of slaves there was one home at least in which the knowledge of Abraham's God was treasured as a sacred heritage. The very names of husband and wife spoke of faith and hope. Amram, *an exalted people*. Jochebed, *Jehovah in honour*. In that home three children were born, the third under the shadow of a royal edict that meant his death. In passing, let parents here note this, that when a king is afraid of little children there must be something in children worthy the attention of all who labour for the coming of the kingdom of Christ. The child who is the terror of a king may become a hero in the cause of Christ. Then let parents watch their children, they are the seed of the future, the hope both of the world and the Church. This child in Egypt was marked out by the God of Abraham for His own. Moses was as truly called as Abraham was called, and all the malignity of Pharaoh could not push him aside. The edict that designed his extermination became the letter of his introduction to a royal home, and for forty years he was trained in the foremost academy of which the world could boast, while for forty more years he was trained in the quiet retirement of Horeb by God Himself. And when all things were ready, the people ready to be delivered, and the deliverer himself made ready for the work, then the burning bush appeared, and the voice of majesty and mercy fell upon the ears of Moses calling him to his great task.

Think of the very peculiar way in which God appeared for the deliverance of His people. He did not come in the way that probably any would have expected. There were many ways in which He could have come. Nay, one word from Him who, in after ages, rolled away the stone from the prison house of death, could have rolled away every impediment to the deliverance of His people Israel. But God is never prodigal of His wonders. It is only when natural means are insufficient that the supernatural is introduced. And besides, in this particular case there were lessons that Israel needed to learn, and so to learn as hardly ever to forget; lessons as full of force to-day as they were in the days of old, for they teach all generations the way, the sure and only way, out of the bondage of sin. God made a beginning in these wonderful lessons in the burning bush in Horeb.

What, then, did the burning bush mean? The bush itself was the ordinary acacia tree, in all respects like the other trees that abounded in that district; but it had this peculiarity, that it seemed to be aflame with material fire while it was not on fire, for though in a wonderful sense it burned, yet it was not consumed. It was a wonderful sight, a unique sight, a sight without a parallel; and no wonder that Moses was at once arrested by it and turned aside to see. What, then, meant the burning of this bush? It was the glory of the Lord that shone like a fire among its branches. God's own presence was manifested there, His own voice was heard there, nay, the very ground was holy because God Himself was there. And this was Abraham's, Isaac's, Jacob's God. It was that God who was the Angel of the Covenant, Jehovah of the Old Testament, Jesus Christ of the New, the God of redemption, the Saviour in all dispensations of the Church. Nor need we be startled at the idea of the Lord of glory revealing Himself in such a fashion. For the radiant, dazzling effulgence of fire was the chosen symbol of the presence of God in all ages of the Church. It is an appropriate and glorious symbol. Think of the nature of fire. In itself it is pure and purifying; and in its effects it is mighty and terrible, or life-giving and comforting. And when it burns into a flame it is illuminative, cheering, dazzling, Nature's own symbol of brightness and glory.

And when this symbol lighted up the desert of Sinai it was not the first time it appeared on earth, nor was it the first time it served the same gracious purpose. Go back to the time when the first promise and hope of deliverance and life were given to man in the garden of Eden. See that flaming sword, or rather sword-like flame (pointed flame) that turned every way beside that tree of life. What did it mean, and what was its purpose there? That sword-like flame was a symbol of the presence of Christ, and its purpose there was to keep the way of the tree of life, that is, not to bar the way, as the words are often misread, but to show the way, to preserve, to keep the way of the tree of life—that tree that alone could give life to a dead world lying in sin. That burning flame, therefore, amid the beauties of a lost Eden, was the divine evangel of mercy, and was fit accompaniment of that first promise of redemption to a lost race. And how often afterwards that same dazzling symbol of the presence of Jesus shone upon the faces and into the hearts of the children of God? As the pillar of fire it led the hosts of Israel in the wilderness, and lit up the summits of Mount Sinai; as the Shekinah, it flashed between the cherubim above the mercy seat, and filled the temple with its effulgence; it turned midnight into day on the plains of Bethlehem, and eclipsed the noonday sun that shone on the way to Damascus. And one day it will be seen again when Jesus will return, even as He went, and erect that great white throne from which He will judge the world and welcome to glory all them that are His.

It was a fitting symbol then of the heavenly glory, and a fitting accompaniment of the message of deliverance, that arrested the eye of Moses. Here, therefore, we have at the outset of that work of mercy that was to be accomplished in Egypt this truth declared, that if there is to be deliverance from Egypt's bondage and salvation from sin's curse, it must be through Jesus, the brightness of the Father's glory, that the announcement must come, and it is by Him that the work must be effected. There is no salvation from sin but through Him who magnified the law of God and endured its penalty, no salvation but through Him who shed His precious blood on Calvary. Israel's Redeemer and our Redeemer are one.

One thing we cannot overlook here is that when God would reveal His glory to Moses it was a humble bush that He turned into a sanctuary. It was a bush, only a bush, that burned. What wonder if the whole mountain had been turned into a flame of fire! Had that been so we cannot but say that it would have been a spectacle worthy of the majesty of God. But no. He who is infinite in power and glorious in majesty is condescending and gentle as only God could be. This is He who cares for the lilies of the field, and without whose notice a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. This is He who sent forth a little company of fishermen to turn the world upside down, for He chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. So He chose to reveal His glory to Moses amid the branches of a burning bush. Had the mountain been afire the lonely shepherd would have been overwhelmed, but the burning bush led him to its side, where he listened with reverent attention to the message of Israel's covenant God.

And have we not in this the foreshadowing of the wondrous fact that when the promised Saviour came—that Redeemer whom all the dispensations foretold—He would appear among men as “a root out a dry ground.” The Lord of glory laid His glory aside (though there were times when the lustre of its radiance could not be hid) and He dwelt among us; and as our Kinsman, our Brother, our Redeemer, able to be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, He was the fulfilment of all prophecy, the Deliverer from a worse than Egyptian bondage, who will bring all His people to the Canaan that is on high.

There are other thoughts that suggest themselves to the student of this great mystery which we cannot wait to illustrate, which do not, however, bear so directly on the supernatural. May not this burning bush have been a figure to Moses of his enslaved brethren in Egypt passing through the fire of cruel oppression, but giving him all the while the assurance that the God who called Abraham would be with them to preserve and deliver them, even as One like unto the Son of Man was afterwards with the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. Was not that burning bush a type of the Church of

Christ in every age? How often has God's Church been called to suffer, but it has lived on, all the craft and cruelty of hell could not destroy it; and it will continue to live, for its years are the years of eternity. Was not that burning bush a type of God's own Word? How often it has been in the fire—it is in the fire still. In former times persecution consigned it to the flames, in modern times evolution and the higher criticism would turn it into a myth and a fable. But all the art of man will never destroy that supernatural word. That bush has often burned with fire, but it has not been consumed. And may we not climax these thoughts by applying the figure to Christ Himself? Was He not cast into the fire? What humiliation and suffering and shame were heaped on Him; how He was rejected of men and hated of devils; and how the sins of His people entailed on Him an anguish that was unspeakable, for they even hid from Him His Father's face. But He bore it all, and He triumphed over it all, and He is now on His throne in glory gathering all His children home to Himself. Even as He delivered Israel out of Egypt, and bore them on to the promised land, so has He, through obedience and suffering, secured redemption and heaven for all His people. Ought He not to have suffered these things and enter into His glory? And so He did: "the bush burned with fire and was not consumed."

Church News.

(Communicated).

Rev. J. T. Potts, B.A., Rathfriland, has accepted the call of the Nicholson Street congregation, Glasgow.

Rev. J. M'C. Cromie, who declined the previous call, has been presented by the Kelaughts congregation with a purse of sovereigns, and Mrs Cromie with a silver fish service.

Mr Thos. B. M'Farlane, B.A., has accepted the call of the new congregation, Glasgow. The ordination is expected to take place on Friday, 5th October, 1906.

Mr M'Cullough, B.A., has accepted the call from Ballylaggan.

Mr William M. Kennedy, B.A., has been ordained over the Ballinon congregation.

Larne congregation has given a unanimous call to Mr W. J. Pollock, B.A.

The R.P. Synod in Ireland has agreed to commemorate, by special lectures and services, the accession of Rev. John M'Millan to the United Societies two hundred years ago. Rev. Wm. Dick, M.A., has been appointed to lecture on the subject, and write a series of articles for publication in the *Covenanter*. The ministers of the Irish Synod are requested to preach on a Sabbath in October on "The providence of God in granting the ministry of Rev. John M'Millan to the Covenanting Societies in the year 1706."

Notes on the Papacy.

A year ago, when the Bishop of London was proceeding to the ordination of certain men, he invited any who had objections to state them. Mr Kensit came forward and stated objections based on the Ritualistic practices of the parties in question. The Bishop held that the objections were unsound, and he accused Mr Kensit of "brawling." Mr Kensit was fined. He appealed, and lost the appeal. And now the Bishop has put the bailiffs into possession of Mr Kensit's shop to sell his goods by auction to pay about £160 law costs. Over £2000 worth of goods will be sold to pay these costs. Mr Kensit acted nobly and bravely. No words could be too severe in regard to the action of the Bishop. Clearer evidence as to the Romanising and Romish spirit in the Church of England could not be desired.

Lord Muskerry called attention in the House of Lords lately to the existence of a society in Ireland called the "Ancient Order of Hibernians," and composed solely of Irishmen and Roman Catholics. Its members bind themselves together by the following oath:—"I further swear to owe no allegiance to any Protestant or heretic sovereign. . . . I will not regard any oath delivered to me by them or their subjects, be they judge, magistrate, or else, as binding; and, in revenge for the sufferings of our forefathers and protection of our rights, I further solemnly swear to aid, as best I can, in exterminating and extirpating all Protestants and heretics out of Ireland or elsewhere; to hunt, shoot, pursue, and destroy all Protestant or heretic landlords, proprietors, or employers." At a meeting of the Order, held recently, one of the officials said that "the organisation was formed for the purpose of driving the English Government and garrison out of Ireland. The order now has 380,000 members, and these are all required to attend the Confessional and Mass regularly. This rebellious and inhuman order has therefore the sanction of the Romish Church.

It is said that the next General of the Jesuits will be elected in the first week of September in Rome. Seventy-five dignitaries of the "company of Jesus," representing the twenty-five provinces of the Order, will meet in Rome to elect the new General. According to the last statistics, the number of members of the Order exceeds 16,000.

We have referred already to the arrogance of the Church of Rome in Malta. Since then the Government at home has expressed its disapproval of the Governor's action in yielding to the demands of the Archbishop of Malta. All the while, in Malta, though it is under the British Government, the Romish Church is master. No Christian work can be carried on in the island. Anyone giving away a tract or a New Testament runs

a risk of being arrested, thrown into prison, and banished. Therefore there is no mission to Christianise the Maltese. Since Rome was delivered from the rule of the Pope in 1870 Malta stands alone an object-lesson of the depth of degradation to which Roman Catholicism can reduce human beings. Strange that Britain, which sends the Gospel to the heathen, should tolerate the shutting of the gates of Malta against that Gospel!

The Church of Rome is a past master as Mr Facing-both-ways. She has one Catechism for England, and a totally different one for Ireland. In the Irish Catechism, with the imprimatur of the four Archbishops, the Second Commandment is omitted, the Tenth being divided into two to make up the number. In the English Catechism the Ten Commandments are given in full. One moral law for the English, another moral law for the Irish.

Interesting Items.

A Select Committee of the House of Lords has been considering the question of juvenile smoking, and has proposed that all boy smokers under the age of sixteen be penalised, and that it shall be a criminal offence for any tobacconist to supply lads with tobacco. The evidence adduced before the Committee as to the evil effects of smoking was so overwhelming that the most drastic measures to crush the evil were recommended. There are many lads in Christian homes who smoke *because their fathers smoke*. In all such homes reform should "begin at home."

At the recent Wesleyan Conference in Nottingham, Mr R. W. Perks, M.P., spoke on Foreign Missions, and in the course of his speech remarked that he had been led recently to look seriously into the subject of Foreign Missions; and that that serious examination of the subject led him to change his annual subscription of £10 into one of £500.

The *Daily News* announces that Caldy Island, on the South Wales coast, has been purchased by the Benedictine Order of the English Church, now settled at Painsthorpe, in Yorkshire, as a further development of Anglican monasticism. In these days, when there is so much work to be done for the Master in our crowded cities, and the labourers are few, it is positively criminal for professedly Christian men to abandon themselves to a "contemplative life"—a life of indolence or unproductiveness. This following of the example of Rome is contemptible.

On the 9th of last month the 3000th sermon of the late C. H. Spurgeon was printed. No other preacher that ever lived produced and published 3000 distinct discourses, of all of which it can be said that they are widely read. Of these, 800 have been published since Mr Spurgeon's death; and there are many more to follow. Truly, he being dead yet speaketh.

Temperance Jottings.

Sir Andrew Clark, the well-known doctor, after twenty years' experience at the London Hospital as senior physician, said:—"I am speaking solemnly and carefully, in the presence of truth, and I tell you I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that, going the rounds of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten there owed their ill-health to alcohol. Out of every hundred patients, 70 per cent. directly owe their ill-health to alcohol. I do not say that these 70 per cent. were drunkards."

The *British Medical Temperance Review* for July says:—"The repeated poisoning of the brain centres by alcohol causes a protracted deterioration of character, which may at length become irremediable. The temporary effect of what are called moderate doses is unquestionably in the end a paralysing one. The vigilance of conscience, the acuteness of perception, the delicacy of judgment, the crown of self-control, the effort of concentration of mind—these are dulled or diminished, and are often quite abolished for a time by even small doses of alcoholic liquor."

Lord Avebury tells us that the ant is a strict teetotalter, and can, on no account, be persuaded to drink alcohol. Wishing to observe the effects of alcohol on ants, he dipped two parties of them from different nests into whisky, and then put among them some sober members of one nest only. The sober ants, judiciously acting as police officers, at once proceeded to pick out the strangers, and carefully dropped them into a neighbouring pool of water; their own friends, however, they carried into the nest, where they could in comfort sleep off the effects of the involuntary carouse. "Go to the ant thou ——"

Notes and Comments.

Bi-Centenary of Rev. John M'Millan, M.A.

Reformed Presbyterians have often been called Cameronians and M'Millanites, and though they never adopted these names themselves, they have never had cause to be ashamed of either of them. This present year is the bi-centenary of Mr M'Millan's accession to the Church, and a brief monograph may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The United Societies—the name by which the Covenanters as an organised body in those days were known—hailed with delight the Revolution, because it sheathed the sword of persecution; but they did not accept the Revolution Settlement, because the Revolution Church was founded on an Erastian basis, and accepted its constitution from the State. The Revolution Settlement, therefore, left them outside both the Church and the

nation. The year of the Settlement found them without a minister. Their ministers had grown fewer the hotter the fires of persecution burned, till they had only two in all Scotland, Cameron and Cargill; and at last they had only one, the youthful Renwick, who sealed his testimony with his blood just before the Revolution became an accomplished fact. As sheep without a shepherd they continued for sixteen long years. The outlook was very dark, and the wonder was that the Societies did not dissolve and disappear altogether from the face of Covenanted Scotland. But God was preparing a pastor for them, one chosen like David from among the people. In the year 1669, when Renwick was seven years old, there was born a child among the Society people in Barneoughlaw, in the parish of Minigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire. From the minutes of the Societies' meetings, drawn up by Mr Robert Smith and Mr Wm. Wilson, unpublished, but which we have been permitted to peruse, we learn that "he was of honest parents and kindred, his father being a martyr at Bothewell, and his uncle, after Pentland, a martyr at Ayr, and others were well reported of for piety and their good affection to the Covenanted cause." That child was John McMillan. Being left young with another brother, the minutes tell us, he was brought up in the schools in English and Latin, in the parish of Dalry, much beloved for his father's and uncle's sakes by those professing the same principles," and he was "admitted into Society with the suffering party while about Earlston." In his youthful days he was one with the Society people, and was either in Galloway or Edinburgh fellowship. When he was twenty-six he entered the University of Edinburgh, and his mind was then evidently turning to the ministry, and in due course he took the degree of M.A. At this stage he entered himself a student of the theological classes of the Revolution Church, and broke off his connection with the Society people. As far as we are able to weigh the *pros* and *cons* of the reasons that induced him to take this step, it seems that he had made up his mind to give the Revolution Church a trial. It was not that either his opinions or feelings had changed. As the minutes above referred to put it, he "saw no outgate for himself." The difficulty was to get the learning he required, and the licence necessary for ministerial work. Other young men had been privileged to go to Holland, but that favour did not come his way. It seems that he thought that he could go into the Revolution Church with his Covenanter's views, and find a sphere there in which he could do good and conscientious work. He afterwards saw and acknowledged that in so acting he had erred, while he declared that "though he had left the separating people he was still of the same mind with them as formerly." In 1701 he was ordained minister of the Parish Church of Bahmaghie. On that occasion he answered the usual questions, but the shoe must have pinched when he was asked to promise subjection to the Church judicatories, for he

knew that the Assemblies of the Revolution Church could not be called Free Assemblies. The Assembly of 1692 had been dissolved by the King's Commissioner, that of 1693 had been prorogued by Royal proclamation to 1694, and in any case they were all packed with Episcopalian curates who had no right to be there. M'Millan must have had scruples in giving his answers to such questions, but we believe his honest intention was to render obedience in so far as those judicatories were free and honourable in their actions. So far and no farther. His desire was to enter the Revolution Church by this open door, and do his best for Covenanter truth within its bounds. As the pastor of Balmaghie parish he discharged his duties faithfully, and won the confidence and affection of his people. He was a man of fine presence, of courteous and polished manner, of solemn and impressive address. His celebration of the Lord's Supper was so affecting that it used to be said that no one who was unworthy could look at the cup which he used at the Lord's table without plain token of guilty confusion. The lines in Nicholson's "Brownie of Blednoch" may be familiar:—

"But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on M'Millan's cup."

For a short time matters went harmoniously, but it was impossible for M'Millan to be long in that Presbytery without either him making it too hot for them, or them making it too hot for him. At the outset some of his brethren sympathised with him. They went so far with him as to join him in overture to the Assembly to declare the *jus divinum* of Presbytery, and the intrinsic power of the Church to hold her Assemblies and other judicatories without the sanction of the Crown—two questions in regard to which the Revolution Church had not taken up clear and independent ground. They even suggested that the Covenants should be renewed. Probably all this encouraged Mr M'Millan to hope that he might yet bring the Church over to the position of the Covenanters. The inevitable check, however, came soon enough. After King William died, Queen Anne sent down an order to all the ministers of the Church to swear the oath of allegiance. Mr M'Millan's Presbytery divided on the question of compliance with this order, the majority deciding to leave it an open question. To this Mr M'Millan could not consent. Soon after this he, along with two of his brethren, presented a petition containing a list of grievances they desired to have removed. The statement of grievances was a serious indictment of the Revolution Church—just such a series of charges as the United Societies themselves would have made. This petition was rejected, and the Presbytery made a futile attempt to answer it. Mr M'Millan's two supporters then deserted him, and he determined still to maintain the Covenanter position though he stood alone. For his fidelity in speaking out the Presbytery

libelled him. The libel is still extant, and it was a sorry affair. It brought no charge against his doctrine or life; its whole burden was their strong aversion to the movement for reform which he was resolved to prosecute. That this was so was seen in the fact that they offered to drop the libel if he would promise to acquiesce. He cut the knot by declining the Presbytery's authority, and appealing to the first free and lawfully constituted General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Presbytery next day deposed him, but that had no significance for him, as he had, by his own declination, made a complete separation between him and them. Curious and sad to say, the leader in this action against Mr M'Millan was Richard Cameron's own brother, Alexander Cameron. He was one of the young men whom the Societies sent to Holland, and this was how he repaid them. But unwittingly he helped to prepare the way whereby Mr M'Millan was in the end constrained to find that place in the religious affairs of Scotland for which the providence of God designed him.

Mr M'Millan's relationship to the Revolution Church, however, did not end here. Though he was done with the Church, the Church was not done with him. He was cited to appear before the Commission; he did appear, and he yielded so far as to acknowledge that his action in withdrawing had been premature—that he should first have carried his case by appeal to the higher courts. To follow up this order he did then send on a protest and appeal to the next Commission, craving an investigation of the whole case from the beginning, and declaring that he was still resolved to abide by his paper of grievances formerly submitted. He addressed a similar appeal to the Assembly. But all this was in vain. In April, 1704, he asked a conference with his old friends, with whom his convictions and his heart had always been, but nothing came of it. In January, 1705, he had a second conference; but the judgment of the stern Covenanters was that his conduct in submitting, even for a time, to the Commission was "very grievous and lamentable." It was only in June, 1706, that the clouds began to roll away, and the outcome of further meetings was that in August of that year he made ample submission for what they considered his past defections, and he accepted fully and finally the position of the Societies. The die was then cast; and neither Mr M'Millan, nor the United Societies, nor the Church that sprang from them ever regretted or had cause to regret what was done. The United Societies gave Mr M'Millan a joint formal invitation to become their minister. Among the subscribers were some who had suffered during the persecution, some who had listened to the preaching of the boy Renwick, and who had never wavered in their attachment to the persecuted cause. To them all it was an inexpressible joy. And on Mr M'Millan's own part it was a manly and faithful step. He did not take it rashly; he did not take it without a

consciousness of the difficulties and perplexities that needed to be solved; nor did he take it without a clear foresight of the labour and anxieties that the step would entail. Conferring not with flesh and blood, he responded to the call of the scattered Remnant, and he consecrated the remaining forty-seven years of his life under Christ to their service. And in all parts of the country, in all weathers, he visited the Societies scattered over an extensive region, preaching in houses and barns, in fields and moors, in season and out of season, serving his country, his Church, his God. Two hundred years ago next month that work was begun, and since then the Lord blessed the Church. It lived and grew and prospered, and became a power in the land. In 1863 declension came, and many turned back, leaving only a handful to witness for the cause. But the Church still continued to live, and though by no means large to-day its outlook is brighter and more hopeful than it has been for the last forty-three years.

France and the Pope.

The Pope has spoken, not wisely but too well to be mistaken. Some of the French papers say that his Encyclical to the French Episcopate on the Separation Act is only bluff. The time was when the Pope's word had power. That time is past as far as France is concerned. His latest Encyclical amounts to a defiance of the French Government, and an incitement to law-breaking. Its main point is that it absolutely refuses to sanction the establishment of the *associations cultuelles* created by the disestablishment measure. The meaning of the quarrel is this:—By the recent Act, in a year or two Church property would fall into the hands of the State or the local authorities, to be used for the subsistence of the poor. And the law is that before December, 1907, Roman Catholics in every parish must form themselves into an association which will take over the charge of the church, parsonage, &c., for which a rent will have to be paid ultimately. The Pope declares that he will not allow the people to form these associations, because the law does not vest the Church property in them absolutely. The answer of the law to this is that if no association is formed, not only will the priest lose his church and home, but he will be debarred from holding a service of any kind, either in the church or in a private dwelling. Worship is declared to be legal only in the church; the church must be held by an *association cultuelle*; if there is no such association, worship becomes illegal, and the Law Courts will intervene. All this the Pope defies. How he will fight the French Government remains to be seen. He has no weapons to fight with. It may be that the Encyclical is only a *brutum fulmen*, and that, after all, the French bishops may have secret instructions which will enable them in some way or other to conform to the law. It is well anyway that the Pope should be taught that he is not

master when and where he pleases, and France has taught him that lesson.

Roman Catholics and the Church of Rome.

It is interesting to know what an educated Romanist has to say of his own Church; and there are some very outspoken members of the Romish Communion at the present day. The time was when they would not have dared to speak their minds, but that time is past. The air is clearer now, knowledge more widely diffused, and even Romanists are rejoicing in the liberty that the Protestantism of the country secures them. Mr M'Carthy, Mr F. H. O'Donnell, Father Crowley, and many others have been speaking with no bated breath, and they have not minced their words. To these may now be added Father Slattery, formerly head of the Roman Catholic Seminary of Baltimore. He has gone to Paris to study the workings of the law for the separation of Church and State in France, and, writing to Father Crowley, he says:—"As to your aim, viz., to reform the Church from within, I agree with Baroness Von Ledwitz (formerly Miss Caldwell, who, after she had given immense sums to the founding of a Roman Catholic University at Washington, left the Church of Rome in disgust) that it is out of all question. The system, root and branch, is built upon the very things you complain of. . . . If you turn to the pages of history, you will find the same story *ad nauseam*. There is no hope of reforming the Catholic Church. *Propria mole cadet*. It will fall by its own weight. For men of Irish blood like ourselves the crushing weight of Catholicism is appalling. . . . We Irish are a stunted race to-day because of it. At the door of the Catholic Church may be laid the death of the Irish language and the decay of the race." So Father Slattery, a scholar of recognised repute in the Romish Church, writes. The Baroness Von Ledwitz, above referred to, has just published a volume entitled "Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome," in which, among other very plain and strong things, she says:—"In childhood and early womanhood, without palliating the unchristian conduct of almost all the prelates with whom I came in contact, I never ceased to hope and believe that when womanhood had ripened my judgment the apparent inconsistencies would be fully explained. To this period of enlightenment I confidently looked forward. It is a known fact that after Luther had been to Rome he ceased to believe in the religion he had never before truly known. In the name of Christ, whose pure image had long been blurred by the dross of Popery, in the name of righteousness and duty, *I cast from me what was left of the garb of Romanism*." In a recently published letter, the same lady says:—"A system of domination, terrorism, and intrigue has been practised on us since our father's death, and we were constantly made to feel, and even told that our emancipation from Rome

meant our disappearance from life. It was owing to threats of this kind that my sister decided to make her renunciation of Popery a public matter, and thus thwart the criminal projects of the Church of Rome. I wish to repeat that I have renounced absolutely the Roman Catholic Church, and repudiate its corrupting tendencies." Yet this is the Church that draws so heavily from the British Exchequer, is fawned upon by politicians of nearly every type, and is copied so assiduously by the English State Church.

Political Leaders and the Sabbath.

We noted at the time when the present Ministry came into office that the Prime Minister showed but little regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Succeeding events are showing that the members of the Cabinet are no more straight-laced than the premier. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr James Bryce, comes of a stock honoured in the North of Ireland for steadfastness to religious convictions, but present-day politics don't seem to give much backbone to a man's religious character. The *West Cork Eagle*, in one of its issues of last month, exultingly reported how the Chief Secretary spent a recent Sabbath day. On the morning of the Lord's Day he and his party visited officially the mines at Schull. After inspecting the mines they sailed thence to Cape Clear, where they were welcomed with bonfires. Then they returned to Schull, where he received and addressed a deputation with reference to the extension of a pier." The Editor of the paper added that the interest in these proceedings was enhanced by the fact that "but for these Sabbath exercises Mr Bryce would have accompanied Lord Aberdeen to Belfast to proclaim the reality of his Presbyterianism on the platform of the General Assembly." On any ground public action of this kind is to be regretted greatly. It is an open and deliberate official dishonouring of the divine law; and it is a toadying to the Roman Catholic view as to how the Sabbath may be spent. Even for a Romanist official of a nominally Christian and Protestant Government to have done what Mr Bryce did would have been reprehensible, but for a Protestant and a Presbyterian to have done it is vexing and disappointing indeed. When Lord Aberdeen was Irish Viceroy, in 1886, he inaugurated what were called "Sunday Concerts" in Phoenix Park, and this movement has grown wonderfully in Dublin since then. It is humiliating to find Presbyterians put their hands to such work; and it says little for the political atmosphere in which they move. There was a time when the late Queen would not have tolerated anything of that sort, but we have travelled far since then. We were hardly surprised to learn that one of the first public functions attended by the King on his reaching Marienbad last month, was a service in the Roman Catholic Church; but we hardly expected hard-headed Presbyterians to be so feeble-kneed.