

hapless minister with the awkward "wings" and "borrowed godliness" was *not* a Free Church minister.

Mr. Kennedy does not say the gift of prophecy was conferred upon himself, but avers it was upon his fathers; and a curious enough evidence he adduces:—"The church of *Kilbarnan*, until a few years of my father's death, was almost as bad as could be. Built in the form of a cross, with the pulpit in one of the angles,—its barnlike roof unciled, its windows broken, its doors all crazy, its seats ill arranged, and pervaded by a dim uncertain light,—it was a dingy, dismal looking place within. But all applications for a new church, or sufficient repairs for the old, were refused by the heritors. *Tradesmen were found to declare that the church was perfectly safe*; and whether it was comfortable or not, the heritors did not care, as they never sat in it themselves." "Strange to say, the heritor who chiefly opposed the application for the new church, lost, soon after, by fire, much more than his share of the expenses of erecting it; *the carpenter who declared the church to be good and sufficient, was killed while going to purchase the wood required for the trifling repairs that were granted*; and *the lawyer who represented the heritors at the Presbytery when the application for the new church was refused, was unable, ever thereafter, to transact any business.*" "These are facts, and no comment on them is added; but there were some that regarded them as the echo from Providence—"Touch not mine anointed, and to my prophets do no harm."

Neither do we comment upon them, further than observing, that, admitting the facts to be true (and that is admitting a great deal), if we are required to interpret inflictions such as these into a summary punishment on *wicked men* for special crimes, it is difficult to explain why *good men* should be at all subjected to painful visitations; and Mr. Kennedy has left us in total darkness with respect to this mystery, although, by his own showing, some of the "Fathers in Ross-shire" were overtaken with grievous and terrible calamities.

Of the late Rev.<sup>d</sup> Lauchlin McKenzie, minister of Lochcarron, Mr. Kennedy writes:—"Never did a sudden death occur in the parish during his ministrations without some intimation being given from the pulpit the previous Sabbath; and sometimes the warning would be so strikingly verified, that it was no wonder he was regarded as a prophet by his people."

We have seen Mr. Lauchlin McKenzie, and heard him preach. He was the minister of the adjoining parish to that wherein we were born, and, consequently, we heard a good deal in our boyhood about him. No doubt, he was a pious man, and was, in his day, the most popular preacher in the North Highland. In his warnings, Mr. Lauchlin abounded in *general predictions*, and if an

accident happened, the people would readily interpret it as applying to the prediction, and some in reality believed their minister gifted with powers above human. We are assured that, during his prime, Mr. Lauchlin never encouraged such a belief in his people; on the contrary, we know that he sternly rebuked it. But he inherited a fatal disease from his forefathers, and it is quite possible that, in his latter days, when his mind was laboring under incipient insanity, he may have encouraged such a belief. Mr. Lauchlin McKenzie was a confirmed lunatic before his death. He had a sister who was a raving maniac, some incidents in whose life the curious reader may see in Hugh Miller's "*My Schools and Schoolmasters.*" It would not answer Mr. Kennedy's purpose to allow these pseudo prophecies and predictions to die out and be forgotten. Read the following:—"Mr. Lauchlin was, on another day, bearing testimony against dishonest dealing, assuring his hearers that, sooner or later, the Lord would punish all who held the balances of deceit. As an example of how the Lord sometimes, even in this life, gives proof of his marking the sin of dishonesty, he repeated an anecdote which was current at the time. A woman, who had been engaged in selling milk with which she had always mixed a third of water, and who had made some money by her traffic, was going, with her gains, to America. During the voyage, she kept her treasure in a bag, which was always under her pillow. There was a monkey on board the ship that was allowed to go at large, and that, in the course of its wanderings, came to the milk-woman's hammock, in rummaging which, it found the bag of gold. Carrying it off, the monkey mounted the rigging, and, setting itself aloft upon a spar, opened the bag, and began to pitch out the coins. The first it threw out into the sea; and the second and third it dropped on the deck, and so on, until a third of all the contents of the bag was sunk into the ocean,—*the owner of the bag being allowed to gather off the deck just what she had fairly earned for her milk.*" "One of Mr. Lauchlin's hearers remembered, while listening to this anecdote, that he had in his trunk at home a bundle of bank notes, which he had got by the sale of diluted whisky. Feeling very uneasy, he hurried home after sermon. It was dark before he arrived; and, kindling a pine torch, he hastened to the place where he kept his money. Holding the torch with one hand, while he turned over the notes with the other, a flaming ember fell right into the midst of his treasure, and before the man, bewildered as he was, could rescue them, *as many of the notes were consumed as exactly represented the extent to which he had diluted the whiskey.*" We have heard various editions of the story of the monkey and money bag, but never before did we hear of that foul creature being made to represent Deity! Mr. Kennedy must admit