

Christians should surely be found on the same side. A thousand millions of heathen have to be brought to the foot of the Cross; and shall Christians wrangle over points of ritual, over more or less water, over supposed prelatie commissions and ordinations? It is amazing folly thus to waste our strength contending one against another, while the majority of our race slumbers in spiritual death.

For Christ.

IT is Christ who has founded our Church, and it is to do His will and to carry out His commands that she exists. His authority is supreme in our assemblies, synods, presbyteries and congregations; in all our committees and boards. Whenever He is ignored or cast into the shade, on any pretext whatever, the greatest possible calamity impends on the individual or organization thus transgressing. Christ is the life of the individual Christian, and He is equally the life of every Christian organization. It is for Him and in Him that the Presbyterian Church lives, acts, and exists. We wish to emphasize this thought and to press it home on the hearts of all, members as well as office-bearers of the Church. If we are not preaching and teaching for Him, we may as well remain hushed in the silence of spiritual death. If we do not write and read, pay and pray, toil and rest for Him, we are no true Christians. It is no calamity if a Christless Church should die out of the land; for such a Church is a cumberer of the ground. But God forbid that any of our thousand ministers and missionaries, or any of our 150,000 communicants, should be false to Christ and His cause.

Editorial Gittings.

KILMUN.

THIS secluded place has been in later years quite cast in the shade by the rapid growth and popularity of other watering-places on the Clyde, but it has still attractions of its own for the tourist and the antiquarian, for all, indeed, who can

appreciate the truly beautiful in nature. The Holy Loch is one of the smallest of those romantic arms of the sea which give to the scenery of the Clyde its distinctive character. It is only about four miles long and scarcely one mile wide, but it is surpassingly beautiful from every point of view. The range of great, dark, rugged mountains which rise tier above tier, from the head of the Loch, present a grandeur of outline such as is rarely seen. On the northern shore of the Loch, near the head of it, we find the old-world village of Kilmun; it were more properly called a hamlet or "clachan" than a village. There are the ferry-house and steamboat wharf, a wee post office, an old fashioned inn, a few cottages hanging on to the side of the bald mountain, 1535 feet high, which separates the Holy Loch from Loch Long, and the ancient manor-house covered with ivy. At the further end, we come to an avenue of magnificent lime trees, of patriarchal age, beneath whose shade is the Kirk, almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage, and, what is of still greater interest, the ruins of an old tower that remind us of one of the earliest ecclesiastical foundations in Scotland, surrounded by a graveyard, weird enough looking to recall the story of the sexton who declared that the times were "sae bad, he hadna buried a leevin cratur for six months." The church originally planted here was one of the Culdee "cells," founded by St. Fintan Munn, an Irishman from Wexford and a disciple of Iona, who arrived at that famous school of the prophets, about the time of Columba's death. Hence the name Kilmun—the cell or church of Munn. Within the walls of the Abbey thus founded, a pure gospel was preached faithfully for several centuries, until, like the other religious establishments in Britain, it was absorbed by the church of Rome. At what particular time this took place at Kilmun cannot now be ascertained, for the ecclesiastical history of Argyllshire is extremely meagre and much that would have been interesting is lost beyond recall. St. Munn is supposed to have been buried here, in the year 635. The roofless, ivy-crowned tower standing by the modern church is thought to be the remains of a church edifice, founded by Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow, the first peer of the Argyll family, in 1442—"In