

A Sunday at Oban.



PRESBYTERIAN minister who recently travelled in this district thus describes his visit to the Church where the lamented Dr. McKay preached during his summer holidays:—"The great attraction seemed to be in the Free Church on the hill. Dr. McKay, of Hull, is there. Seven summers has this divine preached to the Obanites during his vacation, and he seems to be as much at home as if he were a fixture in this Highland region. The day is wet, excessively so. Wending my way to the Church where the Doctor is to preach, I find, however, that nearly every seat is full, and by the time the clock has struck eleven every inch of sitting accommodation has been occupied. On ascending the pulpit every eye is fixed on the preacher. He has no gown, no bands, not even a white necktie. He has not proceeded far, however, with the service when everyone feels that Dr. McKay is no ordinary man and no common preacher. His opening prayer is deeply reverential, and by means of it he succeeds in lifting up the souls of his hearers to the very throne of God. Two lessons are read and a few pointed, pithy, memorable remarks are made on some of the verses. The text is John iii. 7, "Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again." The character of Nicodemus is dissected, the force of our Lord's words is strikingly brought out; the character of the new birth—what it is and what is not—is delineated at considerable length. The discourse is masterly, fresh, and highly impressive. Feeling edified in the morning I retrace my steps to the same sanctuary in the evening. The rain falls in torrents, but the church is more crowded than in the morning, seats having had to be placed along the passages of the church. Returning to the subject of the morning, the preacher holds his hearers spellbound for nearly an hour, by showing how the new life is to be obtained. Many errors and mistakes respecting the method of obtaining it are pointed out, and a living, personal, ever-present and loving Saviour is held up as the true and only object of faith. Rarely, if ever, have I heard the Gospel so clearly and so fully preached. I have heard to-day of one most intelligent youth belonging to an eminent Wesleyan family who found rest for his soul through the discourses of yesterday and the preceding Sabbath. I believe, however, he is only one of many. Such a ministry at Oban at this time is of incalculable benefit. Ministers of all denominations, leading merchants from both England and Scotland, young men on their holiday excursion,

were present at the services in large numbers. Dr. McKay shows his good sense by giving plain Gospel sermons to such an audience, and the fact that so many can be induced to come and listen to them with the most wrapt attention showed that the plain old-fashioned Gospel truths have lost none of their attractive power.

GEMS RE-SET.

THE road to hell always ends but never begins with a precipice. The slope is always easy at first, and the great Liquor Line is the devil's masterpiece of engineering skill in this respect.—*Voice.*

A MINISTER observing a poor man on the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, remarked, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easy as you are breaking those stones." "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.

IN prayer we have two intercessors—one in heaven, one in the heart; Christ for us, the Spirit within us; Christ at the mercy seat, the Comforter in the supplicant's breast. Every believer's soul is a chapel, an oratory, where this heavenly guest is both prophet and priest. "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and it is in prayer, if ever, that we are filled with all the fulness of God.—*A. C. Thompson.*

IN Isa. lxi. 10, righteousness is spoken of as a robe; in verse 11 it is spoken of as seed; and in chap. lxii. we read that Christ will not rest until it shines forth.

Thus righteousness is put upon us as a garment, sown in our heart as seed, and the Lord Jesus earnestly desires and labors to see it developed and perfected in us; and when it shines out in our lives, we become a crown of glory to Him, and He is able to delight in us (vers. 3, 4). Is not this worth labouring for?

EARTH IS GOD'S FOOTSTOOL, HEAVEN IS HIS THRONE, BUT THE BELIEVER IS HIS CHILD. Which does the Queen care for most—her footstool? her throne in the House of Lords? or her children? Natural science teaches us how infinite are the skill and the power which God has taken in making His throne, and even His footstool. Ye He only uses them while He loves His children! What then will He not bestow and do, in order to make them what He wishes and intends them to be, worthy of him, well pleasing to Him, "conformed to the image of His Son?" —*Mission. News.*