

That morning in old Knox Church, in the pew of the only people he knew in the strange land—friends with whom he was so soon to be very intimately related—he worshipped under the sure sense of God's overshadowing care. That young man was John L. Blaikie, whose body a day or two ago we carried forth to burial.

It was a vision that had come to him, a new experience, but it was not an unknown Person, who had appeared and spoken to him. Just as the unseen Guide and Protector in *his* varied experiences Abram had learned to know in the days beyond the River; so to this young Scotsman God had manifested Himself on the other side of the great Ocean. He had had the good fortune to breathe in his childhood's days the atmosphere of a Christian home, and to be reared among an industrious, independent and God-fearing people; and in his young mind had been early implanted that knowledge of the Bible, that sure sense of God's presence, which was to him in later times a heritage of priceless value. But there were incidents, too, that deepened in him the lesson of his childhood. One of these occurred when he was employed in Edinburgh. It was the Disruption, out of which sprang the Free Church of Scotland. On the 18th of May, 1843, he witnessed the procession of Churchmen moving from St. Andrew's Church down to Tanfield Hall because they could not any longer submit to the intrusion of the Civil Courts on the spiritual domain of the Church. Mr. Blaikie used to quote with much pride the words of Lord Jeffrey, who said, when he heard of the Disruption: "Thank God for such a thing! There is no other country where people could be found so to act for the sake of principle." There can be no doubt that this strong declaration of the "Headship of Christ" by men who were willing to give up their manse and their churches for Christ's sake impressed his young mind with the reality of God's concern in the affairs of men.