

Letters: Rev. Horatius Bonar his brother (2)**~Other Speakers A-F: Andrew Bonar:**

DURNESS, SUTHERLANDSHIRE, 11th August 1869.

MY DEAR HORACE,

Â—I am often thinking on you and Jane, and the past ways of our God. 'Even so, Father.' May we not apply Christ's words— 'Thou takest away the gift which we would have kept, and givest other gifts. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' Last night you were brought up to my thoughts by hearing a lady, at the house where we have spent an evening, telling of sinking very much as we saw Kitty sink. (H.Bonar's second daughter, Christian, who died of consumption on the 17th of July 1869). Many such things are with Him; but the mists shall one day rise (as so often we see in the scenery here) and reveal the whole plan in its grace and wisdom. Our journeyings (Dr. Bonar was one of a deputation from the Free Church Assembly to the congregations in Sutherlandshire) have been interesting in many ways. The scenery is all new and peculiar—rocks, lochs, and streams everywhere, as well as high mountains. . .

Last night . . . we came on to this place. It is just twelve miles from Cape Wrath. Our meetings hitherto have all been at mid-day. There are capital congregations of people, but the life is very low in both ministers and people.

. . .

I have not read a newspaper for ten days.

Â—Your affectionate brother,

ANDREW A. BONAR.

GLASGOW, Decr. 31, 1884.

MY DEAR HORACE,

Â—Last night your parcel came. All felt that it was very kind of you to remember us amidst your trials, (Mrs. Horatius Bonar died on the 3rd of December 1884) and when we began family worship, the passage in course was (2 Cor. 1: 4): 'Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble.' I thought of you as the latest instance of the kind; and then I looked a little way back and saw each of us four brothers, drinking, each of us in turn, the same cup of sorrow, and made to drink at the same time of the same cup of blessing, so as to be able to say, 'Our consolation aboundeth by Christ.'

I suppose Caroline is somewhat better. We have not heard for a few days. Remember me to her if you are seeing her, and tell her she is not to faint, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small'— thou art not leaning on Almighty strength.

Give my kindest love to Mary and Lily and Emily, and all the young people; and to Horace Ninian, who must be ready to go with his King to any Flodden Field. (An ancestor, Sir Ninian Bonar, is said to have been one of those who fell on Flodden Field.)

Â—Your affectionate brother,

ANDREW A. BONAR.