



## Douglas MacMillan

of people and he was a helper of every needy person and cause. I don't think I have ever met anyone whom I have respected in quite the same way as I respected him. He was converted in middle life, in the year 1921, when a visiting preacher held meetings in our village. After his conversion, he, himself, began to preach and, along with the other young Christian converts of that period, to hold Cottage meetings in the villages surrounding his home. My mother had been born and brought up in Glasgow. She came to Ardnamurchan to care for an elderly uncle and soon afterwards was converted through hearing my father preach.

Memories of my childhood are happy ones and many of them centre around the gospel and the love which the gospel always brings into a home. I still recall very vividly our worship times as a family, my father's prayers, and his carrying me on his shoulders as we went through the woods and over the hill tracks to the lovely, white-sanded bay where the people of four little hamlets met for worship and preaching at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons. Our home often entertained the

