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MEMOIR OF
NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

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James ever
Munich

MEMOIR OF
NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

MINISTER OF BARONY PARISH, GLASGOW;
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS;
DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL;
DEAN OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE.



BY HIS BROTHER

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS, EDITOR OF 'GOOD WORDS,' ETC.

GEORGE ROBERTSON

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, AND ADELAIDE

1877

“ PERISH ‘ policy’ and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light ;
Whether losing, whether winning,
‘ Trust in God and do the right.’ ”

“ Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
‘ Trust in God and do the right.’ ”

“ So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me ‘ broad.’ I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, Who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good : Who hateth no man, and Who loveth the poorest Hindoo more than all their committees or all their Churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God’s righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong.”—*From his last Speech.*

Dedicated

TO HIS MOTHER,

NOW IN HER NINETY-FIRST YEAR,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THAT HER CHILDREN
AND HER CHILDREN'S CHILDREN OWE
TO HER INFLUENCE.

PREFACE.

WHEN asked, two years ago, to compile a Memoir of my brother, I did not accept the task without considerable hesitation. Besides the charge of a city parish, heavy responsibilities of another nature had devolved upon me, so that it seemed impossible to undertake additional labour. I felt also that, in some respects, a near relative was not well qualified to fill satisfactorily the office of biographer. These objections were, however, overruled by friends on whose judgment I relied.

If affection should have rendered it difficult to be always impartial, I may be allowed, on the other hand, to derive some comfort from the reflection that a lifelong intercourse, as frank and confidential as could exist between two brothers, gave me opportunities for knowing his thoughts and opinions, which few others, and certainly no stranger, could have possessed.

Dr. Macleod was a man whom it is almost impossible to portray. His power was in many ways inseparable from his presence. The sympathy, the humour, the tenderness

depended so much for their full expression on look, voice, and manner, that all who knew him will recognise the necessary inadequacy of verbal description. 'Quantum mutatus ab illo' must more especially be the verdict upon any attempt to record instances of his wit or pathos.

I must, however, claim for this biography the merit of truthfulness. In whatever respects it may fail, it cannot, I think, be charged with conscious concealment or exaggeration of fact or sentiment. Faults of another kind will, I trust, be forgiven for the sake of the great reverence and love I bore him.

I beg gratefully to acknowledge the aid rendered by many friends. The pages of the Memoir indicate that my obligations to Principal Shairp, Dr. Watson, and my brother-in-law, Dr. Clerk, have been great; but there were many others to whom I am indebted for much assistance and to whom I tender my best thanks. Among these I may mention the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Service, J. A. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., Alex. H. Japp, Esq., A. B. McGrigor, Esq., and Dr. W. C. Smith. I need scarcely add that Mrs. Norman Macleod, by her constant advice and her careful arrangement of her husband's papers, gave me invaluable help.

It may be well to state here that all the illustrations are from etchings by Dr. Macleod, with the exception of the view of Aros, by Mr. Reid, the sketch of the Back Study, by Mr. Ralston, and of the Monument at Campsie, by Mr. Catterns.

In conclusion, I must express regret that the appearance of this book has been delayed so long. It can be said in apology, that no available time has been lost during the two years I have been engaged in writing it.

Now that it is completed, no one can be more sensible than I am of its imperfections. It will, however, be to me a source of inexpressible gratitude, if, in spite of its many deficiencies, it should convey to those who did not know Norman Macleod some sense, however inadequate, of the depth of his goodness, of his rich humanity, his childlike faith, catholicity, and devotion.

1, WOODLANDS TERRACE, GLASGOW.

January, 1876.

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE.

AT the end of last century there were two families residing on opposite shores of the Sound of Mull, in Argyllshire, their houses fronting one another across the blue strait which winds in from the Atlantic. From the windows of the Manse of Mr. Macleod, the minister of Morven, on the mainland, could be seen the dark ruins of the old castle of Aros, in the island of Mull, frowning from its rocky eminence over the Bay of Salen, and behind the castle appeared the house of Mr. Maxwell, the chamberlain of the Duke of Argyll, and 'tacksman'* of Aros. These were the homes where the father and mother of Norman Macleod were then enjoying their happy youth.

This memoir must begin with a sketch of these families, and of the early life of that youthful pair; for on few men had early influences a more permanent hold than on Norman Macleod. What he was to the last, in some of the most conspicuous features of his character, could be easily traced to the early associations which clustered round Morven and Mull. The Highlands of those days

* There are few now remaining of the class called 'Gentlemen Tacksmen,' who ranked between laird and farmer, and once formed the bon and sinew of the Highlands.

no longer exist, but he inhaled in his childhood the aroma of an olden time, and learned from both father and mother so much of its healthy and kindly spirit, as left about his life, to the last moment, a fragrance of the romance of which it was full.

Except to those immediately concerned, genealogies are uninteresting, and those of Highland families, with their endless ramifications, eminently unprofitable. It will be sufficient to state that I have before me a family 'tree,'—such as used to be so common in the Highlands—in which are the names of the Camerons of Glendessary, scions of Lochiel; of the Campbells of Ensay and of Saddell; of the MacNeils of Crear; of the MacNeils of Drumdrissaig; and of the Campbells of Duntroon—names once well known in their own country, although now, alas! in some instances only found there on moss-grown tombstones.

Not far from Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, a roofless house,—its garden weed-grown and abandoned to utter solitude,—marks the place where lived Donald Macleod, the tacksman of Swordale, who married Anne Campbell, a sister of Campbell of Glensaddell. He was the great-grandfather of Norman, who used to repeat with grateful memory the tradition of 'Swordale, having been a good man, and the first in his neighbourhood to introduce regular family worship.' The eldest son of this good man, and the grandfather of the subject of this memoir, was called Norman. He was educated for the Church, and in the year 1774 was ordained minister of the parish of Morven, in Argyllshire, that 'Highland parish' so affectionately described in the 'Reminiscences.*' The house of Fiunary, as the Manse was called, has given

* "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, D.D. Strahan and Co. 1868.

place to a better and more ornamental dwelling. Pleasant woods now cover the green bank beside the bright burn where stood the square house of orthodox Manse architecture—a porch in the centre and a wing at each end—and where grew up the happiest of families in the most loving of homes. Norman thus describes Morven :—

“A long ridge of hill, rising some two thousand feet above the sea, its brown sides, up to a certain height, chequered with green strips and patches of cultivation, brown heather, thatched cottages, with white walls: here and there a mansion, whose chimneys are seen above the trees which shelter it;—these are the chief features along its sea-board of many miles. But how different is the whole scene when one lands! New beauties reveal themselves, and every object seems to change its size, appearance, and relative position. A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wild-wood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel-copse, clothes the lower hills, and shelters the herds of wandering cattle; lonely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land; and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up entrances into deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks, hanging with rowan-trees, ivy, honeysuckle, and ferns; while on the hill-sides scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds’ huts, the sign of culture and industry, give life to the whole scene.”

This minister of Morven was in many ways a remarkable man. Noble-looking and eloquent, a good scholar, and true pastor, he lived as a patriarch among his people. He had a small stipend, and, as its usual concomitant, a large family. Sixteen children were born in the manse, and a number of families—a shepherd, a boatman, a ploughman,—were settled on the glebe with others who had come there in their need, and were not turned away.

Never was a simpler or more loving household. The minister delighted to make all around him happy. His piety was earnest, healthy and genial. If the boys had their classics and the girls their needlework, there was no grudging of their enjoyments. The open seas and hills, boats and dogs, shepherds and fishermen, the green height of Fingal's Hill, the waterfall roaring in the dark gorge, had lessons as full of meaning for their after-life as any that books could impart. The boys were trained from childhood to be manly, and many an hour taken from study was devoted to education of another kind—hunting otters or badgers in their dens, with terriers whose qualities were discussed in every cottage on the glebe; shooting grouse, and stalking the wary black-cock (for no game laws were then enforced in Morven); fishing through the summer nights; or sailing out in the 'Sound' with old Rory, the boatman, when the wind was high, and the *Roe* had to struggle, close-hauled, against the cross-sea and angry tide. In the winter evenings old and young gathered round the fireside, where songs and laughter mingled with graver occupations, and not unfrequently the minister would tune his violin, and, striking up some swinging reel or blithe strathspey, would call on the lads to lay aside their books, and the girls their sewing, and set them to dance with a will to his own hearty music. Family worship, generally conducted in Gaelic, for the sake of such servants as knew little English, ended the day.

The period when Norman's father* was a boy in Morven was remarkable in many ways. The country was closely inhabited by an intensely Highland people. The hills and retired glens, where now are spectral gables of roofless houses, or green mounds concealing old homesteads,

* The late Norman Macleod, D.D., Minister of St. Columba, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

watched by some ancient tree standing like a solitary mourner by the dead—were then tenanted by a happy and romantic peasantry. It is impossible now, even in imagination, to re-people the Highlands with those who then gave the country the savour of a kindly and enthusiastic clan-life—

“The flocks of the stranger the long glens are roamin’,
Where a thousand bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloamin’;
The wee crofts run wild wi’ the bracken and heather,
And the gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.”

There were many men then alive in Morven who had been out with ‘bonny Prince Charlie,’ and the chivalry of the younger generation was kept aglow by the great French war and the embodiment of the ‘Argyll Fencibles.’ Among such influences as these Norman’s father grew up and became thoroughly imbued with their spirit. Full of geniality, of wit, and poetry—fired with a passionate love of his country—wielding her ancient language with rare freshness and eloquence—he carried into the work of that sacred ministry to which his life was devoted a broad and healthy human sympathy, and to his latest day seemed to breathe the air imbibed in his youth on the hills of Morven.

As the incidents of his life were closely intertwined with those of his son, nothing need here be said of his public career. He was a remarkably handsome man, with a broad forehead, an open countenance full of benevolence, and hair which, from an early age was snowy white. His voice was rich and of winning sweetness, and when addressing a public audience, whether speaking to his own flock in the name of Christ, or pleading with strangers on behalf of his beloved Highlands, few could resist the persuasive tenderness of his appeals. He was in many ways the prototype of Norman. His tact and

common sense were as remarkable as his pathos and humour. He left the discipline of the children almost entirely to their mother. She was their wise and loving instructor at home, and their constant correspondent in later life; while he rejoiced in sharing their companionship, entering into their fun, and obtaining the frankest confidence of affection. He seldom if ever lectured them formally on religious subjects, but spread around him a cheerful, kindly, and truly religious atmosphere, which they unconsciously imbibed. 'Were I asked what there was in my father's teaching and training which did us all so much good,' Norman wrote at the time of his father's death, 'I would say, both in regard to him and my beloved mother,—that it was love and truth. They were both so real and human; no *cranks*, *twists*, *crotchets*, *isms* or systems of any kind, but loving, sympathising—giving a genuine *blowing-up* when it was needed, but passing by trifles, failures, infirmities, without making a fuss. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraints they imposed. Their home was happy—intensely happy. Christianity was a thing taken for granted, not forced with scowl and frown. I never heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home. I thank God for his free, loving, sympathizing and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'ism.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians.'

The ancestor of Mr. Maxwell, Norman's maternal grandfather, was a refugee, who, in the time of the 'Troubles,' under Claverhouse, had fled to Kintyre. He was, according to tradition, a younger son of the Maxwells of Newark, and once lay concealed for several weeks in the woods of Saddell, until, being pursued, he escaped to the south end of the peninsula; again discovered,

and hotly chased, he rushed into a house where the farmer was carding wool. Immediately apprehending the cause of this sudden intrusion, the man quickly gave the fugitive his own apron and the 'cards,' so that when the soldiers looked into the kitchen, they passed on without suspecting the industrious youth, who sat 'combing the fleece' by the peat hearth. This young Maxwell settled afterwards in the neighbourhood, and his descendants removing to the half-lowland town of Campbeltown, made good marriages and prospered in the world. Mr. Maxwell, of Aros, had been educated as a lawyer, and became Sheriff Substitute of his native district; but receiving the appointment of Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, he settled in Mull, to take charge of the large ducal estates in that island. He was an excellent scholar, and full of kindly humour. If the grandfather at Morven valued Gaelic poetry, no less did the other take delight in the ancient Border ballads of the Low Country and in the songs of Burns, and read with keen interest the contemporary literature of an age which culminated in Walter Scott.

In summer the house was continually filled with guests—travellers on their way to Staffa, with letters of introduction from the South, and remaining sometimes for days beneath the hospitable roof. Many of these were persons whose names are famous, such as Sheridan, Peel, and Sir Walter Scott. Such society added greatly to the brightness of the household, and shed a beneficial influence over the after-life of the children.

Agnes Maxwell, Norman's mother, was brought up with her uncle and aunt MacNeil at Drumdrissaig, on the western coast of Knapdale, until she was twelve years of age. She there passed her early youth, surrounded by old but wise and sympathetic people; and, being left

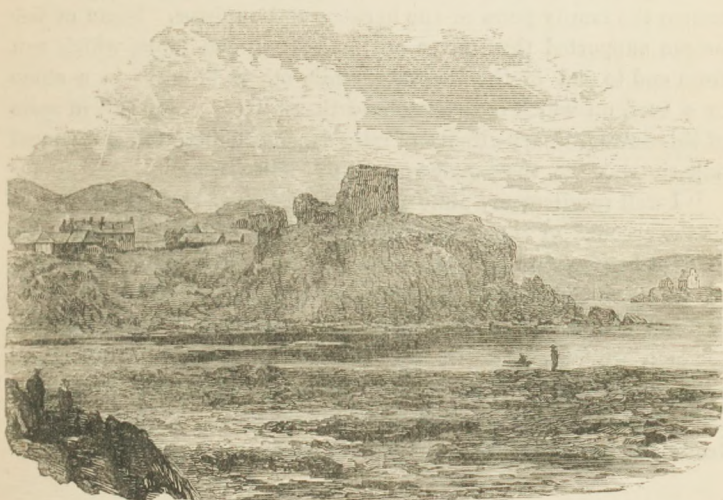
much to the companionship of nature, wandering by herself along the glorious shore which looks across to islands washed by the Atlantic surf, her mind, naturally receptive of poetic impressions, awoke to the sense of the beautiful in outward things. She not only grew up a deeply affectionate girl, but she also learned to feel and think for herself. Her own words give a vivid picture of the healthy training of her childhood :—

“My aunt Mary was a woman of strong sense and judgment, very accomplished and cheerful, and while most exacting as to obedience and good conduct, was exceedingly loving to me while I was with her. She gave me all my instruction, religious and secular ; and used in the evenings to take her guitar and hum over to me old Scotch songs and ballads, till I not only picked up a great number, but acquired a taste for them which I have never lost. From the windows there was a charming view of the hills of Jura and of the sea, and I still recall the delight with which I used to watch the splendid sunsets over the distant point of Islay. I never knew what it was to miss a companion ; for it is extraordinary what a variety of amusements and manifold resources children find out for themselves. I fear that some of the fine young ladies of the present day, attended by their nursery-maids, would have thought me a demi-savage had they seen me helping the dairy-maid to bring in the cows, or standing in a burn fishing for eels under the stones, climbing rocks, or running a madcap race against the wind. Our next neighbour was a Captain Maclachan, who had a flock of goats, and of all delightful things the best was to be allowed to go with Jeanie, the goat-lassie, to call them from the hills, and see them milked.”

Her picture of the habits of the people at that time is curious and interesting :—

“There was none of the ceremony and formality among neighbours that exist now ; visitors came without any previous notice, nor did their arrival make much alteration in the arrangements of

the house. Neither Christmas nor New-Year's Day was allowed to pass without due observance. Invitations were issued to all the neighbouring families; old John Shaw the 'Fiddler' was summoned from Castle Sweyn to assist at the festivities; and I remembered the amusement I had at seeing my old uncle, who did not in the least care for dancing, toiling with all his might at reels and country dances, until the ball was ended by the 'Country Bumpkin.' On Twelfth-Day a great 'shinty' match was held on one of the fields, when perhaps two hundred hearty young and



VIEW OF AROS.

middle-aged men assembled to the music of the bagpipes, and played the match of the year with a fury which only the presence of the 'laird' prevented sometimes from passing into more serious combat. The 'shinty' was always followed by a servants' ball, when it was not uncommon for the country lasses to dress in coloured petticoats, green being the favourite hue, and in a nice white calico 'bed-gown,' confined at the waist. Their hair, falling over their shoulders, was held back by a long comb, which was usually the gift of a young man to his sweetheart. I never understood that there was intoxication at these festivities, for, indeed, the

people of the district were very regular in their habits, so that I cannot recollect more than two persons noted for being addicted to excess. There was only one woman in the neighbourhood who took tea, and the fact being considered a piece of disgraceful extravagance, was whispered about with much more sense of shame than would now be caused by the drinking of whisky. The parish clergyman was a frail old man, who preached very seldom, and, when doing so, wore a white cotton night-cap. I remember his once putting his hand on my head and blessing me, as he came down from the pulpit. There was not a seat in the whole church except the family pews of the heritors and minister. Some of the people supported themselves on the communion table, which ran from end to end of the building, while others brought in a stone or a turf, on which they ensconced themselves. And yet, in spite of this extraordinary absence of religious instruction and of pastoral superintendence, the people were moral and sober.

“I well recollect my aunt weeping bitterly as she read aloud to us the account of the execution of Louis XVI., while I sat on a stool at her feet and had it explained to me. Then came the raising of the volunteers, the playing of pipes in the remotest glen, and the drilling of recruits in the perpetual ‘goose-step.’ My uncle was made a captain, and, to my intense amusement, I managed regularly to hide myself in the barn to watch the old gentleman being put through his exercises by the sergeant. A fit of uncontrollable laughter at last betrayed my lurking-place.”

When she returned to Aros, after the usual ‘finishing’ of an Edinburgh school, her home became doubly sweet to her by the merriment of a household of brothers and sisters, the tenderness of a mother who loved every living thing, and, above all, by the companionship of her father, who delighted in her sweet rendering of his favourite Scotch music, and shared with her all his own stores of old romance. All this tended to form that character which, ripening into purest Christian life, has been as a living gospel to her children and her children’s children.

I have dwelt thus at length on the early days of these parents, not merely from the natural desire to speak of those we love, but because almost every page of this memoir, down to its latest, will bear witness to how much Norman owed to that father and mother.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

NORMAN was born at Campbeltown on June 3, 1812. His father had been ordained four years previously to the pastoral charge of that large parish, and had been married to Agnes Maxwell in 1811.

Campbeltown lies at the head of a loch which runs for two miles into the long promontory of Kintyre, and not far from its southern termination. The loch forms a splendid harbour. The high island of Davar, thrown out like a sentinel from the hills, and connected with the shore on one side by a natural mole of gravel, protects it from every wind; while, from its position near the stormy Mull, whose precipices breast the full swing of the Atlantic, it affords a secure haven to ships that have rounded that dreaded headland. The external aspect of the town is very much like that of any other Scotch seaport—a central cluster of streets, with one or two plain churches lifting their square shoulders above the other houses; a quay; a lean steeple; the chimneys of some distilleries; thinner rows of white-washed houses stretching round the ‘Lochend,’ and breaking up into detached villas buried in woods and shrubberies. The bay of Campbeltown is, however, both picturesque and lively. Cultured fields clothe the slopes of hills, whose tops are purple with

heather, and beyond which ranges of higher mountains lift their rough heads. There are fine glimpses, too, of coast scenery, especially to the south, where the headlands of Kilkerran fall steeply into the sea. But the bay forms the true scene of interest, as it is the rendezvous of hundreds of fishing-smacks and wherries. There is continual movement on its waters—the flapping and filling of the brown sails, the shouts of the men, and the ‘whirr’ of the chain-cable as an anchor is dropped, keep the port constantly astir. Larger vessels are also perpetually coming and going—storm-stayed merchant ships, smaller craft engaged in coast traffic, graceful yachts, and Revenue cruisers. Four or five miles off, on the western side of the low isthmus which crosses Kintyre from the head of Campbeltown loch, lies another bay, in marked contrast to this sheltered harbour. There the long crescent of Machrihanish, girdled by sands wind-tossed into fantastic hillocks, receives the full weight of the Atlantic. Woe to the luckless vessel caught within those relentless jaws! Even in calm there is a weird suggestiveness in the ceaseless moaning of that surf, like the breathing of a wild beast, and in that line of tawny yellow rimmed by creaming foam, and broken with the black ribs of some old wreck sticking up here and there from the shallows. But during storm, earth, sea, and sky are mingled in a driving cloud of salt spin-drift and sand, and the prolonged roar of the surge is carried far inland. When the noise of ‘the bay’ is heard by the comfortable burgesses, booming over their town like a distant cannonade, they are reminded how wild the night is far out on the ocean. To be ‘roaring like the bay’ is their strongest description of a bawling child or a shouting scold.

As the Highlands gave Norman his strong Celtic passion, so Campbeltown inspired him with sympathy for the

sea and sailors, besides creating a world of associations which never left him. It was a curious little town, and had a wonderful variety of character in its society and customs. No fewer than seven large Revenue cruisers had their headquarters at Campbeltown, and were commanded by naval officers who, in the good old days, received a pay which would startle modern economists. These cutters were powerful vessels, generally manned by a double crew, and each having a smaller craft acting as tender. Nor were they without occupation, for smuggling was then a trade made not a little profitable by the high duties imposed on salt, spirits, and tea.*

Campbeltown was the headquarters of other sorts and conditions both of men and women. There were retired half-pay officers of both the services; officers of his Majesty's Excise appointed to watch the distilleries, among whom were such magnates as the collector and supervisor; there was the old sheriff with his queue and top-boots; the duke's chamberlain, and the usual proportion of doctors, writers, and bankers. There were, moreover, those without whom all the teas, and suppers, and society of the town would have been flavourless—the elderly maiden ladies, who found that their 'annuities' could not be spent in a cheerier or more congenial spot than this kindly seaport. These ladies were aunts or cousins to half the lairds in Argyllshire, and were often great characters. A society like this, thrown together in a town utterly unconnected with the rest of the world

* Many stories are told of these smuggling days. Once an old woman whose 'habit and repute' were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him, for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner: "I daresay, my poor woman, it's not very often you have fallen into this fault?" "Deed no, shirra," she readily replied, "I haena made a drap since yon wee keg I sent yoursel."

except by a mail-gig, which had to travel some sixty miles before reaching any settlement larger than a 'clachan,' and by a sailing packet, whose weekly departure was announced by the bellman in the following manner, 'All ye who may desire a passage, knew that the *Caledonia* cutter will sail ——;' was sure to be self-supporting in all the necessaries of life, among which the 'half-pays' and maiden ladies included amusements. So-called tea-parties, followed by comfortable suppers, were the common forms of entertainment; and these reunions being enlivened by backgammon and whist for the older folks, and a dance for the younger, were not without their innocent excitements. Sometimes there was also such a supreme event as a county or a militia ball; or still better, when some sloop-of-war ran in to refit, the resources of the hospitable town were cheerfully expended in giving a grand picnic to the officers, followed by the unfailing dance and supper in the evening.

The ecclesiastical relationships of the place were not less primitive and genial than the social. When Norman's father went there, he soon attracted a very large and devoted congregation. He was decidedly 'evangelical,' but free from all narrowness, and had a word of cheerful kindness for all. All sects and parties loved him, and his fellow townsmen were the more disposed to listen to his earnest appeals in public and private, when they knew how manly and simple he was in daily life. Not only did he in this way secure the attachment of his own flock, but, when on one occasion he was asked to accept another and a better living, the dissenting congregation of the place heartily joined with his own in making up his very small stipend to a sum equal to what had been offered to him. The Roman Catholic priest was among his friends. Few weeks ever passed without old Mr. Cattanach coming to take tea at the Manse, and in all his

little difficulties he looked to the young parish minister for advice. These Highland priests were very different men from those now furnished by Maynooth. They were usually educated in France, and imbibing Gallican rather than Ultramontane ideas, felt themselves to be Britons, not aliens, and identified themselves with the interests of the people around them. Nor was the friendly relationship which existed in Campbeltown an exceptional instance of good-feeling; for whenever the priest of the district went to that part of the parish in Morven which was near the Manse, he made it his home, and I am not aware that any evil ever accrued to religion in consequence.

The house where Norman Macleod was born was in the Kirk Street, but the family afterwards lived in the old Manse, and finally in Southpark. He seems from childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him through life—being affectionate, bright, humorous, and talkative. When a boy he was sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled; and where, if he did not receive that thorough classical grounding—the want of which he used always to lament, justly blaming the harsh and inefficient master who had failed to impart it—he gained an insight into character which served not only to give him sympathy with all ranks of life, but afforded a fund of amusing memories which never lost their freshness. Several of his boyish companions remained his familiar friends in after-life, and not a few of them are portrayed in his ‘*Old Lieutenant*.’ Among the numerous souvenirs he used to keep, and which were found after his death in his ‘*Sanctum*’ in Glasgow, were little books and other trifles he had got when a boy from these early associates. Ships and sailors were the great objects of his interest, and, contrary to the wishes of his anxious mother, many a happy hour was spent on board the vessels which lay at

the pier—climbing the shrouds, reaching the cross-trees without passing through the *lubber's hole*, or in making himself acquainted with every stay, halyard, and spar from truck to keelson. His boy companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances that there was not a character in the place—fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor—whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned. Norman, even as a boy, seems thoroughly to have appreciated this many-sided life. The maiden ladies and the 'half-pays,' the picnics and supper parties, the rough sports of the school-yard, or the glorious Saturday expeditions by the shore and headlands, were keenly enjoyed by him. He quickly caught up the spirit of all outward things in nature or character, and his power of mimicry and sense of the ludicrous were even then as marked as his affectionateness. He had from the first a strong tendency to throw a romantic colouring into common life, and such a desire to have sway over others that he was never so much himself as when he had some one to influence, and with whom he might share the ceaseless flow of his own ideas and imaginations. Schoolboy expeditions became under him fanciful and heroic enterprises, in which some ideal part was assigned by him to each of his companions. A sail to some creek a mile away became a voyage of discovery or a chase after pirates. A ramble over the hills took the shape of an expedition against the French.

The great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven. He had been frequently there as a young child, but his father, anxious that his son should know Gaelic, and, if possible, be a highland minister, determined to board him with old Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster in Morven, and so, when about twelve years of age, he was sent first to the Manse, and then to the schoolmaster's house.

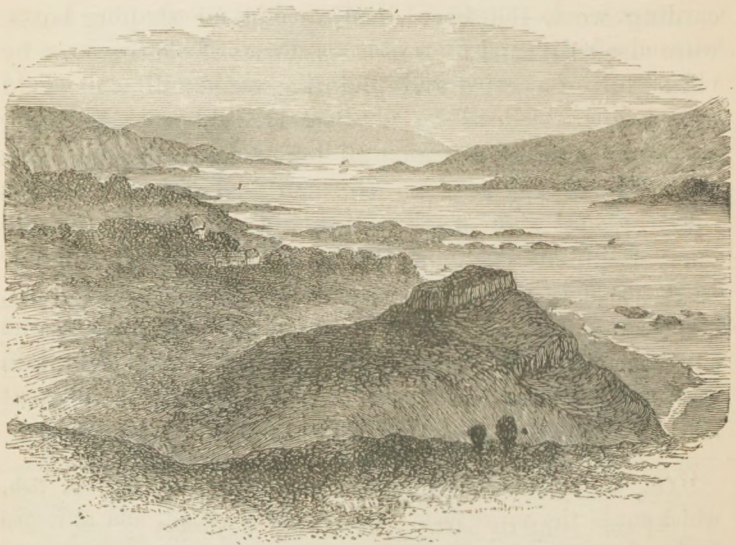
It was indeed as the opening of a new life when, leaving the little county town, and the grammar-school, and the lowland playmates in Campbeltown, he landed on the rocky shore below the Manse of Morven. The very air was different. The puffs of peat-reek from the cottages were to him redolent of Highland warmth and romantic childish associations. There was not a boatman from old 'Rory' down to the betarred fisher-boy, not a shepherd, or herd, or cottar, not a dairymaid or henwife, but gave him a welcome, and tried to make his life happier. The Manse, full of kind aunts and uncles, seemed to him a paradise which the demon of selfishness had never entered. And then there was the wakening sense of the grand in scenery, nourished almost unconsciously by the presence of those silent mountains, with their endless ridges of brown heather; or by the dark glen roaring with cataracts that fell into fairy pools, fringed with plumage of ferns, and screened by netted roof of hazel and oak; or by many an hour spent upon the shoreland, with its infinite variety of breaking surge and rocky bays, rich in seaweeds and darting fish. But, above all, there was the elastic joy of an open-air life, with the excitement of fishing and boating, and such stirring events as sheep-shearing, or a 'harvest-home,' with the fun of a hearty house, whose laughter was kept ever alive by such wits as Callum, the fool, or bare-footed Lachlan.

His life in the dwelling of Samuel Cameron, the worthy schoolmaster and catechist of the parish, was not less full of romance. The house was not a large one—a thatched cottage with a *but* and a *ben*, and a little room between, formed the accommodation; but every evening, except when the boys were fishing codling from the rocks, or playing 'shinty' in the autumn twilight, there gathered round the hearth, heaped high with glowing peat, a happy group, which, with Gaelic songs and stories, and tunes played on

the sweet 'trump' or Jew's harp, made the little kitchen bright as a drawing-room; for there was a culture in the very peasantry of the Highlands, not to say in the house of such a schoolmaster as good Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate high breeding, and a store of tradition and poetry, of song and anecdote, which gave a peculiar flavour to their common life: so that the long evenings in this snug cottage, when the spinning-wheel was humming, the women teasing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times, or by 'lilts' full of a weird and plaintive beauty, like the wild note of a sea-bird, or by a 'Port-a-Beal,' or 'a Walking Song,' to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away. Every week he used to go to the Manse from Friday till Monday, and then came such grand expeditions as a walk to the summit of Ben Shian, with its unrivalled view of mountain and loch: or, still better, when whole nights were spent fishing at the rocky islands in the Sound.

"Oh, the excitement of getting among a great play of fish, which made the water foam for half-a-mile round, and attracted flocks of screaming birds, which seemed mad with gluttony, and while six or seven rods had all their lines tight, and their ends bent to cracking with the sport. And then the fun and frolic when we landed for the night on the lee of the island, and the 'sky-larking,' as sailors call it, began among the rocks, pelting one another with clods or wreck, till, wearied out, we all lay down to sleep in some sheltered nook, and all was silent but the beating waves, the eerie cry of sea-birds, and the splash of some sea-monster in pursuit of its prey. What glorious reminiscences have I, too, of those scenes, and especially of early morn as watched from these green islands! It seems to me as if I had never beheld

a true sunrise since ; yet how many have I witnessed ! I left the sleeping crews, and ascended the top of the rock immediately before daybreak, and what a sight it was to behold the golden crowns which the sun placed on the brows of the mountain monarchs who first did him homage, what heavenly dawns of light on peak and ‘scour’ contrasted with the darkness of the lower valleys ! What gems of glory in the eastern sky, changing the cold grey clouds of early morning into bars of gold and radiant gems of beauty ! and what a flood of light suddenly burst upon the



VIEW FROM THE HILL BEHIND FIUNARY.

dancing waves as the sun rose above the horizon, and revealed the silent sails of passing ships ! and what a delight to hear and see the first break of the fish upon the waters ! With what pleasure I descended and gave the cheer which made all the sleepers awake and scramble to the boats, and in a few minutes, resume the work of hauling in our dozens. Then home with a will for breakfast, each striving to be first on the sandy shore.” *

* “Highland Parish.”

This was good education for the affections, sympathies, and imagination. Other influences of a very different nature might afterwards be experienced, but the foundation of his character was laid in the boyhood spent in Campbeltown, Mull, and Morven. Its associations never left him, and the memory of those hours, whose sunshine of love had brightened his early life, made him in no small measure the loving, genial man he always was. What he had found so full of good for himself, he afterwards tried to bestow on others; and not only in his dealing with his own children, but in the tone of his teaching and in the ministry of his public life, can easily be traced the power of his first sympathies:—

“Oh, sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whom they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the memory when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life.” *

* “Highland Parish.”

CHAPTER III.

EARLY COLLEGE DAYS.

IN the year 1825 his father was translated from Campbeltown to the parish of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, where he remained till 1835. The change was, in many respects, great from Campbeltown and the Highlands to a half-agricultural, half-manufacturing Lowland district, in which the extremes of political feeling between stiffest Toryism and hottest Radicalism were running high. The parish was large and thickly peopled, and its natural features were in a manner symbolical of its social characteristics. The long line of the Fell, its green sides dotted with old thorns, rises into mountain solitude, from a valley whose wooded haughs are blurred with the smoke of manufacturing villages. The contrast is sharply presented. Sheep-walks, lonely as the Cheviots, look down on unsightly mounds of chemical refuse, and on clusters of smoking chimneys; and streams which a mile away are clear as morning, are dyed black as ink before they have escaped from print-work and bleaching-green. The Manse was on the borderland of mountain and plain, for it was placed at the opening of Campsie Glen, famous for its picturesque series of thundering waterfalls and rocky pools. Behind the Manse lay the *clachan* and the old parish church, now in ruin.

This was a busy period in his father's life, for, besides taking the pastoral charge of the large parish, he wrote, during the ten years of his ministry in Campsie, the greater part of the Gaelic Dictionary, which bears his name along with that of Dr. Dewar. He was editor and chief contributor to a monthly Gaelic magazine, which acquired unrivalled popularity in the Highlands;* and he also translated, at the request of the Synod of Ulster, a metrical version of the Psalms into Irish Gaelic, for the use of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Besides these literary labours, he took the chief part in establishing the education scheme of the Church of Scotland, the special sphere of which lay in the Highlands. While these public labours taxed his energy, his increasing family, and the concomitant *res angusta domi*, gave no little anxiety to himself and his partner in life. The Manse maintained the traditions of Highland hospitality, and the ingenuity with which guests were accommodated was equalled only by the skill with which a very limited income was made to cover the expenses of housekeeping, and the many requirements of a family of eleven chil-

* 'The Teachdaire 'Gaelltachd.'—A collection of his principal contributions to this magazine, and to the 'Cuartair nan Gleann (of which he was also the editor), was published after his death under the name of 'Caraid nan Gaidheal.' Professor Blackie in his genial volume on Celtic literature, describes this collection as "The great work of classical Gaelic prose, which shines above the rest as the moon among the lesser lights. The most brilliant papers," he adds, "are written in dialogic form, marked by the dramatic grace of Plato, and the shrewd humour of Lucian." And after giving a spirited translation of 'The Emigrant Ship,' one of the best known of the papers in the 'Caraid,' he thus expresses himself, "I rather courted than shunned the profitable exercise of doing into English a piece of Gaelic prose which, for graceful simplicity and profound pathos, is second to nothing I know in any language, unless indeed it be the account of the death of Socrates in Plato's 'Phædo,' and some well-known chapters in the Gospel of St. John." See "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," pp. 385, 323.

dren. Norman was sent for a year to the parish school, taught, as many such schools then were, by a licentiate of the Church—an excellent scholar, and a man of great simplicity and culture.

There is little to record of his schooldays, or of his first years at college. His career at the University of Glasgow, where he took his curriculum of Arts, was not distinguished by the number of prizes he carried off, for he gave himself rather to the study of general literature and of science than the subjects proper to the classes he attended. Logic, admirably taught by Professor Buchanan, was indeed the only class in Arts which kindled his enthusiasm, and it was also the only one in which he obtained academical honours. He was frequently dressed sailor-fashion, and loved to affect the sailor in his speech as well as dress. His chosen companions seem to have been lads of precocious literary power—some of them considerably older than himself—whose attainments first inspired him with a passion for books, and especially for poetry. His favourite authors were Shakespear and Wordsworth, the first acquaintance with whose works was as the discovery of a new world. He was, besides, passionately fond of natural science, and spent most of his spare hours in the Museum studying ornithology. There is little in his journals or letters to indicate the impression which these college years made on him; but one of the favourite subjects of conversation in his later days was the curious life he then led; the strange characters it gave him for acquaintance; the conceits, absurdities, enthusiasms in which it abounded; the social gatherings and suppers, which were its worst dissipations; the long, speculative talks, lasting far into the night, in which its glory and blessedness culminated—and the hard, although unsystematic, studies to which it was the introduction.

The loss of accurate scholarship which the desultoriness of this kind of training entailed might not have been sufficiently compensated by other advantages; nevertheless, contact with men, insight into character, the culture of poetic taste, of original thought, and of an eye for nature, were perhaps no mean substitutes for skill in Latin verse and acquaintance with the Greek particles. He was, besides, very far from being idle. He read much and thought freshly, and even at a very early period in his University career he seems to have contemplated joining a fellow-student in the publication of a volume of tales and poetry. His moral life was at the same time pure, and his religious convictions, though not so strong as they afterwards became, were yet such as prevented him from yielding to the many temptations to which one of his temperament and abounding, as he did, in animal spirits was greatly exposed. Next to the grace of God, his affection for home and its associations kept him steady. A short journey from Glasgow brought him out on many a Saturday during the session to spend Sunday at Campsie, and the loving welcomes he there received and the thousand influences of the Manse life served to keep his heart fresh and pure. These visits sometimes gave no little concern to his father and mother, for coming as he did in a full burst of buoyant excitement after the restraint of study, the noisy fun and the ceaseless mimicry in which he indulged, disturbing the very quiet of the Sabbath, made them afraid that he would never be sedate enough for being a minister. Both father and mother, who could scarcely repress their own laughter at his jokes, wrote to him very gravely on the dangerous tendencies which were manifesting themselves in him. But they might as well have asked him to cease to be, and, had they told the secret truth, they would scarcely have wished him different from what he was. And so he

passed the four years of his study of 'the Arts,' with happy summers interspersed, sometimes in the Highlands, sometimes in Campsie, until, in 1831, he went to Edinburgh to study theology.

Dr. Chalmers was then professor, and Norman listened with delight and wonder to lectures, which were delivered with thrilling, almost terrible, earnestness. The Professor's noble enthusiasm kindled a responsive glow in the young hearts which gathered to listen to him, and the kindly interest he took in their personal welfare inspired them with affection as well as admiration. Dr. Welsh, a man of kindred spirit and powerful intellect, then taught Church History. Such influences did not fail to waken in Norman loftier conceptions of the career to which he looked forward. As might have been expected, Chalmers had a peculiar power over him, for professor and student had many similar natural characteristics. The large-heartedness of the teacher, his missionary zeal, and the continual play of human tenderness pervaded by the holy light of divine love, roused the sympathies of the scholar. He heartily loved him. And Chalmers also valued the character of the student, for when asked by a wealthy English proprietor to recommend for his only son a tutor in whose character and sense he might have thorough reliance, Chalmers at once named Norman. This connection became of great importance to him. The gentleman alluded to was the late Henry Preston, Esq., of Moreby Hall, then High Sheriff of Yorkshire. For the next three years Norman acted as tutor to his son; and whether residing at Moreby or travelling on the Continent, the simple-hearted old squire treated him with the utmost confidence and affection. In the autumn of 1833 he went for a few weeks to Moreby, but returned shortly afterwards with his pupil to Edinburgh, and was thus able to attend his theological classes,

while he also superintended the studies of young Mr. Preston.

During his second session at Edinburgh, besides the usual classes, he attended Professor Jamieson's lectures on geology, and studied drawing and music. His brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D., who was then his fellow-student, contributes the following reminiscence:—

“It was in the social circle Norman displayed the wondrous versatility, originality, and brilliancy of his mind. With a few of his chosen companions round him he made the evening instructive and delightful. He frequently, by an intuitive glance, revealed more of the heart of a subject than others with more extensive and accurate scholarship could attain through their acquirements in philosophy or history. He was often disposed to start the wildest paradoxes, which he would defend by the most plausible analogies, and if forced to retreat from his position, he would do so under a shower of ludicrous retorts and fanciful images. He was ever ready with the most apt quotations from Shakespear, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats, or with some telling story; or, brimming over with fun, he would improvise crambo rhymes, sometimes most pointed, always ludicrous; or, bursting into song, throw more nature into its expression than I almost ever heard from any singer. The sparkling effervescence of his mind often astonished, and always charmed and stirred, the thoughts, feelings, and enthusiasm of his companions.”

It was at this time he experienced the first great sorrow of his life. His brother James, his junior by three years, was a lad of fine promise. Like Norman in many things, he was his opposite in others, and the unlikeness as well as similarity of their tastes served only to draw them nearer to each other. Clever, pure-minded, and affectionate, he was also—what Norman never was—orderly, fond of practical work, and mechanics. Norman was rollicking in his fun, James quietly humorous. He

was the delegated manager of glebe and garden, and of so sweet and winning a nature, that when he died the tokens of sorrow displayed by many in the parish were a surprise, as well as a consolation, to his parents. Hitherto Norman had given little expression to the religious convictions which had been increasing with his growth since childhood. Now, however, he broke silence. In the sick-room, with none but their mother present, the two brothers opened their hearts to one another; and, on the last evening they were ever to spend together, the elder asked if he might pray with the younger. This was the first time he had ever prayed aloud in the presence of others, and with a full heart he poured out his supplications for himself and his dying brother. When he left the room, James, calling his mother, put his arms round her neck, and said, 'I am so thankful, mother. Norman will be a good man.' This was a turning-point in Norman's life; not, indeed, such a crisis as is usually called conversion; not that the scene in the sick-room marked his first religious decision; but the solemnity of the circumstances, the frank avowal of his faith, and the tremendous deepening which his feelings received by the death which occurred a few days afterwards, formed an epoch from which he ever afterwards dated the commencement of earnest Christian life. The anniversary of his brother's death was always kept sacred by him. Other critical times arrived, other turning-points no less important were passed; but, as in many other instances, this first death in the family, with the impressions it conveyed of the reality of eternity and of the grandeur of the life in Christ, was to him 'the beginning of days.'

At the close of the winter session he returned, with Mr. Preston, to Moreby, and in the following May he and his pupil started for the Continent.

From his FATHER :—

CAMPSIE, February 23, 1829.

“ I rejoice to see your companions, if you would conduct yourself with calmness and seriousness on the Sabbath day, and cease your buffoonery of manner in tone of voice and distortions of countenance, which are not only offensive, but grievous. You carry this nonsense by much too far, and I beg of you, my dear Norman, to check it. Imitation and acting a fool is a poor field to shine in ; it may procure the laugh of some, but cannot fail to secure the contempt of others. I was much pleased with the manner of the Stewart boys—their steady, grave, sedate manner formed a very striking contrast to the continual mimicking and nonsense at which you aim. I implore of you, by the tenderness of a father, and by the authority of one, to desist from it in time, and to despise it, and to assume a more manly, sedate manner.

“ I hope you will take in good part, as becomes you, all I have stated, and evince to me that you do so when I have the happiness, my dear boy, to see you. I rejoice to see everybody happy ; but there is a manner that gains on a person if indulged in, which must be guarded against, and none more dangerous than that buffoonery which, by making others laugh, causes us to think ourselves very clever. You, even already, seldom use your own voice or gestures or look—all is put on and mimicked ; this *must* cease, and the sooner the better. After this I shall say no more on the subject. I leave it to your own good sense to correct this.

“ Ever your dutiful Father.”

From his MOTHER :—

CAMPSIE, November 27.

“ It gives me pleasure to observe the warm and genuine feelings and confessions of an affectionate disposition—freely spoken. Yes, my dear Norman, long may I find you frankly owning your thoughts and feelings ; this is the true way to a parent's heart, and the true and only comfortable footing for parent and child—the only way in which a parent can really be of use ; and never will you repent trusting yourself to me. Wonderful would be the fault that, when candidly acknowledged, I could not excuse, or at

least try to help you to remedy. In all I said I wished to cure you of an ugly habit of arguing that has crept in on you, before it becomes a confirmed habit, and leads you (just for argument's sake) to maintain wrong views; from first beginning to argue you will by-and-by think these views right."

To his AUNT JANE:—

June, 1832.

"All the children are half ill with chicken-pox; Polly's face is like a rock with limpets. Limpets! How that word does conjure up a thousand associations!—the fishing rock, the rising tide waving the tangle to and fro at my feet! Out comes a fine cod, see how he smells the bait! I am already sure of him; I know the bait is good, and the hook of the best Limerick. He sniffs it, and away he slowly sails, gently moving his tail from side to side as he goes off. But he repents, and turns back and casts a longing look at the large bait; slowly his jaws open, and in the most dignified manner close on the meal, and now the line strains, the rod bends, I see something white turning in the water, my eyes fill till I hear 'Whack' on the rock, and there he lies as red as—as what's the man's name, at Savarie—John Scallag's father? as red as he. Pardon me, Jane; this night is oppressively hot, it is perfect summer. They are turning the almost dry hay on the glebe—a calm sleeps on the woods and hills, and this, too, vividly recalls the Sound of Mull, as I fancy it to be on such an evening. I am at this moment in fancy walking up the road to Fiunary with a *gadd* of fish, knowing that thanks and a good tea await me."

Letter to his BROTHER JAMES. (Inside of this letter was found placed a lock of JAMES's hair):—

MOREBY HALL, October, 1833.

"Monday was a great day at York, all the town and country were there, it being the time at which, once every three or four years, Lord Vernon, the Archbishop of York, confirms the children of this part of the diocese. The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the

females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained glass windows throwing a dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming like thunder through the never-ending arches! I could not help comparing this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands,* where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride!—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive.”

Extracts from his JOURNAL:—

“*Edinburgh, Tuesday, 1st Nov., 1833.*—Began to read on crystallography and geology (Lyell). I wish, above all things, to know mineralogy and geology thoroughly. I must attend chemistry, anatomy, and botany. To acquire accurate knowledge is no joke.

“*Tuesday, 3rd Dec.*—There are certain days and times in a man’s existence which are eras in his little history, and which greatly influence his future life. This day has been to me one of much pain; and oh! when the grief has passed away (and shall it ever be so?) may its influence still remain! I heard my own dear brother James was so ill that he cannot, in all human probability, recover. How strange that I who, when in health and strength, and with everything to cheer, and little to depress the heart, thought not of God, the great Giver of all good, should now, when my beloved brother is sinking into the grave, my best and dearest of mothers sore at heart for her child, raise my voice, and I hope my heart, to Him who has been despised and rejected by me. My mother has been my best earthly friend, and God knows the heartfelt, profound veneration I have for her character. And now, O God of my Fathers, this 3rd day of December, solely and entirely under Thy guidance, I commence again to fight the good fight. I acknowledge Thy hand in making my dear brother’s illness the means; through, and only for the sake, of the great Redeemer

* It is a common custom in the Highlands to celebrate the Communion in the open air during summer.

Jesus Christ do I look for an answer to my most earnest prayer. Amen.

“*Thursday*.—It is past twelve. The wind blows loud and the rain falls. I am alone in body, but my mind is in my brother’s room, where, I am sure, my dear mother is now watching her boy with a heavy heart. May God be with them both!

“*Saturday*.—I heard the waits last night play ‘The Last Rose of Summer’ beautifully. It went to my heart; I thought of my poor James. The week is past, the most memorable, it may be, in my existence.

“*Monday, 16th Dec.*—Alas, this day I parted from one I loved as devotedly as a brother can be loved! Thank God and Christ, we shall meet! I went to his bedside: ‘I am going away, James, my boy; but I part without sorrow, for I know you are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.’ ‘I have, Norman, got clearer views since we met. I know on whom I can lean.’

“*Friday evening, 20th Dec.*—It is all past. My dear brother is now with his own Saviour. I do heartily thank God for His kindness to him; for his patience, his manliness, his love to his Redeemer.”

To his MOTHER:—

YORK, *March 9, 1834.*

“In an old, snug garret, in the city of York, upon Good Friday, with the minster clock chiming twelve of the night, do I sit down to have a long chat with you, my dearest mother.

“I intend upon Sabbath to take the sacrament at Moreby. I have reflected on the step, and while I see no objection, I can see every reason in showing forth the Lord’s death with Christian brethren of the same calling; as to me, individually, it signifies little whether I take it kneeling at an altar, or sitting at a table.”

To his AUNT:—

SION HALL, *April 12, 1834.*

“One peep of Loch Aline or of Glen Dhu is worth all in Yorkshire. Their living is certainly splendid; but, believe me, I shall

never eat any of their *ragoûts*, or drink their champagne, with the same relish as I ate the cake and drank the milk beside my wee bed when I returned from fishing."

From his JOURNAL :—

"22nd April, Monday.—Upon Easter Sunday I partook of the sacrament in York Minster, and although the formulas are of course different from ours, yet, 'as there is no virtue in them, or in them that administer them,' I found God was present with me to bestow much comfort.

"During the next week all was gaiety. A party or ball every night. The next week we spent at Sion Hill and, between fishing, riding, seeing the railroad, and, above all Fountain Abbey, I must say I was very happy.

"I start to-morrow morning for London. But what hangs heavy on my mind is the deep sense of responsibility I am under: I have not only the superintendence of my pupil, but I am about to be placed in hard trial in a thousand circumstances which are eminently calculated to draw my mind off from God. But my only confidence is in Him. O Thou who hast brought me to this—Thou who didst make me what I am when I had no strength of my own—to Thy loving and merciful hands I commend myself, wholly trusting that I may, through the aid of Thy Holy Spirit, be every day more sanctified in my affections, and ever constant in the performance of my duty."

CHAPTER IV.

WEIMAR.

WEIMAR, the capital of the little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, was chosen by Norman Macleod and young Preston as headquarters during their residence on the Continent. It was at that time a desirable place for those who wished to see German life as well as to study German language and literature. Not that the external features of the town are possessed of interest, for the Palace, with its surrounding park, and the Round Tower, containing its excellent free library, do not redeem Weimar from an aspect of quiet dulness. Yet it was anything but dull in those days. The people prided themselves on the memory of their great citizens—Goethe, then recently departed, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland—and kept up the tradition of literary culture derived from that golden age of their history; while the Grand Duke, with his court, sustained its reputation for hospitality and for gaiety of the old-fashioned order. The town could also boast of a good theatre, an excellent opera, and music *ad libitum* in public gardens and cafés. The Grand Duke was of a most amiable disposition, and the Duchess, sister of the Russian Emperor, was a woman of brilliancy and culture, and of great kindness of heart. There was an early dinner at the Palace every Sunday, followed by an

evening reception for all foreigners who had been introduced; and various balls and state ceremonies, scattered at short intervals throughout the year, averted the normal stagnation of the place, and made it a cheerful and pleasant residence. 'With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write,' says Thackeray, who had lived in Weimar a year or two previous to the time we are speaking of, 'and an acquaintance with an unusual variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.'*

The change was certainly great from Dr. Chalmers and the Divinity Hall, from the simple habits of the Manse, and from the traditionary beliefs, bigotries, and customs—some true, some false—which hedged the religious life of Scotland, to this Weimar, with its rampant worldliness and rationalism. It was, nevertheless, an excellent school for the young Scotchman, who at every turn found some insular prejudice trampled on, or the strength tried of some abiding principle.

The most remarkable man at Weimar, and the great friend of all English travellers, was Dr. Weissenborn. He was a cultivated scholar, and combined the strangest eccentricities of character and belief with the gentlest and most unselfish of natures. 'My side' had become a distinct personality to him, whose demands were discussed as if it were an exacting member of his household rather than a part of his body; yet Weimar would have lost half its charm but for old Weissenborn, with his weak side, his dog Waltina, his chameleon (fruitful source of many a theory on the 'Kosmos'), his collection of eggs, and innumerable oddities of mind and body. All the English

* Letter to G. H. Lewes in the "Story of the Life of Goethe."

who went to Weimar loved 'the Doctor : ' and no father or brother could have taken a greater interest than he did in promoting their happiness and in directing their studies. 'Thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn,' writes Thackeray lovingly. 'And these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town.'*

Norman entered on this new life with great zest. It doubtless had its dangers. But although he often swung freely with the current, yet his grasp of central truth, and his own hearty Christian convictions, so held him at anchor that, through the grace of God, he rode safely through many temptations, and was able to exercise an influence for good over the group of young men from England or Scotland who were residing that year at Weimar. The very fact that he entered with them into all their innocent enjoyments and gaieties gave him greater power to restrain them in other things. He may, indeed, have often given too great a rein to that 'liberty' which was so congenial to his natural temperament, but it is marvellous that the reaction was not greater in one who, brought up in a strict school, was suddenly thrown into the vortex of fashionable life. He was passionately fond of music, sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. His father and mother frequently warned him against going too far in all this; and he often reproached himself for what he deemed his want of self-restraint when in society. Nevertheless, the experience he gained in Weimar became of immense practical importance to him. His own healthy nature repelled the evil, while he gained an insight into the ways of the world.

* "Roundabout Papers, 'De Finibus.'"

In what was new to him he saw much that was good: much that in his own country was called unlawful, whose right use he felt ought to be vindicated; and he also perceived the essential wickedness of much more—the ‘utter rottenness’ (as he used to call it) ‘of what the world terms life.’

When he and Preston returned to Moreby, Norman had become in many ways a new man. His views were widened, his opinions matured, his human sympathies vastly enriched, and while all that was of the essence of his early faith had become doubly precious, he had gained increased catholicity of sentiment, along with knowledge of the world.

From his JOURNAL:—

“Scotland is, in sooth, in a strange state. But in all this ‘noise and uproar,’ there are signs of activity and life—that men at least *wish* good, and this is something. I must say I have much confidence in the sound sense and morality of the people of Scotland. It is absurd to measure them by the turbulent effervescence of ranting radical town fools, who make theories and speak them, but do no more. There is a *douceness* (to use a phrase of our own) about the mass and staple bulk of farmers and gentlemen that will not permit violent and bad changes.

“But how different is the case in Germany! There is an apathy, a seeming total indifference, as to what religion is established by law. The men of the upper classes are speculators, and take from Christianity as it suits their separate tastes. They seem to have no idea of obligation. True, the lower classes are not so drunken as ours, just because they have nothing to drink, and their tastes lie in other directions. Not one of them, I believe, is regulated by its moral tendency. In other vices they are worse, much worse. May Germany have another Luther!”

To A. CLERK:—

WEIMAR, October 12, 1834.

“I have just returned to Weimar after a fine tour. Look at the map, and draw your pencil from Weimar through Cobourg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Saltzburg, Linz, down the Danube to Vienna; back to Brunn, Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar; and you have our course. And you may well suppose I saw much to interest and amuse me. The three Galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Vienna are glorious; I feasted upon them. I was there every hour, so that many of the greatest works of art are engraved in my memory. The Tyrol is magnificent beyond words: the eye is charmed, and the heart filled still more, with an overflowing sense of the beautiful. In religion the people there are as yet in the Middle Ages. Fancy a sacred drama acted in one of the loveliest scenes of nature before about six thousand people, and representing the Crucifixion! *

To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, October 28, 1834.

* * * *

“I have made my *début* as a courtier!! The court days are Thursday and Sunday. Every Sunday fortnight you are invited to dinner in full court dress. Hem! I am nervous on approaching the subject. *Imprimis* a cocked-hat! under it appeareth a full, rosy, respectable-looking face, in which great sense, fine taste, the thorough gentleman, and a certain spice of a something which an acute observer would call *royal*, are all exquisitely blended! A cravat of white supporteth the said head. Next comes a coat which, having the cut, has even more of the modesty, of the Quaker about it. The sword (!!) which dangles beside it, however, assures you it is not a Jonathan. Now, the whole frame down to the knees is goodly—round and plump. I say to the knees, for there two small buckles mark the ending of the breeches and the commencement of two handsome legs clothed in silk stockings. Buckled shoes support the whole figure, which, with the exception of white kid-gloves, is ‘black as night.’ The hour

* This must refer to the Ammergau Play.

of dinner is three; you sally forth to the palace, gathering, in going, like a snowball, every Englishman in town. You move among servants to the first of a finely-lighted suite of rooms. Ladies and gentlemen are scattered about chatting (most of the gentlemen in military uniforms). You mingle with the groups, bowing here and chatting there, and every now and then viewing yourself in one of the fine mirrors which adorn the walls (*'stoot lad, faith!'**) The rooms become more crowded; a bustle is heard; the Grand Duke and his Queen enter, sliding along between two rows of people, who return their bows and becks. The Duke chats round the circle. If you are to be introduced, a lord or master-in-waiting watches an opportunity and leads you up, announcing your name, and, after making your most profound salaam, a few questions are put as—How do you like Weimar? How long do you intend staying?—and the Duke bows and passes on. I speak nothing but German at court. Is that not bold? but I get on uncommonly well. You are generally addressed every time you go. The dinner is very good; sixty people or so sit down. You leave after dinner, and return again in the evening. There is nothing done but conversation, though some play cards. You may retire when you like. I do so as soon as I can, as this is not the way I like to spend Sunday evening. Every night we have some prince or other; the brother of the King of Prussia was there last time. How much more have I felt at a small party at Craigharnet! But thanks to these and the worthy woman † who gave them, that society comes now so easy to me.

“By-the-bye, mother, give me your advice. Now, don't be sleepy, I am nearly done. What would your well-known economical head suggest as to—my court dress? First of all ascertain whether there may not be in some of the old family chests a relic of the only sprig of nobility in your blood—Maxwell of Newark's sire. I think old Auntie Bax, if she were bribed or searched, could turn out an old cocked-hat or sword. If this scent fail, we must try the Scandinavian side. But my idea is, all such relics perished during the Crusades! Donald Gregory would give some informa-

* This expression was one which occurred in one of his Highland stories, and was a favourite quotation, being always given with the full native accent.

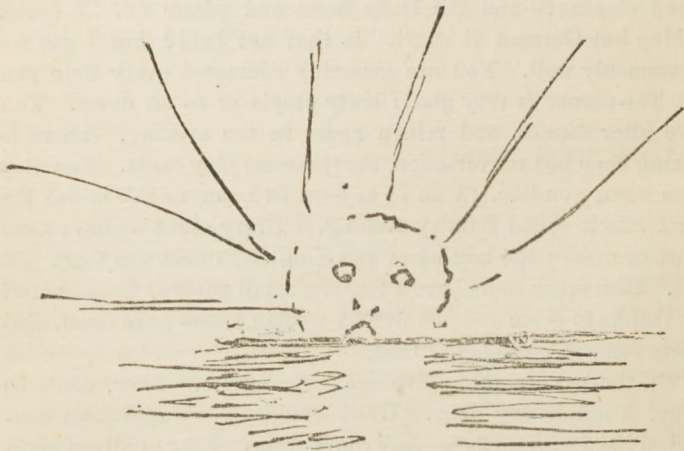
† The late Mrs. Stirling, Craigharnet, Campsie.

tion. If no such thing exists, then my determination is fixed, that a room in the Manse be kept called the court-room, in which my clothes be preserved for my descendants: I mean—and have no doubt by your looks you have hit on the same idea—that this does not take place until I have worn them first as Moderator.

“I think of taking drawing and singing lessons time about. I think I have a taste for both, and my idea is that it is a man’s duty as well as pleasure to enlarge every innocent field of enjoyment which God has put in his way.

“Oh dear! I almost thought myself at home; but the stove is nearly out, and it is still Deutschland.

“I am, your rising



To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, *November* 19, 1834.

“Here I sit on a wet, nasty evening—Sunday. All are at court but myself. A Sunday evening here is detestable. If I can spend it by myself, good and well; if not!—no church, no sermon, no quiet, no books but German.”

To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, December, 1834.

“I have seriously thought of all you say about my acquiring tastes and habits uncongenial to my future profession. To tell you the honest truth, this sometimes does give me pain. To battle against a thousand little things which insidiously collect round your mind like iron filings on a magnet, till it is all covered, is impossible. There is a style of life which has charms, talk of it as you please, and somehow or other it comes quite naturally to me.

“But yet, on the other hand, I trust I feel too highly those mighty things which constitute real greatness, whether found in clown or king; and the grand position a zealous clergyman takes in human society; together with the world of knowledge I am now acquiring of human character, and of the *way to manage men*—that I shall enter, under God’s blessing, upon the work with spirit and success, and be above all discontent.

“Say to my father, with my love, that I have paid particular attention to his part of the letter. My next shall be to him upon German theology and sundry other matters.

“As for the girls, keep none of them cramped up at piano with crooked backs. Air and liberty for the young, and then two hours or so of hard earnest work. When I have children, I shall certainly act on this principle!

“You predicted a great many things about me which have turned out true, and which make me ashamed of the weakness of my character. I leave Weimar in a month, at the very furthest; and the regret with which I leave it makes me blush. Why am I sorry? Am I not going home to those who love me more than any on earth? I am: and this is invaluable. But still—still there are a thousand things which I am destined for, and which I shall fulfil, but to which my last year’s education has been directly opposed. Mother, you have taste yourself, so excuse my *rant*. When you only remember the *beau-idéal* life I have been leading, call me weak, call me fool, but let me *speak* it out, and, like a great ass, turn up my poor nose against Scotch lairds and their pride, and Scotch preachers with their fanatical notions. I agree with my father to a ‘T’ about them. And to be obliged to have my piety measured by my reading a newspaper on

a Sunday, or such trash ; or by my vote on this side or that ; or by my love of music ; or——don't be angry, for I am done, and in better humour.

“ I trust to see you in July. In the meantime I am looking forward to coming back here this time next year. Hurrah for old Germany again ! Next to Scotland I love her. I am upon the *qui vive* for a letter as to our route.

“ How do my poor crocuses look ? What happy feelings does the question recal !—Campsie long ago and spring contentment—home and happiness ! I have no news. The same routine of reading, balls, court concerts, and operas. I long to hear if my father has been made Moderator. I should like to be at the head of every thing. It is a grand thing.”

From DR. WEISSENBORN (written to N. after his return to Scotland):—

WEIMAR, *July*, 1835.

“ You appear to be a thoroughly revised and improved edition of yourself. Happy man ! whose feelings are not alienated from his native country and early connections by a residence abroad, yet keeps a lively remembrance of his friends there ; whose sound constitution throws out foreign peccant matter, after having assimilated the wholesome principles. Don't smile if I become a little pathetic on the subject. I really was afraid that your residence here would have an injurious effect on your tendencies, inclinations, future plans, and prospects ; in short, your happiness and usefulness to your fellow-creatures. I therefore looked forwards to your return, not as a happy event, but as one fraught with evil consequences and uneasy feelings to myself, the more so because my health is so very bad and fluctuating, that I would have felt all the misery you might have brought upon yourself without being able to remedy or lessen it. You'll forgive a sick man if he take, perhaps, too gloomy a view of things ; but you may judge how happy I feel to find that all my evil anticipations are dispelled by your letter. As to the difference of opinion which exists between you and me with respect to religion, I trust it is only formal, and I hope German rationalism has not made you a

whit less inclined to dispense the blessings of religion to your future parishioners under those forms which are most suited to their circumstances, or most likely to produce the best practical results; though I am convinced myself that we can't stem the torrent of the age so effectually here as it may be possible on your insulating stand of old England. We must first experience its devastations before we can reap the fruit of its inundation."

CHAPTER V.

APRIL, 1835—NOVEMBER, 1836.

WITH the exception of a brief visit to Scotland, he remained at Moreby from April, 1835, when he returned from the Continent, till October of the same year. He then went to Glasgow, and at once devoted himself to hard study. Not only do his note-books show the extensive field of reading he went over, but his former fellow-students were surprised at the rapid mastery he had obtained over various branches of theological learning in which he had before shown only a passing interest. For although his previous education had not been favourable to scholarship in the technical sense, yet from this time to his latest day he cultivated accurate methods, read extensively on whatever subjects he was professionally occupied with, worked daily at his Greek Testament, and kept himself well informed as to the results of modern criticism. He had the rare faculty of rapidly getting the gist of a book, and without toiling over every page, he seemed always to grasp the salient points, and in a marvellously short time carried away all that was worth knowing.

In the May of 1836, his father having been elected Moderator of the Church of Scotland, he went to Edinburgh, and listened with great interest to the debates of

an Assembly, the attention of which was directed to Church work rather than to Church polity.

The passages from his journals referring to his spiritual condition, which are given throughout this memoir, while no more than specimens of very copious entries, are yet thoroughly just representations of the self-scrutiny to which he subjected himself during his whole life. Those who knew him only in society, buoyant and witty, overflowing with animal spirits, the very soul of laughter and enjoyment, may feel surprised at the almost morbid self-condemnation and excessive tenderness of conscience which these journals display, still more at the tone of sadness which so frequently pervades them. For while such persons may remember how his merriest talk generally passed imperceptibly into some graver theme—so naturally, indeed, that the listener could scarcely tell how it was that the conversation had changed its tone—yet only those who knew him very intimately were aware that, although his outer life had so much of apparent *abandon* he not only preserved a habit of careful spiritual self-culture, but was often subject to great mental depression, and was ever haunted with a consciousness of the solemnity, if not the sadness, of life.

In point of fact, much of his self-reproach arose from the earnestness of the conflict which he waged against his own natural tendency to self-indulgence. For if on one side he had deep spiritual affinities and a will firmly resolved on the attainment of holiness, he had on the other a temperament to which both 'the world and the flesh' appealed with tremendous power. His abounding humour and geniality had, as usual, their source in a deeply emotional region; rendering him quickly susceptible to impressions from without, and easily moved by what appealed strongly to his tastes. This rich vein of human feeling, which constituted him many-sided and sympathetic

and gave him so much power over others, laid him also open to peculiar trials in his endeavour after a close life with God. Besides, as if to be the better fitted for dealing with others, there was given to him more than the usual share of the experiences of 'life;' for he was frequently brought strangely and closely into contact with various forms of evil—subtle and fascinating; thus gaining an insight into the ways of sin—though, by God's grace, he remained unscathed by its evil.

And not only this self-scrutiny, but the tone of sadness also which pervades these journals must sound strange from one generally so buoyant. The tendency to reaction common to all sanguine natures, combined with his Celtic blood, may perhaps have helped to give it the shape it so frequently takes, for the way in which he moralises, even in youth, upon approaching age, and ever and anon speaks of death, and of the transitoriness of the present, is quite typical of the temperament of the Highlanders of the Western Islands. But there was an element in his own character, strong yet subtle in its influence, which produced finer veins of melancholy. The more than childlike intensity with which his affections clung to persons, places, associations, made him dread separation, and that very dread suggested all manner of speculations as to the future. He was continually forecasting change. There was assuredly throughout this more of a longing for 'the larger life and fuller' than a mawkish bewailing of the vanishing present. His views of the glorious purpose of God in creation were from the first healthy and hopeful, and became one of the strongest points in his creed. Nevertheless, it served to produce a side of character which was deeply solemn, so that when left alone with his own thoughts a kind of *eerie* sadness was cast over his views of life. The deep undertones of death and eternity sounded constantly in his ear, even when he seemed only bent on

amusement. His favourite quotation literally expressed his experience—

‘I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.’

From his JOURNAL:—

“*Moreby, April 30, 1835.*—I have at last returned from the Continent this morning. With how many feelings of the past do I write it! I read over many old letters and journals, and I felt the old man, which I supposed one little year had crushed, to be as strong as ever. No, not quite so strong; but still he was there, and I could recognise many of his old familiar features. This last year has been quite an episode in my life; it does not seem to chime in with the rest of the story, and yet it is a material and important part of it.

“*Ambleside, 19th August.*—I have to-day accomplished what I have long sought. I have seen, talked, and spent two or three hours with Wordsworth. I set off in the morning with a note of introduction by myself, for myself. I arrived at the door of a sweet, beautiful cottage, and was ushered into a small parlour with a small library, chiefly filled with books of poetry, among which was a fine edition of Dante. Presently the old man came in in an old brown great coat, large straw hat, and umbrella, and ushered me into a small, plainly-furnished parlour. Here we sat some time, talking about Germany, its political state, and the character of its inhabitants,—of the Scotch Church and the levelling system, and right of voting; and here he read me the note from his last volume. We then went out and stood on the lovely green mound commanding views of Rydal and Windermere. There I said to him ‘We are sorry that you are not a friend of Ossian.’ This set him a-going, in which he defended himself against the charge, and saying ‘that although self-praise was no honour, yet he thought he might say that no man had written more feelingly than he in his favour. Not the Ossian of McPherson, which was trash, but the spirit of Ossian, was glorious; and this he had maintained.’

He then brought his works and read many passages in the bower showing this. He said that he had more enemies in Scotland than elsewhere; that his little volume could not fight against all the might of a long-established Review—it was stupidity or envy;—but that his book had now got greater circulation than they or it ever had. His books must be studied to be understood—they were not for ladies, to be read lounging on a sofa.

“He said that Professor Wilson was an exceedingly clever man, and that it was such a pity that his talents and energies were not directed to one point. On our return to the house, he said he had suffered much distress. His dear sister was dead, his daughter was lying ill with spine, and now an old family servant was dying, ‘but I endeavour to amuse myself as I can.’

“I blessed the dear old man, came away; and he said he might wander into my house some day or other in Scotland. Oh, how I felt as I heard him read in his deep voice some of his own imperishable verses—the lovely evening—the glorious scene—the poetry and the man!

“We had very delightful company in the house—Sir Charles Dolbiac, (M.P.) and daughter; Milnes Gaskill, M.P., wife and sister-in-law; Miss Wynn Smith; Wright, with his wife and daughter; Lady Sitwell; Mr. and Mrs. Norton; Mr. and Miss Forbes, Edinburgh; Captain Campbell, 7th Hussars; Lord Grey. I had the most interesting conversation with Gaskill, Wright, and Lady Sitwell.

“Gaskill mentioned the following things:—Peel does not confide sufficiently in his own party, he tells nothing to them: but if you do make a good speech, he will shake you by the hand and talk kindly. His difficulties on the Catholic question were great. His principal adviser and confidential friend was Dr. Lloyd of Oxford. The Duke, who looks at a question of politics like men in a field of battle, after two hours’ conversation, told Peel that he had agreed. Peel knew there was no use fighting in the council, and he determined to resign. He went to Windsor to do so. The King, who had all the feelings of his father on the subject, remonstrated, and asked Peel if he could form a Ministry which would resist. Peel saw it was impossible. The King then said, that what he would not do as an individual he was compelling him to do by asking him

to change. Would he desert him? Would he leave the *onus* on him? Peel came home, and for two nights never went to bed. Wrote to his friend Dr. Lloyd that he knew that in sticking to the King, from the most loyal motives, he was sacrificing his political character, &c.; and so he passed it: and he would willingly change his mind!

“Peel’s memory is amazing. ‘Can *you* forget all this trash?’ said he to a friend, as a member was speaking. ‘I can’t;’ and so he never did, but would recall words and circumstances a year afterwards.

“One night Mr. Gaskill was at a party at the Duke of ——’s; Peel, Wellington, and some others, were playing whist; Croker was learning *écarté* at another table. ‘Go,’ said Peel to one of his friends—‘go and ask if he ever learned the game before.’ ‘Never!’ said Croker, ‘upon my soul.’ ‘Well,’ said Peel to his friend, who returned, ‘I’ll bet, in twenty minutes by my watch, Croker tells his teacher that he does not know how to play.’ In *five* minutes Croker was heard saying, ‘Well, do you know, I should not have thought *that* the best way of playing.’ This was received with a roar of laughter.

“*September 28th, 1835.*—G. was staying with us. He is the editor of a periodical called *The Churchman*, and is a most violent Episcopalian of the old school, as he was once as violent a dissenter of the new. There are few liberal Churchmen—very few; and to me nothing is more absurd than the violence of men professing the same faith in all its essentials, and, in the present state of things, cutting one another’s throats. England is beginning to reform her clergy; and good morals, with a sound Calvinistic theology, are rapidly gaining ground. I have myself seen so much wickedness in manners and opinions that my heart bows before a good Christian wherever I meet him. We had good sacred music on Sunday evening. This may be abused; and then, perhaps, it is wrong. But certainly to me it is infinitely more sacred than the chatter round a fireside on stuff and nonsense, such as I have frequently heard. But remember Paul and the ‘meats.’

“*September 29th.*—I had to-night a long argument with an atheist, Mr. C——. I have known intimately many strange thinkers, from fanatics to atheists. All sceptics whom I have ever

met have been very ignorant of the argument and facts of the case. This has been my confirmed experience in Germany and England. Fanatics knew and felt ten times more. Believing too much is more philosophical than believing nothing at all.

“I finished Heine’s ‘History of Modern German Literature.’ His German style is beautiful; his remarks astonishingly striking, original, and pointed; his character of the poetry, painting, architecture of the Middle Ages admirable.

“*Sunday, 11th.*—This is the last Sunday I shall spend in Moreby for some time. How many pleasant ones have I had in the old church at Stillingfleet, in its antique pew and oak seats, worn away by numberless generations! I trust I have seen enough of the English Church to love her *capabilities* and to admire her mode of worship; and while I enter with heart into that mode and form in which I have been born and bred, I trust to have for ever an affection for the venerable Liturgy and those institutions which so well accomplish their purpose of diffusing the Gospel of Christ among the nations. O Lord, I thank Thee for the many peaceful Sabbaths which I have enjoyed. Forgive their much abuse, and still preserve my mind more and more for that eternal Sabbath which I hope one day, through the blood of the Atonement, to spend with Thee in heaven.

“*27th; last Sunday of 1835.*—I never felt a greater zest for study than now. The truth, sincerity, simplicity, and the eloquence, of the older divines is a source of much pleasure. I have adopted the plan of keeping a note-book which I call ‘Hints for Sermons,’ in which I put down whatever may prove useful for my future ministrations. Unfortunately what is useful is not nowadays the most taking, and we have lost much of our simple-hearted Christianity. Our very clergy are dragging us down to lick the dust, and the influence of the mob is making our young men a subservient set of fellows. I see among our better-thinking clergy a strong episcopalian spirit; they are beginning to see the use of a set form of worship. And who can look at the critical, self-sufficient faces of the one-half of our congregations during prayers, and the labour and puffing and blowing of some aspirant to a church, and not deplore the absence of some set prayers which would keep the feelings of many right-thinking Christian from being hurt every Sabbath.”

To A. CLERK:—

10, BRANDON PLACE, GLASGOW: *January 13, 1836.*

“For once in my life I am working for the class, writing essays for a prize! Are you not astonished? Fleming gives out five or six subjects. The first was on the Mosaic account of the Creation; and I sent him in one of eighty pages crammed with geology, which even ‘the Doctor’s’ (Sinclair) most scientific conversations (which used to bore you) were nothing to. Fleming had the good sense to appreciate it; and he said privately to my father that ‘it had more in it than all the others put together.’ But you never saw such fellows! Some of them open their goggle eyes, when I dare to speculate on some of the great doctor’s *ipse dixit*. Think of them the other day! there was a meeting in the Hall, and M’Gill in the chair, to determine whether *Blackwood* should be kicked out of the Hall Library and sent in search of the *Edinburgh Review*, long ago blackballed! Poor Maga was peppered with a whole volley of anathemas; and if it was not for some fellows of sense who were determined to give old Christopher a lift on his stilts, he would have hobbled down the turnpike stair to make room for a dripping Baptist or oily-haired Methodist. Oh, I hate cant—I detest it, Clerk, from my ‘heart of hearts!’ There is a manliness about true Christianity, a consciousness of strength, which enables it to make everything its own.

“The *people* are becoming all in all. And what are the forthcoming ministers? The people’s slaves or deceivers. It is, I admit, the opinion of a young man; but I feel that we are going down hill—talk, talk, talk—big words—popularity—that god which is worshipped wherever a chapel stands. This is what I fear we are coming to—our very prayers are the subjects of display and criticism. I rejoice to think there is One who guides all to good, that the world on the whole is ever advancing in the right, though poor Scotland may, perhaps, lag behind for a season.”

“*Saturday, April 23.*—After studying to-day and yesterday, I have had an evening stroll down the street. The *aurora* was bright and lovely—now forming an arch along the sky, now shooting up like an archangel’s sword over the world, or forming streaming rays of light, which the soul of mortal might deem a seraph’s



crown. How strange are the glimpses which we sometimes have of something beyond the sense—a strange feeling, flitting as the *aurora* but as bright, of a spiritual world, with which our souls seem longing to mingle, and, like a bird which, from infancy reared in a cage, has an instinctive love for scenes more congenial to its habits, and flutters about when it sees green woods and a summer sky, and droops its head when it feels they are seen through the bars of its prison! But the door shall yet be opened, and the songs it has learnt in confinement shall yet be heard in the sunny sky; and it shall be joined by a thousand other birds, and a harmonious song will rise on high!

“Oh, if we could but keep the purity of the soul! but sense is the giant which fetters us and gains the victory. We have dim perceptions of the pure and elevated spiritual world. We truly walk by sight, and not by faith.

“I finished my college labours by getting the essay prize—not much, in truth; but I shall not venture to express my little opinion of prizes. *They* a test of talent or labour—bah! Last winter was, however, a useful one to me. How different from the one before—hardly an ounce of the ideal, and a ton of the real.

“*Portree, Isle of Skye, 21st June.*—I have been reading for three days back Coleridge’s ‘Table Talk,’ and Byron.

“What a contrast is there between the two! I pretend not to fathom Byron’s character: it has puzzled wiser heads than mine. But how different were these men, as far as their characters can be gathered from their conversation! Coleridge ever struggling after truth; diving into every science, and discovering affinities between them; holding communion ever with ideas and principles, and caring for things only as they led to these; and, as a consequence from this pursuit and love of truth, a humble believing disciple of Christ. Byron viewing everything through his own egotism; selfish in the extreme; anxious to be the man of fashion, and ‘receiving his inspiration from gin and water;’ laughing at England and admiring Greece; doubting Scripture and admiring Shelley. Coleridge wishing to publish his philosophy for the glory of God and the good of men; Byron writing his poetry ‘to please the women.’ In short, I believe Byron’s fame is on the decline.

His literature has never sent a man a mile on in the mighty pursuit after truth. Coleridge must live and be beloved by all who study him. He was a truly noble fellow!

* * * * *

“A man’s charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them: the more knowledge, the more charity.

“*Portree, Skye, August, 1836.*—Early in the month of July I went with Professor Forbes to Quirang and the north end of Skye. My next trip was to Storr, the finest thing I ever saw. The day promised well as we ascended, but when near the top thick mist suddenly came on, which prevented us from seeing a yard in front. We, however, against hope, climbed to the summit. When we arrived the mist, in a thousand graceful columns, cleared away, and a thick, black curtain, which concealed the country from our view, slowly rose and presented to us a panorama such as might put all such in Europe to shame. Beneath us lay Skye, with its thousand sea lochs, bounded to the south by the jagged Coolins, between which we got peeps of the distant sea. On every other side was water calm as glass, specked by ships in sunshine, sailing far away. Along the mainland, from Cape Wrath to Kyle Rhea, was a vast chain of hills, seen under every variety of light and shade, while distant mountain tops appeared marching towards Ardnamurchan. To the west lay the Lewis at full length: a gorgeous canopy of clouds was piled over it. Rays of silver light fell at once on the Minch and on the far-distant horizon beyond Uist, where no land breaks the vista to America. The precipice is a thousand feet high: a stone took nine seconds to reach the bottom. In fine, a large whale was spouting in the sea below us after a herring shoal.”

CHAPTER VI.

1836—7.

AT this time the University of Glasgow attracted an unusual number of students from the east of Scotland. This was partly owing to the brilliant teaching of Sir Daniel Sandford, and of the late Professor Ramsay, and partly to the wider influence which the Snell exhibitions to Oxford were beginning to exercise. Norman's father, determining to take advantage of this movement for the increase of his very limited income, arranged for the reception of one or two young men as boarders, whose parents were friends of his own. He had in this way residing in his house during the winter of 1836-7 William Clerk, son of Sir George Clerk, of Penicuick, Henry Mac-Conochie, son of Lord Meadowbank, and James Nairne, from Edinburgh. John C. Shairp, son of Major Shairp, of Houstoun, now Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews, was in like manner boarded with Norman's aunts; but although residing under a different roof, he was in every other respect one of the party. Principal Shairp gives the following interesting reminiscences of the time:—

“Norman was then a young divinity student and had nearly completed his course in Glasgow College. To him his father committed the entire care of the three

young men who lived in his house, and it was arranged that I, living with his aunts, should be added as a fourth charge. This I look back to as one of the happiest things that befell me during all my early life. Norman was then in the very hey-day of hope, energy, and young genius. There was not a fine quality which he afterwards displayed which did not then make itself seen and felt by his friends, and that youthfulness of spirit, which was to the last so delightful, had a peculiar charm then, when it was set off by all the personal attractions of two or three-and-twenty.

“His training had not been merely the ordinary one of a lad from a Scotch Manse, who has attended classes in Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities. His broad and sympathetic spirit had a far richer background to draw upon. It was Morven and the Sound of Mull, the legends of Skye and Dunvegan, and the shore of Kintyre, that had dyed the first and inmost feelings of childhood with their deep colouring. Then as boyhood passed into manhood, came his sojourn among Yorkshire squires, his visit to Germany, and all the stimulating society of Weimar, on which still rested the spirit of the lately-departed Goethe. All these things, so unlike the commonplace experience of many, had added to his nature a variety and compass which seemed wonderful, compared with that of most young men around him. Child of nature as he was, this variety of experience had stimulated and enlarged nature in him, not overlaid it.

“I well remember those first evenings we used to spend together in Glasgow. I went to No. 9, Bath Street—oftener Norman would come over to my room to look after my studies. I was attending Professor Buchanan’s class—‘Bob,’ as we then irreverently called him—and Norman came to see how I had taken my logic notes and prepared my essay, or other work for next day. After a

short time spent in looking over the notes of lecture, or the essay, Norman would say, 'I see you understand all about it; come, let's turn to Billy.' That was his familiar name for Wordsworth, the poet of his soul.

"Before coming to Glasgow I had come upon Wordsworth, and in large measure taken him to heart. Norman had for some years done the same. Our sympathy in this became an immense bond of union. I wish I could recall what we then felt as on those evenings we read or chaunted the great lines we already knew, or shouted for joy at coming on some new passage which was a delightful surprise. Often as we walked out on winter nights to college for some meeting of the Peel Club, or other excitement, he would look up into the clear moonlight and repeat—

'The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair.'

Numbers of the finest passages we had by heart, and would repeat to each other endlessly. I verily believe that Wordsworth did more for Norman, penetrated more deeply and vitally into him, purifying and elevating his thoughts and feelings at their fountain-head, than any other voice of uninspired man, living or dead. Second only to Wordsworth, Coleridge was, of modern poets, our great favourite. Those poems of his, and special passages, which have since become familiar to all, were then little known in Scotland, and had to us all the charm of a newly discovered country. We began then, too, to have dealings with his philosophy, which we found much more to our mind than the authorities then in vogue in Glasgow College—the prosaic Reid and the long-winded Thomas Brown.

"Long years afterwards, whenever I took up a Scotch newspaper, if my eye fell on a quotation from Wordsworth

or Coleridge, 'Here's Norman' I would say, and on looking more carefully, I would be sure to find that it was he—quoting in one of his speeches some of the favourite lines of Glasgow days. Norman was not much of a classical scholar; Homer, Virgil, and the rest, were not much to him. But I often thought that if he had known them ever so well, in a scholarly way, they never would have done for him what Wordsworth did, would never have so entered into his secret being and become a part of his very self. Besides Wordsworth and Coleridge, there were two other poets who were continually on his lips. Goethe was then much to him; for he was bound up in all his recent Weimar reminiscences; but I think that, as life went on, Goethe, with his artistic isolation, grew less and less to him. Shakespear, on the other hand, then was, and always continued to be, an unfailling resource. Many of the characters he used to read and dilate upon with wonderfully realising power. Falstaff was especially dear to him. He read Falstaff's speeches, or rather, acted them, as I have never heard any other man do. He entered into the very heart of the character, and reproduced the fat old man's humour to the very life.

“These early sympathies, no doubt, made our friendship more rapid and deep. But it did not need any such bonds to make a young man take at once to Norman. To see him, hear him, converse with him, was enough. He was then overflowing with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humour, drollery, and affectionateness, I never knew any one who contained in himself so large and varied an armful of the humanities. He touched Nature and human life at every point. There was nothing human that was without interest for him; nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively. In those days,

what Hazlitt says of Coleridge was true of him, 'He talked on for ever, and you wished to hear him talk on for ever.' Since that day I have met and known intimately a good many men more or less remarkable and original. Some of them were stronger on this one side, some on that, than Norman; but not one of all contained in himself such a variety of gifts and qualities, such elasticity, such boundless fertility of pure nature, apart from all he got from books or culture.

"On his intellectual side, imagination and humour were his strongest qualities, both of them working on a broad base of strong common sense and knowledge of human nature. On the moral side, sympathy, intense sympathy, with all humanity was the most manifest, with a fine aspiration that hated the mean and the selfish, and went out to whatever things were most worthy of a man's love. Deep affectionateness to family and friends—affection that could not bear coldness or stiff reserve, but longed to love and to be loved, and if there was in it a touch of the old Highland clannishness, one did not like it the less for that.

"His appearance as he then was is somewhat difficult to recall, as the image of it mingles with what he was when we last saw his face, worn and lined with care, labour, and sickness. He was stout for a man so young, or rather I should say only robust, yet vigorous and active in figure. His face as full of meaning as any face I ever looked on, with a fine health in his cheeks, as of the heather bloom; his broad, not high, brow smooth without a wrinkle, and his mouth firm and expressive, without those lines and wreaths it afterwards had: his dark brown, glossy hair in masses over his brow. Altogether he was, though not so handsome a man as his father at his age must have been, yet a face and figure as expressive of genius, strength, and buoyancy as I ever

looked upon. Boundless healthfulness and hopefulness looked out from every feature.

“It was only a few weeks after my first meeting with Norman that he, while still a student, made his first public appearance. This was at the famous Peel Banquet held in Glasgow in January, 1837.

“The students of the University, after rejecting Sir Walter Scott, and choosing a succession of Whig Rectors, had now, very much through Norman’s influence, been brought to a better mind, and had elected the great Conservative leader. He came down and gave his well-known address to the students in the Hall of the now vanished college. But more memorable still was the speech which he delivered at the Banquet given to him by the citizens of Glasgow and the inhabitants of the west of Scotland. It was a great gathering. I know not if any gathering equal to it has since taken place in Glasgow. It marked the rallying of the Conservative party after their discomfiture by the Reform Bill of 1832.

“Peel, in a speech of between two and three hours’ length, expounded, not only to Glasgow, but to the empire, his whole view of the political situation and his own future policy. It was a memorable speech, I believe, though I was too much of a boy either to know or care much about it. Many other good speeches were that night delivered, and among them a very felicitous acknowledgment by Dr. Macleod, of St. Columba, of the toast ‘The Church of Scotland.’ But all who still remember that night will recall as not the least striking event of the evening the way in which Norman returned thanks for the toast of the students of Glasgow University. I think I can see him now, standing forth prominently, conspicuous to the whole vast assemblage, his dark hair, glossy as a black-cock’s wing, massed over his forehead, the ‘purple hue’ of youth on

his cheek. They said he trembled inwardly, but there was no sign of tremor or nervousness in his look. As if roused by the sight of the great multitude gazing on him, he stood forth, sympathizing himself with all who listened, and confident that they sympathized with him and with those for whom he spoke. His speech was short, plain, natural, modest, with no attempt to say fine things. Full of good sense and good taste, every word was to the point, every sentence went home. Many another might have written as good a speech, but I doubt whether any young man then in Scotland could have spoken it so well. From his countenance, bearing, and rich, sweet voice, the words took another meaning to the ear than they had when read by the eye. Peel himself, a man not too easily moved, was said to have been greatly impressed by the young man's utterance, and to have spoken of it to his father. And well he might be. Of all Norman's subsequent speeches—on platform, in pulpit, in banquet, and in assembly—no one was more entirely successful than that first simple speech at the Peel Banquet.

“During the session that followed the banquet, the Peel Club, which had been raised among the students to carry Peel's election, and to perpetuate his then principles, was in full swing, and Norman was the soul of it. Many an evening I went to its meetings in college, not as caring for its dry minutes of business, but to hear the hearty and heart-stirring impromptu addresses with which Norman animated all that had else been commonplace. There are not many remaining who shared those evenings, and those who do remain are widely scattered; but they must look back to them as among the most vivid and high-spirited meetings they ever took part in. What a contrast to the dull routine of meetings they have since had to submit to! And the thing that made them so different was Norman's presence there.

“But if these first public appearances were brilliant, still more delightful was private intercourse with him as he bore himself in his home. His father had such entire confidence in him, not unmingled with fatherly pride, that he entrusted everything to him. The three boarders were entirely under Norman’s care, and he so dealt with them that the tutor or teacher entirely disappeared in the friend and elder brother of all, and of each individually. Each had a bedroom to himself, in which his studies were carried on; but all met in a common sitting-room which Norman named ‘The Coffee-room.’ There, when college work was over, sometimes before it was over, or even well begun, we would gather round him, and with story, joke, song, readings from some favourite author—Sir Thomas Browne’s ‘Religio Medici,’ Jeremy Taylor—or some recitation of poetry, he would make our hearts leap up.

“What evenings I have seen in that ‘Coffee-room!’ Norman, in the grey-blue duffle dressing-gown, in which he then studied, with smoking-cap on his head, coming forth from his own reading-den to refresh himself and cheer us by a brief bright quarter of an hour’s talk. He was the centre of that small circle, and whenever he appeared, even if there was dulness before, life and joy broke forth. At the close of the first session—I speak of 1836-37—the party that gathered in the coffee-room changed. MacConochie and Nairne went, and did not return; William Clerk remained; and the vacant places were at the beginning of next session, 1837-38, filled by three new comers—Robert (now Sir Robert) Dalryell, of Binns; James Horne; and John Mackintosh, the youngest son of Mackintosh of Geddes. There were also two or three other students who boarded elsewhere, but who were often admitted as visitors to the joyous gatherings in the coffee-room. Among these was Henry A. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Bombay. While all these young friends so

loved and admired Norman that it would be hard to say who did so most—a love which he seemed to return almost equally to all—John Mackintosh was no doubt the one who laid the deepest hold upon his heart. They were fitted each to be the complement of the other. The serious, devout, pure nature of John Mackintosh drew forth from Norman reverence more than an elder usually accords to a younger friend; on the other hand, Norman's deep and manly love of goodness and holiness won John's confidence, while his hopeful aspiration and joyousness did much to temper the tone of John's piety, which verged somewhat on austerity. I believe that their characters, so different yet so adapted to respond to each other, were both of them much benefited by the friendship then begun.

The Church was then being greatly exercised by those contentions which ended four years afterwards in the Disruption. Norman took a lively interest in these; but from the first, both from temperament and family tradition, sided with the party who opposed the Non-Intrusionists. Not that Norman was in any measure fitted by nature to be a Moderate of the accepted type. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament could never have allowed him to belong to the party. But in the aims and contendings of the Veto men, he seemed from the first to discern the presence of sacerdotal pretensions which he his whole life long stoutly withstood.

“Two things strike me especially in looking back on Norman as he then was. The first was, his joyousness—the exuberance of his joy—joy combined with purity of heart. We had never before known any one who took a serious view of life, and was really religious, who combined with it so much hearty hopefulness. He was happy in himself, and made all others happy with whom he had to do. At least they must have been very morose persons indeed who were insensible to the contagion of his gladness.

“The second was the power, and vividness, and activity of his imagination. He was at that time ‘of imagination all compact.’ I have since that time known several men whom the world has regarded as poets; but I never knew any one who contained in himself so large a mass of the pure ore of poetry. I have sometimes thought that he had then imagination enough to have furnished forth half-a-dozen poets. Wordsworth’s saying is well known—

‘Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature: men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.’

Coleridge, I think, has questioned this. But if Wordsworth’s words are, as I believe they are, true, then Norman was pre-eminently a poet. He had the innate power, but he wanted the outward accomplishment of verse. Not that he wanted it altogether; but he had not in early youth cultivated it, and when manhood came, the press of other and more practical duties never left him time to do more than dash off a verse or two, as it rose, spontaneously, to his lips. Had he had the time and the will to devote himself to poetry with that devotion which alone ensures success, it was in him, I believe, to have been one of the highest poets of our time. Often during an evening in his study, or in a summer day’s saunter with him by a Highland loch, I have heard him pour forth the substance of what might have been made a great original creation—thoughts, images, descriptions, ranging through all the scale, from the sublime to the humorous and the droll; which, if gathered up, and put into the outward shape of poetry, would have been a noble poem. But he felt that he was called to do other work. And it was well that he obeyed the call as he did, and cast back no regretful look to the poetry that he might have created.”

It may be well here to explain a feature which, as

expressed in his journals, may appear strange to the reader, but is quite characteristic of the man. There is often such a rapid passing from 'grave to gay,' and, in his earlier years, such self-reproach for indulging in things really innocent, that, in giving perfectly faithful extracts, it has been found difficult to avoid conveying an impression of harshness or unreality. There was nothing more natural to him than so to combine all tones of feeling, that those who knew him felt no abrupt contrast between the mirthful and the solemn. But, as it might be expected from his sensitive conscientiousness, he did not at first recognise the lawfulness of many things he afterwards 'allowed himself' without any sense of inconsistency. It is accordingly interesting, biographically, to notice the difference betwixt his youth and age in matters like these, as well as the change which his opinions underwent on many political and theological subjects.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Nov. 17th.*—This last week being the one for electing a Lord Rector, I was very busy, having been the leader of the Peel party. We carried him by a majority of one hundred. This caused me much excitement, and drew my mind away from God.

"*Sunday, 30th Nov.*—I intend by the grace of God to throw off my natural indolence, and rise every morning this winter at six o'clock. I study Hebrew, Greek, and Church history every morning before breakfast; chemistry, anatomy, and natural history (my favourite study next to divinity) during the day; logic, theology, reading, and writing in the evening.

"Is a Christian not entitled to draw lessons of conduct from natural religion interpreted by revealed? May he not study the final causes in his moral constitution? What then is the final cause of the sense of the ludicrous?"

“*March 5th, 1837.*—When Peel came down there were great doings. I spoke for the students at his dinner, and though I felt considerably in addressing three thousand five hundred people, yet, from the manner in which I was supported, I got on well, and met with Peel’s decided approbation. I have had the honour also of being elected President of the Peel Club. Because of these and other things, I have fallen fearfully through with my studies, although my having had no small part in bringing Peel here is enough to give some value to my existence.

“*Friday.*—I have just returned from Robert Dalglish’s ball!—a crowd. I have returned sick at heart. It is my last ball! And I heard the German waltzes played, and my brain reeled. I shut my eyes. I was once more with all my old Weimar friends; when I opened them the faces were the faces of strangers, and I could stand it no longer, but left at twelve. I alone seemed sad. The louder and more cheerful the music grew, the more deeply melancholy I became.

“*Sunday, 7th May, 1837.*—How we do hurry along from the days of childhood to wild and imaginative youth, and then gradually sober down to sedate manhood! Only look at the last page—music and dancing!—and this page has to record the most solemn event in my ‘little history’—that upon Wednesday last I was made a preacher of the gospel, and to-day I preached my first sermon!

“O God in heaven, keep me from courting popularity! May I feel deeply, most deeply, that I am Thy servant, doing Thy will, and not seeking my own pleasure. May I never teach the people a lie, but teach them Thy truth!”

To his Aunt, MRS. MAXWELL:—

“On Wednesday I passed gallantly from the student state to that of the preacher, and yesterday I ascended from the body of the church to its heart—even to the pulpit! I always had a horror—I know not why—at the transition state of preacher. He is worse than nobody. He is patronised by old maids, ‘the dear, good old souls;’ he is avoided by the young ladies, for they know that he has no principle and would jilt when convenient. He is cut by the young men for his snobbish dress; he is cut by the old, for

they know he will bore them for their interest. Young ministers dislike him from pride ('set a beggar,' &c.); and the old dislike him from fear; they hate his voice as they hate the cry of the owl, for 'it speaks of death;' they look on him as a young soldier looks on a vulture that is watching his last breath in order to get a living. He is a very nightmare to the manse—'a *lad*' is the personification of all that is disagreeable. Such a being am I, Jane; will you shelter me?"

"*Glen Morriston, Wednesday, 18th July, 1837, Torgoil Inn.*—[On a walking tour to Skye.] I have said it often, and now again I say it in Torgoil, that I hate travelling by myself! I think I should become a mere animal if I were thus to be stalking about for a year and not a soul to speak to. Don't talk about reflection—one has too much of it. The whole day it is a continued reflection upon oneself—when to rest, when to rise, how far it is to the inn, what shall be taken, how much paid. And as for thought, why a wallet and blistered feet are enough to crush it. Here am I this very moment in a small, paltry place, in the midst of a huge glen, the rain pouring in torrents and the mountains covered with the wet mist; the trees dripping, the burn roaring, sheep-dogs crawling past the door, hens in the entry, and barefooted and bare-legged boys skelping through the mud. And within nothing to cheer. In the first place a huge birch-bush in the grate, by way of a novelty, half-a-dozen chairs stuck up like sentinels against the wall, a stiff, ugly table, with a screen and a tea-tray having landscapes and figures upon them, which, to say the least, do not equal those of Claude Lorraine; you pull the bell, away comes a yard of wire, but no bell rings; you strike the table and every dog rushes out barking; you call the girl, and she appears from the 'but,' and does what you bid her do, but only when she pleases. But I must go back on my previous route. (I just now lifted the window to look out, and was nearly guillotined by its coming down on my neck, not having observed a huge black peat which lies beside it for supporting it on great occasions.)

"*Skye, Aug. 25th.*—Off to the hills! Oh, what a walk I had yesterday! Never will I forget the green, the deep green grassy top of the

range of precipices. A vessel or two lay like boys' boats on the water far below me as I sat on the edge of the precipice, watching the waves breaking on the rocks. A white sail or two was seen far to the north on the edge of the horizon like a sea-gull. I never felt more in my life the stillness of the air, broken only by the bleat of the sheep, or the croak of the raven. The majesty of the prospect, the solitude of the place, filled me with inexpressible delight. The truth was, I had started with depressed feelings from having been very forgetful of God; and upon the top of a mountain I have always felt myself subdued to silent meditation and prayer. On the present occasion I poured out my soul in humble confession and adoration, and words cannot tell the comfort which I felt, partly perhaps the result of the strong feeling I was under, but much of it truly substantial. Thrice did I sing the hundredth Psalm, and at the second verse, 'Know that the Lord is God indeed, without our aid he did us make,' I was quite overpowered, and felt as if I spoke for the material universe and dumb creatures around me. The giant Storr, with its huge isolated peak, seemed to point to heaven in acknowledgment of the truth.

"I felt as if I had one of those

'Visitations from the living God,
In which my soul was filled with light,
With glory, with magnificence.'

"31st, *Twelve, night*.—Loveliness and beauty! The stars twinkling in the deep blue sky like the most brilliant diamonds, the hills dark and misty in the distance! The rivulets, inaudible by daylight, blending their notes with the loud streams, and along the north a magnificent aurora borealis, an object which ever fills me with intensest pleasure. It makes me feel how much man's nature is capable of feeling, and how the soul may be elevated or overpowered through the external senses. How different was the last night I was here—Friday night! What an awful gale! Whuss-sh-hoo-hiss-sooo! until I thought the house would be down. Three boats were lost and five people. One of them the last of four sons belonging to a widow in Strath. Another was drowned last year in the canal.

"Sept. 1st.—There are certain daily habits which for some weeks

I have seen are wrong, yet where have been my struggles to change them? How frivolous have I been! My love of the ludicrous and of the absurd has daily carried me away and made me behave quite unworthy of the sobriety necessary for every Christian, far more, for my calling. 'Be ye sober.' Lord! help me to keep this law.

"*September 6th.*—Yesterday, the 5th, I had one of the most delightful excursions I ever had.

"The morning was beautiful: indeed it was not morning when I rose from a feverish and night-marish sleep. A few pale stars were yet to be seen in the sky, and the ruddy glow in the east which told of the sun's approach soon robbed them even of this; and, except towards the east, I could see no cloud in the sky. A few light, airy wreaths of mist hung on the Coolins, which, dark and massive and ragged, stretched like a strong saw across the south. We were quickly on our way, after partaking of a substantial breakfast and providing for the dinner. Soon the east became most beautiful—clouds, fringed with brightest gold feathery borders, and in more compact masses, gathered round the sun a flaming retinue; and soon he opened an eye in heaven and peeped over the eastern hills and thrust forth his 'golden horns.' And the tops of the Coolins seemed tipped with gold, and the shadows became more distinct, and light glittered on the calm sea. The vessels that lay under the rocks were hardly visible, while their masts and tacklings were in clear relief against the burning sky and water. The effect was precisely such as I have often admired in the 'Morning' pictures of Claude Lorraine.

"Away we went, and as the sun got higher and higher we left the high road and entered Glen Sligachan. What a glen! With the inimitable peak of Coolin on one side, and on the other the sugar-loafed Marscow.

"But get on! at three miles an hour, hardly a path, and now in the centre of the glen, five miles from any house. Stand! and say what is Glencoe to this! A low range conceals Coolin; but see the high peaks appearing beyond, and up that corry what a mighty wall of jagged peaks is spread along its top! But Blabheinn, which is close by, is unsurpassed. It appears a great trap dyke, about a thousand feet high, with an edge above, cut and hacked in

every shape and form. Bare, black to the top, apparently not a goat could stand on a yard of it—I question if a fly could. And there the lovely little lake at its feet is ever condemned to lie in its shadow. But, having left our horses at Cambusiunary, we ascended by a rough road to a pass, from which we obtained a view of Coruisk. The ascent was difficult. Wilson being a bad walker, I was up nearly half an hour before him—besides, I wished to behold Coruisk alone; and as I ascended the last few blocks of stone which intercepted my view I felt my heart beat and my breathing becoming thicker than when I was climbing—for I had rested before in order to enjoy the burst undisturbed—and a solemn feeling crept over me as I leapt on the crest of the hill, and there burst upon my sight—shall I attempt to describe it? How dare I? Around me were vast masses of hypersthene, and the ridge on which I stood was so broken and precipitous that I could not follow its descent to the valley. At my feet lay the lake, silent and dark, and around it a vast amphitheatre of precipices. The whole Coolins seemed gathered in a semi-circle round the lake, and from their summits to their base not a blade of verdure—but one bare, black precipice, cut into dark chasms by innumerable torrents, and having their bases covered by *débris* and fallen rocks. Nothing could exceed the infinite variety of outline—peaks, points, teeth, pillars, rocks, ridges, edges, steps of stairs, niches—utter wildness and sterility. From this range there are gigantic projections standing out and connected with the main body. And there lay the lake, a part hidden from our view, behind a huge rock.

“There it lay, still and calm, its green island like a green monster floating on its surface. I sat and gazed; ‘my spirit drank the spectacle.’ I never felt the same feeling of the horribly wild—no, never; not even in the Tyrolese Alps. There was nothing here to speak of life or human existence. ‘I held my breath to listen for a sound, but everything was hushed; it seemed abandoned to the spirit of solitude.’ A few wreaths of mist began to creep along the rocks like ghosts. Laugh at superstition for coupling such scenes with witches and water kelpies! I declare I felt superstitious in daylight there. Oh, to see it in a storm, with the clouds under the spur of a hurricane, raking the mountain summit!

“ ‘The giant snouted crags ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow!’

“ ‘Ach, die langen Felsennasen
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!’

“I shall never forget my visit! It will fill the silent eye—the bliss of solitude; it will come ‘about the beating of my heart,’ and its wild rocks may be connected with moral feeling and ‘tranquil restoration.’ ‘The tall rock’ may cease ‘to haunt me like a passion,’ but its influence shall never die. And the joyous, oh! the passionate, hours I have spent this summer in the lovely mountains in Skye will ever influence my feelings, and, under the guidance of higher principles, they may, I trust, be blessed for good, and help in being the ‘Muses of my moral being.’ I thank—as on the mountains I generally do—I thank God for all His kindness, and pray I may ever be grateful for it.

“*Thursday night, Sept. 7th.*—To-morrow I start, D. V., for Fiunary. My time here has been spent delightfully—though not so usefully as it might have been. My journal will tell what hours of joy I have spent among the mountains. Never shall they be forgotten.

“How dreary is parting—what a sickness at the heart! how melancholy sounds that wind! Oh, what a joy when there will be no parting!

“*Fiunary, 11th Sept.*—I left Portree early on Tuesday morning. The fiery sunrise, the huge masses of greenish-greyish-darkish clouds, the scattered catspaws and mare’s tails, the rising breeze, and the magnificent rainbows which spanned sea and mountains, all told that our passage would probably be a rough one. And so it was. The wind rapidly increased, until, as we left the shelter of the land at Armadale it blew a stiff breeze right ahead. What a striking view had we to leeward when plunging on towards the point of Ardnamurchan! The sun was almost setting, ‘the day was well-nigh done,’ and along the horizon was a plain of red light; this was broken by the Scur of Eig, which appeared in magnificent relief, and seemed to support on its summit the midnight belt of clouds which formed an upper and parallel stratum to the ruddy belt below. Through these dark clouds the sun was

shooting silver beams, beneath which the waves were seen holding their 'joyous dance' along the line of the horizon. I remained on deck until we reached Tobermory. I lay on the tarpaulin, and, half-asleep, watched the mast of the steamer wandering along the stars which now shone in unclouded brilliancy.

"Yesterday preached at Kiel.* It was a strange thing to preach there! As I went to the church hardly a stone or knoll but spoke of 'something which was gone,' and past days crowded upon me like the ghosts of Ossian, and seemed, like them, to ride even on the passing wind and along the mountain tops. And then to preach in the same pulpit where once stood a revered grandfather and father! What a marvellous, mysterious world is this, that I in this pulpit, the third generation, should now, by the grace of God, be keeping the truth alive on the earth, and telling how faithful has been the God of our fathers! How few faces around me did I recognise! In that seat once sat familiar faces—the faces of a happy family; they are all now, a few paces off, in a quiet grave. How soon shall their ever having existed be unknown? And it shall be so with myself!

"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have got the parish of Loudoun. Eternal God, I thank thee through Jesus Christ, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I devote myself to Thy service for the advancement of Thy glory and kingdom.

"Oh, my Father, my kind and merciful Father, be with me until the day of my death; purify, strengthen me, and give me from the infinite riches of Thy grace power to be a faithful minister and to turn many people from darkness to light. Into Thy hand I commit my soul!"

* The name of one of the parish churches of Morven.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY MINISTRY IN LOUDOUN.

“**L**LOUDOUN’S bonny woods and braes,” among which he was to spend the next five years of his life, stretch in picturesque variety for about six miles along the banks of the Irvine Water. At the lower end of the parish the towers of Loudoun Castle peer over the thick foliage of the surrounding park, while at the other extreme Loudon hill, rising in bold solitude like another Ailsa Craig, closes in the rich valley, and separates it from the dreary moor of Drumclog.

On the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod was asked to preach at Loudoun during the vacancy caused by the death of the previous minister, and the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, widow of the celebrated Governor-General of India, who was then patron of the parish, resolved, after very careful deliberation, to present him to the living. He was accordingly ordained as its minister on the 15th March, 1838, and entered on his new duties with a humble and resolute heart.

He was but a short time in the parish before he saw that he had difficult work before him. The population numbered upwards of four thousand, of whom a small proportion were farmers and farm-workers, and the rest hand-loom weavers residing in the large villages of New-

milns and Darvel. Both farmers and weavers were of a most interesting type. Not a few of the former were Covenanters, and some were on lands which had been tenanted by their families since the twelfth century. The traditions of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig were still freshly repeated at their firesides, and swords and pistols that had done service against Claverhouse were their treasured heirlooms. The weavers were of a totally different stamp, being keen politicians, and, as a rule, advanced radicals. Their trade was being gradually extinguished by the great factories, and the men were consequently poor; but they were full of enthusiasm, fond of reading, and had that quaint intelligence, strongly coloured with self-conceit, which was characteristic of the old race of Scotch *websters*. Most of them were keen Chartists, some violent infidels, who, with Tom Paine as their text-book, were ready for argument on any question of Church or State. The morality of the parish was at the same time very low, and vital godliness was a rarity.

While living in lodgings at Newmilns till his Manse should be ready for his reception, he was shocked by the amount of profanity and coarseness which met eye and ear, as well as surprised at the keen interest taken by the people in public questions. Political debate seemed to be carried on at every corner. The groups gathered here and there in the street, or the crowds clustered on the 'Green' round a tree, under whose branches a village demagogue was haranguing about the Charter or the Corn Laws, displayed an excitement which is usually reserved for a parliamentary election. There was something hopeful, however, in all this life and stir, which, notwithstanding its association with scepticism and religious indifference, did not fail to impress his mind.

The work in which he first engaged was careful house to house visitation, recording as he went along the circumstances of every family with great minuteness, and his impressions of individual character. He at the same time opened classes and organized a Sabbath school; and in order to meet the case of those who excused themselves from going to church at the ordinary hour of worship on account of having no suitable clothing, he commenced special evening services. He made also a determined stand for the strict exercise of church discipline, believing that, if good for nothing else, it would at all events serve to raise the tone of public opinion as to the character of certain sins which were too lightly regarded.

This energetic action of the young minister excited at once hearty sympathy and hearty opposition. The church was crowded, and he was soon encouraged by learning that his labours were not without effect. On the other hand, the Chartists were not a little suspicious of the growing influence of the 'Tory' clergyman—although he meddled little with politics—and the semi-infidels were thoroughly roused into opposition. Some of the most violent of these two parties would have put an end, if they could, to his evening services, and attended them for the purpose of creating disturbance. One Sunday he bore with the interruption they gave him; on the next he remonstrated; but this failing, he turned to the people who had come to hear him—told them that he had undertaken extra labour for their benefit, and added, that if they wished him to go on they must expel those who disturbed him. He then sat down in the pulpit. After a pause, a number of men rose, and ejected the intruders. This firmness served greatly to strengthen his influence in the parish: those who had scoffed loudest came to appreciate his earnestness, and not a few sceptics

were among the most sincere of his converts. Among other means employed by him for reaching the more intelligent of the would-be philosophers, who stood aloof from Christianity, he brought his previous study of natural science into requisition, and gave a series of lectures on geology, which by their eloquence, as well as by the amount of well-digested information they contained, told with great effect. In this manner he gradually became master of a difficult position, and won an enthusiastic attachment from the parishioners which has never declined.

There were two dissenting churches in the parish, with whose excellent ministers, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Rogerson, he maintained a life-long friendship. One of these congregations met at Darvel and consisted of Covenanters avowing a refreshingly stern morality, and combining with it articles of faith, especially in reference to the observance of the Sabbath, as quaint as they are now rare. He had thus extremes, from Covenanter to Chartist, to deal with ; and between the two many amusing phases of character presented themselves to his observation. On his first 'diet of visitation' at Darvel, he called on an old pauper woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet (for she was very deaf), and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbours and co-religionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners she did not at first acknowledge him as minister, but, beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to her ear, said, '*Gang ower the fundamentals!*' and there and then he had to bawl his theology till the old dame was satisfied, after which he received a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ.

In contrast with this type of parishioner, he used to

refer to a well-known Chartist, who lived in the usual little cottage consisting of a *but* containing the loom, and of a *ben* containing the wife. Met at the door of this man's cottage, by the proposal, that before proceeding further they should come to an understanding upon the 'seven points,' he agreed to this only on condition that the pastoral visit should first be received. Minister and Chartist then sat down on the bench in front of the door, and the weaver, with shirt-sleeves partly turned up and showing holes at the elbows, his apron rolled round his waist, and a large tin snuff-mull in his hand, into whose extreme depth he was continually diving for an emphatic pinch, propounded with much pompous phraseology his favourite political dogmas. When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. 'In my opinion,' was the reply, 'your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy.' 'Nay—tion—al bankruptcy!' said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. 'Div—ye—think—sae?' Then, briskly, after a long snuff, 'Dod! I'd risk it!' The *naïveté* of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, 'risking' the nation for the sake of his theory, was never forgotten by his companion.

About this time a Universalist, noted for his argumentativeness, resolved to *heckle* the young minister. Macleod first questioned him on the precise nature of his belief in universal salvation. 'Do you really assert that every person, good and bad, is saved, and that, however wicked they may have been on earth, all are at once, when they die, received into glory?' 'Most certainly,' replied the man. 'A great and merciful Father must forgive every sinner. He is too good not to make all His creatures happy.' 'Then why do you not cut your throat?' 'Cut my throat!' exclaimed his astonished

visitor, 'I have duties to fulfil in the world.' 'Certainly; but it seems to me that if your views are right your highest duty is to send every one to heaven as fast as possible. On your principles every doctor should be put in jail, and the murderer honoured as a benefactor.' The effect of this *argumentum ad absurdum* was not only to convince the man of the extravagance of his beliefs, but to lead him shortly afterwards to become a communicant.

His frank, manly bearing, his devotion to his work, and his tact and skill in dealing with every variety of character, rendered his personal influence as powerful as his pulpit teaching. Yet the work seemed for a long time weary and disappointing. He often returned to the Manse so utterly cast down by the conviction that he was doing no good, that he would talk of giving up a profession for which he did not seem fit. It was only when he was about to leave the parish that he fully saw how mistaken he had been in his estimate of himself. The outburst of feeling from many of those whom he had looked upon as utterly indifferent, and the thanks heaped upon him for the good he had done, surprised and humbled him. It was not till the last week, not almost till the last Sabbath of his ministry in Loudoun, that he was in the least aware of the extent to which his work had prospered.

With several families in the neighbourhood he enjoyed the most friendly intercourse. Among these were the Craufurds of Craufurdland and the Browns of Lanfine; but the home which, for many reasons, afforded him some of his happiest, as well as most trying, hours was Loudoun Castle. Nothing could have exceeded the confidence which the venerable Countess of Loudoun and her daughters, the Ladies Sophia* and Adelaide Hastings,

* Afterwards Marchioness of Bute.

placed in him. They not only honoured him with their friendship and brightened his life by letting him share the society of the interesting people who visited the castle, but they also accorded him the privilege of being of use and comfort to them in many trying hours in their family history.

His domestic life at this time was of the freshest. His Manse was pitched on the summit of a wooded *brae*, beneath which ran the public road, and behind it lay the glebe, with a sweet burn forming a sequestered and lovely *haugh*. His natural taste for flowers ripened here into a passion, which was in no small degree inflamed by an enthusiastic gardener whose hobby was pansies and dahlias. Often on a summer morning, early as the song of the lark, might the shrill voice of old Arnot be heard as, bending over a frame, he discussed with the minister the merits of some new bloom. A pretty flower-garden was soon formed, and a sweet summer-house, both destined to be associated, in the minds of many, with the recollection of conversations full of suggestive ideas as to social, literary, or religious questions, and enriched with marvellous bits of humorous personification, and glimpses of deep poetic feeling.

Soon after he went to Loudoun his sister Jane came to reside with him, and continued for eleven years under his roof, his very 'alter Ego,' sharing his every thought, possessing his inmost love and confidence, and exercising the best influence on all his feelings. His habit was to rise early and devote the morning and forenoon to hard study, usually carried on in a room darkened so as to prevent distraction from outside objects. His studies were chiefly theology and general literature, his sermons being often delayed till late in the week. He devoted the afternoon, and frequently the evening, to parochial work, especially when visiting among the farmers, who

followed the good old Scotch habit of hospitably entertaining the minister when he went to their houses. These kindly meetings—his ‘movable feasts,’ as he called them—gave him an excellent opportunity of becoming well acquainted with each household in the ‘landward’ parish. But when he was at home, the evenings were usually spent in the enjoyment of music, in reading aloud, or in playing a game of chess with his sister. Highland pibrochs, and reels, and Gaelic songs, alternated with such old ballads as ‘Sir Patrick Spens,’ ‘The Arethusa,’ ‘Admiral Benbow;’ then came snatches of German songs, some Weimar-recalling waltz of Strauss, or the grand sonatas of Beethoven or Mozart. It was his delight to read aloud. Shakespear and Scott, and especially such characters as Jack Falstaff and Cuddy Headrig, were his favourites; and as at this time Dickens was issuing the ‘Old Curiosity Shop’ and ‘Barnaby Rudge,’ nothing could exceed his excitement as some new part of the story of Little Nell or of Dolly Varden arrived. Wordsworth, however, was his chief delight, and few days passed without some passage from his works being selected for meditation. But in the midst of all his cares and studies, he retained not only a boy’s heart, but a love of boyish fun perfectly irresistible.

These five years at Loudoun were the very spring-time of his ministerial life. Full of romantic dreams, and overflowing with hopeful enthusiasm, he seemed

“To hear his days before him, and the tumult of his life.”

Many a conviction was then formed, which afterwards germinated into notable action on the larger field of his future career, and many a line of thought became fixed, determining his after course. That sweet Manse-life, and the warm attachment of the parishioners, shed to the very last a halo, as of first love, over ‘dear, dear Loudoun.’

From his JOURNAL :—

“*Loudoun, Dec. 31, 1837. Sunday Night, 11 o'clock.*”

“This very time five years ago I was with dear James! Yes, dear boy, I remember you. I believe you are in heaven. Are you looking upon me now, Jamie? Are you looking with anxiety upon me, and longing to see me obtain the victory and be with yourself and our dear sister in heaven along with our beloved Saviour! By his grace that victory will be obtained. Yes, I have vowed to fight, and in God’s strength I shall conquer. I will trust in Him, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Dearest, we shall all meet. I know it. I believe it. Lord, help my unbelief!

“*March 15th.*—How shall I begin this day’s diary? I WAS THIS DAY ORDAINED A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

“Before going into the church, and while kneeling beneath the hands of the Presbytery, I was, by God’s assistance, enabled to devote heartily my soul and body to the service of my parish, which I trust may be accepted.”

To the Rev. A. CLERK :—

NEWMILNS, *March 25, 1838.*

“I was ordained here on the 15th. I feel as if the weight of those hands was still upon my head, crushing me with responsibility. But it was a delightful scene. Never was a more unanimous, a more hearty welcome, and with real good-will was my hand shaken, from the marchioness to the pauper. But the parish is in a terrible state—very terrible! Its population is four thousand. The rural part is good and respectable, and so is Darvel—because there a most admirable, intelligent, well-read, kind-hearted, frank, godly man, a Covenanting minister, has been, who goes into every good work with heart and soul, and ‘loes me as a verra brither.’ But Newmilns! What a place! Never, never, was there such desecration of the Lord’s Day: dozens and dozens of lads walking about and trespassing on fields, and insulting the people and fearing neither God nor man. A large proportion of the population are born before marriage! The mass of the youth are sent to work before they can read, and in a few years are inde-

pendent of their parents. In short, between drunkenness and swearing and Sabbath-breaking, the village is in a dreadful state—and may God have mercy on it! There is in all the parish an awful want of spiritual religion. The Hastings family are the most delightful I meet with. I am there as in my own home, and the time I spend with them is the happiest in the week. I do love them. But what, Archy, is to be done? Well, this much I will say—that I trust God has given me a deep-felt conviction of my utter inability to do anything. (At this very moment you would think a school was coming out, from the noise in the street!) I was going on to say that while on the one hand I am cast entirely on Him for help, yet I am also led to use all the means in my power to effect a change. I have been enabled boldly, in private and public, to exhort and rebuke and speak the truth. I have already visited a good deal and, as far as I could, preached Christ. I rise at six and write till nine—I must do this. Till five I am at the disposal of my parish; from that till ten I read and write. I begin upon Wednesday family visitation in this village. I will only attempt two days a week, and two hours each day; but I must, as soon as possible, get acquainted with the people, so as, under God, to try and put a stop to this monstrous wickedness. I will next year catechise. One thing I am determined to make a stand on, and that is, church privileges.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“My Manse is very beautiful. I am making many changes in the grounds. The birds are beginning to sing. ‘They are busy in the wood;’ and it calms me to sit in the woods and listen to them—for if God is so kind to them, and fills them with so much happiness, I feel assured He will never forget a minister in the church of His dear Son, unless he forgets Him.

“This is the first day I have fairly begun work in my parish. I studied from five to nine. Visited T —P—. He seems dying. He was the first sick person I have ever visited. I spoke to him by himself; found him, I think, indifferent. He admitted the truth of all I said, but I could not get him to close with the offers of Christ. It is my delight and comfort to expatiate on the fulness

and freeness of the Gospel without money and without price; for I find, as I did with P——, that they will not accept of Christ without bringing something to Him. And while they are willing to say that He is a Saviour, they will not say He is their Saviour. I spoke to him as solemnly as I could, urging him to accept Christ as He was, and to come to Him as he was—even as he would have to answer to God!

“*March 20th.*—A. M——, a perfect specimen of a deist—at one time an atheist, at another a deist—knowing nothing, believing nothing; harsh, impetuous, proud, prejudiced, yet believing himself candid—a difficult man; yet had two children baptized. I spoke an hour with him, but it is like combating the wind. I promised to send him books. [Yet this man afterwards became a communicant, and is, I hope, a sincere believer.]

“*June 7th, 1838, Loudoun.*—I am very happy here, and I believe I may say that I and the people are the best of friends. I never received greater civility—the very voluntaries came outside their doors to shake hands with me. The church is crowded to suffocation—stairs and passages, and I never use a scrap of paper. I have an odd congregation of rich and poor, lords, ladies, and paupers; but all sinners.

“*June 25th.*—I have had to-day, or this evening, much joy and much humility. A woman told me that I had been blessed for the good of her soul, and given her joy and peace; and I think she gave evidence from what I saw of her that she is a true believer. She gave me likewise five shillings for any religious purpose. She will and does pray for me. I wept much at this proof of God’s love. I—that I should be made such an instrument. But, blessed be God’s name, He may make a fly do His errands. He is good and gracious—and oh! I hope I may save some; I pray I may bring some to Christ, for His sake. May I be humble for all God is doing for me! His blessings crush me! May they not destroy me! May Christ be magnified in me!”

To a FRIEND:—

LOUDOUN, *September 20, 1838.*

“Oh that my soul were but one half hour saturated and filled with a sense of God’s love to me a sinner! If I could only obtain

one full and clear glimpse of the gulf to which sin has brought me and from which Christ has saved me, I know that I would go to the world's end if by any possibility I could lead another to see the same great salvation. Never, never can we succeed as ministers unless we are personally holy. Power, genius, learning, are mere skeletons—this the life; magnificent statues to call forth the highest admiration from men of taste and feeling, but not living things to love, to rouse to action, to point to heaven, to tell of heavenly things; and so it is my parochial visitations, my prayers at sick beds, my Sabbaths, my duties in school, that crush me most to earth.

“I had Lord Jeffrey in church. I never had a more fixed and attentive listener. Luckily, I was thoroughly prepared. I generally take eight hours to write a sermon. I rise at six. I never begin to commit until Saturday night—four readings do it. The church is crammed; they are sitting outside the doors, and come from all quarters. All this is very well, but what if God withholds the blessing? I pray He may be glorified. I do not understand your question. Answer me the following:—

“1. Do the posterity of Adam, unless saved by Christ, suffer final damnation on account of Adam's sin? If so, how is this reconciled with justice?

“2. How can we reconcile it with justice that men should come into the world with dispositions so bad that they invariably produce sin that leads to damnation?

“3. If the unregenerate are dead in sins, then all they do is sin; therefore, whatever they do in that state is abominable to God. Are their exercises and strivings so? their attendance on means of grace?

“4. Is the imputation of righteousness the transfer of the righteousness itself, or are the beneficial consequences of the righteousness alone transferred?

“Chalmers came to Kilmarnock to meet the Presbytery. It was the old story. He made a great impression. At one time how I did laugh! He had a bundle of letters from colliers, &c., about Stob Hill. He let them all fall in the precentor's box, where he was standing. He disappeared, searching for them. At one time you would see his back, at another an elbow, then his

head, reaching out the cushions of the seat to any one who liked to take them; in short, all topsy-turvy, and his face as red as a turkey-cock."

"*Newmilns, Jan. 2, 1839.*—I am getting on here slowly, but, I trust, surely. I continue visiting regularly, and find it of much benefit. I am enabled always to commence it by private prayer, and to lay the different cases before God on my return. Yet it is always mixed with prodigious formality, hypocrisy, and vain glory. Infidelity is getting rampant, and it was not known to have had so extensive a hold in the parish till I came here. They read Paine aloud to a party! I grieve, yet I have no fear. Fear is the child of Atheism. 'The people imagine a vain thing. The Lord will hold them in derision.' There are six things which I hope may be blessed, as useful instruments for doing good—a new church; second, an eldership; third, an infant school; fourth, prayer meetings; fifth, catechetical diets; sixth, an evening Sabbath class for young men; and I should add tenfold greater strictness in giving admission to the ordinances—'professing faith in Christ, and obedience to Him!' How much is in this! yet to this we must come, and by God's grace I shall come, if but one child is baptized in the year. Think only of a man asking baptism for a bastard child; he was a communicant; and when I asked, 'Who was the Holy Ghost?' he answered, 'I believe he was a man!'

"I was at the Assembly. I am, for a wonder, getting modest on Church politics, and begin to believe what I often feared—that I know nothing about them. Yet, like all who are ignorant, I have got a superstitious dread of something being wrong about the decisions of the High Side. All the old hands are alarmed, the young only are confident. A smoke was my only argument!"

To his AUNT, MRS. MAXWELL:—

LOUDOUN, *April 22, 1839.*

"I have just been looking out at the window. There is a thin, transparent mist along the bottom of the valley, with the tops of trees appearing above it, and above them the sky is calm and blue; the shrubs are all bursting into life, and the birds are busy in the woods, furnishing their manses with no *bills* but their own. There

they go! *Whit-ee whit-ee tui-tu-e-e chuck-chuck-tirr tu-e-e-tirr tui-tui roo-too.* If my poor mother heard them, she would say that they would hurt their backs, and that they were overworking their system. There is an old thrush opposite the window who will sweat himself into a bilious attack, if he does not take care. The old fool, I suppose, wishes to get married, or he is practising for some wedding, and is anxious to know whether or not he remembers all his old songs. My blessings on their merry voices. They do one's heart good. How exquisitely does Christ point to nature, linking the world without to the world within! 'Behold the fowls of the air!' Yes, let us behold them; they are as happy as the day is long; they have survived a dreary winter without any care or anxiety—and why? 'Their heavenly Father feedeth them.' How comforting the application, 'Are ye not much better than they?' Yes, verily; nearer to God, dearer to God; His children, not His birds. 'Behold the lilies how they grow!' There they are, under my window in hundreds; and yet, a short time ago they were all hid in snow, and now Solomon is outdone by them in beauty. 'Why take ye thought of raiment?' God, that gave the life, can give the meat; He who gave the body can give the clothing. He who takes care of birds and flowers, will take care of His own children. 'Wherefore do ye doubt?' He knoweth we need those things; if He does so, if He cares for us, why should we care? Let us seek, first, His kingdom and righteousness as the way to it; and God, who cannot lie, says, 'All these things shall be added unto you'—'added'—given over and above.

"My father talks of going to Ireland in ten days; if he does, I go with him. Everything goes on well in the parish—lots to do. The Manse is looking beautiful. Spring is the finest of all the seasons. Hope is its genius."

DR. MACLEOD, SEN., to MRS. GRAY:—

BELFAST, *Tuesday and Wednesday* (what day of the month, I know not), *June*, 1839.

"Norman, Clerk, and I, set out on Monday evening, on the self-same day on which you left for the Isle of Mist—we for 'the

sweet Isle of the Ocean,' the green, the charming Emerald Isle. The word was given, 'Set on,' and on we went, splash, splash. A noble boat the *Rapid*. We sailed as on a mirror—ocean reflecting the loveliness of the stars, the young moon, the Craig of Ailsa, and my face! We left the blue hills of Arran sleeping in calm serenity on the face of the mighty deep, and Lamlash Isle like an infant in its bosom.

"We had a most delightful sail up to Belfast on Tuesday morning. Reached it at eight o'clock, and went to the Synod. Norman and Clerk got a car and set off for Lisburn; from that to Loch Neagh, Lord O'Neile's place. I was received at the Synod with cheers. I attended two days, made a long speech, and heard most heart-cheering tidings of my Irish Psalms. I was much gratified. Norman returned on Wednesday evening literally daft; he laughed till he could laugh no more; he tried to pass off as an Irish wit among the beggars and people, but was beat to nothing by every man, woman, and child he met. They utterly confounded him. He met a bird-seller; he carried a fine blackbird, with a large yellow bill. 'What *bill* is that you are carrying through? Is it the Appropriation Bill, or the Emancipation Bill?' 'Dad, yer honour,' said Pat, 'it is neither the one, nor yet the t'other, but a better Bill than either; 'tis the Orange Bill.' He came up shortly afterwards to a poor man who had on a pair of wretched shoes, which he was endeavouring to drag after him, but no stockings. 'Who made your shoes, friend?' said Norman. 'He did not take your measure well.' 'Troth, yer honour, he did not; but look at my stockings,' said he, clapping the bare skin—'My own darling mother's stockings. Och, but it is themselves that fit!' He got many other ridiculous answers of the same kind. Adieu!"

To REV. A. CLERK:—

"We had a grand *soirée* in Glasgow for a Congregational library. I made a horrid fool of myself, *i.e.* stuck in my speech. No one saw it, but all allowed I had done scientifically ill. It was a splendid *soirée*. But I hate them. How can a man speak in an atmosphere composed of orange acid—the fumes of tea and toast,

boiling water, peat reek and gas, blown into a hurricane by the bagpipes? A *soirée* I take to be a sort of Evangelical theatre, where the ministers are the actors, and the stage need not be jealous."

From his JOURNAL:—

"June, 1839.— . . . Luckily Puseyism, while it is eating the vitals of the Church of England, has made no advances in Ireland of any consequence. It is too much like Rome. I have a horror for Puseyism. I fear it is of more danger to religion than Voluntaryism. We are not yet alive to the importance of the controversy in Scotland.

"Thank God for our Scottish Reformers. They lived far, far ahead of their age. The position which they occupied was highly scientific. I do think that the Church of Scotland, from her doctrine, worship, &c., is of all churches the best fitted to grapple with the spirit of the age. She cannot be reformed. We are skinned down to essentials—so much the better. 'Poor Ireland!' Poor for what? Nothing but the want of principle. Of what avail is it to put a maniac in a palace, a demoniac in a church? They endeavour to reform men by putting better coats on their backs. A man must have hell taken out of himself before he can be said to be out of hell."

"Dec. 23rd (*the anniversary of his brother's death*).—I think I may defy time to blot out all that occurred in December, '33. That warm room; the large bed with the blue curtains; the tall, thin boy with the pale face and jet black speaking eyes and long, curly hair; the anxious mother; the silent steps; then the loss of hope. The last scene! Oh, my brother, my dear, dear brother! if thou seest me, thou knowest how I cherish thy memory. Yes, Jamie, I will never forget you. If I live to be an old man, you will be fresh and blooming in my memory. My soul rejoices in being able to entertain the hope that I shall see you in heaven!"

"Jan. 9th, 1840.—This day received tidings of Lady Hastings' death. I feel my loss. A chain is broken which bound me with others to the parish. She was a deeply affectionate and most

captivating woman. I received the following letter from Lady Sophia,* written just before her death:—

KELBURNE, *Thursday Night, January 9, 1840.*

“‘When this letter is given to you my poor Mother will be at rest; but for fear that the new flood of affliction should overwhelm me and make me incapable of fulfilling my duty immediately, I will write this now, that there may be no delay, as you must receive it as soon as possible. When my Father died, He desired His right hand should be amputated and carried from Malta to be buried with my Mother, as they could not lie in the same grave, as He had once promised Her. His hand is in the vault at Loudoun Kirk, I am told, in a small box, with the key hanging to it. My Mother entrusted you with the key of the vault, and begged you would give it to no one. May I request you to go to Loudoun Kirk and take out the box and bring it here to me yourself, and deliver it into my hands yourself, should my brother not have arrived? And I believe *there must be no delay*—a few hours, I am told, will end Her suffering and begin our desolation.’

“I received the letter early on Friday morning; in half an hour I was at Loudoun Kirk. It was a calm, peaceful, winter’s morning, and by twelve I was at Kelburne.”

To the REV. A. CLERK, Aharcale:—

January 28, 1840.

“I am very happy here—though the death of dear Lady Hastings has made a great change to me. I assure you that few events have given me more sincere sorrow than this. I received intelligence at seven upon Friday morning that she was near her end. It was quite unexpected; and you know what a sickening thing it is to be awakened with bad news. I was requested by Lady Sophia instantly to go to Loudoun Kirk and get her father’s

* Afterwards married to John, Second Marquess of Bute, and mother of the present Lord Bute. The marriage ceremony was performed by Norman Macleod.

hand from the vault and bring it to her. In half an hour I was in the dreary place, where, but six months ago, I was standing with Lady H. beside me. When I contrasted the scene of death within, the mouldering coffins and 'weeping vault,' with the peaceful morning and singing birds—for a robin was singing sweetly—it was sad and choking. I was glad to be with the dear young ladies the first day of their grief. They were all alone. They have been greatly sanctified by their trials. They remain at Loudoun, I am glad to say. Lord and Lady H. are here at present.

"As to non-intrusion, I am persuaded you are wrong. The high party is destroying the Church."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February, 1840.*—The question of non-intrusion is agitating Scotland. This is the day for trying principles. The extreme views of truly good and spiritual men in the Church, and those of truly bad and material men in the State, will bring on a gale which will capsize her.

"How often do I speculate about writing books! I have thought of three; I generally think over a chapter of one of them when I have nothing else to do."

His sister Annie, who had been for some months seriously ill, and was sent to Loudoun for change of air, became at this time rapidly worse, and expired in his Manse.

"*September 5th, 10 o'clock.*—I have this moment returned from the next room, after seeing my darling sister Annie expire. She had suffered much for three days; but her last moments were comparatively tranquil, at least, those who have seen people die said so; but I never saw any one die before. We were summoned to her bedside suddenly. When I came, all were there. I prayed a short, ejaculatory prayer, that our Father would take His child; that Christ, the dear Redeemer, would be hers. My darling died at half-past nine.

"Her innocent laugh is still in my ears. Dead! Oh, what a

mystery! It was only when, two hours after her death, I knelt at my old chair, and cried to Jesus, that I felt myself human once more, and as I gave vent to a flood of tears the ice that for months had chilled my soul was melted; I felt again."

"*September 16th.*—Upon Friday the 11th dear Annie was buried. I look back upon the week she lay with us with a sort of solemn joy. It was a holy week. The blessing of God seemed upon the house. Friday was a very impressive day. Mr. Gray, Jack, and my father and I, went together from Glasgow to Campsie. Our old friends met us at the entrance of Lennoxton. It seemed but as yesterday when we had in mournful procession passed up that path before. The hills were the same. The same shadows seemed chasing one another over their green sides as had often filled me with happy thoughts in my young days. Yet how freshly did the text come into my mind, 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' This relieved my oppressed heart. I felt that amidst all the changes around me, God, and God's love, were the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. What a glorious thing is Revelation! 'Christ died, and rose again.' 'He died for us.' 'He rose as the first-fruits of those who sleep.' There is more wisdom, more comfort, more to heal, soothe, elevate the spirit of man in these facts than in all that the concentrated wisdom of man could offer."

To his MOTHER:—

LOUDOUN, 1841.

"I have been, and will be, if God spares me, this winter very busy educating both myself and my parish; but I never felt myself in more buoyant health and spirits. I have finished the second visitation of Darvel and Newmilns—that is, about seven thousand people—since I came to the parish. On Sabbath week our service begins at twelve, and from ten till half-past eleven I am to have a Sabbath School, which I hope will be attended by six hundred children. Thus, between my school in the morning, and sermon at mid-day and at night, I will be able to preach the Gospel to all

in my parish! Is not this famous? I have, besides my old Wednesday evening meeting, a class for young men on Tuesday evenings for instruction in the evidences of Christianity. I am now going through the prophecies. The family of the chief infidel are among my scholars. This seems hard work, but I assure you I am taking it very easy. There is not a blacksmith, or labourer, or weaver in the parish who does not do ten times more for time than I do for eternity. People talk a great deal of stuff about minister's work, or rather they talk a great deal of stuff themselves. I would do more, but quality and not quantity is what I wish. To show you how much idle time I have, besides walking, and teaching a starling to speak, I have read, 1st, Guizot's 'History of Civilisation;' 2nd, Arago's 'Treatise on Astronomy;' 3rd, Taylor's 'Lectures on Spiritual Christianity;' 4th, 'Campbell of Kingsland, Life and Times;' and I have nearly done with the fifth volume of Gibbon—all during the last five weeks! This shows you what a luxurious dog I am.

"I have just mentioned my starling! You never saw a more beautiful bird; and he goes flying about the room, and sits on my head, and eats out of my hand. I am teaching him to speak.

"I wrote Lord Hastings a very long and earnest letter about the church, but have received no answer. I shall do my duty, and use every lawful means to get a church for my poor people, come what may."

In sending the following letter, Principal Shairp writes:—

"All the remainder of his time in Loudoun I kept up correspondence with Norman from Oxford. Those were the years from 1840 to 1844, when the Oxford movement reached its climax. Often, when any pamphlet more than usually striking came out—No. 90, and others—I would send them to Norman, and would receive from him a reply commenting on them from his own point of view. That, I need hardly say, was not in accordance with the Oxford views. It was not only that he rejected the sacerdotal theory on which the whole movement was founded,—not only that, as a Scotchman and a Presbyterian minister, he could not be ex-

pected to welcome the view which made his own church 'Samaria,' and handed himself and his people over to the 'uncovenanted mercies;' but I used to think that neither then, nor afterwards, he ever did full justice to the higher, more inward quality of Newman's teaching, that those marvellous 'Parochial Sermons' never penetrated him as they did others. That sad undertone of feeling, that severe and ascetic piety, which had so great a charm for many, awoke in Norman but little sympathy."

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, Esq., at Oxford:—

27th March.

"Well, what think you of Puseyism now? You have read No. 90, of course; you have read the article on Transubstantiation—you have read it! Great heavens! Is this 1841? I have drawn the following conclusions from this precious document, and from Newman's letter to Jelf:—

"1. The Articles mean nothing.

"2. Any man may sign them conscientiously, be he Calvinist or moderate Romanist, only let him not oppose them openly.

"3. No Oxford man need go to Romanism either to adore (doulia) images, or praise the Blessed Virgin, or get a lift from the saints, or gratify himself by doing works of penance—he may get all this in a quiet way at Oxford.

"4. The Anglican system and the Popish system, as explained by the Council of Trent, are 'like, so very like as day to day,' that, but for a few fleecy clouds of no great consequence, a Catholic mind would never see the difference.

"5. No. 90 is a dispatch to the Popish army to send a few moderate battalions to support the Anglican Church in its flank movement to the left from the *corps d'armée* of Protestantism.

"And what is all this to end in?

"The formation of an Anglo-Popish Church, independent of the State?

"The consequent breaking up of Church Establishments?

"The formation of two Churches—a moderate Episcopacy connected with the State, and another, 'the Anglican Church,' by itself?

“An accession to the ranks of dissent?”

“The strengthening of Popery, and the battle of Armageddon?”

NOTES AND THOUGHTS FROM READING, THINKING,
AND LAUGHING.

LOUDOUN, *November 1, 1840.*

“Under the influence of one of those whims which sometimes act upon me like a breeze upon a windmill, I this Saturday night, 27th February, 1841, open this book (being at present, with the exception of what goeth before, as yet empty, albeit it is called a Book for Notes and Thoughts), for what reason I can hardly tell, except it be—

“1. The wish to put on record a strong suspicion I now begin to entertain—viz. that I have no thoughts which can stand inspection, better than did Mouldy or Mr. Forcible Feeble, the woman’s tailor, before Falstaff.

“2. To put to the proof one of those sayings which men believe, like ‘great laws,’ that a work begun is half done. We shall see.”

“The Church visible is to the Church invisible what the body is to the spirit—the medium of communication with the external world. As the body without the soul is dead, though it may look life-like, even so is the visible Church without the invisible. The Presbyterians, I think, legislated too transcendently for the Church. We forgot how much we are taught by visible things. We did not sufficiently value symbols. Popery makes the Church a body altogether. We forget too much that there is a visible Church; they, that there is an invisible.

“*As for Church government*, I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or, rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won’t suit another. What signifies whether a man reads with the gold spectacles of Episcopacy or with the silver ones of Presbytery or with the pinchbeck ones of Independence, provided that he does read, and reads better too with the one kind than the other, and

does not blind himself with the goggles of Popery? Though I hate schism, yet I do think that different governments are ordered in the wisdom of God, who knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust, to suit the different conditions of man. One man is born with huge veneration like a ridge on his head, ideality like hillocks; another with neither of these bumps, but in their stead causality or reasoning like potatoes, firmness like Ailsa Craig; another with combativeness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, like hen-eggs. Is it not a blessing that there is for the one an old cathedral with stone knights and 'casements pictured fair,' and seats worn with successive generations, and a fine bald-headed prelate; and that another can get a Presbyterian Church that will stand firm against Erastus, Court of Session, Kings, Lords, and Commons, and can hear long metaphysical sermons canvassing every system; and that the last can have his *say* in an Independent church, and battle with minister and elder: while, in each, they can hear what will make them wise unto salvation? All are spectacles for different eyes; and why fight?—why force a man to see through your concave, or be forced to read through his convex? You will both read wrong, or not read at all.

"I hate schism. It is a great sin to have a visible Church unless you feel that it is only a door to the invisible one.

"To reform Presbyterianism is like the attempt to skin a flint."

"A day of fasting for the sins of the Church has been appointed by the General Assembly to be kept on the 22nd of June, 1841. I fear some will add to its sin by fathering the most heinous faults upon those who oppose them in Church politics. One rule, I think, should be strictly kept to in determining what are sins—viz., those upon which all Christians will agree. There may be disputes about facts—*e.g.*, as to whether the Church is covetous or not—but there should be no disputes as to whether that is sin or not. This rule would exclude confessions anent patronage, intrusion, &c. The Church should have drawn up a form of prayer, and of confession—a unanimous one. The sins I consider as being the most marked in the Church at present are: 1. Covetousness—only £20,000 from the whole Church for the cause of Christ; not £20 from each parish! 2. Too much mingling of the Church with

the world; not separation enough. 3. Schism among Christians, and wrong terms of communion. 4. Strife, bitterness, and party spirit; a want of charity and love; a not suffering for conscience-sake. 5. Too much dependence on externals, acts of Assembly anent calls, &c."

"I read lately a very interesting book published by the Abbotsford Club; viz., 'Records of the Presbytery of Lanark from 1632 till 1701.' It is, I presume, a fair type of what the Church then was; and if so!—

"The Church then wished to make the Church the State, and the State the Church. The men in those days had no idea of true liberty. Toleration is a modern idea. Their maxims were: 1, You have liberty to think what is right, but none to think what is wrong. *We* (the Church) are to judge what is right; *ergo*, you can think only as we permit you (see also 'Confession of Faith,' chap. xx., last clause). They were a grossly superstitious set. The above Presbytery frequently incarcerated witches, and sent for a great ally of theirs, a certain 'George Catley, Pricker,' to riddle the old women with pins to find out the mark of Satan. And yet to these men we must go for wisdom to guide us in 1841! Mercy forbid! I am thankful to have none such Presbyterian inquisitors.

"The tendency of ultra-Calvinism (if not its necessary result) is to fill the mind with dark views of the Divine character; to represent Him as grudging to make men happy; as exacting from Christ stripe for stripe that the sinner deserved. Hence a Calvinistic fanatic has the same scowling, dark, unloving soul as a Franciscan or Dominican fanatic who whips himself daily to please Deity. They won't enjoy life; they won't laugh without atoning for the sin by a groan; they won't indulge in much hope or joy; they more easily and readily entertain doctrines which go to prove how many may be damned than how many may be saved; because all this seems to suit their views of God's character, and to be more agreeable to Him than a cheerful, loving bearing.

"A Calvinistic enthusiast and an Arminian fanatic are seldom met with."

“Dr. Payne of Exeter’s book, ‘On the Sovereignty of God,’ is one of the best I ever read. It has been a ring-fence to a thousand scattered ideas I have had on the subjects of which it treats. On election and atonement I think he is invincible. That Christ died for all, or none, seems as clear to me as day, not merely from the distinct declaration of Scripture, but from the idea of an atonement. If the stripe for stripe theory is given up, which it must be, a universal atonement is the consequence. The sufficiency of Christ’s death and its universality are one and the same. Election has only to do with its application.”

“The freedom of a man *quoad civilia*, as well as *quoad spiritualia*, will ever be in proportion to the sense entertained by himself and others of his dignity and worth. Hence the connection between Christianity and civil liberty, and hence the folly of Chartists and Revolutionists, and all who love or pretend to love the freedom of man, opposing the Bible, which alone makes known man’s dignity; denouncing ministers who every Sabbath proclaim it, and urge men to know and believe it; destroying the Lord’s Day, a day when this dignity is visibly seen by men meeting on the same spiritual platform—the same level; and refusing Church extension, which is but a means for bringing those blessings to the masses, and thus of helping them to obtain, use, and preserve freedom.”

“Much struck with a remark in Coleridge’s ‘Friend,’ ‘that the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature combine with the obscure and shadowy rather than with the clear and palpable.’ Hence I say: 1st, The fierceness of fanatics; 2nd, Fierceness of the ignorant in politics and of the mob. This accounts for a fact I have always noticed—viz., that in proportion to one’s ignorance of a question is his wrath and uncharitableness, if his feelings are but once engaged.”

“Truth may be recognised in the spirit when it is indistinctly seen by the intellect. No false proof should be removed which tends to good, until a true one is ready to replace it.”

“There are some men who, if left alone, are as cold as pokers; but like pokers, if they are once thrust into the fire, they become red hot, and add to the general blaze. Such are some ministers I know, when they get into Church controversies.”

“I am not surprised at David’s praying to God in the night-watches; in his rising from his bed and ascending to the roof of his house, and when the ‘mighty heart’ of the city ‘was lying still,’ and ‘the mountains which surrounded Jerusalem’ were sleeping in the calm brilliancy of an Eastern night, that he should gaze with rapture on the sky, and pour forth such a beautiful Psalm of Praise as ‘When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers.’

“The night is more suited to prayer than the day. I never awake in the middle of the night without feeling induced to commune with God. One feels brought more into contact with Him. The whole world around us, we think, is asleep. God the Shepherd of Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps. He is awake, and so are we! We feel in the solemn and silent night, as if alone with God. And then there is everything in the circumstances around you to lead you to pray. The past is often vividly recalled. The voices of the dead are heard, and their forms crowd around you. No sleep can bind them. The night seems the time in which they should hold spiritual commune with man. The future too throws its dark shadow over you—the night of the grave, the certain death-bed, the night in which no man can work. And then everything makes such an impression on the mind at night, when the brain is nervous and susceptible; the low sough of the wind among the trees, the roaring, or *erie whish* of some neighbouring stream, the bark or low howl of a dog, the general impressive silence, all tend to sober, to solemnize the mind, and to force it from the world and its vanities, which then seem asleep, to God, who alone can uphold and defend.”

“A holy mind is like Herschell’s large telescope, it sees by its great power heavenly truth much more distinctly than an un-renewed mind can, and also many others which are altogether unseen and unknown to others. But by the same enlarged powers

which enable it to see the glories of the heavens, is it able also, nay, cannot choose but see the dust and filth in the atmosphere of earth; let the instrument, however, be removed to a higher and purer region, and then it will 'see clearly, and not as through a glass darkly.'

"Is the gift of saving faith the gift of a telescope—a power to see truths which are unseen by the common eye? or is it the removing of mists and clouds that conceal truths, which but for those mists may be seen by every eye?"

MUSIC.

"*Irish Music.*—My father once saw some emigrants from Lochaber dancing on the deck of the emigrant ship, and weeping their eyes out! This feeling is the Mother of Irish music.

"It expresses the struggle of a buoyant, merry heart, to get quit of thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. It is the music of an oppressed, conquered—but deeply feeling, impressible, fanciful, and generous people. It is for the harp in Tara's Halls.

"*Scotch Music.*—A bonny lassie with her plaid, reclining in some pastoral glen among the braes of Yarrow, and waking the sleep that is among the lonely hills with some tale of love, domestic sorrow, or of 'the flowers of the forest, a' wede awa'.

"*Highland Music.*—The pibroch; the music of the past and gone, of lonely lakes, castled promontories, untrodden valleys and extinguished feuds, wild superstitions, and of a feudal glory and an age of romance and song which have fled on their dun wings from Morven. It is fit only for the large bagpipe in the hall of an old castle, with *thuds* of wind and the dash of billows as its only accompaniment.

"It is deep sorrow that is checked by lofty pride from breaking.

"Let foemen rage and discord burst in slaughter.

Ah then for clansmen true and stern claymore!

The hearts that would have shed their blood like water

Now heavily beat beyond the Atlantic's roar.'

“*German Music.*—The music of the intellect and thought: passion modified by high imagination. It is essentially Gothic, vast and grand. It is for man. The shadow of the Brocken is over it; the solemn sound of the Rhine and Danube pervade it. It is an intellectual gale.

“*French Music.*—A dashing cavalry officer on his way to fight or make love.

“*Italian Music.*—A lovely woman, a Corinne, breathing forth her soul under the influence of one deep and strong passion, beneath a summer midnight sky amidst the ruins of ancient Roman grandeur. It is immensely sensuous.

“*Spanish Music.*—A hot night disturbed by a guitar.

“*American.*—‘Yankee-doodle.’”

“*December, 1841.*—I am much mistaken in the signs of the times, if an episcopal era is not near for Scotland’s ecclesiastical history. To form an Episcopalian Church, *quoad spiritualia*, we have, 1st, The old and respectable and unchanged Episcopalian families of Scotland. 2nd, The lovers of fashion more than the lovers of God—the families who spend a portion of their time in London, and who like a ‘gentlemanly religion.’ 3rd, The rich merchants, who wish to wear the new polish, and to look like old State furniture; who, by buying country-houses, by marrying into good families, by getting hold of a property with an old title, and by joining an old form of worship, labour to persuade the world that they never sold timber or sugar since they supplied the Ark with these commodities. 4th, The meek and pious souls who love to eat their bread in peace, and who, weary of the turmoil in our Church, flee to the peace of the Church of England, which seems to reflect the unchangeableness of the Church invisible. 5th, The red-hot Tories, who fly from disgust at the Radicalism of our Church.

“The only checks I see to this tide, which I fear will set in for Episcopacy, are: 1st, Puseyism, which treats us as heathen, and will tend to disgust. 2nd, That the Church of Scotland is the Establishment. 3rd, That unless Episcopacy is endowed it cannot advance far. 4th, That if it attempts to get an endowment, we

must checkmate it by trying the same for our churches in England, and we would do more harm to Episcopacy in England, than they can to Presbyterianism in Scotland."

"*Sabbath morning.*—I put some bread for the birds on the window, and thought if God made me so kind to birds, He must be kind to His own creatures—to His own children. By-and-by two chaffinches came and fought for the bread, and one was beaten off; and yet there was abundance for both. Alas! how many who are richly provided for by God thus fight about the bread of life rather than partake of it together in peace and thankfulness. The robin is eating, but with what terror! picking and starting as if an enemy were near. Thus do Christians partake as if the Lord grudged what He gives—as if He would not rejoice that they took abundance."

"The best consistency is to be consistent to one's self, by acting every day up to the light of that day. To be governed not by any fixed point *ab extra*, but by the conscience *ab intra*, which will vary its judgments with every change of our position. The traveller who guides his steps in relation to one object, such as a mountain, who wishes to keep always at the same distance from that, may, indeed, keep moving and apparently advancing, but he is travelling in a circle round the one object; but he who is guided by the path will always be changing his relative position, and every step makes him inconsistent with the scenery; but he moves on and on, and advances into new countries, and reaches his journey's end.

"Know thyself, and be true to thyself! Thou art in the way of truth.

"The only consistent mariner is he who steers by the compass, though he is drifted leagues out of his course."

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can it be said that God willeth all men to be saved? Can He will any to be saved for whom there is no atonement?"

“If Christ did not die for all men, in what sense is He said to be the Saviour of all men, though specially of those who believe?”

“If Christ did not die for all men, how can all men be commanded to believe? What are they to believe? Is this not inviting to a supper insufficient to feed all the guests *if* they came? If it is said ‘God knows they won’t come,’ I reply, this is charging God with conduct man would be ashamed of. If He died, and they may, yet won’t believe, this is moral guilt, not natural inability. It is the guilt of the drunkard who cannot give up drinking; not the guilt of the man without legs who cannot walk, which is no guilt at all.”

“Sin, like an angle, does not become greater or smaller by being produced *ad infinitum*.”

“It is a pleasing thought that there cannot be different kinds of minds, as there are different kinds of bodies. Bodies have no type of perfection, to which they are in a greater or less degree conformed; no normal form after which they are modelled, their degrees of perfection depending on the nearness to which they come to this model. The zoophyte, or the hydra polype, is as perfect an animal as the elephant, as its parts are perfectly constructed in relation to the end it is destined to fulfil in the creation. But it is not thus with mind. It has a type—an image; and that is God. And to this image it must, whenever found in a right state (one according to God’s will and intention), be in conformity. To no intellect in the Universe can the relation of numbers be different from what it is to ours. It is impossible that God would ever create intellects to which two and two would be anything else than four. So in regard to moral things, right and wrong are still the same in the planet Herschel, or in heaven, as on earth. Wherever beings exist that can know God, they must be like God. We thus recognise in the angels the same minds and sympathies with ourselves. When they sing praises as they announce man’s redemption, we perceive the same minds, with the same sentiments and reflections as our own; and thus, too, mind becomes a conductor

which binds us to the whole universe of rational beings. Every mental and moral being is born after one image—God.”

*Letter to DR. DONALDSON, when requested to take the chair at a Burns' Festival, at Newmilns:—**

Dec. 1839.

“Only consider the matter seriously as a Christian man, and say how we can, with the shadow of consistency, commemorate Burns after sitting down at the Lord's Supper to commemorate the Saviour? I have every admiration for Burns as a poet; but is it possible to separate the remembrance of his genius from the purposes for which it was so frequently used, or rather prostituted? I would, I daresay, have admired and wondered at the magnificent picture which Satan exhibited to the Saviour, had I beheld it; but that would not be a reason why it would have been allowable to have commemorated the genius and power of the mighty being who had delighted my senses with his picture, without any reference to the good, or evil, intended to be done, or actually accomplished, by the splendid work itself. In the same way, however much I admire the beautiful poetry of Burns, I never can forget that, in a great many instances (and these affording me most brilliant examples of his powers) it has been an engine for vice; for over what vice does he not throw the colouring of genius?”

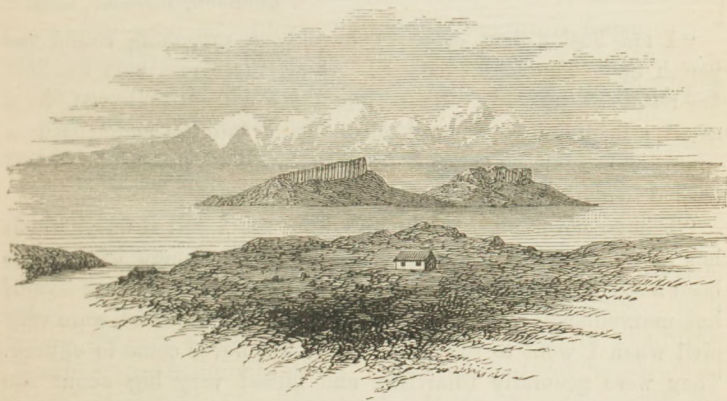
“I would willingly say nothing against him, unless I am thus publicly called upon to commemorate him publicly and to say something for him. I cannot, I dare not, as a Christian minister, do this; neither can I but in the strongest manner disapprove of any dinner to his memory. What I have said would, I well know, in the estimation of the world, be termed *cant*; but with the vast majority of thoughtful, well-informed Christians, it is a self-evident truth. Excuse this very hurried note, written amidst many labours. You may make what use you please of it.”

* It is interesting to compare his convictions at this period as to the proper course of duty with the position he assumed at the Burns' Centenary in 1859. (See Chapter XIV.)

From his JOURNAL :—

“ *August 4th.*—Went with Clerk to preach at Kilmorry, a station on the west side of Ardnamurchan. Had a fine view of the West Hebrides from the summit of the hill. The place where he preaches is very curious.

“ Before I went into church I sat down on a knoll to gaze on the scenery. I heard the sound of praise rising from the primitive edifice, and the lash of the waves of the great Atlantic on the shore, and between the hymn and the ocean and the majestic scenery around there was perfect oneness. They all praised God. But the dead cannot praise Him ; and what a lonely churchyard



VIEW NEAR KILMORRY.

that one was ! One stumbled upon it. I never saw such rude graves. I could not discover one name or one inscription. Among heather and weeds, you find a small spot raised above the surface, and a turf of heather over it, ill-cut and rudely put on. There is a fearful negligence shown here of the remains of humanity. The churchyards are not inclosed, and the graves are more rude than any I have seen in any country.

“ *7th, Sabbath of the Communion.*—The day was wet and stormy, but it was a pleasant day to us all. The English congregation, amounting to about twenty, met in the drawing-room of the Manse. There I preached to them and administered the sacrament.

It was a small but solemn meeting, and had a reality about it which I liked. It seemed more like primitive times than anything of the kind I ever saw. And *query*—had no ordained minister been in the parish, and had the parish been removed beyond St. Kilda, and had my worthy and intelligent friend, Mr. Clerk, senr., set apart the bread and wine by prayer for sacramental use, and had that company partaken of the same in order to remember Christ, would this have been a ‘mock sacrament,’ even though no ordained minister were present?”

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge.

LOUDOUN, December, 1842.

“I am busier than ever. I have been preaching round the parish upon Thursday evenings. At all those meetings I collect for religious purposes. Last Thursday I collected 31s. 6d. in a small schoolroom! I have also—don’t laugh—commenced a course of lectures on geology for the Newmilns weavers! It will extend to about ten lectures.

“I have never engaged in any duty, for I call it duty, which has given me such pleasure. You know that there has always been a set of shrewd, well-read, philosophical weavers here—vain, but marvellously well informed, and half infidel—who were very civil when I went to see them, but would never come to church. They were generally Chartists, and talked very big about the ‘priests’ not wishing the people to become well informed, and so on. Well, I hardly knew how to get to windward of these men, but I knew they had formed themselves into a ‘Philosophical Institution’ and sometimes got men to lecture to them from Kilmarnock. I hinted to one of them that I would willingly lecture. They sent a deputation to request me to do so. I agreed. Subject, geology. I have for the last ten years been fond of the science, and luckily I had just finished a two months’ course of reading on it, and had a large collection of all the best books. Well, not to make my story long, up I went to the village on the appointed night, expecting to find the members of the Institution only assembled, but I found the schoolhouse crammed with one hundred and fifty people admitted by penny tickets, and about fifty people

outside! You can have no idea, unless you knew the excitability of our people, of the interest these lectures have created: they speak of nothing else; old fellows stop and touch their hats and thank me. When I finished my second, men who used to avoid me gave me three rounds of cheers! and last Sabbath night I saw some of the *philosophers* in church for the first time. They have got the dissenting church for me to lecture in. I have got Buckland's map copied on a large scale, and we begin a spring course, to not less, I am persuaded, than six or seven hundred people! I think this is a practical lesson. Let a minister use every means to come in contact with every class, to win them first on common ground, and from thence endeavour to bring them to holy ground. Only fancy a fossil fern from the coal, the solitary specimen in the mineralogical cabinet of the institution, going the round of Newmilns as an unheard-of curiosity! Poor souls! if you knew how I do love the working classes.

“*Dec. 30th.*—The former part of this letter was written a week ago. It proves to you what a slow coach I am. I wanted to have written to you about our unfortunate Church, but the subject is too important to be dealt with in a letter. I have seen nothing published upon this subject which so completely expresses my own views as Morren of Greenock's letters to his congregation. If I can get them in a complete form I will send them to you. My principles may be shortly stated. The Church, as an independent power in spiritual things, agrees in forming an alliance with the State to act in reference (for example) to the induction of presentees into parishes in one particular way, out of fifty other ways she might have chosen, all being agreeable to the Word of God. This particular way is embodied in an Act of Parliament—a civil act—and consequently implies an obligation on the part of the two contracting parties, the Church and State, to obey its enactments. Of this civil act the civil courts are alone the constitutional interpreters, and we must either obey their interpretation or walk out. I wish the law was modified, but I can live under it. I believe there must be a large secession. No Government can yield to their demands.

“Write to me soon. This is a wild night. It is late. My communion is on the second Sabbath of January. Pray for me.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISRUPTION CONTROVERSY.

THE Disruption of 1843 forms an interesting and curious page in modern ecclesiastical history. The enthusiasm and stern devotion to duty which led hundreds of good men to leave the Church of their fathers, and peril their all for conscience sake, formed a startling spectacle in the midst of the materialism of the nineteenth century. It was no wonder that the appeal made to the generous sympathies of the nation—when the people saw so many of their most revered ministers sacrificing manse and glebe and stipend for what they believed to be their duty—received a generous response. And if the commencement of the Free Church was a remarkable illustration of the undying ‘*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*’—no less has her subsequent history been characterized by rare wisdom and energy. Every Christian man must ungrudgingly recognise the great good which she has accomplished. The benefits which have attended her devoted labours are too palpable to require enumeration. Her rapid multiplication of the means of grace at home and abroad, the wisdom of her organization, the boldness of her enterprise, the splendid liberality of her members, and the worth and ability of many of her ministers, have conferred untold blessings, direct and indirect, on the cause of religion. She has not only been a distinguished missionary agent,

but she has powerfully stimulated the zeal of other Churches.

Yet it would be untruthful not to recognise the evils which, we believe, accompanied the Disruption. Ecclesiastical strife, which introduced discord into every parish and into thousands of families, not only greatly destroyed the frank cordiality of social life in Scotland, but converted every community into a set of mutually suspicious factions, and thus did grievous damage to the Christian spirit of the country. For the zeal with which the claims of Church and party were advanced was too often characterized by a bitterness of temper, a violence of language, and a virulence of sectarian animosity, which promoted anything but Christian life as exemplified by humility, justice, and charity. When there was such denunciation of ecclesiastical opponents that their loyalty to the will of Christ was questioned; and when there was added to such presumption of judgment, the frequent refusal, in word and practice, to recognise the Establishment as a true branch of Christ's Church, an acerbity was imparted to the controversy which was far from being edifying to the public. This rivalry of the sects also tended to weaken the authority and impair the discipline of all Churches, and diminish the feelings of reverence with which the sacred office of the ministry used to be regarded. Those, moreover, who value a national testimony to religion not as a mere theory, but as exemplified in practical legislation, must regret the perilous issues which have ensued from the jealousy and division of the Churches in Scotland. Although there is, perhaps, no free country really so united in its creed, yet there are few where it has been more difficult to settle even such matters as education without risking every guarantee for religion.

It is certainly from no desire to re-open controversies, which, thank God, have in a great measure lost their

bitterness, that these things are referred to here. Most of those who took a leading part in the warfare have entered into their rest, and 'seeing eye to eye' have learned to love one another in the fellowship of the Church glorified. It is therefore peculiarly painful to recall a time of misunderstanding and bitterness. But in describing the part taken by Norman Macleod during years of keen and important debate, historical truthfulness, as well as the duty imposed on his biographer of throwing as much light as possible on the motives which then actuated him, and which led to the strong expressions of opinion sometimes to be found in his journals and letters, make it necessary to re-create, to a certain extent, the atmosphere which then surrounded him. If there are hard words sometimes uttered by him, it can be asserted, with all truth, that they owe their character chiefly to his intense desire for tolerance and love between Christian men and Christian Churches, and from detestation of that party-spirit which is ever so destructive of right Christian feeling.

For the sake of clearness, therefore, as well as of illustrating the position taken by Norman Macleod during this discussion, we shall state, as briefly and impartially as possible, the points at issue in a controversy which agitated Scotland to its centre, drove into hostile camps those who had been previously united by the most sacred ties, and is still affecting the public and private life of the kingdom.

The tide of fresh intellectual life which passed over Europe in the early part of the nineteenth century, causing in France the Revolution of 1830, and in Britain the Reform Bill of 1832, manifested its effects in almost every sphere in which the voice of the populace could be heard. It told with power upon all religions and all Churches, and as might have been expected, had a marked

influence on the Church of Scotland, whose government from the first had been democratic. With the quickening of political and intellectual life, there was also a revival, in the best sense, of spiritual religion. The earlier movements of this new life were towards objects of missionary enterprise, in which both parties in the Church vied with each other. The India Mission, the Education and Colonial Schemes, inaugurated by the leaders of the 'Moderates,' were heartily supported by the 'Evangelicals,' who, at the same time, led by Dr. Chalmers, were urging on Church extension with splendid tokens of success. The spirit of party was at this time chiefly manifested in the defence of Church Establishments against the Voluntaries, and the war, carried on mainly by the future Non-Intrusionists, was characterized by great argumentative ability, and by no little intolerance of spirit towards dissent. This campaign against the Voluntaries was closely connected with the events which followed within the Church and which led to its dismemberment. For the desire to popularise the Establishment as much as possible, and to show that her constitution ensured the same freedom and independence of government which belonged to dissenting communities, gradually led to a series of legislative enactments, on the part of the General Assembly, which raised the fatal *questiones vexatæ* that produced the secession.

Divested of the entanglements into which they fell, and viewed apart from the strict chronological order of events, the questions which ultimately divided the Church may be thus stated:—

I. They had reference to the constitutional power of the Church.

II. To practical legislation.

I. The two parties into which the Church was divided had divergent beliefs as to the nature of the spiritual independence which of right belonged to the Church.

The Non-Intrusion party maintained that in all questions, the subject-matter of which involved what was spiritual, the jurisdiction of the Church courts was exclusive, and that their sentences were unchallengeable, even when it was asserted by a party complaining, that the laws and constitution of the Church itself were being violated. The Church had also, according to them, the right to declare what was spiritual, and was in such cases quite free, not only to decide on the merits, but to change the forms of law regulating her procedure. They denied, moreover, that the Civil Courts had power to pronounce any decision which could touch the spiritual sentence, even in cases where a civil right was so involved that it could not easily be separated from the spiritual. The Ecclesiastical Courts were to stand to the Civil very much as the Court of Arches stands to Chancery.

They claimed, in short, for the Church constitutional powers co-ordinate not with the Civil Courts only, but with the State—a right not only to make new laws, but to be the interpreter of her own laws in every case where the question involved that which was spiritual, although civil rights were affected by it.

In all such things she was to be responsible to Jesus Christ alone as the Head of the Church.

The position of the other party was equally clear. They believed as firmly as their brethren in the duty of accepting no law which inferred disloyalty to the revealed will of the Great Head. They also claimed for the Church undisputed liberty in the exercise of her judicial functions. But they further asserted that when the Church, after due deliberation, had settled her own constitution, and had come to terms with the State as to the conditions on which she should accept establishment, and had satisfied herself that there was nothing in the statutes so establishing her which inferred disloyalty to conscience and the Word of

God, she had then become bound by contract, and had no right *proprio motu* to legislate in such a manner as to nullify her own constitution and the statutes to which she had agreed. These laws had become her laws, and held her in a certain fixed relationship, not only with the State, but with her own members and every individual who had a *locus standi* before her courts, whether minister, communicant, patron, or heritor. All these, the constitutional party maintained, had a right to see that they had the privileges of law, that they were tried by properly constituted courts, and with the observance of such forms of process as statute law and the practice of the Church herself prescribed. They also maintained that any one who deemed himself aggrieved by an infringement of law, was entitled to the protection of the Civil Courts. When disputes arose not respecting what the *law ought to be*, but as to what *was the existing law* by which the Church Courts and the members of the Church were equally bound, they held, that this being a purely legal question, fell of necessity to be determined by a court of law. It was but the law of contract applied to matters ecclesiastical, and the tribunal which could alone definitely settle what the terms of contract were must, in their view, be the courts of the country charged with the authoritative interpretation of law. While they yielded nothing to their opponents in claiming spiritual independence for the Church, they were of opinion that that independence, and the allegiance due to the great Head, were best secured by maintaining intact the constitution which the Church had adopted and which the State had, at the suit of the Church, confirmed. They held that no change could be made without the consent of all parties interested, and that to concede to any majority, which happened to obtain ascendancy in the General Assembly, power to alter the constitution of the Church, either as to doctrine or discipline, was not legiti-

mate independence, but licence which, if carried to its logical consequences, might ultimately destroy the Church.

Such were the different ideas of jurisdiction and of spiritual independence which were held by the two parties. They soon found an ample field for discussion in the questions which arose during the 'Ten Years' Conflict.'

II. The Assembly of 1834 was the first in which the 'High party' gained a majority over the 'Moderates,' and their victory was signalised by the passing of two Acts, which laid the train for all the disastrous consequences that ensued.

(a) The first was the Veto Act.

Although lay patronage had always been distasteful to a section of the clergy, and unpopular with the vast majority of the people, yet, with the exception of a comparatively short period, it had been in some form or other enforced by statute, and recognised in the practice of the Church ever since her establishment. The Act of Queen Anne, at all events, had been in force for more than one hundred and twenty years. The forms to be observed in the settlement of ministers were also of express enactment. It was the duty of Presbyteries to take all presentees on trial, and, if found qualified, to induct them, unless such objections were tendered by the parishioners as should approve themselves valid to the court. The liberty of judgment was to lie with the Church courts alone, without right of appeal.

But in 1834 the party which had become dominant in the General Assembly, professing to give greater effect to the will of the people, and to prevent the recurrence of such scandals in the working of the law of patronage as had occurred during the cold period of the eighteenth century, passed an Act which practically got quit of patronage by a side-wind. This was the Veto Act, by which power

was given to a majority of the male communicants, being heads of families, to veto the settlement of a particular minister without assigning any reason, Presbyteries being at the same time enjoined to accept this Veto as an absolute bar to all further proceedings. In this manner they hoped to secure non-intrusion, and nullify the evil effects of patronage. The power of judgment was thus transferred from the Church Courts to the male communicants, being heads of families; and the quality of the judgment was altered from one supported by reasons, to that of a Veto pronounced without any grounds being assigned. The majority in the Assembly which passed this law certainly believed they had constitutional power so to legislate. But not only did a large and influential minority—no less than one hundred and thirty-nine against a majority of one hundred and eighty-four—protest against it as *ultra vires*, but Chalmers himself had doubts of its legality, while he supported its adoption. After the passing of the Act, the constitutional party offered no factious opposition; they allowed it a fair trial, and in several instances it was acted upon without question. But at last, in the Auchterarder case, its competency was challenged by a patron and presentee, and the question was brought to an issue by a declaratory action in the Civil Court. The patron asserted that his civil right, secured by statute, had been infringed, and the presentee that his privilege as a licentiate of the Church to be taken on trial by the Presbytery had been denied. On the question of law thus submitted to them, the civil courts—first the Court of Session and then the House of Lords—decided that the Veto Act was *ultra vires*. The ecclesiastical majority then professed themselves willing to give up the temporalities, but refused to take the presentee on trial, or to proceed in any way with his settlement. In all this, however, the

State never interfered, and the Courts of Law pronounced their decision only because it was asked regarding the proper interpretation of a statute. No one sought to fetter the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Courts as to the fitness or unfitness of the presentee for the benefice, or as to the validity of the objections which the people might bring against him. All that was insisted on was that the Presbytery—and the Presbytery alone—was bound to try the suitability of the presentee, and that it was illegal to accept the simple Veto of ‘heads of families being communicants’ as a sufficient bar to induction.* The dominant party in the Assembly, however, would not listen to this reasoning. They claimed spiritual independence, and absolutely refused obedience to the Civil Court.

The next step irretrievably involved both parties. This was taken in the well-known Marnoch case. The Presbytery of Strathbogie, acting on the injunctions of the General Assembly, but contrary to the judgment of a majority of their own number, and notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, refused to take a presentee on trial. Upon this the presentee complained to the Civil Court. Before this tribunal the majority of the Presbytery appeared and stated they were satisfied that by the laws of the Church they were bound to take the presentee on trial, but that they were restrained by an order of the superior Eccle-

* Even the Act, 1690, c. 23, which is appealed to in the Free Church Claim of Rights as if it were the very charter of the liberties of the Church, while it vests patronage in the heritors and elders—giving them the right to propose a minister to a congregation for their approval—expressly requires disapprovers “to give in their reasons to the effect the affair may be cognosed upon by the Presbytery of the Bounds, at whose judgment and by whose determination the calling and entry of the particular ministry is to be ordered and concluded.” The Veto act, however, conferred on the people the right to reject a presentee without any trial and without assigning any reasons.

siastical Court. The Court of Session, however, told them that such an order was *ultra vires*, and ordered them to proceed. Their own convictions as to their duty being thus confirmed by a judicial sentence, they—unfortunately without waiting to throw the responsibility on the Assembly—took the presentee on trial, and having found him duly qualified, inducted him. For this act of disobedience to their injunctions the General Assembly deposed the majority of the Presbytery. The constitutional party, on the other hand, who were in a minority in the Assembly, accepting the decision of the Civil Court as a confirmation of what they had themselves all along maintained to be the law of the Church, felt themselves bound to treat the ministers, who had been deposed for obeying that law, as if no ecclesiastical censure had been passed. They appealed, in short, from the decision of the dominant majority to the obligations which the statutes establishing the Church imposed. Matters thus came to a dead-lock, and both sides found themselves in a position from which it was almost impossible to retreat.

(b) Another proceeding of the same General Assembly of 1834 led even more decidedly to a similar conflict—for by the law then passed affecting Chapels of Ease, a formal right had been given to Ministers of *quoad sacra* or non-parochial churches, to sit in Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies. The theory of Presbyterian parity, and some precedents which had not at the time been challenged, lent countenance to the Act. But its legality was disputed by the parishioners of Stewarton, in 1839, and, after trial, the Court of Session found it unconstitutional and incompetent. As Presbyteries are Courts which possess jurisdiction not only in matters spiritual, but in civil matters,—such as the building and repair of Manses, Churches, and the examination of schoolmasters—it was evident that any parishioner or heritor or school-

master, as well as minister, was entitled to object to any one sitting as a member of the Court who had no legal right to do so. The Non-Intrusion party, however, once more claimed supremacy for the General Assembly. The Church, and the Church only, they said, had the right to determine who should sit in her Courts; but the Court of Session held that it was a violation of the law of the land as well as of the constitution of the Church itself, to allow any minister to act as judge in a Presbytery who was not the minister of a parish, and issued interdict accordingly.

Confusion thus became worse confounded. With the view of reconciling parties, measures were proposed in Parliament for the settlement of ministers, in which the utmost latitude was given to the liberty of the people to object. One point alone was stipulated,—the Church Courts must decide whether the objections to the presentee were good or bad, and their decision was to be final. But even this was not satisfactory. Nothing short of such a *liberum arbitrium* must be given to the people as has been commemorated in the song—

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.”

The extreme party had taken their position, and it was not easy to recede from it. The ‘Ten Years’ Conflict’ waxed louder and fiercer as it approached its lamentable close. A Convocation of the Free Church party was held to mature measures for the final separation. Deputations were appointed to visit every parish whose minister was of the opposite party, and to stir up the people so as to prepare them for secession. The language used by these deputies was not unfrequently of the wildest and most reprehensible description. The choice they put before the country was ‘Christ or Cæsar.’ Motives of the most

mercenary description were too often attributed to the ministers who dared to abide by the Establishment. There was kindled, especially in the North Highlands, a fanaticism the intensity of which would now appear incredible. It was, in short, a period of untold excitement.

Norman Macleod was for a long time unwilling to be dragged into the controversy, and pursued his parochial duties with increasing earnestness, without entering into the strife which was raging around him. He was unfitted alike by temperament and by conviction for being a 'party man,' and until nearly the end of the conflict his sympathies were not greatly roused by the action of either side. He felt that the High Churchmen or 'Evangelicals' were, on the one hand, exaggerating the importance of their case, for he had seen noble types of Christianity in England and Germany under forms and conditions widely different from what were pronounced in Scotland essential to the existence of the Church. His common sense condemned the recklessness with which the very existence of the National Church was imperilled for the sake of an extreme and, at the best, a dubious question of ecclesiastical polity. In whatever way the dispute might be settled, his practical mind saw that nothing was involved which could hinder him from preaching the Gospel freely, or interfere either with his loyalty to the Word of God, or with the utmost liberty in promoting the advancement of Christ's kingdom. His whole nature was opposed to what savoured of ultramontane pretensions, however disguised, and knowing how easily 'presbyter' might become 'priest writ large,' he was too much afraid of the tyranny of Church Courts and ecclesiastical majorities, not to value the checks imposed by constitutional law. He was, moreover, repelled by the violence of temper, the unfairness of judgment, and the spiritual pride, displayed

by so many of the 'Evangelicals.' He had known and loved too many excellent Christian men among the so-called 'Moderates,' not to be shocked by the indiscriminate abuse which was heaped on them.

On the other hand, he had such reverent love for Chalmers, the leader of the 'Evangelicals,' and for many of the eminent men associated with him, that he was for a time led to sympathize with their side, without adopting the policy they advocated. Although he afterwards perceived the inconsistency of the utterances of Chalmers in this controversy with the whole of his previously declared opinions on Church and State,* yet there was a boldness displayed by the party at whose head was his old teacher, and a warmth and zeal for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, which appeared, to his eyes, in favourable contrast with the proverbial coldness of the 'Moderates.'

He did not, however, publicly commit himself to a side, nor did he, indeed, carefully examine the question, until the thickening of the storm compelled him to do so. A speech delivered by Mr. Whigham, then sheriff of Perth, opened his eyes to the true nature of the issue set before the Church. He went home to Loudoun, shut himself up in his study, plunged into the history and literature of the controversy, and fairly thought out for himself the conclusions which determined his line of action.

In April, 1843, a small section of the Church, known by the sobriquet of 'The Forty,' or 'The Forty Thieves,' attempted to take a middle course between extremes. They refused to identify the principle of Non-Intrusion with the Veto Act, or with its spirit, and were ready to accept as a compromise such an arrangement as afterwards became law through Lord Aberdeen's Bill, by which the utmost freedom was declared to belong to the Presbytery

* "Third Crack about the Kirk," *passim*.

to decide on the suitability of each presentee to the particular circumstances of the parish to which he had been nominated by the patron. They equally differed from the extreme 'Moderates,' who were content with existing law, and who did not desire any further popularising of the Church. 'The Forty' would undoubtedly have been content had patronage been done away altogether, and the bone of contention for ever removed.

Shortly after the declaration of 'The Forty,' Norman intimated to Dr. Leishman, its leader, his wish to append his name, expressing the characteristic hope that 'The Forty' would soon become another '45, to revolutionise the policy of the Church.

At last the war came to his own door, and he was roused to a public defence of his principles. A deputation had been sent to his parish, for the purpose of promoting secession, and of driving the people from his ministry. He at once addressed his parishioners on the disputed question with such effect, that their loyalty was secured almost to a man. He next wrote a pamphlet suited for the common people. It was in the form of a dialogue, conducted in pithy Scotch, and entitled, 'A Crack about the Kirk.' Its wit and clearness of statement at once attracted attention, and it passed rapidly through several editions.

The first 'Crack' was speedily followed by two others, which were hardly so racy in style, though perhaps quite as powerful in argument.

About the same period he found himself placed in a position of painful responsibility. The case which had determined the non-eligibility of Chapel Ministers to sit in Presbyteries had been that of Stewarton, in the Presbytery of Irvine. He was moderator of the Presbytery when the election of commissioners, to sit in the ensuing General Assembly of '43, was to take place. As

moderator it was his duty to keep the actings of the Presbytery in due form ; and as the decision of the Court of Session satisfied him that the ministers of Chapels *quoad sacra* had no legal position in the Ecclesiastical Court, he declared his determination not to admit their votes, and intimated that, should they insist on retaining their seats at the meeting of Presbytery, he would then separate, with all such members as should adhere to him, and constitute the Court from a roll purged of the names of all not legally qualified. ‘A circumstance had come to his knowledge,’ he said, ‘since the last meeting that materially weighed with him in the step he was about to take at this juncture. It had been declared by the public organs of the Non-Intrusionists,* and he heard it stated frequently in private, and never heard it contradicted, that it was the intention of the party which was about to secede, not to retire merely as a section of the Church, but, by gaining a majority in the Assembly, to declare the connection between Church and State at an end, and, moreover, to excommunicate those who remained in the Church as by law established. He would by all constitutional means, and at all hazards, do all that in him lay to prevent the venerable Establishment to which he was attached from being annihilated, and himself and his brethren from being held up to their people as excommunicated ministers. And to attain this object he felt it necessary for the members of Presbytery to send none but legally qualified commissioners to the next Assembly, and he saw no other possible course for accomplishing this than separating from their *quoad sacra* brethren. He would go further, perhaps, to evince his love and attachment to the Church of his fathers than by merely giving up a stipend ; and to separate from his brethren with whom he had associated in the Presbytery, was as sore a

* *Vide the Presbyterian Review*, April, 1843.

trial as any he had yet met with. . . . While he gave the utmost credit to his brethren on the opposite side for the sincerity of their intentions, he claimed the same credit from them for his conduct in this matter, as being dictated by a conscientious sense of duty.' He accordingly separated with those who adhered to him, and the first split in the Church took place.

He was a member of the famous Assembly of '43, and used to recount the strange vicissitudes of that eventful meeting. He gives some reminiscences in letters and journals, but they are meagre compared with those to which his friends have frequently listened. 'The sacrifices,' he often said, 'were certainly not all on one side.' With indignant energy he portrayed the trial it was to the flesh to keep by the unpopular side and to act out what conscience dictated as the line of duty. If it was hard to go out, it was harder to stay in. It would have been a relief to have joined the procession of those who passed out amid the huzzas of the populace, and who were borne on the tide of enthusiasm,—greeted as martyrs and regarded as saints, in place of remaining by the apparent wreck of all that was lately a prosperous Church. The heart sank at the spectacle of those empty benches where once sat Chalmers and Welsh and Gordon, and such able leaders as Candlish and Cunningham; while the task of filling up more than four hundred vacant charges, and reorganizing all the foreign missionary agencies of the Church, which had in one day disappeared, was terribly disheartening. There was no encouragement from the outside world for those who began with brave hearts to clear away the wreck. Scorn and hissing greeted them at every turn, as men whose only aim was 'to abide by the stuff.' One unpopular step had to be resolutely taken after another, and the impolitic legislation of the last ten years reversed. Unless there had been in his mind a deep

sense of duty, Norman Macleod was the last man in the world to undertake the dreary task which for many a day was assigned to him and to his brethren. But he did not hesitate. Although his heart was burdened by its anxieties, he took his place from that day onward as a 'restorer of the breach,' and was spared to see that the labours of those who endeavoured in the hour of danger to preserve the blessings of an Established Church for the country had not been thrown away.

And the history of both Churches has since then amply vindicated the position taken by the party which was then ready to move for reform without disruption. The policy of 'The Forty' has been practically followed by the Church for several years past, and it is that, on the one hand, which has led to the gradual removal of the difficulties affecting Chapels of Ease, by erecting them into Endowed Parishes *quoad sacra*, and which, on the other, has obtained from Parliament a total repeal of the Law of Patronage. The problems which disturbed the Church have thus been settled by patient and devoted labour, conducted in a spirit of toleration and charity towards others, and with an honest endeavour after reconstruction on a sure and national ground.

It is not too much to say that to many minds the history of the Free Church has presented a marked contrast to this. In spite of her great energy, they believe that she has failed to solve the difficulty she herself raised as to the relationship of Church and State. In the Cardross case, her claim to spiritual independence within her own denomination was judicially denied. May it not therefore be questioned whether, after little more than thirty years' existence, she does not really find herself without a logical position between Voluntaryism and the Establishment?

Norman Macleod made two speeches during the

memorable Assembly of 1843—the first being in reference to a motion of Dr. Cook for rescinding the Veto. A distinguished minister of the Church, who was then a student, records the deep impression which this speech made. The courage and Christian enthusiasm of its tone, he says, inspired confidence in the hearts of many who were almost despairing, and for his own part greatly confirmed his loyalty. When he heard it he exclaimed, ‘There is life in the old Church yet,’ and gave himself anew to its ministry. Only a condensed report remains of this speech, but the following extract gives some idea of its bearing:—

‘Difficult as the task is which those who have left us have assigned to us, I, for one, cheerfully but yet with chastened and determined feelings, accept of it. I do so, God knoweth, not for my own ease and comfort. If I consulted them, or any selfish feeling, I would take the popular and easy method of solving all difficulties, by leaving the Establishment; but I am not free to do so. I glory in declaring that this is not a Free Presbyterian Church. We are not free to legislate beyond the bounds of the constitution; we are not free to gratify our own feelings at the expense of the good of the country. Neither are we free from the weaknesses and infirmities of humanity—its fears, despondencies, and anxieties. No! we are bound, but bound by honour, conscience, and law—by the cords of love and affection—to maintain our beloved Established Church, and, through it, to benefit our dear fatherland. And I am not afraid. By the grace of God we shall succeed. We shall endeavour to extinguish the fire which has been kindled, and every fire but the light of the glorious Gospel, which we shall, I hope, fan into a brighter flame. And the beautiful spectacle which was presented to us on Sabbath evening in the dense crowd assembled here to ask the blessing of God on

our beloved Church, enabled me to distinguish amid the flames the old motto flashing out, 'Nec tamen consumebatur.' We shall try to bring our ship safe to harbour, and if we haul down the one flag 'Retract! No, never!' we shall hoist another, 'Despair! No, never!' And if I live to come to this Assembly an old man, I am confident that a grateful posterity will vindicate our present position, in endeavouring, through good report and bad report, to preserve this great national institution as a blessing to them and to their children's children.'

To the REV. A. CLERK, Ardnamurchan.

LOUDOUN MANSE, *February 18th, 1843.*

"How thankful ought you to be for your lot being cast in a parish which is known only to a few sea-fowl, to Sir John Barrow, or the Trigonometrical Survey! No convocationist can find you out—no *Witness* or *Guardian* newspaper has any conception where you are—no Commission would know where to send for you if they wished to depose you. The Church and State may be severed during your life ere you hear of the dissolution, or suffer by it. Happy recluse! fortunate eremite! Pity a poor brother who is tossed on the sea of Lowland commotion. He needs both pity and sympathy.

"To be serious—for this is too serious a time for joking—I am most anxious to give you an account of my personal adventures in this troublous time, and to lay before you, for your kind, candid, and prayerful advice, the position in which I may very soon be placed. You know how earnestly I have tried to keep out of this Church question. Not that I was by any means indifferent to its importance, for it is connected with the question of the age (as it has been the question of ages gone by, viz., the relation of Church and State, and their mutual duties), and which, in one form or other, is discussed over Europe. Neither was I indolent in acquiring information on the subject, as my extensive collection of pamphlets, my Church history notes, my underlined Books of

Discipline, Acts of Assembly and of Parliament, my repeated conversations with men of *both* parties, and my own conscience, can testify. But my *heart* does not sympathize with controversy. I hate it. It is the worst way of getting good. It is at best a sore operation; rendered, perhaps, necessary by the state of the body politic—but nevertheless a sore operation; and I hate the cutting, flaying, bleeding, connected—I fear, inseparably—with all such modes of cure. Besides, whatever opinion I might have of their system of Church and State government, I really do not like the *animus* of the Edinburgh *clique*. There is a domineering, bullying temper about many of them, a sort of evangelical method of abusing, and a conscientious way of destroying a man's character and making him have the appearance of being evil, which I loathe. The cold, gentlemanly Moderate, in spite of his many faults, is more bearable to my flesh and blood than the loud-speaking high professor, who has as little real heart for religion as the other. I would rather — than — or —. The one may be a Sadducee, the other looks like a Pharisee. I would sooner have the glacier than the volcano. Pardon me, Archy, for saying this, but I am heartily vexed with what I have lived to see done under the cloak of Evangelism. I now begin to understand how the Puritanism of Charles I.'s time should have produced libertinism in the reign of Charles II.—aye, and the persecution too. Well, I am digressing from my theme. I said that I wished to keep out of this *row*, and to do my Master's work and will in my dear, dear parish. I hope to be let alone to win souls quietly in this sweet bay where we only felt the pulse-beating of that great ocean which was roaring and raging outside. But no! The country must be raised and excited, and my parish, of course, did not escape. When absent at Kilninver, I heard that B. of L. and W. of B. had been making arrangements for a meeting, both in Newmilns and Darvel. The evening came—B. was unwell, and W. alone arrived. The place of meeting was the Secession Church in Newmilns (contrary to Mr. Bruce's mind), and the Cameronians' meeting-place in Darvel. I went to the first meeting, at seven o'clock. Newmilns, you know, has nearly two thousand inhabitants, besides the country round. There were about a hundred in church; of these, sixty were Chartists, and

the rest Dissenters and Churchmen. W. spoke for an hour—very tamely and very lamely, I thought, but was perfectly civil. If you only heard his arguments! The gist of the first part of his speech was this:—The Church ought to obey the Bible—the Bible says, ‘Beware of false prophets;’ ‘Try the spirits,’ &c. These are commands, duties which must be performed, and necessarily imply liberty and power on the part of the Christian people to judge. The *ergo* was the amusing thing from these premises—*ergo*, the Church passed the Veto Act! which gave the privilege to the male head of families to object! He went on thus until he came to that which a sausage has—the end, and then said that if any elders or communicants present wished to sign their names to certain resolutions they would have an opportunity, and mentioned how successful he had been in other parishes. I could stand this no longer, but sprang up—to the visible astonishment of W.—and told the people if they had any confidence in me not to give him one name, and I would take an early opportunity of satisfying them that the question was a much more difficult one than it was represented to be by Mr. W——. He said nothing, but gave the blessing!—for what, no one knew, for he did not get one name! In Darvel, however, he got twenty or so. Well, on Sabbath, after explaining my position, I intimated a meeting with my people upon the Tuesday following. I had been reading hard for weeks on the subject, and had the facts at my finger ends. The evening came, and the church was crammed with all sects and parties. I do believe I never had a greater pressure on my soul than I had before this meeting. I did not so much possess the subject as the subject possessed me. Between anxiety to do right, and a feeling of degradation that I should be looked upon by even one Christian brother as inimical to the Church of Scotland, not to speak of the Church of Christ, I was so overcome that during the singing of the Psalm—

‘Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,’

I wept like a very child. I spoke, however, for three-and-a-half hours, and not a soul moved! Never did I see such an attentive audience.

“The result has been most gratifying. Of ten elders not one has left me! This is singular, as I believe only two in the whole town of Kilmarnock have refused to join the Convocation. The people are nearly unanimous, or, at all events, are so attached to me personally that they are about to present to me a gold watch and an address from all parties. I would be very ungrateful to God if I were not both gratified and humbled by this proof of my dear people’s good-will to me.

“I am satisfied that a great mass of the community is sick of this business. The people feel no practical evil—and no nation was ever yet roused to revolution by a mere theory. Had it not been for indulgences and such like practical evils Luther would not have had material with which to begin the war, though, after it was once begun opinions could keep it agoing. If the Covenanters had not been shot and bayoneted, no theory regarding Church or State would have made them sleep in moss-bogs or fight at Drumclog.

“What do you think of C. of C. saying, ‘The Lord Jesus Christ will have left the Church when we go!’ One of the Rothesay ministers, I am told, said the other day, that the Devil was preparing a cradle in hell for the opposition! Yet I daresay, in a century after this, we shall have some partisan historian writing whining books about these persecuted, self-denying, far-seeing saints, and describing all who oppose them as lovers of the fleece, dumb dogs, and all that trash.”

To his sister JANE.

“I am very *dowie* and cast down—not because I am alone, for I love the bachelor life every day more and more, and delight in the independence with which I can rise, eat, read, write when I like!—but this Church of ours is going between me and my sleep.

“There was a private meeting of our party the day before yesterday at Irvine. All that was done was strictly private but most important; and only think of this—just think of it—that I, Norman Macleod, shall certainly be OBLIGED to make THE move which will beyond a doubt first separate the Church into two parts!! This is in confidence. It is making my head grey. As

Strong says, I am this moment the Archbishop of Canterbury. My simple vote as Moderator will decide the game one way or another. In short, the hurricane is only beginning. The explosion is to come, and *I!!!* must fire the train. Well, I think I will get enough of acting now, and no mistake. Suspension, and anathemas loud and deep from the *Witness*, are all before me as possibilities. You can fancy my cogitations, my working out of problems. David Strong came here and spent yesterday with me. He went away to-day. We had a delightful walk together. He goes with us, and we feel as one. I gave a great blowing up to —, who said with a sneer when he heard me express my many difficulties, ‘Oh, it is quite plain that Macleod does not like it!’ ‘Like it!’ I said, turning round on him like a tiger, ‘let me assure you, sir, that I look upon it as one of the sorest trials that has ever come my way, and that I would give a year’s stipend and ten times more to get quit of it.’ All the others backed me.”

To the SAME:—

EDINBURGH, *Thursday Morning, Half-past Seven, May, 1843.*

“The day has come, beautiful in the physical world, but thundery and ominous in the moral one. All the ‘Convocationists’ are going out. They have been unanimous. No vote is to be taken on any point. They lodge a protest and walk. The excitement is prodigious. I am very sad, but in no way frightened. Many are acting from fear of public opinion as much as anything else. . . .”

To the SAME:—

Thursday Evening, May 18, 1843.

“They are off. Four hundred and fifty ministers and elders, one hundred and fifty members. Three have gone since the Queen’s letter was read. Welsh’s sermon was the *beau idéal* of one. Everything in their conduct was dignified.

“God bless all the serious among them. The row is only beginning. I am to protest against the Strathbogies. I am lighter than in the morning, though very *dowie*. I think we

MAY, by God's blessing, survive. An immense crowd in the New Assembly. Welsh, and then Chalmers, moderator. The procession was solemn, I am told. Some sad, but others *laughing!* The contrast between the old and the young was very striking.

"P.S.—They are out of the Church."

"I take my stand for Constitutional Reform. *We are at our worst.* IF we survive this week we shall swim. How my soul rises against those men, who have left us to rectify their blundering, and then laugh at our inability to do so."

To the SAME:—

Tuesday, May 23.

"I have but five minutes. The Strathbogie case is over, thank God! I think we may swim. It was to me a terrible night. I spoke till half-past twelve P.M. I voted twice yesterday against my old friends. I could not help it. I followed my own judgment. Great gloom, but not despair. Four hundred and fifty have this day for ever abandoned the Church."

To the SAME:—

Thursday.

"No one but a member of Assembly—and of such an Assembly as the present—can understand how difficult a thing it is to command quiet time and quiet thoughts, so as to be enabled to write a legible and interesting letter. I am unfit for the task.

"We are going ahead slowly; our disagreeable work is now nearly over. We yesterday reached zero, when the whole Free Presbyterians formally resigned their status as parish ministers. I believe I intensely realise the position of our Church, which some of the Aberdeenshire 'Moderates' do not. The best temper prevails in the Assembly upon the whole, but upon our weak side there is a general gloom when contemplating the awful task before us of filling up four hundred and thirty vacancies, in the face of an agitation conducted by four hundred and thirty sworn, able, energetic enemies. I look forward to five years as the period of reaction. We shall have, 1, fearful religious excitement or hysterical revivals, the women and ladies leading; 2, starvation from the

effect of voluntaryism; 3, ecclesiastical tyranny; 4, a strong, united combination of all Dissenters against 'all the Establishments of this country,' to borrow ——'s words; and when these features of this secession begin to manifest themselves then, but not till then, will the tide fully turn.

"I wait in hope and with patience. I am ashamed at the cowardice and terror of many of our ministers. I feel the secession deeply, but I am possessed with a most chivalrous and firm determination to live and die fighting for this bulwark of Protestantism, this ark of righteousness, this conservator of social order and religious liberty, the dear old Kirk.

"May God help us, and then I will not fear what man can do. I trust that posterity will vindicate our doings. It is for future generations we are now suffering. —— has tried to cut up my speech, but he must have known that I never meant what he alleges. But there is, I grieve to think it, a great want of honour amongst a certain set of these men. I am just informed that I am to be offered an Edinburgh church. This will put a finish to my troubles. I dare not think of the subject. I hope I have one feeling—a desire to sacrifice myself for my country; but whether will I do most good, in Loudoun, dear Loudoun, or here? As to the living, poor as it is, and much as I have to pay, I could bear with it."

To the SAME:—

May 27, 1843.

"I am at present, I begin to suspect, rather a black sheep among the 'Moderates,' because I dare to have a mind of my own, and to act as a check, though a fearfully trifling one, on their power. Another day is coming; and, come what may, there shall be one free Presbyterian in Scotland who will not give up his own understanding or conscience to living man.

"I intend to give my farewell speech on Monday. We have been as cold as ice and looking as if we were all to be shot. The Free Church is carrying it on most nobly. They know human nature better than we do. But defence never has the glory of attack. I leave all to posterity, and am not afraid of the verdict.

I saw a tomb to-day in the Chapel of Holyrood with this inscription, 'Here lies an honest man.' I only wish to live in such a way as to entitle me to have the same *éloge*.

"My father is off. My soul is sick."

From his JOURNAL:—

"June 2nd, 1843.—I have returned from the Assembly of 1843, one which will be famous in the annals of the Church of Scotland. Yet who will ever know its real history? The great movements, the grand results will certainly be known, and everything has been done in the way most calculated to tell on posterity (for how many have been acting before its eyes!); but who in the next century will know or understand the ten thousand secret influences, the vanity and pride of some, the love of applause, the fear and terror, of others, and, above all, the seceding mania, the revolutionary mesmerism, which I have witnessed within these few days.

"It was impossible to watch the progress of this schism without seeing that it was inevitable.

"To pass and to maintain at all hazards laws, which by the highest authorities were declared to be inconsistent with and subversive of civil statutes, could end only in breaking up the Establishment. So Dr. Cook said. So Dr. McCrie said in his evidence before the House of Commons. The Procurator told me that when the Veto Law was first proposed, Lord Moncrieff gave it as his opinion that the Church had power to pass it; that he was unwilling to go to Parliament for its approval until it was certain that its approval was necessary, but that should this become apparent, then unquestionably the Church ought to apply for a legislative enactment. This advice was not taken, and all the subsequent difficulties have arisen out of the determination to force that law.

"The event which made a disruption necessary was the deposition of the Strathbogie ministers for obeying the interpretation of statute law given by the civil court, instead of that given by the Church court. The moment one part of the Church solemnly deposed them, and another as solemnly determined to treat them

as not deposed, the Church became virtually two Churches, and their separation became inevitable.

“ Thursday, the 18th, was a beautiful day ; but a general sense of oppression was over the town. Among many of the seceding party, upon that and on the successive days of the Assembly, there was an assumed levity of manner—a smiling tone of countenance, which seemed to say, ‘ Look what calm, cool, brave martyrs we are.’ There were two incidents which convinced me that the old and soberer part of the seceders had a very different feeling from the younger and more violent, regarding the magnitude and consequence of this movement. I was in St. Giles’s half an hour before Welsh began his sermon ; two or three benches before me ——— and ———, with a few of this *hot* genus omne, were chattering and laughing. During the singing of the Paraphrase old Brown (dear, good man) of St. John’s, Glasgow, was weeping ; but ——— was idly staring round the church. So in the procession some were smiling and appeared heedless, but the old men were sad and cast down. Welsh’s sermon was in exquisite taste, and very calm and dignified ; but its sentiments, I thought, were a century ahead of many of his convocation friends. His prayer at the opening of the Assembly was also beautiful. The Assembly presented a stirring sight. But still I was struck by the smiling of several on the seceding side, as if to show how light their hearts were when, methinks, they had no cause to be so at the beginning of such a great revolution. The subsequent movements of the two Assemblies are matters of history. The hissing and cheering in the galleries and along the line of procession were tremendous.

“ Never did I pass such a fortnight of care and anxiety. Never did men engage in a task with more oppression of spirit than we did, as we tried to preserve this Church for the benefit of our children’s children.

“ The Assembly was called upon to perform a work full of difficulty, and to do such unpopular things as restoring the Strathbogie ministers, rescinding the Veto, &c. We were hissed by the mob in the galleries, looked coldly on by many Christians, ridiculed as enemies to the true Church, as lovers of ourselves, seeking the fleece ; and yet what was nearest my own heart and that of

my friends was the wish to preserve this Establishment for the well-being of Britain. While 'the persecuted martyrs of the covenant' met amid the huzzas and applauses of the multitude, with thousands of pounds daily pouring in upon them, and nothing to do but what was in the highest degree popular; nothing but self-denial and a desire to sacrifice name and fame, and all but honour, to my country, could have kept me in the Assembly. There was one feature of the Assembly which I shall never forget, and that was the *fever* of secession, the restless nervous desire to fly to the Free Church. No new truth had come to light, no new event had been developed, but there was a species of frenzy which seized men, and away they went. One man (——, of ——) said to me, 'I must go; I am a lover of the Establishment, but last autumn I signed the convocation resolutions. All my people will leave me. I never will take a church left vacant by my seceding brethren. If I do not, I am a beggar. If I stay, I lose all character. I must go;' and away he went, sick at heart; and many I know have been unconsciously led step by step, by meetings, by pledges, by rash statements, into a position which they sincerely lament but cannot help. There are many unwilling Latimers in that body. This I know right well. It amuses me, who have been much behind the scenes, to read the lithographed names of some as hollow-hearted fellows as ever ruined a country from love of glory and applause. But there are also many others there who would do honour to any cause.

"What is to be the upshot of this?"

"1. The first rock I fear is fanaticism in Ross-shire and other parts of the country, such as has been witnessed only in America. I have already heard of scenes and expressions which would hardly be credited. (*Nov.*—The riots in Ross-shire show that this has been fulfilled!)

"2. A union with all the Voluntaries to overthrow the Establishments of this country.

"3. Ecclesiastical despotism on the part of the laity and influential clergy.

"4. The consequence of this will be, the retiring of the more sober-minded from their ranks.

"5. Action, excitement, and perpetual motion are absolutely

necessary to the existence of this Free Church; and it is impossible as yet to foresee whether it will blow up itself, or blow up the whole British constitution, or sink into paltry dissent.

“I hope it will also stir up the Establishment and purify us, make us more self-sacrificing and self-denying than ever, and so all these disasters may advance the Redeemer’s glory.

“*Aug. 14.*—What an important period of my personal history has passed since I wrote my last Diary! Since the division in the Presbytery of Irvine until this moment the troubles in the Church, the writing of pamphlets, the disruption, the Assembly, the preachings, the attending meetings, the refusing of parishes, has altogether formed a time long to be remembered.

“Let me try and jot a mere table of contents.

“1.—PUBLIC LIFE.

“1. I was Moderator of the Presbytery when it separated on the business of the ministers of Quoad Sacra churches. I moved to retire, probably never as a presbytery to meet again! I did this, after much hesitation and many deep and, I hope, prayerful anxieties, (1) Because I believed that it was law. (2) Because while it was the law, as stated by the courts of the country, which I conceive were alone competent to do so, and so the condition on which the Church was established, it did not interfere with the law of Christ, as I see nothing in the New Testament which makes it necessary for ministers to rule in Church courts. The preservation of the Establishment I felt to be more necessary. (3) It was the avowed intention of the High Church party to get the majority in the Assembly by means of the *Quoad Sacras* (the appeal to the Lords being a sham, and as such dropped immediately after the commissioners were elected), and then, as the Assembly of the National Church, to dissolve the connection between Church and State, excommunicating those who might remain.

“In these circumstances I saw only one path open for me, *i.e.*, to form ourselves into a separate Presbytery, and send proper commissioners to the Assembly.

“2. I was a member of the Assembly. It is now a matter of history.

“The ‘Moderates’ were too much blamed. I opposed them. I could do so. I was a free man, but they were pledged. They could act only as they did in treating the Strathbogie deposition as null and void, *i.e.*, wrong—being on wrong grounds—and in rescinding the veto. I believe the Act of ’79, respecting the admission of ministers of other Churches to our pulpits, was restored for this reason, *viz.*, had this Act not been restored, and had a weak brother in the Establishment been asked for the use of his pulpit by a Free Churchman, he must either have given it or refused it. If he did the first, it would have been made the lever for overthrowing the interests of the Church in that parish. If he did the last, he would be held up to the scorn of the people as a coward or a tyrant. Nothing is more ludicrous than ——’s assertion that by this Act the Church has excommunicated Christendom! Why, he and his party were in power nine years while the existing law was the law of the Church!

“The last Assembly saw the Church at its lowest ebb. The reforming party was represented by our poor fifteen. They alone by vote and dissent opposed the ‘Moderates,’ and formed a kind of nucleus for a strong party. We are now as Dr. Thomson was twenty years ago. But the limits of the powers of the Establishment are better defined. We have already received a lesson not to reform beyond these limits; but I believe next assembly will exhibit a strong party determined to popularise the Church as far as possible within these limits, and, if possible, to extend them. For my own part, I think it is a principle, a political necessity, to make the Church acceptable to the people, as far as Bible principle will permit. I rather think the struggle against patronage is to be renewed, and that twenty years will see its death. The question will soon be tried—a republican Church Establishment or Disestablishment. I would sooner have the first. If we attempt to recede we shall be crushed like an old bandbox.

“The reason why I can conscientiously remain in the Church is simply because I believe I have spiritual liberty to obey every thing in God’s Word. I know of no verse in it which I cannot obey as well as any seceder can. This suffices me.

“Since the disruption I have been offered the first charge of Cupar, Fife; Maybole; Campsie (by all the male communicants);

St. John's, Edinburgh; St. Ninian's, Stirlingshire; Tolbooth, Edinburgh; and the elders and others in the West Church, Greenock, have petitioned for me. As yet I have refused all but the last two. These have only come under my notice last week.

"I shall ever bear on my heart a grateful remembrance of the kindness and deep Christian affection shown to me by the people here. When I nearly accepted Campsie, I found many whom I thought rocks, sending forth tears, and gathered fruit from what appeared stony ground. God has, I believe, blessed my ministry. Now, all this and ten times more than I can mention occurred just as I had made up my mind not to go to Campsie.

"Oct. 16th.—I was elected on the 16th of September to the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, unanimously. On the 17th of the same month the Duke of Buccleuch's Commissioner, Mr. Scott Moncrieff, came here and offered me the parish of Dalkeith.

"On the very day of my election to Edinburgh, I went to see Dalkeith; and on my return home I sent a letter accepting it. One reason among others for preferring Dalkeith to Edinburgh is, that I prefer a country parish to a town because I am in better health, and because the fever and excitement and the kind of work on Sabbath days and week days in Edinburgh would do me much harm, bodily and spiritually."

To REV. WM. LEITCH:—

July 21, 1843.

"I have been fearfully occupied of late. Indeed I am sick—sick of books, pamphlets, parsons, and parishes. Would we had an Inquisition! One glorious auto-da-fè would finish the whole question!

"As to the question, I think we are now at dead ebb in the country, and that for the time to come the tide will change, and in a century or so—such is the genius of restless Presbyterianism—it will begin to ebb again. Our ecclesiastical maxima and minima seem to alternate or oscillate every hundred years or so. I hate—by the way—above all things a Presbyterian revolution. There is always something Chartist or fanatic about it. The *jus divinum* being stamped upon every leading ecclesiastic, everything in the

civilised world must be overthrown which stands in the way of his notions being realised. I think the present Establishment has indirectly saved the monarchy."

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge :—

LOUDOUN MANSE, August 30, 1843.

"Oh, for a day of peace—one of those peaceful days which I used to enjoy when a boy in the far west. Such days are gone, fled. I cannot grasp the sense of repose I once felt—that feeling, you know, which one has in a lonely corry or by a burnie's side far up among the mountains, when, far from the noise and turmoil of mortal man, and the fitful agitations of this stormy life, our souls in solitude became calm and serene as the blue sky on which we gazed as we lay half asleep in body, though awake in soul, among the brackens or the blooming heather. Could Isaak Walton be a member of a Scotch Presbytery or General Assembly?—he who 'felt thankful for his food and raiment—the rising and setting sun—the singing of larks—and leisure to go a-angling'? Dear old soul! 'One of the lovers of peace and quiet, and a good man, as indeed most anglers are.' Isaak never would have been a member of any committee along with ———— and Co. That is certain. Don't be angry, dear John! Do let me *claver* with you, and smile or cry just as I feel inclined. We shall slide into business and gravity soon enough.

"... As to Non-intrusion, unless history lies, we have guaranteed to us now more than we ever acted on for a hundred years, and as much as the Church, except during a short period, ever had. We can reject a presentee for any reason which *we* think prevents him from being useful; and this is all the power the Church ever had. Simple dissent was never considered as itself a sufficient reason for rejecting a presentee.

"As to spiritual independence. In spite of all the Court of Session can do, or has done, there is not a thing in God's Word which I have not as much freedom to obey in the Church as out of it. I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say, 'I leave the Establishment because in it I cannot obey Christ, or do so much for his glory in it as out of it.' I thank God I was saved from the

fearful excitement into which many of my friends were cast during May. I have been blessed in my parish.

“Banish the idea of my ever ceasing to love you as long as you love truth. You know my latitudinarian principles in regard to Church government—old clothes. I value each form in proportion as it gains the end of making man more meet for Heaven. At the same time I cannot incur the responsibility of weakening the Establishment—that bulwark of Protestantism—that breakwater against the waves of democracy and of revolution—that ark of a nation’s righteousness—that beloved national Zion, lovely in its strength, but more beloved in the day of its desolation and danger.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“Dec. 3, 1843, *Sabbath night, past eleven.*—The last communion Sabbath is over which I shall ever enjoy as minister of this parish. The congregation is dismissed—whither, oh whither? How many shall partake of the feast above?

“I can hardly describe my feelings. I felt as if I had been at the funeral of a beloved Christian friend, where I had experienced deep and unfeigned sorrow, but mingled with much to comfort and cheer.

“I thank a gracious God for the support He has given. And though I wept sore and had a severe day, I did not repent of the choice I had made. Dear, dear Loudoun has been an oasis during these five years. But ‘I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were,’ and I only pray God that my vows made this day may be performed, that my sins may be forgiven, and that I may ever retain a lively sense of the mercies I have received.

“There is a Church here, by the grace of God. Oh, that God may keep it by His power, and send a pastor according to His mind to feed it.

“Dec. 16th, *Sabbath night, eleven.*—This has been a solemn, yet a calm, peaceful, and I hope a profitable day for myself and the people. My last Sabbath in Loudoun as its minister! What a thing it is to write the last leaf of the book of my ministry, that has been open for nearly six years!

“The parting with my evening congregation quite overcame me. I had a good *greet* in the pulpit when they were all going out, and I hope my prayers for forgiveness and acceptance were heard and answered.

“The coming home at night with dear Jane (beloved companion—more than sister—of all my sunshine and shade) was the most affecting of all. The night was a dusky moonlight. About a hundred Sabbath-school children had collected round the church gate, surrounded by groups of women, and all so sad and sorrowful. As we came along, some one met us every twenty yards who was watching for us; and I shall never forget those suppressed sobs and clutchings of the hand, and deep and earnest ‘God bless you!’ ‘God be with you!’

“How many thoughts press upon me! The sins of the past. Thou knowest! The mercy and love of God. The singular grace shown to me at this time. The good effected by me—by such a poor, vile, sinful worm. The gratitude of my people for the little I have done. The fear and trembling in entering on a new field of labour; the awful passing of time; the coming Judgment!

“*Dec. 13th.*—The last night in my study in my dear Manse of Loudoun, the scene of so many anxieties and communings—of sweet intercourse, of study, of sinful and unprofitable thoughts!

“I have had three days of the most deeply solemn and anxious scenes I have ever witnessed in this world! Oh, what overwhelming gratitude and affection! Let me never, never, never, O God, forget what I have seen and heard!

“I have done good—more than I knew of. May the Lord advance it, and bless the seed; may He keep the beloved young Christian communicants, the rising Church. The Good Shepherd is always with them, and they will be fed as He pleases.”

CHAPTER IX.

DALKEITH, DECEMBER, 1843—JUNE, 1845.

THE town of Dalkeith, which formed by far the most important part of his new parish, had then a population of 5,000. Its principal streets are chiefly occupied by prosperous shops and the houses of well-to-do tradesmen; but the 'wynds' behind these, and the miserable 'closes' which here and there open from them, consist mainly of the dens of as miserable a class as can be found in the purlieus of Edinburgh or Glasgow. There were well-farmed lands in the country district of the parish, and one or two collieries with the usual type of mining village attached to them. There were in the town numerous churches belonging to various denominations, from the Episcopal chapel to the representatives of the chief forms of Presbyterian dissent. But still the charge which devolved upon the parish minister was a heavy one. Two churches belonged to the Church of Scotland, but only one of these was then open for worship, and the parish, which has since been divided, was of great extent.

The characteristics of his new charge were very different from those of Loudoun. He was aided and encouraged in his work in Dalkeith by many in every rank of life, and he formed life-long friendships with families remarkable at once for their culture and religious warmth. But the working men of Dalkeith did not show the keen

intellectual interest in public questions evinced by the weavers of Newmilns and Darvel, nor were they possessed of their intellectual enthusiasm and love of books. The prevailing tone of mind was solid, dull, and prosaic. There was, besides, a stratum of society low enough to be appalling. The very names of some of the 'vennels' in the town, —'Little Dublin,' and the like,—indicated the character of their inhabitants. In such haunts there was to be found an amount of poverty, ignorance, and squalor, easy to reach so long as the question was one of almsgiving, but which it appeared almost impossible to reform.

Yet the missionary labour among the lapsed classes of Dalkeith, on which he now entered, formed useful training for his future work in Glasgow. In Dalkeith he made his first efforts in the direction of that congregational organization, which was subsequently developed with such success in the Barony. He held special week-day meetings to impart information to his people respecting missionary enterprise at home and abroad, and established associations for the systematic collection of funds in support of the work of the Church. He also sought to utilise the life and zeal of the communicants by giving them direct labour among their poor and ignorant neighbours. He personally visited both rich and poor, and opened mission stations in three different localities, where regular services were held on Sundays, and sewing and evening classes were taught during the week. He formed a loan-fund to help those who were anxious to help themselves, and although often disappointed, yet experience, on the whole, confirmed his belief as to the benefit of frankly trusting working men with means for providing for themselves better houses and better clothes. Drunkenness was, as usual, the root-evil of most of the misery, and he strained every effort to grapple with its power. He did not join any temperance society, but in order to help those

he was trying to reform, he entered with them, for a considerable period, into a compact of total abstinence. The results of these experiences he afterwards gave to the public in a tract entitled "A Plea for Temperance."*

* The following interesting statistics as to the influence of the trade upon the character of the families of publicans, are taken from the 'Plea for Temperance.' The "small provincial town" no doubt was Dalkeith:

"I once collected the statistics of the public-houses of a small provincial town in Scotland. The method adopted to obtain these statistics was simply this:—We took down the names of twenty-two public-houses in this town, numbering upwards of 5,000 inhabitants, and asked two intelligent and respectable 'old residents' to give the history as far as they could remember of all those who in succession kept each tippling house, *omitting their present occupants*. The result of those inquiries we shall give as briefly as possible.

"No. 1. This house was long kept by a man who was sober when he first occupied it. He became at last a confirmed drunkard. His vice was the immediate cause of his death.

"No. 2. A, A notorious drunkard; B, respectable and sober, their house supported chiefly by people from the country; C, died in drink—his widow married a publican—both drunkards; D, the wife became a drunkard.

"No. 3. A, Husband, wife, sons, and daughters drunken; B, husband, wife, sons, and daughters drunken; C, husband, wife, sons, and daughters drunken.

"No. 4. A, Sober family; B, husband, wife, sons, and daughters drunken.

"No. 5. A, The whole family drunken and blackguard; B, The husband a drunkard.

"No. 6. A, Father and mother sober—a daughter a drunkard—a son ruined by drunkenness; B, a sober family.

"No. 7. A, Died drunk—wife a drunkard; B, sober—wife a drunkard.

"No. 8. A, Wife died from drunkenness; B, husband and wife drunken.

"No. 9. A, Never sober—died of *delirium tremens*; B, husband drunken.

"10 A, Sober family; B, husband, wife, and son drunkards.

"No. 11. A, Wife a drunkard; B, sober family.

"No. 12. A, Son a drunkard; B, husband, wife, and family drunkards; C, was becoming a drunkard, and gave up to avoid temptation [wise man!].

"No. 13. Wife drunken.

"No. 14. Family bad.

"No. 15. A, Died drunk; B, father and mother sober—family, both sons and daughters, became drunkards.

"No. 16. A, Died from *delirium tremens*; B, wife a confirmed drunkard.

"No. 17. A widow—daughter drunken.

From the proximity of Dalkeith to Edinburgh he was able to study the working of the committees entrusted with the control of the various agencies of the Church, and to lend his aid in reconstructing her missions. The impressions produced by this experience were not encouraging, for while he entertained a profound personal respect for the good men who guided the business of the Church, he groaned aloud over the want of power and enthusiasm. He soon learned that there were causes for the slowness of progress lying deeper than faults of management, and his lamentations passed from the committees in Edinburgh to the indifference of many in the ministry, and of the Church at large. Morning, noon, and night his thoughts turned towards the revival of the zeal and the development of the resources of the Church. "I am low—low about the old machine—no men, no guides, no lighthouses, no moulding master-spirit." Consumed with anxieties, he was glad when the opportunity was offered of making himself useful in Church

"No. 18. A widow—was sober, became drunken, and died in misery.

"No. 19. Wife died a drunkard.

"No. 20. Both drunkards—family bad.

"No. 21. Wife a drunkard.

"No. 22. The whole family sober and respectable—never would sell to bad characters—would allow none but respectable people to enter their house, and never omitted family worship morning and evening—all turned out well.

"Such are the sad moral statistics of twenty-two public-houses and of thirty-nine families who in succession occupied them. Most of them have gone to their account. Some have been driven from the trade, beggared in means and ruined in morals. Some have escaped barely with their life, while those only who sacrificed profit to principle, have carried either or both along with them to other spheres of labour."

In addressing them, he says: "We would earnestly implore you for the sake of your own peace and good, for time and eternity, for the sake of the wife of your bosom and the 'children of your affection,' for the sake of Christ and his cause, whatever you do never enter town or village to commence the trade of a tippling-house."

business. The first work assigned to him, as well as the last, was in connection with the India Mission. He was sent in 1844 to the north of Scotland along with Mr. Herdman* to organize associations for the promotion of female education in Hindostan.

From his JOURNAL:—

DALKEITH, *December* 16, 1843.

“I was yesterday inducted into my new charge. I received a most hearty welcome, and was rejoiced to get hold of not a few hard, horny fists, and also the trembling hands of some old women. There is work for me here, I thought, and some usefulness yet by God’s grace.

“I am weary of controversy and strife, and I shall devote my days and life to produce unity and peace among all who love Christ. I pray that God may make me more useful and holier now than I have ever been before, that I may be the means of saving others.

“*Dec. 31st, Sabbath.*—The first Sabbath in my new parish and last night of the year. In an hour, forty-three with its solemn changes will have passed, and the unknown forty-four have begun. The grate before which I sit was in Campbeltown; I was toasted before it the night I was born. O time! O changes! My head aches!”

To JOHN MACKINTOSH:—

DALKEITH, *October*, 1844.

“Geddes is now one of the bright points in the world which lies in darkness, to which my spirit will often turn for light; but not your intellectual light, though of that there is abundance, but heart-light. I am every day hating intellect more and more. It is the mere gleaming of a glacier—clear, cold, chilly, though magnificent; and then—— ‘Come, no more of this, an’ thou lovest

* Now the Rev. Dr. Herdman, of Melrose, who was, in 1872, appointed his successor in the management of the Indian mission.

me, Hal!' I detest essay letters; but I love a smoke, and I love thee, dear John, and thy house, and even Ben Wyvis, and all the happy group that showed it to me; and I love all that loves me down to my devoted cat; and when any do not love me, I pity them for their wanting so large an object for their affections; and so I wish, above all things, to bear about with me a heart which I would not have shut by sin or by vanity, and always open, dear John, to thee. Well, I had such a day and night with Shairp! I went to Houstoun. We talked—and you know my powers in that sort of wordy drizzle—we talked the moon down. We talked through the garden, and along the road, and up the avenue, and up the stair, and in the drawing-room, and during music, and during dinner, and during night, and, I believe, during sleep; certainly during all next morning, and even when one hundred yards asunder, he being on the canal bank, and I in the canal boat. What a dear, noble soul Shairp is! I do love him. Would that our Church had a few like him. We want broad-minded, meditative men. We want guides, we want reality, we want souls who will do and act before God; who would have that disposition in building up the spiritual Church, which the reverential Middle Age masons had when elaborately carving some graven imagery or quaint device, unseen by man's eye, on the fretted roof of a cathedral—they worked on God's house, and before God!"

To the SAME:—

DALKEITH, *October*, 1844, half-past nine A.M.

“‘There is poetry in everything.’ True, quite true, Emerson—thou true man, poet of the backwoods! But there is not poetry in a fishwife, surely? Surely there is; lots of it. Her creel has more than all Dugald Moore's tomes. Why there was one—I mean a fishwife—this moment in the lobby. She had a hooked nose. It seemed to be the type, nay the ancestor, of a cod-hook. Her mouth was a skate or turbot humanised; her teeth, selected from the finest oyster pearl; her eyes, whelks with the bonnets on—bait for odd fish on sea or land; her hands and fingers in redness and toughness rivalled the crab, barring him of the Zodiac. Yet she was all poetry. I had been fagging, reading and writing

since 6 A.M. (on honour!)—had dived into Owen, was drowned in Edwards, and wrecked on Newman—my brain was wearied, when suddenly I heard the sound of ‘Flukes!’ followed by ‘Had—dies!’ (a name to which Haidee was as prose). I descended and gazed into the mysterious creel, and then came a gush of sunlight upon my spirit—visions of sunny mornings with winding shores, and clean, sandy, pearly beaches, and rippling waves glancing and glittering over white shells and polished stones, and breezy headlands; and fishing-boats moving like shadows onward from the great deep; and lobsters, and crabs, and spoutfish, and oysters, crawling, and chirping, and spirting out sea water, the old ‘ocean gleaming like a silver shield.’ The fishwife was a Claude Lorraine; her presence painted what did my soul good, and as her reward I gave her what I’ll wager never during her life had been given her before—all that she asked for her fish! And why, you ask, have I sat down to write to you, beloved John, all this—to spend a sheet of paper, to pay one penny, to abuse ten tickings of my watch to write myself, like Dogberry, an ass? Why? ‘Nature,’ quoth d’Alembert, ‘puts questions which Nature cannot answer.’ And shall I beat Nature, and be able to answer questions put to me by John—Nature’s own child? Be silent, and let neither of us shame our parent. Modesty forbids me to attempt any solution of thy question, dear John. Now for work. My pipe is out!”

To his sister JANE:—

DALKEITH, 1844.

“I have been horribly busy. As for next week, I cannot see my way to the end of it. I am to be at the top of my speed, and no mistake. I have got a beautiful third preaching-house in a close, so that I have the three best points in the town occupied, and I will clear the way for a missionary. I am going to develop one of my theories regarding the best method of teaching the lower orders, by getting pictures of the life of Christ, the Lord’s Prayer, and Ten Commandments printed in large type, and hung up on the walls. I have more faith in the senses than most Presbyterians.

“Need I assure E—— of the impossibility of my saying any-

thing like what is reported of me! No—I said the fightings of ‘all sects and parties were disgusting infidels even,’ and so prejudicing Christianity in their minds.

“I am very jolly because very busy. Breakfast on bread-and-milk every morning at eight; dine at two jollily.”

To his MOTHER :—

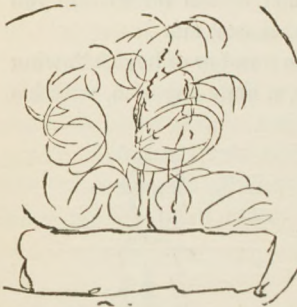
DALKEITH, *Sunday*, 1845.

“After working very hard during the week, I rose to-day at half-past six, studied till nine, taught my school till eleven, preached forenoon and afternoon long sermons, had baptisms, slept for an hour, preached for an hour to fifty outcasts in the wynd, was my own precentor and clerk, and here I am as fresh as a lark—pulse going like a chronometer, and a head calm, and clear and cool as a mountain spring. But my chief reason for writing you to-night is to tell you a story which has amused me.

“On coming home this evening I saw a number of boys following and speaking to, and apparently teasing, a little boy who, with his hands in his pockets and all in rags, was creeping along close by the wall. He seemed like a tame caged bird which had got loose and was pecked at and tormented by wild birds. His cut was something like this. I asked the boys who he was. ‘Eh! he’s a wee boy gaun’ about begging, wi’out faither or mither!’ He did seem very wee, poor child—a pretty boy, only nine years old. I found him near my gate and took him in. I asked him to tell me the truth. He said his father was alive—a John Swan, in Kirkaldy; that his ‘ain mither’ was dead; that he had a stepmother; that ‘a month and a week ago’ he left them, for they used to send him to beg, to drink the money he got, and to thrash him if he brought none in; and that they sent him out one evening and he



left them. He got threepence from a gentleman and crossed in the steam-boat to Leith. He had heard that he was born in Kirkhill near this, 'and that his mither lived there wi' him when he was a bairn.' He reached a stable, and there he has been ever since, begging round the district. Poor infant! Jessie, my servant, once a servant in some charitable institution, was most minute in her questions about Kirkaldy; but his answers were all correct and very innocent. Well, a few minutes after, Jessie came in. 'What,' said I, 'are you doing with the boy?' 'Oo, I gied him his supper, puir thing, and am making a shake-down for him; and, ye see, I saw he was verra dirty, and I pit him in a tub o' water, and he's stannin in't ee' noo till I gang ben. That's the way we used to do in the Institution. Eh! if ye saw the boys frae the Hielans that used te come there! Keep me! I couldna eat for a week after cleanin them; and wee Swan is just as bad.



I wadna tell ye hoo dirty he is, puir bairn! I couldna thole tae pit him tae his bit bed yon way. I cast a' his duds outside the door, and sent Mary Ann straight up tae the factor's for a sack for him; for ye see whan we washed them in the Institution—

Be off,' said I, 'and don't keep the poor fellow in the tub longer.' I went in, a few minutes ago, and there I found him, or rather saw some-

thing like a ghost amongst mist, Jessie scrubbing at him, and seeming to enjoy the work with all her heart. 'How do you like it?' 'Fine, fine!' But just as I wrote the above word, the door was opened and in marches my poor boy, paraded in by Jessie—a beautiful boy, clean as a bead, but with nothing on but a large beautiful clean shirt, his hair combed and divided; and Jessie gazing on him with admiration, Mary Ann in the background. The poor boy hardly opened his lips, he looked round him in bewilderment. 'There he is,' said Jessie; 'I am sure ye're in anither warld the night, my lad. Whan wer ye clean afore?' 'Three months syne.' 'War ye ever as clean afore?' 'No.' 'What will ye do noo?' 'I dinna ken.' 'Will ye gang awa and

beg the night.' 'If ye like.' 'No,' said I, 'be off to your bed and sleep.' Poor child, if his mother is in heaven she will be pleased!

"If charity covers a multitude of sins, Jessie Wishart will get her reward."

From his JOURNAL:—

"January, 1845.—Of nothing do we stand more in need in this poor country at this moment than of a man who knows and loves the truth, and who would have the courage to speak out with a voice which would command a hearing. I think we are in a forced, cramped, fettered, unnatural state. It is notorious to every honest man, who will open but a corner of even one eye, that we have received a terrible shock by the Secession. It is very possible that had there been no Secession, the Establishment might have been in the end more irrevocably shattered, as an Establishment, by the High Church forces within, than she is or can be by these same forces acting on her from without. This is a 'may be' only; but it is no 'may be,' but a most serious fact, that the withdrawal of these men has left us fearfully weak. In what respects?

"1. There are many parishes left with mere skeleton congregations. In some parts of Sutherland and Ross-shire, the skeleton has dwindled down to a bone—a mere fossil.

"2. The best ministers, and the best portion of our people have gone. Lots of humbugs, I know, are among them; but, as a general fact, this is true.

"3. The 'moderate' congregations will soon make 'moderate' ministers. The tone will insensibly be lowered.

"4. We have many raw recruits; and they are thinking more of the drawing-room paper and the fiars* prices than of the Church.

"5. We have no *heads* to direct us; not one commanding mind, not one trumpet voice to speak to men's inner being and compel them to hear. There are, I doubt not, many who would do right

* The average annual value of grain by which the stipends of parish ministers are determined.

if they knew what was right to do. Like some regiments during the war, we have gone into battle with our full complement of men, and the slaughter has been so great that ensigns have come out majors and field-officers, with rank and uniform, but without talent or experience.

“But the Free Church is as crammed with error as we are, though of a different and less stupid kind. Vanity, pride, and naughtiness, that would serve Mazarin or Richelieu, clothed in Quaker garb; Church ambition and zeal and self-sacrifice that compete with Loyola; and in the Highlands specimens of fanaticism which Maynooth can alone equal. This is not so characteristic of the people as of the clergy, although it is met with among deacons, and the clever tailors and shoemakers of the party, and some of the Jenny Geddes type; but many of the people follow them because they somehow think it safer, while they follow their own kind hearts also, and love good men and good ministers of all denominations.

“I fear much that this great excitement, without Christian principle, will produce reaction with sin; and that our nation will get more wicked. Alas! this is drawing rapidly on in the Highlands. The Establishment cannot save that poor country, for the mass of the clergy are water-buckets. The Free Church cannot save it, for they are firebrands.

“What should we do?

“Not lean on the aristocracy. They have but one eye, and it looks at one object—the landed interest. If they, as a body, support the Establishment, it is on much the same principle that they support guano—because it helps to make men pay their rents.

“Not on Government. Peel is a trimmer, and would for the time ‘save the country.’

“Not on numbers. Holiness is power. The poorest man who is great in prayer is, perhaps, a greater man in affecting the destinies of the world than the Emperor of Russia. We need quality, not quantity!

“On missions? Good! So are spectacles, if we have eyes; so are steam-engines, if they have steam.

“We require an *Inner Work* in the hearts of clergy and people.

We need life, and not mere action; the life of life, and not life from galvanism. If we were right in our souls, out of this root would spring the tree and fruit, out of this fountain would well out the living water. But until we attend to this, mere outward action will but blind and deceive.

“The next two years will be years of severe trial to the Church.

“We want earnest men, truth-loving and truth-speaking men, and so ‘having authority, and not as the scribes.’ We want a talented, pious young Scotland party. We must give up the Church of the past, and have as our motto the Church of the future.

“The soldering between the Free Church and Dissenters has all along been false—based on love of popularity and self-interest, and hatred to the Establishment.

“*February 7th.*—The spirit of the ecclesiastical movement will never be known; it is a noxious gas, which, however, cannot be fixed in any material substance that will convey it to posterity. If it could be confined like chlorine, and conveyed like a bleaching powder to our grandchildren, it would bleach their faces white. You can always tell what a man says or does; but can you tell in a history his lowering look, his fidgety expression, his sneaky remarks, his infinite littleness and fierceness and fanaticism which have made up three-fourths of the man, which have given a complexion to his whole character, which have annoyed a whole neighbourhood? These things evaporate in a generation, and what posterity gets has been pickled and preserved on purpose for it—a made-up dish, spiced and peppered and tasted by the knowing hands, tried by cooking committees, and duly manufactured for the next age, and directed to be opened by those only who are ready to praise the dish and to vow that it is just the kind of thing which was common at every table in Scotland! And so, when any Fraser Tytler or Walter Scott, or any other historian, picks up the *débris* of dishes, very different, but once found perhaps in every house—‘Oh! that was a chance meal, an unfortunate repast, a mere hurried lunch; not at all characteristic. Open our forefathers’ preserved pots. They are in our cupboard. These are the specimens of the true viands.’ ‘O history, what a humbug art thou!’ Once we leave the Bible, history is but bubbles on the stream, or mountains in mist.”

To his MOTHER :—

DALKEITH, *March*, 1845.

“Everything goes on smoothly. I have, ranged before me, a series of really beautiful coloured lithographs for my mission station. We are taught by the eye, as well as by the ear. The more ignorant we are, the less able are we to form ideas. Children in years and children in knowledge are the better of pictures; so think the Papists, who know human nature well. But they err, not in dealing with people who are children as children should be dealt with, but in keeping them children.

“There is a marked change in the town, whatever the reason may be. The police sergeant told me yesterday that the change during the last three months is incredible. Instead of ten a week in the lock-up for drunkenness, he has not had one case for a month; while the streets, formerly infested with low characters, are now as quiet as possible. This is gratifying, and should make us thank God and take courage.

“My geological lectures are over, I gave the twelfth last night; it was on the wisdom of God as displayed in the structure of the world, and I do think it must have been interesting even to those who knew nothing of the subject.”

To his sister JANE :—

DALKEITH, 1844.

“I had a meeting on Monday last to petition against Maynooth; I intimated it from my pulpit. The meeting was good. I made a long speech; was all alone. Although I believe I am the first, and, as far as I know, mine is the only parish belonging to our Church that has petitioned, I am so thankful I followed my own sense and did it. The fact is, we have passed through a revolution, the most serious by far in our time. Sir Robert has sapped the basis of Establishments; he has capsized the principles of his party; he has alienated from him the confidence of the country, and inflicted a sore blow upon Protestantism. I declare solemnly I would leave my Manse and glebe to-morrow, if I could rescind that terrible vote for Maynooth. I cannot find words to express my deep conviction of the infatuation of the step. And all states-

men for it! Not one man to form a Protestant party!—not one! God have mercy on the country!”*

From his JOURNAL:—

“*March 27th.*—The connection between a right physical and right intellectual and moral state is a question of vast importance in connection with the supremacy and advancement of the Christian Church, *i.e.*, the good and happiness of man. If it be true that through bad feeding, clothing, hard work, &c., there is a retrogression of the species, or families of the species, and *vice versa*, how important that a country, especially a Church, should attend to the physical wants of the people! I have heard it alleged that criminals, generally speaking, are an inferior race physically. Query, how much has Christianity advanced the human race by stimulating that charity that ‘does good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith?’ The defect of most systems for benefitting man has arisen not so much from the presence of a bad element, as the absence of a good—from a minus, not a plus—from forgetting that man is an intellectual, social, moral, active, and sentient being, and that his well-being is advanced just in proportion as all these different parts of his nature are gratified. Better drainage, ventilation, poor laws, deal with his sentient part; and so far good. Reading-rooms, lectures, mechanics institutes, cheap literature, deal with his intellectual, and are good too. Amusements, coffee-houses, and some of the above, deal with his social, and are likewise good. The axiom, ‘give the people always something to do,’ deals with his active powers; the gospel and all the means of grace, with his moral nature; and as this is the mainspring of all he thinks and does, it is the most important of all; but it alone, as a system of truth separated from a system of action, which includes all reform, will not do. To preach a sermon, and refuse meat to the starving hearers, is mockery; and so says St. James. To this I add, the necessity of a living, wise and Christian agency coming constantly into contact with men.

* Compare with these reflections the opinions expressed in Chapter XIII., May, 1854.

house where I was to baptize the child. The gigs drove on to an inn to bait the horses, and I entered the log-house. I gave him an earnest exhortation, and baptized both his children. They were neat and clean. It was strange to hear them talk Yankee-English, and the father Gaelic. I was much affected by this man's account of himself. He had much to struggle against. He had lost a cow, and then a horse, and then a child. Little wood had been cleared, and he was due thirty pounds for it. 'But,' he said, handing me a large New Testament, 'that has been my sole comfort.' I was much struck on opening it to find it a gift from 'the Duke of Sutherland to his friends and clansmen in America.' What blessings may not a few pounds confer when thus kindly laid out! The tears which streamed down that poor man's face while he pointed to that fine large printed Testament would be a great reward to the Duke for his gifts, had he only witnessed them as I did. The poor fellow accompanied me on the road, and parted from me with many prayers and many tears. It is this parting with individuals and congregations every day, never to meet again, which makes our mission so solemn and so mingled with sadness. As a congregation dismisses, you can say with almost perfect certainty, 'There they go; when we meet next it will be at Judgment!'

* * * * *

"*Charlotte Town.*—Stalking up the town we met some Morven men. The following conversation amused me as exemplifying a strong Churchman. A great rough fellow, a teetotaler (?) was the speaker. His name was Campbell.

"*Campbell.* 'Is my Uncle Donald alive?'

"*John.* 'No. He is dead.'

"*C.* (very carelessly). 'Aye, aye. Is my uncle Sandy alive?'

"*J.* 'No; he is dead too.'

"*C.* 'Aye, aye' (but no mark of sorrow), 'and what are his children doing?'

"*J.* 'Indeed, they are the only Free Churchmen in the parish?'

"*C.* (opening his eyes and lifting up his hands), 'Save us—is that possible!' The death of his uncles was evidently a joke in comparison with the horrible apostasy of his children.

“*Tuesday*—This has been a very strange day; but that you may understand it, I must give you a little biography. There was a man, McDonald, a missionary some twenty years ago, in the braes of Glen Garry. I believe, chiefly from his having been given to intoxication, he was obliged to resign his mission, and came to Cape Breton, and staid for a year or two. After suffering great mental distress, he became a perfectly sober and steady man. He began preaching among the Highlanders. His preaching had great effect. He separated himself from the other clergy, because he thought them careless and bad. His sect became stronger and stronger. Many wild extravagances attended the ‘revivals’ under him, crying out and screaming-fits of hysteria, which were attributed to extraordinary influences. The result, however, has been that three thousand people, including fifteen hundred communicants, adhere to him; he has eight churches built and twenty-one prayer-meetings established; no lay-preaching; elders in all churches; sacraments administered. He keeps all a-going, and has never received more than £50 a-year on an average. He is laughed at by some, ridiculed by others, avoided by the clergy; but all admit that he has changed, or been the means of changing, a thousand lawless, drunken people into sober, decent godly livers. This man, then, ordered all his churches to be put at our service, and sent an invitation through his elders for me to preach. Of course I will preach wherever I am asked—in a popish church, if they will let me. The worse the field the more the need of cultivation. I reached the church about twelve; McDonald, with his snow-white locks, surrounded by a crowd, met me. ‘I rejoice,’ he said, taking off his hat, ‘to see here an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland. I bless God for the day. I appeal to you, my people, if I have not preached the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, if I have not kept you from Baptists, Methodists, and every sect, for the Church of your fathers. Welcome sir, here.’ I said we would talk after sermon. I entered the humble wooden kirk; it was seated for about three hundred, and was crammed by a decent and most attentive audience; twelve elders sat below the pulpit. McDonald, with a strong voice, led the psalmody,—he and his elders standing. After service, I went with him to a farmhouse. He gave me all his history, and we discussed all his doings.

to hear me again? It was t-too b-bad!' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon!*

"In crossing the Lake, I saw on the horizon a light feathery cloud of a peculiar shape. It was the spray of the Falls of Niagara!

"This is my last letter from America. God be praised for all his mercies to an unworthy sinner. I shall give you my next journal *vivâ voce*."

On their return from America, the deputation received a hearty welcome from the Church, and the thanks of the Assembly were accorded to them for the manner in which they had fulfilled their duty. Crowded meetings were held in Edinburgh and Glasgow, to receive their account of the Colonies. The effects of their visit were long felt in Canada, and many pleasing tokens occurred in after years of the deep and lasting influences produced by the presence and teaching of the deputies.

* He used to tell another story of this good old gentleman. They were driving together through the forest on a frightfully hot day, and the Doctor in a tremendous heat, from the conjoined labour of whipping his horse and stammering, began to implore Norman Macleod to send them a minister. "We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-s-ermon *like what you g-gave us yourself to-day!*"

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AND TOUR IN PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA.

THE excitement caused by the Disruption had not yet calmed down, for the animosity of party spirit still burned with a heat almost unparalleled even in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Those who had once been intimate friends passed one another without sign of recognition, and family life was embittered by parents and children, brothers and sisters, taking adverse sides on the Strathbogie case, or on the powers of the Civil Magistrate.

This reigning spirit of intolerance stirred the keener feelings of Norman Macleod far more than the questions which divided the rival Churches. However decided his views may have been as to the merits of the controversy, he cared infinitely more for the maintenance of just and kindly feelings between Christians, than for anything in dispute between ecclesiastical parties. He did not grudge the success of the Free Church, and he lamented the conduct of those who refused sites for her churches. But he protested with utmost vigour against the spirit of intolerance which was too often displayed by the Church of the Disruption, and on some occasions he spoke and wrote in strong terms against its bigotry. 'I am not conscious of entertaining any angry or hostile feeling

‘And in at the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls in hundreds they pour,
 From within and without, from above and below,
 And all at once to the Bishop they go.’

“I am the first Established minister who has preached in their church.”

The death of his old teacher, Dr. Chalmers, deeply moved him, and, when addressing the Lay Association of the Church of Scotland, he took the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of this great and good man—‘whose noble character, lofty enthusiasm, and patriotic views will rear themselves before the eyes of posterity like Alpine peaks, long after the narrow valleys which have for a brief period divided us are lost in the far distance of past history.’

To his MOTHER:—

June, 1847.

“Another third of June! and another, and another—it may be—until there is no son to write and no mother to write to, and the passing birthdays of time are lost in the new birth of an endless day.

“You would be grieved for dear old Chalmers. I am sure you will sympathize with what I said about him at our public meeting on Tuesday. I was grieved that later differences prevented, I think foolishly, any notice being taken of his death in our Assembly. The motives for our doing so might have been, perhaps, misunderstood. There is a great power at work, called Dignity, which sometimes appears to me to be like General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, acting Napoleon. I may be misinterpreted, too—I don’t care. A man’s head—at least mine—may deceive a hundred times a day—a man’s heart never! I never felt the rightness or wrongness of any thing strongly, without its really turning out to be the right or the wrong I thought it was. Dear old man! He is

among congenial minds for the first time—he never breathed his own native air till now—never felt at home till now. I intend going to his funeral. I hope the Free Church will have the taste not to attempt to make it sectarian—Chalmers belonged to Scotland. I am just going to write a funeral sermon on him. I feel he is a father and brother a thousand times more than men whom I address as ‘Fathers and Brethren.’

“This is a glorious day. The hawthorn is bursting into wreaths of snow; ‘the birds are busy in the woods;’ the butterflies are *glinting* among the bushes; and everything is lovely.

“Is my father with you? I need not say that he is inseparably connected with you in my thoughts to-day, for I am sure a kinder father no children ever had. I am thankful that he fixed upon the Ministry for me. I declare I do not remember a day when I thought it possible that I could be anything else than a Minister—nor do I remember any other profession which for a moment I ever wished to adopt—unless in school, when I once desired to be a bandmaster; at another time, a Ducrow galloper on horses; and, lastly, and more especially, a Captain of a man-of-war!”

“To me the greatest mystery next to the mystery of God’s will is my own! It is of all truths the most solemn to recognise the possession of a responsible will—which because it is a will *can* choose, and because of sin *does* choose, what is opposed to the will of God.

“The existence and influence of Satan are not more mysterious than the existence and influence of bad men. Evil is the mystery—not evil agents and evil influence. Considering all things, perhaps, a Demoniac in the synagogue, a wicked Judas in the Church, is a greater mystery than Satan.

“God is surely revealing Himself to all His creatures. I cannot think that there is even a Bushman in Africa with whose spirit the living God is not dealing. The voice of God is speaking though they may not hear it; yet they may hear it, and so hear it as to know the living and true God.

“St. Paul said that God had appointed the bounds of men’s habi-

specimen of the old Scotch Covenanter, stern but tender, of keen intellect and unbending principle, and full of contempt for the nineteenth century. Norman took great delight in exciting Struthers to talk on some congenial theme, to describe, with shrill voice and pithy Scotch, the good old days, to denounce with indignation the degeneracies and backslidings of modern times, to anathematize Voluntaryism as practical Atheism, and declare Sabbath schools 'the greatest curse the Almighty ever sent to this covenanted land—undermining family life and destroying the parental tie.' If there was exaggeration, there was also good sense in many of Struther's reflections, especially as to the past and present of the working classes. He had been himself an operative for many years, and his remarks on questions affecting the working classes were not lost on his hearer. In contrast to Struthers there was John Campbell Shairp, now the well-known Principal of St. Andrew's, who, recently returned from Oxford, and full of enthusiastic memories of the men and the opinions then influencing the finer minds of the University, made Norman feel as if he had personally known Newman, Stanley, Jowett and Clough. Shairp, with his keen sympathetic temperament, was, moreover, so saturated with many of the new views, and so earnest in his search after truth, that he stimulated his friend to study many subjects in which he would otherwise have taken little interest. John Mackintosh also, his deep-souled and dearest friend, then preparing, after his Cambridge career, for the Ministry of the Free Church, was a frequent visitor at the Manse, and by his conversation, as well as by his letters when travelling in Italy and Germany, inspired the very atmosphere of poetry and literature which he was himself breathing.

To this list the name of another must be added, who touched more closely on his life as a minister of the

Church of Scotland. Ever since the Disruption Norman had mourned the deadness of the Church and deplored the lack of men fit to guide its councils or quicken its life ; but in Professor James Robertson, he found one who had both head and heart to be a Church leader. With a keen intellect, great power as a debater, and a singular grasp of principles—an enthusiast in philosophy as in theology—he was, withal, simple as a child towards God, true and loving towards man, and heroic in the self-sacrificing devotion with which he laboured for the Christian welfare of his country. He was a patriot more than a churchman ; and, in supporting him, Norman felt he was following no narrow ecclesiastic, but one who had regard to the good of the nation as the grand aim of a National Church, and whose warm heart beat with a courageous and generous faith. Robertson was just beginning his appeal to the Church and country for the endowment of 150 parishes. His aim seemed Utopian to the timid minds of many, who could not believe that the Church, so recently shattered, could be roused to the accomplishment of such a work ; but to others, the boldness of the proposal was one of its chief recommendations. Norman and he became attached friends. Long were the hours of friendly discussion they enjoyed, lasting far into night, when the conversation would range from criticism of Fichte, of whose philosophy Robertson was an enthusiastic admirer, to questions of expediency touching some ‘overture’ to the Assembly. Robertson was the only man Norman ever regarded as his ecclesiastical leader.

To Rev. Dr. COOKE, Belfast :—

6th January, 1848.

“ Well, I am truly glad to be able to address you once more. How often, during the heavy gale which has been blowing for

art not a bad man, but a good, kind' soul. But, friend, we are all forgetful, and all selfish!

“Selfish! This lies at the root of the whole evil, as it lies at the root, indeed, of all evil. That a great evil exists in the present state of our country is certain. Where shall we see such poverty and ignorance, with their results of misery and discontent and readiness to attempt anything to get quit of both, as in our free and Christian country? Everywhere the same—every town, every village, has its ignorant and wretched men. The bees who fly about the hive, and buzz and sting, and die in the snow in winter, during some momentary sunshine, are few in comparison with those who remain torpid and dying from cold and exhaustion in the unknown and unseen cells. The ignorance of masses of our people is unknown to all but those who, like myself, come into contact with them. I can, at this moment, mention four parents who came to me for baptism, who were as ignorant as heathen, never having heard of Jesus Christ, and knowing nothing of God or immortality. Everywhere pest and canker—spreading, deepening, increasing—and, unless cured in God's way, punishing—terribly and righteously punishing—in God's way. Principle and self-interest prompt the same question—what shall we do?—where is the cure?

“Is the cure less taxation? How this, when thousands of your most dangerous men tax themselves 70 per cent. for drink! Is the cure high wages? Ask the manufacturer if his safe men and true men are generally among those who have high wages? Is the cure school instruction? But what security of any good have we in mere intellect without God? More churches? Get your men first who will enter them. More ministers? Neither can cure poverty, and ministers must be good and wise. Suffrage? Humbug.

“Not one of these is itself sufficient, but all are good when taken together. We must have schools, and any schools better than none, any education better, infinitely better than none.

“Yet there is to me a more excellent way, and that is love! The true and only cure seems to me to lie in the personal and regular communion of the better with the worse—man with man—until each Christian, like his Saviour, becomes one with those

who are to be saved ; until he can be bone of their bone, sympathize, teach, weep, rejoice, eat and drink with them as one with them in the flesh. The world will not believe because it cannot see that Christianity is true, by seeing its reality in the marvelous oneness of Christ and people.

“The world, if ever it is to be reformed by men and through men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles, not dead ones. Love, meekness and kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere descriptions of these sentiments or essays upon them, can alone regenerate man. The living Church is more than the dead Bible, for it is the Bible and something more. It is the Bible alive. It is its effect, its evidence, its embodiment. God has always dealt through living men with men, and He Himself deals with them through a Personal Spirit. When Christ left the world He did so that He might for ever dwell in it in His people.

“Neither money nor schools nor tracts nor churches can ever be substituted for living men. It is this we want. It is this the lanes and closes want. Not ministers merely going their rounds, like policemen, with black clothes and white neckcloths ; not elders taking statistics, or deacons giving alms, or ladies tracts—all good (what should we have been without these, the only salt hitherto !); but we want Christians, whether they be smiths or shoemakers, or tailors or grocers, or coach-drivers or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good. The separation outwardly of society is terrible. Only see the old and new Town of Edinburgh ! What a type of British society ! It used not to be so. In the old town and in the olden times families of different grades used to live in the same tenement, and poor and rich were thus mingled together in their habitation and in their joys. So is it now in many villages, and in many parts of the country. But generally there is a wide separation, bridged over by tracts, or societies, or money (sparingly) ; but not by the living Church of Christ. The full heart and the full mind do not meet to empty themselves (thereby becoming fuller) into the void heart and the void mind. We have words on the philosophy of life, instead of

laying the one asleep with a parting kiss, and with another waking up her eastern children. There's poetry for you!

"The great hills of Arran, 'like great men,' as Jean Paul says, 'the first to catch, the last to lose the light.' Was not all this glorious? not to speak of the sea, and ships, and solitude. Do you know I never think at such times. I am in a state of unconscious reception, and of conscious deep joy. No more.

"Glen Fruin lay at my feet, with sloping green hills like the Yarrow 'bare hills,' as Billy says; but like all such hills, most poetical and full of 'pastoral melancholy.' Well, I shall only state that I came down, in case you imagine that I am there still. And when I came down, what then? Most amiable and most literary—crammed a listening audience with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

"Now have I not much cause to thank God for all His mercies? and, dear, I have done so. I have been truly happy. My study has been the Temptation, still so full of wonders. I have not been in the least troubled about the Assembly, except so far as to make me remember it in my prayers—yes, both Assemblies, I am glad to say. These glorious scenes are in harmony only with a spirit of love. God's reign over all men, throughout all ages, and God's reign of love in our hearts, when believed, gives peace.

"I wish to be back in time to prepare for the Communion. The scenes of beauty and the time of retirement which I have had are in perfect keeping with again hearing 'the still sad music of humanity,' in our miserable closes and vile abodes. The Lord left His glory and rest to dwell with men; and by the cross He entered into more glorious rest, were that possible."

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, Esq., Rugby:—

SHANDON, *May 25.*

"In the midst of sovereign hills silence is most becoming, and then I never can think at such times. I grow as unconsciously as plants do beneath the sun and shower. But oh! the life and joy! The man who begins to doubt anything on a mountain top except his own powers, who begins to question instead of contentedly receiving, who speaks of the authority of books and professors,

who, in short, does not love and rejoice, should be pitched over the first rock, or have such a hiding given him with *weeping birch* as will send him howling to Glen Fruin ('the Glen of Weeping')! I am every day getting better. I suffered from an affection of the membrane which covers stomach, chest, and brain, and practically all creation when it (the membrane) is out of order! I am certain Hamlet's liver or membrane was affected!"

To his sister JANE:—

DALKEITH.

"I feel terribly my loneliness, especially as preventing me from enjoying literary society. I began pondering in my mind whether there was any one in the town who could share my pleasure in reading 'The Prelude,' and 'In Memoriam,' or have a talk with me about the tendencies of the age. Of all my acquaintances, I thought Mrs. Huggins probably the most *spirituelle*, and off I went with 'The Prelude.' I found her in her usual seat by the fireside, her face calm and meditative, her thumbs still pursuing their endless chace after each other as if each had vowed an eternal revenge of his brother. There was an air of placid repose in her time-worn features, combined with an intellectual grandeur, caught from her long residence with the late illustrious Mr. Huggins, and also a nervous twitching of the features, with an occasional lightning flash about the eye, which I have no doubt was occasioned by living near the powder-mills for thirty years. I was disappointed with her views of poetry. I read the Introduction, and the following conversation ensued:—

"'I.—We have here, I think, a fine combination of the poet with the poetic artist.'

"'H.—I wadna doot. How's yer sister?'

"'I.—Well, I thank you. She has been a long time cultivating the ideal under me; but her talent is small, her genius nothing.'

"'H.—Is her *coch* (cough) better?'

"'I.—Rather, Mrs. Huggins. But, pray, how do you like Wordsworth?'

"'H.—I dinna ken him. Whar does he leeve? In Pettigrew's Close? Is he the sticket minister?'"

given us by Him, to be used for His kingdom and glory;—and darling, thou wilt so use them, I am sure! The spirit of the greatest man Rome ever held within her walls, even that old tent-maker, he who after his wintry cruise came weary and careworn up the Appian way—his humble and heroic spirit will be thine! and His, too, by Whom he lived! For this day ('tis past 12 A.M.!) reminds me Christ is born, and the world of Cicero and Cæsar is not ours, but a world unseen by the eye, unheard by the ear; a world whose glories are in dim wynd and dusky tenement as much as in Rome. So, dear John, I will do His will here, and thou there, and if we be faithful, we shall have a glorious life of it together somewhere else and for ever! Yet, would I were with thee! It is my weakness; I can guide it only, change it I cannot.

“Everything in our land is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Don't believe me. I presume it is the best land on earth; but I have not moved for months from home.

“What of the Jews in Rome? Let us labour for them, but confess that their day is not yet come, nor, I think, dawned. This is my latest conclusion. Keep thy heart, dearest. Were I in your place, I believe I should be ruined; thus I see Christ's love in keeping me at home. Popery! ‘The Bible without the spirit is *a sundial by moonlight.*’ Well done, old Coleridge! I have long believed that Popery will be the pantheistic re-action of the latter days. Presbyterianism in our country is a poor affair. If there is to be a Church for man to embrace taste, intellect, genius, and inspire love, veneration, awe, and if that Church is to be a visible one, our Free and Bond won't be among the number. We are sermonising snobs. But I rave and run on. Don't believe me. Short of heaven there is no ideal Church. I am sure of this, that I am right in loving Christ, and in loving Christians, and the souls of men for His sake. Beyond this twilight, farther on darkness! What are you doing now? Gazing on the moon, feasting on Christmas rites, seeing, hearing? Ah me!”

From his FATHER :—

MOFFAT, 1849.

“It would truly give me real delight if you could go to London and act as my substitute, and in such a good cause. The poor

Highlands and Isles are as worthy of your efforts as Germans or Jews or Indians, and they require it just as much. The only legacy I can leave you, is an interest, a heart-felt interest in that poor people whose blood flows in your veins. Do, my dear fellow, think of it."

The following bit of nonsense was sent as a quiz on some members of the home household, who were fascinated by the description of primitive life and domestic happiness in the Landes of France as communicated by a French friend.

August, 1850.

"This morning I fancied that I became a poor man, and sold my books and took a little cottage somewhere, with small rooms and nice roses, and one cow and some hens; and then I just thought how sweet it would be to have mamma and papa, and all my brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces, and uncles and aunts, all to live together for a long, long time, and to lie on the grass and to feed the pigs and the little hens, and dig the garden, and make our own clothes and shoes. My uncles would make the shoes and the clothes, and all my sisters and aunts would spin, and darling George and Donald would write poetry and work in the garden and sing, and dear papa and mamma would sit in large arm chairs and give us their blessing every morning and evening, and tell us nice stories about the Highlands, and I would keep accounts and everything in order! Everything would be *within ourselves*. And then we should see all our friends and relations, quietly, comfortably, and there would be no bustle, no dirty railroads or towns—all grass and vegetables and plenty. My blessing upon such peaceful domestic happiness! I know my venerated father will rejoice at my picture. I never meddle with politics or church affairs. It does one no good I think. 'Bless me,' says I to Elizabeth Story, 'what is life worth if we cannot have peace? What is the good of all this rant and bustle?' 'It rises my nerves,' says she. 'And mine too,' says I. 'It's no wonder,' says she. 'Deed it is not,' said I. 'It would be a wonder if it didn't,' says she. 'Wouldn't it?' says I. 'In course it would,' says she.

To the SAME:—

Passing the Sieben Gebirge.

“I have really had a happy day toddling down this glorious stream. The sun was bright, and things looked tolerable.

“I had a long talk with an old sailor on board, quite a character. I opened his heart with cigars, and he was very communicative. He spoke in broken sentences, each delivered in an under voice very confidentially to me, while he always turned up his eyes to heaven, kept his elbows by his side, and wriggled his wrists as if a thousand mysteries lay far beyond his brief communications. ‘An old cloister that—hate the priests—ceremonies (*many wriggles*)—the best cloister is the heart (*great confidence*). Stop her! (*to the engineer*). Democrats! (*fearful wriggles*)—the Jesuits did the whole. In old times they forgave the sins of thieves and murderers,’ and he ran off, looking over his shoulders, winking hard, and his two hands in perpetual motion. Soon I felt a tap on my back—‘The Protestant ministers not much better—too learned—don’t care for the people—they give words—words—but what do they?’ (*wrists, eyes, all going, and immense confidence*). ‘The people are best. Ach, Herr, we must make the heart our church—minister—all—and love God and man.’ He darted off to take soundings. I left him, but we are yet to smoke together. Oh, this great heart of humanity! How grand it ever is when it is real! What a magnificent study is man, and how elevating at all times to realise one’s brotherhood, to rise like a hill above the earth’s surface, and to converse with other hills, and to feel that both are rooted in the common earth, and are beneath the same sun, and are refreshed with the same dew!

“While I thus write, partly to relieve my own heart and partly to take your thoughts for five minutes from your present sorrows, I am dragged back to the dear group at Cannstadt.

“Perhaps this may find you in the midst of more than ordinary sorrow, when amusing words will sicken you. But it may be quite otherwise.”

From his JOURNAL:—

DALKEITH, April 11.

“My memory can never require to be refreshed by a record of those memorable days of intense life, when days were years, and

hours months. For ever shall I vividly remember the rushing journey, the burning fever of morbid anxiety as I hurried on and on from this to the Rhine—along that river darkened by mist—from the Rhine to Stuttgart, and then by moonlight, which seemed to light me to my grave, to Tübingen, until after midnight I stood outside *his* door and had some rest, when I felt he was there. Shall I ever forget the meeting? the horror of darkness followed by prayer, by hopes, by heavenly gleams from unexpected sources, by fears and sore strugglings. And then his room, and our daily on-goings, the screen, the big chair, the table with its books, watch, thermometer, the stove, himself seated on the bed, the brown plaid, the shut eyes, the head inclined to one side, the peaceful smile, the resigned and meek look, the ‘dearie’ kiss, the whispered holy things, the drawing-room too, and the piano, the life in death, the sunshine ‘that never was on sea or land.’ Then came Tuesday the 11th, and at early dawn the last farewell, while at evening thou wast with thy Father!”

To—:—

DALKEITH, *Sunday.*

“All hail! The Lord is risen. The world is redeemed, and that coffin shall be broken, and that darling body be glorified, and we shall be with him and all in Christ for ever. And, oh, the calm joy of assurance, deep as in the existence of God, that on this lovely spring Sabbath, when flowers are bursting forth, and birds are singing, and the sun is shining, in this world of sin and death, he, our beloved darling, is really in life and strength and intelligence and unutterable joy, remembering us all, and waiting for us! Will he not feel so at home? Is he not breathing his own delicious air? I see him now with a sunny look of joy, gazing on his Lord, praising Him, meeting every moment some new acquaintance—new, yet old. Oh, this is not death; it is life! ‘life abundantly.’”

To the SAME:—

“*Tuesday, 17th March.*—What can man say or do? Leaving Cannstadt, leaving it in such silent company! My spirit is with

CHAPTER XIII.

1851—1856.

NORMAN MACLEOD was inducted minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in July, 1851; and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catherine Ann Mackintosh, daughter of the late William Mackintosh, Esq., of Geddes, and sister of his dearest friend, John Mackintosh.

He first lived in Woodlands Terrace, then at the western extremity of the city. The house stood high, and commanded a wide prospect from its upper windows. The valley of the Clyde lay in front, and over the intervening roofs and chimney-stacks his eye rested with delight on the taper masts of ships crowded along the quays. Farther away, and beyond the smoke of the city, rose the range of the Cathkin Hills, and Hurler Neb, and the 'Braes of Gleniffer,' their slopes flecked by sun and shadow. From the back windows there was a glorious view of the familiar steeps of Campsie Fell. The glow of sunrise or of sunset on these steeps was such a delight to him that often, when he had guests, he made them follow him up-stairs, to share his own enjoyment of the scene.

The stir and bustle of the commercial capital of Scotland were thoroughly congenial to him. He loved Glasgow, and rejoiced in the practical sense, the enterprise,

and generosity which characterised its kindly citizens. The very noise of its busy streets was pleasant to his ears. His friends remember how he used to describe himself sitting in his study, in the quiet of the winter morning, and knowing that six o'clock had struck by hearing, far down below him in the Valley of the Clyde, the *thud* of a great steam-hammer, to which a thousand hammers, ringing on a thousand anvils, at once replied, telling that the city had awakened to another day of labour.

It was his habit to rise very early, and, after giving the first hours to devotion, he wrote or studied till breakfast time. The forenoon was chiefly employed receiving persons calling on business of every conceivable description, and the afternoon was occupied with parochial visitation, and other public duties. When it was possible he reserved an hour during the evening for the enjoyment of music or for reading aloud. Every Saturday he took the only walk of the week which had no object but enjoyment. The first part of this walk usually brought him to John Macleod Campbell's house, which was two miles out of town, and, with him as his companion, it was continued into the country. But in whatever direction he went, the day seldom ended without his visiting the Broomielaw, where, for a while, he would wander with delight among the ships and sailors, criticising hulls and rigging, and looking with boyish wonder at the strange cargoes that were being discharged from the foreign traders.

Few contrasts can be greater than that presented to the stranger, who, after gazing at the heary magnificence of Glasgow Cathedral—the very embodiment of the spirit of reverence and worship—looks across the street at the plain square pile of the Barony Church. Yet, any one who knows the work with the recollection of which that unpretending edifice is associated, will be disposed to pardon its ugliness in consideration of a certain sacred interest cling-

teresting spectacle was presented of grown-up men and women (many of them married) patiently toiling at different standards, from the alphabet upwards. Schools of a similar nature had been attempted before, but had failed from insufficient care being taken in the appointment of teachers. He attributed the success of his schools to the fact that they were under certificated Government teachers. At one of these schools, there were sometimes two hundred and twenty grown-up men and women.

From seven to twelve Sabbath-schools, with sometimes as many as fourteen hundred scholars, were organized into a single society under the care of the session. With these schools the minister kept himself always well acquainted, and as frequently as possible gave expository lectures to the teachers, on the lessons. He also taught on Sunday, for several winters, a class numbering about one hundred, consisting of the children of members of his congregation.

(ii.) *For the social improvement of the parish* he founded one of the first Congregational Penny Savings' Banks in Glasgow, and established in a busy centre of labour a Refreshment-room, where working men could get cheap and well-cooked food, and enjoy a comfortable reading-room at their meal-hours, instead of being obliged to have recourse to the public-house. The success which attended these endeavours led to the establishment of similar institutions on a larger scale throughout the city. In the later years of his ministry, he also organized various methods of affording amusement and social recreation to the people connected with his missions.

(iii.) *The direct missionary and Church extension work of the parish* was continually enlarging, and at the same time changing ground. When he first came to the parish four chapels were without ministers or congregations. These chapels had been retained by the Free Church for

several years, and it now fell to him and to his session to assist in procuring ministers for them, and to foster the congregations that were being formed. In other places where a new population was rising, churches had to be built. In this way, as a sequel to the work of reorganizing chapels, six new churches were erected in his parish during his ministry, and in respect to most of these he had to bear a large share of the burden of collecting funds. While this work of church extension was going forward, his mission staff for overtaking destitute localities increased in ten years from one lay missionary, employed in 1852, to five missionaries (lay and clerical), with three Bible-women and a colporteur, all of whom were superintended by him and his session.

There were other parochial agencies, such as the Young Men's Association, Clothing Society, &c., which need not be particularly noticed.

2. His *extra-parochial plans* had reference chiefly to the raising of money for the missionary work of the Church of Scotland. Here also organization, and the intelligent interest in mission work at home and abroad, created by his continually affording information to his people on that subject, bore remarkable fruit. For although, as has been stated, his congregation was not rich, yet there was scarcely another in the Church which contributed as much for missions as the Barony did, and he was accustomed to refer with gratification to the fact that the amount, large as it was, was made up chiefly of very small sums.

In order to maintain congregational life, and to promote a sense of brotherly unity, the kirk-session issued at short intervals Reports of their proceedings, and a social festival of the congregation was occasionally held, at which these reports were read, and kindly and instructive addresses delivered.

In this manner he carried out his ideas of the Christian

“What should we think if an angel from heaven appeared to us some morning, and said: ‘This day Satan, with all his power, subtlety, and wiles, may try to destroy thee; and Jesus bids me say He will shut His eyes and ears to thee, and send thee no help? This day thou hast duties to perform in a right spirit; Jesus bids me say He will not give thee His Spirit. This day the heaviest trials experienced by thee may be thine; Jesus bids me say He will not afford me any support. This day thou mayest die; Jesus bids me say He will not be with thee. Jesus bids thee adieu for this day, and leaves thee alone with thy evil heart, blind mind, powerful enemies; hell beneath thee, death before thee, judgment above thee, and eternity before thee!’ Oh, horrible despair!

“But why art thou not afraid of this when a day is begun without prayer? Art thou not practically saying to all this, ‘Amen! so let it be?’

“Does God love a cheerful giver? and is He not one himself?

“A godly parent is a god-like parent, *i.e.* a parent who is God’s image in the family—as God to them in life, teaching, love, character.

“A godly home-education is one which trains up the child by the earthly to the heavenly Father.

“That a parent may be as God to his child, he must first be as a child to his God. To teach, he must be taught; and receive, that he may give.

“What the father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent himself to be towards his Father in heaven. Hence children are witnesses for God in the parent’s heart, as well as the parents are for Him in the hearts of their children.

“What a compound of vanity, greed, and the selfishness which is hate that would end in murder, is that villain Haman!—mean, sneaking, stuffed with vanity and ambition! a thorough, contemptible scoundrel, whose hanging was well deserved! His very terror when condemned is so like the dog—quite like the cowardly rascal that would hang others, and smoke his pipe, or, half-drunk, babble over it with his Jezebel wife.”

From DIARY BOOK of 1853:—

“*Jan. 1st.*—God has been very merciful to me during the past year. I never had so unbroken a year of prosperity, in the usual sense of that word.

“I have preached about one hundred and forty times, seven of them for public collections, many for chapels. I have addressed about thirteen meetings for missions and other useful objects. Held seven mission meetings in my own church. Published a sermon and edited magazine. Organised (1) Schemes, (2) Industrial aid, (3) Female aid, (4) Endowment, (5) Education committees in congregation. Opened refreshment-rooms for working classes. Opened three chapels with three missionaries. Suggested and helped to carry out a proposal for two new churches, for which £10,000 is now collected. About to build three new schools. Have commenced work in Barnhill Poor House. Visited in twenty-two days about two hundred and twenty-two families. Have organized a congregational class of one hundred and ten from eight to fourteen years of age. Wrote report on Pauper Education.* I need to reform the schemes. Have had two large classes of young men and women for three months.

“*April 7th.*—Fast-day. The kind of frittered life I am compelled (I may say) to lead, dipping like a sea-gull for my food ever and anon, as it is turned up by some wave on the surface, never diving deep, never soaring high, never at rest, injures terribly my moral being. My brain becomes like a bee-hive, so that when I begin to read and pray, my thoughts slide off to chapels or texts, or some scheme or sermon, while I utterly despise myself. I desire this day to be a day of self-examination, of thankfulness and quickening.

* Among his many duties as minister of a parish, he had to give his attention to the administration of the Poor-law, and shortly after his induction, being shocked at the number of pauper children who were kept in the workhouse at Barnhill, he proposed the complete adoption of the “boarding-out” system, whereby the young would be brought up in the houses of decent people in the country. This was accordingly done. The following year he wrote a long and elaborate paper on the advisability of forming an industrial farm. This paper was printed by order of the Board, but its suggestions were never fully adopted.

have parents spared to him to be such a source of happiness to him as mine are to me. God bless you both for all you have been and are."

From his JOURNAL:—

"June 3.—I this day enter my forty-third year. I feel how much of my life is passed, and slowly but surely the force that is in me to do Christ's work will begin to decline.

"One man, O Lord, lifts up his voice and praises Thee that he has been born, because he knows Thee and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent, and knows that, while no man on earth deserves it, this is eternal life!

"July 23, 1854.—With the exception of the preface, the Life is finished and printed. Glory to God!

When I went to see John, I put the question, 'What shall be the end thereof?' How much has been seen of the end already!

"It was a strange feeling, to end a work which had given me his companionship for so long a time. It seemed like a second death!

"Thank God I have been enabled to write a biography without one word of untruth or exaggeration in it, as far as I know. It may not say enough, or go far enough, but all it says is true; as far as it goes, it is true.

"Does my dear friend know this is done! I believe he does, and that as far as it is true, and tends to glorify his Master in Whose presence he is, and Who is his all in all, so far he rejoices in it, so I add to his joy. What a delightful thought! For surely if he knows that his life has not been so unfinished as it seemed to have been, that he is by these memorials enabled to advance that kingdom much more than he could have done had he been spared to labour as a minister, surely this will fill him with deeper love to Jesus, and a profounder admiration of His love and wisdom, and so increase his own joy.

"What an infant in spiritual growth am I to him! But let his bright and beautiful example not cast me down, but lift me up and stimulate me to labour more for Christ, and not to be slothful, but through faith and patience to follow him, even as he followed his Lord.

“ . . . How strange that as yet my child knows not God ! I have resolved that she shall not hear His name till she has language to apprehend what I mean, and that no one shall speak of God to her till I do so. This is a moment in her life which I claim as my own. I shall have the blessedness of first telling her of Him who I trust (Oh, my Father, for Christ’s sake let it be—oh, let it !) shall be her all in all for ever after. For a time I must be to her as God : His shadow, His representative and her father on earth shall lead her to Thee, her Father and mine.

“ Another system than this I know is generally pursued, and much is thought to be gained by cramming a child with holy words before it can hardly lisp them. I heard last week of ——’s boy saying to some one, ‘ I don’t like God, for He sends rain.’ This was quite natural, but what is gained by such instruction ? ”

To THOMAS CONSTABLE, Esq. :—

July 18th, 1854.

“ I have always addressed you more as the friend of John Mackintosh than as the publisher of the memorials of his life. As such you will be glad to receive the conclusion of the last chapter, which I send by this post.

“ I have been writing these latter pages since early dawn ; and deeply affecting though they be, I cannot think they will cost my readers as many tears as they have cost me while penning them. I feel concluding this book as a positive loss to myself. It is like a second death and burial. It was never a weariness, but a delight to me. I fear that I have failed to convey but a very feeble impression of those days at Cannstadt. I wish it had been possible for me to have said less, and to have permitted him to say more ; yet I cannot think any one will fail to discover in all I have written the details of a true story of one of the truest men that ever blessed the earth by his presence. For myself, I return my most hearty thanks to Almighty God for having honoured me so far as to have permitted these hands of mine to erect this memorial of my beloved friend for the good of the Church and of the world. Many will think the work a small one in this world of many works and great teachers, but had I done nothing more than accomplish this

truly realises God's constant presence—who is one with Christ, and therefore lives among men and acts towards them with His mind and spirit? I, meek, humble, loving, ever by my life drawing men to Christ—self behind, Christ before! I believe this to be as impossible by my own resolving as that I could become a Shakespear, a Newton, a Milton; yet if God calls me to this, God can so enable me to realise it that He shall be pleased with me.

“2. To know and improve every talent to the utmost, whether in preaching, writing, speaking, acting. I feel convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye that will see what our work is, the humility to accept it however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.

“Wise and loving Father! Magnify Thy patience in my wilfulness and stupidity, Thy strength in my weakness, Thy mighty grace in my paltry vanity, Thy love in my selfishness.

“Have been seeing — ; just dying; full of anxiety for his soul; deeply feel for him. Notice! how that one name of Jesus is all-in-all! Men may argue about the Atonement; but the fact of an Atonement alone finds and meets a sinner crying out for mercy. What can philosophy do for such, or an atonement of mere self-sacrifice? It would only deepen the sense of sin.

“Oct. 30, 5½ P.M.—I have this moment finished my little book on the Home School. I have made it a subject of constant prayer, and have sincerely tried to write what may do good to my fellow-men. I believe God will grant it such a measure of success that I shall not be put to shame. I do crave the reward of its helping human hearts to do God's will. If I am taken away, I feel it will be a pleasing little legacy to my beloved wife and children. The latter will learn what the former already knows, and what (thank God!) she sincerely sympathises with me in—for in this, as in all things, we are fellow-workers. The children will know what their father wished, prayed for, and resolved to labour for.

“Jan. 17, 1856.—Report this morning of the prospect of peace with Russia. Peace is joy as far as the present suffering is concerned. But as far as the interests of man are concerned, and the

position of our country, I mourn the news. We have come out of this war lower in every respect in the world's opinion than we were when we entered it. I fear, if the war ends, that it will be merely to give time to Russia to prepare for another by becoming herself stronger, and biding her time till the Western powers are disunited. The salvation of the world now will be pushing missions in the East, and overturning all things from within, leave the without to come right in its own time.

“*Sep. 27th.*—In May I went to London and preached for Herschell and the Sailors' Friend Society, and then went to visit my dear friend Mrs. Dennistoun at Tours. We had most delightful drives, visiting Mettray, Plessy de Tours, and the old Bastille of Loches. I attended the Assembly for a day in May. They carried, by an immense majority, the India Education measure, for which Dr. Bryce and I contended almost alone.”

This allusion to the India Education measure refers to a discussion, which had been agitating the Church for some time, as to the lawfulness of accepting for mission schools the Government Grants in Aid while these grants were given equally to heathen, or at all events non-Christian, schools. The extreme 'Evangelical' party contended against the Church condoning a measure which they thought ought never to have been passed by a Christian State. On the other hand Norman Macleod and Dr. Bryce held that it was impossible for the Government to take any narrower ground in dealing with a country circumstanced like India. They insisted that it would be the height of folly in the Church to refuse assistance from Government in the matter of secular instruction, as long as she was left free to add religious teaching; and they were persuaded that to separate the mission schools from the educational system of India was simply to throw away an opportunity for exercising a wide and wholesome influence. The vote of the Assembly endorsed their views,

elicited thunders of applause. He said the most valuable thing Prince Albert left was character.* There was not a man nor a woman before him, however poor they might be, but had it in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children may rise up after them, and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man. Some of the children-in-arms sometimes broke the silence by their prattle or their screams, but the doctor, though uncommonly sensitive, never appeared the least put about."

The results of these services were remarkable. Many hundreds were reclaimed from lawless habits, some of the more ignorant were educated, and a large number became communicants. There was a nobility of character displayed by several of these working men which moved him to tears as he spoke of them, and gave him a deeper love than ever for the poor. Some of them took ways of showing their gratitude, the very oddity of which gave touching evidence of the depth of the feeling.†

His method of instruction was admirably adapted to the character of his audience. He was never abstract, but threw his teaching into objective or descriptive form, and not seldom *dramatized* the lesson he was enforcing. His counsel was not confined to things spiritual, but embraced such practical matters as the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor, healthy food, and the treatment of children, and was given so forcibly that the meanest intelligence could understand the *rationale* of his advice. His unaffected sympathy with the poor and ignorant in all

* This description was written in 1861.

† I remember on a Sunday evening returning with him, after one of these services, to our father's house. When the cab stopped, a rough hand was pushed in at the window. Norman understood what was meant, and on taking what was offered, received a warm grasp from some unknown working man, who had come from the Barony church, a mile away, to express by this act more thankfulness than he could find words to utter.

their wants and difficulties was the secret of his power over them. His frankness and large human-heartedness commanded their confidence and won their affection.

“ *March 15, 1857.*—I began, four weeks ago, my sermon to working men and women in their working clothes, on my old Loudoun plan, of excluding all who had clothes fit for church by day. And by God’s great mercy I have crammed the Martyrs’ Church with such. I never experienced more joy than in this service. It is grand. I do not envy Wellington at Waterloo.

“ I have just published ‘Deborah,’ a book for servants. What is written with a single eye, and seeking God’s blessing, must, I think, do such good as will vindicate the publication. We shall see.

“ *Sunday, 29.*—On the Monday after the former journal I was seized with dreadful neuralgia (as it is called). I spent the night in my study; on the floor, sofa, chair—anywhere for rest. It left me Tuesday, and then till Sunday I suffered several hours each day, the only agony I ever experienced. I spent another terrible night. Sunday last I was in bed. Since then I have been confined to the house, but, thank God, feel able to preach this afternoon and evening, though I have been writing with much sense of weakness of body. Then scarlet fever attacked my beloved boy on Tuesday, But oh! the *awful* mercy of God to me, he has had it as yet most gently. Was I sincere when I gave him up, all up to God last week? I hope so. As far as I know, I desire Jesus to choose for me; and as far as I know, there is nothing could make me alter that calm resolution; but, as far as I know, there is also no man whose flesh winces more under fear of affliction, or who would more require the mighty power of God to keep him from open rebellion. Amidst all confusion, darkness, doubts, fears, there is ever one light, one life, one all—Jesus, the living personal Saviour!”

With the desire of promoting increased life in the Church, he wrote a series of articles in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, in which he proposed the formation of a Church Union for the purpose of discussing questions

anxious to gather up the fragments in any manner, however confused. I should like, if possible, to meet and sympathise with God in His teaching, lest it be lost—to understand what the will of the Lord is, and what is His loving kindness.

“ God was teaching me (1) where my true life ought to be—in Him, and in Him only. (2) The sufficiency of His grace, to support and give peace in the most trying hour. (3) How beautiful His will is—how right it is that His glory should be the grand end of creation, and the sole ambition of the spirit of man. (4) How I deserved to be, not chastised, but punished for sin; and how hard it was for one who trusted in ‘riches’ to enter into the kingdom, or to sell all and follow Him!

“ But my comforting thoughts were—

“(1) God’s glory. What was right and beautiful in His sight was often very consoling. (2) That Jesus was in the house, and saw all, planned all, and would do all most tenderly, lovingly, and wisely. (3) That there was no depth to which He had not descended. If I made my bed in hell, He was there. I was much touched by the 22nd Psalm, in which, after uttering His own deep sorrow (‘My God,’ &c.) and recounting how our fathers had trusted God, He says, ‘But I am a worm, and no man!’ Think of that! As if His case was too desperate. (4) That patience must have her perfect work, and that faith must be tried and found precious. (5) That God wished me as a child to open my whole heart and tell Him everything. When David was told by Nathan that his child should die, he still prayed to God for its recovery. ‘I doubt not,’ says Hall so beautifully, ‘God His Father took it kindly.’ (6) That God was feeling keenly for me, even when afflicting me. As I heard of a father who used to suffer agony in dressing the wounds of his child; yet his love alone enabled him to do it, while putting her to so much pain.

“I have met extraordinary and wondrous sympathy; it utterly amazes me, and has given me a new and most touching view of my neighbour. Hundreds called to read the daily bulletin which I was obliged to put up. But everywhere it was the same. Free-Church people and people of all Churches called; men I never spoke to stopped me; cab-drivers, bus-drivers, working men in the streets asked after her with such feeling. I have heard of

ministers in Edinburgh praying in public for us. I pray God this may be a lesson for life to make me most tender, meek, kind, and charitable to all men. O God, keep my heart *soft* towards my brethren of mankind. I never could have believed in such unselfishness. And so I have felt its good, for my heart warms to all good men more than ever, and more deeply do I hate and loathe sectarianism.

“I have had inexpressibly solemn teaching from my own sermons. How solemnly have they preached to me! Such as the first, on ‘Raising of Lazarus,’* and my article written, without thought of this sorrow, for the December number of the *Christian Magazine*. O my Father, I desire to learn to speak with deep awe and modesty, as one to whom Thou mayest address his own words.

“The difference between preaching and knowing by experience in affliction, is as great as between being a soldier in peace and fighting at reviews, and a soldier in war and actual battle.

“How awful the trial is of even the hope of returning ‘prosperity.’ It is not—Oh no!—as if my Father grudged to make me happy, or as if affliction was His rule, and not His strange work; but I know that in His love he has been designing good for me—life, and life more abundantly; that to produce this He has sent sorrow: that His purpose has not been hid from me, but that I have seen it and approved of its righteousness; and that in answer to prayers, many and fervent, from His people, who desired first that He should be glorified, He has been pleased to remove (in hope as yet) this great sorrow. I feel it will be a terrible loss, an abuse of God’s grace, a receiving of it in affliction in vain, unless my life is rebaptized, our relationship far more inner and spiritual, and our walk more in the light of heaven. I have been called to a higher, purer, nobler life. I have had three burials of her, and on each occasion Jesus seemed to say, ‘Lovest thou me more than her?’ and thrice He has given her back, but with the awful reservation, ‘Follow thou me,’ ‘Feed my sheep.’ And now I feel God’s grace is required for each day; for what should my future life be? not an occasional funeral, but a daily dying!

* Afterwards published under the title, “The Mystery of Sorrow,” in “Parish Papers.”

reputation. Norman Macleod, however, felt it would be unmanly not to speak what he believed, and, accordingly, accepted the invitation which had been sent him to appear at the Glasgow Celebration. As he was the only clergyman on the platform, his presence was greeted with unusual cheering. Every word he uttered in praise of the poet was, as might have been expected, loudly applauded; but as he had come to utter his convictions, he was quite prepared for the storm of hissing, mingled with cheers, which arose as he adverted, delicately but firmly, to those features of the poet's productions which every religious mind must deplore. His speech was a vindication of his own position as a Scotchman and a clergyman, and before he concluded the audience showed how heartily they appreciated his independence and honesty.

“There are two things,” he said, “which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is, his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, ‘A man’s a man for a’ that.’ Another is, his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing, like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. Few men have done for any country in this respect what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. Everything in our land, touched with the wand of his genius, will for ever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Never will the ‘banks and braes of bonnie Doon’ cease to be ‘fresh and fair,’ nor the ‘birks of Aberfeldy’ to hang their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. He has even persuaded Scotchmen ‘o’ a’ the airts the wind can blaw’ most dearly to ‘lo’e the west,’ though it comes loaded to us, who live in the west, only with the soft favours of a ‘Scotch mist.’ So possessed are even railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and his power, that they send ‘Tam o’ Shanter’ and ‘Souter Johnnie’ as locomotives, roaring and whistling through

the land that is called by his name, and immortalised by his genius. How marvellously has he welded the hearts of Scotchmen throughout the world! Without him they would, no doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of a common country that cannot anywhere be forgotten—a common tongue that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which they cannot anywhere be wanted. But still these ties would be like the cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns are the electric sparks which flash along it and give it life; and ‘though seas between us may be cast,’ these unite heart and heart, so that as long as they exist, Scotchmen can never forget ‘auld acquaintance,’ nor the ‘days o’ lang syne.’ And yet, how can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for some things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising condemnation of those who love him best? I am not called upon to pass any judgment on him as a man, but only as a writer; and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would God they were never written, never printed, and never read! And I should rejoice to see, as the result of these festivals in honour of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems, from which everything would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, or the Christian cottar on his ‘Saturday night’ to his sons and daughters. One thing I feel assured of, is, that righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety, while it cannot lessen one ray of his genius, is at once the best proof we can give of our regard for his memory. If his spirit is cognizant of what is done upon earth, most certainly such a judgment must be in accordance with its most solemn conviction and most earnest wishes.”*

* He afterwards received the following characteristic letter of thanks from the late able and lamented Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh.

January 29, 1859.

“I have just read with delight the extract from your speech at the Burns Centenary Meeting. The works of Burns are a power whose in-

the upper classes. I find vulgar, dissipated, and indecent people in both classes. I must also state that the working classes have a respect for the clergy, and will always receive one with respect, provided he treats them with respect. But if one goes among the working classes he ought not to do so as if arranging for Popish controversies, or as a controversialist coming from one class to another. I am not going to argue the question, though I am ready to do so, but I hesitate not to say, as the result of my observation of Missions to Romanists as hitherto conducted in cities, that so far from their making Roman Catholics and the lower classes more accessible to the clergy, they have raised up barriers in their way which it is extremely difficult to overcome. So much do I believe this, that in my preaching to the working men at night, I tell them I am not going to attack Romanism or Popery, because that doing so has driven men from the gospel. I am going to preach the gospel only. And I know that Roman Catholics do come, brought by those who attend regularly. I am very glad that it is proposed to combine the anti-popery agency with the home-mission agency, and I hope the Missionaries will go earnestly and lovingly amongst the people as brethren to brethren, not in the attitude of saying, 'You are wrong and we are right,' or 'We only want you to come from the Popish to the Protestant Church.'

"In regard to the means taken to educate the working classes we are too apt to forget that man is a compound being, a social being, and that it is important to help him to better house accommodation, and a better knowledge of natural laws. Above all, do not assume too high a standard as to the little luxuries enjoyed by working men. Some say the working man, in order to be temperate, must not taste a single drop of fermented liquor; and people who have themselves their wine, may be heard talking wisely about the horror of the working man having his glass of beer or porter. I cannot talk in this way. I should feel it hypocritical. I would rather say to them: 'God has given it to you, don't take it as from the devil, but use it as from God. Don't take it in the public-houses. If you wish to use such things, do so frankly, and as in the presence of God, at your own fireside, or before family worship, and if the minister comes in offer him some, and don't be ashamed.' Do not let me be misunderstood as to what I say about temperance, because,

remember, there is a tendency among a certain type of teetotalers to spread as facts all that can be brought against any clergyman who dares to lift up his voice against what threatens to be a terrific tyranny in Scotland. Now mark what I do say. Do not suppose that when visiting the houses of working men I am in the habit of taking anything from them; I never do so. Nor would I be understood to say that I would not seek to make teetotalers among the working classes. When I find that any of them drink to excess, I try to make them resolve to be teetotal; but I put it in this form: 'Christ desires temperance, and if you can't be temperate without being teetotal, then you must be teetotal.' In the same way some people, in order to save the working man from extravagance, say, 'Oh, this is dreadful; you have only from sixteen to seventeen shillings a week and yet I have more than once found you with a pipe in your mouth.' Now why should he not smoke his pipe? Do you imagine we are to have the confidence of the working classes if we speak to them in that fashion? I would rather say to him, 'I'll give you tobacco to keep your pipe lighted, I like one myself.' In order also to have working men keep the Sabbath, some are in the habit of speaking to them against walking on the Sabbath, as if they were terrified to give them that liberty. But why should they wish to be less liberal than God Who has made us and knows our frame? Let us be fair and honest with the working man, and you will find him display no tendency to pervert your teaching if you deal with him in a spirit of liberality and in accordance with the laws of God properly interpreted. But when you are less liberal than God and draw the bow too much in one direction, it will rebound all the more on the other."

He concluded a long speech by expressing his conviction that the grand instrument for elevating the working classes, and all classes, is the gospel. Along with the gospel, many plans of doing good might succeed; without the gospel they would certainly fail.

from the Barony, the second from Campbeltown, the third from Dalkeith.

“I preached the night before last on the top of a gas meter to about forty. Most of the people were from Glasgow. It was a queer sight. I sung the Psalms—no seats or books; lots of Russian workmen stood around to hear the Scotch ‘pope’—as the priests are called. ‘My heart is full,’ said a Scotch woman, taking my hand, ‘I canna speak.’

“I spent three hours in St. Isaac’s on Sunday; got my pocket picked. The service was beyond all measure tiresome. Crowds of priests with the Metropolitan at their head—most magnificent dresses. Chanting beautiful, voices exquisite, but vast sameness. It lasted three hours, and was followed by the kissing of the Cross and the Bible, &c. It would take pages to give you an idea of what is not worth knowing. It is externally worse than Rome. Russian life I cannot see. I know no more than you do of the country.”

SWEDEN, *August 31.*

“I am here in a station on the railway, by the margin of a wild Highland Loch, having come out to visit a few Scotchmen. I left St. Petersburg on Tuesday week, without any regret, never wishing again to visit that slow, big, ill-paved, drosky-thumped, expensive capital.

“Thank God, there are, however, signs of life everywhere. Thousands of the Scriptures are being circulated in Russia. Gospel preaching is heard in Finland, and in Sweden. The dry bones are everywhere stirring, though the breath has come to a few only.

“The system of the Church in Sweden is quite perfect of its kind. No dissent is permitted. Every child is educated. All must be confirmed, and thoroughly taught, and examined in the small and larger catechism. Every one before getting a situation, even a servant, must produce a certificate in which is marked the number of times and the last, in which he has communicated. There is probably not a person, the vilest, who has not such. What is the result? formality, deadness, and an immense amount of corruption. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the more perfect the government, the less it should interfere with

religion. If men won't do right because it is right, what is the good of it? Give me freedom with all its risks."

On his return from Russia his attention was directed to a speech made by a distinguished and much respected professor in a Scotch University, a keen advocate of total abstinence, who had taken Dr. Macleod's tract, 'Plea for Temperance,' as his text at a meeting of the League, held in Glasgow.

To Professor ——— :—

GLASGOW, 1860.

" . . . I am not in the habit of taking notice of all the 'hard speeches' which have been uttered against me by violent and unscrupulous abstainers. There are, I rejoice to know, among teetotalers very many persons whom I highly respect for their own and for their work's sake, and many intimate and dear friends with all of whom I am glad to co-operate in my own way, according to my given light and conscientious convictions. But I protest that there is also among them a rabble of intemperate men, revelling in the pride of power which enables them, as members of a great league, and under cover of an exclusive profession of self-sacrifice for the public weal, to bully the timid and to exercise all the tyranny possible in a free country over every man, especially a Christian minister who presumes to dissent from their views of duty and to resist their demands, or who dares to defy their threats and despise their insinuations. Such men I never notice.

" But it is otherwise when a learned and Christian gentleman like you attacks me.

" I do not ask you to explain or defend the 'principles' of total abstinence, to show their harmony with Scripture, or their expediency as rules of action in the present state of society. All this I am willing for argument's sake to take for granted. But what I demand in justice from your hands is to prove that the principles, the argument, the spirit, or any one thing else in my tract is inconsistent with any other things in the Word of God, which I recognise as 'the only rule of faith and morals.' Nay, you are bound, in order to justify yourself, to prove my teaching to be

also who may hear for the sake of the story. I cannot think that I shall utterly fail, or injure the cause dearer to me than life itself, when I know that I have only truth in view, and daily pray to Christ to guide me. Oh! my dear friend, from my heart I say it, I would sooner die than consciously injure that cause by anything I write, should it gain me the fame of the greatest names in literature! As a literary production Ned is a twopenny affair, but I am encouraged to write it as a medium of preaching Christ."

To Colonel DREGHORN (in answer to a letter reminding him of a promise to preach a sermon for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals):—

GLASGOW, 1861.

"I beseech you to have mercy on me as an animal, and get some other brute, equally willing and more able than I am, to preach your sermon. I have seven sermons to preach for collections in other churches before January—and I am engaged three times every Sunday till April—besides tons of other work on my back. I ask mercy with the donkey, dog, or carter's horse. My burthen is heavier than I can bear. Let the deputy chairman spare his lash. I have no power to bite or kick, I can only groan.

"I'll feed the next starved dog handsomely, shelter for a week the first wandering cat I meet, even put my shoulder to the next over-loaded cart of coal or iron I see. I'll listen for two hours to 'David Bell.' I'll do any deed of mercy laid upon me that I am fit for, if you spare my back while editor of *Good Words*. In the name of every hard-used brute, lay or clerical, animal or spiritual, I crave your mercy.

"Yours in trouble."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

MONALTRIE, September 9, 1861. ❧

"Dear kind Mrs. Fuller Maitland drove me to Crathie on Saturday. The Manse was full, *i.e.*, the minister, with a son and two grown-up daughters, a lady from England with grown-up son and daughter, a gentleman from Edinburgh and myself. How were they put up? The walls know. I don't. But as I always say, no Manse was ever so full, but that (like a 'bus) one more could be taken in. I preached—by no means comfortably to myself. I

could not remember one sentence (literally) and had to trust to the moment for expression. Lord John Russell there. But the Queen was most cordial in her thanks for the comfort I gave her, and commanded me to return next year. So I must indulge the hope that it was blessed far more than I could believe, judging from my own feeling. I preached in the evening for Anderson. I dined at the Castle, and spent really a charming evening. I had a long walk with Lady Augusta Bruce during the interval, and learned much from her about the death of that noble, loving woman, the Duchess of Kent, and of the Queen's grief. She was a most God-fearing woman. I have been presented by the Queen with a delightful volume of hymns which her mother was fond of. The Queen's distress was deep and very bitter, but in every respect such as a daughter ought to feel. The suddenness—unexpected by even Sir J. Clarke—of course shocked her. At dinner were present Princess Alice and her *fiancé*, Prince Louis of Hesse, Princess Hohenlohe, the Queen's half-sister—an admirable woman. I sat beside Prince Alfred, a fine gentlemanly sailor. We had lots of talk. After dinner I had a most interesting conversation, for about half-an-hour, with the Prince Consort, and a good long one with the Queen. In short, it was a most agreeable evening."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Last night of 1861.*—The happiest time I have had yet at Balmoral was this last with the dear good Prince, whom I truly mourn.

"The death! What an event for the nation! I have received a letter from Lady Augusta Bruce, which is very delightful although sad."

with what the Queen said to me about him on Monday, 'that he really did not seem to comprehend a selfish character, or what selfishness was.' And on whatever day his public life is revealed to the world, I feel certain this will be recognised.

"Dr. Becker, to whom I was complaining of Humboldt's treatment of the Prince, told me that the only thing the Prince said or wrote about it to him was, 'I am sorry for poor Humboldt.' He felt that such things injured one whom he so much loved and admired."

At the end of May, accompanied by Mrs. Macleod and his brother Donald, he took a six weeks' tour in Italy, crossing Mont Cenis to Turin, and thence by Genoa and the Riviera to Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, and returning home by Courmayeur, the Great St. Bernard and Basle. His impressions of Italy were afterwards recorded in *Good Words*.*

To his FATHER :—

FLORENCE, June 3, 1862.

"It would take months of patient study to get even a general idea of the glories of art in Florence; we have not a shadow of an idea in Scotland of what art is. In this respect it is a barbarous country; yet, in a better respect, it is as heaven to this. I wish you saw Popery here to loathe it.

"I preached last Sunday. Protestantism hardly exists. Little is doing or can be done. God alone can help this wretched country. How I know not, nor can see. All is beautiful and grand, but man and his morals."

To his FATHER and MOTHER :—

LAKE MAGGIORE, Sunday, June 15.

"The two places I enjoyed most were Venice and two days' rest at Bellaggio, on the Lake of Como. The beauty is really inconceivable. For wild and majestic grandeur I admire our own Highlands most, but for surpassing and majestic beauty, this.

* "Rambling Notes of a Ramble in Italy,"—*Good Words*, 1862.

“I preached in the *Heckla* steamer to the Jack Tars on Sunday last. Campsie men and Glasgow men were on board. It was a pleasant day. The glory of Venice cannot be imagined.”

“*Baveno, Sunday evening.*—We crossed the lake to-day, and have had a nice service. I read the Liturgy and preached. We had a delightful walk through the vineyards, and enjoyed the snowy Alps in the distance.”

To A. STRAHAN, Esq. :—

MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD,

June 21, 1862.

“Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the Brothers of St. Bernard. All is arranged. I find that they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free, or U. P. Kirk; know nothing even of Dr. — or Dr. —, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy, for 800 years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers; that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall nor to a General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and the travellers of all nations. In short, it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be known henceforth as Frater Flemingus. (I think I owe it to the Captain to adopt his name.) My wife goes to a nunnery; I leave my children to your care— $3\frac{1}{2}$ to you and $3\frac{1}{2}$ to Isbister. Farewell, best of men and of publishers! Farewell, Isbister, best of men and of smokers! Farewell, *Good Words!* Farewell, the world and all its vanities!— I was interrupted at this point by a procession of monks, who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Before changing garments, I inquired about the vows. Judge of my amazement in finding I must renounce cigars for ever! I pause—

“P.S.—2 A.M., 22nd.—The monks won't give in. The weather is fearfully cold. No fires in the cells. The dogs are mangy.

“3 A.M.—I am half-dead with cold. I shan't lie in the morgue. I repent!

“6 A.M.—Off for London! Hurrah!”

The opposition to *Good Words*, which he had anticipated from a section of the religious world, and of which some faint murmurs had already reached him, at last broke out with a violence for which he was certainly not prepared. The *Record* newspaper published a series of criticisms of the magazine, especially referring to the contributions of Principal Tulloch, Dr. Lee, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Macleod, which, besides wrath and bitterness, displayed so much deliberate dishonesty, that he was utterly shocked by the revelation it gave of the spirit reigning in the narrower circle of the 'Evangelical' world. The maledictions of the *Record*, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, and widely circulated in England and Scotland, were caught up and re-echoed by kindred organs throughout the country, and had the effect of making the editor of the offending periodical an object of suspicion to many whose good-will he valued. A ludicrous anti-climax was reached in the Controversy, when the Presbytery of Strathbogie gravely 'overtured' the General Assembly of the Free Church to take *Good Words* into its consideration. If Dr. Macleod was indignant under this treatment, he was still more grieved and ashamed. He never, however, lost the confidence of the healthier 'Evangelical' party in all Churches, and an able exposure of the spiteful character of the criticisms in the *Record* which appeared in the *Patriot*, did much even to remove the suspicions under which he lay with the weaker brethren.

From his JOURNAL:—

"A series of reviews on *Good Words* have appeared in the *Record* newspaper. What gives these furious attacks any interest to me is the evidence which they afford of the state of a section of the Evangelical Church which sets itself up as the perfection of 'Evangelicalism.'

"... I was quite aware of the risk I should run from the

narrow school of perfectly conscientious people, weak albeit and ignorant of the big world, and of the necessities of the times, and of what might be done for Christ's cause and kingdom by wiser and broader means.

“The articles afford frightful evidence of the low state to which Pharisaical ‘Evangelicism’ has come. They have been ably answered in a series of articles in the *Patriot*. I don't know, nor suspect by whom. An attempt is being made to get *Good Words* rejected by Tract Societies, the Pure Literary Society, &c. It is incomprehensible to me that, at a time when the very citadel of truth is attacked, these men are not thankful for such a sincere and hearty defence. Strahan writes me that since the attack he has sold more than ever. But this is a secondary consideration. My own belief is that the magazine will for a time be injured. So many thousands of well-intentioned people are slaves to religious papers (among the worst in existence), and to their weak-headed ‘Evangelical’ pastors, as much as any Papists to their church or priesthood; and so many men are terrified to be held up as ‘unevangelical,’ that I don't think they are as yet prepared for a magazine which shall honestly represent the various subjects, besides ‘religion,’ which in point of fact so occupy the thoughts of good men.

“The ‘world’ is that which is ‘not of the Father.’ The so-called ‘Evangelical party’—for, thank God, they are but a small clique—are becoming the worshippers of mere Shibboleths—phrases. The shortest road to be considered religious is to adhere to a creed in *words*, and to keep up a cant vocabulary. Let two men appear in a certain circle of society of London, and let one man speak of ‘the Lord's people,’ ‘a man of God,’ ‘a great work going on of revival,’ &c., and another speak of ‘good Christian people,’ ‘a good man,’ ‘good doing,’ the first man is dubbed godly, and the other man at least doubtful, and all from phrases! The one man's sins, misrepresentations, uncharitableness, are put down to the frailties of ‘a man of God;’ the other man's excellences to vain appearances. The evil of the one is accounted for, the good of the other denied or suspected. This is horrible!

“In like manner, though a man believes, as I do, with his whole soul the doctrines of Scripture, yet woe to him unless he believes

Im ganzen—*haltet euch an Worte!*
 Dann geht ihr durch die sichre Pforte
 Zum Tempel der Gewissheit ein.'

* * * * *

‘Mit *Worten* lässt sich trefflich streiten,
 Mit *Worten* ein System bereiten,
 An *Worte* lässt sich trefflich glauben,
 Von einem *Wort* lässt sich kein Iota rauben.’

“With a good conscience towards God and man, I therefore crave as a Christian brother pastor, seeking to aid his Master’s work, the sympathy of the good men of all parties, and of all churches—for *Good Words* belongs to all. If this is denied me, by even a few, on those few be the responsibility of weakening my hands and my efforts. Profoundly convinced, however, of a higher sympathy, I shall go on as I have begun, with a firm, clear purpose, and a peaceful, courageous heart. As I have sung long ago, I sing now, and hope to do so till my voice is silent—

‘Trust no party, church, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight;
 But in every word and action,
 Trust in God, and do the right!’

‘Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight.
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 Trust in God, and do the right!’”

From the Rev. A. P. STANLEY, Professor of Ecclesiastical History:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *June 13, 1863.*

“For my part I would at once relieve you of my presence in *Good Words*, but I consider the principle which you advocate in your letter to be so good, that I shall be sorry to do so. ‘The ox and ass’ must plough together in the Christian dispensation, though they were forbidden to do so in the Mosaic.”

From the late Canon KINGSLEY:—

CAMBRIDGE, *Saturday night.*

“I have sent off my copy. If anything in it seems to you not fit for your readers, you are to strike your pen through it without fear.

“I can trust utterly your liberality and good sense. I am old enough to know, with Hesiod, that half is sometimes better than the whole. I have full means in England of speaking my whole mind as often as I wish. It is for you to decide how much thereof can be spoken without offence to your 70,000 readers. So do what you like with the paper.

“I should say this to very few editors upon earth, but I say it to you as a matter of course.”

To A. STRAHAN, Esq. :—

“Let us be very careful not to admit through oversight one sentence which ought to pain a Christian, however weak he may be. In one word, let us honestly, sincerely, humbly, truthfully do what is right, and dare the devil whether he comes as an infidel or a Pharisee.

“We have an immense talent given us, let us use it well.

“I have no doubt *Good Words* will be injured, but it will perish before I truckle to any party.”

In the same year in which he was attacked by the *Record*, he had an opportunity of showing how little ground there was for the most serious of the charges brought against him as editor. He had asked a celebrated novelist, a personal friend, for whose character and opinions he ever retained unqualified respect, to write the tale for the following year. But, when the story was submitted to him, he saw that it was not suitable for the Magazine. There was, of course, nothing morally wrong in its tone, but as all its ‘religious’ people were drawn of a type which justly deserved the lash of the satirist, he felt that to publish it in *Good Words* would be to lend the sanction of its conductors to what he had long considered the injustice of modern novelists in ignoring healthy Christianity. A friendly correspondence followed, from which it appeared that the editor and his friend had misunderstood each other; but so determined was Dr. Macleod and his

in relation to *Good Words*. The Free Presbytery of Strathbogie has overtured the General Assembly of the Free Church against it. Against a *6d.* periodical, with which they have nothing to do! This is to me very interesting as a social phenomenon. Oh, my God, help me to be charitable! Help me to be weak to the weak, to be silent about them, and to do Thy will!

“*November 27th.*—Thank God, my working man’s church is in a fair way of being finished. I have realised £1,700, and I feel assured God will give me the £2,500.

“We have taken ground for a school and a church at Parkhead. All in faith that God will provide the money for both.

“The working men’s services have been carried on since November 1, and never were better attended. Thank God!

“But I have been two years trying to get up a working man’s church. There are noble exceptions; but I have found shocking illustrations of the spirit of greed among the wealthy.

“The sun of life is setting. Let me work, and rest in soul.

“Thackeray is dead, a most kind-hearted man. Macnab told me that he had him in charge coming home from Calcutta, and that the day after he parted from him in London, the boy returned, and throwing his arms about his neck, burst into tears, from sheer affection in meeting his friend again. He said he never knew a more loving boy. Thackeray was in Weimar the year before I was there. We had a long talk about the old place and people. I felt he had a genuine heart.

“Delivered again my lecture on East and West in Glasgow. I think God is giving me a great work to do in Glasgow for the poor. It must and will be done by some one, why not me? I am nothing except as an instrument, and God can make use of me.

“D.V., let this be my work for ’64.”

CHAPTER XVII.

1864—65.

HE has given in 'Eastward' so full an account of his visit to Palestine that it would be superfluous to quote at any length from the letters he sent to his family. He was accompanied on this tour by Mr. Strahan, his publisher, and by his brother Donald; and from first to last it afforded him unmingled enjoyment. Every new event, whether it were a cyclone or a donkey-ride, gave him fresh pleasure; every remarkable spot, from Malta to Constantinople, stirred his enthusiasm.

Any one who has travelled in Palestine can understand how fatiguing it must have been for a man of his age and *physique* to pass days in the saddle in such a climate. Yet there were few evenings on which the encampment was not made a scene of merriment by his good-natured fun with the Fellahîn or Bedawîn who crowded round the tents. He had provided himself, before leaving London, with musical snuff-boxes and fireworks, and it was his delight to hear the '*Mashallah!*' of the astonished natives when music burst out in some unexpected corner, or when a rocket whizzed aloft and fell in a shower of fire. He claimed this use of fireworks as an original invention for the protection of travellers, and he was so confident of its merits that he would not have been sorry had the Bedawîn

around! Then in an hour after we entered Nain, and gazed on Tabor beside us; and after remaining at Nain, and reading the story of the blessed miracle, we crossed the plain, and for an hour wound our way through the little glens (so like the Highlands) of the mountains of Galilee, until we came to this sweet retired nest among the lovely *knowes*. What a day in a man's life! and yet it is but one of many.

“*Easter Sunday*.—I have come down from the ruins of the old Castle of Safed. The day is glorious, and more so from there having been deluges of rain all night and this morning, and masses of *cumuli* clouds break the blue space of the sky, and cast on the landscape deep shadows that relieve the eye from the usual glare. I was seated on the highest point of a hill which sweeps up from the Lake of Tiberias nearly three thousand feet, and is encircled by the town of Safed, and crowned with the grand ruins of the old Crusader castle. Below lay the Lake of Tiberias, still and calm; the green plain of Genesareth, with the ruins of Magdala, and probably Capernaum, below us round a bay. On the opposite side was the valley where the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac took place. The end of the lake where the Jordan enters the lake, and where Bethsaida was, was concealed by a hill; but there below lay the immortal lake itself—the most famous lake in the world—about which I need not speak to you—and when looking at it, could hardly speak to any one. Beyond the lake stretched the table-land of the Hauran on to the horizon. The green valley of the Jordan was seen at the south end. To the right was Tabor, and the mountains of Galilee and Samaria farther away, with sunlight and cloud and shadows over them.

“It was my last look of Tiberias, and, with it, of the true Holy Land. I can trace Christ's steps no more. I had sailed on Tiberias, Friday evening (Good Friday), and at our request the fishermen let down their net for a draught and caught nothing, though they often get great hauls. We rode along its shores past Magdala, and now I have bidden it farewell for ever in this life. I felt to-day as when taking my last look at Jerusalem, as if it were the last look of some beloved friend, whom, however, I hope to see purified and renewed in the new heavens and the new earth. My heart is full as I say farewell. I shall see the Lebanon, Sidon,

Damascus and other places, but not such holy spots as I have been gazing on with prayer and praise; spots in which heaven and earth, men and angels, have met, and in which things have taken place and words have been uttered, which have moulded the history of the world and will be more famous in eternity than in time, and among saints in Heaven than among sinners on earth."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

FROM ATHENS.

"I am so thankful to have seen this after Palestine. It does not lessen my first love. It completes the circle of the past—Paul and the Areopagus unite the two. There are many striking contrasts between them.

"When I look over the landscape from the Acropolis, or journey over the country around, there is not a village near, nor a ruin, nor spot, with the exception of Salamis and Marathon, that is famous for any great fact which the world knows of or feels interested in. In Palestine every hill and village is alive with history. It is Athens alone—there it is the whole country. Then again, while I recognise all that Athens has given to the world, whether of art, philosophy, history, poetry, or eloquence, as precious gifts from God, a grand portion of the education of our race, which has told as no other has done on the culture of mankind—yet how different in kind, in universality, in intensity, has been the influence of Palestine! An old shepherd who lived four thousand years ago, like Abraham, is almost worshipped by the Mahommedans, Jews, and Christians, and is known as "El Khulil," the Friend of God. What has he been—what have others in Palestine been—to the spirits and hearts of the race? While the kings and gods of Egypt have passed away, the people who live beneath the Acropolis know him, and don't know the names even of their mighty dead who have nevertheless immortalised their city. There are thirty marble chairs in the Theatre of Dionysus, which were the official seats of the priests of Bacchus, and of the different village or parish temples. They have not a representative on earth! Athens has given much to the world! but in Palestine the Father was revealed to it. That is the gift of gifts to the whole family of man."

“ October 6.—Have had meetings at Inverary, Falkirk, and Hamilton (Presbytery). I have been fagged, bothered, addled, dowie.”

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

ABERDEEN, *October 10th.*

“ I have a short time before I address the Synod at two, to write to you. I don't know why I should feel so very much to-day; but I have been for two hours preparing with head and heart to speak worthily on this great subject. My heart trembles for the ark of God. I do feel this to be a crisis in our mission history, and I am so anxious. In proportion as I believe in the certainty of success if we seek the Lord, and humble endeavour to do His work, in that proportion I feel the terrible sin and eternal loss if it is not done. I heard Doctor Duff last night. I have not seen him since we met in Paris, long ago, at the Alliance, nor have I heard him since he made his great speech in the Assembly of '38. He is, of course, older, and visibly feebler; but that very feebleness was to me so touchingly eloquent. How humbled I felt before him, how inwardly I revered and blessed the old soldier of the cross. I have desires and words, weak and feeble. But he is the living embodiment of work done.”

The following letter was written after opening a box of edible fungi which had lain in the house for some days, during his absence from home, having been sent him by Dr. Esdaile, well known for his advocacy of the use of horseflesh, and for his experiments in pisciculture, and still better known for his heroic and successful efforts to found a College for Ministers' Daughters:

To the Rev. Dr. ESDAILE, Rescobie:—

Oct. 25th, 1864.

“ My dear Easdail—or Esdale—or Esdaile, for such a queer fellow cannot be easily made out. I received your puddock stools after I returned home from a mission tour. As holy things, or as noxious things, they were set aside by the family, with mingled feelings of awe, mystery, and terror. That death was in the box

was obvious to the senses—but death of what? Was it a new murder? A man's head, or a whole child, or a leg of some Briggs? I myself opened the box with one careful hand while I held my nose with another. It was an awful evidence of the doctrine of corruption! But not of the will, and so I thank you heartily for your goodwill in sending me the deadly poison and congratulate myself on my escape. Why did you expect the Barony? Your sermon was highly acceptable; but why kill the parson? Esdaile! you know what you are, and if you don't stop these savage feasting on mare's flesh and mushrooms, I'll have you up as a witch or murderer.

“Thanks I say for your foul intentions, and for my lucky escape.

“Go along! You mushroom wasting, horseflesh eating, oyster breeding, mussel growing, salmon fishing, Ministers' Daughters training, good for everything mortal.”

To his MOTHER:—

“I have been every night, except Saturday, away from my own family! It is very hard, but ‘what can a fellow do?’

“Dr. Duff has written me a very kind letter to meet him here next week.

“The Free Kirk have subscribed handsomely to my mission.

“The first man I called on gave me £250! and wrote such a nice note.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“Dec. 18, 1864.—I was invited by Prince Alfred to spend the 14th Anniversary of his father's death with him at Darmstadt. The Queen commanded me to see her before I went, so on Monday I went to Windsor. I told her that the more I was confided in, the more I felt my responsibility to speak the truth. That night I went, *viâ* Calais, to Darmstadt. The Prince joined the train at Bonn.

“I have during the past year been pretty steadily in my own pulpit, but with the exception of visiting the sick I have been able to do little parish work, which deeply pains me. I

CHAPTER XVIII.

SABBATH CONTROVERSY.

A SERIES of public demonstrations had taken place against the running of Sunday trains and other forms of Sabbath desecration, and the Presbytery of Glasgow, to give effect to these expressions of popular feeling, prepared a Pastoral letter, to be read in all the churches within its jurisdiction. As this Letter enforced the observance of the Lord's-day by arguments directly opposed to the teaching Dr. Macleod had given his congregation for many years, it was impossible for him to read it from the pulpit without expressing his dissent. He therefore felt himself bound to state to his brethren in the Presbytery the grounds on which he differed from their judgment.

He believed that the authority of the Jewish Sabbath was an insufficient, unscriptural, and therefore perilous basis on which to rest the observance of the Lord's-day, and that to impose regulations as to the one institution, which applied only to the other, must, with the changing conditions of society in Scotland, be productive of greater evils in her future than in her past history. In proportion to the strict enforcement of Sabbatarianism, there would, in his opinion, be multiplied those practical inconsistencies, dishonesties, and Pharisaic sophistries which prove, in all ages, supremely detrimental to morality and religion. It

was, therefore, with the desire of vindicating the divine sanctions of the Lord's-day, as distinct from the Sabbath, that he addressed the Presbytery, and, in doing so, he anticipated, with a deep sense of responsibility, the peril he must incur and the pain his views were certain to inflict on many of his countrymen.

This speech, like all his other speeches, was not written out, but given from short, and to any other eyes than his own, unintelligible notes. In substance, however, it had been carefully and thoughtfully prepared: the arguments and illustrations were clearly arranged, but the mutilated form in which, unfortunately, it first appeared in the newspapers created an impression of its purport which was calculated to disturb the public mind. It could not have been expected that an address which, though rapidly spoken, occupied between three and four hours in delivery, would be fully or accurately reported; but it must always be a matter of regret that only the destructive part of the argument, which came first, was communicated through the press, while the latter part, enforcing the divine obligation of the Lord's-day, was omitted. Had the public been better informed from the first as to the true character of his sentiments, there would have been less of that painful misunderstanding and excitement which, once raised, is so difficult to allay.*

As it was, the outburst of popular feeling was amazing. His views were not really startling, for they were common to perhaps a majority of the best theologians of the Reformed Churches.† Yet, if the speaker had renounced Christianity itself, he could scarcely have produced a greater sensation. He became not only an object of sus-

* That this was the case was evident from the effect produced when he afterwards published the substance of the speech.

† For a catena of authorities on this subject, see "The Literature of the Sabbath Question," by Robert Cox, F.S.A.

To his sister JANE:—

February 9th, 1866.

“Injustice, intolerance, misrepresentation, sneakiness, make me half-mad; but the more need of silence, patience, prayer, and the reaching upwards into that deep personal fellowship with the Son, out of which alone can come to me a share of His brotherly love to all. Oh, it is a heaven of peace and splendour, a pure refined atmosphere, which seems too far off for me to reach and breathe! Yet there is something ennobling in the attempt, and in realising a living Christ with all power by His Spirit to produce it. I have fitful gleams of it, which assure me it exists, and for me too as well as for others. But there is a fire in my bones which won't, I fear, go out except under the pressure of Mother Earth. Then thank God, it will, and I shall know even as I am known.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“I was asked by the Queen to visit her at Osborne during the holidays. I went there on Monday, 2nd January.

“The Queen, with most condescending kindness, commanded me to plant a tree in memory of my visit.

“I left after dinner, late on Thursday night, by the yacht for Portsmouth. The old coxswain was a member of the Gaelic Church in Campbeltown in my father's time.

“The more I calmly revise these past weeks the more I believe that I have done what was right. I do not say that my brethren who have opposed me have done wrong. We may, I hope, be both, according to our light, building each a portion of the wall of Jerusalem, though on opposite sides.

“But the awful conviction is deeply pressing itself upon me, that the gospel is not preached generally in Scotland, that so-called ‘Evangelicalism’ is Judaism; that the name of God, Father, Son, and Spirit which is Love, is not revealed, but concealed; that it is not a gospel of glad-tidings, but of lamentation and woe; that it is not a Gospel of good-will to man, but to a favoured few who ‘sit under’ this or that man.

“Thank God I am free, never more shall I be trammelled by what partisan Christians think. One Master, Christ and His Word, shall alone guide me, and speak I will when duty calls, come what

may. I will return their adverse feeling to me, by seeking to set them free. If the Church of Scotland but knew the day of her visitation she would rejoice in what has happened."

To Dr. CHARTERIS:—

March 20th, 1866.

"God knows how truly I feel with and for my brethren, and would do everything possible to relieve them from the difficulty in which they feel themselves placed. I am bound even to help them to do their duty, though in their doing so I may myself suffer. I wish to save my truth and honour only.

"I had a weary but good time in the South. In eight days I preached six sermons, and spoke at seven meetings. Each one hour and a half at least. There is some life in the old dog yet!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"I am almost afraid to record my impressions of what has been to me the great event of this winter, and perhaps of my life, the discussion of the 'Sabbath question.' Though its very memory will pass away like one of ten thousand things which have more or less, for good or evil, affected our Church or even national history, yet surely some importance must, without exaggeration, be attached to a question I was the occasion of raising, which has been discussed in every newspaper in Scotland, and in, I presume to say, every pulpit, which has led to articles in almost every magazine in the habit of discussing such points—in the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Saturday*, *Spectator*, &c., &c., &c., and has induced Dr. Hessey to bring out a new edition of his lectures.*

* Among the many curious letters he received during this time, there is one containing the following description of a 'holy cat.' Dr. Macleod sent for the writer, and learned from him the remarkable history of himself and his cats.

"DEAR SIR

"I am going to tell you a small skitch about two cats I had in my time one of them was a thief and a Sabath Breaker the other was Honest and kept the Sabath in 1845 i think I left Glasgow for Skye where I belong to my father had a small farm I was nine years there every one kent about the Botatoo failure there in one of these years my father

corned beef, dried like Findon haddock, and wrapped up like a mummy in wet sheets and blankets. My belief is that I am in a lunatic asylum—too mad to be quite sure about it. My wife says I never was so sane. But what if she herself is insane? That is a difficulty.

“I am composing a Hydropathic Catechism for the use of schools.

“What was the primeval state of the globe? Water.

“What was the first blessing bestowed on the earth? Rain.

“What was the grand means of purifying the earth? The Deluge.

“Mention some of the great deliverances by water? Moses in the Nile; ditto, Red Sea, &c., &c.

“This is laying what is called a religious foundation. Then comes the scientific.

“What is the best music? Water-pipes.

“What is the best light? Dips.

“What is the best wife! A mermaid.

“What is the best death? Water in the chest, or drowning.

“Who are the true Church? Baptists.

“What is the best song in the English language? ‘A wet sheet and a flowing sea.’

“Who are the true aristocracy? The K.C.B.’s, &c., &c.

“This will be the most celebrated book published in the *rain* of Queen Victoria! I will dedicate it to the *raining* family.”

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

BALMORAL, 15th October, 1866.

“The Queen is pleased to command me to remain here till Tuesday.

“I found Mr. Cardwell had been in the Barony, and, to the great amusement of the Queen, he repeated my scold about the singing.* After dinner, the Queen invited me to her room, where I found the Princess Helena and Marchioness of Ely.

* “Scripture commands us to ‘sing’—not *grunt*—but if you are so constituted physically that it is impossible for you to sing, but only *grunt*—then it is best to be silent.”

“The Queen sat down to spin, at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her: ‘Tam o’ Shanter,’ and ‘A man’s a man for a’ that,’ her favourite.

“The Prince and Princess of Hesse sent for me to see their children. The eldest, Victoria, whom I saw at Darmstadt, is a most sweet child; the youngest, Elizabeth, a round, fat ball of loving good-nature. I gave her a real *hobble*, such as I give Polly. I suppose the little thing never got anything like it, for she screamed and kicked with a perfect *furor* of delight, would go from me to neither father nor mother nor nurse, to their great merriment, but buried her chubby face in my cheek, until I gave her another right good hobble. They are such dear children.

“The Prince of Wales sent a message asking me to go and see him.

* * * * *

“When I was there the young Prince of Wales fell on the wax-cloth, after lunch, with such a thump as left a swollen blue mark on his forehead. He cried for a minute, and then laughed most bravely. There was no fuss whatever made about him by mother, father, or any one; yet it must have been very sore, and I would have been nervous about it, if it had happened to Polly. He is a dear, sweet child. All seem to be very happy. We had a great deal of pleasant talk in the garden. Dear, good General Grey drove me home.”

To his MOTHER:—

ABERGELDIE.

“It was reported to me the other day, with perfect confidence, that the young Prince was deformed in his hands. I saw and kissed the child to-day, and a more healthy, perfect, or more delightful child I never saw. Think of these lies!”

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

“———’s verses are neither high as the pyramids nor deep as the sea, but a profound and unutterable mystery of invisible stuff, of which even you do not comprehend one word. Wait till I examine you.”

This sense of the ludicrous was a passion which seized him at the most unlikely moments. The following verses, for example, were mostly written when he was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief:—

CAPTAIN FRAZER'S NOSE.

Air.—“*The Lass o' Gowrie.*”

O, if ye'r at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye'r there,
And see a sight baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

Unless ye'r blin' or unco glee'd,
A mile awa' ye'r sure to see't,
And neerer han' a man gangs wi't
That owns the nose o' Frazer.

It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
It's greater far than Frazer!

I've heard volcanoes loudly roaring,
And Niagara's waters pouring;
But oh, gin ye heard the snorin'
Frae the nose o' Captain Frazer!

Tae waukin' sleepin' congregations,
Or rouse to battle sleepin' nations,
Gae wa' wi' preachings and orations,
And try the nose o' Frazer!

Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear nocht if ships are no at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer.

Just crak' that cannon ower the shore,
Weel rammed wi' snuff, then let it roar
Ae Hielan' sneeze! then never more
They'll daur the nose o' Frazer!

If that great Nose is ever deid,
 To bury it ye dinna need,
 Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
 Could haud the nose o' Frazer.

But let it stan' itself alane
 Erect, like some big Druid stane,
 That a' the warl' may see its bane,
 " In memory o' Frazer ! " *

Dumbarton, September 1, 1771.

* He afterwards introduced this song into a story, which was not completed, and has never been published, and added the following note:—

"No one can read this song without being painfully struck with the tone of exaggeration about it. Anxious, however, to investigate as far as possible into this matter, we wrote to Mr. MacGilvray, the keeper of the Antiquarian Museum at Dumbarton, who, sympathising with us, obligingly sent us a long communication, from which we quote with his permission. He says: 'I am confirmed in your views regarding the exaggerated account given in the poem of "Captain Frazer's Nose," by a long correspondence on the subject, as a scientific question, with two distinguished savans. They both decidedly think that a human nose, by the constant application of snuff to its nostrils, and of Athole brose, which they properly assume to possess a considerable amount of alcoholic ingredients, might, acting upon it from within through the nervous system, if continued for a vast and incalculable series of ages, be developed at last into a proboscis so large as ultimately wholly to absorb the person of its possessor. Arguing from this fact, they also believe that, by a recurrent law of Nature, the original organization attached to a man might return to the form of a huge *annelide*, or possibly *earthworm*, which might, like the dragon of romance, prove a terror to the country, and might thus originate a new age of romantic poetry, or even a religion! But they treat as purely mythical the existence of any nose in this age such as is alleged to have belonged to Captain Frazer or to any other of our race at the present stage of its progress. If this is asserted, they demand the bone of Frazer's nose for scientific examination.' If more full and complete information on this great subject is sought by our more scientific readers, we must refer them to the learned Professor H.'s paper, 'On the Development of the Nasal Organ in Man, with its natural selection of snuff among some savage nations,' read before the last meeting of the British Association, and which was received with prodigious sneezes. 'With my profound reverence for Science,' Mr. MacGilvray goes on to say, 'I need hardly say that I heartily concur in these conclusions of the

‘The Waggin’ o’ our Dog’s Tail,’ in which were embodied the supposed reflections of his dog Skye upon men and manners, was frequently sung by him in later years. The earnest, meditative countenance, and the quaint accentuation with which he rendered it, accompanied by a suggestive twirl of his thumb, to indicate the approving ‘wag’ of the tail, lent indescribable drollery to the words.

“THE WAGGIN’ O’ OUR DOG’S TAIL.”

Air.—“*The barrin’ o’ the door.*”

We hae a dog that wags his tail
 (He’s a bit o’ a wag himsel’ O!)
 Every day he gangs down the town,
 At nicht his news to tell O!
 The waggin’ o’ our dog’s tail, bow-wow!
 The waggin’ o’ our dog’s tail!

He saw the Provost o’ the town,
 Parading down the street O!
 Quo’ he, “Ye’re no like me, my lord,
 For ye canna see your feet O!”
 The waggin’, &c.

learned gentleman, and leave the whole question in perfect peace to be finally decided by the races which shall appear as our descendants in future ages. But as all true science, as the great Goethe once remarked (so, at least, I read in a newspaper), first departs out of sight like an eagle, then returns as a servant to our kitchen to make itself useful—the true thus ending always in the practical—so do these grand speculations lead to this agreeable conclusion, that, *for the present generation*, at least, savages and civilised, clergy and laity, may snuff and partake even of Athole brose without any fear of their noses becoming a burden to themselves or a terror to the country.’

“We are glad to serve the cause of Science by communicating this splendid result of its profound researches to the world!”

He saw a man grown unco' poor,
 And looking sad and sick O!
 Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog
 Has aye a bane to pick O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,
 Wi'out a grain o' sowl O!
 Quo' he, "I've noticed mony a dog,
 Could bite and never growl O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a man look gruff and cross,
 Wi'out a grain o' spite O!
 Quo' he, "He's like a hantle* dogs
 Whose bark is waur than their bite O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw an M.P. unco' proud,
 Because o' power and pay O!
 Quo' he, "Yer tail is cockit heigh,
 But ilka dog has his day O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw some ministers fighting hard,
 And a' frae a bit o' pride O!
 "It's a pity," quo' he, "when dogs fa' out
 About their ain fireside O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a man gaun staggerin' hame,
 His face baith black and blue O!
 Quo' he, "I'm ashamed o' the stupid brute,
 For never a dog gets fou' O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
 Wi' beard and big moustache O!
 Quo' he, "We baith are towsy dogs,
 But ye hae claes and cash O!"
 The waggin', &c.

* 'Many.'

He saw a crowd in a bonny park,
 Where dogs were not allowed O!
 Quo' he, "The rats in Kirk and State,
 If we were there might rue't O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a man that fleeced* a lord,
 And flatterin' lees did tell O!
 Quo' he, "A dog's owre proud for that,
 He'll only claw himsel' O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a doctor drivin' about,
 And ringing every bell O!
 Quo' he, "I've been as sick's a dog,
 But I aye could cure mysel' O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He heard a lad and leddie braw
 Singin' a grand duet O!
 Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog
 Could yowl as weel as that O!"
 The waggin', &c.

He saw a laddie swaggerin' big
 Frae tap to tae sae trim O!
 Quo' he, "It's no' for a dog to laugh
 That ance was a pup like him O!"
 The waggin', &c.

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
 And scarted baith his lugs O!
 Quo' he, "If folk had only tails,
 They'd be maist as gude as dogs O!"
 The waggin', &c.

Another of his favourite songs was one which he composed while on a visit to a friend in Ayrshire, who was an enthusiastic curler. Norman, who never even attempted to curl, heartily enjoyed the exciting scene on the ice, and the keenness displayed by 'tenant and laird'

* 'Flattered.'

as they strove together for the honours of the 'roaring game':—

CURLING SONG.*

Air.—“*Come under my plaidie.*”

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
 “Tak' care,” quo' the wife, “Gudeman, o' yer cough.”
 A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin',
 For the day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
 Then get up, my braw leddy, the breakfast mak' ready,
 For the sun on the snaw drift's beginnin' to blink,
 Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff to the lochan,
 To mak' the stanes flee to the 'T' o' the rink.
 Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling
 Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
 Ready noo! Soop it up! Clap a guard! Steady noo!
 Oh curling abune a' the games stands alane.

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended,
 Like a glass ye can glowr in't an' shave aff yer beard;
 And see how they gaither, comin' owre the brown heather,
 The master and servants, the tenant and laird.
 There's braw J. O. Fairlie, he's there late and early,
 Better curlers than he or Hugh Conn canna be;
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin',
 Wi' a *whurr* and a *curr*, till they sit roun' the 'T.'
 Then hurrah for the curling, &c.

It's an unco' like story, that baith Whig and Tory,
 Maun aye collyshangy, † like dogs owre a bane,
 An' that a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
 For nae Kirk will thole ‡ to let ithers alane.
 But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
 Wi' brooms in their hauns, an' a stane near the 'T';
 Then Ha! Ha! by my certies, ye'll see hoo a' parties
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
 Then hurrah for the curling, &c.

His way of training his children was a practical illustration of the teaching given to parents in his 'Home

* This song was afterwards published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

† 'Quarrel.'

‡ 'Endure.'

School.' The key-note of it all was loving companionship. He was so much in sympathy with them that he seemed to grow with their growth from their earliest years. When he was worn out with study his resort was the nursery, where he would invent all sorts of games, turn chairs upside down to represent ships, rig up newspapers as mimic sails, and give the baby an imaginary voyage round the room. Or he would in the evenings lie on the sofa or floor, with all the little ones nestled about him, listening to music, or telling them the wonderful adventures of 'Little Mrs. Brown' and 'Abel Feragus.' These stories went on like the Arabian Nights, with new incidents invented for each fresh occasion. They were all told dramatically, and often the fun was so great that he would himself laugh as heartily as the children. But he had a higher object in view than mere amusement when composing his nursery tales; they were never without an undercurrent of moral teaching, and never failed to impress lessons of kindness, generosity, bravery, and truth.

He never left home for any length of time without bringing some little memento to each child, and to each servant as well.

Carrying out this principle of companionship with his children, he would watch for their return when they had been at any holiday entertainment, and have them 'tell from the beginning' all they had seen and heard. When in the Highlands during summer, he entered like one of themselves into all their amusements. They remember with special delight one moonlight night, when, sciatica notwithstanding, he insisted on playing 'Hide and Seek' with them, and became so excited with the game, that although both shoes had fallen off, he continued rushing over the grass and through the bushes till they were all exhausted, his wife in vain entreating him to take care.

His desire was, in short, to possess their frank confidence, and to make their memory of home thoroughly happy, and in both these respects his efforts were rewarded with abundant success. It was quite characteristic of him that he made it a principle always to keep his word with his children, even in trifles, and to avoid the irritation of fault-finding in little things. Only on two points was he uncompromising even to sternness. The slightest appearance of selfishness or of want of truth was at once severely dealt with; but when the rebuke was given, there was an end of it, and he took pains to make the culprit feel that confidence was completely restored, for he believed that the preservation of self-respect was as important a point as any in the education of a child.

These summers, spent with his family in the Highlands, were full of a glory which every year seemed only to deepen. Whether at his favourite Cuilchenna, on the Linnhe Loch with its majestic views of Glencoe or Glengoar, or at Java Lodge in Mull, commanding 'one of the finest panoramas in Europe,' or at Aird's Bay, fronting the Buachaill Etive and Ben Cruachan, or at Geddes, with its hallowed associations, he entered into the joy of nature with a rapture even greater than in youth.

These scenes afforded him more than 'tranquil restoration;' they were a continual 'passion and delight.' And the joy they conveyed to him he tried to share with his children, in this, as in so many other things, evincing his eagerness to recreate for them the same Highland associations as had made his own early days so happy. None of his boys showed more excitement than he when they were out fishing on the loch, and when there happened to be a good 'take.' On the croquet green, competing with his children, he was the keenest of the party. When a chance piper arrived, and the floor was cleared for a reel,

he heartily enjoyed and cheerily applauded the merriment of the dancers. What he felt at such times he has thus expressed:—

“Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

“Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!

“Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!’

“Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hand and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

“Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What’s to lose, and what’s to win!

“But he hears a far off music,
Guiding all the stately spheres,
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers.”

This participation in the amusements of his children passed naturally, as they grew older, into the higher companionship of sharing all their pursuits and studies. His method of conveying to them religious instruction was as effective as it was simple. He trained them to speak to him on religious subjects, and tell him their difficulties, and so educated them in the truest sense. Especially in later years, when his Sunday evenings were not so fully occupied with public duty, he spent hours

that were as happy to them as to himself, in hearing what they had to say, while some part of Scripture was read in common. However trivial the idea or the difficulty of the child might seem to others, he always dealt carefully with it, and tried by means of it to impress some principle which was worth remembering. 'When I asked him about anything I did not understand,' writes one of his daughters, 'my dear father would say, 'That's right. On your way through life you'll come across many a stumbling-block that you will think quite impassable, but always come to your father, for he's an old traveller who can show you a path through many a difficulty.' I treasure what he said to me when I spoke to him about some fault of natural temperament. 'Don't be discouraged. It involves in many ways a benefit. The cure is to think more about God. Look at yourself as much as you can as you think He would look at you, and look on others in the same way.' Oh that I were like him! Such trust, such love, such utter forgetfulness of self, such sympathy and charity and energy! Surely these things are born with people, and not acquirements. Yet he once said to me, 'You have no right to blame your natural disposition. By so doing you blame God who gave it to you. No quality is bad unless perverted.'

There was a characteristic of his later life which was the more remarkable that his youth gave no promise of it. He was naturally impatient of details, careless about hours and arrangements, hurried and impulsive, but experience taught him the importance of punctuality and forethought, and in later years his attention to minutiae, and the careful and businesslike manner in which he fulfilled his public engagements, surprised those who had known him with other habits.

His later manner of preaching differed from his earlier, and as a rule, admitting many exceptions, partook more

of the nature of teaching—sometimes of homely *talk*—than of set discourse. Simplicity was its constant characteristic, but there was more; for ever and anon came bursts of indignant denunciation against what was mean or selfish, or brief but thrilling touches of imagination or pathos that broke the even flow of instruction. ‘His style reminds me,’ said an auditor, who was himself a celebrated preacher, ‘of the smooth action of a large engine, moving with the ease of great power held in restraint.’ ‘It was not,’ says another hearer, ‘so much what is called earnest preaching, as the speaking of a powerful and earnest man who wished to do you good, and threw everything else aside for that end.’

“I am persuaded we will all acknowledge that we never listened to any man whose word came so home to the heart. For myself, at least, I can say that no preacher ever had such power over me; nor was the secret of his power hard to discover. . . . That which told more than all upon me was the total absence of all thought of self which characterised his preaching. While listening to him, the thought never crossed my mind *that he had been making a sermon*. Whether composed in his study, or left, as was so often the case, to such language as the impulse of the moment might suggest, his sermons always appeared to me of a purely extemporaneous character; because whether wholly or partially written, or not written at all, they were the spontaneous outflowing of his heart at the moment, with no more art or effort than what is seen in the natural rush of one of his own loved Highland rivers; clear, and deep, and strong as they, but with as little consciousness of any private aim, or any desire to gratify a selfish feeling or to win human praise.” *

“Other preachers we have heard,” wrote Dean Stanley in the *Times*, “both in England and France, more learned, more eloquent,

* From a sermon entitled “The Hearer’s Responsibility,” preached in the Barony Church on the 12th January, 1873, by the Rev. William Robertson, D.D., of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, on the occasion of his introducing the Rev. Dr. Lang as successor to Dr. Macleod.

more penetrating to particular audiences, but no preacher has arisen within our experience, with an equal power of riveting the general attention of the varied congregations of modern times; . . . none who so combined the self-control of the prepared discourse with the directness of extemporaneous effort; none with whom the sermon approached so nearly to its original and proper idea—of a conversation—a serious conversation, in which the fleeting thought, the unconscious objection of the listener, seemed to be readily caught up by a passing parenthesis—a qualifying word of the speaker; so that, in short, the speaker seemed to throw himself with the whole force of his soul on the minds of his hearers, led captive against their will by something more than eloquence.”

Although at one period he occasionally wrote his sermon seven times over before he preached it, there were years during which he seldom wrote any discourse fully out,* but preached from notes in which the sequence of ideas was clearly marked. These notes, though often jotted on Saturday afternoon, were the result of constant cogitation during the week.

As might have been expected from his temperament, he was deeply interested in the movements of modern thought. As he had long forecast the coming storm in the theological atmosphere, he was not taken aback by its approach, and, in order that his hearers should be prepared for it, he was in the habit of enforcing guiding principles, rather than of discussing special questions. The ground which he generally took was moral more than

* He was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbour, “Did ye ever hear onything sae gran’? Was na *that* a sermon?” But all her expressions of admiration being met by stolid silence, she shouted, “Speak, woman! Was na *that* a sermon?” “Ou aye,” replied her friend sulkily, “but he read it.” “Read it!” said the other with indignant emphasis, “I wadna hae cared if he had *whustled* it!”

intellectual. Without ignoring the issues raised by modern inquiry, he sought, as the ultimate basis of religious conviction, to appeal to the moral instincts, and to reach that spirit in man, which he believed is bound to recognize the spiritual glory of God on the face of Christ, as much as intellect is bound to confess the conclusions of reason. He clung with such firm faith to Christ, and loved God with such fulness of childlike affection; Holy Scripture was to him so verily the Word of God, and its salient truths were so self-evident to his heart and conscience, that no verbal criticism, no logic of the lower understanding, could for a moment shake his loyalty to the eternal fitness of the revelation of love and holiness in Christ which was self-evident to his spirit. But while he was thus firmly anchored to essential catholic beliefs, he 'could swing with a free cable,' as he used to say, in reference to many minor questions. For that hard negative criticism, whose only instrument is keen or coarse intellect, and which is prepared with callous determination to deny whatever cannot be logically demonstrated, he had no liking. He was too sympathetic not to be deeply affected by the religious doubts and difficulties which were pressing as a heavy burden on many, who in utter perplexity were crying for light. But some of the theories of modern critics, some of the most portentous attacks on the faith, provoked his sense of humour more than his alarm. 'The devil is far too clever,' he would say, 'not to be intensely amused at all this. What frightful fools those men must seem to him! Can you not imagine how Mephisto, when he is alone, must chuckle at the absurdities of which clever men can be guilty?'

His manner of treating doubters was powerful and sympathetic. After one or two straight cuts of common sense or humour had sundered the meshes of sophistical argumentation, he would carry his auditors away from doubt-

ful disputations, into the wide pure heaven of his own convictions and aspirations, appeal to what was most human in them, enlist every better sympathy on his side, and flash light into the mysterious depths of conscience. Many a man beset by difficulty on 'questions of the day,' came away from his teaching, not perhaps feeling every doubt removed, but under the sense that truths had been spoken which 'could perish never,' and that convictions had been awakened which no chatter of the schools could destroy.

His frequent lamentations over that deficiency in pastoral work, which was forced on him in later years by the pressure of public duty, may convey a false impression of the extent to which this held true. It was certainly impossible for him to visit his congregation as he once did, but the sick and distressed were never forgotten by him; and those who knew anything of his ministry at such times bear witness to the wonderful tenderness of his sympathy, and delight to tell how his eye would swim with tears, and how the minutest circumstance of each case was attentively considered by him. His power, indeed, out of the pulpit as well as in it, lay in that genuine big-heartedness which everywhere claimed and inspired confidence.

"I write as one who knows, whose own burden has been made easier by him, as one around whom his arms have been, and on whose cheek the kiss of his deep sympathy has fallen. Few, indeed, who knew him only as the genial companion, the ready platform speaker, or the powerful preacher, can, even remotely, conceive of the way he had of talking to, and acting upon, human hearts, *when alone* with them. It was then that the glory of the man came out; then you knew with what a vision he saw into you and comprehended you; then he spoke words that went straight into your soul, and carried healing with them, for he never kept you down to himself, but took you up with himself to the Father. I cannot say

what is in my heart to say, but this one thing I would like all who have never been alone with him when spiritual things were spoken about, to believe and know, that he was a grander, broader, deeper, diviner man than he could ever have appeared to you to be. Nearly thirteen years ago, as a young lad, a stranger to this country, I first met him, and from that hour his great heart, which always warmed to the stranger, was ever ready to open, and his kindly hand to help. When I went abroad to engage in the work which lay nearest his own heart, it was with no formal prayer that we parted, but one ever to be remembered; with no formal farewell of a formal divine, but with a loving embrace; and when I returned, most unwillingly, but through necessity, the same arms were ready to welcome me. This is not the way unknown men are wont to be dealt with by known men; young men by old; men feebly struggling, or baffled and beaten, by those who are secure on the platform of life: but it is the way to win souls, for all that, and it was the way in which he won many." *

"His power of sympathy," said Dr. Watson, in his beautiful funeral sermon, "was the first and last thing in his character which impressed you. . . . I never knew a man bound to humanity at so many points; I never knew a man who found in humanity so much to interest him. To him the most commonplace man or woman yielded up some contribution of individuality, and you were tempted to wonder which of all the various moods through which he passed, was the one most congenial to him.

" 'When he came to see me,' said a blacksmith, 'he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart!'"

To his eldest Son when he was a very young boy on a visit to Fiunary.
The original is carefully written in large Roman letters:—

GLASGOW, *August 4, 1862.*

"I am so glad you are in Morven, and so happy there. I never was so happy in all my life as I used to be when I was a boy there. I think of you as if you were myself young again. For I fished with Sandy and uncle John for cod among the rocks in the

* Letter from the Rev. C. M. Grant.

bay, and in the burn for trout, and went to the Byre for warm milk, just as you are doing. But then all the old terriers are dead. There were Cuilag and Gasgach—oh, such dogs! If you saw them worry an otter or wild cat! They would never give in. Ask your uncle John about them, and ask him to show you the otter's den at Clachoran. Oh, Nommey, be happy! for when you are old like me you will remember Fiunary as if it were the garden of Eden without the serpent.

“I wish you could remember, as I can, all the dear friends who were once there, and who would have loved you as they loved me—my grandpapa, with his white hair and blind eyes, and my grandmamma, so kind and loving; and aunts Margaret, Mary, Grace, Archy, Jessy. I see all their faces now before me. They were all so good, and loved God and everybody. Dockie, dear! thank God for good friends, and for having so many of them.

“Did they show you where I lived when I was a boy, and the school I used to be in?”

To his eldest DAUGHTER, when she went to school at Brighton:—

GLASGOW, *April 30, 1865.*

“Do you remember your old father? I'm not sure if you do—old Abel Feragus, the friend of Mrs. Brown?”

“So you were very sorry, old girl, when we left you that day? You thought you would not care. Hem! I knew better.

“And so the poor lassie cried, and was so lonely the first night, and would have given worlds to be at home again! And your old dad was not a bit sorry to leave you, not he—cruel-hearted man that he is! Nor was your mother, wretched old woman that she is! And yet ‘you would wonder’ how sorry we both were, and how often the old man said ‘Poor dear lassie!’ and the old wife ‘Poor dear darling!’ But no tear filled our eye. Are you sure of that? I'm not. And the old father said, ‘I'm not afraid of my girl. I'm sure she will prove herself good, kind, loving, and obedient, and won't be lazy, but do her work like a heroine, and remember all her old dad told her!’ and her mammy said the same. And then the mammy would cry, and the old dad would call her a fool (respectfully). And so we reached London, and then we got your letter, which made us very happy; and then the

old man said, 'Never fear! she will do right well, and will be very happy, and Miss —— will like her, and she will like Miss ——!' and 'We shall soon meet again!' chimed in the mammy. 'If it be God's will, we shall,' said the dad, 'and won't we be happy!'

"God bless you, my darling! May you love your own Father in heaven far more than you love your own father on earth, and I know how truly you love me, and you know how truly I love you; but He loves you infinitely more than I can possibly do, though I give you my whole heart.

"Will you write a line to the old man? And remember he won't criticise it, but be glad to hear all your chatter."

To the SAME:—

"Oh, my own darling! you little know how your mother and I desire and pray for this, as the one thing to obtain which we could suffer and die, that you may love and obey Jesus Christ; that you may know Him and speak to Him, trust Him, obey him, as your Friend, Brother, Saviour, Who dearly loves you, and desires you dearly to love Him in return. There is no blessing God could give me in this world to be compared for one moment to that of seeing my children, who are dearer to me than life itself, proving themselves to be children of God. Let me have this joy in you first, as my first-born! God will give the unspeakable blessing if you pray to Him, and speak to Him about it, simply, frankly, as you would speak to me—but even more confidingly than you could even to me. In the meantime, dearie, thank Him for all He has done for you and given to you. I am sure I thank Him for His gift of yourself to us both.

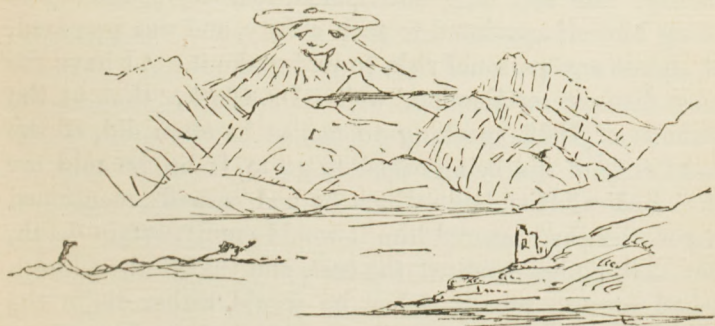
"Now write to your dad, anyway you like. I won't criticise. Miss —— won't look at your letter, as I wish you to write freely to *me*. She kindly agreed to this. All *our* correspondence may be quite *secret*, Miss Macleod! Now, my lassie, cheer up! Be jolly! Work like a brick, and enjoy yourself like a linnnet. I am sure you will come on famously—'Never say die!'"

SHANDON, *April* 18, 1866.

"This day is lovely—the sea is calm, and the gulls are floating about without coughs or colds. No flannels on their throats, no

nightcaps on their heads, or warm stockings on their feet. No gruel or warm bath before going to bed. No 'Gregory' in the morning. The birds are singing most correctly, and never were in a boarding-school. The old hills are as strong as ever, and if they are not Macleod's they Make Clouds. Yesterday lots of rain fell on them, and they had no umbrellas. But though their noses ran with water for a while, they are all dry now, and no sneezing. The winds are kissing the sea, and the sea only laughs. Naughty sea and winds! No wonder the good steamer is indignant, and blows smoke at the wind, and whips the sea with its paddles till it foams with rage. The lambs are playing about like little idle fools, never thinking of the coming days of mint sauce or roast mutton. They think that the world was made to enable them to suck their mothers and wag their tails. They don't believe in butchers, nor do their mothers. The quiet is great, but for Willy. His song is louder than the birds. He flies like the wind, kisses his mother like the lambs, is as hearty as the gulls, and patronises the cruel butcher."

The Spirit of Romance and Song.



The Sea Serpent Emigrating.

CHAPTER XX.

INDIA.

DR. MACLEOD had for several years been convinced that the Church ought to send a deputation to India. There were many important questions connected with missions in that country, which, he believed, could be decided only by Commissioners, who, besides considering matters affecting particular localities, might take a wide survey of the condition of India in reference to Christianity. He had long anticipated, too, the possibility of being himself appointed to such a duty, and was prepared, at almost any personal risk, to undertake it. 'I have the most distinct recollection,' writes Dr. Clerk, 'that in the summer of 1865, speaking to me, as he often did, of the possibility of his being asked to go to India, he told me that medical friends, to whom he had casually mentioned the matter, had assured him it would entail certain death, but that he had counted the cost, and that if the Church asked him to represent her, he would rather die in the discharge of his duty than live in the neglect of it. I am convinced that, in the true martyr spirit, he gave his life for the conversion of India, and that the fruit will appear in due season. He ardently anticipated glorious results from a Christianised India—a youthful Church with the warmth of the Eastern heart and the quickness of the

Eastern mind, drawing its inspiration, not from the stereotyped forms of the West, but directly from the Fountain of Eternal Life and Truth. Often did he in the most glowing language picture the effect upon Europe and America should light again stream from the East to quicken their decaying energies.'

He was, therefore, not taken by surprise when the General Assembly of 1867, acting on the unanimous request of the Mission Board at Calcutta, appointed him, along with Dr. Watson of Dundee, to represent the Church of Scotland in India.

Before he left this country he carefully determined the chief questions to which his attention should be directed. Ever since his enthusiasm had been kindled by his intercourse at Loudoun with the noble widow of ex-Governor-General Lord Hastings, he had taken an almost romantic interest in the policy of our Eastern empire; was familiar with the details of every campaign from the days of Clive to the Indian Mutiny; and had read much of the religious as well as civil history of the natives. He had also for years taken an active part in the management of India missions; and in order to profit by as wide a range of experience as possible, he corresponded with persons in this country well acquainted with, or earnestly interested in, these Missions, and obtained from them various, and therefore valuable statements of those difficulties and objections regarding which inquiry was needed. From the topics suggested by these and similar authorities, he and his brother deputy drew up, during their outward voyage, a series of queries, embracing the points which most required investigation.

They had also peculiar advantages, when in India, for gaining the best answers to their inquiries. They were welcomed as friends by the representatives and agents of every Church and Mission, from the bishops of the Church

of England in India down to the poorest native catechist, and received from them all every possible aid and information. They enjoyed the frankest intercourse with educated natives of all varieties of creed and of no creed, and with the conductors of the Press, religious and secular, Christian and Hindoo. They were honoured likewise with the confidence of the highest and best informed Officers of State, in each of the Presidencies, and were thus able to gauge opinion in different places and among different ranks and types of men, and to form their conclusions from unusually comprehensive data. 'We had in our investigations,' he reports, 'advantages similar to those possessed by a Government Commission, which cites select witnesses and visits select districts, and the value of whose conclusions is not to be estimated by the time spent in inquiry, or to be balanced against those arrived at by 'the oldest inhabitant' of any one village.'

In speaking of the trouble Dr. Macleod took to obtain trustworthy information, not only on the questions bearing directly on his mission, but in regard to everything which came under his notice, and the consequent accuracy of the conclusions he reached (an accuracy which has since been recognised by some of the ablest authorities on Indian affairs), Dr. Watson thus describes the difficulties which had to be encountered:—

"No one who has not had something to do with gathering information can imagine the difficulty of sifting the opinions and statements which are made by residents in India on its internal affairs. If you are content to take the first witness you find as an authority, and to form your judgment according to his evidence, you will avoid much perplexity; but you will run the risk of holding most erroneous and one-sided views. Dr. Macleod used often to express his astonishment at the opposite and contradictory declarations made to him by persons who

seemed to have had the best opportunities of knowing what they spoke about. Two men, or half-a-dozen men, who ought to have been each in his own line a guarantee for correctness, would on some point give as many different opinions, formed on their own personal experience.

“Each man had lived in a little world of his own; in the presence of his own countrymen he had been a stranger to all except his own circle. And, indeed, one is surprised at the separateness and isolation of European society in the great centres of the population; for, if you pass from one little circle to another, it is like crossing into a new region of mental life; and the instruments for gauging facts, opinions, experiences, and modes of thought need to be readjusted. To follow implicitly the traditions and convictions of your informants on almost any subject of wide interest, you must lay aside to-day the impressions you took up yesterday; to-morrow you may have cause to return to your earlier ones, and day by day you may have to modify now one and now another of your notions, proved on what you believed good grounds; and after all you will retain your latest conviction with caution and modesty.

“It was no easy matter, then, for a man like him, who wished to probe everything, and to attain to the truth, to ascertain correct data. At times he grew impatient, and at other times he used to look on the matter on its ludicrous side, and illustrate it by a story his father had often told, of an incident at the trial of some case at which he was present. The witness in the box was a Highlander unable to speak a word of English, and he gave his evidence through an interpreter. When a question was put to the witness, he would hesitate and say, ‘I think, well I daresay, yes.’ Then the interpreter turns to the judge with this statement, ‘He says, ‘Yes,’ my lord, but he seems not quite sure.’ ‘Ask him again,’ says the

judge; and again the witness hesitated, balanced statements, and concluded with 'I think, well I daresay, no.' Whereupon the interpreter announced the reply, and shouted, 'He says, 'No,' my lord,' and so the case proceeded, interrupted every now and again by the twofold answer, 'He says, 'Yes,' my lord; he says, 'No,' my lord,' until the judge completely lost his temper.

"It was often through similar difficulties of contradiction from the witness-box, and from different lips, that Dr. Macleod was obliged to draw his knowledge of what were the facts and opinions of Indian life; and he seized every chance of correcting his impressions by putting the right questions to the right men, and by a sort of instinctive appreciation of the value of the replies he received to his numerous and sifting inquiries."

The reception accorded to the deputation was enthusiastic, and their labours were constant and onerous. Crowds, in which natives were mingled with English, assembled in the Churches in which they were to preach, or at the meetings they were to address. Every day, almost every hour, had its engagements; examining schools, conferring with missionaries, and responding to the attentions and hospitalities which were bestowed on them. To the Indian habit of early rising there was too frequently added the home custom of late sitting, with its consequent exhaustion. 'It is certainly trying,' he writes, 'for a stranger, who is entertained hospitably every night, and who consequently retires late, to have his first sleep broken by the card of some distinguished official handed to him about daybreak.' This strain upon his system told more perniciously than he was at the time conscious of. 'It was very difficult,' Dr. Watson says, 'to convince him that, for a man like him, labour in Scotland, with its cold and bracing atmosphere, was one thing, and labour in a tropical climate was another thing.

He believed it on the whole ; but unless the belief was impressed on his mind by physical pain or inconvenience, it was inoperative ; and he was apt to forget that he was in a region where exertion such as he was accustomed to at home would entail upon him consequences of a serious kind. The only instance in which he seemed to distrust the climate of India was in regard to his mode of living. He could both enjoy life and forego its enjoyments, as few men could, without a sense of loss ; he could avail himself of the most boundless hospitality, and he could at the most sumptuous table fare like a hermit ; and when, a day or two after his landing in Bombay, he was told by a physician that everything which was safe for him at home was not equally safe in India, he was perfectly unaffected by the news ; and, so far as meat and drink were concerned, he walked strictly by medical rule. In all other respects he forgot his belief in the dangers of India : he spoke in public, he talked in private, he listened, he exerted body and brain from morning till night, he spent himself without grudging and without consideration. On one occasion he preached for about an hour while sailing down the Red Sea, and at the close of the service he was almost dead. His face was flushed, his head ached, his brain was confused ; and when he retired to his cabin the utmost efforts were required to restore him. The warning was noted by him, and often remembered, but it was as often forgotten or neglected afterwards.'

"I shall not attempt," Dr. Watson continues, "to describe the interest which was felt amongst all classes in India in the speeches and sermons of Dr. Macleod. The visit of a man of much less note would have attracted some attention, and would have brought together a very large proportion of the English-speaking population in every city which was visited. Moreover, the novelty of the visit, the first of its kind from Scotland, was sufficient

to awaken the sympathies of Christians, and to excite the curiosity, if not a deeper feeling, amongst all the races and religions of India. His name had gone before him in every province. No efforts had been used to draw the notice of the world to his visit; the ordinary publication of a list of passengers by the next steamer, confirming a rumour that Dr. Macleod was on his way to India, was of itself enough. His arrival was looked forward to with eagerness, and, soon after his landing, invitations and inquiries from all parts of the country were sent in. Wherever he went he was received with kindness and cordiality; in many places with that deep respect and veneration which had grown up in the minds of those who had admired his works and had heard of his labours, and in many places he was welcomed with feelings of ardour rising to enthusiasm."

"The foremost men in India in civil and military and ecclesiastical posts were ready to do him honour and to aid him; in public and in private they testified for him their personal respect; and when they found him to be a man whose eyes were observant, whose sympathies were quick, whose large-heartedness was so comprehensive and whose humour was so genial and overpowering, it seemed as if all barriers were broken down, and as if they had known him personally all their lives. He gained access to persons and sources of information which, without any wish to disoblige, would have been shut to most other men."

"Nothing indeed was lacking in the welcome which greeted him; and never did visitor appreciate kindness more. But withal he was not misled by these marks of flattery and good-feeling. He could distinguish between the genuine and the unreal: he knew well enough that whilst there were many who testified their zeal and goodwill, many more had the future in view, and were careful

to propitiate an author who was likely to command as wide a circle of readers as any writer in Great Britain. And, apart from this, he had set his heart on the special object which carried him to India; and all external attentions, all readiness to listen, all offers of hospitality or public respect, were regarded by him as helps to his work, and as opening up for him a surer path to that knowledge of Indian life and Indian affairs of which he was in search."

From his JOURNAL:—

CUILCHENNA, July 24, 1867.

"Dear place, with what genuine love and gratitude I write its name! I thought I was too old to love nature as I have done. What a time I have had, what glorious scenery, what fresh mornings, and, oh, what evenings! With smooth seas gleaming with the hues of a dove's neck; mountains with every shade which can at such times be produced; Glencoe in sunshine and in deepest crimson; Glengoar, with its sunbeams lighting up the hill sides with softest dreamy velvet hues; mountain masses of one dark hue clearly defined against the blue sky, and fading into grey over Duart. What cloud shadows, and what effects from pines, and cottages with grey smoke and lines of silver along the shore, and the masts of ships at anchor! Praise God for this glorious world! the world made and adorned by Him who died on the cross. What a gospel of peace and good-will it ever is to me—not a prison but a palace—hung with pictures of glory, full of works of art, and all so pure and holy. Every bunch of green fern, every bit of burning heather, the birches, the pure streams, the everything, says, 'I love you—love me—and rejoice!' Sometimes I wept, and sometimes prayed, and enjoyed silent praise—I bless Thee for it!

"And then there was my dear family all together, and all so well, and the walks, the pic-nics to the hills, Glencoe, Glengoar, the fishing in the evening—all sunshine—all happiness—most wonderful for so many and all sinners, in this world of sin and discipline. It is of God our Father, and a type of what will be for ever.

“This day I had in the Barony some 1,150 communicants; in the Mission Church 243; at Parkhead 85; in all, 1,478. Among these were my darling mother, my wife, John Campbell, Mrs. Macnab, my sister Jane, aunts—all beloved ones.

“I preached on Joy in God, and giving of thanks. It was not written; no vestige of it remains. But it was a great joy verily, and perfect peace to preach it. I never had such a day!

“The Mission Church was crowded in the evening. I preached on ‘I know in whom I have believed.’ A glorious text!

“Again I say what a day of joy!

“And now I retire to rest, praising and blessing God. T. O. Δ. Amen and Amen.

“30th.—This is my last night at home. I have finished my story of ‘Billy Buttons’—how I know not! I hardly recollect an idea of it. To-day visited sick, and baptized, &c. I have had a happy party with me: my darling mother—so calm and nice, my aged aunts, my brothers and sisters—my children! What a blessed meeting, finished by prayer. I wrote thirty letters last night, after meeting of Session, from 11 till 4 A.M.

“Thank God I wrote with a full heart a most cordial letter to Dr. Duff, but it grieves my soul to hear that they open the ‘Free Barony’ to morrow, the day I leave, and that Dr. Duff opens it!* Nine hearers only left the Barony twenty-four years ago and joined the Free Church; on the Sunday question not one, yet they build a Free Barony! *Free!* In contrast with the old? In Doctrine? Discipline? Worship? What?

“God sees all, and He is better than us all.

“I have left everything in order. I believe I shall return safe. But oh! those I leave behind! I joy in God! I know He is with me, and will guide me, and make me, poor as I am, advance His kingdom. Amen!

“What more can I desire?

“I bless God for the manifold signs He has given me of His goodness. My Father, it is all between me and Thee.

“Father, I am Thy child; keep me as a child! Amen and Amen.”

* Dr. Duff was at the time in complete ignorance of the circumstances alluded to.

Before he left London a farewell dinner was given in his honour at Willis's Rooms, at which Dean Alford presided, and many friends, literary and clerical, were present.

The effects of the fatigue he had suffered during the last few weeks told visibly on his health. When he started for Paris, his limbs and feet were much swollen, and continued so nearly all the time he was in India.

His impressions of India have been so fully narrated in his 'Peeps at the Far East' that only a few extracts from his letters are given here for biographical purposes :—

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"We are now running along the coast of Sicily. The day superb, a fresh summer breeze blowing after us, and every sail set, the blue waves curling their snowy heads; the white towns fringing the sea, the inland range of mountains shaded with the high clouds. No sickness; children even laughing. Nothing can be more exhilarating. I have been very well, though the limbs are as yet much about it. We have a very pleasant party on board. Such writing, reading, chatting, laughing, smoking, knitting, walking, lounging, eating and drinking on the part of the seventy passengers you never saw!

"I am getting crammed all day by a Parsee, a missionary, two editors, and a judge, and already know more than I knew before starting. Every hour brings a new acquaintance."

To the SAME :—

The 'RANGOON' STEAMER,
18th November.

"Preaching on board has been a difficult task. The pulpit was the capstan, and it was intensely ludicrous to feel one's self embracing it with all one's might as the ship rolled to leeward.

"*Red Sea.*—I preached yesterday nearly an hour on deck, but had so to exert myself that I was quite exhausted. Old Indians ministered to me, and poured iced water over my head, and gave me some to drink with a little brandy in it, which quite restored

that I begged them at breakfast to stop the punkah, as it was making me sneeze. In fact, I am getting too fond of India. Take care you get me home, as they are spoiling me fast. Actually asked to a ball at the Governor's!!”

CALCUTTA, Jan. 23rd, 1868.

“My only touch of illness since I left has been this week. I had my old gout, which quite lamed me and compelled me to keep my bed since Tuesday, and so I missed a state dinner at Government House, at which many were invited to meet us. I was all right except the heel. But you know my love for a day in bed. I had twelve missionaries in conclave around me. Church Missionary, London, Baptist, Free and Established. So I was honoured while on my throne. One old missionary was the friend of Carey and Ward. While I keep my leg up I am quite well, and shall be as usual to-morrow. I never enjoyed better health and spirits; but must take it more calmly. It is not away! A public dinner is to be given us on Friday week. We leave for Gyah on the 3rd. Like a school-boy I say, ‘The month after next I hope to leave India for home!’”

From the Friend of India, Jan. 23rd, 1868:—

“The presence of Dr. Macleod has cheered many a worker and helped to enlighten many a doubter. More remarkable than his receptive powers, amounting to genius, which enables him to appreciate the merits of abstruse political questions; more striking than his marvellous conversational gifts; more impressive than his public speeches, have been his sermons. That is the perfection of art without art. Of his three sermons in Calcutta two were addressed to doubters, being devoted to a semi-philosophical exposition of our Lord's Divinity and Atonement. He spoke as a man to men, not as a priest to beings of a lower order; he reasoned, as one who had himself felt the darkness, avowedly to help those who were still in the gloom. Affectation seems as foreign to the character as it is to the thought of this John Bright of the pulpit. The lesson taught to preachers by the crowds of high and low who flocked to hear him, was, as it seems to us, that truth and honesty, guided by faith and unconsciousness of self, and expressed in

manly speech face to face, will restore to the pulpit a far higher function than the Press has taken from it."

His work in India reached its climax as well as its unexpected close in Calcutta. The reception there accorded to the Deputies was peculiarly hearty; but the fatigue and mental excitement produced by speeches, sermons, conferences, and addresses were excessive; and when, to mark the close of their three weeks' labour in the capital, a public dinner was given to them—the first which the Governor-General ever honoured with his presence—Dr. Macleod made a speech which proved the last he was to deliver in India. From Dr. Watson's account of the work gone through on that single day, it is not wonderful that, at midnight, he found himself prostrated with illness.

"In the morning he drove from the suburbs, where he was living, to a meeting in the city, where he spoke about half an hour. From that he went to the General Assembly's Institution, and took an active part in the examination which was held of the various classes: this over, the advanced students of the Free Church Institution assembled along with the students who had just been examined; and in that great hall, which was full, and which accommodated about a thousand persons, he delivered a vigorous and stirring address, which lasted a full hour. When the proceedings came to a close, a large company were entertained to lunch by Dr. Ogilvie at his house, and then, of course, no one cared to hear anybody say a word except the guest of the day. When he reached home that afternoon, after a drive of five or six miles, he was in a state of sheer exhaustion; and though he was most nervous about the evening, he tried to snatch an hour of sleep; for he wished to do perfect justice to his work, and he felt that in one sense the work of his mission was to terminate with the dinner, which was arranged

this strengthening of the chords between us as a great gift from God. Our separation has done us both good !”

To Miss SCOTT MONCREIFF :—

“ Many, many thanks for your *chit* (I have lost my native language). I have so much to say to you and to your Indian staff, that I must be silent till we meet. I have verily had a memorable time of it. God has blessed us and our work. I have been wounded in the grand campaign, and the doctors say that I must go to hospital for months to come, and that, to prevent evil, I must be idle, as my brain cannot stand constant demands on it. At fifty-seven I am not what I was, but I may do work yet if I get rest. It was wild work in India ! Do you remember the Sunday controversy, and how I was an outcast from all good society ? Fancy me last night, chairman by request at a Free Kirk missionary meeting, in a Free Kirk, with a Free Kirk lecturer, and only Free Kirk ministers around me, and receiving Free Kirk thanks ! I may live to be a Free Kirk Moderator till the next time I am called to stand alone, and then—woe’s me !”

To his MOTHER, on his Birthday :—

June 3rd.

“ I am quite safe in saying that I have written to you, say forty letters, on my birth-day ; and whatever was defective as to number in my letters was made up by your love. But there is another side of the question with which I have to do, and that is, whether I ought to be so very grateful to you for the event with which June 3rd, 1812, is associated. You must acknowledge that you took a very great liberty with a man of my character and position, not to ask me whether I was disposed to enter upon a new and important state of existence ; whether I should prefer winter or summer to begin the trial ; or whether I should be a Scotchman, Irishman, or Englishman ; or even whether I should be ‘ man or woman born ;’ each of these alternatives involving to me most important consequences. What a good John Bull I would have made ! what a rattling, roaring Irishman ! what a capital mother or wife ! what a jolly abess ! But you doomed me to be born in a tenth-rate provincial town, half Scotch, half Highland, and sealed my doom as to sex and country. Was that fair ? Would you have liked me to have done

that to you? Suppose through my fault you had been born a wild Spanish papist, what would you have said on your fifty-seventh birthday, with all your Protestant convictions?

“Then again, pray who is to blame for all I have suffered for fifty-six years? Who but you? This reply alone can be made to a thousand questions which press themselves on my memory, until the past seems a history of misery endured with angelic patience. Why, I might ask, for example, did I live for weeks on insipid ‘lythings,’ spending days and nights screaming, weeping, hic-coughing, with an old woman swathing and unswathing me, whose nature retires from such attentions? Why had I for years to learn to walk and speak, and amuse aunts and friends like a young parish fool, and wear frocks—fancy me in a frock now, addressing the Assembly! and yet I had to wear them for years! Why have I suffered from mumps, whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, toothache, headache, lumbago, gout, sciatica, sore back, sore legs, sore sides, and other ailments; having probably sneezed several thousand times, and coughed as often since christened? Why? Because I was born! because you, and none but you, insisted I should be born! Why have I had to be tossed about on every sea and ocean, and kept in perpetual danger from icebergs, fogs, storms, shipwrecks? You did it!



Why have I had my mind distracted, my brain worn, my heart broken, my nerves torn, my frame exhausted, my life tortured with preachings and preparations, speeches, lectures, motions, resolutions, programmes; with sessions, presbyteries, and assemblies; all Churches, bond and free; with all countries from west to east, with good words and bad words; with Sunday questions and week-day questions; with all sorts of people, from Trembling Jock to the Queen; with friends and relations, Jews and Greeks, bond and free? Why all this, and a thousand times more, if not simply and solely because, forsooth, of your conduct on June 3rd, 1812?

“An American expressed to a friend of mine a great desire to visit Siam, as he understood its people were all twins! The thought makes me tremble. What if I had been born like the

Siamese twins! Think of my twin brother and myself going as a deputy to India: in the same berth, speaking together at the same meeting, sick together at sea, or both suffering from gout, and you concerned and anxious about your poor dear boys! What, supposing my twin had married Mrs. —?

“Mother dear, repent!

“One good quality remains: I can forgive, and I do forgive you this day, in pledge of which I send you my love, big as my body, yea without limit, as large a kiss as my beard and moustache will permit.

“This is a glorious Highland day! What delicious air! It blows and rains, and is as bitterly cold as the most ardent Celt could desire.



“The amusing prattle of eight children in the house, craving for excitement, with nothing to do, is truly soothing, and acts as balm to my nervous system. The sail yesterday was charming, and the canal boat with a crammed cabin and heavy rain, was too delightful for a gouty world.

“Glencoe, if you could see it through this thick rain, is grand, and the rattling of the windows from the wind quite musical. I am trying to cure my gout by walking in wet grass, so keep your mind easy!”

From his JOURNAL:—

“Sunday, July 19.—What are called innocent enjoyments, with much which makes up and adds to the happiness of life—poetry, painting, smiles, and laughter, the sallies of playful wit, or the quiet chuckle, the delightful emotions—half smiles, half tears,—created by humour, the family fun in summer evenings in the open air—all that kind of life which we enjoy and remember with such enjoyment (albeit mingled with sadness, not for what it was, but because it is not)—why is this not associated in our minds with saintship and holiness? Is it because those who are not holy possess it all? Yet this would only prove the liberality of God,

and not the sinfulness of man—or any inconsistency in saints partaking of it. Is it that such happiness is sin? This cannot be. It would be a libel on all our instincts and feelings and the whole round of life as appointed by God. Is it that we have formed wrong ideas of saintship, and created, as in mediæval art, such notions as would make saintship impossible, or utterly *outré* and grotesque in the Exchange, or behind the counter, or on a Railway Board, or committee of Parliament? Yet it is in such places we need saints most. Or is it that we make such men as the apostles examples of what all men should be, and thence conclude that if so, the life I have alluded to must be wrong, earthly, and unworthy of men, as it could not be theirs? But, again, I look at the flowers Christ has made, and listen to His singing birds, whose bills, and throats, and instincts He has made, and con over all the gay and beautiful ‘trifles’ He has attended to as the Maker of the world, and which He called very good, and in which He has pleasure, and so the ‘methodistical’ view of life does not hold. But may not a life in harmony with this, in which the small flowers, and the small singing birds, and the perfumes, and the lights and shadows and sparkling waves shall hold their own with the great mountains and mighty oceans, and intellectual and moral harmonies among God’s great beings, be the normal state of things, and be reproduced in the new heavens and the new earth? The sorrows and sadness of Christ and of men like St. Paul would thus be abnormal, conditioned by the evil of sin. They would be as the sadness of a family because of a death and burial, but which was not their natural condition. The world’s greatest men, in God’s sense, God’s own elect ones, the kings and princes of humanity, are thus necessarily the greatest sufferers. It is given them to ‘suffer with Christ’ as the highest honour, for it is the honour and glory of seeing things as they are in the true and eternal light which no mere man can see and live. But such men must die and be buried in the grave of sorrow, crucified by the world’s sin.

“ Yet let this occasion of sorrow be taken away, and why might not a St. Paul be a child again, and chase butterflies, gather flowers, and shout with joy among the heather? It is a great gift to be able to be happy at all, and see, however dimly, into life and death.

Those who imitate these holy men only in their sadness and sorrow, practise a vain guise, like a mask, and fancy the signs of grief or grief itself to be a virtue, and not a misfortune, and glorious only as a sign of an inner love—the light which casts the shadow. Those who seek happiness for its own sake and call it innocent, and think it lawful without the eternal good, are vain as larks who would live only for singing, and silly as flowers who see nothing in creation but their own colours, and perceive nothing but their own perfume.

“A mountain once rebuked a rivulet for always foaming and making a noise. The rivulet replied that the ocean often did the same. ‘Yes,’ said the mountain, ‘but the ocean has its depths and calms: you have neither.’”

“I see a field, one half is tilled
And may give something to the baker;
With weeds the other half is filled,
Not worth a halfpenny per acre.

“I won’t admit that field is good
Because some good things grow within it—
I say ’tis bad for human food,
And getting worse, too, every minute.

“The owner of it is so lazy,
Yet most contented and pretentious,
His sense of duty very hazy,
And yet so very conscientious.

“He says ‘he likes’ one half to till,
He ‘likes’ what gives him little trouble,
He likes to follow his own will,
He likes in short to quirk and quibble.

“And now as I have told my mind
About one-sided plough and harrow,
The lesson is,—I never find
Men very good and very narrow.

“One half their lazy minds they till,
The other half is always weedy;
They worship idols, do their will,
Are often wicked—always seedy!”

To the Rev. Dr. WATSON :—

CUILCHENNA.

“It is very difficult for me to write at present, as a nervous headache sets in always in half an hour, so that it is impossible to write. It goes off ten minutes after I stop, so that I can get on by fits and starts only.

“You must come soon again. I am wearying to have a talk in Sanscrit.

“‘He who talketh Sanscrit talketh like a man, but he who talketh never (like me) is dumb.’—*Hindoo Proverb*.

“‘He who is choked can never be hanged.’—*Hindoo Proverb*.

“‘Heartburnings cause sourness, and sourness is never sweet.’—*A Scotticism*.

“My head gets so sore when I try to write.”

To the SAME :—

“If we could only get half-a-dozen truly able and enlightened Christian native preachers, they would soon settle a creed for themselves. When we get freedom at home as to the subscription of articles, we shall be better able to work freely in India. The chief difficulty in the way of advancing Christianity in India is, unquestionably, that almost all the missionaries represent a narrow, one-sided Christianity.”

To Mr. SIMPSON, of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers :—

CUILCHENNA, August 24th.

“By the way, it may strike you that I say nothing against the devil-worship, so common among the aborigines of India. The fact is that I respect it more than any other form of heathenism. Its origin is literary. I have no doubt whatever that the original printers of the Vedas had some shocking MS. of Ram, or Krishnu, or Dasaratha, or Ikshwaku, or Vishnu, to print, and they manifested such genius in deciphering it, such patience in printing it, such meekness in correcting it, that they became objects of worship. The ‘Devil Dance’ evidently originated in the joy witnessed among the printers when the MS. of the Ramayana or Mahabharat was finally printed. I respect therefore all these types of the devils who lived in the days of Noah. They may have been the ‘regular bricks’ of Babylon, with their printed sides.

“The great Sanscrit scholar, Dr. Muir, must know all about it. Was the corrector of the press originally the corrector of morals?”

From his JOURNAL:—

“*Cuilchenna, Sept. 1.*—This day ends my rest since I returned from India. I cannot tell what these months have been to me of quiet repose, of health almost restored, of blessed family life.

“I have not been idle, in the sense of doing nothing but amusing myself. I have hardly been a Sunday without preaching somewhere; once on the green, four times at Ballachulish, twice at Kilmallie, and once at Fort William. Above all I began and finished here my ‘Address on Missions,’ which has occupied more of my thoughts, and given me more trouble than anything I ever did. I have also written a chapter on ‘Peeps at the Far East,’ and a preface on the ‘Characteristics of Highland Scenery,’ for a Book of Photographs illustrative of the Queen’s book, with some songs, and letters innumerable, besides preaching twice at home and attending all the meetings of the India Mission Committee.

“And then we had our evening readings from Shakespear, or some other worthy book, and delightful croquet, and such evenings at fishing! never to be forgotten for their surpassing glory; and two happy visits from dear Watson, one of them with Clark of Gyah. It has been a heavenly time, for which with heart, soul, and strength I thank God.

“India, how dreamlike!”

“We need not build memorial cairns,
 Ah no, my wife, I cannot do it;
 For should we do so with the bairns,
 Some day, my love, we’re sure to rue it.

“If each dear hand lays down the stone
 With love to all around to guide it,
 Oh, who of us would come alone
 In after years, and stand beside it?”

“There’s not a spot around this place,
 There’s not a mountain, glen, or river,
 But shall recall each dear one’s face,
 And memories that perish never.”

* * * * *

“A word about politics. As to the Irish Establishment, I am on this point out and out for Gladstone. A nation must choose its own Church, and for all such practical purposes Ireland is as much an individuality as India. No idea can be right which practically is so offensive to common sense and to *fair play* as the Irish Establishment. Had the rest of Britain been Roman Catholic, how should we Presbyterians have liked the Establishment of a Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, with two millions of Presbyterians and one million of Roman Catholics? We drove out the Episcopal Protestant Church when it was out of harmony with the mind of the nation. To square the Protestant Establishment with Protestants won't do. It is an offence as a privileged Church to those subjects who do not believe in its teaching, and to whom it is no Church at all. If the Church of Scotland is in the same condition, which I deny, let it go. Justice must be done. The age of selfish monopolies of every kind is gone. Let it go. Christianity implies a giving all we can, a sharing all possible good with others. To fear Romanism! I am ashamed. Having ceased long ago to fear the devil, I can be frightened by nothing more. No evil need be feared, so long as good is loved. All evil is doomed; God is on the side of truth alone.

“All true politics should be in the line of making all the good possessed by the nation or in the nation, as much as possible a common good. No institution can be righteously defended unless it can be proved to benefit the country more than its destruction could do.”

To Rev. Dr. WATSON:—

CUILCHENNA, *September*, 1868.

“There is nothing I believe more firmly than that what is needed is that a man seek to know, believe, and act out the truth as he best can; and I rejoice in the thought that thus the great stones which build up the mighty Temple are cemented by thin layers, unseen by human eye, of ten thousand times ten thousand unknown but great, because humble, men and women.

“My highest ambition ought to be, and in a feeble sense is, to be a humble man, which I am not. Although, being not so, I would not like you to agree with me! I hope, however, by the

grace of God, to be able at last to creep into a doorkeeper's place in the house of God, or to be amongst the lowest guests in the lowest room. 'It will wonder me,' as the Germans say, should it be so in the end."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

ABERGELDIE, September 14, 1868.

"I am much the better for this trip. The air is cold and bracing. No strangers. All most kind. The Duke of Edinburgh is here.

"I preached happily. The Prince spoke to me about preaching only twenty minutes. I told him I was a Thomas à Becket, and would resist the interference of the State, and that neither he nor any of the party had anything better to do than hear me. So I preached for forty-seven minutes, and they were kind enough to say they wished it had been longer.

"The Prince's whole views as to his duty to Scotland and Ireland as well as England, were very high. He spoke most kindly and wisely of Ireland, and seems determined to run all risks (as he did) to do his duty to her."

From his JOURNAL :—

"The Moderatorship has been offered me by the Old Moderators, and I at first, by word and letter, out and out refused it. I did so chiefly on the ground of my desire for freedom in the expression of my personal opinions, without involving the Church as its representative, and as also a writer of whims, crotchets, songs and stories, and the editor of *Good Words*. But it was strongly represented to me by old Moderators that I ought and must accept—that it was a duty to accept, which is a very different thing from a mere compliment. Well, they know all about me, and the worst about me, and if, knowing this, they like to take me, it is their own look out. I was free to accept it, which I latterly did, feeling very much the generosity of the Church in so acting to me. I feel that I won't betray them, as I have no object but the good of my dear Church, and, if possible, my still dearer country."

CHAPTER XXII.

MODERATORSHIP AND PATRONAGE.

1869—70.

HIS unanimous election by the General Assembly of 1869 to the dignity of Moderator gave him no ordinary satisfaction. The event was gratifying in itself; but it was specially valued as a token of the liberality of the Church, which could bestow such an honour on one who had so recently fought for freedom at the risk of losing his ministerial position, and was highly appreciated as a mark of confidence in his personal loyalty and attachment to the Church.

From his JOURNAL:—

“*May 18th, Tuesday.*—I go to-morrow to reach the highest point in my public life. My mother, dear one! wife and nine children, aunts, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, and troops of friends to be with me. What a height of mercy! Oh, may this be a talent used lovingly, humbly, and unselfishly for His glory! Such is my earnest desire.”

In giving the customary address at the close of the Assembly, he took the opportunity of uttering his convictions on several important matters of ecclesiastical

remove, and the beliefs even of those of our fellow countrymen who reject all Churches, demand from us earnest and anxious consideration. The office-bearers of the national Church are trustees of a property which is theirs only in so far as they regard it as a common boon, which all citizens are entitled to share. How many of our divisions might have been prevented, had all parties, acting on this principle, carried in common the burden of the Church, and endeavoured to make her claims harmonious at once with the righteous demands of the State and of the country! How much might yet be done if we would pass over all the narrow space bounded by Church party into the wider space limited only by Christian patriotism! We are thus bound, as far as is consistent with our existence as a Christian Church, to include within it as many, and to exclude from it as few as possible, of our countrymen. And in order, I repeat, to do this, we should weigh their conscientious convictions whether as to government, forms of worship, or doctrines of minor importance, in the light of that true Christian charity, which is at once the highest form of freedom and of restraint."

His anxiety was, if possible, to rebuild the Church on a foundation sufficiently wide to include the Presbyterianism of Scotland. He did not, however, delude himself with the hope of any corporate union immediately taking place with the Free Church and United Presbyterians, in consequence of the abolition of Patronage. He knew too well their historical antecedents, understood too well the spirit which years of antagonism had created, and had weighed too carefully other practical difficulties to expect any such happy consummation. In reference to this he used to quote from 'Christabel' these lines :

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

* * * *

Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother ;
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between ;—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

But he certainly dared to hope that, after time had exercised its healing influence, these Churches would be thankful for the preservation of the national endowments for religion, and appreciate the attempt now made to open the doors of the Establishment as wide as possible to all Presbyterian bodies. In these endowments he saw the only sufficient security for the existence of a well-paid and well-educated ministry for the nation. All he had seen and learned of Voluntaryism in America, and all he had known of its working in this country, had convinced him that, when existing alone, it was not only insufficient for the proper support of the Church in poor districts, but involved in its very nature elements of danger to the tone, independence, and liberty of the clergy.* It seemed to him therefore a betrayal of the interests of Christianity in Scotland, where the people were practically at one in their beliefs, to throw away the patrimony of the Church for the sake of a party triumph. He was therefore determined, as far as in him lay, to conserve the Church for patriotic ends, and, with this view, was anxious to bring her government as much as possible into harmony with the lawful wishes, and even the prejudices of the people.

"We must endeavour to build up a Church, national but not sectarian, most tolerant, but not indifferent—a Church with liberty but not licence, endowed but not covetous, and which, because

* See his Speech on Patronage in the Assembly of 1870.

“Oh, my Father! keep me humble. Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men—to recognise their several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother’s good, in his work, in his gifts and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if Thou art glorified! Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as All in All!

“*January 17.*—That which does not commend itself to the conscience of the Church, *i.e.* the true Church of men who reverence God, who seek Him, desire to do His will, and peril all in knowing Him, is not to be received. God Himself challenges the response of the enlightened conscience—‘Judge between me and my vineyard.’

“I thank God that He, not man’s absurd arguments, can touch sinners and bring them to Himself.

“How often are men right in the thing, and wrong in the argument. How often right in the argument, and wrong in the thing! All-merciful, wise God, have mercy on us and teach us!”

To Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

February, 1870.

“I returned at the end of last week from England, where my wife and I spent ten days very happily. We visited, with our kind friends the Lumsdens, Oxford, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and, aided by a carriage and two horses, had a splendid day with the hounds, and followed them from the meet to the death. The clergy are too much Jacob all over, and might be improved by a little of Esau. What a fine man could be made out of them both—better than either!

“I have too much on hand. I begin another new church for my poor people. But I am now as firmly convinced as Müller or you are, that whatever work God gives us to do will be done and finished, if done to Him and by Him! So I shall build my church—get £10,000 for my Retiring Fund, establish my Aborigines Mission, get fit men and money for home and abroad, and also become myself a better man—though last not least!

“I wish I had a long talk with you on public affairs. All is preparing, by bad as well as good, for the coming of Christ in us—to reign on earth.”

He resumed once more the fatiguing labour of addressing Presbyteries and public meetings in different parts of the country on behalf of the India Mission; and while he was grateful for the personal kindness he always experienced and the expressions of increased interest on the part of clergy and laity with which these meetings were generally concluded, he had yet to deplore the absence of permanent results. The movement which was inaugurated, the resolutions that were heartily carried where he was present, were too frequently forgotten a few weeks afterwards. He was also not a little annoyed by the readiness with which many excellent ministers assumed an attitude of suspicion towards the Mission, lest it should be conducted on too ‘broad’ principles.

“This India Mission,” he writes, “our only mission to the heathen, is on its trial. The deputation to India was but a prelude to the more difficult work of seeking to give life to this great, stolid, dull mass of clergy and people.”

“I solemnly declare,” he writes again to a respected brother clergyman who was standing aloof, “that except I am better supported by the clergy I will give it up. I have neither time nor heart for it. Last night, lame with gout, I addressed two thousand five hundred people in Perth. I have now been for four hours doing nothing but writing letters connected with another meeting—and this is but a drop in my bucket—and in the midst of this constant worry of mind to have cold water or lukewarm water thrown over me! The fire burns in my bones for a mission and a Church at the point of perishing. In God’s name I will fight my gun till I die—but you must come into the battery.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“Our Indian Mission has never been so strong in point of agency since ’43. But will the Church respond? The Lord knows! My

should not His people have the joy of sharing this Godlike burthen of struggling humanity? 'Then cometh the end.' But the end is not yet. The final day of judgment may be millions of years hence. Until then the whole Church may have its education of labour and teaching continued in mighty ventures of self-sacrifice, and in ten thousand ways put to the proof, in order to improve those talents of faith, self-denial, hope, acquired on earth. This might imply suffering; why not? Many picture a heaven which is a reflection of their own selfish nature. 'Don't trouble us!' 'Tell us no bad news;' 'We are saved, let others drown;' 'What is the earth to us?' 'It is past; give us fine music, fine scenery, and let the earth—shall I write it?—go to the devil!' That is not my heaven! I wish to know, I wish to feel, I wish to share Christ's sympathies, until the end comes.

"The idea that Dr. Craik no longer cares about Missions to India, would give me a poor idea of a heaven of sympathy with Jesus Christ."

To Mrs. DRUMMOND, Megginch Castle:—

ISLE OF MULL, August 27, 1870.

"I am in retreat, banished to a spot beyond space, and where time merges into eternity. Posts are rare. Their news is *post mortem*—dead—belonging to a past world history! Your kind note arrived here long after Dean Stanley had become Archbishop, and the Established Church destroyed. To have met him in your house would have been a true delight to me, but I was and am still in Mull, and where Mull is no one knows except Sir Roderick Murchison, who knows everything, and he only guesses about it; so I can only express my great regret at having been so far away, and thus deprived of such good company. There was a foolish report spread here this morning by a chance whaler, that a war had broken out in Europe, that the French had taken Berlin, and, after landing at Aberdeen, were marching on Glasgow. If this is true I won't leave Mull until peace is proclaimed; but, if the news proves a *canard*, as I think quite possible, I shall return this week to Glasgow, which I hope to reach six weeks after the world, according to John Cumming, is consumed!"

To the Rev. THOMAS YOUNG:—

August, 1870.

“As to sudden death I never could pray to be delivered from it, but only to be ready for it. God alone who knows our frame and temperament, knows by what death we can best glorify Him. Sudden death may to many be a great mercy.”

To A. STRAHAN, Esq. :—

JAVA LODGE, August, 1870.

“What an evening of glory! The lights, the hills, the castled promontory are as of old, and years too have fled, and Ossian is old also.

“What a dinner awaited you! Flags flying, chickens delicate as sonnets of Miss —, vegetables as many as the articles on —, and far more digestible! Champagne with a brilliancy and bouquet that rivalled the papers of the editor, rice pudding as pure and wholesome as —’s sermons. While every hill looked down, and every coney opened its eyes, and the fish swam and the ocean murmured, and the red deer got white, all with excitement to see —what? Your arrival that arrived not.”

From his JOURNAL:—

“War! How strange that war has formed the subject of our oldest poems, paintings, and histories, that it is at this moment as terrible as ever! What does it mean? How can we account for its existence, its apparent necessity in the kingdom of God? It does not imply any personal hate whatever, no more than the execution of a malefactor does cruelty and love of blood. The bravest soldier is associated with the gentleman, and highest chivalry. It seems to me that lawful war, as distinct from war of passion, originates in what appears to be a social law. That as God wishes mankind to be divided into nations smaller or greater, and as no nation ought to exist in which there is not government, and as government implies power to protect life and property, and enforce its laws, so must the more powerful govern for the greatest good of the greatest number. Who the most powerful are can be determined only by war, unless the weak give in.

“As to ‘the inventions for murdering people’—this is all nonsense. Every contribution made by science to improve instruments of war makes war shorter, and in the end less terrible to human

increase if we are personally acquainted with such a being; if we have come into contact with him so as to realise fully our common humanity, and to sympathize with his bodily sufferings or mental sorrows. Yet what would our interest be if this person were a father, or mother, or child, or our individual selves! We could not then think of such an one's fate for ever, as we would that of a stone which, cast into the great deep, sinks and passes at once out of sight and out of memory. But what this unit is to us, each unit of the whole mass of humanity, from Adam to the thousands who have been born and died since we entered church, is inconceivably more to God. Not one is lost to His sight, not one ever becomes to Him of less importance as an immortal being; and just as we realise this, the question will press itself with increasing force on us, what is to become of them? We cannot get quit of it. We may do so in regard to the race, but we cannot in regard to those units of which the race is composed, and many a perplexed mind, and many a weary, anxious heart yearns for an answer.

“Many object to bring such questions into the pulpit at all. Is there not, it is asked, enough that is clear, simple, and of infinite importance, sufficient to occupy with profit the short time allotted on the Lord's-day for public instruction, and for the conviction and conversion of sinners now, without putting difficulties into people's minds, or raising doubts which it may be impossible to dispel? I deeply sympathize with this, and my whole teaching testifies to the sincerity of my sympathy, to the earnestness of my desire that it should be simple and practical, and to avoid as much as possible all doubtful disputations, and to aim constantly at one thing—to bring souls to God. And I know well how superficially any such questions can be dealt with in a sermon. But in these days men need not avoid going to church to avoid doubts being suggested. We have entered a period of active thought, such as has not existed since the Reformation. Theological questions on every truth of Christianity are, within the last few years, forced upon men's notice in every periodical down to the daily papers. Men cannot avoid them, but they may avoid church if no help whatever is given to them there to solve their doubts, and to guide them to truth, and to deal kindly and candidly and intelligently with their difficulties. For such difficulties many true Christians have little

sympathy. They have sympathy with struggles against evil deeds or habits, but not with such doubts as bewildered the mind of St. Thomas when he refused to believe in the resurrection. These Christians, by the mercy of God, have been blessed with such a disposition, or have been placed in such circumstances, whether of early up-bringing, or of gospel preaching, as have enabled them to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But there are others differently placed, and if a minister can help such inquirers; if he can show them that he understands their difficulties, if he feels with them as a brother, if he preaches not merely what is given him to utter, as if he were a machine, but what he believes and feels as one who has to work his way through difficulties like others; if he has felt 'the burden of the mystery;' if he can put them in the way of getting the truth; if, in short, he can strengthen their faith in God and in Jesus as their teacher, he will be of some use, and in spite of many defects and even errors, be a true aid to his fellow men.

“ . . . To believe that God should create by His power millions of responsible beings, who are doomed to agonies for ever for not believing or not being what, from circumstances over which they had no control, they could not believe or be, seems to many earnest minds quite impossible.

“ . . . Is there, then, the possibility of the education of human beings, of those at least who have never had the means of knowing the truth, and of choosing between light and darkness, of believing in or neglecting Christ, being continued after death? Whatever weight is attached to this reply, whatever deliverance it may afford to distressed souls, whatever light it may cast on the character and purposes of God as revealed in Christ (and it is held by increasing numbers of the best men in this and other ages of the Church), let us understand at least what it means. It does not mean that there is not to be a day of judgment, after which the fate of every individual of the human family is to be finally determined. But when is this period to dawn? It may be thousands, it may be millions of years ere the end comes when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father. Whatever may be done towards such human spirits as we have spoken of, it is assumed to be before that. Nor does it mean that any man can be

To Dr. JOHN MACLEOD CAMPBELL:—

March 16, 1871.

“It was so kind of you, and therefore so like yourself, to have taken the trouble to write to me. There is no one living who can so minister to me as you can. You always find my spirit, and enter *into* me, while others only touch me. I therefore feel towards you as to no one else, both as friend and teacher. If ever you have seed you wish to sow in a soil that will receive it and keep it, please cast it this way. Oh, that you sent me now and then a few life thoughts! How precious would they be!

“I have had a sharp and very painful attack of gout with sciatica as an interlude, and other pains for a change. This is the first day I have been out, for a drive; and the blue sky and budding earth came streaming in as a life-joy to my heart, which showed that the veil was lifted up which had been concealing from me things beautiful, ‘for I saw nor felt how beautiful they were.’ I cannot say that spiritual realities were vividly present to me during my illness; but I always felt God as a living atmosphere around me, and I was filled with peace. The lesson I think He is teaching me is to take more care in glorifying Him in the body, and to make my common life of work more religious by my living more quietly, patiently, and obediently. One result of this education is, that I have resolved not to go to Lord Lorne’s marriage. This is a great loss in very many ways to me, as I have been asked to be a guest at Windsor: but my brother George says ‘No,’ and so I say ‘Amen!’ and feel at rest. When the Communion is over, I shall probably go to some Spa abroad, and drown the enemy if possible. I am too easily bothered and upset by even trifling work. When I was confined to bed, I read and was fascinated by Hutton’s ‘Theological Essays.’ To me, reading such a book is an era. He has such a firm intellectual grip with one hand of the true scientific aspects of questions, and with the other holds fast, with true spiritual insight, to his position of ‘God in Christ.’ With his anchor fast within the veil, he swings round and round with a long cable, but always round the centre. I think it a great contribution to the times, but I cannot understand how he should not welcome your views of the atonement, as they seem to me to harmonize so beautifully with his principles and his views of truth. I am glad that he adheres to the fourth Gospel.

“What a mystery is this slow—to us, slow—growth in the education of the world! It would be to me still more mysterious, if it were not to be continued till Christ delivers up the kingdom. ‘Then cometh the end.’ When—what? No doubt to the glory of God in a way and measure such as to overpower the minds and hearts of the whole family of God. I wait in the full assurance of faith. How strange, too—how long the clouds linger in the blue sky, which nevertheless are as surely passing away as morning mists before His love. It is sweet to think that such darkness conceals us not from the Light of Life. But the common notion of the punishment of hell fire, and for all eternity; the punishment of all who have not been elected, and have, for Adam’s sin, been justly left dead without an atonement; the atonement itself as explained by hyper-Calvinists; the utter impossibility of any teaching or salvation after death (how we may not see); these, and the whole complicated system of sacerdotalism and popery, seem to me a thousand times doomed. And yet, God is so wise, so charitable, so patient, such a Father, that even by these ideas, or in spite of them, He will educate man for ‘the fulness of time,’ the grand ‘end!’ I feel more and more the simplicity and grandeur and truth of Luther’s idea of faith—to be an out and out child; to be nothing, that God may be all, not only for us, but in us; and, perhaps more than Luther would admit, to choose this—and to choose it not only once for all (a mighty choice!), but always and in all things—what strength and peace! I know the lesson, but it seems to me that I have never learned it. And heaven would be heaven, were it nothing more than its being the finishing of our education by the perfect utterance of ‘Our Father.’”

To his MOTHER :—

EMS, *May 7, 1871.*

“A sky of perfect blue, warm sunshine, but a chill in the shade, an east-wind feel, telling that summer is not yet begun. But the woods are green, the birds singing, and the cuckoo tolling through the glens.

“I don’t feel better, for to tell the truth I did not feel ill immediately before leaving. But I feel well, peaceful, happy, and I believe after a month will return with good spirit for fair honest work, not extra.

I have got the old gout back, and can hardly crawl. Why do I bother myself? Why do I think? It is in my blood—bone of my bone; it came with my father and mother and all my forbears, and must die with me; but it is not to every one I can lay bare my feelings. On thy calm devoted head I can discharge my lightning, and roar like thunder, or bray like an ass. So I am thankful I was not in the Assembly. I would have gone wild, and been sorry for it next morning. The cause was in better and wiser hands when in thine.”

One of the few public meetings which he attended this year was the Scott Centenary, held in Glasgow in August. The address recently given to the British Association by its distinguished president—his esteemed friend Sir William Thomson—respecting the meteoric origin of the germs from which vegetable and animal life have been evolved, was then exciting considerable comment, and it provoked him to indulge on this occasion in some quiet banter, which no one of the audience enjoyed more than Sir William.

“It is not for me,” he said, “to account for the genesis of that marvellous literature, so prolific as to have multiplied and replenished the earth. Instructed by science, I dare not seek its origin in the creative mind of Scott; yet, as it is a literature so full of life, it must, I suppose, have come from life somewhere. Will my illustrious friend, the President of the British Association—for whom my highest admiration and deepest affection are divided—pardon an *ignoramus* like me, if I start an hypothesis to account for those extraordinary phenomena? Is it not possible, I timidly ask, that some circulating library, or, more correctly speaking, some library circulating through endless space—some literary meteoric group of ‘Mudies’ and ‘Maclehoses’—was broken up, and that the shreds of the exploded leaves fell on Ben Nevis or the Braes of Lochaber, accompanied, perhaps, by the shivered fragments, from a distant Highland world, of bagpipes and claymores and ‘spleuchans’ and kilts, and that out of them sprang ‘Waverley,’ and that this product ‘Waverley’ selected, very naturally,

the west of Scotland in which to evolve sundry other novels of that ilk?"*

From his JOURNAL:—

GEDDES, September 14, 1871.

“Thank God for this peace! I have had a most blessed time here—the more blessed because, as I had anticipated, it made my own dear one so happy. No wonder! It has been like a resurrection of old friends of the family, rich and poor. The kindness from all has been quite overpowering. I thank God that my children, who have been all I could wish—have had proof of the deep affection and respect in which their grandfather and grandmother have been held. It is most touching, and immensely gratifying—a great reward for their goodness—to hear their praises spoken of by every one with a pathos and touching heartiness which is most pleasing. I cannot tell what a marvellous gift Geddes has been to me. It has made our own John literally alive again. I have preached twice here, and given an Indian address, and raised £40. I have preached with great delight twice in the School House. I wish daily to reveal the Father to His children. It is such light, such freedom, such a binding power!

* A friend who was an *habitué* of the ‘back study’ relates, that shortly before the speech was delivered, the ‘meteoric theory’ was there discussed, especially with reference to the reception it had met with from newspaper critics, who seemed to be unanimous in holding that it only removed the difficulty as to the origin of life a stage back. Norman’s friend, in a note which he sent to a local journal and which was read in the ‘back study,’ contended that this criticism was unfair, inasmuch as the difficulty was not only removed farther back, but removed out of this world altogether, and after having bothered our savants for ages, would now have to be taken up by the Association for the Promotion of Science in one of the other planets. Ticked by this suggestion, and marching up and down the room, Norman dictated a P.S. to be appended to the note.

“Perhaps the men of science would do well, in accordance with these latest results, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way:—

1. The earth was without form and void.
2. A meteor fell upon the earth.
3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.
4. From these proceeded the British Association.
5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good!”

ever gathered,—when they beheld the Queen who now ruled over them, the legislature of Britain, old warriors covered with medals won in many a hard-fought battle in their own India, men of philosophy and science, men who had governed provinces far greater than England,—all bowing down in worship, and when they heard like a mighty breeze the prayer whispered from these ten thousand lips, ‘Our Father which art in heaven;’ what if one of these Easterns had risen and said, ‘You have sent us laws, men of science, and warriors, but have never told us of that Father to whom you pray!’ Could that be said in truth, then might a greater assembly still be summoned to ask God’s mercy on a nation that had been so unfaithful.’

On his way home he received the tidings of the death of the man whom of all others he revered and loved, Dr. John Macleod Campbell. During the few previous months he had seen one after another of his friends pass away. Erskine of Linlathen and Maurice had just entered into their rest, and now Campbell, to him the greatest and best of all, had followed.

During the same month he visited St. Andrew’s for the purpose of urging the claims of the Mission, and appealing to the students of the University for volunteers to go to India as missionaries. ‘We were all struck,’ Principal Shairp writes, ‘by his worn and flaccid look; he seemed so oppressed and nervous when he was going to address only a few hundred people in our small university chapel; and I well remember the close of that address. After describing very clearly and calmly the state of the Mission and its weakness for want of both fit men and sufficient funds, his last words were, ‘If by the time next General Assembly arrives neither of those are forthcoming, there is one who wishes he may find a grave!’ That was his last word, and it fell like a knell on my heart and on many

more. So infirm was he that day, that though the college church is scarcely a hundred yards from our house, he had to be driven both there and back !’

From his JOURNAL:—

“*March 1.*—What events of importance or interest to myself have been crowded into the months and days which have passed since these last words have been written ! The Thanksgiving for the dear Queen and Prince this week in London—the grandest thing, morally, I have ever witnessed or can witness ; and the death of my best of friends, and of the best man I have ever known on earth or can know—my own John Campbell !

“This last implies worlds to me as affecting my inner life. I might have added to it the crisis of the Indian Mission ; yet I am so wearied in body and soul this night, that I cannot write about them, yet cannot be silent, but must mark this point and transition between my past and future, in which I am involved as a minister, a citizen, and a friend. Oh my dear, dear John ! I left thee to-day in thy grave, and the world can never more be the same to me. Thy light, shining through an earthly tabernacle, is gone ; my staff is departed ; the arm on which I leant is in the grave ; and my best and truest of friends is dead ! Oh, how I loved him and adored him on this side of idolatry ! He was my St. Paul. No words of mine can express my love to him. I took part with Story in the service ; I lowered him to his grave : I cannot preach about him to-morrow ; I hope to do so next Sunday. Till then, all things else depart.”

To Principal SHAIRP:—

Saturday, March 16, 1872.

“MY DEAREST JOHN,

“More dear than ever, as friend after friend departs, and as we feel ourselves every year like the remains of an old Guard, whose comrades have almost all left us—all who could speak, not of the old wars, but of the old times of joy and hope, of struggle and of victory. The reason, perhaps, why I have not written to you, or indeed to any one who was one with me in devoted love to beloved John Campbell, was that I knew we had the same feeling, the same sense of loss, the same joy in his gain, the same every-

thing! I heard of it in England. It was a sudden and terrible blow. As we praised God in St. Paul's, he, a king and priest, had entered into the joy of his Lord; and oh, John, what joy! You said truly to me that if there be a God, we as men are alienated from Him, and need reconciliation; and I add, if there be a God—shocking 'if' even to speak of—he is with Him. I returned home on Friday, and was in time for his funeral on Saturday. I took part in the services along with Story, and what that was to me you will understand, as I prayed in the church, near the head of his coffin. It was a wet and cold day, but there was a large attendance of ministers, and of men and women, who loved him as few were loved. Tuesday I spent with his wife and family, and heard all. Five days before his death, when very cheerie, he wrote his last and a most beautiful letter to comfort orphans. But he spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an 'Amen' to God's will.

“I preached a funeral sermon for him, which I will publish, that his dear Lord may be glorified in him, even through unworthy me. He has left a large collection of letters; many written to his father on the Mondays, giving an account of his teaching on the previous Sundays at Row; many to his brother and sister, both worthy of him; a series over ten years, to his son, on general subjects of Christian interest; all immensely valuable. Who will edit these? I know not. In spite of my dearest wish, it seems impossible that a man so poor in good as I am should be called upon to give an account of such men as our two beloved Johns! But the treasure is often committed to earthen vessels, that the power might be seen to be of God.

“My heart, dear, is very sore. The world and life look awfully serious to me. I feel as if the winding-up were coming soon, and I have a depressing sense, of which no one but God can judge, of a miserably improved life. But such feelings are for God, more than for man. They don't come from gout, as they are of late my habit; yet I suffer still from the enemy. God is my only light, and I seek to cast the burden of my soul, my life, my fears, my all on Him; and yet my very faith is so weak.”

The sermon which he preached on Dr. Campbell was

afterwards published in another form in *Good Words*. The privilege and responsibility of speaking regarding his lamented friend were so keenly realised by him that, before beginning, he wrote on the fly-leaf of his manuscript the following touching prayer:—

“May God the Father, whose glory my beloved friend ever sought, teach me, a miserable sinner, who am unworthy to speak of the holy ones in His presence, to speak of His saint in glory so as to give some true impression of what he was; that Jesus, who was and is his ‘all in all,’ may be glorified in and by him; and that, though dead, he may speak through my feeble lips! I begin with fear and trembling; yet, if I am every Sunday called upon to speak of Jesus, why should I fear to speak of one of his holy apostles? God help me in His mercy!”

Saturday, March 9, 1872.

Similar prayers are of frequent occurrence on the first or last pages of his sermons, and there are sometimes brief notices of the events in his own life which suggested certain lines of thought.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS DEATH.

‘ I FEEL as if the winding-up were coming soon,’ he wrote to Principal Shairp, with little anticipation of how soon his words were to be realised.

As the spring wore on, the sense of feebleness and discomfort continued to increase; but his family physician, Professor Andrew Buchanan, after careful examination, discovered, at that time, nothing organically wrong with his heart; and believing that complete rest and freedom from anxiety would suffice to remove his ailments, he ordered him to give up the India Mission, leave his town-house and reside in the country, and, in short, confine his duties within the narrowest possible circle. Dr. Macleod at once acquiesced in these arrangements, and for a time found some enjoyment in planning a cottage which he thought of building on the slope of Campsie Fell, in a situation he had long admired, and he seemed almost happy at the prospect of renewing his early love of country life. The other direction of his physician made a greater demand on his feelings. He did not hesitate as to relinquishing the India Mission, but he determined that in doing so he would express, once for all, the conclusions he had reached regarding the manner in which Christian work in India ought to be conducted. For weeks he

revolved the subject in his mind; for weeks it possessed his thoughts night and day; and, whether from the nature of the views he felt it his duty to propound, or more probably, from the exaggerated colouring which weak health imparts to coming difficulties, he somehow expected that his speech was to provoke a violent and painful discussion. These anticipations, natural to an invalid, although utterly groundless, had the effect of exciting his shattered nervous system, and of producing an anxiety and agitation which told with fatal effect upon him.

When he rose in the Assembly to address a house crowded to suffocation, his rapid breathing revealed the strain he was labouring under. He had written nothing beforehand except a few jottings on the fly-leaf of the Mission Report; and such was the impassioned and rapid manner in which, under the pressure of his convictions, he grappled with the points he wished most to impress, that the reporters were unable to take down even the meaning of a great part of the address—the most powerful and stirring he ever delivered. The speech is practically lost. Passages can be recalled; the general scope can be sketched; but there is no adequate record of the masterly handling of principles, the touches of kindly humour, the skill with which he conciliated his audience while urging views calculated to offend the prejudices of many, the overpowering earnestness with which he defended his own position and appealed to the Church for a generous and self-forgetful policy towards India. Those who were present may retain an impression of its power, but the speech itself has perished.

He had been labouring for years, with little effect, to induce the clergy to adopt efficient methods of raising funds, and had discovered how difficult it is in such matters to combat sloth, prejudice, power of custom. He

Baptist came with his idolatry of sacrament, saying, 'You must be a Baptist, you must be dipped again;' and when the Roman Catholic came and said, 'You are all wrong together;' is it any wonder that the Hindoo, pressed on every side by different forms of Western Christianity, should say, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the good you have done me, but as I am sore perplexed by you all, take yourselves off, leave me alone with God, then I will be fairly dealt with.' It was a positive shame—it was a disgrace—that they should take with them to India the differences that separated them a few yards from their brethren in this country. Is it not monstrous to make the man they ordained on the banks of the Ganges sign the Westminster Confession of the Church of Scotland or the Deed of Demission and Protest of the Free Church? Was that the wisest, was it the Christian way of dealing with Hindoos? And were they presenting the truth to the native mind in the form best fitted for his requirements? The doctrines of their Confessions might be true in themselves, but the Confession was a document closely connected with the historical development and with the metaphysical temperament of the people who had accepted it, and might not be equally suitable for those who had not the same traditions and tendencies. Was it necessary to give these minute and abstract statements to Orientals whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of divine truth, and who might mould a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? The block of ice, clear and cold, the beautiful product of our northern climes, will at the slightest touch freeze the warm lips of the Hindoo. Why insist that he must take that or nothing? Would it not be better to let the stream flow freely that the Eastern may quench his thirst at will from God's own water of life? Would it not be possible for the Evangelical Churches to drop their peculiarities, and in unselfishness of the common faith construct a Primer, or make the Apostles' Creed their symbol, and say, 'This is not all you are going to learn, but if you receive this truth and be strong in the faith, we will 'receive you so walking, but not to doubtful disputations; and, if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you?'' And they should make known the truth not only by books but by living men. Send them the mis-

sionary. Let him be a man who embodies Christianity; and if he were asked, 'What is a Christian?' he could answer, 'I am; I know and love Christ, and wish you to know Him and love Him too.' That man in his justice, generosity, love, self-sacrifice, would make the Hindoo feel that he had a brother given him by a common Father. Let them prepare the Hindoos to form a Church for themselves. Give them the gunpowder, and they will make their own cannon."

While advocating these catholic aims, he did not forget that spirit of ecclesiasticism, and those prejudices and bigotries he was offending. He rose into indignant remonstrance as he thought of how India might possibly be sacrificed to the timidity of some of the clergy afraid to speak out their thoughts, or, still worse, to the policy of others who, in the critical position of the Church at home, were cautious not to verify the accusations of latitudinarianism made against her by interested opponents.

"You must take care lest by insisting on the minutiae of doctrine or government you are not raising a barrier to the advances of Christianity. You must take heed lest things infinitesimally small as compared with the great world, may not be kept so near the eye as to conceal the whole world from you. A man may so wrap a miserable partisan newspaper round his head as to shut out the sun, moon, and stars. You must take care that your Cairns do not stand so near as to shut out Calcutta, and the *Watchword* make you so tremble for petty consequences at home that all India is forgotten by you. I am not speaking for myself alone," he added, "for I know how these difficulties press upon many a missionary—and remember how more than one has taken my hand, and said we dare not speak out on these things, lest our own names be blasted, ourselves represented as unsafe, and all home-confidence be removed from us. But why should they be afraid of such reproach? Why should I be afraid of it? Am I to be silent lest I should be whispered about, or suspected, or called 'dangerous,' 'broad,' 'latitudinarian,' 'atheistic?' So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can

hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good: who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindoo more than all their committees or all their Churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

No one then present can forget the thrilling power, the manly bearing, the intensity of suppressed feeling, with which these words were uttered.

In a few following sentences he explained how he was compelled to relinquish all public work for the future, thanked his brethren for the kindness he had received from them, and bidding farewell to the Church he had served with life-long affection, he ended in accents broken with emotion, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'

It was a last and fatal effort. The hearts of many present trembled for him as they watched the unnatural flush upon his cheeks, and marked the expenditure of energy the exertion cost him. To more than one of those whose eye wistfully followed him, as he left the house, the sad foreboding came that it was their last look of him.

"I was so glad," one writes, "I heard that magnificent oration. When it was over, I bowed my head in my hands, wishing to shut out everything but the solemn thoughts such words had conjured up. I felt how much too great the exertion had been for him. I took a long last look at him before I left—the conviction being somehow strong upon me that with my mortal eyes I should never see him again."

For the next few days he complained of uneasiness and

unaccountable depression of spirits, but was able to preach in his own church on the afternoon of the following Lord's-day. It was his last sermon, and on the strikingly appropriate subject, 'We have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have, therefore?' A sheet of note-paper contains all he had written beforehand, but it is enough to show that his last counsels to his people were strangely in harmony with the situation. His theme was the way in which Christ educated His disciples, and he urged upon his hearers the truth that if they were willing to accept His guidance every day, they would at last be prepared cheerfully to surrender life and all into His hands.

Next day, the 3rd of June, he was to enter his sixty-first year, and he had such a strong desire to have all his family with him on this birthday, that he brought his aged mother from the country and asked leave for his son to come from Liverpool. There was no foreboding in all this of immediate danger. He said and did some things which afterwards seemed to indicate a feeling of approaching death. When at Balmoral the previous week he spoke to more than one of its being his last visit, and in some of his letters there were expressions so solemn as to have startled the friends who received them. But he did not really think that his end was so near. A great sadness weighed on him, a weariness of the noise and disputings of men, of 'the burden and the mystery' of life; and out of this arose a more childlike clinging to Christ and to the love and goodness of God. Deeply affected by the disturbed condition of opinion in the world and the Church, he cherished only a fuller confidence in order finally coming out of disorder; and feeling his own life-work was over, he entered the more keenly into speculations as to the character of the life beyond the grave. The future state, the society, occupations and joy

of the blessed dead, had been a favourite theme with him for many years, but during the last few days of his life, it seemed to engross his thoughts. No friend could be with him for many minutes without his reverting to it. Under the influence of the same feelings he spoke of his death. 'My father often took me at that time to drive with him,' writes one of his daughters. 'He talked, or rather thought aloud, almost always about death and dying—the dread every one has of the act of dying; and how merciful it was, that though a man in health fears death, yet when he is weakened by disease, he is indifferent to its terror; 'above all, what a comfort it is to know that the *Man* Christ Jesus died!' On the Friday after he was taken ill, I was sitting on his bed hearing how he was, and he said, 'How dreadful it would be if a God of hate ruled the world; how he could torture us! For instance, he could make us die more than once, and each death become a dreadful experience. Let us thank God for His love. After all,' he added after a pause, 'death is a wrong name for it—it is birth into the true life.'

The greater part of Monday, 3rd June, was spent by him alone in the outside study. He passed the day chiefly in writing letters to valued friends and in quiet meditation. One of his aunts found him reading the seventy-first psalm, and he at once made it the groundwork of one of those out-pourings of his deepest, most inward experiences which none who ever heard them can forget. In the evening all his family were gathered round his table.

From his JOURNAL:—

"June 2.—To-morrow, if I live, I am sixty. I enter on the last decade allotted to man. I cannot take it in. In one sense I am young in heart. I dream, as I have, alas! done for many a year, of what I may, or might do—in literature, in practical work, in many a thing. While I dream life passes, powers fail, and I feel

as one who had done nothing, and know that I have done little in comparison with what I could have done, had I only been self-denying and diligent in college and in riper years. I confess with shame my off-putting, my want of painstaking and earnestness in mastering difficulties and details, my indolence, and selfishness, and want of principle, in not attending each day, from youth upwards, in doing, to the best of my ability, that one work, whether of mastering a lesson or anything else, given me to do. It is no comfort to tell me what I have done, for it is false comfort. I feel it truer to confess what I have not done, what I ought to have done, what I could have done, and which being left undone has been a felt, real, and shameful loss to me all my life. Whatever a man's natural talent may be, whatever success he has had in the world, whatever good he has accomplished, it yet remains true that he would have been better, wiser, more influential, and glorified God far more if he had been a careful, accurate, diligent scholar at school and college, and acquired those habits of study, that foundation of knowledge, without which talent is stunted, and genius itself is very far from accomplishing that which it otherwise could do. God blesses the self-sacrifice of study, and that I never had in my youth, and for that I have suffered, and more especially as I have in later years become fully alive to its importance. Morally and intellectually I am a dismayed wreck, praising and blessing God if I get into the harbour, and reverencing those who are good men, because they have been all their lives dutiful.

“My life has been to me a mystery of love. I know that God's education of each man is in perfect righteousness. I know that the best on earth have been the greatest sufferers, because they were the best, and, like gold, could stand the fire and be purified by it. I know this, and a great deal more, and yet the mercy of God to me is such a mystery, that I have been tempted to think that I was utterly unworthy of suffering.

“God have mercy on my thoughts! I may be unable to stand suffering. I do not know. But I lay myself at Thy feet and say—not that I am prepared—but that Thou art good, and wise, and wilt prepare me. I am a poor selfish creature.

“God is all in all,

“God is love. Amen.

“The doctors tell me I am in danger, and that unless I give up work I may not live. I have been ill for the last sixteen years. The doctors tell me that I must get quit of worry. I have, by their command, given up on Thursday last the Convener'ship of the India Mission. I feel this. I spoke an hour and a half on the subject, but the reports of my speech are fearful; empty of all I said that is worth anything, full of horrors and absurdities I never said.”

To PRINCIPAL SHAIRP:—

3rd June, 1872.

“I am threescore years to-day!

“John dear, I cannot speak about myself. I am dumb with thoughts that cannot be uttered.

“The doctors tell me that unless by rest of body and mind I can conquer incipient disease, it will kill me.

“So I am obeying to the best of my ability.

“As I feel time so rapidly passing, I take your hand, dear old friend, with a firmer grip!

“I have many friends; few old ones!

“Oh that I loved my oldest and truest, my Father and Saviour, better! But should I enter heaven as a forlorn ship, dismasted, and a mere log—it is enough—for I will be repaired.

“But I have been a poor concern, and have no peace but in God's mercy to a miserable sinner.

“I spoke in the Assembly on India Missions for an hour and a half. I will probably print it. It is my programme for India. It knocked me up.”

To Mrs. MACNAB (Sister of Dr. Macleod Campbell):—

3rd June, 1872.

3rd June, 1812.

“You did not intend it to be a birthday gift to the child you had in your arms sixty years ago! But so it is, and it is doubly precious as a pledge of a love that has remained ever bright for threescore years, and will be brighter still when time shall be no more. God bless you and preserve you to us on earth! I am dumb with a sense of awe, and full of thoughts that cannot be uttered. My only rest

in thinking of the past and in anticipating the future is in the one thought of 'God my Father.'

"I am so glad you would like me to republish my sketch of dear John Campbell. What would you say to putting in an appendix some extracts from his books, expressive of his leading 'views?' This might help some souls in perplexity, and induce them to read his books. They would be of use in India.

"As to his letters, &c., no one felt more strongly than John Mackintosh regarding biographies. The only thing which induced us to go against his expressed wishes was the conviction, that *now* he would wish to do whatever seemed best to others, whom he loved and trusted, for the glory of God. And surely the result justified us. It seems to me that the responsibility of not permitting men to speak when dead is as great as in enabling them to do so. How is it likely they would judge now? is a question I cannot help putting."

To Rev. A. CLERK, whose son, Duncan Clerk, was then dying:—

June 3, 1872.

"It is very solemn and very affecting, and I need not say how deeply we sympathize with you. Yet there is but One who can do so perfectly, and give you and dear Jessie faith and strength at this terrible crisis. I feel how impossible it is to convey in words what one would like to say at such a time, if indeed silence does not best express the sense of darkness and oppression. I enter to-day my sixty-first year, and have my mother and all my family around me, and the contrast presented between my house and yours makes your affliction only more dark and solemn. We can only fall back on God to deliver me from a slavish fear of coming sorrows, and you, my dear Archy, from a want of faith in His constant and deep love to you and yours. What God may be giving you in this form, I don't know. But I am sure He is giving. Those He has taken, and seems to be taking, have been among His elect ones if any such there be on earth. A finer boy than Duncan could not be. Every one loved and respected him. He was a girl in purity, a child in humility, modesty, and obedience. Fit for Heaven! fit to join his sainted sister and brothers. You have both sent precious treasures there to be your own riches

for ever, and I doubt not every soul in your house will get a blessing. A holy family! what an awful gift from God! I don't wish to speak about myself, but I am not well. The doctors have discovered symptoms so serious in me as to necessitate my getting rest for mind and body, and so ward off what would very soon kill me. So I gave up the India Mission, and am trying to sell my house in town, and get one in the country. All my lameness, weariness, all are from the same cause. I am utterly unable to stand fatigue, and I am still suffering from my long (one hour and a half) speech and probably my last in the Assembly. I fear to attempt to go to you, as I believe I would add to your trouble, I get so prostrate. I am seriously alarmed for myself and can see no escape at present."

To the MARCHIONESS OF ELY (then Lady in Waiting at Balmoral) :—

June 3rd, 1872.

"DEAR LADY ELY,

"Whether it is that my head is empty or my heart full, or that both conditions are realised in my experience, the fact, however, is that I cannot express myself as I feel, in replying to your ladyship's kind—far too kind—note, which I received when in the whirlwind, or miasma of Assembly business. Thanks deep and true to you and to my Sovereign Lady for thinking of me. I spoke for nearly two hours in the Assembly, which did no good to me, nor I fear to any other! I was able to preach yesterday. As I have got nice summer quarters, I hope to recruit, so as to cast off this dull, hopeless sort of feeling. I ought to be a happy, thankful man to-day. I am to-day sixty, and round my table will meet my mother, my wife, and all my nine children, six brothers and sisters, and two aunts—one eighty-nine, the other seventy-six, and all these are a source of joy and thanksgiving. Why such mercies to me, and such suffering as I often see sent to the best on earth? God alone knows. I don't. But I am sure He always acts as a wise, loving, and impartial Father to all His children. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. God bless the Queen for all her unwearied goodness! I admire her as a woman, love her as a friend, and reverence her as a Queen; and you know that

what I say, I feel. Her courage, patience, and endurance are marvellous to me."

From his JOURNAL:—

"June 3.—I am this day three score years.

"The Lord is mysterious in His ways! I bless and praise Him.

"I commit myself and my all into His loving hands, feeling the high improbability of such a birthday as this ever being repeated.

"But we shall be united after the last birthday into heaven.

"Glory to God, for His mercy towards us guilty sinners, through Jesus Christ His Son, my Lord.

"I preached at Balmoral ('Thy Kingdom come'), on the 27th May. The Queen, as usual, very kind. As she noticed my feebleness, she asked me to be seated during the private interview. When last at Balmoral, I met Forster (the Cabinet Minister) there. He and Helps and I had great arguments on all important theological questions till very late. I never was more impressed by any man, as deep, independent, thoroughly honest and sincere. I conceived a great love for him. I never met a statesman whom, for high-minded honesty and justice, I would sooner follow. He will be Premier some day.

"Dear Helps! man of men, or rather brother of brothers.

"The last Assembly has been the most reactionary I have ever seen; all because Dr. Cairns and others have attacked the Church for her latitudinarianism! The lectures of Stanley have aroused the wrath of the Pharisees, and every trembler wishes to prove that we are not latitudinarian, forsooth! If by this term is meant any want of faith in the teaching of Christ and His apostles, any want of faith in the Bible, or in the supernatural, or in Christ's person or atonement (though not the Church theory), or in all the essentials of the faith common to the Church catholic; then I am no latitudinarian. But if by this is meant that man's conscience or reason (in Coleridge's sense) is not the ultimate judge of a divine revelation, that I am bound to stick to the letter of the Confession, and to believe, for example, that all mankind are damned to 'excruciating torments in soul and body for all eternity,' because of Adam's sin, and the original corruption springing therefrom, and that God has sent a Saviour for a select few only, and that

death determines the eternal condition of all men; then, thank God, I am a latitudinarian, have preached it, confessed it, and can die for it! Nothing amazes or pains me more than the total absence of all pain, all anxiety, all sense of burden or of difficulty among nine-tenths of the clergy I meet, as to questions which keep other men sleepless. Give me only a man who knows, who feels, who takes in, however feebly (like myself), the life and death problems which agitate the best (yes, the *best*) and most thoughtful among clergy and laity, who thinks and prays about them, who feels the difficulties which exist, who has faith in God that the right will come right, in God's way, if not in his, I am strengthened, comforted, and feel deeply thankful to be taught. But what good can self-satisfied, infallible Ultramontanes do for a poor, weak, perplexed soul? Nay, what good can *puppies* do who may accept congenial conclusions without feeling the difficulties by which they are surrounded? What have I suffered and endured in this my little back study, which I must soon leave! How often from my books have I gazed out of this window before me, and found strength and peace in the little bit of the sky revealed, with its big *cumuli* clouds, its far-away *cirri* streaks, and, farther still, its deep, unfathomable blue—its infinite depths I could not pierce! yet seeing—in the great sunlight, in the glory of cloudland, in the peace of the sky—such a revelation of God as made me say, 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!'

"The older I get I find more and more teaching from God's revelation in nature.

"The confusion that exists at this moment, and which began soon after the war of '15, and is as eventful as the Reformation, is most oppressive.

' Every thing is sundering,
And every one is wondering,
As this huge globe goes thundering
On for ever on.'

"On the one hand, there is a breaking up of the old forms of thought about everything, social, political, scientific, philosophic, and theological. In spite of much foolish conceit and sense of power on the part of those who guide the battering-rams against the old walls, there is on the part of many more, a great sense of

the paramount importance of truth and duty which, if piously considered, would but express faith in God, Who is ever on the side of truth, whether Huxley, Darwin, or any other express it, albeit without sympathy for the speakers unless they be truthful. On the part of the defenders there are all shades of feeling. Not a few from faith in God and Christ, and in the verities of that moral and spiritual kingdom which, having in themselves, they know cannot be moved, except of these attacks, not as from real enemies, but friends, because believing that Christianity will ever be found far ahead of men, will soon 'prepare a place' for all real truth, so that wherever Christ is, there it may be also. But others are in terror, and either refuse to look at what professes to be truth in the face, and only call its professors nick-names, or try the Romish Syllabus dodge, and gather into clubs, like Jesuits, and in vain, by assertion, try to stop the movement.

"So we are split up into fragments, and while Rome remains whole,—in its blindness swearing there is no light because it does not see it, and cursing all eye-doctors and spectacles.

"As for Scotland! The Church of the future is not here! We ignore great world-questions. We squabble like fishwomen over skate and turbot.

"Where is the germ of the Church of the future? In what Church? In what creed? In what forms of government? It may come from India, as the first came from the East. But all our old forms are effete, as old oaks, although young ones may grow out of them. Neither Calvinism, nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization can be the Church of the future! May God give us patience to wait! It may be a thousand, or three thousand years yet, ere it comes, but come it will! I do not think any Broad Church can be *the* Church yet; it wants definiteness to meet the common mind of rough humanity. But in a Church it can modify and liberalise extremes, witness for individuality against any extreme views of the body, and so help to an ultimate solution of the problem between the individual and the Church. I shall see it from the other side; but not from this.

"I resigned the Convenership of the India Mission as I have said. I made a long speech not reported. Dear Watson has been

rejected as Convener. Herdman appointed. This is of interest merely as showing the contest between the parties in the Church. These are the Ultra-Evangelical and the Liberal ”

Thus ends the journal he kept so faithfully through his busy life.

On the same day his birthday festival was held with a joy that was shadowed by haunting fears of coming change. His worn and shattered aspect, and his sad, tender bearing, suggested painful forebodings to those who loved him, and who could scarcely refrain from showing their anxiety.

On the following Thursday he took his mother and aunt for a drive in an open carriage. The day was treacherous, and, before they returned, the bright sunshine, which had tempted them to go out, departed, and a piercing east wind came on. In his anxiety for his delicate aunt he wrapped his own plaid round her, and exposed himself to a chill, which, in his broken condition of health, proved fatal. When he came home he was seized with a shiver, followed by an intense pain in the chest, and for the next few days experienced extreme suffering, combined with overpowering attacks of sickness. He spent some hours that evening with his mother, and aunts, and sister, who resided a few doors from his own house. It was the day of the funeral of a favourite nephew, Duncan Clerk, and partly to comfort his sorrowing niece, who was present, as well as to give expression to thoughts of which his mind was full, he talked with more than usual power—almost with excitement—regarding the glorified life of those who had departed in the Lord. He recalled the names and characters of deceased relatives, and described the joy of meeting and recognising them. He spoke of his father, of James, of sisters and uncles who were dead, and of John Mackintosh; and when one of the party chanced to allude to their

departure as loss, he vehemently remonstrated against such a view. 'Love is possession, love is possession,' he repeated with an emphasis, which those who listened to him have since learned to apply to the separation they feared, but the imminence of which they did not then anticipate. Before parting from his mother that evening—the last they were to spend together on earth—he poured out his soul in a prayer which melted every heart. It was a triumphant thanksgiving to God, which recalled his own past history, and the history of the family, revived the names of many dear ones who had entered into rest, and concluded with a glorious profession of gratitude, confidence, and joy.

His restlessness night and day became dreadful, but as the symptoms seemed to arise from indigestion, for a time no strong measures were taken. In order to alleviate this, and to give him greater freedom, Mrs. Macleod removed his bed to the drawing-room. The pain gradually lessened, but his strength went visibly down, and his brother, Professor Macleod, who had been out of town, was, on his return, so much struck by the change in his appearance, that, though not anticipating any immediately fatal result, he suspected the imminence of graver complications. In order to secure complete rest for him, arrangements were made for his giving up every kind of work for six months. This fact was communicated to him on Tuesday the 11th, and was received with perfect composure; but when his brother left, Mrs. Macleod found him in the drawing-room deadly pale and nearly fainting. The proposal had shocked him more than he knew, as indicating the cessation of his active life; but he revived after a little, and spoke of how delightful it would be to take all his children to Cannstadt, and how he would enjoy six months' rest with his family and his books.

The rapid sinking of his strength, the increasing ten-

saw there. There is nothing I like so much as stories of battles. If you tell me what you saw you will soothe me to sleep like a child. I never could well make out the position of the Flagstaff battery. Now, just go on !' Once, during the night, he asked his brother, with great tenderness, to kiss him ; and at another time, when awaking from sleep, he held up his hands, as if pronouncing the benediction in church, and said with much solemnity, ' May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.' So passed his last night on earth, troubled, yet peaceful, and full of the unselfishness and simplicity of his life.

On the morning of Sunday, the sixteenth of June, he was so much better that his brother left him in comparative comfort, and when Professor Andrew Buchanan saw him some hours afterwards, he was surprised at the great improvement which had taken place. He felt so refreshed after taking some food, about seven in the morning, that he asked his wife to sit beside him while he told her the deeper thoughts that were possessing his soul. ' I believe I will get better,' he said, ' but I wish you to record for my good and for our good afterwards, that in this hurricane I have had deep thoughts of God. I feel as if he said, ' We know one another, I love you, I forgive you ; I put my hands round you,' just as I would with my son Norman,' and here he laid his own hand tenderly on his wife's head. ' I have had few religious exercises for the last ten days. If my son were ill I would not be angry with him for not sending me a letter. But I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered, ' Thou art with me !' Not many would understand me. They would put down much that I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight.' When he was speaking of God's dealings, the expression of his face and

his accents were as if he was addressing One actually present. Still more intimately, it seemed, than ever, his fellowship was with the Father and the Son. He again repeated that he believed he would get better, and that his latter days would be more useful than any former ones. 'I have neglected many things. I have not felt as I ought how awfully good God is; how generous and long-suffering; how He has 'put up' with all my rubbish. It is enough to crush me when I think of all His mercies' (as he said this he was melted in tears), 'mercy, mercy, from beginning to end. You and I have passed through many life-storms, but we can say with peace, it has been all right.' He added something she could not follow as to what he would wish to do in his latter days, and as to how he 'would teach his darling children to know and realise God's presence.' He told her once more to write down all he had said, that it might do her good when her own day of sorrow came. He frequently said that this visitation was quite unexpected.

Some hours afterwards two of his daughters came to kiss him before going to church. 'He took my hands in both of his,' one of them writes, 'and told me I must come to see him oftener. "If I had strength," he said, "I could tell you things would do you good through all your life. I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences, but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe." I kissed him on his dear forehead and went away, crying only because he was so ill. When I next saw him he was indeed "in perfect peace and perfect calm."'

The church bells had for some time ceased to ring, and the quiet of the Lord's-day rested on the city. His wife and one of his sons were with him in the drawing-room, where he remained chiefly sitting on the sofa. About

twelve o'clock Mrs. Macleod went to the door to give some directions about food. The sudden cry, 'Mother, mother!' startled her, and when she hurried in she saw his head had fallen back. There was a soft sigh, and, gently as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered the eternal rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUNERAL.

‘HAD I a wish on so solemn a subject, I would be disposed to choose a sudden death.’ So had he written some years before; and those who knew and loved him best, when their grief was so far assuaged as to allow them to judge calmly, thanked God for the time and manner in which it pleased Him to take His servant to Himself. His death came when his work was in a sense complete. He had all but accomplished his plans for meeting the spiritual necessities of his great parish.* He had borne his last mature testimony on behalf of India: and his work in the Church and in the country had, in many ways, reached its fulness. Had it pleased God so to order it, he would doubtless have meekly accepted the burden of an enfeebled old age spent in retirement, or, by divine grace, would have patiently endured protracted suffering, and watched

* What remained to be done was rapidly executed after his death. Three of the Mission Chapels were endowed as parishes by three of his friends—Kelvinhaugh and Bluevale (the first and the last he built) being severally endowed by Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. James Baird, and his own Mission Church erected into what is now called ‘The Macleod Parish,’ by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth. The congregation of the Barony completed in like manner the remaining parochial appliances which he had projected, and built a Memorial Missionary Institute in a destitute part of the parish.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with characteristic catholicity of spirit, thus addressed the Moderator of the Church of Scotland:—

LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON, *June 19, 1873.*

“MY DEAR MODERATOR,

“Will you allow me to express to you officially the deep feeling of sorrow with which I have heard of the loss that has befallen the Established Church of Scotland by the death of Dr. Norman Macleod? He was so widely known in England as well as in Scotland, and, indeed, wherever our mother tongue is spoken, that his death seems a national loss. So zealous, large-hearted, and gifted a pastor could ill be spared at any time to the Christian Church. While his own people lament that they no longer hear his familiar voice, winning them by his wise spoken counsels, his written words will be missed in thousands of homes in every quarter of the world; and the Established Church, over which you preside, will deeply feel the removal of one who held so high a place amongst its wisest and most strenuous defenders.

“Believe me to be, my dear Moderator,

“Your faithful servant,

“A. C. CANTUAR.”

It is unfortunately so seldom the representatives of the National Churches of England and Scotland exchange

to be erected in Glasgow. At Crathie, two stained windows have been placed in the church by Her Majesty—the one bearing a figure of King David, and the other one of St. Paul—representing the gifts of poetry and missionary zeal. On the former there is inscribed:—“In memory of the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Dean of the Most Noble and Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and One of Her Majesty’s Chaplains, a man eminent in the Church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved;” on the other, the text—“They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”—Dan. xii. 3. Several months after his death, his family were surprised and gratified by finding the competency he had provided for them largely increased by those who had loved him; and this was done in a manner so delicate, as to make the mention of it here a privilege.

official communications, that this letter becomes the more remarkable as indicating at once the wide influence exercised by Dr. Macleod, and the reality of that unity in virtue of which, if one branch of the Church suffers, the whole Church suffers with it.

His funeral took place on Thursday, the 20th, and was celebrated with a solemnity unparalleled in the history of the city with which his labours were so long associated.

The day was of heavenly beauty, seeming the more beautiful that it had been preceded and was followed by days of storm. There was a private service at his own house, for the members of his family, at which his friend Dr. Watson officiated, and from his house to the Barony church, where his remains were first borne, the streets were lined with an observant multitude. The Barony church was filled with the members of his own congregation, and of his Mission churches, and the venerable Cathedral seemed doubly solemn from the reverent throng of mourning friends and representatives of public bodies gathered there to do honour to the dead.

Among those present were Dr. Robertson, Queen's commissioner, sent by Her Majesty to represent Herself and the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. E. C. Yorke, who acted in a similar capacity for the Duke of Edinburgh.

The service in the Barony was conducted by Dr. Burns, the minister of the Cathedral, and by Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free Church, while Professor Eadie, of the United Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Smith, of North Leith, officiated in the Cathedral.

When the solemn services were concluded, the cortége was accompanied to the outskirts of the city by the magistrates of Glasgow, the sheriffs, the representatives of Royalty, the senate of the University, and by other public functionaries in their official robes; by clergymen of all Churches, gathered from many districts of the country,

and by the members of various religious and other societies with which he had been connected. These preceded the hearse, and behind it and the mourning relatives, there followed a long line of nearly three thousand persons of all classes of the community. This demonstration of respect was the more gratifying that it was entirely spontaneous. As the great procession moved on to the sad music of the 'Dead March,' it was watched along the whole route by a vast multitude, occupying every available position from which a view could be obtained, and showing by their saddened aspect how deeply the hearts of the people had been touched. One of the most remarkable features in that crowd was the large proportion of working men and of the poor, who came to pay honour to the memory of him who had laboured so earnestly for their good. More than one touching testimony was audibly expressed by these onlookers to the benefit they had received from him. 'There goes Norman Macleod,' a brawny working man was heard saying, as the dark column moved past; 'if he had done no more than what he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars for ever.'

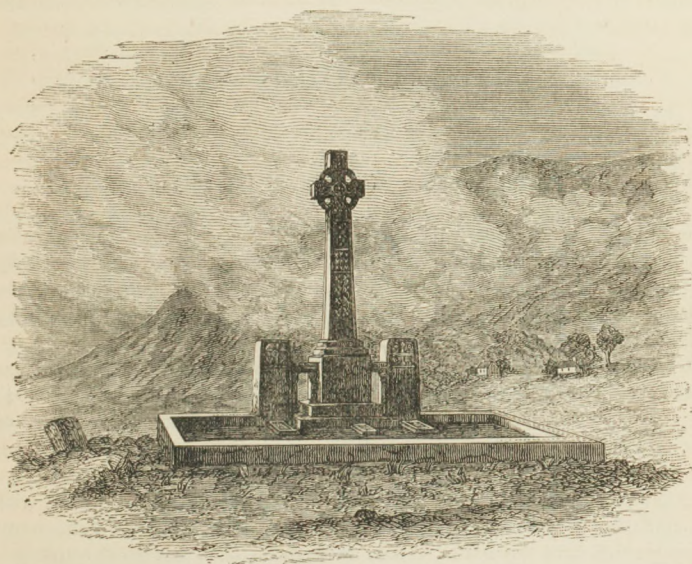
As the funeral approached Campsie, it was not only met by many friends, but as business had been for the time suspended in the town, and the shops closed, the entire population united in paying respect to the honoured dead, whose ashes were to rest in the old parish where his early life had been spent.

He was laid beside his father, and as the grave which was prepared for him was discovered, unexpectedly, to be that of James, the two brothers, whose lives had been linked by the holiest of all ties, were thus united in their last resting-place.

Ere the coffin was lowered, three wreaths of *Immortelles* were placed upon it. The first bore the inscription, 'A token of respect and friendship from Queen Victoria;'

the second, 'a token of respect from Prince Leopold,' and the third, 'A token of respect from Princess Beatrice.'

The spot where he sleeps is a suggestive emblem of his life. On the one side are the hum of business and the houses of toiling humanity. On the other, green pas-



toral hills, and the silence of Highland solitudes. More than one eye rested that day on the sunny slope where he had so lately dreamt of building a home for his old age—more than one heart thanked God for the more glorious mansion into which he had entered.

able by the power of their teaching and of their character to impress the observant and thinking natives with a sense of the truth and glory of Christianity. In regard, however, to the moral character of all those missionaries, I rejoice to say that our information, derived from every quarter, fully realised our hopes that they were worthy of the Churches which had sent them forth. Hindoos and Christians, natives and Europeans of every rank and class, were unanimous in their hearty testimony upon this point, and fully appreciated the unselfishness of their motives, the sincerity of their convictions, their intimate knowledge of and interest in the natives, and the wholesomeness of their influence upon the whole body of Indian society. Among these missionaries, too, there are some everywhere who, as regards mental power, learning and earnestness, would do honour to any Church, and who have largely contributed to advance the interests of social science, Oriental literature and history, as well as of Christianity, and who have a right to deepest respect, sympathy, and gratitude from all who have at heart the conversion of India. It is gratifying and assuring to know, also, that the number of missionaries and of their stations is steadily on the increase, while conversions increase in a still greater ratio.

“ I have not, of course, spoken here of the labours or influence of chaplains with reference to missions. In numerous instances these have been very effective, but they might be greater in many more. Nor have I alluded to the English bishops, who, as a rule, have been, as gentlemen of learning and highest character, an honour to the Church and to Christianity.

“ But we have been taking into our calculation the difficulties only on our own side, so to speak, in the way of imparting knowledge to the natives of India. Ought we not also to consider the difficulties of the other side in receiving our message? Of these, as peculiar to Hindoos, I shall have occasion to speak afterwards; but here I would have you remember that, in addition to the difficulties common to inert, slothful, prejudiced, and self-satisfied people in every part of the world,—in Christendom as well as heathendom,—to change any opinion, however erroneous or indefensible, or any habit, however foolish or absurd, the natives of India generally, among other hindrances, have presented to them for their acceptance a religion wholly different in *kind* from all they or their fathers ever heard of or believed in. It therefore demands time, intelligence, and patience to examine and understand it even when preached to them. It is a religion, moreover, which they have never seen adequately embodied or expressed in its social aspects, whether of the Church or the family, but only as a creed; and this, too, of a strange people, whom, as a rule, they dislike, as being alien to them in language, in race, in feelings, and manners, and who have conquered and revolutionised their country by acts, as they think, of cruelty, injustice, and avarice.

“ But let us suppose that the intelligent and educated Hindoo has been

convinced by English education of the falsehood of his own religion. I beg of you to realise and to sympathize with his difficulties of another kind, when Christianity, as the only true religion, is presented to him for his acceptance. He has brought his Brahminical creed and practices, we shall assume, under the light of reason, conscience, and science, for their judgment, and he has had pronounced upon them the sentence of condemnation. He has discovered that he has hitherto believed a lie, and been the slave of a degrading or childish superstition. But must he not subject this new religion of Christianity, with its sacred books, to the same scrutiny, and judge of them by the same light? Unquestionably he must; and so far a great point is gained, and one most hopeful to the accomplished and earnest missionary, when his teaching is examined honestly and sincerely in the light of truth, instead of being judged by the mere authority of custom or tradition. But such an investigation necessarily implies a trial of the severest and yet of the noblest kind, both to the inquirer and his teacher. And we need not be surprised if the first and most general, indeed, I might say, the universal, result of this scrutiny on the part of the Hindoo, should be the impression that Christianity, as a religion whose characteristic and essential doctrines are alleged *facts*, is but another form of superstition, with false miracles, false science, and false everything, which professes to belong to the region of the supernatural. These difficulties are moreover increased and intensified by those schools of thought which at present, and as a reaction from the past, exercise such an influence in Europe and America. Their views and opinions are in every possible form reproduced in India, and take root the more readily, owing to the remarkable inability of the Hindoo mind, whatever be its cause, to weigh historical evidence, and to appreciate the value of *facts* in their bearing on the grounds of religious belief.

“If to this is added the manner in which Christianity, even as a creed, has sometimes, we fear, by truly Christian men, been represented, or rather misrepresented—with its doctrines, if not falsely put, yet sometimes put in a harsh, distorted, one-sided, or exaggerated light, proclaimed with little love, and defended with less logic—we shall be the more prepared to weigh the results of Christian missions with some approximation to the truth.

“In so far as the results of missions in India can be given by mere statistics, these have been collected with remarkable care, and published in 1864 by Dr. Mullens, himself an able and distinguished missionary. From these we gather that there are in round numbers about 140,000 natives in Hindostan professing Christianity; 28,000 in communion; with upwards of 900 native churches, which contribute £10,000 annually for the support of the Gospel. About 100 natives have been ordained to the ministry, while 1,300 labour as catechists. Upwards of 33,000 boys and 8,000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. As a means as well as a result of mission work, I may state that the whole Bible has

attend schools which educate up to a University entrance standard, in which English is a branch of examination. These schools have been found fault with because they do not directly teach religion. It has been said that they practically make all their pupils mere Deists. But apart from the difficulties which attend any attempt on the part of Government to do more, even were it to assume the grave responsibility of determining what system of theology should be taught, and of selecting the men to teach it, yet surely Deism is a great advance on Hindooism. If a man occupies a position half-way between the valley and the mountain-top, that alone cannot determine whether he is ascending or descending. We must know the point from which he has started on his journey. Thus departing from the low level of the Puranas, it seems to me that the Hindoo pupil who has reached the Theism of even the Vedas only, has ascended towards the purer and far-seeing heights of Christian revelation. Anyhow, the fact is certain, whatever be the ultimate results, that education itself, which opens up a new world to the native eye, has destroyed his old world as a system of religious belief.

“I know few things, indeed, which strike one more who for the first time comes into contact with an educated native, than hearing him converse in the purest English on subjects and in a manner which are associated, not with oriental dress and features, but with all that is cultivated and refined at home. You feel at once that here at least is a way opened up for communication by the mighty power of a common language, and of a mind so trained and taught as to be able thoroughly to comprehend and discuss all we wish to teach or explain. The traveller sometimes accidentally meets with other evidences of the silent but effective influences of English education. I remember, for example, visiting with my friend a heathen temple in Southern India. It was a great day, on which festive crowds had assembled to do honour to a famous Guru. There were some thousands within and without the temple. While seeking to obtain an entrance, we were surrounded by an eager and inquisitive crowd, but civil and courteous, as we ever found the natives to be. Soon we were addressed in good English by a native, and then by about a dozen more who were taking part in the ceremonies of the place. After some conversation I asked them, the crowd beyond this inner circle listening to but not comprehending us, whether they believed in all this idolatry? One, speaking for the rest, said, ‘We do.’ But from his smile, and knowing the effects of such education as he had evidently acquired, I said kindly to him, ‘My friend, I can candidly tell you that I don’t think you believe a bit of it.’ He laughed, and said, ‘You are right, sir, we believe nothing!’ ‘What?’ I asked; ‘nothing? not even your own existence?’ ‘Oh yes, we believe that,’ he replied. ‘And no existence higher than your own?’ I continued to inquire. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘we believe in a great God who has created all things.’ ‘But if so, why then this idolatry?’ I asked again. ‘We wish to honour our fathers,’ said another

of the group to my question. On which the first speaker addressed his countryman, saying, 'What did your fathers ever do for you? Did they give you the steam-engine, or the railway, or the telegraph?' Then turning to me, he said, with a smile, 'Though we must keep up and cannot forsake these national customs while they exist in our country, and our people believe in them, yet, if you educate the people they will give them up of themselves, and so they will pass away.' Whatever may have been the intention of the speaker, I believe this conversation gives a fair impression, not of the deepest and most earnest minds in Hindostan, but of the mind of the ordinary pupil who has received an English education, though little more. It is thus, however, that all things are working together for the ultimate conversion of India to the truth and life of Christianity under Him who is the Head of all things to His Church.

"In endeavouring to sketch, however rapidly and imperfectly, the general results of all the combined forces I have alluded to, I must not omit to notice the religious school of the *Brahmo Somaj*. The educated and more enlightened Hindoos occupy almost every position of religious belief between that of a little less than pure Brahmanism and a little less than pure Christianity. Some defend idolatry as being a mere outward symbolic worship of the one God everywhere the same, and also as a national custom; and, without opposing Christianity, they would have it remain as one of many other religions, asking, as has been done indignantly and in the name of 'Christianity which preaches love to one's enemies,' 'Why should the God of Jesus Christ be at daggers-drawing with the Gods of heathendom?' Others are more enlightened and more sincere. Of these, the greatest undoubtedly was the late Rajah Ram-mohun Roy, one of the most learned and accomplished men in India. In order to obtain a religion at once true and national, he fell back on the Vedas as embodying a pure Monotheism, rejecting at the same time the authority of all later Hindoo books, however venerable, from the heroic Mahabharat and Ramayana down to the Puranas. He did not, however, despise or reject the New Testament, but gathered from it and published 'The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Happiness.' He called his Church, —for his followers were organised into a society which met for worship,— 'The Brahmo' (the neuter impersonal name for the supreme) 'Shabha,' now changed into 'Somaj,' or assembly. The position thus occupied by the Rajah is yet to a large extent maintained by the representatives of the old Hindoo Conservative party, whether their Church is called the 'Veda Somaj,' or 'Prathana Somaj.' But the Vedas having been found untenable by others, as tending necessarily to pure Pantheism, a religious system with better foundations was accordingly sought for, and after in vain endeavouring to discover it in 'Nature,' or to evolve it from 'Intuition,' the new movement has, under the guidance of Keshub Chunder Sen, approached Christianity. After having heard that distinguished man preach, and having seen the response given to his teaching by his splendid

audience, numbering the most enlightened natives as well as Europeans in Calcutta, and after having had a very pleasing conversation with him, I cannot but indulge the hope, from his sincerity, his earnestness, as well as from his logic, that in the end he will be led to accept the whole truth as it is in Jesus. But of one thing I feel profoundly convinced, that the Brahma Somaj, which numbers thousands of adherents, is to be attributed indirectly to the teaching and labours of Christian missionaries; and its existence, in spite of all I have read and heard against it, brightens my hopes of India's future.

“I would here remind you of facts in the history of the Church in past ages as worthy of being remembered, in order to modify the eager desires of the too sanguine as to immediate results, and to cheer the hopes of the too desponding as to future results, as well as to check the rash conclusions of those who, arguing from the past history of a few years, prophesy no results at all in the ages to come. As signs of the progress of that religion which, through the seed of Abraham, was in the end to bless, and is now blessing, all nations, what conversions, let me ask, were made from the days of Abraham to the Exodus? How many during the long night in Egypt? Yet, each of these intervals represents a period as long as what separates us from the day when the first Englishman visited the shores of India, or when the Church sprang into renewed life at the Reformation. What, again, of results during the brief period, yet so full of teaching, under Moses, accompanied by such mighty signs and wonders, when the Church was in the wilderness? Why, on entering the land of promise, two men only represented the faith of all who had left idolatrous Egypt. And yet, when it looked as if all was lost, God spake these words, ‘As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.’ Recollect, too, what long periods of confusion and darkness followed the settlement of the tribes in Palestine. The experiment, if I may so call it, seemed to have utterly failed of educating a peculiar people, and so preparing it for the ulterior work of converting the world. That chosen race ended in captivity in the country from whence Abraham, its father, began in faith his journey fourteen centuries before. Nevertheless, that race did its work at last! The first forms of its religious faith yet live, being cleansed from all idolatry since the time of the Captivity, but since that time only; and Christianity, as its flower and fruit, lives, and, after marvellous and strange vicissitudes, is grown into a mighty tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and which is destined to be the one tree of life for the whole world. And so this feature in history constantly repeats itself—a time of activity and repose, of winter and summer, of sleep and waking, of death and resurrection; a time of long and varied preparations, with not unfrequently very rapid fulfilments, like sudden outbursts of a long-seething flood, or volcano; while these fulfilments become again beginnings of a new and as varied a course in history, ever accumulating blessings for the whole family of man.

“Having thus spoken generally of missions in India and their results, I must proceed more particularly to the consideration of the various methods adopted by missionaries for Christianising the Hindoos.

“But, before we can reply satisfactorily to the question regarding means, we must first have a still clearer apprehension of the nature of the end to be attained by them, involving some knowledge of the Hindoo religion as a system of belief and of social life. If we do so, we shall soon learn that we cannot, as is too often done, class Hindoos with other heathens (whether in India or beyond its shores), nor argue from what has been done by this or that instrumentality in the Sandwich Islands, for example, or in Africa, Burmah, or even Tinnevely, that the same instrumentality will necessarily be as effectual in Calcutta or Benares. It is admitted, of course, that among all races and in all countries the *Truth*, as revealed by Jesus Christ, is the one grand means of Christianising them; but the practical question before us is, What is the best way of communicating this truth in certain given circumstances? Now, to obtain the true answer to this question necessitates other questions regarding the character, habits, and beliefs of the people we have to deal with, and regarding those peculiar circumstances, within and without, in which they are placed, which must materially affect their reception of Christian doctrine and life.

“With the risk, therefore, of repeating to some extent what, as bearing on other parts of my subject, I have already alluded to, let me direct your attention more particularly and more fully than I have yet done to some of those characteristics of the Hindoos which distinguish them from every other people in India or in the world. Observe, in the first place, that they are a distinct race. I have already said that various races make up the population of the great continent of Hindostan. The Hindoo belongs to that Indo-Germanic or Aryan stream of which we ourselves are a branch, and which has flowed over the world. It entered India from the north-west, and advanced, during long ages of the far past, towards its southern plains. It found there other and older races, who either fled to the mountains and jungles to maintain their freedom, or were conquered and degraded into Sudras or Pariahs, without caste or social position. These Aryans, like a lava flood, poured themselves over the land, breaking through the older formations, overlying them or surrounding them, but never utterly obliterating or absorbing them. Now it is not with those aboriginal races—who, though probably once possessing a higher civilisation, are now comparative savages, and have religions peculiar to themselves, such as the Bheels, Khonds, Santals, Coles, &c.—that we have at present to do; nor yet with races of low caste or no caste, like the Shanars of Tinnevely, the Mairs of Ahmednugger, or the lower population still of Chumba. But it is of this Hindoo race, whose religion is Brahmanism, and which, above all others, constitute *the* people of India, numbering about a hundred and fifty millions of its inhabitants—it is of

them only I at present speak; for if they were Christianised, India practically would be so, but not otherwise. That lofty, unbending portion of the community, the Mohammedan, numbering twenty millions, is not within the scope of my present argument.

“Secondly, we must not forget that this Hindoo people represent a remarkable civilisation, which they have inherited from a time when earth was young. They possess a language (the Sanscrit, the earliest cultivated) which scholars tell us is the fullest, the most flexible and musical in existence, to which Greek, although its child, is immensely inferior; which is capable, as no other is, of expressing the subtlest thoughts of the metaphysician, and the most shadowy and transient gleams of the poet. In that language the Hindoos produced a heroic and philosophic poetry, centuries before the Christian era, which even now holds a foremost place in the literature of the world. It has been asserted—I know not on what authority—that they were proficient in astronomy long ere its very name was mentioned by the Greeks; and that in comparatively recent times they solved problems in algebra which not until centuries afterwards dawned on the acutest minds of modern Europe. When we add to this a structure of society—to which I shall immediately allude—so compact as to have held together for more than two thousand years, we must feel admiration, if not for their physical, at least for their intellectual powers, and acknowledge that we have here no rude or savage people, but a highly cultivated and deeply interesting portion of the human family.

“Thirdly, we must consider the *religion* of the Hindoos, both as a creed and as a social system, with its effects on their general temperament and habits of life.

“The Hindoo religion, like Judaism and Christianity, is one which has survived the revolutions of long ages. The religions of the Greeks and Romans, of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, with many others, are to us as fossils of a dead world. Hindooism, older than these, still exists as a power affecting the destinies of teeming millions. We can gaze upon it as a living specimen of one out of many of the monster forms which once inhabited the globe. Unlike all those extinct religions, it has its sacred books, and I doubt not that to this written word it greatly owes its preservation. These books have been written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, declaring positively that ‘there is no distinction of castes.’ The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the middle ages of our era, and forms the real everyday ‘Bible’ of the everyday religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood. Now, these Puranas are

one mass of follies and immoralities, of dreaming pantheism, of degrading and disgusting idolatry.

“Mr. Wheeler, in his recently published volume, the first of his ‘History of India,’ thus writes of the great epics of Mahá Bhárata, or the great war of Bharata, and the Rámáyana, or ‘Adventures of Ráma,’ with their present influence on the Hindoos. It is his opinion, I may state, that while the events recorded in these epics belong to the Vedic period, their composition belongs to the Brahmanic age, when caste was introduced, a new religion established, and the Brahmans had formed themselves into a powerful ecclesiastical hierarchy, and when, instead of the old Vedic gods and forms of faith, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva took their place. These epics are practically, to the Hindoos, religious poems, and consequently are the most powerful and popular props to Brahmanism. ‘Few Hindoos,’ writes Mr. Wheeler, ‘may perhaps be acquainted with the whole of these epics, and none have ventured to subject them to a critical analysis and investigation; yet their influence upon the masses of the people is beyond calculation, and infinitely greater and more universal than the influence of the Bible over modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes are familiar to the Hindoos from childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chanted about at almost every social gathering, and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindoos generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word, those poems are to the Hindoos all that the Library, the Newspaper, and the Bible are to the European; whilst the books themselves are regarded with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mahá Bhárata or Rámáyana, will insure prosperity in this world and eternal happiness hereafter.’ Now, making every allowance for (what appears to me to be) the exaggerated terms in which Mr. Wheeler describes the comparative influence of the Bible and these ‘Scriptures,’ there can be no doubt that, as far as India is concerned, he is correct.

“This religion, as embodied in its Sacred Books, affords the widest scope for the indulgence of every phase of human thought, sentiment, and passion; furnishing as it does in the Vedic hymns and poetry an atmosphere so rare, and presenting such shadowy heights of speculation, as to tempt the most ambitious wing to put forth its powers to gain their summits; and furnishing in the Puranas the vilest mire, where the filthiest and most obscene may wallow. Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, labouring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting faqueer, or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for nothing but a round of

dead superstitious observances, or with the cunning or depraved crew who indulge in the vilest practices as the natural results of their heathen principles.

“Lastly, it is in its *social* aspects, as already hinted, that Brahmanism manifests its intense, comprehensive, and tyrannous power. Its system of caste presents to us a feature in the organization of human beings unparalleled in history. It must not be mistaken for a mere aristocratic arrangement, as accidental to or lying outside of Brahmanism, but it is an essential element of its very being. It is quite true, as I have said, and the fact is of importance, that the Vedas know nothing of it; but then the people know not the Vedas, and those who do conceal or pervert their teaching. According to the existing and, as long as Brahmanism lives, unalterable belief of the people, the streams of caste, flowing side by side but never mingling, are traced up to the very fountain of Deity; or, to change the simile, each great caste is believed to be a development of the very body of Brahma the Creator, and is mystically united to him as parts of his very flesh and bones. Hence no one can become a Hindoo in religion who is not one by birth; nor can any member belonging to this divine body break his caste without thereby becoming dead, as a limb amputated from living communion with the source of life, and therefore to be thrown away as a curse, a reproach—a polluted, horrible thing, to be hated and disowned. Marvellous, indeed, are the power and endurance of such an organization as this, that can dominate over all those political and social changes which, in other respects, alter the relative position of its possessors as to wealth or rank, whether in the army or in the civil service.

“But Brahmanism does more than make each man a member of this compact mass. Having fixed him there, it holds him fast, and governs him as a mere thing in which no personality, and consequently no will, is recognised, save that measure which is required to consent to the destruction of his being, or its subordination, at least, to a system of mechanical rules that fashion his whole inward and outward life. As far almost as it is possible to conceive, that life is in everything and every day the obedient slave of ‘religion;’ not, of course, in the sense which we attach to the expression—that of all things being done, endured, or enjoyed in a right spirit, or according to the rule of eternal righteousness towards God and man—but according to fixed authoritative rules, professing to embrace the whole life, obedience to which is as mechanical as can be yielded by a human being. For to the religious Hindoo all that is to be believed and done on earth is revealed, and as such is obligatory. All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community—what ought to be done upon ordinary days and on holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of death; and what ought to be

done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affections are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by Divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity. And, what might seem very strange to us if we could not point to parallel phases of human nature within even the Church of Christ, this slavery is not disliked or felt to be a heavy burden—a ‘bondage to the elements of the world’—but, on the contrary, is clung to with a desperate tenacity. The elements which give this undying vigour to caste may possibly be found not chiefly in sloth or indifference, or in the supposed deliverance which it affords from the irksome sense of personal responsibility, but in its recognition of two great principles in social life, which, though in this case perverted, are adjusted by the Christian creed and a true Christian Church; the first, that our place in the world is assigned to us by Divine sovereignty; and the second, that the co-operation and sympathy of a brotherhood are essential to our usefulness and happiness in the world. Whatever be the secret of its strength, it is profoundly interesting to gaze on this gigantic system existing like the Great Pyramid—each stone in its place, firmly cemented into the vast whole, towering over the arid plain, defying hitherto the attacks of time, which destroys all that is perishable—an object of wonder because of its magnitude and power of endurance, yet hollow-hearted withal, and preserving only the dust of ages.

“And yet even this tremendous system of caste is not wholly antagonistic to the efforts of the Christian Church. Its very strength may at last prove its weakness. If on the side of wrong it ‘moveth all together if it move at all,’ it may do so also on the side of right. Let the wall be so far sapped that it must fall, it will do so, not by crumbling down in minute fragments, or even in separate masses, but as a whole. If the great army mutinies against Brahmanism, it will desert, not in units, but *en masse*.

“It is with this system that we have in the mean time to deal; and it may well nerve a Christian’s courage, and make him examine his weapons, test his armour, and carefully calculate his resources of power and patience, of faith and love, ere he enters, with a zeal which can be vindicated and a hope that will not be put to shame, on the grand enterprise of substituting pure Christianity in its place. I hesitate not to express the opinion that no such battle has ever before been given to the Church of God to fight since history began, and that no victory, if gained, will be followed by greater consequences. It seems to me as if the spiritual conquest of India was a work reserved for these latter days to accomplish,

because requiring all the previous dear-bought experiences of the Church, and all the preliminary education of the world, and that, when accomplished—as by the help of the living Christ it shall!—it will be a very Armageddon; the last great battle against every form of unbelief, the last fortress of the enemy stormed, the last victory gained as necessary to secure the unimpeded progress and the final triumph of the world's regeneration!

“In these statements regarding Brahmanism I have said nothing of its effects upon the morals of the people, although this is a most important aspect of it, not only as producing habits congenial to human depravity, but as raising the most formidable obstacles against the reception of Christianity even as a pure and uncompromising system of morals. Not that we would charge the actual vices of a people to their religion, unless, as in the case before us, these could be proved to be the necessary and legitimate consequences of faith in its teaching, and of obedience to its enjoined observances and practices. As far, indeed, as the observation of the ordinary traveller goes, I am bound to say, as the result of our own very limited experience, that nothing meets the eye or ear in any way offensive to good manners throughout India, not even in its temples, unless it be in symbols for worship to which I cannot allude, and the influence of which on the worshippers it is difficult for any stranger to determine, not knowing even how far their significance is understood by the multitude. I must therefore refer to others better acquainted with India to say what its moral condition is as flowing positively from its religion. But I have no doubt whatever myself, from all I have heard, that, except where affected by European influence, morality is, among both Hindoos and Mohammedans, as a rule, far below what is generally supposed. In spite of that amount of morality, and the play of those affections among friends and the members of the family, without which society could not hang together; and while I refuse to believe that there are not, among such a mass of human beings, some true light and life received from Him who is the Father of light, in ways we wot not of and may never discover; yet I have no doubt that the description of heathendom as existing in the latter period of Roman life, and as described by St. Paul in the beginning of his Epistle to the Romans, is true to a fearful extent in India. Facts, besides, have come out in trials showing how ‘religion,’ so called, may become the source of the most hideous abominations, for which it is righteously chargeable. Immortal man is seldom so degraded as not to seek some apparently good reason, and in the holy name of ‘religion’ too, for doing the worst things. Thus the Thug strangles his victim as he prays to the goddess of murder; and the member of a hereditary band of robbers consecrates his services to the goddess of rapine.

“But enough has been said to give some idea of Brahmanism, and we are thus better prepared to entertain the question as to the *means* by which

it can be destroyed, and Christianity, with its truth, holiness, brotherhood, and peace, take its place.

“As to the question of *means*, I assume that, as a Church of Christ, we are at liberty to adopt any means whatever, in consistency with the spirit of the Gospel and the holy ends we have in view, which, according to our knowledge as derived from the Word of God, interpreted by sound judgment and experience, we believe best calculated to accomplish those ends. The example of the Apostles as recorded in the Book of Acts, that missionary history of the early Church, and in the letters of the great missionary St. Paul, however precious to us and invaluable as a repository of facts and principles, can never bind us to adopt the very same methods in our day in India, if it were even possible for us to do so, as were adopted by the Apostles in the Asia Minor or Europe of their day, unless it can be shown that the fields in both cases are so far similar as to admit of a similar mode of cultivation in order to secure that crop which the Christian missionaries of every age desire and labour to obtain. St. Paul had nothing like the heathenism of India, in its social aspects or vast extent, to deal with. But we shall be fellow-labourers with him if we understand his ‘ways,’ ‘manner of life,’ and possess his spirit. Let us only, as far as possible, endeavour to share what, without irreverence for his inspired authority, I may venture to call his grand comprehensive common-sense—his clear eye in discerning the real plan of battle, and all that was essential to success—his firm and unfaltering march to the centre of the enemy’s position, in the best way practicable in the given place and time—his determination to become all things to all men, limited only, yet expanded also, by the holy and unselfish aim of ‘gaining some,’ not to himself, but to Christ; and, in doing so, we shall not miss the best methods of Christianising India. Right men will make the right methods.

“In reviewing the various mission agencies at work in India, we may at once lay aside the consideration of minor methods—such, for example, as that of orphanages, male and female: for, whatever blessings may be bestowed by them as charitable institutions, or whatever advantages—and there are many such—may be derived from them as furnishing Christian teachers for male, and, above all, for female schools; and colporteurs or catechists, to aid missionaries; or as providing wives for Christian converts, who could neither seek nor obtain any alliances from among the ‘castes;’—nevertheless, these institutions, however multiplied and however successful, cannot, in my opinion, tell on the ultimate conversion of the bulk of the Hindoos proper, more than so many orphans taken from Europe would do if trained and taught in the same way. I am not to be understood as objecting to orphanages, more especially when they are, as with us, generously supported by the contributions of the young at home, and not paid for out of the general funds of the Mission. Yet I would not have you attach undue importance to the baptism of orphans as telling upon Hindooism, or to weigh their number—as, alas! I have heard done

number of those converts with the number of missionaries employed, as proving a success equal to that of any other mission in similar circumstances. But putting aside these and many other elements of a success which, in my opinion, is unquestionable and remarkable, even as tested by statistics, I could most conscientiously defend it on a lower but sufficiently solid and hopeful ground. Were its work confined to the walls of the institution, and had it as yet never made a single convert, would it, I ask, in this case, however painful and disappointing it might be to the ardent and hopeful missionary or to the Church, be unworthy of our continued confidence and unflinching support? I can anticipate but one reply by those who have at all comprehended the actual condition of Hindoo society, even as I have tried to describe it, and the nature and difficulty of the work to be done before its heathenism can be given up, and a genuine living Christianity substituted in its place. For realise if you can what the effect must be, as preparing the way for Christianity, of thousands of youth nearly every year sent forth into society to occupy positions of trust and influence from *all* the mission schools in India; not a few of their pupils truly converted to God, and all well instructed in Christianity, in its evidences, facts, and moral teaching; the minds of all considerably enlightened, their knowledge and means of knowledge vastly increased, and their whole moral tone and feelings changed and elevated! I am compelled to reiterate the idea that the work thus done by the mission school is not the taking down a brick here or there from the beleaguered wall, but that of sapping it from below, until, like the walls of Jericho, and by the same Almighty power, though differently applied, it falls in one great ruin to the ground; while at the same time it is preparing the ground, digging the foundations, and gathering materials for building up a new living temple to the Lord.

“In regard to the raising up of a native ministry, that too may be pronounced a failure, if those who have been ordained are counted merely and not weighed. But that the different mission schools in India *have* raised from among their converts a most intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy, cannot be denied. I remember a high caste native gentleman of wealth and education speaking of one of those clergy, and saying to me, ‘that is a man whose acquaintance you should, if possible, make. He was of my caste, and became a Christian; but he is a learned and thoroughly sincere man, and people here honour him.’ This said much for both Hindoo and Christian. Nor do I think such cases so rare as people at home or abroad are apt to imagine. It is, no doubt, greatly to be desired, that we had many more such men—hundreds, or even thousands, instead of a few dozen or so; but the difficulties are at present great, not only in finding the right kind of men, but, when found, in supporting them where as yet no congregations exist, and in inducing them to be the subordinates of foreign missionaries with comparatively small salaries, when so many better paid and more independent positions

can be found in other departments of labour. For while there are many cases of unselfish and disinterested labour among native pastors, yet the demands of others for 'pay and power' make the question of native pastors in towns embarrassing at times to the home Churches. But, in spite of those difficulties, good men have been and are being ordained, and we can at present see no more likely source of obtaining them, for the cities at least, than by our missionary educational institutions. Before closing this part of my subject and proceeding to offer a few practical suggestions as to present duties with reference to our Missions, permit me to repeat a conviction which I stated at our great missionary meeting at Calcutta as to our keeping steadily before the mind of the Churches at home and abroad the vast importance of a native Church being organized in India. By a native Church I do not certainly mean—what, in present circumstances, we thankfully accept—native Churches in ecclesiastical connection with the different European and American missions. It surely cannot be desired by any intelligent Christian. I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable, that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate, in the new world of a Christianized India, those forms and symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one of them, and so we accept of it, and make the most of it as the best we can get in the whole circumstances in which we are placed. But must we establish these different organizations in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective Shibboleths, learn and repeat our respective war cries, and even make caste marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formula approved of by our forefathers, and the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some, and I feel assured that it will be realised in part, as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated, unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the

natives themselves, as far as possible, independently of us. We could of course claim, as Christians and fellow subjects, to be recognised as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its best friends and generous supporters. In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the Catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church, it would recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and His apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's-day for public worship, and the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship within its walls of the one living and true God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of Mission Churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and Missionaries could afford, by schools and colleges, personal labour, and also by money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

“Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many varied gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic or self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the Divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's word be substituted for the Puranas; Christian brotherhood for caste; and the peace of God, instead of these and every weary rite and empty ceremony, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe will one day become real in India. The day, indeed, seems to be far off when ‘the Church of India,’ worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is created; and after that, how many days full of change and of strange revolutions, with their ‘evenings’ and ‘mornings,’ may succeed, ere it enjoys a

Sabbath rest of holiness and peace! But yet that Church must be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy. Hence English government, by physical force and moral power, *must*, with a firm and unswerving grasp, hold the broken fragments of the Indian races together, until they are united from within by Christianity into a living organism, which can then, and then only, dispense with the force without. The wild olive must be grafted into the 'root and fatness' of the good olive-tree of the Church of Christ; and while the living union is being formed, and until the living sap begins to flow from the root to every branch, English power must firmly bind and hold the parts together. Our hopes of an Indian nation are bound up with our hopes of an Indian Church; and it is a high privilege for us to be able to help on this consummation. The West thus gives back to the East the riches which it has from the East received, to be returned again, I doubt not, with interest to ourselves.

"But when shall there be a resurrection in this great valley of death? When shall these dry bones live? Lord, Thou knowest, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day! Let us have faith and patience. There may at first be but a noise and a shaking, and then the bones of the poor broken-up and disjointed skeletons of humanity may come together, and after a while sinews of flesh may cover them, and yet no breath be in them. But these preparatory processes are not in vain. A resurrection-day of life and power will dawn in the fulness of time, and the Lord of Life will raise up prophets, it may be, from among the people of India, who will meekly and obediently prophesy as the Lord commands them; and then the glorious result will be witnessed from heaven and earth which we have all prayed and laboured and longed for; the Spirit of Life will come, and these dead bodies will live and stand on their feet, an exceeding great army! 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' 'Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'"

THE END.

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