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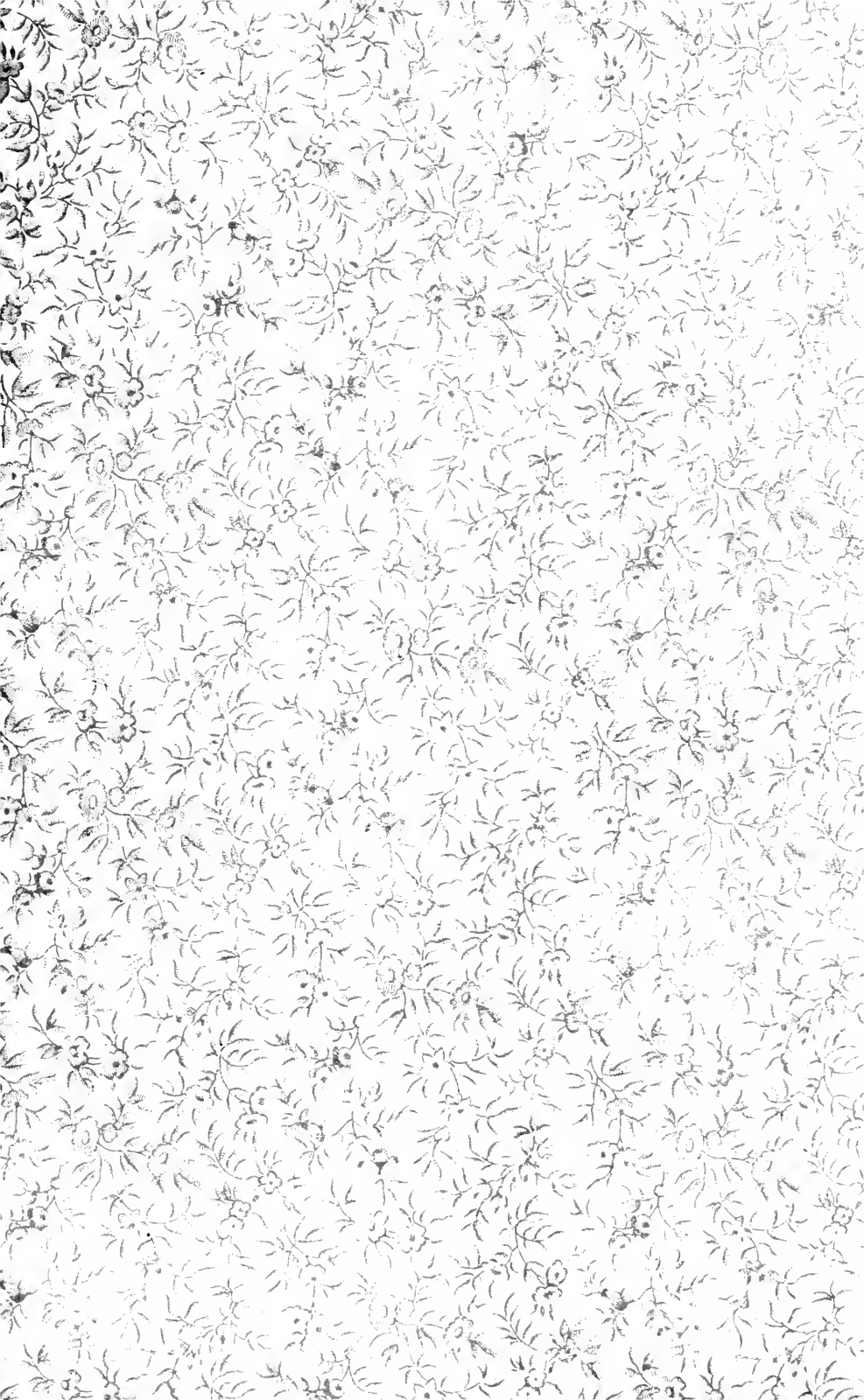
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LEADERS UPWARD AND ONWARD









Charles Kieppeler

# LEADERS UPWARD AND ONWARD

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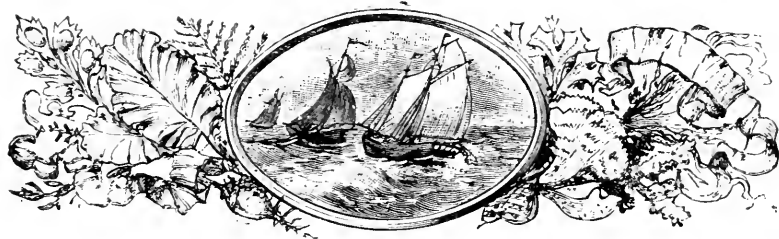
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HENRY C. EWART

*WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS*



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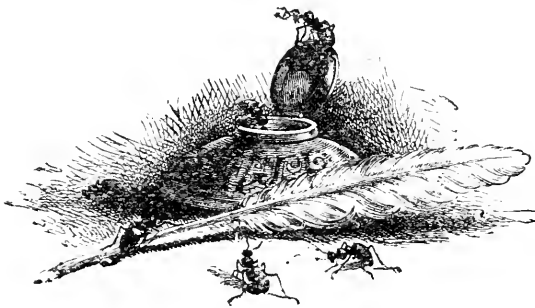
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Etc. Etc.



“ New occasions teach new duties ;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth  
They must upward still and onward ;  
Who would keep abreast of Truth.”

**J. R. LOWELL.**



## INTRODUCTION.



WHEN a large party of excursionists set out together to ascend some commanding height, from which an extensive view can be obtained, there are always some whose energy urges them on at a quicker pace than that of their companions. Along the lower land, and on the solid highway, all may keep together in a tolerably compact group. But when they get up on the open mountain side, and have to breast the steep slopes where no certain track is marked, courage, muscle and wind begin to tell; and while some press forward, others linger and dally with the difficulties of the way. Thus the march, instead of being in a compact group, is extended into a straggling column, and this becomes broken up into small detachments. The few who may be marked out as leaders by their strength

and spirit, are soon separated from the rest and push on as pioneers. These pioneers may not keep together. Though they all have one aim—to get to the summit as fast as possible—they form independent judgments as to the best route. One will follow up a projecting spur, another will think that a neighbouring hollow affords the best path, a third may strike a diagonal course, and a fourth make a zigzag route for himself. But they all keep ahead of the main body, and each one will have imitators at a distance behind, who leave their companions to follow him.

Such, too, is the pilgrimage of man from the lower to the higher life. God has inspired our race with a passion for making progress and mounting higher. By making progress we mean increase of knowledge and power; by mounting higher we mean growth in virtue. What is to be the ultimate end of our progress and climbing we do not know. The words used by the great Apostle concerning the bright mysteries of a better world may also be used concerning this present world, for “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man” the glorious things which human progress will yet achieve. Still, though we do not know the end, we do know the direction that is meant by “upward and onward;” and, on the whole, mankind have been taking that direction for many thousands of years. But as it

is in any party of excursionists ascending a height, so is it with the progress of mankind. Some proceed onward and upward faster than others. These become the pioneers of the race. Amongst them there are many minor differences of opinion about the best path to be taken ; and each leader will have his own disciples and followers. But every one may admire and respect them all ; they are all seeking the same ultimate goal ; and they are all of them leaders upward and onward.

We desire to introduce a few of such leaders to the attention and the loving study of the young. The men whom we have selected are not indeed characterized by transcendent greatness ; but, on that very account, they may be the better models for ourselves. The supremely great amongst men, such, for instance, as Shakespeare or King Alfred, are objects rather of admiring reverence than of imitation. But men of our own day, living in our own circumstances, and not elevated above us by any miraculous gifts, may teach us lessons in practical conduct, such as we should not presume to expect from those who have risen into the very heavens of fame. Our youngest readers, indeed, will hardly recognize as men of their own time several, of whom we present sketches in this volume. But the fathers, and even the elder brothers of the youngest, may remember most of them as living men whose

conduct was chronicled and whose spoken language was criticized in the newspapers of years not long gone by. We call them leaders because they were, in their respective paths, amongst the men farthest to the front in the progress of their own day. We call them leaders also because nearly all of them won their triumphs by suffering, and forced public opinion to adopt more just conclusions in reaction against the wrongs that these men endured.

“For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,  
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;  
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return  
To glean up the scattered ashes into History’s golden urn.”

Such men have differed amongst themselves as to the precise path that human progress should take; but they all acknowledged one goal—the glory of God in the supreme good of mankind. Therefore it is that their records are worth studying; and we trust that while they, being dead, yet speak in these pages, they may prove to be the leaders upward and onward of many into whose hands this book will fall.

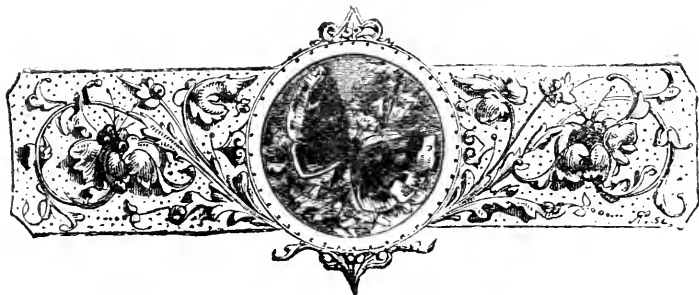
HENRY C. EWART.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“ Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :  
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
One grand, sweet song.”

C. KINGSLEY.





## CHARLES KINGSLEY.



HERE is a class of men whom everybody dearly loves, who do great things, but never so much as they might do, who disclose possibilities, yet hardly fulfil them; and who, by way of compensation for this, impart such impulses and wield such influence as they could never have done if they had been more completely successful in any one thing. They are always among the noblest and most influential, if not the most prominent, leaders of their time. As we read their books, or study their characters in any special phase, we feel that they might have been almost anything—sailors, soldiers, travellers, bold discoverers, leaders in any heroic or perilous enterprise. They are of the stuff of which the old Crusaders were made, or the Puritans of the New World, or the followers of Oliver Cromwell at Naseby or Marston Moor.

Charles Kingsley, whom we take first, was one of these, and a very notable one. He was a hard-working parish clergyman, with very lofty ideas of a clergyman's duty; but he was also scholar, poet, novelist, dramatist, historian, traveller, man of science, social and political reformer, and, above all, a manly man and true gentleman. That element lies deepest and gives colour and bias to all the rest. A straightforward frankness, a chivalrous concern for others, a tender sympathy for the weak and helpless, and readiness to strike a blow in their defence, make themselves felt like a fresh Spring wind in everything that he said and wrote, as well as in all that he did. He was a true patriot, intent always on the welfare and honour of his country; a true philanthropist, whose energies did not exhaust themselves in framing abstract plans, but in dealing directly with the real evils of the days in which he lived. He showed anew—and perhaps more powerfully than had been done before him—how a minister of the Church of England, in spite of its divisions and sectarian strifes, may become really influential with all parties by a conscientious course of effort through good report and ill report alike. He was often misunderstood and often misrepresented; and the rewards to which a gifted minister of the Church of England might reasonably look, as new channels of influence, were very long deferred in his case, and but for a short time enjoyed. But Charles Kingsley's reputation is not bound up with such promotions as these; it lies rather in the

fact that he came to be spoken of with fond pride as plain Charles Kingsley, with no prefix or distinction whatever.

Like many great men, he owed much to his parentage. He, himself, recognized this, speaking of his



DARTMOOR.

father as a magnificent man in body and mind, and said to possess every talent, save that of using his talents. His mother, on the contrary, had quite an extraordinary practical and administrative power, combining with it a passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl. From his

father's side he thus inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere—while from the mother's side came not only his love of travel, science and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour. We learn that his mother, resident in Devonshire prior to his birth, believed that impressions of the romantic surroundings would be mysteriously transmitted to her child; and, as she lived to read his "Westward Ho!" and vivid picturesque sketches of Dartmoor and of other Devonshire haunts, she must have felt that her strange impressions and prophecies had not failed of accomplishment. She was the daughter of a West Indian Judge, who returned to England, retired, when Charles Kingsley was a boy. The white-haired grandfather delighted in nothing more than to recite in the eager boy's ear stories of the old war-times, and eloquent descriptions of tropical life and scenery. These woke up in the lad that longing to see the West Indies which was *at last* gratified, and the results of which are preserved in characteristic style in his volume significantly titled "At Last."

Charles Kingsley's father had been educated in the hope of his living the life of a country-gentleman; but he was early left an orphan, and the bulk of his fortune was wasted by others. Nearly all the rest he squandered himself, and he had, while still a young man, to think of a profession. He entered the

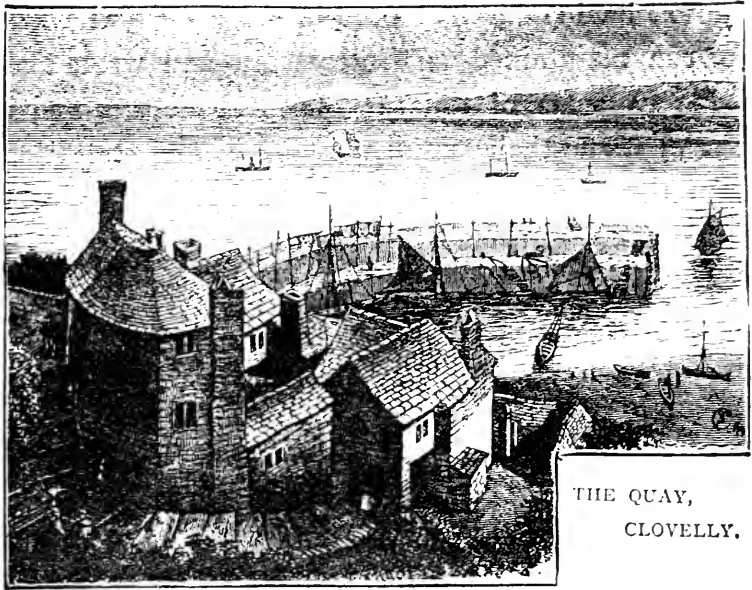
Church, having his first cure in the Fens (which, too, his son maintained an interest in and wrote about, giving us some of the most faithful pictures and impressions of their unique scenery and traditions). From there he moved to Holne, in Devonshire, where Charles was born on the 12th of June, 1819. Then for some time he lived at Burton-on-Trent, afterwards at Cliften, Nottinghamshire, the Bishop of Peterborough then presenting him temporarily to the living



WINTER IN THE FENS.

of Barnack Rectory, as famous for its ghost as for aught else, and of which Charles Kingsley has preserved the memory. Writing on June 2, 1864, he says:—

“Of Button Cap—he lived in the Great North Room at Barnack—I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed whereof he had defrauded the orphan and widow. He was an old Rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on



THE QUAY,  
CLOVELLY.

it. . . . I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated National schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff—or, perhaps, some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof, and ran down to the pond and drank till he burst. He was rats.”

But it seems Button Cap is still believed in by the peasants there.

Charles was very precocious as a child, began to write little sermons and odd irregular verses when between four and five, specimens of which are still preserved. When a little older he became subject to dangerous attacks of croup, which, however, did not lessen his abnormal thirst for knowledge. When he was about eleven his father moved once more to

Devonshire, partly on account of health, partly for other reasons; and "as soon as the boy was old enough, he was mounted on his father's horse in front of the keeper on shooting days to bring the game-bag back." By-and-by his father got the living of Clovelly, where Charles delighted to rove about and study the scenes and the people.



THE BEACH, CLOVELLY.

The two boys—for Charles had a brother Herbert—had a private tutor at home till 1831, when they were sent to the Rev. John Knight's preparatory school at Bristol. This gentleman describes our subject as "affectionate, gentle, and fond of quiet . . . . a pas-

sionate lover of natural history; and only excited to vehement anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of his treasures collected in his walks on the Downs." The famous Bristol Riots took place whilst he was there, and made such an impression on his mind as was never afterwards forgotten. When lecturing at Bristol in 1858, he thus made reference to it: "It was in this very city of Bristol, twenty-seven years ago, that I received my first lesson in what is now called 'Social Science,' and yet, alas! ten years elapsed ere I could even spell out that lesson, though it had been written for me (as well as for all England) in letters of flame from one end of the country to the other."

In 1832, instead of going to Eton or Rugby, as was at one time proposed, the two brothers went to the school kept by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, at Helston. Probably the slight impediment in Charles's speech may have had something to do with this decision; but, at all events, Charles enjoyed Helston, found some life-long friends there, and made marked progress. "Truly a remarkable boy," wrote Mr. Coleridge to Mrs. Kingsley, "original to the verge of eccentricity, and yet a thorough boy, fond of sport, and up to any enterprise — a genuine out-of-doors English boy." Little incidents and striking scenes witnessed, now inspired him to more ambitious efforts in prose and verse; and some of the specimens preserved by Mr. Powles, and given in his Memoir, distinctly show promise of the future poet and ballad-writer.



His father held the living of Clovelly till he was preferred to the Rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836, where Charles rejoined his parents, in order that he might attend King's College. The change to Chelsea Charles felt deeply—the loss of sympathetic companionship and of much-loved scenery nothing in London made up for; and the narrowness and conventionality of tone in the society of the district were every way oppressive to the lad. His parents were busy from morning till night—the house full of district visitors and parish committees. In short, says the Memoir, Chelsea was a prison from which he thankfully escaped two years later to the freer life at Cambridge. In the meantime he had had a turn of what he called “hard grinding” at King's College, walking up there every day from Chelsea, reading all the way, and walking back again late to study all the evening.

His heart was in his work, and the influences which at first he had felt to be uncongenial were in some degree beneficial; for he was thrown more in upon himself, and made to realize at this early age the resources that lie in reflection, meditation, and study. “He turned his necessity to glorious gain,” in the language of the poet Wordsworth's “Happy Warrior.” Already he had begun to interest himself in subjects lying quite outside the sphere of the schoolboy. The sights he saw in London suggested problems, which in after days he did all that in him lay to solve by active effort. He was struck by the wide gulf between rich

and poor, and by the isolation and wretchedness in which multitudes must live in a city like London, doomed to drudgery and dreary struggle for mere existence without hope of any improvement or relief. In after years, one of his much desired minor reforms was abundant seats placed in spare spaces of the public thoroughfares, on which the poor might sit down and rest themselves in summer, and covered shelters into which they could escape in the rain or storms of winter. We may well guess that such want had often been felt by him as he trudged daily, tired and sometimes even wet, to and fro between Chelsea and King's College. Any one can see that, to a certain extent, his ideas on this matter have been realized on the Thames Embankment and sundry other places in London.

He soon gained a scholarship at Cambridge, being first both in classics and mathematics, which had not happened in Magdalen College for several years. He was not long at Cambridge before he had to pay the penalty of his free inquiring spirit, and the divided state of thought and religious opinion at that time bred doubts and difficulties which he frankly faced but did not so readily master. German rationalism then was invading England, reinforced by some of the great names of Germany; materialism was beginning to infect English science and philosophy. The German rationalists were very learned men who tried to explain away the supernatural in Christianity—to account for all that is set down as miraculous in the

Sacred Record by natural causes, or to prove that it was the pious work of well-meaning but self-deluded men, or the result of a process of legend-making, precisely in the same way as the fabulous elements in the early stories of Greece and Rome came into existence and gained currency. Their ideas were powerful, not only in Germany, but in Holland and France. It soon became apparent, however, that wherever these ideas prevailed the moral level of the people also declined, and the philanthropic and evangelistic work of the churches slackened. The reaction against this kind of thinking came in a return to excessive reverence for tradition in many forms; and in England it had one powerful expression in what is called the Oxford Movement, in which the now familiar names of Newman, Pusey, and Keble were prominent.

With all his English prudence, Kingsley had a strain of mysticism in him, as his Introduction to the sermons of the old German mystic Tauler suffices to show. The Oxford Tracts, which were the authoritative utterance of this Oxford school, had lately appeared, making appeal to that side of human nature; the ascetic view of life had had all its claims put forth with the nervous energy and fascinating purity of Newman and Hurrell Froude. Kingsley had to wrestle with that phase of things too, and he did it once for all. "He was then," says the Memoir, "just like his own Lancelot in 'Yeast,' in that summer, 1839—a bold thinker, a bold rider, a most chivalrous gentleman, sad, shy and serious habitually; in conversation at one

moment brilliant and impassioned, the next reserved and unapproachable ; by turns attracting and repelling, but pouring forth to the friend whom he could trust, stores of thought and feeling and information on every sort of unexpected subject which seemed boundless. It was a feast to the imagination and intellect to hold communion with Charles Kingsley, even at the age of twenty ; the originality with which he treated a subject was startling, and his genius illuminated every subject it approached, whether he spoke of 'the delicious shiver of those aspen leaves' on the nearest tree, or of the deepest laws of humanity and the controversies of the day."

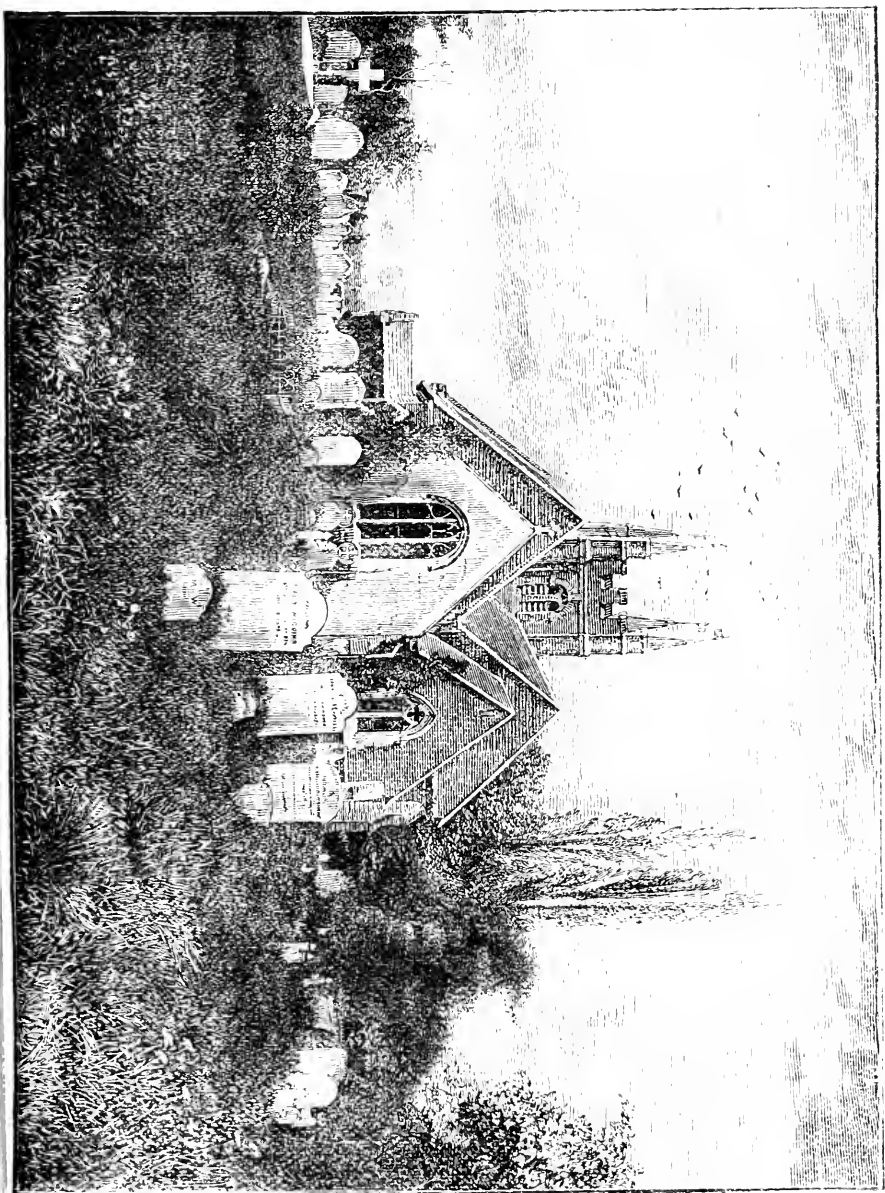
Thus he speaks of himself at this time :—"I am swimming against a mighty stream, and I feel every moment I must drop my arms and float in apathy over the hurrying cataract, which I see and hear but have not time to avoid. Man does want something more than his reason! Socrates confessed that he owed all to his *dæmon*, and that without his supernatural intimations, right and wrong, the useful and the hurtful, were shrouded in mist, and that he alone smoothed to him the unapproachable heights which conducted to the beautiful and the good."

But soon he came to clearness—an understanding with himself and definite ideas as to his calling ; and before long we find him exclaiming :—"Saved !—saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of scepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me! Saved

from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse! Saved from all this, and restored to my country and my God, and able to believe! And I do believe firmly and practically as a subject of prayer, and a rule of every action of my life." It is sometimes said in philosophical books that no one can thoroughly oppose a side or system logically who has not once belonged to it—seen it from the inside, so to speak; and it may be that Kingsley's struggles with himself then did not a little to make him understand and sympathize with the discontent and disbelief of poor working-men, as brought out in "Alton Locke" (which is a vivid picture of the condition of the struggling and discontented classes in London groaning under dear bread, the horrible "sweating" system, and their associated evils forty years ago), and also in many of his papers written afterwards under the name of "Parson Lot."

We are not surprised that he was "popular" at the University, that he had a wide circle of admiring friends, and that he was, when occasion offered, quite equal to a good bout of boating, fishing, coaching, or any other sport; but, unlike some of his companions, he had also found time to pursue his studies thoroughly and systematically. Some of the passages in "Chalk Stream Studies" and later volumes, are due to experiences of these days at Cambridge. But now, as he began to realize more clearly day by day that the life of a clergyman was the one for which both his physical and moral nature were intended, rather than

for the law, of which he had previously had thoughts so definite as to enter his name at Lincoln's Inn, he abandoned these loved sports, and he took himself closely to the study of philosophy and divinity. He took his degree in November 1841, and after a short rest in Devonshire among its much-loved scenery, he began seriously to read for Holy Orders. He was ordained in July 1842 to the curacy of Eversley in Hampshire, henceforth to be associated with his name throughout his whole life. He was only twenty-three years of age. Eversley is on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, and certain relics of the old forest life lingered still among the people: "the old men could remember the time when many a royal deer used to stray into Eversley parish. Every man in those days could snare his hare, and catch a good dinner of fish in waters not strictly preserved; and the old women could tell of the handsomest muffs and tippets, made of pheasant's feathers not bought with silver, which they wore in their young days." Kingsley liked and understood, far better than most persons, these "descendants of many generations of broom-squires and deer-stealers," in whom the instinct of sport still was strong. "They have their faults, as I have mine," he says; "but they are thorough good fellows nevertheless. Civil, contented industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow, too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure







South Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy and tall of bone, swaggering in his youth; but when he grows old, a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately and courteous as a prince."

Before Kingsley's coming to Eversley the Church services had been utterly neglected, the parishioners in various ways but ill attended to. It sometimes happened that the Rector had a cold or other trifling ailment, and then he would send the clerk to the church door at eleven, to inform the few who had attended that there would be no service. Any one who knows rural districts knows what the effect of this would be on people who had perhaps walked a considerable distance. The public-houses, which had already been well-filled, at once received a reinforcement. It was hard work to get a congregation together; but the new curate set to work in the right way. He soon made it felt that he had something to say to men and women like them; and his long-held maxim—never to depreciate, according to the foolish way of sentimentalists, the brotherly love of men—stood him in good stead, after he had in a measure succeeded. The people soon began to weary for the Church services which they had neglected; and Kingsley took care to mould his thoughts into forms suited to them. And he did not neglect his studies. He was eager to get light from whatever quarter it might come, read the Puseyite Tracts, and mourned over them, seeing clearly where they ought logically to lead, studied the works of the more thoughtful dissenters, and

came to respect them. We find him about this time writing, for example, to a friend :

“Do not reject Wardlaw because he is a Dissenter. The poor man was born so, you know. It is very different from a man dissenting personally. Besides, your business is with the book, not with the author. Give up that habit of identifying books and men. Only our ideas of such people as Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante, ought to be allowed to influence our ideas of what they wrote.”

He extended his field carefully, read history, went botanizing, geologizing, and welcomed the works of Buckland and such writers ; in a word, in his quiet rectory, he let pass little of powerful interest in the intellectual and scientific world. He strenuously practised music, merely, as he writes, “to be able to look after my singers ;” adding significantly, “music is such a vent for the feelings.” He studied medicine, too, that he might the more effectually look after his sick and ailing ones. He makes a note : “Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the ways, wants, habits, and prevalent diseases of the poor wherever you go.”

This young curate was, at all events, intent on laying a foundation, at once broad and solid, for future usefulness. We shall soon see how he came successfully to build upon it. He had little of what is called “Society,” during his first experience of curate life ; but he found it well supplied by his books and studies, and the increasing respect

of his people. Early in 1844, he was married to the lady, Miss Grenfell, who proved so fit a helpmeet to him, and entered on the curacy of Pimperne in Dorsetshire. But changes made it possible, unexpectedly for him, to return to Eversley as its Rector in the course of a few months. The neglect of former incumbents made it hard work there; but now a great reformation was accomplished, with no end of agencies for the improvement of the people, when once he was completely master, and had it all his own way.

Shoe-club, coal-club, maternal society, a loan fund and lending library were established one after another. An adult school was held in the Rectory three nights a week for all the winter months; a music-class was soon established and met there too; and a Sunday-school met also every Sunday morning and afternoon, and weekly cottage lectures were established in the outlying districts for the old and feeble. Disadvantages were even viewed as sources of benefit. There was no school-house; but the frequent visits of the people to the Rectory, which was always open to them, was viewed as having a good humanizing influence. His house-to-house weekly visiting was most rigidly attended to with the best results. Few recreations he now allowed himself, beyond an occasional hour's fishing. At this time he did not have a horse, as some years afterwards he had, to take him for a scamper over the downs. He never took a gun in his hand, lest it might have the force of a bad example on the people

already too prone to poaching raids. He had studied so thoroughly the style of preaching fitted to reach the people, that, when some of his sermons were submitted to Bishop Sumner on Kingsley's application for priest's orders, the only fault his lordship found with them was that they were too colloquial! He wrote to men like Mr. Maurice for advice and help, and received it gratefully; and his confession shortly put was this: "My whole heart is set, not on retrogression outward or inward, but on progression—not on going back in the least matter to any ideal age or system, but on fairly taking the present as it is, not as I should like it to be; and believing that Jesus Christ is still working in all honest and well-meaning men—see what are the elements of spiritual good in the present age, and try as an artist to embody them, not in old forms, but in new ones. . . . The new element is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil and its good, we cannot stop it. Let us Christianize it instead; and if you fear that you are therein doing evil that good may come, oh, consider, consider, whether democracy (I do not mean foul licence or pedantic constitution-mongering, but the rights of man as man—his individual and direct responsibility to God and to the State, on the score of mere manhood and Christian grace), be not the very pith and marrow of the New Testament—whether the noble structures of mediæval hierarchy and monarchy were not merely 'schoolmasters to bring Europe to Christ—tutors and governors,' till mankind be of age and fit for a theo-





eracy, in which men might live by faith in an unseen yet spiritually and sacramentally present King, and have no King but Him."

This may be regarded as the platform on which he stood. When, some time after, the Chartist Riots broke out, he acted in consistency with it. He tried all he could to Christianize the motives of the leaders and the led, and thus to enable them to lift their eyes, and to see more widely. With this end he spoke and wrote and worked, entering on correspondence widely. He was much misunderstood by many; but at this day, his position is very much that of most influential Christian men. And he was no theorist, rushing off from the sphere of nearest duties to excite vague ideas in others. Every winter's evening of 1848 was occupied with either night-school at the Rectory, about thirty men attending, or with little services in the outlying cottages for the infirm and labouring men after their day's work. In the spring and summer a writing-class was held for girls in the empty coach-house; a cottage school for infants was also begun on the common. The number of communicants largely increased, and we read that "the daily services and evening sermons in Passion week seemed to borrow an intenser fervour and interest from the strange events of the great world outside the small quiet parish, and though poorly attended, still gathered together a few labouring folk."

At this period, too, he became Professor of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, Harley

Street, of which Mr. Maurice was Principal, and his frequent visits to the Metropolis in this capacity made it easy for him to see something of the working-men of London at this exciting and dangerous time. He was not content with looking on—and it was by these sights that he was urged to address them by letters, which are full of vigorous sympathy and practical advice. The refrain of all these letters was this; “To be what you want—to be free, you must free yourselves. Will the Charter by itself cure you? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.” He never failed to assure them that they had more friends than they knew of; but, if they did not wish to drive them from doing their utmost to aid them, they must be wise, be cool, be patient.

It was in this spirit that Charles Kingsley sought to moderate the evils that then threatened society, and no doubt his words had influence in not a few minds, both among the working-men and in other circles. He made the acquaintance of Thomas Cooper, the Chartist—who, for many years an infidel, has done much to atone by able books and lectures in defence of Christianity—at this time, and a mutual respect and liking sprang up between them, which endured to the end. “Alton Locke” was taking form in his mind now; but his hard work and the anxiety he had felt brought ill-health, and for a time he had to take rest. When he returned to Eversley from his beloved Devon, he resolved to take pupils, and this opened up to him many new and pleasant sources of interest, and began



new and fragrant friendships. Not an evil fell upon the nation, but he felt it; not a noble aspiration or enterprise, but he was in sympathy with it. His respect for the poor increased, the more intimately that he knew them. But in most questions he saw both sides, or tried to see them; and when he was pressed on the question of teetotalism, he had to remind his friends of the distinction between the use and the abuse. "The substitute with the teetotalers of 1900 A.D. will be, I fear, laudanum. I expect, and hereby warn all my friends, that the sale of laudanum will increase rapidly. There will be always, as in monkery, some who will keep up to the present pure and sincere standard of the original school; but the mass will, as usual, be contented with the form of the theory without its reality; they will either break out now and then, on the sly, into excesses, all the more beastly from previous restraint, or fly to opium."

The outward incidents of Charles Kingsley's life after this time are not very marked or varied. He was involved in some controversies; he became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; in course of time he was promoted to a Canonry at Chester, where his short "residences" were much enjoyed. His intercourse with Dean Howson and others there was that of sympathetic and helpful friendship. He held this Canonry from 1869 to 1873, when he accepted a Canonry at Westminster, which was the more grateful to him, as it brought him into closer relationship with his beloved friend of many years

standing, Dean Stanley, who knew well how to appreciate his character and genius. But the pastoral



CLOISTER COURT, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

work at Eversley remained to the end the essential element in his life; and there he continued to work

with the same freshness of enthusiasm and the same breadth of sympathy as when he began.

That a man whose whole life was so absorbed in practical work of this kind should have contributed so largely and with such success to the literature of his country is only another illustration of the truth that one's power of doing increases with doing. A very wise man has said, if you want any help in a charitable or philanthropic matter do not go to the idle or luxurious, but go to the man whose hands seem already overfull—he only will help you. Sir Arthur Helps, himself a shrewd observer and active philanthropist, never wrote with more insight than in the sentence we have just quoted. Kingsley was full of energy, ceaseless in effort—his brain was a fountain of fine impulses, which never ceased to play. His rest was only another kind of work. His writings would have been enough to secure him a high position in the temple of fame. And yet the complete retirement and quietude without which it is often said the highest literary work cannot be produced were never his. He wrote, like Norman Macleod, only in stolen snatches of time; and what he did write are all works more or less with a purpose. "Hypatia," which is perhaps his greatest work of fiction, as it is the most learned, shows a very remarkable power of imagination, able to fuse in its glow the shifting miscellany of life and thought in a time of fevered crisis or transition. It represents Alexandria at the time when Greek culture came most

directly in contact with Christian thought and life; and in his heroine Hypatia he has exhibited one of the most touching ideals.

She is a Greek philosopher in female garb, full of enthusiasm for the ancient faith, which she reconciles in her own mind with much of the best in Egyptian or Eastern ideas, which then had come to intermix with and to modify classical conceptions. She is a famous lecturer and teacher of philosophy, with crowds of pupils. Philammon is a monk of the desert, who hears of her and becomes possessed with the idea of converting her. But he is such a monk as a writer like Kingsley only could conceive or create. He has little or none of the weakness of the monkish character: he is frank, courageous, manly, yet a Christian hermit, devout and true. He is even fond of bathing. He goes to Alexandria, where already is a sister of his, named Pelagia, who, alas! has fallen amid the gaiety and vice of that ancient capital, then so luxurious and extravagant. A Jewess, Miriam, has not been innocent of tempting her to her downfall. Philammon, when he appears before Hypatia, is suddenly seized with that passion of admiration which is nigh to love, and is thus so far disarmed in the moment of attack. His appeal to her loses effect from his grand impression of her sincerity and nobleness of mind and character. The metamorphosis in Hypatia's lecture-room is indicated with delicacy and art. Nevertheless, he emboldens himself to deliver his soul and to carry out what he had resolved upon.

He states his case and denounces the idolatry of the old religion.

“Idolatry!” answered she with a smile. “My pupil must not repeat to me that worn-out Christian calumny. Into whatsoever low superstitions the pious vulgar may have fallen, it is the Christians now, and not the heathens, who are idolators. They who ascribe miraculous power to dead men’s bones, who make temples of charnel houses, and bow before the images of the meanest of mankind, have surely no right to accuse of idolatry the Greek or the Egyptian, who embodies in a form of symbolic beauty ideas beyond the reach of words.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Then,” asked Philammon with a faltering voice, yet unable to restrain his curiosity, “then you do reverence the heathen gods?”

And in reply, she upholds her religion as that of a worship of the divine incarnated in many forms, and declines to accept Christianity because it arrogates to itself the exclusive revelation of the divine. His intellect is open, and her arguments do not leave him untouched: he dwells on the ideas she has expressed with such precision, elevation, and poetical sensibility, and for a time it might seem as though Hypatia “had taken away from him the living God and given him instead only the four elements.” But his love for his sister Pelagia, in midst of vice and indulgence, saves him. He appeals to Hypatia for help to redeem her. Instead, Hypatia offers him fine distinctions,

justifying indifference : his sister is not of kin with him in any but the lower links of fleshly relationship. Let her alone, Hypatia argues, to go her own way : she is not worth the concern of a philosopher. There his heart rebels, and this is enough. His course then becomes clear to him ; Hypatia incurs the hostility of the Christians and is killed ; “ the Egyptian Church, in thus seeking to extend or justify itself by carnal weapons, planted a sword in its own breast ; ” Philammon saves his sister, and the close finds them in the desert, where they live to repent of past errors and to prepare for noble works. Goths, Jews, Greeks, Egyptians, move across the pages, and all are portrayed with the distinctness and individuality of the master hand. The slight basis of history is enough—on that foundation rises a lofty structure, harmonious, complete, and full of moral significance in every part. The doubts, the struggles, the difficulties of to-day, the temptations, the vague aspirations after loftier ideals and purer life of our time and every time are delineated there though under the conditions of the fifth century. It is, as he calls it, a revelation of New Foes under an Old Face. These are the last words in the book :—

“ And now, readers, farewell. I have shown you New Foes under an Old Face, your own likenesses in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. One word before we part. The same devil who tempted these old Egyptians tempts you. The same God who would have saved these old Egyptians, if they had willed,

will save you, if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, whether at Hypatia or Pelagia, Miriam or Raphael, Cyril or Philammon."

And these are the first words in the book—the dedication to his father and mother, who, at the date of its publication, were still alive—words as characteristic of Charles Kingsley in his noble thought as in his devotion to duty and all the ordinary calls of his life:—

“TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

“MY DEAR PARENTS,—

“When you shall have read this book, and considered the view of human relationships which is set forth in it, you will be at no loss to discover why I have dedicated it to you as one paltry witness of an union and of a debt which, though they may seem to have begun with birth, and to have grown with your most loving education, yet cannot die with death, but are spiritual, indefeasible, eternal in the heavens with that God from Whom every fatherhood in heaven and earth is named.

“C. K.”

“Westward Ho!” on the other hand, is a glowing record of action and adventure. It records the doings of Oxenham and Yeo and their gallant bands who went forth to fight for England at the time of the Spanish

domination. Sir Walter Raleigh also plays his part. The pictures of the West Indian Islands, Barbadoes and the rest, are just as vivid and realistic as are the wonderful landscapes we have of Devon and Cornwall; and the descriptions of the domestic life in the West of England in those days are in every respect happy reproductions, as pure and beautiful and true as they are unique. Kingsley's genius shines through all, elevating, transfiguring. And the Armada is not forgotten. It is a book which will long live—for it is history in its most alluring aspect, in its essence and spirit, brightened by imagination and creative sympathy, without which history is dead, a mere tombstone record of facts and dates. "Westward Ho!" is living, and if the old will read and admire, the young must be moved and inspired to manlier and loftier purpose as they read of England's heroes in these fruitful times,

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

as Lord Tennyson calls them in his "Dream of Fair Women."

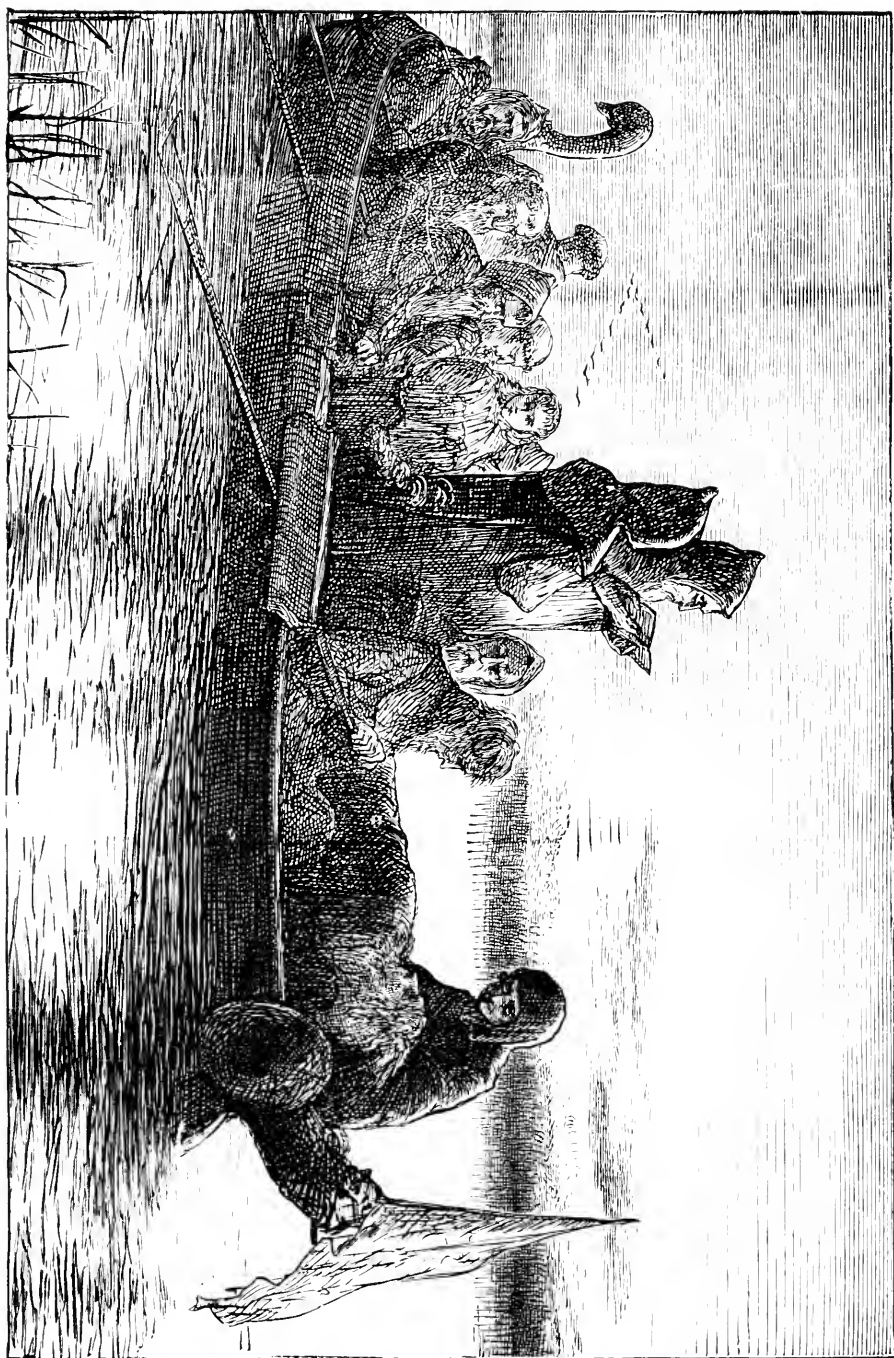
These two fictions show Kingsley at work in contrasted spheres: in the one he deals with lofty speculation, subtle conflicts of thought and belief, spiritual aspiration, refined ideals; in the other, with action, with incident of the most exciting and picturesque kind. To read these two books, and to realize the reach that lay between them, is only to comprehend at once the fineness and the force of Kingsley's genius.

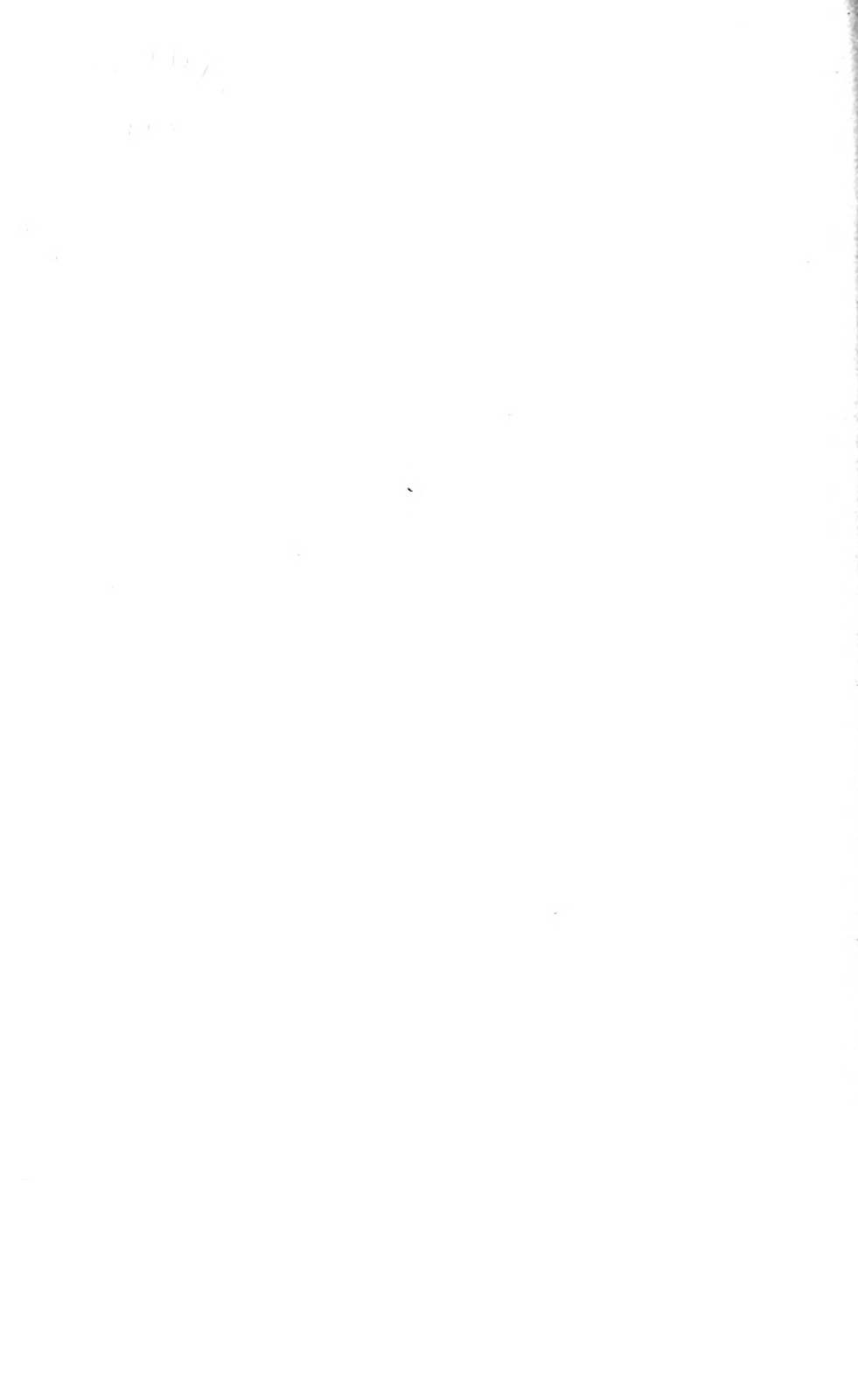


Both powerfully restore the life of the past, but in each how different the life delineated!

Kingsley indeed, was one of the most vigorous painters of action England can boast of; and what was most striking, was his power of realizing and reproducing it in strong historical setting, and by effective historic contrasts. Like Sir Walter Scott, he delighted in the dash of contest, the ring of steel; but he never, as Sir Walter sometimes did, indulged the passion merely for its own sake. He always had some ulterior end in his fictions—either purposely to illustrate the ways of God to men, or to show how, under all change of forms, the heart of man and the great problems that torment him really remain the same in all ages, “Old foes under new faces,” as in “*Hypatia* ;” or to exhibit the peculiar, invariable, we had almost said inevitable, bent of race; or the workings of remorse and long-deferred penitence. Carlyle could never have objected to Kingsley, as he did to Sir Walter Scott, that he had no sense of the mysteries of life, and did nothing to stimulate questioning and brooding over the problems of the universe. Kingsley never ceases to feel them, and to force their consideration on the reader; but he is too great an artist to do this assertively or didactically. To exhibit the inevitable bent of race, is really the end or purpose of “*Hereward the Wake* ; or, the *Last of the English* ;” and, though some have deemed the colours in this work too strong, and the lights too high, the passion for realistic effect in deadly combat too openly indulged, it is nevertheless a

powerful and, in certain respects, a grand work, such as could only have been written by one who had prepared himself for this kind of portraiture and description by works like "Westward Ho!" Some, indeed, may doubt if such a subject, in some of its phases, ought thus frankly to be treated imaginatively at all; but admit the artist's unrestricted right of choice in such a field, and Kingsley justifies himself by his vigour and style and his animating moral purpose; for Hereward's remorse at last is as well painted as his action. The Lightfoots and the Ironhooks are as real and living as the Leofrics and Herewards; and the old fen-landscape, muddy, reedy, wild, and wan-coloured, is painted in words as a Millais, had he lived then, would have painted it in colours. And never surely has combat been made so animated on the printed page. The armour glows in the red glare of sunset, as the waters below burn with golden fire, while the heroes move and sway and smite each other, dark against the bright palpitating sky; the swords ring and glance and rattle, we see the dents made by mighty blows on plate and shield; the very breasts are seen to move and swell even under that heavy armour, the lips curve and then set themselves together grandly firm, the eyes dilate and sparkle in the fierce heat of fight. And how exquisitely Kingsley can relieve all this by tender, unexpected touches of true love and sweet regret, of quiet pathos and sober colouring, of which there are many specimens, but none perhaps more so than the picture of Hereward's funeral.





“Then the monks silently took up the bier, and all went forth, and down the Roman Road toward the fen. They laid the corpse within the barge, and slowly rowed away.

And past the Deeping, down the Welland stream,  
By winding reaches on, and shining meres,  
Between grey reed-ronds and green alder-beds,  
And the brown horror of the homeless fen,  
A dirge of monks and wail of women rose  
In vain to Heaven for the last Englishman;  
Then died far off within the boundless mist,  
And left the Norman master of the land.”

In the light of this passage, perhaps the reader will look on Mr. Paul Gray's fine picture of the funeral with all the deeper interest.

When we read such lectures as those on “The Roman and the Teuton” and “Alexandria and her Schools,” we see Charles Kingsley in the process of preparing himself for his greater stories—stories of passion and sentiment, or of action and adventure. His deep love of the English character, in spite of all its faults, of which he is not unconscious, arises from his inborn admiration of true manliness, of loyal courage, of bulldog tenacity to purposes long formed, and power to endure sustained and severe privation with cheerfulness, all engrafted on a fitful tenderness and seriousness of mood, which is hidden by naïve unselfconscious reserves. And Kingsley does not show this power only in his books, his strength lay in its consistency with his whole character and conduct.

Even his very lenient judgment of the Eversley

men may be traced to the same source, and he succeeded with them as he did simply because he could so judge them. Whatever else in Kingsley's idea went to the making of "gentlemen"—which, it will be remembered, he says these old poachers and deer-stealers were—chivalrous manliness, fearlessness, and unhesitating devotion to something nobler than self were with him essential.

These three stories named—each characteristic of the author—are pre-eminently good books for younger people, though they are certainly not of the kind in which there is any condescension to juvenile capacity. But some of Kingsley's books, written specially for younger readers, may well claim a word or two in these pages. Foremost we may place the "Greek Heroes," in which some of the myths of ancient Greece are retold with rare simplicity, dignity, and power of unfolding the wide human meanings that informed them and give them universal significance. Then comes "Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Seashore," in which we have a series of lessons in a most attractive department of natural history made as light and informing as a story-book. "Madam How and Lady Why; or, First Lessons in Earth-lore for the Young," does the same for geology as "Glaucus" does for its special subject; and the same may be said of "The Water-babies; or, a Fairy Tale for a Land Baby," which for knowledge, fancy, and lightsome tact of style and illustration, is one of the most delightful books in the English language.

There is much, too, that young readers will fully understand, enjoy and profit by in such volumes as those entitled "Health and Education," "Scientific Lectures and Essays" (for even when Kingsley has a strictly scientific subject he never fails to write popularly), and "Sanitary and Social Lectures," in which he conveys many wise, practical hints in physiology and the laws of health, with sensible directions occasionally even in matters of clothing, dress, and exercise. He was not one of those clergymen who forget the physical frame in their concern for the spiritual; he always desired to have a sound mind in a sound body to deal with. A volume of selections from his writings has been compiled, which may be found very acceptable to many who may not be able to obtain access to the separate volumes, and this will suffice to communicate some sense of his power and many-sidedness, his concern for others, and his desire to promote the general welfare, though, of course, it can give little or no idea of his imaginative and creative genius.

As a preacher, Charles Kingsley was very simple, direct, practical. He had mastered the most subtle points in theology, and had been very careful to connect the developments of theology with their historical outcome (in this he had a close resemblance to Dean Stanley), but this did not much appear in his preaching. In the pulpit he was always more the man than the scholar or the divine. He affected no deep learning, though every sentence told of thought

and hard study. But he realized his audience as he composed his discourse. His sermons were uniformly colloquial in style, charged with fine common-sense, with sympathy, and the conviction that men were united by sentiments and needs far more radical and permanent than anything that could temporarily divide them and set them in opposition to each other. He saw in Christianity the grandest lever to raise all classes to one level in the perception of a common destiny and a common fatherhood, and his social labours were the practical illustrations of his preaching. The slight hesitancy or impediment in his speech, which was so noticeable in private conversation—especially if he were in any way moved—strangely enough, disappeared whenever he mounted the pulpit; and to listen to his clear tones, his quiet earnest persuasive sentences, rising now and then into a subdued white-heat of fervid appeal, was indeed worth going a long way to hear, as the writer remembers to have heard it at Westminster Abbey even in his later years, and when symptoms of weakness had begun to appear.

Some of his special discourses are worthy of attention for their frank and inspiring character. Among these we may name, "True Words for Brave Men: a Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries." He never wearied in his efforts for the people, to introduce them to new sources of knowledge and of enjoyment. What he said in one of his earlier "Parson Lot" letters remained the faithful utterance of his senti-



ments on this subject to the close. In it he urges the refining and elevating influence of beautiful objects, and points out how picture-galleries and other collections might be turned to fuller account:—

“*Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful.* Beauty is God’s handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower; and thank for it *Him*, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and reverently, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

“Therefore I said that picture-galleries should be the townsman’s paradise of refreshment. Of course, if he can get the real air, the real trees, even for an hour, let him take it in God’s name; but how many a man who cannot spare time for a daily country walk, may well slip into the National Gallery, or any other collection of pictures, for ten minutes. That garden, at least, flowers as gaily in winter as in summer. Those noble faces on the wall are never disfigured by grief or passion. . . . God made you love beautiful things only because He intends hereafter to give you your fill of them.”

Charles Kingsley is one of the few whose spirit was contagious, whose influence was strictly personal. Even in the most dramatic of his books, in the most theological of his sermons, this is powerfully felt. His grace was to communicate of himself, of his life, his knowledge, his heart and affection, with the force peculiar to him. The inspiring motive of his life he

has unconsciously summed up in one verse of the sweet little poem he wrote to one of his daughters :—

“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :  
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
One grand, sweet song.”

In this lay at once the secret of his success with the peasants at Eversley as with the cultured and learned throughout the world. There was nothing of the cold student or remote speculative observer in him. His heart beat warm and true. Whatever faults he may have had, that of cold critical reserve and bloodlessness could not be included among them. He was an artist in his power of representation, of sympathy, and of patient observation, but he had as few of the faults of the artistic temperament as of the scientific one. He could never find satisfaction in any mere beauty of form. He demanded common human interest, action, to feel the beatings of the heart. His own works of fiction declare this. As Carlyle said, sometimes they show restlessness, and promise more than they perform ; but, however clearly we may perceive all this, Kingsley's victory is that we are only the more keenly interested in him, drawn to him the more as a man, and are the more willing to surrender to him our affectionate regards. When he passed away on the 23rd of January, 1875, it was felt by all who stood highest in English life—in literature, in art, in science, and in social improvement—that a great man had passed, whose heart and intellect kept tune ; so that

though his life was one of restless and most varied effort, a sweet unity pervaded it and made it fragrant, full of lessons and upliftings alike for mind and heart. And to feel this afresh, or to realize it for the first time, the older people have only to renew acquaintance with his writings, and the younger folks to begin the studious perusal of them. They will certainly not miss their reward.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.



KINGSLEY'S GRAVE AT EVERSLEY.



DEAN STANLEY.

“ So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self-reviving thing of power ;  
That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need.”

LORD HOUGHTON.



## DEAN STANLEY.



“**T**HE romance of the Episcopate is gone” said some one, when the fatal stumble of Bishop Wilberforce’s horse arrested his bright and versatile career. In the death of Dean Stanley of Westminster much more than the romance of any one order, or function, in the Church of which he was the glory and strength, was extinguished. The Bishop of Winchester was a great prelate of the Anglican communion. The Dean of Westminster was a great churchman in that wider and higher sense which overlooks the barriers that divide one communion from another. We should hardly exaggerate if we said that when he died, Dean Stanley stood higher in the respect and affection of a larger and more varied circle of members of many churches than any other ecclesiastic in the world.

By all in his own Church, at home and abroad, except a few standing at two opposite extremes of fanatical intolerance, he was held in esteem and honour. The English Nonconformists recognized in him a friend, who understood their position and sympathized with their best traditions. In Scotland his name was a household word; and even the ultra-Calvinists, who could not find the "root of the matter" in him, and the ultra-Presbyterians, who hold that "the deil and the dean begin wi' ae letter," forgot their rigidities in his genial presence. On the Continent, in all societies, from that of the Papal Court to the modest home of the Protestant "pasteur"—from the palaces of St. Petersburg or Berlin to the quiet library of Döllinger—among Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, Lutherans, and Reformed, his great position, his many-sided affinities, his social charm and grace, his intellectual eminence, won for him a universal welcome. In America, all churches and classes received him with open arms. They seemed to see in him the representative, and, as it were, the custodian, of all that old-world culture which so controls their republican imagination, and which is so seldom united—as it was in him—with an open-hearted sympathy with the beauty and the hopefulness of all that is young and new. "The Dean of Society" he was sometimes called by people whose outlook does not range beyond the smoke of London; but on many societies which had scarce any other link to that great Babel, and on many churches whose names no one in London but himself



knew or cared for, the tidings that he too had "gone over to the majority" fell like a cold eclipse.

In Dean Stanley we see the best principles of liberal thought, of advanced culture, of personal religion, without those excesses and limitations by which they are too often impaired and hampered. Liberalism without



DEAN STANLEY'S FATHER.

destructiveness; culture without moral indifference; piety without fanaticism, are not so common that, when we see them in one just combination, we can afford to be indifferent to their beauty.

He had seen the possibility of this combination realized in his own father. In the preface to the

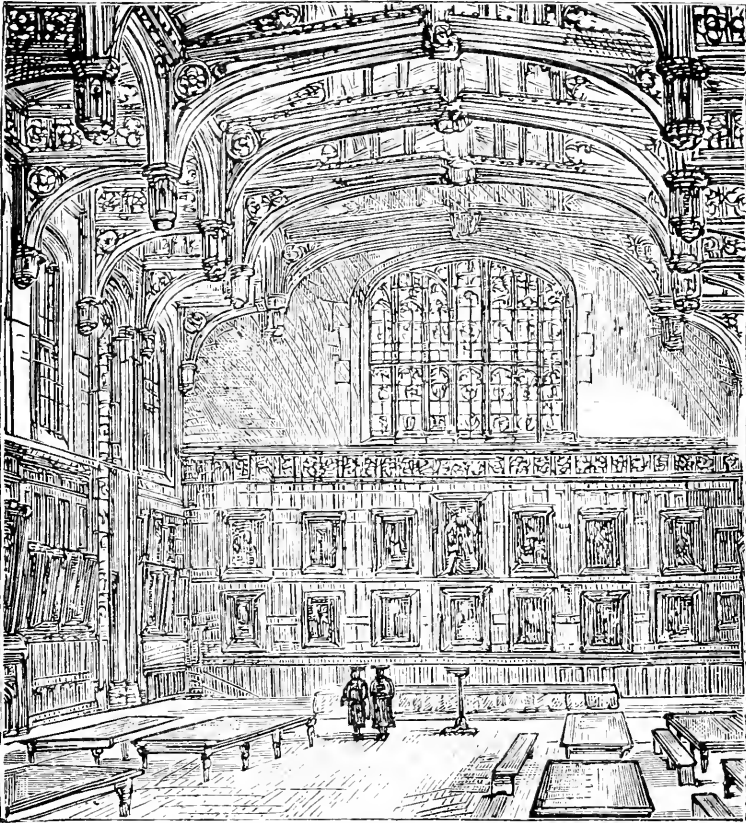
“Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley,” he says, in reference to the Bishop of Norwich’s work as a parish priest and as a prelate :

“There existed” (apart from all connection with the Oxford movement of 1834) “a sound form of moral and religious life, not the less admirable because it sprang from a zeal tempered by common sense, and because it aimed—not so much at the interest of a party, or even of a church, as at the good of the whole community. Nor is it without interest to follow the career of one who, both politically and ecclesiastically, belonged to the liberal movement of the day, in whom the passion for reform and improvement, which characterized that movement, had not yet been superseded by the passion for destruction.”

“Such a type of liberal”—adds the Dean, with a touch of that quiet scorn which he could apply so gently, but effectively—“would not, perhaps, altogether fulfil some modern exactions, but it was not thought unworthy of the kindness and friendship of such ecclesiastics as Reginald Heber, Arnold, and Milman, or such statesmen as Lord Melbourne, Lord Russell, and Lord Lansdowne.”

The influence of this father was prolonged and strengthened when his son became Arnold’s pupil at Rugby. Few men have left behind them so little written, in proportion to the much imparted, as Arnold. His pupils were his “living epistles.” They carried out of Rugby not only an inspiring reverence for their master, and devotion to the good to which they saw

he was devoted, but the living influence of principles that are at the root of all useful social, political, or religious progress. To perpetuate these principles of rational godliness, to translate Arnold into English



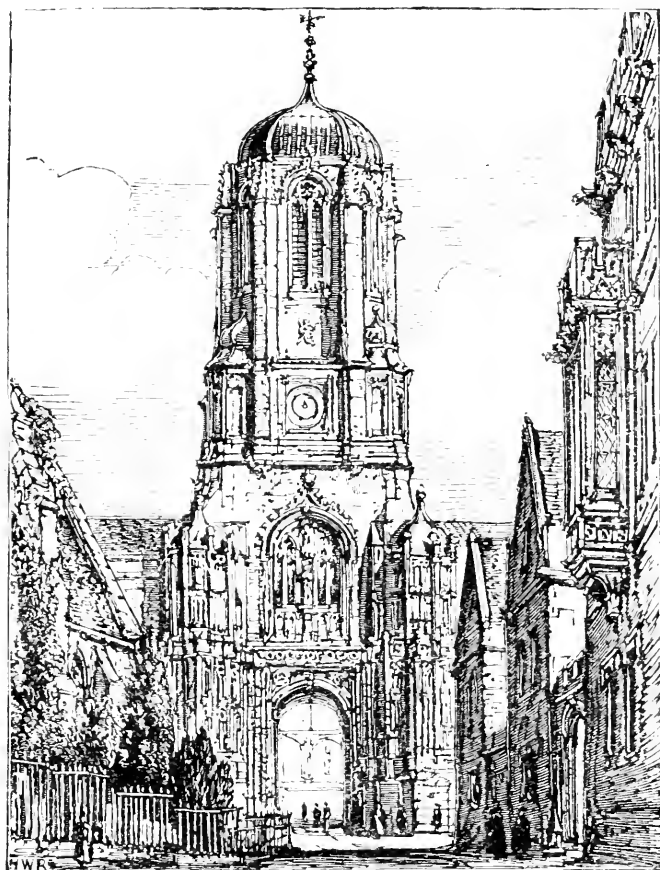
HALL, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

life and character, thought and action, Stanley regarded as his first duty in the world when, as Fellow of University College, Oxford, he entered on his professional career. One part of that duty was discharged in writing his master's life.

That house at Rugby, said Carlyle, was "one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace." The "Life" which depicted that noble industry was Stanley's first literary work; and nothing he wrote afterwards outweighed it in real value and interest. It preserved and concentrated, in a literary form of rare excellence, the impressions produced, by Arnold's strong opinions and emphatic personality, on the most sympathetic and capable of the minds that he had trained. The book was published in 1844. Next year its author became "Select Preacher" to the University, and six years later a Canon of Canterbury; in 1853, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford and Canon of Christ Church; and finally, in 1863, Dean of Westminster. These are the several steps of his ecclesiastical preferment, the last of which admitted him to the very place in the Church which, one would say, he had been born to fill.

Throughout these grades of professional advancement he rapidly acquired literary fame. He never was much of a theologian, in the scientific sense; and no one would think of adding his name to the illustrious roll which records the names of the Barrows, the Souths, the Taylors of the past, and of the Maurices, and others, of the present, who have swayed the whole religious thought of their generation. His bent was towards the characters, scenes, associations of the past, in their relation to the wants and interests of the living present; and he gave it full

scope in that series of brilliant works which he devoted to the illustration of the history of the Jewish and the Eastern Churches ; the scenes and traditions of Sinai



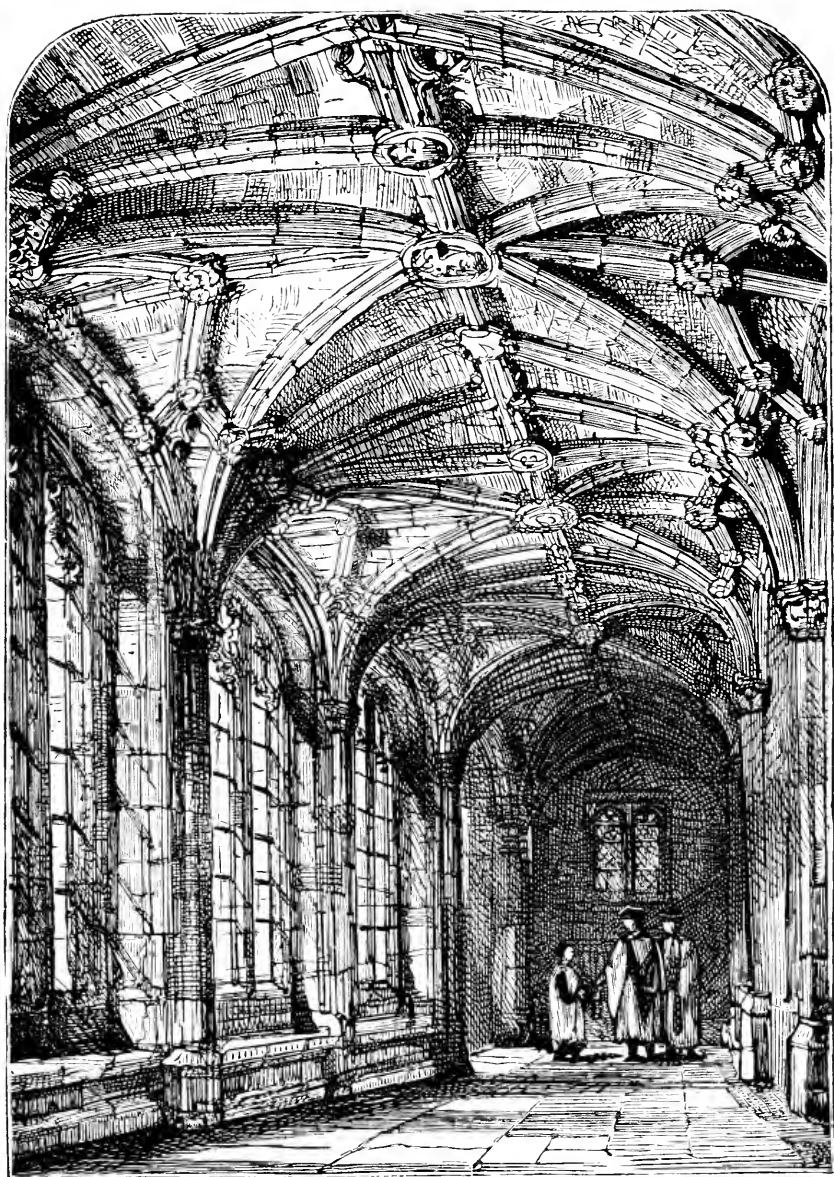
TOM TOWER, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

and Palestine ; and the memorials of the great cathedral and the great abbey at whose altars he had served. Exact dogmatists might mark here and there a vagueness of definition ; keen critics might detect a historical inaccuracy at this or that minor point ; but no one

in reading any of his books could misunderstand the firm faith in a Divine righteousness and love, the generous width of human sympathy, the lofty scorn of moral baseness, the just and clear view of the real principles involved in any question, the love of truth, that shone over every page; and the dullest eye could not but kindle as it traced the splendid panoramas in which he unrolled the history of the Jewish or the Oriental Church, the traditions of the Desert and the Promised Land, or the records of his own Westminster.

His faculty of vivid reproduction of the past, of picturesque illustration, of adaptation of every collateral aid and association in producing the one perfect impression he wished to fix in the memory, was unequalled by any literary craft we have ever known. This faculty, and the wonderful tact and skill with which he wielded it, never showed to greater advantage than in one of his lesser, but most exquisite and characteristic performances—his first Rectorial address at St. Andrews. We remember well two passages in point, and the affectionate enthusiasm which they stirred in his youthful hearers. We quote but one. Referring to the young Alexander Stuart, the pupil of Erasmus, the boy Archbishop of St. Andrews, who, when but eighteen years of age, fell by the side of his father, James IV., at Flodden, he said:—

“Of all ‘the flowers of the forest’ that were there ‘wede away,’ surely none was more lovely than this young Marcellus of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that



CLOISTERS, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.





fatal day, may he accept, thus late, the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier."

To recount his literary works, so manifold were they, would occupy pages. In addition to the "Life of Arnold," the "Sinai and Palestine," the "Lectures on the Jewish and Eastern Churches," and the "Historical Memorials" of Canterbury and of Westminster, already referred to, he published three or four volumes of sermons, and one or two of lectures and addresses, two volumes of commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, "Essays on Church and State," "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," and several minor works—to say nothing of constant contributions to reviews, magazines, and leading journals.

A word may fitly be said of his connection with *Good Words*, under the editorship of Norman Macleod; for some incidents to which it gave rise are strikingly illustrative of the kind of hostility his influence sometimes aroused. He cordially recognized in *Good Words* an attempt to fulfil one of the ideas of his master, Arnold—the circulation of a popular literature, cheaply supplied, and dealing with as wide a range of subjects as possible, in a Christian tone, but without sectarian or dogmatic bias—a fusion of the religious and the secular. The immense success of the experiment roused opposition in some quarters; and the *Record* newspaper felt it necessary to make a series of attacks on *Good Words* and its chief contributors.

“Foremost amidst this motley group,” said the *Record* (and we quote the passage, only because of what it evoked, in reply, from Norman Macleod; and because it is a specimen of the kind of language freely applied to Stanley, throughout his life, by the Evangelical organs), “we discern the Rev. A. P. Stanley, the friend of Professor Jowett, the advocate of ‘Essays and Reviews,’\* the historical traducer of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, and others of the Hebrew worthies,” &c. &c. “I was threatened in London” — wrote the editor of *Good Words* in May, 1862 — “that unless I gave up Stanley and Kingsley, I should ‘be crushed.’ . . . Strahan and I agreed to let *Good Words* perish a hundred times, before we would play such a false part as this. *Good Words* may perish, but I will never save it by such sacrifices of principle.”

Stanley deserved such loyalty from his friends and coadjutors, for no man was ever more loyal to them, and to all who needed the help of his sympathy and support. Amid the uproar raised about the “Essays and Reviews,” he held out his friendly hand to the authors. When Dr. Colenso was under the ban of Convocation he asked him to preach in the Abbey. When Père Hyacinthe broke with the Roman hierarchy, and encountered the ecclesiastical and social

\* A volume of essays, published in 1860. The authors were clergymen; and at that time public opinion did not favour so much freedom of opinion among clergymen as it does at present.

ostracism which visited his marriage, he found refuge and countenance for himself and his wife in the Deanery. The vilified name, the lost cause, the unfriended struggler, never appealed in vain to Stanley's generous chivalry. It was this sentiment, more than any other, that urged him to withstand for a time the popular objection to giving to the last Napoleon a niche in our Walhalla.

His thoughtful kindness, the personal trouble he would take to do one a service, were remarkable in a man so engrossed in society and affairs.

His unselfish consideration for the interests of those who were but privates in the ranks of literature, in which he was a renowned chief, was a form of brotherly kindness of which few of us have had much experience. He would go out of his way to introduce in an article, or even in a note at a page-foot, a commendatory notice of a work in which he took an interest, especially if the author were young, or appeared specially in need of it. And he liked one to be aware that he took pains to do this. "I do not know whether you detected the track of a friend in two recent Scottish biographies in the *Times*," he wrote to us after one of these kindly feats. Again referring to an article in which a critic had strayed from his text—as he thought—in order to vent a personal grudge: "I forget whether I ever expressed to you my annoyance at the gratuitous attack upon you in the *Edinburgh Review*, by I know not whom. I did what little I could by going also beyond my

tether in making a short counter-blast, in an article which I wrote in the *Times* shortly after."

During these years of growing literary activity and fame, the principal incidents of his outward life were the Eastern journey in 1852-3, which suggested his "Sinai and Palestine;" his second expedition to the East, with the Prince of Wales, just before his appointment to Westminster; his marriage, in 1863, to Lady Augusta Bruce; his mission to Russia to solemnize the English marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh in 1874; and a visit to the United States in 1878. Throughout this period, and especially after his coming to the Abbey, he identified himself more and more with the maintenance of the principles that go by the name of Broad Churchism, but which are, in fact, simply the principles of common sense and Christian freedom applied to theological and ecclesiastical questions. He was the natural leader of the Broad Church party, although he was in no sense a partisan, and never aimed at party successes, or desired any triumphs except those of tolerance and charity. Alike from the pulpit, through the press, and in Convocation, he fought a good fight (and in Convocation always against a hostile majority) for the principle that the National Church should be comprehensive and not exclusive—should tolerate and not persecute. Alike in the old Gorham\* controversy

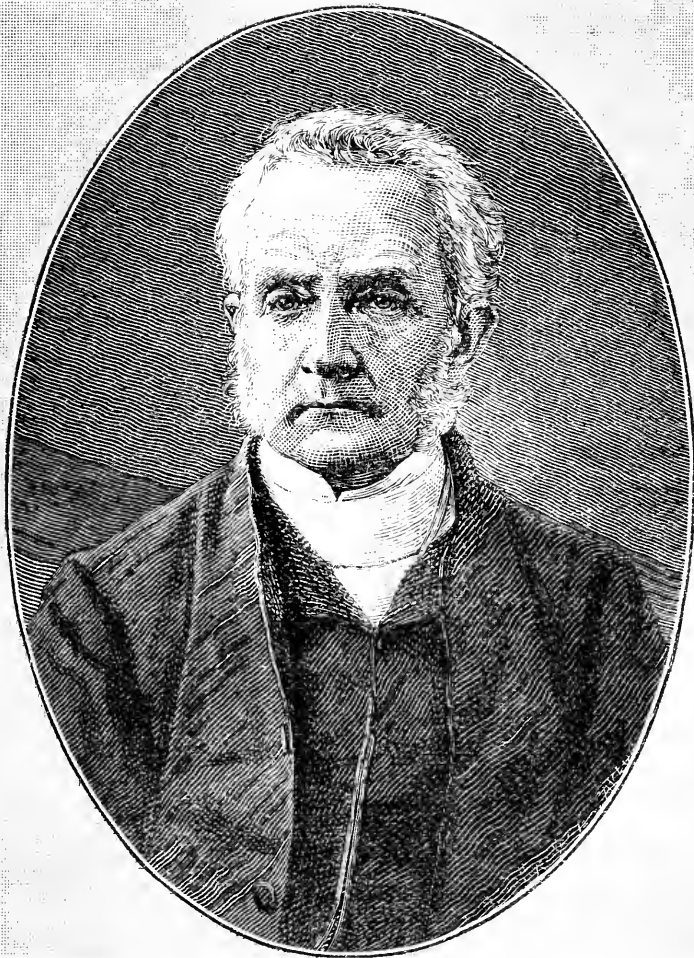
\* Mr. Gorham, a clergyman, was subjected to legal proceedings because his views concerning the effect of baptism were regarded by the then Archbishop of Canterbury as unsound.

and in the latest ritualistic squabbles, he pleaded for liberty and forbearance. He refused to let the Pan-Anglican Synod identify its ineffective council with the august name of the Abbey. He admitted the revisers of the Bible to the Communion in Henry VII.'s chapel, though one of them was a Unitarian. As the law excluded all non-Anglican divines from Anglican pulpits, he devised those services in the nave of Westminster, at which, without violation of the statute, he could gratify his catholicity of feeling, and give expression to his idea of the relation of the Abbey to the religion of the country at large, by selecting the preacher either from the ranks of the Church of Scotland or of English Nonconformity.

Although a clergyman, Stanley never held a cure of souls. His flock, pent in no single fold, embraced the many, of various classes and characters, who found in him a helpful and intelligent *sympathy* they found in no other. That word recurs as often as we speak of him—for no other describes his idiosyncrasy—that human-hearted brotherliness, into which no trace of self-consciousness or of officialism ever intruded. His congregation was that great eclectic multitude that, Sunday after Sunday, thronged the Abbey, and listened to the tremulous yet penetrating voice, with its rhythmic cadences, which always uttered a message of high religious purpose, of peace and reconciliation; and at any public crisis, or after any national loss, enforced, with perfect grace and wise moderation, the proper lesson, or paid the fitting tribute, or pointed the essen-

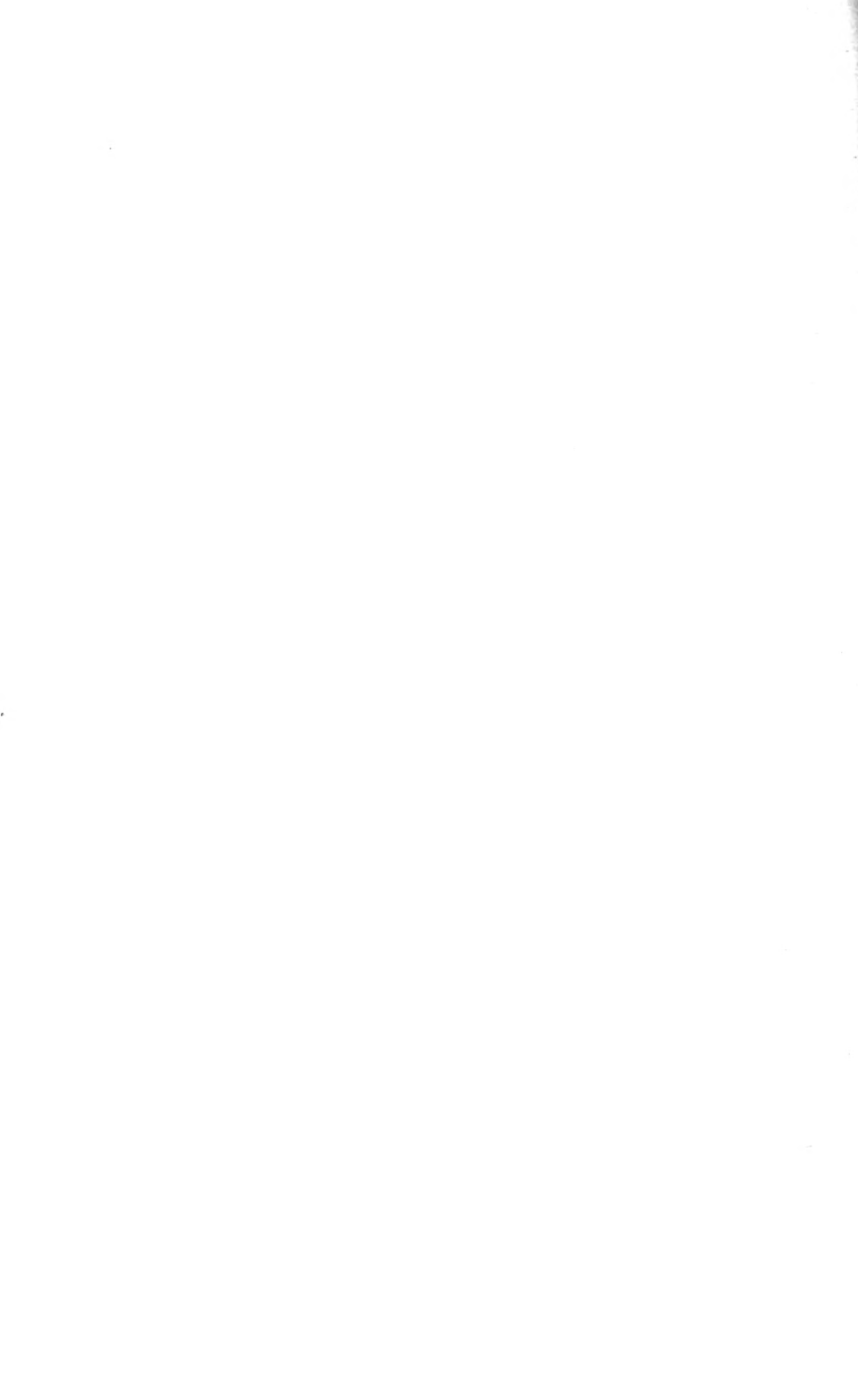
tial moral. In listening to Stanley men felt that here was one, occupying a place which socially, ecclesiastically, intellectually, was a coign of vantage unequalled in England, if not in Christendom, who had an open mind, and an unbiassed judgment for every new speculation, project, or interest that affected the thoughts of his countrymen, and whose great desire was to bring all these into harmony not with an ecclesiastical or dogmatic system, but with the essentials of the Christian faith. With this faith his conviction was that all scientific and historic truth could be, and would yet be, reconciled.

His marriage, which followed his preferment to Westminster, wrought a great change in Stanley's life. Hitherto he had not entered much into society, and had been but a visitor in London. Under Lady Augusta's sway the Deanery, which was now his home, became one of the most distinguished *salons* of the metropolis. All that was best, freshest, brightest in society, found a centre of cordial reunion there. His wife's intimacy with the Queen, acquired through her former position in the household, drew him into closer relations with the Court. The guardian of the Jerusalem Chamber felt the pleasurable obligation of extending a brotherly hospitality to the clergy. Men of science and of letters found at once encouragement and relaxation in his wife's cordial and gracious kindness, and in his keen sympathy with all progress and discovery, and the varied flow of his charming conversation. Pilgrims to the Abbey, with any intelligent



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

*From a Photograph by Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.*





knowledge of its history and love of its character, were always welcome at the Deanery.

No one who ever entered that door, or sat at that table, can forget how the old house was brightened with the winning sunshine of the presence of his wife. Until his marriage, he used to say, he had never really lived. After her death, it was plain to his friends that he felt the glory and joy of life for him were over. To one who had written expressing his sense of her unfailing kindness, and recalling a trait in which it had manifested its tender and minute thought for others, he replied after a while, "I never wrote to thank you for your kind letter to me in the first days of my great affliction. I valued it especially, because it added one more to the many memorials of herself, even in small details, which my dear wife left—and has I trust left for ever—on all who have known her for ever so short a time. To keep up the recollection of her in the remembrance of those who did so know her, and in trying to fulfil what she desired to be done, is my chief consolation." To her aid and sympathy in all his work he bore touching testimony in the dedication of the volume of Lectures on the Jewish Church, published in 1876, the year of her death: "To the beloved memory of the inseparable partner in every joy and every struggle of twelve eventful years, this volume, the solicitude and solace of her latest days, is dedicated, with the humble prayer that its aim may not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the

enlargement of the Church and the triumph of all truth."

Her death, while it desolated the Deanery, removed one of the brightest and purest elements of the life of London society. The Dean was no visionary who should think that anything he could do or say would prevail to change "the gum-flowers of Almack's into living roses in the garden of God;" but, knowing the religious formalism and social corruption of the society in which he moved, he trusted to the wholesome influence that such a presence as his wife's must exercise, and which might reach and touch some of those whom the conventionalities of life render almost inaccessible to direct religious appeal. Her rank, her talents, her purity and piety, joined to his own great position, were forces on the side of the social good which was his ideal, the withdrawal of which from his side left him with a melancholy sense of weakness and solitude.

Probably no Englishman—certainly no English ecclesiastic—ever appreciated Scottish life and character as the Dean did. There is a complacent Anglican ignorance which wraps everything north of the Tweed in its contented folds, and to which Scottish affairs—especially Scottish Church affairs—are as blank as the Australian desert. He had none of this. He knew Scottish history—particularly Scottish Church history—better than most Scotsmen. He had the keenest sense of the humour, the shrewdness, the kindness, of Scottish character. "You know well," writes one who

was much with him, "how he enjoyed Scotland, appreciated the Scotch clergy and the people; and Sir Walter Scott amused and delighted him to the last." "Find 'Guy Mannering,' and let me take the taste out of my mouth," he said not long before his death, after looking rapidly through the three volumes of a dreary modern novel, which some one had strongly commended to him. During the last weeks of Lady Augusta's illness he beguiled some of the heavy hours by reading "Old Mortality" aloud. Sometimes, overcome with the thought of the approaching calamity, he would burst into tears, and then take up the book and go on again.

He rather scandalized the Scottish Pharisees by emphasizing, in his Edinburgh lectures, the services rendered to religion by Walter Scott, and by Robert Burns, "the prodigal son of the Church of Scotland." He delighted in any tale of Scotch superstition, any scrap of folk-lore, any anecdote illustrating the national peculiarities, social or theological. Such an aspiration as that of the old Free Kirk minister, "Oh! that we were all baptized into the Spirit of the Disruption," was to him as a chord of quaint music to the ear of a master—disclosing a new harmony, and to be stored in memory for future use. A ghost story told him "in the dreary autumn of 1877, in the dark woods of Rosneath," emerged, in the October *Fraser* of 1880, as the text of the narrative of an original and exhaustive historical quest and discovery, as an explorer of legend and relic ever undertook.

The General Assembly always was an object of great

interest to him; he studied its "overtures," and read its debates, and one year he attended its meetings. He was impressed with the fairness with which the Assembly listened to a long and aggressive speech, altogether out of accord with the opinions of the majority. "I should not have been listened to half as patiently in Convocation," he remarked. From the Established he went to the Free Assembly, when some wild man from the north was fulminating. "I saw Habakkuk Mucklewrath," was one of his comments thereafter—delivered with the bright smile and quick confidential intonation that pointed his humorous sentences. "The honorary member of all religions"—"the chief Nonconformist in the Church of England"—as aggrieved Sacerdotalists would sneeringly describe him, liked nothing better than to show his catholicity by preaching in Scottish pulpits. He once even attended a United Presbyterian "soirée" somewhere near Broomhall; and, in fact, exhibited a light-hearted disregard of priestly conventionalities and pomposities which made the Scotch prelatists, with whom he never allied himself, wring their hands in horror.

Stanley was a loyal son of the Church of England, but to him her reformation was as dear as her catholicity; nor did he regard her catholic character as determined by her form of government. A bishop was, in his eyes, a useful church functionary and nothing more. He used to congratulate himself that, as the successor of the Abbots of Westminster, he was independent of the whole bench of bishops. It was,

perhaps, this personal independence, as well as his love of liberty, of free discussion, and of popular rather than priestly government in the Church, that led him to cultivate such close relations to the Church of Scotland, and especially to those of its clergy who might be called Broad Churchmen. His sympathy with that party, combined with his wish to do justice to the principles which he believed the Presbyterian Church had represented in the past, and with his desire to bear his testimony, at a critical time, to the worth of the national establishment, prompted the delivery of his lectures on the Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh, in 1872. The lectures are not without faults; but no more impartial and comprehensive sketch of Scotch Church history was ever limned; and the necessity and success of his vindication of unpopular "Moderatism" was attested by the noisy violence of the resentment which greeted it.

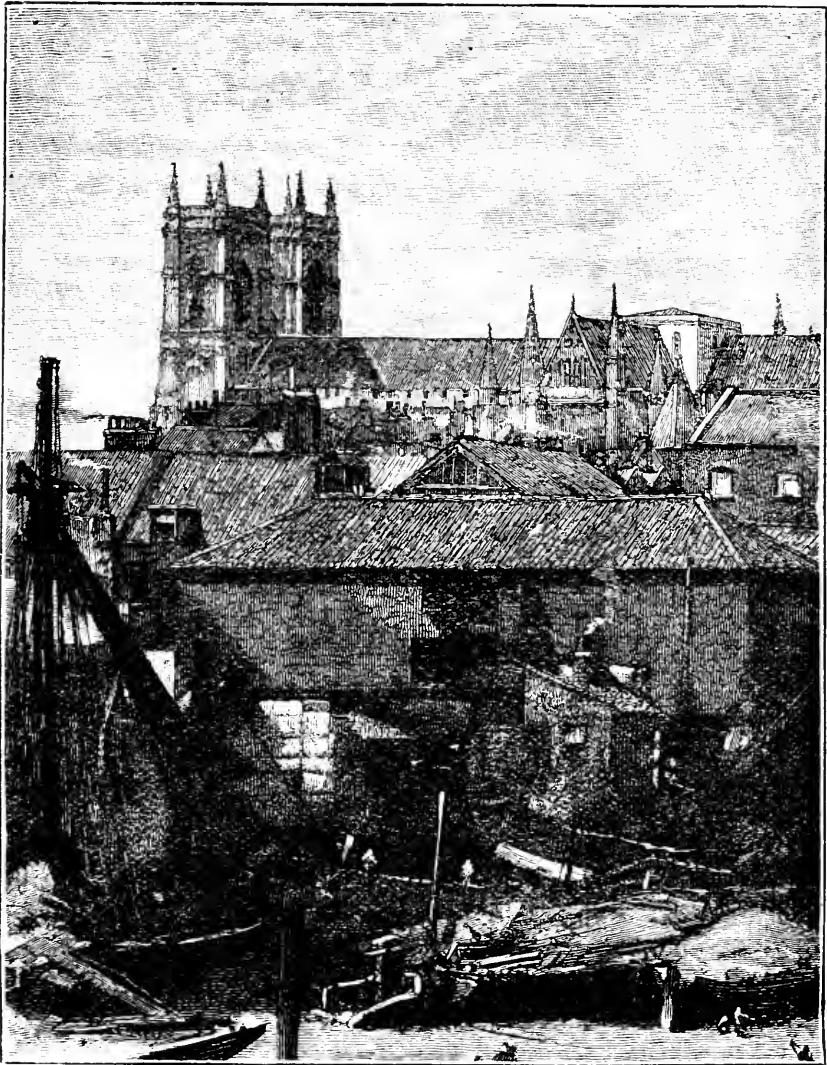
"I hope to publish the lectures immediately"—he wrote—"that is to say, as soon as the printers can get through the mass of illegible MS. that I have sent." The sentence recalls one of his characteristics—a most deplorable handwriting. Worse penmanship—more scraggy and inscrutable—could not be imagined. He used to admit, pathetically, his failures in this department, although never willing to acknowledge blame if it could be laid on some one else. I once received a letter from him a week old, and that had travelled far and wide ere reaching me at 69 Inverness Terrace, W., to which he had addressed it.

“Try Holloway Road” had been added by some ingenious official. I sent the Dean the envelope as a curiosity, and he wrote back—quite ignoring the illegibility of his “Inverness Terrace”—“I see that my address was right, as far as it went; ‘Holloway Road’ was added by the postmasters.” I remember his telling us, at the Sons of the Clergy dinner in Glasgow, how the “Halo of the Burning Bush” had come back from the printers transmuted into the “Horn of the Burning Beast.”

How full and varied was his fund of anecdote, narrative, reminiscence! One recalls the vivacious rapid utterance—the eye now beaming with sympathy, now twinkling with humour—the mobile mouth, with its patrician curves—the delicately sensitive and eager face, that in graver hours or in earnest talk grew so solemn—so impressive, with the dignity of lofty thought and feeling. Some men, in anecdote and narrative, always suggest *quorum pars magna fui*, and obtrude their own personality. The Dean knew better; and especially in relating incidents of his unique experience, of which few, if any except himself, had any cognizance, he showed a happy knack in imparting what was of interest without involving names or secrets. His reticence was as remarkable as his memory.

As one looks back on him, the “study of imagination” gets thronged with pictures, that pass gently before “the eye and prospect of the soul,” recalling that slender figure, “that good grey head,” that beau-

tiful countenance, amidst the old familiar scenes that shall know him no more for ever—in the pulpit of



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

the choir, or at the reading-desk in the nave, as in the summer twilight he pronounced, in his tone of

trembling earnestness, his benediction of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding;" among the chapels and the monuments, the tiny centre of a listening ring of visitors—often of working-men—to whom he is imparting the lore of the mighty Abbey; in the Deanery, in quiet talk in his study, or in rich and versatile colloquy at his table, in those bright days when the gracious presence, that he was so proud of, shed its charm on all; at St. Andrews, in the old library, on the evening of his installation, searching out each of the students for a word of talk, and at last resting by the table, in the centre of the room, and saying, with an air of satisfaction and relief, "Now, I think I have spoken to every one;"—all now but a vision and a memory.

It is good to have known so beautiful a character. In speaking of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, the Dean once said, "There are not a few to whom that attenuated form and furrowed visage seemed a more direct link with the unseen world than any other that had crossed their path in life." There must be many who feel how truly this might be repeated of himself. He was one of the few men whose transparent moral goodness, purity, simplicity, united to intellectual strength, seemed to others to be a guarantee of the reality of that better world of serener air, in whose high regions the pure forms dwell, "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call Earth."

The end of the noble life came sooner than we



had hoped; but the frame wanted vital force to repel the sharp attack of disease, and when Bishop Fraser made that pathetic appeal to the congregation in the Abbey—"Pray for him, good people, while prayers may yet avail"—he was already passing gently under the shadow of death. "The doctors had desired him not to speak, and with his usual wonderful patience he obeyed them," we are told; so there were but few last words. Among the broken sentences that the watchers by his side caught up were these: "As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution." "The end has come in the way I most desired it should come. I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly happy—I have not the slightest misgiving." "I always wished to die at Westminster."

The friends beside him desired to join in the Holy Communion with him, ere he went, and Canon Farrar administered it. When he was about to give the blessing, the Dean took hold of his hand, and signified that he should wait; then slowly, but quite distinctly, he himself pronounced the Benediction. Before midnight of the same day—Monday, July 18—he had passed away.

On the following Monday, in the afternoon, he was carried to his grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel. The

Queen, to whom, and to whose family, he had long been a faithful friend and adviser, had ordered that he should be laid in that royal precinct, beside his wife. The only directions he had himself given about his funeral were, that among his pall-bearers should be a clergyman of the Scottish Church and an English Non-conformist, and that the Abbey should be open to the people, whose interests he had served so well, and whom he had taught to reverence that venerable sanctuary, as the symbol and the guardian of the religion and the greatness of the nation. Dense crowds surrounded the church and filled the nave—numbers of them, evidently, poor and humble people who came there to mourn a true friend. In the choir and the chapel were others, to many of whom his sympathy and brotherhood had been a staff in their pilgrimage; some whose highest aspirations and endeavours after human good had found their sanction in his approval; some to whom, in days of trouble and unfriendly solitude, the Deanery had been a home—the sacred point of their horizon; others who, amid doubts and unrest, had found in his life and words a stimulating example and a “ministry of reconciliation.”

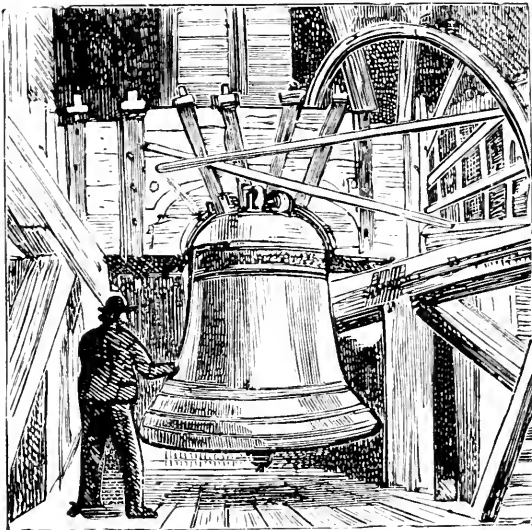
Princes, nobles, statesmen, prelates, ambassadors, men of letters, of science, of art—men of many phases of opinion and belief, of many ranks and classes—united in one reverence and sorrow, followed his bier. The coffin was lowered into the same grave as his wife's, and the flowers that covered it almost hid the plain

inscription: "The Very Reverend Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster; second son of the Right Rev. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. Born Dec. 13, 1815; died July 18, 1881."

Those who have known him can never forget the "man greatly beloved." His guardian spirit will always seem to haunt those aisles and cloisters; his voice to echo among those arches. The place he filled will remain a blank, whose void can never be supplied. The high ideal of a free and noble and pious life will always be linked in tender affection with his memory. In no one else can we hope again to see, as in him, the consummate flower of the Christian culture of this age.

R. H. STORY.



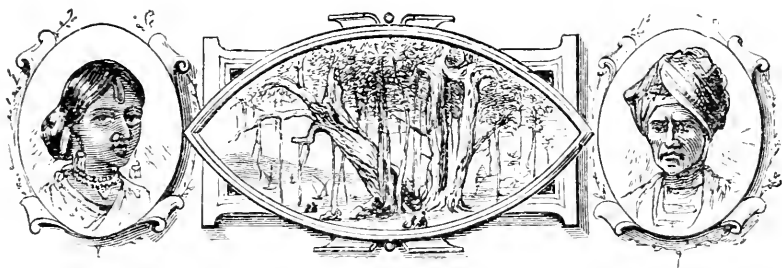


OLD TOM AT OXFORD.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

“The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?”

IN MEMORIAM.



## FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

**I**N the year 1810, Mrs. Michael Maurice, the wife of the Unitarian minister at Normanstone, near Lowestoft, was sitting with a friend who had casually called on her, when through the open door of the room there entered a little boy of five years of age. He betrayed no shyness, such as children often do, at the presence of a stranger, but neither was there a touch of forwardness. It was a natural thing for him to go where his mother was ; and the sweetness of temper suggested by his bright and artless face showed neither fear of intrusion nor desire of obtrusion. He carried in one hand a flower brought in from the garden, and in the other a biscuit just given him as he passed through the kitchen. The lady visitor was of a somewhat quizzical turn ; and seeing the child approach

the open door with a treasure in either hand, she whispered to his mother, "Children always give up what they least care for : now we shall see which he likes best." Then she said aloud, "Frederick ! which will you give me, the flower or the biscuit ?" But without an instant's hesitation, he eagerly held out both hands, saying, "Choose whichever you like."

This was Frederick Denison Maurice, the future teacher of religion and morality. The incident was characteristic. It showed the child as "father of the man." For the man who grew out of this child was far more distinguished by goodness than by genius. He had an eager mind as well as a loving heart ; but the activity of his intellect was always directed much more by his affections than by cold judgment. He made few, if any, distinct additions to the range of human thought or knowledge ; and the phrases he occasionally imposed upon himself and mankind as substitutes for thought were only a passing fashion. But the temper with which he inspired theological study and controversy is a permanent blessing to the universal church. His insistence on the sacredness of national life, and on the need for its inspiration by religion, was a much needed protest against the too secular temper of modern politics. His noble service to the working-classes must always be remembered with gratitude. But he did not pretend to have solved any perplexing questions, either of trade, or wages, or the relations of capital and labour. What he did was to bring high ideals of life within the reach





FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*



of the humblest, and to organize means of popular culture in the shape of workmen's colleges. He was a conspicuous illustration of Neander's words: "Pectus est quod facit theologum," "It is the heart that makes the theologian." All his interpretations of creeds, all his expositions of doctrine, all his readings of church history, were dictated, not by his intellect, but by his profound sympathy with the patriarchal appeal, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

This predominant moral impulse of life is capable of taking many forms. It may make a man dogmatic, as in the case of Calvin, or domineering like Cromwell, or scornful like Carlyle. But in the case of Maurice this moral impulse took the form of a meek subordination of self to a divine right and divine truth greater than he could define. Through very reverence he was smitten with stammering in thought, even when his speech was most flowing and fervent. His humility made him grateful for ancient creeds and authoritative formulas of the Church, because such documents put into words what he would not have dared to define. But his unspeakable ideals of goodness and truth led him to force into these documents many strange and even startling interpretations, such as they had never been supposed capable of bearing. Yet in doing this he was conscious of nothing but a devout desire to subordinate his own understanding to the transcendent majesty of the divine will and the divine law. In particular he was most anxious not to judge others

or to judge for them. When in the fulness of mature life he was almost embarrassed by the burden of spiritual treasures for the dispensation of which he was responsible, he had no notion of prescribing the order or mode in which they should be received. Like the child out of whom he grew, he held out full hands to his friends and said, "Choose which you like."

The incident mentioned above is not the only one worth recalling from the story of an interesting and beautiful childhood. The family life into which he was born on August 29, 1805, was peculiar, and in some respects uninviting. His father had entered the Unitarian ministry before its Presbyterian traditions had quite died out. His grandfather had been a dissenting preacher and farmer of evangelical opinions, but of so broad a charity, that he declared his hatred of "toleration," on the ground that when we affect to tolerate opponents we assume an air of superiority to them. Michael Maurice, the father, was educated at Hackney College as an aspirant to the orthodox ministry. But at twenty-six years of age, in 1792, he became assistant to the celebrated Dr. Priestley, who, after his shameful persecution by the mob in Birmingham, removed to the old "Gravel Pit Chapel" in Hackney.

On Priestley's departure to America Michael Maurice went to Yarmouth, where he married Priscilla Hurry, the daughter of a merchant in that town, and afterwards, in 1801, settled at Normanstone. Here he

added considerably to his income by taking pupils. There were three daughters born before Frederick. Two of them, the first and third, must have been very remarkable children; for they first converted their governess from orthodoxy to Unitarianism, and then, on changing their own opinions, they re-converted her from Unitarianism to Calvinism. At the same time the mother was passing through phases of faith which culminated in a painful resolve not to listen any more to the preaching of the man she most dearly loved. The decision did not stop here; for the dogmatic sisters differed among themselves, the eldest girl joining the Established Church, while the two younger joined the Baptist denomination, and for a while attended the ministry of John Foster.

Thus during Frederick's boyhood he had much opportunity for studying the significance of a "house divided against itself." And yet it was only theologically divided, not in affection or moral sympathy. The father indeed at one time made a greater trouble of these differences than might have been expected from his own easy indifference to creeds. But he appears to have got over it; and though the son has himself written that, "those years were to him years of moral confusion and contradiction," the loyal attachment he always showed to his home could only have been nourished in an atmosphere of domestic affection.

Meanwhile Michael Maurice had removed his family in 1813 to Frenchay, near Bristol. Here the boy's

education was begun by his sisters' governess and proselyte, and carried on by his father. He is described by a surviving cousin as at that time "a bright intelligent boy, at times grave, and often sitting on a shelf in the book-closet, taking down first one book and then another." But the buds of character put out in that early spring-time were far more those of moral beauty than of mental brilliance. The singleness of eye described in the Gospel was so manifest in him that his father met all little complaints about him with the words, "I am sure Frederick has the best intentions." A nurse, commonly called Betsy, once offered him a plum from a tree in the garden, but she never forgot the consequences. Wide-eyed and erect he looked at her, half in amazement, half in pity, and, solemnly addressing her by her Christian and surname at full length, "Elizabeth Norgrove!" he exclaimed, "I did think you would have known better than to do that, and would have remembered that mamma wishes us never to have fruit except she gives it us herself."

This incident by itself would perhaps have an unpleasant suggestiveness of childish sanctimony. But the impression is corrected by other incidents redolent of boyish playfulness and courage. His cousin, Dr. Goodeve, of Clifton, used to recall with pleasure a raid across fields made by himself in company with Frederick Maurice and another companion, when they were all under fifteen years old. Presently they were confronted by an angry bull, from which

they found a precarious refuge on an embankment in the middle of a large meadow. "There we were safe enough, but completely besieged; the savage beast continuing to pace round us, apparently ready to rush upon any one who came within his reach. Time wore on; and night approaching, we began to feel that Frederick's mother would grow uneasy at our absence—a matter about which he was always exceedingly sensitive. It was resolved therefore that one of us should make an attempt to procure assistance, whilst the others endeavoured to divert the bull's attention. Drawing lots was talked of, but Frederick insisted on his right as the oldest to lead the forlorn hope. The scheme was successful; but the quiet undaunted way in which he retired, facing the bull (who followed him all the while), and slowly bowing to it with his hat at intervals—according to a theory he had on the subject—till he could make a final rush for the gate, was worthy of all admiration."\*

The idea of touching the heart of a bull by bows of solemn courtesy suggests a boy of quaint and old-fashioned character. And this suggestion is amply borne out by a very extraordinary letter written at the still earlier age of ten, and addressed to his eldest sister. If we call the letter extraordinary, it is not because of any precocious talent it shows; for it displays nothing of the kind, unless some signs of keen attention and retentive memory. But it is so long

\* "Life of Frederick Denison Maurice," edited by his son, vol. i. p. 40.

that few boys of ten would have the perseverance to stick to it through the repeated sittings it required. The subject also, a kind of *précis* of the proceedings at a Bristol meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, is one on which not many boys would care to expend much labour, while the style is that of a newspaper reporting hack at the age of sixty.

“At first Mr. Protheroe took the chair and opened the meeting with a very appropriate speech, stating the reasons why the meeting was called, his own opinion in considering both institutions\* as connected with the same important end, the temporal and eternal welfare of all.” It is interesting to note that Robert Hall addressed the meeting, but his weak voice failed to reach the young reporter, for all said about the speech is that, “though good judges say it was one of the best they ever heard, we could not hear; I will not therefore pretend to delineate it.” The more Boanergean oratory of the Rev. William Thorpe left a sentence vibrating in the memory of the boy, who retails with evident pleasure a rhetorical platitude about “that cause for which a Hampden and a Russell bled, that which inspires the breast of a true-born Englishman, and without which man is placed on a level with the beasts of the field.”†

It is clear from what has already been said, that the influences under which Maurice's earlier years were passed were not favourable to the Established Church,

\* *I.e.*, the Lancasterian and National Societies.

† “Life,” vol. i. pp. 35-37.



nor indeed to any cheerful views of religion. His mother, after adopting strict Calvinistic views, believed herself predestined to everlasting misery, but pathetically hoped that her son might be one of the elect. He, however, was oppressed by the same cloud of superstition. At the age of sixteen or seventeen he speaks of himself as "a being destined to a few short years of misery here, as an earnest of and preparation for a more enduring state of wretchedness and woe."

But about this time he found access to a larger circle than that of his earliest days. As he seemed excluded from a clerical career he began to think of the law; and the new friends to whom he was introduced for the furtherance of this purpose opened up to him a world of religious thought, the very existence of which seems to have been unknown to him before. "Where is your authority," asks a lady correspondent of this date, "for regarding any individual of the human race as *destined* to misery either here or hereafter?" It is very strange, but it appears to be true, that he now, for the first time, began to realize what a gross contradiction there was between his mother's gloomy superstition and the belief that "God is Love." But when once he fastened on this and the divine righteousness as the base line for all farther thought, the course of his religious development was decided. All the rest was natural growth, though affected of course to a certain extent by the peculiar circumstances of his childhood and youth.

The wider world, opened to him by the new friend-

ships of this period, led him to desire to find his way to the bar through one of the great Universities. No difficulty was interposed, and at the end of 1823 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He afterwards migrated to Trinity Hall, as the latter was considered to offer the more appropriate avenue to the bar. But he never gained any great University distinction, though he made a deep impression on friends such as John Sterling, and on tutors such as Mr. Ebden, of Trinity Hall, and Julius Hare.

At the end of 1826 he left Cambridge, intending to pursue his legal studies in London. He left without a degree; and the reason why he did so was that though he much preferred the Anglican Church to any of the various sects whose conflicting claims distracted his early years, yet he did not see his way to adopt entirely the formularies of that Church. But at this period the Universities had not been thrown open, and it was absolutely necessary to sign the articles in order to obtain a degree either in mathematics or in law.

No passage in Maurice's life illustrates better than the records of this year the anxious conscientiousness with which he regarded all professions of religious belief. As his desire to join the Anglican communion grew stronger, he wrote from London to Mr. Ebden "to ascertain what degree of consent and adherence to the doctrines and formularies of the Church he would have to profess in order to admission to the degree"\*—*i.e.*,

\* From a letter of Mr. Ebden quoted in the "Life," &c., vol. i. p. 72.

of LL.B. The explanation sent in reply did not remove his difficulties. His name was still on the books of Trinity Hall, and its retention for a time might prove of considerable advantage, as he was considered a very likely candidate for a Fellowship. But when he received Mr. Ebden's answer as to the meaning of subscription, he wrote at once to have his name taken off the books, on the ground that there was no probability of his being able, conscientiously, to fulfil the required conditions.

But Mr. Ebden felt it a duty to expostulate. "I suggested," he says, "that as he was still eighteen months under the five years' standing necessary to the degree, it might be well for him to pause in his determination; that further search and thought might lead him to different conclusions; and that without any mean or sordid motive, he might well hesitate before renouncing the advantages of a complete University course. His answer was prompt, and in that high, pure, and noble spirit which ruled his whole life, whatever might be the intellectual phases of his mind. He directed that the step of cancelling his name on the College books should be taken instantly; for whatever his opinions might eventually be, he would not hazard their being influenced by any considerations of worldly interest."

This correspondence is most important for a just estimate of Maurice's character, and of the nature of his ultimate attachment to the Anglican Church. Churchmen indeed for the most part need no such evidence. Believing as they do that their position is the true one,

they cannot wonder that a young man brought up on a mixture of Unitarianism, Calvinism, and Methodism should have been attracted by the truth just in proportion to his candour and sincerity. But outsiders who are equally convinced that *their* position is the true one, have sometimes had a difficulty in believing that Maurice was drawn over solely by conviction from the Rationalism of his father to a hearty acceptance of the Prayer Book, Articles, and Athanasian Creed. They have even suspected that a youth who between seventeen and twenty was made suddenly to realize the enormous social disadvantages he was suffering through the nonconformity of his parents, might naturally have a wish to be convinced of the apostolic authority of a Church which threw open to him a wider and brighter world. But this correspondence shows that the young man was keenly alive to the danger of such a temptation, and manfully on his guard against it. The truth would seem to be that his reception into the Church was delayed rather than facilitated by the obvious advantages it offered.

Notwithstanding this caution and watchfulness over his own motives, Maurice's scruples were entirely removed within two years from the date of his correspondence with Mr. Ebdon, and he began to turn his thoughts distinctly towards a clerical career. The interval was but little occupied by legal studies. He wrote for the *Westminster Review*. He edited the *London Literary Chronicle*, and afterwards the *Athenæum*. He also wrote a novel, "Eustace Conway,"

which attracted some attention. But, on the whole, it was apparent that his gifts did not fit him for a purely literary career. Perhaps he made a little more way as a writer than as a student of law; but this is not saying very much. The truth is, his powers were moral and spiritual rather than intellectual; and he had not discovered his true vocation.

During this brief period of literary journeyman-ship he went little into society, but his company and conversation were eagerly desired by a few choice friends, such as the Sterlings, father and son, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Roebuck, James Silk Buckingham, and others of similar mental enterprise. He joined a debating society frequented by some of these friends, and the first speech of his to which we have any reference was made at one of the meetings. His mention of it in a letter to his mother is curious, as anticipating one of the great troubles of his life—the accusation of unintelligibility. “The subject,” he writes, “was one on which I have thought a great deal: the disadvantages of competition between the two new Universities;\* but I did not succeed in making myself intelligible, and was accused of being very metaphysical, which was far from being the case.” The metaphysical tendency here repudiated was greatly stimulated by his devotion to Coleridge. Indeed, though Maurice himself emphatically disclaimed the title of “Broad Churchman,” there can be no doubt that it was the

\* *I.e.*, London University and King’s College; the latter of which, however, did not become a “University.”

philosophy of Coleridge distilled through the mind of the former that chiefly inspired what is called the "Broad Church" school of religious thought.

About this time his father lost a good deal of money, and this circumstance threatened to interfere with the son's ultimate aspirations. As a matter of course, young Maurice was anxious, not merely to spare his father any unnecessary expense, but also to obtain some immediately lucrative employment, such as might enable him, in case of necessity, to assist his parents. The latter had removed to Southampton, in the neighbourhood of which town they remained for the rest of their days. Fortunately the need did not become as acute as was at first apprehended; and partly by his own exertions, partly by favourable arrangements secured through Dr. Jacobson and others, he was able to fulfil the project he was now forming.

He desired to renew his University career, with the purpose of fitting himself to become a clergyman. He was urged to return to Cambridge, and to become at once a graduate; but he preferred to become an undergraduate at Oxford. Accordingly, he went to Exeter College, and thus obtained the advantage of a double University education. At Oxford he formed the acquaintance of some distinguished men, including Arthur Hallam and Mr. Gladstone. What is called the Oxford Movement was then commencing; but it does not seem to have had much effect upon Frederick Maurice. The only aspect of it with which

he was likely much to sympathize was its earnest devoutness. Its insistence on external forms could hardly have much attraction for a man whose one aim in life was to lay hold of some innermost mystical reality which always eluded, if not his grasp, at any rate his power of exposition.

In 1831 he resolved to be baptized as a member of the Church of England. This is somewhat strange, if, as we presume, he had been in infancy baptized by his father. For Michael Maurice, we are informed, had never abandoned the orthodox formula of baptism: "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Of course the father was, in the view of ecclesiastical authority, merely a layman; but we have always understood that lay-baptism, if administered in due form, is recognized by ecclesiastical authority as sufficient in case of necessity. But, be that as it may, Frederick was baptized again, and thereby signified his anxious desire to be lacking in no condition of communion with the Church.

Soon afterwards he took his degree with a second class, and proposed to continue at Oxford for a time as a private tutor. But in 1832 he received an invitation from Mr. Stephenson, of Lympsham, to go and reside with him, in order to see something of practical parochial work, while he prepared for orders. Of this suggestion he took advantage, and not long afterwards received an offer of a curacy at Bubbenhall which gave him a title to orders.

He was ordained January 26, 1834, and his answers

in the previous examination were very characteristic. For instance, in response to a question requiring him to specify "some of those erroneous and strange doctrines which on his admission to the priesthood he promised to banish and put away," he mentioned amongst others the following: "The doctrine that men are more anxious to attain the knowledge of God than He is anxious to bring them to that knowledge:" "The doctrine that it is possible for the perfect God to behold any one except in the perfect man Christ Jesus; or, that it is possible for man to behold God except as revealed and manifested in Him." It is clear from the latter answer that the young candidate for orders had already definitely formed within his own mind the doctrine that all men are rooted and grounded in the eternal Son.

Soon after taking orders he entered for the first time into the arena of theological controversy, with his well-known pamphlet entitled "Subscription no Bondage." The views he enunciated showed that love of spiritual paradox which characterized him all through his life. He argued that so far from subscription being a limitation to freedom of thought it was the only condition on which real freedom could be enjoyed. Some critics have regarded this as an instance of sheer perversity. But it was not so. He thought he had observed in his early experience that teachers and preachers, who are professedly unbound by any creeds or articles, are inclined to be much more rigid in insisting on their own standard of orthodoxy than



are the defenders of an authoritative creed. This is probably the case; but Maurice himself afterwards came to feel that it affords no sufficient justification for the imposition of creeds on students entering at a university.

Another instance of his fondness for spiritual paradox is seen in his treatment of the feelings proper to the reception of orders. To an inquiring friend, he wrote that so far from regarding a painful sense of utter heartlessness and lovelessness as a discouragement, he came to feel this particular trial as "a more sure witness to him of an inward call . . . . than the most pleasant feeling, the most affecting sense of Christ's love could have been." His explanation is that God does not depend upon our feelings, that He is distinct from all the emotions, energies, affections, sympathies in our minds, the only source and inspirer of them all. A grasp of this truth was in the view of the writer the peculiar necessity of this age. The experience of personal defect in feeling might stimulate a grasp of this truth, and hence his justification of the paradox. But after all is said the reader can hardly help feeling that the truth might well have been put in a less paradoxical shape.

We have now traced the somewhat devious and certainly unusual course of outward influence and inward reflection by which the child of a Unitarian father and Calvinistic mother was formed into a devout clergyman of the Established Church. It is not

our purpose to sketch with any detail his after career. On leaving Bubbenhall, he was appointed chaplain to Guy's Hospital. Here he added to the usual duties of a chaplain two lectures a week on Moral Philosophy. The earnestness of his character soon made itself felt, and the advocates of a Churchmanship equally removed from Romanism on the one hand and Methodism on the other began to see in him a future champion of their views.

In 1837 he married Anna Barton, a younger sister of John Sterling's wife. Having alienated Dr. Pusey by his views on baptism promulgated in a series of letters to a Quaker, which were afterwards collected under the title "The Kingdom of Christ," he had the pain of finding that his ideas were just as little acceptable to the "Low Church" party. His wife encouraged him in an independent course. He could not allow that baptism wrought a magical change; but, on the other hand, he insisted that it was the recognition of a divine sonship to which every child is born by reason of the headship of Christ. "If you only act on your conviction," said his wife, "that Christ is in every one, what a much higher life you may live; how much better work you may do!" It was this conviction that animated him always. After six years of such noble companionship as these words suggest, he had the sorrow to lose this brave wife. His second wife, who survived him, was Miss Hare, half-sister of the Rev. Julius Hare.

In 1839, the discontent of the millions left un-

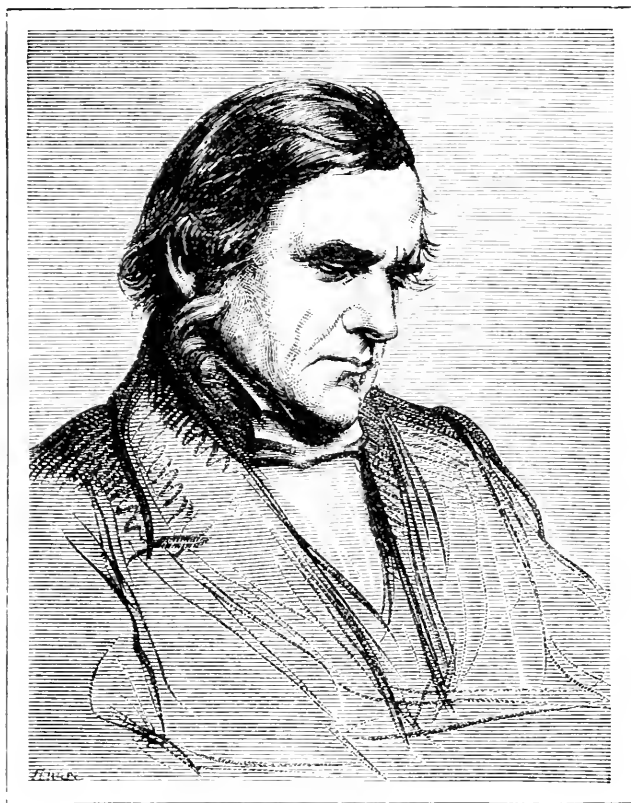
enfranchised by the great Reform Act began to assume an almost threatening form. In the same year the system of Government inspection began to be applied to public elementary schools. Maurice perceived clearly the connection between popular discontent and popular ignorance, and began to give eager attention both to the schemes of Chartists and to the controversy that soon grew up on the question of national education. On the latter subject he delivered a course of lectures that attracted a good deal of notice, and the position he assumed was characteristic. While some contended that the education of the people should be entirely in the hands of the clergy, and others maintained that it should be wholly unsectarian, he pronounced in effect that both sides were wrong and both were right. The Church should undoubtedly educate the people; but the Church should prove itself to be unsectarian by the comprehensiveness of its teaching, and by its scrupulous tolerance of Non-conformist objections to the Catechism and Prayer Book. As to Chartists and Socialists, his idea was that the clergy should meet them as brethren, and should satisfy them that whatever was true and valuable in their views was a part of the gospel of Christ.

In 1840 he was appointed Professor of English Literature and Modern History in King's College, London, where Dr. Jelf was Principal. This was the beginning of a long series of difficulties, occasioned by his courageous persistence in the enforcement of broad

and tolerant views. True, he never allowed himself to be nick-named as a "Broad Churchman;" and, so far as the title implies rationalism, it certainly was not applicable to him; for a more scrupulously orthodox clergyman never lived. If his opinions on the nature of eternal life somewhat startled ecclesiastical authorities, he maintained with great show of reason that he was more punctilious than they were in bowing to Scripture and antiquity. Still, his main principle of Christ's living headship over all humanity compelled him to regard all human affairs as the proper subjects of religious influence. Thus some of his clerical critics thought that he mixed up things sacred and secular too freely, and he was especially subject to reproach for daring to meet in a sympathetic manner with Socialists and Chartists. It was his theological views, however, not his political associations, which brought matters to an issue at King's College.

It is unnecessary to repeat the story. It is sufficient to observe that Mr. Maurice finally lost his position in the College because he held that a true interpretation of the word "eternal" did not exclude hope of some final redemption for the lost. He was not what is called a "universalist." He was not at all sure that every one would be saved at last. Still less did he believe in the annihilation of the impenitent. He simply insisted that neither eternal life, nor eternal death, has anything to do with duration either finite or infinite. The one means life in God, the other alienation from God. This, at least, is the most

practical way of stating his idea, though of course it implies certain metaphysical conceptions of eternity and time, which it would be out of place to discuss here. It seems almost incredible that, within the life-



F. D. MAURICE.

*From a Drawing by S. Lawrence.*

time of the present generation, an earnest and devout clergyman should have been condemned for venturing so reverently and humbly to hope in God's mercy. It was characteristic of the man that, modest and retiring as he was by nature, he refused to resign, because he

believed that his duty to the Church and to humanity required him to throw the responsibility for his expulsion upon the authorities of the College.

This event, which happened toward the end of 1853, was the occasion of a striking demonstration of the affection and gratitude felt for him by the working-men of London. During the whole period of his professorship at King's College he had taken a warm and active interest in all efforts for the peaceful and orderly defence of the interests of labour. The co-operative movement had his entire sympathy. He recognized the moral value of trades' unions as an educational discipline. While strongly opposed to all revolutionary methods, he believed that the socialistic ideas of the time had some elements of truth which were recognized in the New Testament, and which the Church should try to work out. Stirred, therefore, by gratitude for the wise influence he had exerted over them, a number of representative working-men presented to him an address on his expulsion, and set forth in very plain terms their amazement at the condemnation of a man who had given them better thoughts of Christianity than most of them had imagined it possible they could entertain. His response was fresh devotion to their service. In 1854 he founded the college in Great Ormond Street, which led to the establishment of similar workmen's colleges all over the country.

Already in 1848 he had taken a leading part in founding Queen's College for the higher education of women. Its chief purpose was to secure the better

training of governesses ; but its influence has extended to the whole domain of female education.

In 1846 he became chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1860 incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street. In these positions his highest work was accomplished. His sermons being illustrated by his life, had a weight and force inexplicable from their language or ideas. He was not lucid ; he was not logical ; but his hearers felt that in him there was struggling for utterance a faith larger than any creed, and a life deeper than any opinions. The present writer remembers being overwhelmed by the ringing earnestness with which the prayers were offered in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. Well was it said of him, though he scrupulously confined himself to the Prayer Book, that "he did not read prayers—he prayed."

What had been his inspiration all his life remained his strength in his dying hours. In the early months of 1872 he succumbed to the exhaustion produced by labours too great for his strength. On Easter Day the end was not far off, and as he listened to St. Luke's account of the journey to Emmaus, Mrs. Maurice, thinking of her approaching loss, almost unconsciously repeated the words "vanished out of their sight." "Yes," he said, with characteristic paradox, "'vanished out of their sight,' which means that he abides with them for ever." Looking out of the window from his bed upon the passengers in the street, he said : "All those men who are walking there, with their doubts and thoughts, whether frivolous

thoughts or earnest doubts, want a friend to join himself to them, and bring them out; not to quench the doubts, as I have too often done." When the power of speech was departing, he paused in the middle of an indistinct utterance, made a great effort, and slowly, distinctly said: "The knowledge of the love of God—the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you—amongst *us*—and remain with us for ever." Those were his last words.

· HENRY C. EWART.



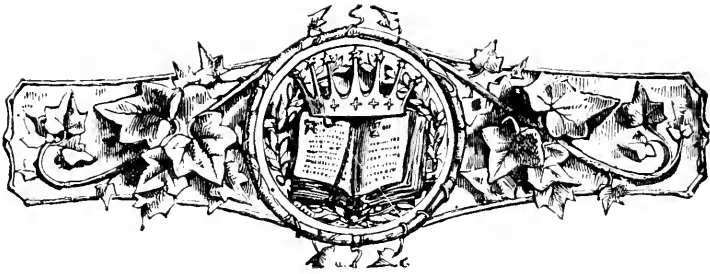
LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.



ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

“ Be not amazed at life ; 'tis still  
The mode of God with His elect  
Their hopes exactly to fulfil  
In times and ways they least expect.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.

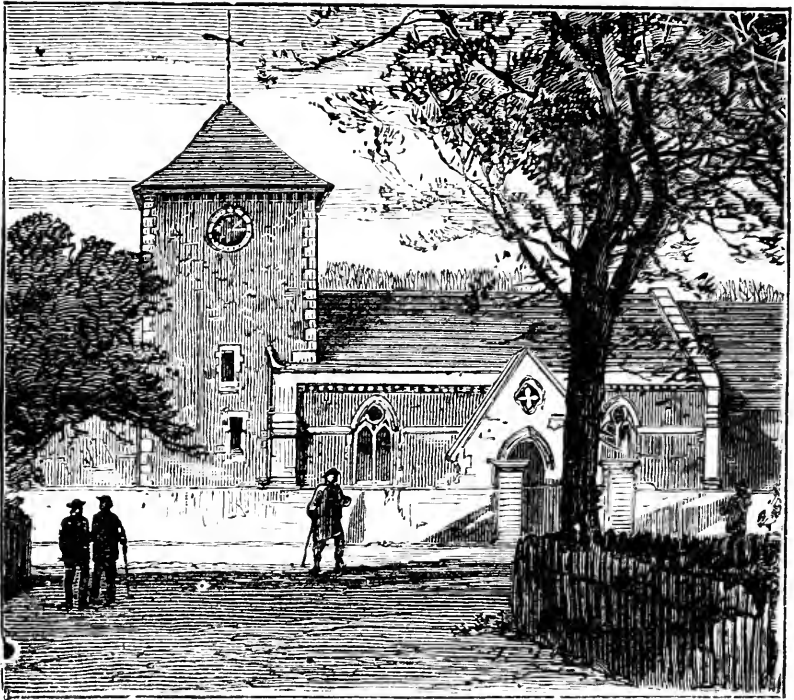


## ARCHBISHOP TAIT.



T noon, on Friday, December 8, 1882, the little churchyard of Addington in Surrey, was thronged with several hundred sympathizing spectators. During the whole of the previous day snow had fallen heavily, and many had made their pilgrimage under no small difficulties to the little Surrey village, lying, as it does, at some distance from any railway station. Patiently and sadly they waited amidst the wintry scene, under a leaden sky, while, starting from the park, a long funeral train, including two royal princes and some faithful servants, followed on foot a simple bier, almost hidden under a profusion of white flowers, through the gardens and down a stately avenue to a private gate in the churchyard wall, close to a newly-opened grave lined with evergreen leaves and fringed with garlands.

It was the burial of Augustine's latest lineal successor, Archibald Campbell Tait, ninety-second Archbishop of Canterbury, who died about three weeks before his seventy-first birthday. He was born on the shortest day of the year, 1811, the youngest child



ADDINGTON CHURCH.

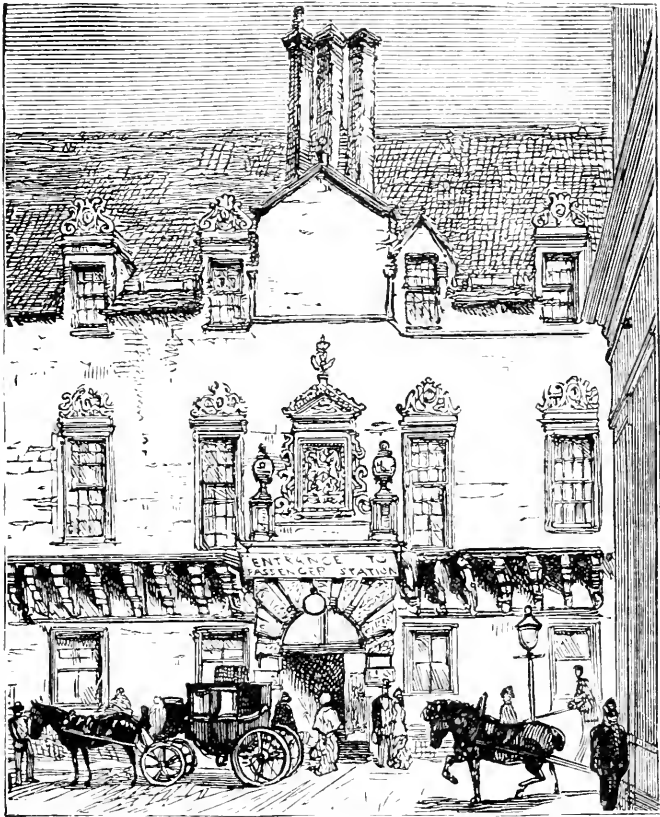
of Mr. Craufurd Tait, of Harviestoun, in the county of Clackmannan, and of Susan, daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., of Succoth. A portrait of Sir Islay, over the fireplace in the dining-room at Addington, is considered by some to bear a strong family likeness to the late archbishop. For the earliest education of his

boyhood he was indebted, in common with some other distinguished men, to the High School and the Academy of Edinburgh, and at a later period to the University of Glasgow. A Scottish "University man" need not necessarily be older in years than a sixth-form English schoolboy; and this was the case with young Tait, who was only nineteen years of age when a "Snell" exhibition carried him southwards, and launched him into the midst of Oxford life at Balliol.

To these Glasgow days belongs probably a story often told by his eldest brother, Sheriff Tait, who lived to witness his youngest brother's installation, at Canterbury, as Primate of All England. The brothers were on a visit to London, and their sight-seeing included the House of Lords. When the party entered the chamber young "Archie" Tait asked the attendant where the Archbishop of Canterbury usually sat. The seat being pointed out, he straightway planted himself in it, saying, "Here I mean to be one day." The daring youthful ambition of the Glasgow student reaped its fulfilment in the enthronement of the first Scottish Archbishop of Canterbury on the 4th of February, 1869. But some high steps were to be climbed before the historical marble chair of St. Augustine was reached.

Young Tait's answer to the Master of Balliol, when asked why he had come to Oxford, was as prompt as it was prophetic—"To improve myself and to make friends." In both ends he succeeded. Scholar, Fellow, and tutor of Balliol, First Classman

and Public Examiner, it is true of him, all through every stage of his varied life-journey, that he made friends, and never lost one when made. To the end



THE OLD COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

of his career a warm personal friendship and cordial affection existed between him and men who differed widely from him on important questions. Of these Oxford days one of the leading clergy of the diocese of Canterbury writes thus: "His photograph now before me is really not so different from the face to

which it carries me back in 1833. He was about two years before me in standing, and I have as freshly as ever before me the face and the voice which was to me as one of my youth's beacons, stern and strong, yet so genial, amidst the shoals of Oxford life."

From his own death-chamber, as it proved, Archbishop Tait sent a kindly message to the venerable Dr. Pusey only a few hours before the death of the latter. This reminds us of Mr. Tait's first public act in connection with the Oxford movement with which Dr. Pusey's name will always be associated, and of which in its earliest stages Mr. Mozley, in his "Reminiscences of Oriel," has lately presented us with some interesting word pictures. It was in the year 1841, memorable in the history of the Church of England during the present century as being marked by the publication of the famous Tract XC., the work of John Henry Newman. The author is said to have been profoundly amazed at the convulsion which he created. Dr. Pusey, in a preface to a re-publication of the Tract in 1866, also states that when he first read the Tract he was "surprised at the excitement." But the excitement was genuine, and the flame burnt fiercely. The first note of indignant expostulation and alarm was sounded in a letter, almost as famous as the Tract which evoked it, sent to the editor of the series, and signed by four Oxford tutors. The last of the four signatures was that of A. C. Tait, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College.

With the immediate after-history of the "Tractarian"

movement, however, we are not concerned, for the Fellow of Balliol who put his name to the letter was in the next year called away to a wider field of usefulness. He had entered his deliberate protest as a teacher in the University, whose duty it was to



BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

instruct young men in the doctrines of the Church of England, and he was not again called into the forefront of that particular part of the battle-field, until his consecration to the See of London in 1856 brought him once again face to face with some later phases of the Rome-ward revival.



In 1842, as we have said, he left Oxford, having been elected Head Master of Rugby. For no man, however eminent, would it have been a light matter to succeed Thomas Arnold. None, we may be sure, felt this more deeply than the young Tutor of Balliol. To be called to the government of a great public school, when its fortunes are at a low ebb, and which is existing only on shadowy memories of by-gone glories, is well fitted to put a clever man on his mettle and call into active exercise his highest abilities. But to step into the empty place of a successful administrator on the very top of the flood of his success is an enterprise from which not a few men would naturally shrink. How well Dr. Tait fulfilled the delicate task the annals of Rugby School in its continued and increasing prosperity amply testify. Foremost among the devoted personal friends who followed his bier down the great avenue in Addington Park were men of mark who had worked under him as their honoured chief at Rugby, and old pupils, the first step towards whose success in life dates from their sixth-form days in the Library over the gateway of the Rugby quadrangle.

Of those old pupils, school-house, or sixth-form, who up to the end of his career were ever welcomed with a kindly greeting and cordial grasp of the hand from their old Head Master, the name is Legion. "I never thought Tait would have remembered even my name," has many a time been the gratified remark of some old Rugbeian, wondering at the accuracy of the

Bishop of London's, or Archbishop's school memory. During those eight years the future ruler of men was being well trained in the lesser world of schoolboy character. One characteristic instance of this may be given. At Rugby, as readers of "Tom Brown's School-days" may remember, a curious institution called "shirking" had existed, as in some other public schools, since antediluvian days. Briefly it consisted in this: when boys in the Lower School, being "out of bounds," happened, unfortunately, to meet a "Præpostor" (or sixth-form boy) the etiquette was sternly enforced that they must make a pretence of backward flight. The sixth-form potentates themselves would probably have thought it little short of sacrilege to touch the ark of the time-honoured observance. The Head Master determined dexterously to make it the work of his forty sixth-form lieutenants themselves. Sending for the head of the school, the "primus inter pares" of a powerful school oligarchy, he took him into friendly council, and bade him summon his comrades of the "Upper Bench," and arrange with them the best way of carrying into effect and notifying the contemplated change. The dignity of the Sixth-Form was maintained, and, after some faint expostulations from the more conservative of the body, the ancient custom died a natural, albeit a sudden death, without any further word from the Head Master. One, at least, of the actors in this little drama of old Rugby days has sometime since found occasion, in conference, and congress, and committee, vividly to picture to



ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT.

*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*



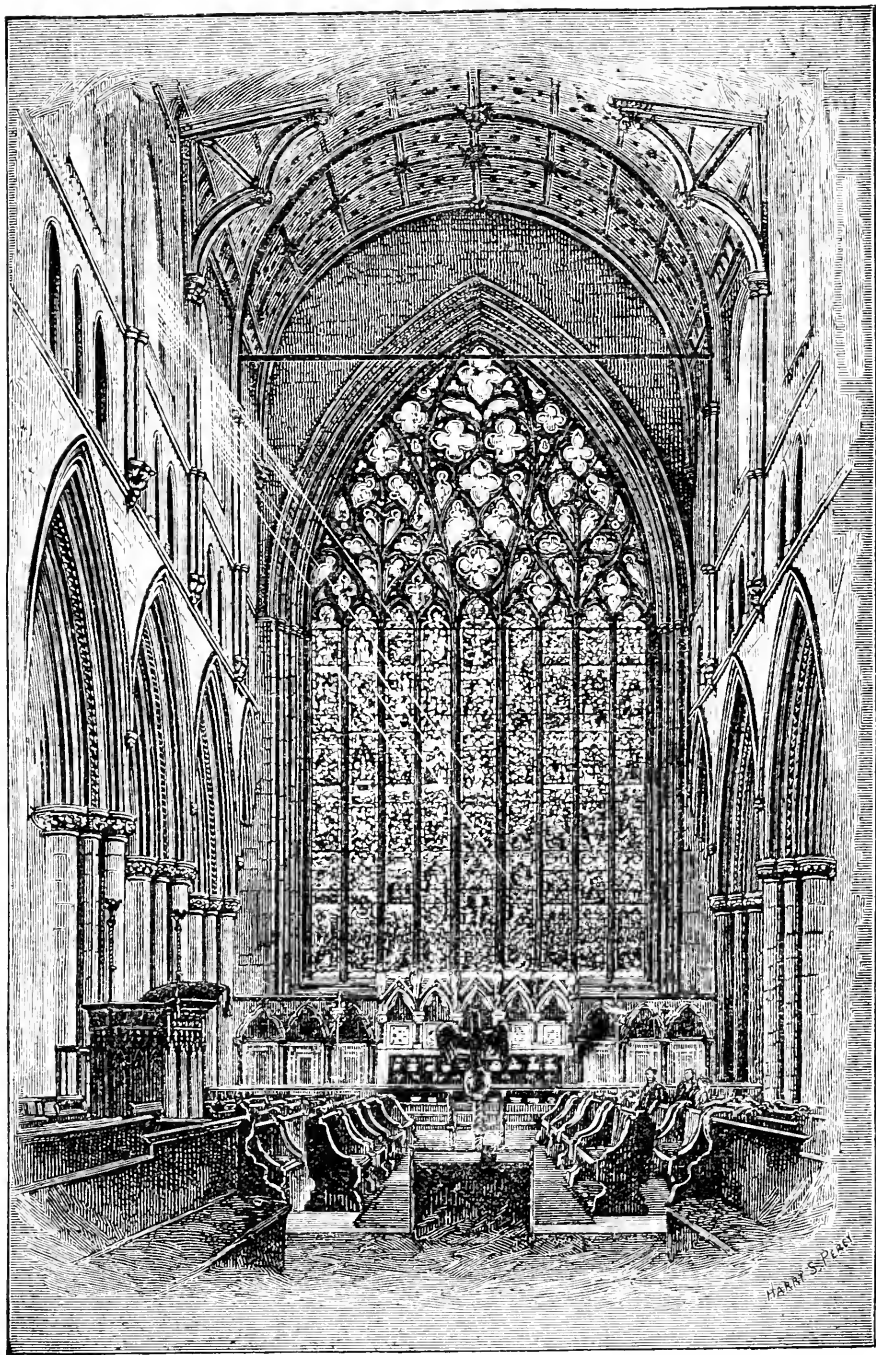
himself this far-back scene in the school career of his old master and lifelong friend.

Within the first year of his Rugby mastership were struck the first chords of a happy wedded life, fruitful in many years of united Christian usefulness, to the tender melodies of which, in its almost dramatic variations of sorrow and of joy, he has himself, with a boldness which deserved and ensured success, invited the public ear to listen. The volume "Catharine and Craufurd Tait" was, in the absorbing interest of its composition, the grateful solace of the chill winter of his great desolation four years before his death, and the sympathetic welcome with which it was everywhere greeted was the best answer to those who, on his behalf alone, had dreaded so unusual and so thorough an unveiling of the sacred inner sanctuary of a bereaved heart and stripped life.

In 1850 Dr. Tait was promoted to the Deanery of Carlisle. That a man under forty should be made a dean seemed to some a singular shelving of a vigorous character for which much more congenial work might have been found. But the new dean soon proved that in hands determined to find work for God, a deanery need be neither a sinecure, nor even necessarily a peaceful backwater of learned leisure beside the rushing torrent of nineteenth-century energy. Within the cathedral and outside its walls the border city of Carlisle soon felt the undoubted impress of a life which under no possible circumstances could ever have been content to be idle. Many an old friend or

pupil, who had halted on his way northward or southward, brought back to the great world outside reports of the late Head Master of Rugby's usefulness and popularity amidst his new surroundings. How at the close of that northern cathedral life the dark clouds of a terrible bereavement gathered, and in six weeks five beloved children were swept out of the earthly home by scarlet fever, is known to all who, in the volume named above, have read a Christian mother's touching story of a bitter life trial, which set its seal upon the very faces of the sorrowing parents for many a long year to come.

It was God's own special preparation for His own higher work. The thick cloud still hung heavily over the desolated home, when the welcome sun-gleam of new duties to be faced in a wholly untried field of labour broke upon the Carlisle deanery. Whether or no their irremediable loss, as is believed, touched the spring which moves high preferment, none can doubt that the humbling and chastening discipline of such a sorrow fitted them for it when it shortly came in unexpected shape. On November 23, 1856—he noted the exact day, twenty-six years later, as he lay awaiting the final summons at Addington—he was consecrated Bishop of London, upon the resignation of Bishop Blomfield, who lived on at Fulham until his death in the next year. The long illness of that eminent prelate had left its unavoidable fruit of large arrears of practical detail, with which none but a Bishop of London in the flesh and in health could



CHOIR, CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.





properly deal. Until London House could be made ready, he occupied a house in Lowndes Square, and the pressure of accumulated business in a limited space, of never-ceasing personal interviews, of immediate advice to be given on unaccustomed subjects, of endless letters to be written, can hardly be imagined by any who were not actual eye-witnesses of at least one of these earliest busy London days.

But in due time London House was made ready, and shortly afterwards the greater liberty and comparative retirement of Fulham enabled the Bishop boldly to face, and manfully try to overtake, the almost superhuman task which such a See as that of London presented to his practical and work-loving temperament. None can doubt that upon the twelve years of his London episcopate he left, deeply impressed, the mark of earnest, self-denying, and successful exertion, culminating, for the benefit of his successors, in the successful establishment of the Bishop of London's Fund, and the London Diocesan Home Mission. Often, almost as a rule during the busiest months of a London season, after a heavy day's work, and the almost inevitable evening spent in society, or in preaching at a distance from home, he would be found, with his chaplain, writing letters well into the small hours of the morning. "Let us," he would say, "just clear out this letter-basket, before we go to bed." A working example begets like workers. He had the rare power of stirring up others to a willing multiplication of labour. "The sacred prin-

inciple of delegation," as with a playful smile he often



IN THE GROUNDS AT FULHAM.

called it, became in his hands a powerful lever of extended and laborious usefulness. When he chose

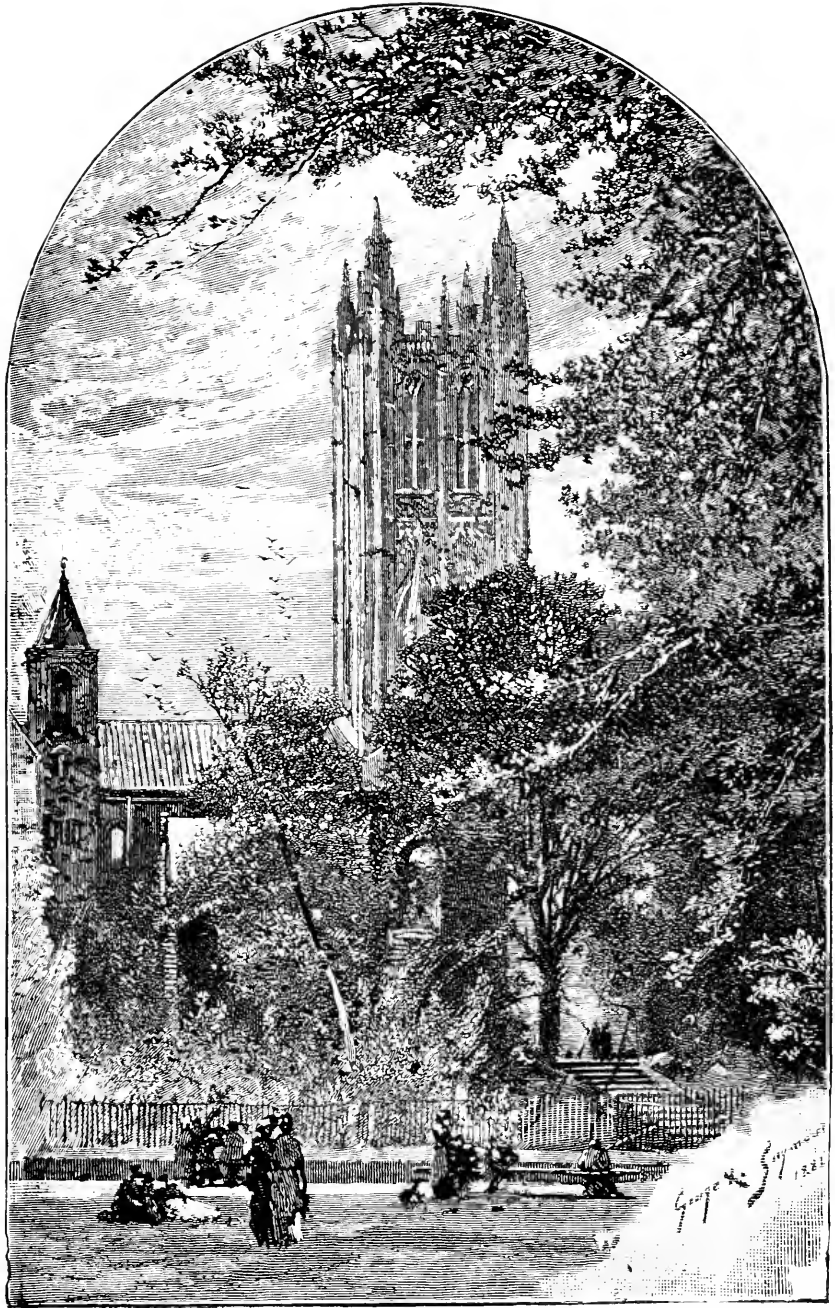
an instrument, he preferred to trust him, in matters of detail, for the carrying out of any particular work entrusted to his hands. No leader of men was ever more generous in his confidence, and few leaders have been more faithfully loved and more loyally served by those to whom his confidence was thus largely accorded.

But the shadows of this active life, spending itself in unceasing toil for Christ, were already beginning to lengthen, and we must pass on to the last and most important stage of all, upon which for fourteen years he played the part in which Archibald Campbell Tait will be best remembered.

Archbishop Longley, honoured and loved, died in the latter end of the autumn of 1868. On Thursday, February 4, 1869, his successor, the first Scottish Primate of All England, was enthroned in the stately Metropolitan Church of Christ in Canterbury. At that time no steps had been taken towards warming the great building, and Dean Alford had charitably and characteristically advertised in the daily papers the exact degree of low temperature to which the congregation would be exposed. But in spite of so seasonable a warning the interest of the city and neighbourhood in their new Archbishop was not to be daunted, and a vast concourse assembled to behold him "inducted, installed, and enthroned" by Archdeacon Harrison, acting as proxy for Archdeacon Croft (then near his end), "into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the See of Canterbury, with all and

singular the Rights, Dignities, Honours, Pre-eminences and Appurtenances thereof.”

The fourteen years of Archbishop Tait's Primacy make up a period in the annals of the Church of England of singular interest and importance. The disestablishment of the Irish Church in the very year of his enthronement brought him to the front at once as the chief representative of the National Church in the great council-chamber of the nation. Since that day of conflict sufficient time has elapsed, and enough of the dust and smoke of battle has cleared away from the battle-field, to enable us fairly to estimate the wisdom of the course which he judged it best to pursue. It is possible that some ardent spirits may still be found who think that the Primate of All England should have actively protested against the Bill, and fought out a losing battle to the bitter end. But such, it may fairly be said, is not the deliberate judgment of the vast majority of Christian politicians. It is acknowledged, even by those who wish he had acted otherwise, that his resolute attitude was instrumental in obtaining for our sister Church, thus suddenly assailed, a far larger share of endowment than would otherwise have been saved in its downfall. Nor did his warm interest in the after fortunes of the Church of Ireland cease with his parliamentary advocacy of what he regarded as its just claims to consideration. In meetings held afterwards in Lambeth Palace he strenuously urged upon all members of the Church of England the brotherly duty of generously



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



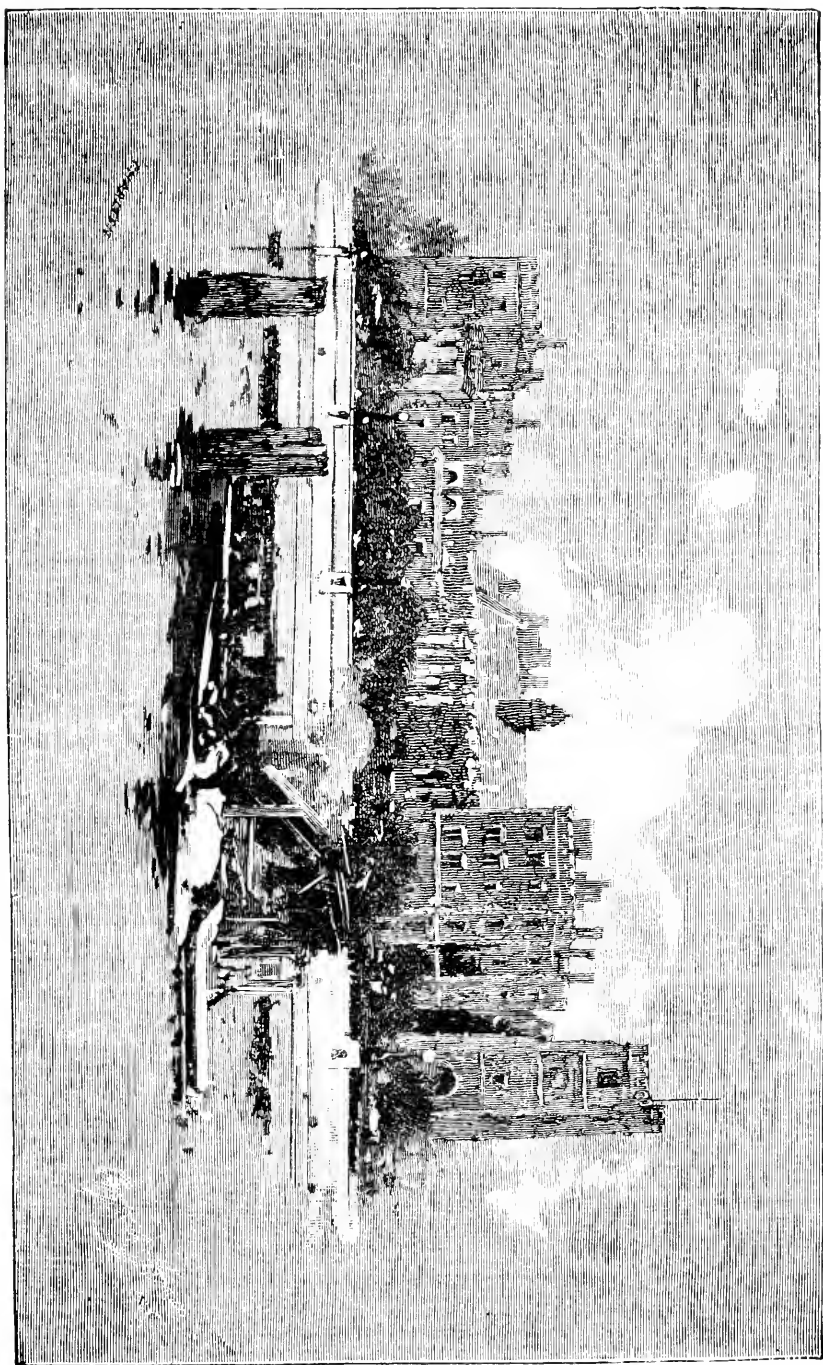
aiding their Irish brethren under their many difficulties.

In matters nearer home, wherever he believed that a definite and real grievance existed on the Nonconformist side, he was always strongly of opinion that no mere fear of possible contingencies ought to be allowed to stand in the way of an abatement of the grievance. The Burials Act of 1880 was an instance in point. His views were shared by many, and not the least influential of the English clergy. But none knew better than Archbishop Tait that a large majority of the parochial clergy, who were personally most immediately affected by the proposed opening of their churchyards, were very strongly opposed to the measure. Against the views which he held he received constant, sometimes angry expostulations, often from persons from whom he was sorely grieved to differ on such a point. At one of his Diocesan Conferences, held in the library of the Dean and Chapter at Canterbury, a clergyman, holding only a temporary cure in his diocese, thought it consonant with good taste to request permission to delay the regular and appointed business of the Conference, until a resolution proposed by himself should have been discussed, virtually censuring the conduct of the Archbishop himself with reference to the Burials Amendment Bill! Never did the gentleness and patience for which the good Primate was eminent shine out more brightly than in the happy way in which, as chairman, he contented himself with simply stating that it was advis-

able that the business should go forward on the lines already laid down, without admitting any fresh subjects of discussion.

It is scarcely too much to say that Archbishop Tait occupied, if he did not to a considerable extent create for the dignified office to which he was called, a wholly new position, as the acknowledged head of English-speaking Christendom. In the first Lambeth Conference of Bishops in 1867, under Archbishop Longley's primacy, he took a prominent part as Bishop of London. In the second Conference of 1878, the whole Colonial and American Episcopate ungrudgingly recognized at Lambeth the unique vantage-ground, and admirable qualities, essential to any personal and visible centre of Anglican Church unity. None but an eye-witness of the continuous stream, yearly increasing in volume, of public and private Church business, which of late years has poured its rolling waves into Lambeth from all quarters of the globe, can properly appreciate the actual position which Lambeth at this moment occupies towards the religions of the world. The whole of our Anglican Colonial Churches, with their almost yearly growing catalogue of Sees, consider themselves privileged to turn their eyes and stretch out their hands hither for counsel in difficulty, the choice (it may be) of a bishop, or the like. Oriental Churches, rightly or wrongly disowned by their more "orthodox" neighbours, not ashamed to appeal wistfully to England for sympathy and support, find in the Primate of All England the natural recipient of their claims and





M. G. P. 1841

LAMBETH PALACE FROM THE RIVER.



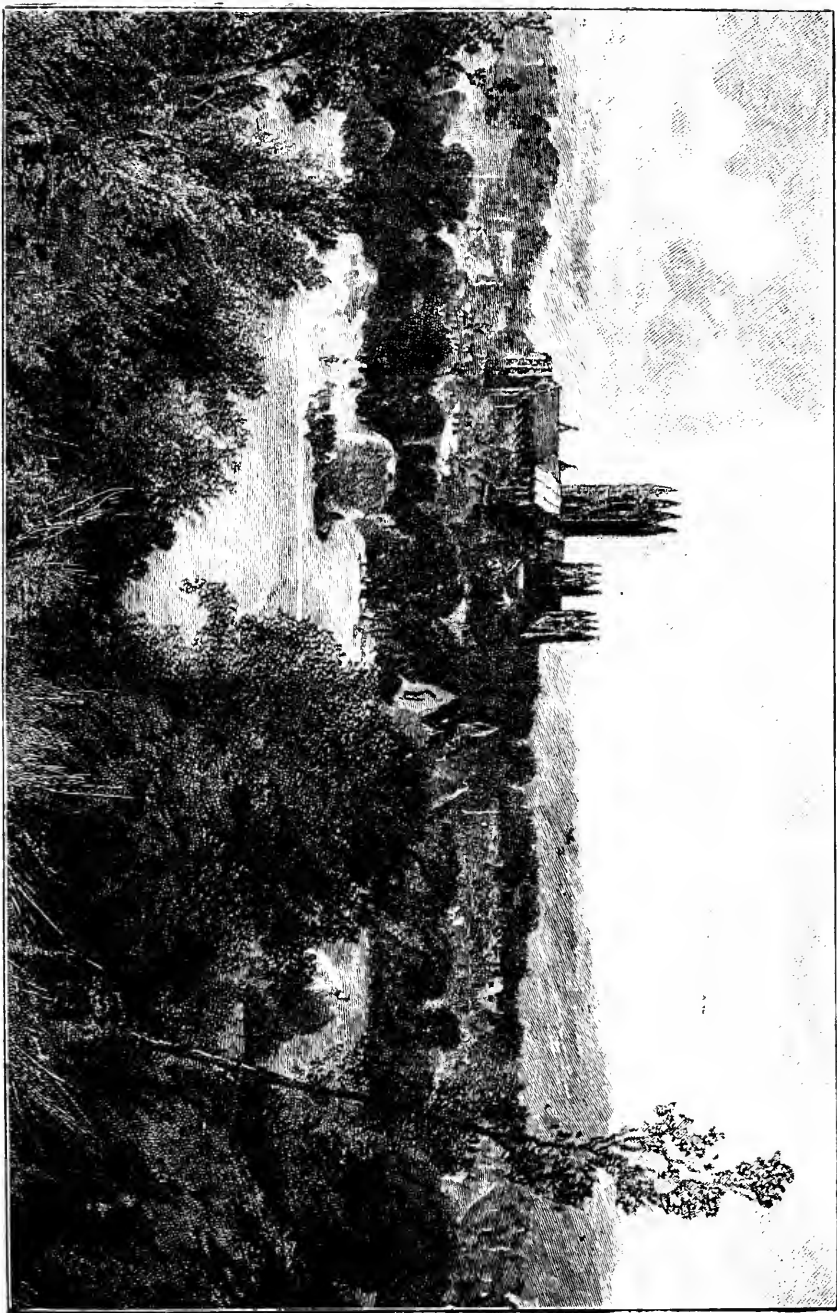
necessities. Is one of our great Church Societies perplexed and anxious as to a question difficult of solution in some quarter of its extended field of work? The Archbishop of Canterbury must be invoked for the loosing of the tangle. It would be easy to multiply instances, proving how the modern facilities of postal and personal intercourse have combined, with the present amazing revival of Church life in all departments, to throw upon the occupant of Augustine's Chair a burden of responsibility, not lightly to be refused, absolutely unknown to his predecessors in that metropolitanical throne. "The See of Canterbury," the Bishop of Durham truly said in his weighty Visitation Charge, spoken a few days after the Primate's funeral, "in strong and vigorous hands has been something more than the Primacy of all England. It has proved the Patriarchate, not indeed in name, but in effect, of a vast aggregate of Anglican communities scattered over the continents and the islands throughout the world."

This world-wide Patriarchate found its legitimate and most interesting expression in the remarkable scene in Canterbury Cathedral, which formed the appropriate prelude to the Lambeth Conference in the summer of 1878. The historical marble chair, the throne of Ethelbert, the Sedes of Augustine's See of Canterbury, was placed for the occasion on one of the steps of the famous eastward ascent beyond the Presbytery. At first it had been arranged that the Archbishop alone should be seated, while the forty bishops,

English, American, and Colonial, as well as the members of the Cathedral body, might more conveniently stand during his brief allocution. "What!" he exclaimed, when this was explained to him, "this will never do! It will be Augustine and the Welsh bishops over again."\* This happy reference to Bede's well-known story settled the question, and chairs were found for the bishops on the same marble flight of steps. Then followed the address, dignified and solemn, welcoming the visitors, and closing with a few words of touching gratitude to his "brothers from across the Atlantic" for their kindness to "one very dear to me last autumn." His only son had lately returned from a visit to the States, to die just a month before. "And now," he added, "let us fall to prayer." And the evening service began.

We have seen what Archbishop Tait was to the Church and to the world. A few words remain to be said as to what he was in himself. There is a Christian humility perfectly consistent with that Christian self-reliance which underlies true strength of character. He was both humble and self-reliant. The simplicity of his genuine belief in the working power of prayer was undoubted, pervading every detail

\* A Celtic Church existed in Britain before Augustine came to convert the heathen English. The Bishops of this Church hesitated to acknowledge Augustine's supremacy; and their resentment of what seemed to them the haughty tone of the new-comers, prevented for a long time the reconciliation of the old British and the new English Church.



CANTERBURY FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



of a daily life, throughout which he strove to walk in the footprints of a living, personal Saviour. To strangers he sometimes seemed constrained, reserved, even stern in manner. But the true man was widely different. His remarkable social charm and playful wit, innocent always of sting to wound, came often like a fresh revelation upon new friends and acquaintances, from Balliol days to Lambeth. Quite up to the end this characteristic charm and playfulness would at times flash out like bright sunshine through the clouds of his sorely chastened life. Of the great double sorrow which fell upon him in the evening of his days, he has himself told the story in the same volume which spoke of his earlier life sorrow in the Deanery at Carlisle. Those who were nearest to him in daily intercourse know that on Ascension Day and Advent Sunday of 1878, in the loss of son and wife, "the wheel was broken at the cistern." It may be doubted whether all through the remaining four years he had for himself any real wish to live. But it is not many who would have reason to believe it. His never-failing unselfishness and genial courtesy made him rouse himself in company, and exert himself to take a lively interest in things which interested others.

So, with such strength as was left to him, he laboured on, patiently, prayerfully, hopeful as always in the welfare of the Church entrusted to his charge, until at the end of last August, the Angel of Death, who long had hovered near, laid a cold hand upon his

heart. Some weeks later the hopes of those who loved him, and of all who laid great store by so valuable a life, were raised by what proved to be a last effort of the singular recuperative powers of his constitution shown under former attacks of severe illness. But it was only a brief Martinmas summer of deceitful promise, and in the middle of November it was evident that the last reserves of health were now all but exhausted.

During the week preceding Advent Sunday, knowing that his time was short, he quietly made all his last preparations for crossing the river which lay between himself and the many loved hands stretching out towards him from the farther shore. Some personal friends, at his own request, came for a few last words of farewell, and a last affectionate grasp of his hand. On the evening of Thursday, St. Andrew's Day, he summoned up a wonderful vigour of voice in a solemn prayer of blessing over the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Kennion), consecrated that morning, by commission from himself, in Westminster Abbey. On Friday a gracious message of true-hearted sympathy from the Queen roused him to see the lady who came on so kind an errand, and to write with trembling hand, a few piteously illegible words of grateful response.

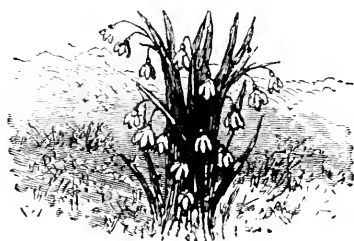
From that time onwards, till the messenger of a higher Sovereign came with his summons, he lay conscious, and for the most part in no great pain, on the mysterious borderland of life and death.

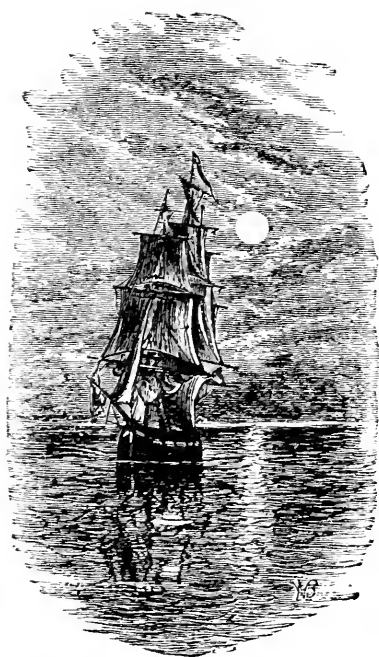
On Advent Sunday, December 1, four years before,



his wife had passed to her rest. And so now, on December 3, 1882, just as another Advent Sunday morning light was feebly creeping in at the window of his chamber, he left his living children, praying around his bed, to enter into the brightness and rest of the eternal day. Gently and painlessly his spirit passed into the silent land within the veil, there to be, with wife and son and the other children, together, and for "ever with the Lord."

E. DOVER.

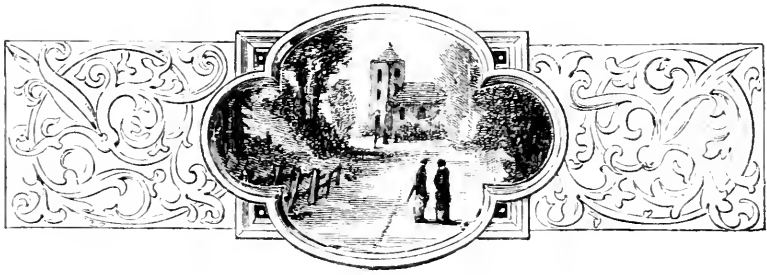




BISHOP FRASER.

“ For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.”

LONGFELLOW.



## BISHOP FRASER.



WHEN a boy rises to a bishopric, the ways of mother, aunts, schoolmasters, and school-fellows all rise out of the oblivion of common life into public view, and the secret forces operating in a million other lives than his become exposed to public judgment.

James Fraser was a boy of fine wholesome spirit, good to look at, and pleasant to hear "whistling about the house." "When I ask him if it is not time to begin his lessons," his aunt said to a friend, "his answer is always the same—'Oh, I finished them long ago!'" Lessons first, whistling afterwards; that was his rule. He was no book-worm, loved the fresh air and people, and was an everlasting talker. He was a round rosy-faced, good-natured boy, stuck to his lessons, liked rabbits and dogs, was fond of picking

mushrooms and of long walks, and thought raised veal pies "very nice." His tastes were never those of a precocious boy. He was indeed rather "young of his age," but he was always genuine.

Most genuine was his sonship. When he was fourteen years of age his father died, and from the day when they all returned from the grave, he was, as best he could be, a husband to the widow; and till that widow's death, forty years afterwards, he never ceased to be the stay of her life. In his college days he abstained from all his greatest delights for her sake. Chief among his pleasures was to ride on horseback after the hounds at a "slapping pace;" yet he refrained so long as it was his widowed mother's income which must bear the cost. All Oxford was not as much to him as his mother and her comfort: her satisfaction in him was an ample set-off against his associates' ridicule. His passion for horses began in his boyhood, when he delighted to see the "Quicksilver" mail go by his home, awe-struck and delighted as he reflected that it did its one hundred and seventy-six miles in eighteen hours! Things that did their best were glorious. From the first day after widowhood to the last breath she drew, James Fraser's mother knew nothing but joy in her healthy, wholesome son. He was a good brother too, and was the admiration of onlookers for his careful, unselfish interest in all the family, of which he was the eldest child.

His cleverness was boyish cleverness. He was true to his proper sphere and age, and never grew into that

moral deformity, an old head on young shoulders; much less did he turn his young head into a book depôt. It was a human head, grasping the problems of young humanity with that same naturalness and earnestness which was to make him famous when his manhood had brought him abreast of manhood's questions, and made his labours natural and delightful to himself and of high value to his country.

To be boyishly loyal to a widowed mother, to deny himself high delights because the means of producing them could not be obtained without somebody else's sacrifice, may seem little things, far away from any promise of grandly filling a bishopric; but it is just in fidelity to the divine idea in such "little" things that there is alone the promise of fidelity "in much." When Christianity rules the appointments of Church and State, only such as delighted to do right by family surroundings and school comrades will ever be chosen to fill seats of responsibility. No abilities, no acquirements can atone for the lack of "a good and honest heart," and this is not obtained at universities—it is the product of the home.

He added to a fine disposition a clear head, a strong memory, and a good judgment. "His grandfather," writes his aunt, "is constantly exclaiming what a nice lad James is." "We never had a pleasanter boy in our house," said Mrs. Rowsley, his schoolmaster's wife. "I take one penny publication called the *Penny Cyclopædia*, which is to be completed in seven years," he writes, "and a twopenny one, *The Thief*. . . . They

are very cheap. Mr. Rowsley recommended them strongly. I send you a copy of my will. . . . As this will meet the eye of Aunt William, I must tell her that she put me up no soap, tooth-brush, nor powder, which I have been obliged to buy. . . . I have covered all my books with brown paper. . . . We have had snow here, and a great deal of snowballing, from which I caught a cold, which I have at present. . . . I believe this is the longest letter and the biggest sheet I ever wrote on, and having exhausted my news I must conclude . . . hoping you are in better spirits than when I saw you last, and that John and Edward are industrious at school." Such is his letter at sixteen years old.

At seventeen, his name was entered at Balliol, but he went into residence at Lincoln, where he read conscientiously, and was rigidly economical, though of an extremely social temperament, while economy was rare amongst his companions. He neither gave parties nor went to them, and though decidedly fond of good dress, gave no play to his tastes. His supreme consideration was that mother at home, whose slender means were so taxed, until a fellowship had been won, to furnish him with the bare necessities of his college life. The self-restraint of loyalty to her, first learnt and practised in his humble nursery, served him well at Oxford, as it did all through life. It was this which gave him his early place among the admirations of his kindred, and this prepared him to win the affection and reverence of the great city of Manchester. Life is marred or made



by the first spirit that is put into it. College bearing is but the fruitage of the discipline of the nursery, and the relation of the child to the mother. The thrift which he grew up to teach by precept and example to the poor of villages and cities, he acquired before he gave his account to his mother of his monthly expenditure of a penny on the *Cyclopædia*. And he did it all of joy.

“He was light-hearted,” says a fellow-student, Mr. Froude, “I used to think him even boyish.” Dean Church, then tutor of the college, where Fraser at length won his fellowship, said that “his thought was young rather than absent.” “So it always remained,” says Mr. Froude.

His first living was at Cholderton, “a snug little place,” where his first scheme was to build a school. To its nice parsonage-house his mother came, and from that day to the day of her death she ever after lived under her son’s roof. Here he had a curious series of troubles through the squire objecting to have people “sitting behind him” at church, “breathing on his back.” He was one of those gentlemen who have made void the saying, “The earth is the Lord’s,” unless is meant by it the landlord’s. Land, and church too, were made for him, and he had given a few cottages for the children of men. So far did he go in his contention about his back not being breathed upon by the clodhoppers of the parish, that he threatened rather to throw the church into Chancery or to build another where he could worship by himself, if he could not

have a square pew made, with a door to it, and where nobody was behind him. The young incumbent could hardly have had a better crown to his collegiate term than a few years of study of this old-fashioned and by no means rare master of the destinies of England's village people. Such a tutor taught him something of pastoral life more practically valuable than he had found in the measures of Homer; and little English Cholderton meant more to his future than classical Troy, for he was every inch a man and a brother, absorbed in humanity and its welfare, not in scholarship, antiquity, and books.

As a man, Mr. Fraser began to urge on writers in the *Times* whom he met to try to recast our home government and reform our military and naval establishments. In his outspoken, straightforward way, he asks one of them, "Can anything be so sickening as the system of appointments to offices of the highest trust in both departments, in spite of past warnings, which is at this moment going on?" His earliest notion of newspaper men, as of clergymen, was that they were to reprove iniquity in the genuine hatred of it. But he found that writers in the *Times* had no such ideas of their vocation. For the persons of the wicked he had no respect, whether poor or rich, official or private. He respected righteousness and only that, whether in newspapers or land-owners or mill-owners. A gouty cripple on the bench, a petulant temper at the Admiralty or the War Office, an imbecile at the head of a department, stirred the blood of the young rector of this snug

village to indignation and shame, which afterwards told so healthily on the great centre of commercial activity in whose episcopal chair he sat. Neither obscurity nor activity changed him one whit. He had an abundant love of righteousness.

“I do wish, dear Mozley, you would turn your powerful pen in this direction, and teach men in office what sort of a government the nation will expect at their hands,” he wrote to his friend on the *Times*. His heart was for his nation; his people’s good, that was what men should seek. But he lived to find that the nation did not “expect” such a government, nor had newspaper writers such innocent notion of their duty.

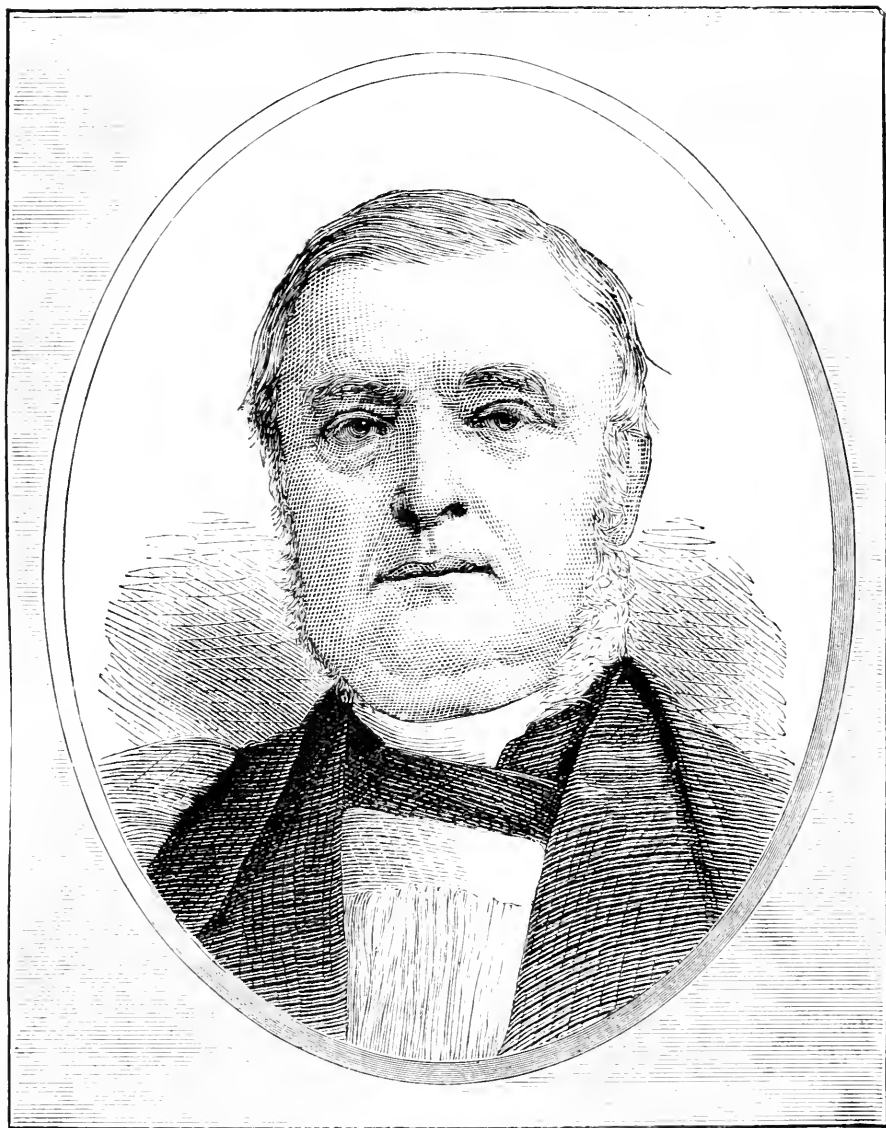
After ten years at Cholderton, he went to Ufton, where he began to make his reputation as an Assistant Commissioner of Education. “Education,” he wrote as a boy, “is the source of happiness to society.” And in this as in so many other matters, the boy was the father of the man. His passion was to stir up and discipline the latent brain in men. What the Creator had made them capable of, that he desired them to be. He wanted to see labourers in better cottages, their rate of wages higher, the mode of hiring them more worthy of human beings. These higher possibilities were forbidden by the ways of their superiors in rank and wealth, with disastrous consequences to the moral and social welfare of the nation.

But whilst his heart was in the ends of the land, his eyes were upon the little work God had given him at Ufton. He liked to see the healthy enjoyments of his

school-children, and the excellence of his hedgers', ditchers', and ploughmen's work. His cottagers' flower gardens and fruit-trees, their ailments and troubles, had a genuine place in his thought. "He is a king amongst us," said one of the women of his parish regretfully, as she heard that he was going away. He would not waste his time at a Clerical Society for discussions, preferring to look into the cases of poverty which came before him as a guardian. Or he would find relaxation in a game at croquet, or in a drive over to the Reading Savings Bank. He had not been long in Ufton before a dirty-walled cottage, a loose tile on a roof, a weed-grown walk, or an unkempt child could not be found. Mr. Emerson said it looked to him as if gardens, cottages, and people of the parish had all been "brushed and combed every morning on getting up." His cardinal virtues were purity, thrift, and temperance; and where rebuke was needed, besides a personal and private one, he gave it plainly and sharply from his pulpit.

While at Ufton he visited America, to inquire into its school system, giving to the proposals for English education great impetus by his report.

Then he became Bishop of Manchester, by the appointment of Mr. Gladstone, and applied himself to the welfare of his diocese—not that of its clergy, its churches, or its ecclesiastical institutions, but of its people—in a manner which has given his name a place amongst Manchester's greatest benefactors. It was, from the first, his regret that churches, and chapels too for that



JAMES FRASER.

*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*



matter, were in the possession of the well-dressed and well-to-do part of the community. He deplored, too, the rigid bonds in which the clergy had to work. "What we want," he said, "is the Prayer-Book and the Bible, and freedom to use them as may seem best." Although Protestant, he was indignant with cavillers about Rubrics. Men were differently constituted, by the one God of them all, and must be allowed diversity of operation. He recognized in the disciples of science fellow-workers in the discovery of the great truth of God. Nature and revelation, he held, could not be contradictory, and had nothing to fear from one another. On one occasion, Professor Huxley said, "I shall not soon forget the spirit-stirring speech of the noble prelate, a speech I welcome, and shall remember as long as I live, as imbued with a spirit which, if it had always been exhibited, would have prevented the difficulties and misunderstandings which I myself deprecate."

But what he gained in influence over the religious notions of the students of science, he lost over the religious bigotry and Pharisaism of those whose joy was to have them all called infidel. What he gained, too, by his robust Protestantism, over masculine-minded men and women he lost over the weak school of sentimental prostration. His power, too, over the masses, won by their love of his frankness and fair-play, was purchased at the price of the friendship of the rich. And as he feared no newspaper, his love of honest truth lost him some of their scribblers' praise. Of censure they got tired. He treated it all with the same high-spirited

indifference with which he treated the scoffs of the undergraduates of Oxford, when for his mother's sake he would not follow the extravagant traditions of the place.

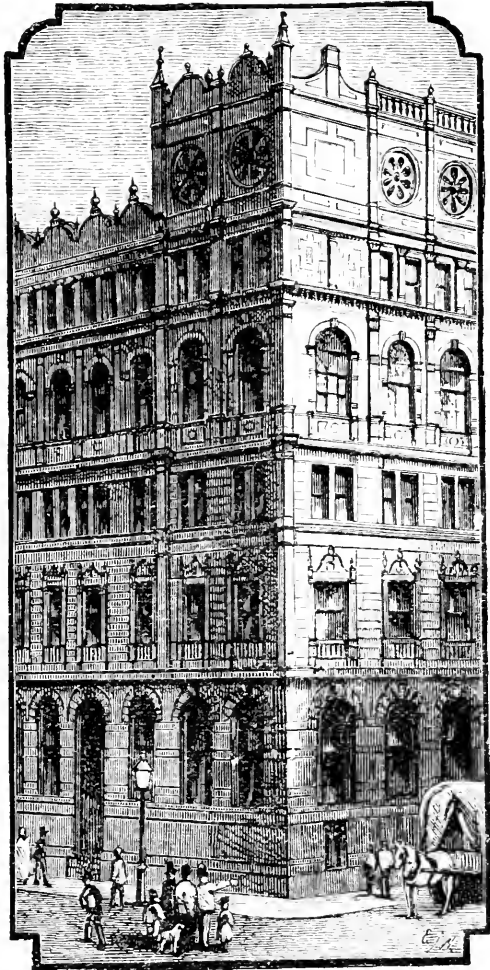
In his weary moments he cried out to a friend, "Oh, Sale, I would give half I possess to be back again in my quiet country parsonage!" His frank, manly nature, as all such natures must do, longed for the personal element which was so constant in little Ufton. "I preached twice yesterday at Ufton," he says, writing to his friend Mr. Mozley, "to crowded congregations. I should think I spoke to and shook hands with every man, woman, and child in Ufton."

Though he greatly scandalized aristocrats by his ways and orthodox Churchmen by his sayings, he went straight into the hearts of the common people, who both heard and saw him gladly. But a proper bishop could not be made out of him; he was a proper man, with all the play of feelings which knew no law but love of his race: he was James Fraser. On one occasion, when walking in the streets of Manchester, he saw a horse and cart coming at a rattling pace without a driver. Forgetting the commandments of apron and knee-breeches, he obeyed the commandment of Christ, and did to the unknown driver what he would have liked to be done to him if his vehicle were running away—he ran after it, and he could run *con amore*, caught it, and restored it to the baker's boy who came up, too amazed at his bishop's doing to even thank his friend. No bishop that could do a thing like that, who could



not help doing it, ought to expect the esteem of the conventional world. But mechanics like it, and it can bring them into fellowship of the Gospel. "Don't put his statue in a church; put it out of doors, where we can see it," said the Manchester people, when it was being discussed whether his statue should be of bronze or marble, they cared little which. "Put it where we can see it," they said. It would do them good to see it. For a bronze Fraser is better than a living priest.

So many great ecclesiastics have ridden in their carriages through the world, criticizing, complimenting, and complimenting each other, yet how few of them have furnished to the masses of the people any living example of that Jesus by whose Gospel they live!



A MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE.

Such examples have been furnished quite as freely by the humblest of the laity. But no longer is this wholly true among the manufacturing towns of Lancashire. Their inhabitants have felt the fellowship of the strong heart of a man and a brother beating against a bishop's bosom. A "lord" of the Church has been a true lord of their hearts. "Right reverend" was a genuine name, and sprang spontaneously from their deepest soul. By a law as natural as that which made them call forests beautiful and sunsets grand, they called him grand and good. In common daily language they spoke of him as "our bishop," with a sense of possession somewhat as they spoke of "our Mary" and "our George," whom they loved.

He kept on his strong, cheery, brotherly way to the end, faithfully following his ideal of a man through all the years to his grave. He could do little for the masses he so greatly loved; but he was full of sorrow for the wrongs they had to endure, and the cruel temptations and vices and miseries into which they fell. Of his feelings as to the way in which they were too often treated in churches and chapels he once gave a striking illustration when he was opening a church. As soon as the bells began he marched to a seat in the chancel from which he could watch the congregation come in. When he stood up in the pulpit to preach he said: "I have been grieved and ashamed to see how finely dressed people have been shown to the best seats this morning, and the poor have been put behind. I do not like this; it ought not to be." To put people

into the background because they lived beneath grimy roofs, up attic stairs, was no way of his. They stood forward in his heart, and were the main end of all his ways.

When he officiated in the Cathedral, he desired that brethren might join and genuinely say, "Our Father." He did not stand in his pulpit for an exhibition, but to set right things that were wrong. If he was glad that his titles attracted the rich, it was that he might reprove what selfishness and arrogance they might be fostering. If merchants were proud of his friendship, this was the opportunity to urge on them consideration for working people. He left the footprints of one of the people on the floors of their marble halls. Simple souls he led as by a thread to the ideal of Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor; but with men who loved riches more than their neighbours his thread snapped, and they resented its slight twitch. "He is not orthodox," they said: "why is he not satisfied with faith in the Articles as the old bishop was?" From such people's palatial villas he turned himself to grimy Manchester, and could not be "satisfied." Now and again he uttered a low cry of disappointment, and sank down to his desk to write to somebody he could trust, with a weary heart. He loved his church, his city, his country: no wonder he was weary. Again and again, he wished he had never left the country; yet he did not go back to it, but died among the mill-hands and the little town children he so much loved. That they might all eat an honest crust, live sober

pure, and kindly lives—that would be reward enough for him. A generation of such bishops would renew the face of the land.

Because church-doors were by some men counted barred to them, he went outside those doors, and was with them at their clubs, social meetings, thrift societies—anywhere, indeed, where Christ's ideal of life and conduct might be set up for men to see and attain. They would not come to him, so he went to them. So some men counted wise said he spoilt the "dignity" of a bishop!

The different kinds of impression produced by Dr. Fraser on his hearers is well marked by the following typical cases. One, being asked her impression of his sermons, replied, "The Bishop's sleeves want washing." "Ah! he'd mak' a rare Methody!" was the impression expressed by another. The former was a lady; the latter a working man.

Till within a few years of the close of his life he remained a single man, and consequently lacked that subtle grace of manhood which loyal love of a wife alone can give. He was not without womanly companionship, nor did he lack love. His mother was his fond charge to the close of her life.

But mothers cannot transform manliness in the way wives do. His straightforwardness would have been less harsh, had he been under that influence which nothing but marriage can give. A few years before the end he set this right, so far as late marriages can set things right. The wife of youth alone has

fair-play. How much the little air of infallibility which his enemies made so much of, and which his friends could not but regret, was due to the lack of God's first provision for man, it is not possible to say. But Lord Shaftesbury is reported to have said that the dogma of papal infallibility would never have been propounded had it not been for papal celibacy. No married man ever dreamed that he was infallible. Nor did the late Bishop of Manchester dream that he was; but for all that there was just a little air of it about him.

The bishop's body lies in his little Ufton churchyard; and, for this generation at least, his memory is enshrined in half a million hearts, standing at looms, riveting boilers, and driving cabs and drays in the great manufacturing towns and villages of Lancashire. For the sake of justice to his enemies, we will say that Dr. Fraser had his faults, which, in virtue of his strong nature and his ever being before the public, were both pronounced and much in view. A feebler man, one less intent on using every opportunity which offered to serve the temporal interests and advance the religious life of the masses around him, might have had ten times more faults and not a tithe of the reproach that came to him. Dumb and selfish, James Fraser would have been almost beyond censure. One big fundamental fault covers a multitude of sins.

MARY HARRISON.



DR. ARNOLD.

“ Scouts upon the mountain's peak—  
Ye that see the Promised Land,  
Hearten us ! for ye can speak  
Of the country ye have scann'd  
Far away ! ”

DORA GREENWELL.





## DR. ARNOLD.



THE generation educated by Dr. Arnold is already growing old and ready to depart. His most illustrious pupil and biographer, whose life is told in a previous chapter, sleeps beneath the venerable pile which his scholarship and geniality did so much to endear even to the new democracy. But the memory of the great schoolmaster is still green and flourishing. To the sons and grandsons of those whom he taught his name still breathes a living inspiration. Even among the millions outside the charmed circle of his immediate influence, his name has become a household word, suggesting the highest aims and methods of Christian education. A man whose character made such a mark upon the century, although he himself rested from his labours at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, is

not likely to be forgotten. But as in the increasingly divergent interests of this busy age there are many, especially among the young, to whom he is but a name, it may be well to devote a page or two to a summary of the reasons for which his memory is held so fragrant.

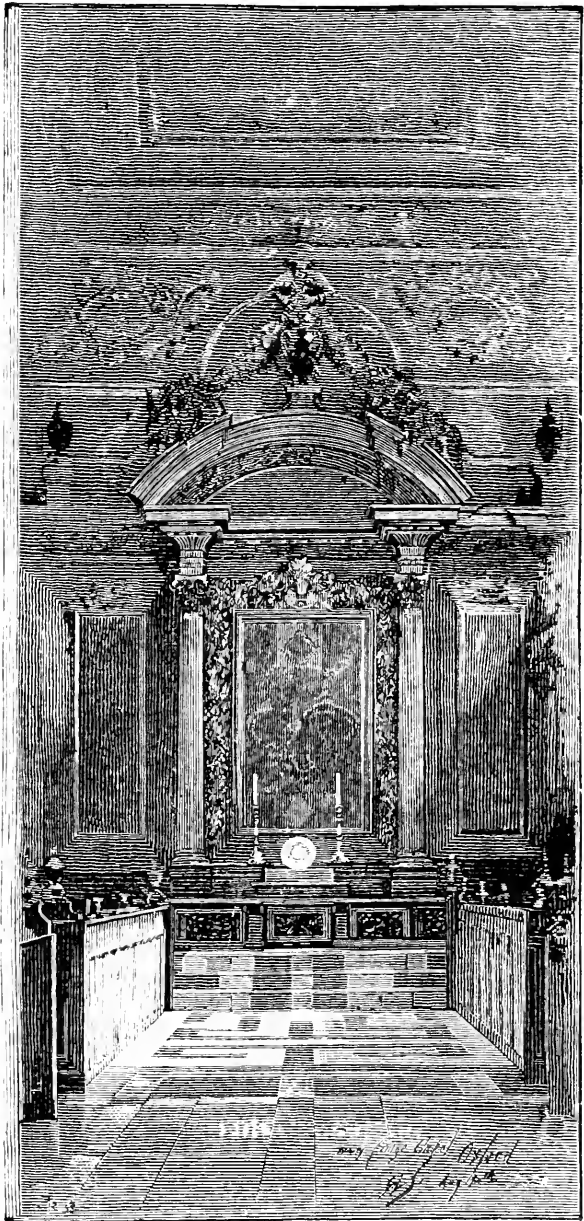
If fortune consists in lasting usefulness, together with contemporary honour and posthumous fame, then Thomas Arnold, Head Master of Rugby School, was one of the most fortunate men who ever lived. Richly endowed with special gifts pre-eminently adapting him for one particular work, he found that work very early in life, and laid it down before the slightest touch of weariness could diminish his manly vigour. His father died when Arnold was quite a boy, and it would be difficult to point to any relative or teacher to whom he was specially indebted for the insight and skill that enabled him to re-inspire with new life the public school system of England. He was himself a pupil, first at Warminster, and afterwards at Winchester; but it cannot be for a moment suggested that anything in the management of these schools explains the origin of his own methods. His career at Oxford was creditable, though it can scarcely be called brilliant. But the esteem in which he was held was shown by his election to a Fellowship at Oriel in 1815, mainly on account of the promise and power of growth considered to be apparent in his papers. This Fellowship he did not hold for long. Four years afterwards he removed to Laleham, where he began to take pupils to prepare for the University. In 1818 he had taken

deacon's orders, but it is noticeable that he was not ordained priest until ten years afterwards, on his appointment to Rugby. In the year after his removal to Laleham he was married, at the age of twenty-five, to Mary Penrose, daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, and sister of his own intimate friend and fellow-student, Trevenen Penrose. Arnold in early life did not affect to be without ambition, though he afterwards found himself placed in a career such as ambition usually shuns. To a Rugby pupil he once said, "I believe that naturally I am one of the most ambitious men alive;" and in explaining his notion of ambition he said the three great objects alone worthy to be ambition's goal were, "to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." Writing in 1823 he said, "I have always thought with regard to ambition I should like to be *aut Caesar aut nullus*, and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be Caesar, I am quite content to live in peace as *nullus*." Happy the man in whom mere selfish ambition is thus early quenched without any paralysis of activity or devotion.

In the congenial work of education, upon which he had now entered, Arnold found amply sufficient daily incentives to exertion without any thought of a distant future or ulterior aims. In directing and disciplining the minds and hearts of the youths who came to him before they passed on to the University,

he found resources in his own nature such as neither himself nor his friends had hitherto suspected. His sympathies were drawn out, his power of putting himself in the place of struggling beginners had not been effaced by his own mastery of the subjects that he taught. But his aims went far beyond the communication of instruction. He regarded it as his mission to fit the whole constitution of his young charges in body, soul, and spirit for the career upon which they were entering; and all students who left him went away with the impression that they had been privileged to be under the care of one who had a genius for teaching. "The most remarkable thing," says one of these pupils, "which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real. It was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do, that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life, and his own self, and his work and mission

in the world." Yet this work involved a good deal of drudgery to the master, drudgery such as illustrates the low condition of even secondary education at that time in England. "You can scarcely conceive," he writes, "the rare instances of ignorance that I have met with amongst them. One had no notion of what was meant by an angel; another could not tell how many Gospels there are, nor could



TRINITY CHAPEL, OXFORD,

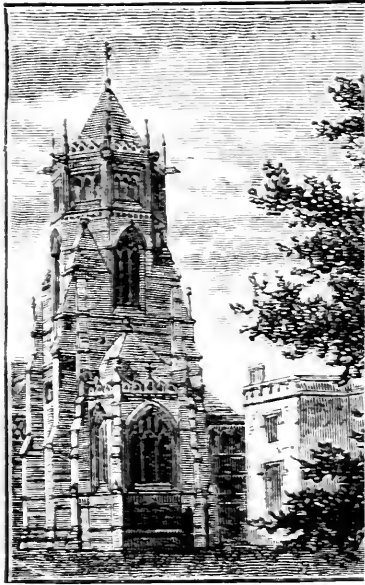
he, after due deliberation, recollect any other names than Matthew, Mark, and Luke."

That the irksomeness of such labours did not in the least discourage or weary Arnold only showed that he had found his true vocation. Even in dealing with such ignorance he rarely betrayed impatience, and never contempt; and the rare instances of impatience were more instructive to himself than to his pupils. "Why do you speak to me angrily, sir?" said a dull lad, looking up with surprise into his face; "I am doing the very best I can." Arnold afterwards declared that he never felt so much humiliated in his life as by this rebuke, and that he never forgot it. But his inherent reverence for youth was so great that it was rare indeed for him thus to betray irritation. He loved to stimulate self-respect by his own attitude of truthfulness, considerate delicacy, and even humility. He felt no shame in avowing ignorance when he did not know; and it gave him manifest pleasure if his own ignorance could be supplemented by some accidental knowledge arising out of his pupil's special experience. The writer already quoted says: "A strange feeling passed over the pupil's mind when he found great and often undue credit given him for knowledge of which his tutor was ignorant. But this generated no conceit. The example before his eyes daily reminded him that it was only as a means of usefulness, as an improvement of talent for his own good and that of others, that knowledge was valued. He could not find com-

fort, in the presence of such reality, in any shallow knowledge."

During these ten years the world at large had no means of knowing anything about Arnold except what leaked out from the small but rapidly extending circle of his pupils and admirers. This, however, was quite sufficient to fix attention upon him as a man

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RUGBY CHAPEL

if Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. It is said that this testimonial was decisive. Considering the generally conservative character of the trustees of public schools, it is somewhat remarkable that this should be so; for change of any kind was at that

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time abhorrent to them ; but be that as it may, Arnold was appointed.

Within the short space of a sketch of this kind, it is impossible to do anything like justice to the work achieved at Rugby. We can only indicate a few points which suggest at once the secret of his success, and also the shortcomings inevitable in any attempt to put new wine into old bottles. For the Gospel parable undoubtedly touches a weak point in this great career. Thoroughly conservative in sentiment, Arnold was yet intellectually on the side of progress, and he struggled hard to combine the two tendencies by infusing the spirit of modern Christian civilization into the certainly barbaric forms of our old public school system. In one respect only could it be said that his conservatism and his progressive spirit were at one. He stood in the old paths of religious education ; but he felt that those paths led onward and that the methods of religious education must be adapted to the times. The growth of children into men and women is by the inspiration of the Almighty, just as the expansion of the seed into flower and fruit comes by the energy of an omnipresent life. But because amongst rational creatures growth is accompanied and marked by various stages of consciousness, and because consciousness is keenly affected by innumerable external influences, it is essential to the healthiness and sanity of growth that these influences should be good, and wholly harmonious with the power of expanding life. With this conviction Dr. Arnold



was most profoundly imbued. It was more than a conviction, it was an instinct inherent in his very being.

Yet while his idea of education was wholly religious,



INTERIOR OF RUGBY CHAPEL.

his conception of the spiritual cultivation possible to boys would probably not pass unchallenged even now, when all sections of Christians unite in honouring him. In a letter written after his appointment, but before his induction, he said, "My object will be, if

possible, to form Christian men ; for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make. I mean that from the natural imperfect state of boyhood, they are not susceptible of Christian principles in their full development upon their practice, and I suspect that a low standard of morality in many respects must be tolerated amongst them, as it was on a larger scale in what I consider the boyhood of the race." His opinions on this subject were afterwards modified, and, as most would think, happily modified by experience. He encouraged even the younger boys to become communicants, and was never more gratified than when there were a large number of them. Considering the significance of the Communion as the highest ritual expression of Christian life, this would seem to show that in the course of his work he came to think more highly of the possibilities of boyish religion.

With his strong sense of a religious inspiration, Dr. Arnold naturally found the arrangement incongruous which separated the chaplaincy of the school from the head-mastership. As soon as a vacancy in the former occurred, he united the two offices in himself, making it a condition, as a matter of course, that there should be no addition to his salary. The sermons he preached as pastor of his young flock are amongst the most interesting and beautiful of the records of his work. Simple, direct, practical, and real, they search out the temptations of a boy's life, and unveil with impressiveness and lucidity the means of deliverance.

Dr. Arnold's persistence in maintaining and defending the system of "fagging" was surely an instance in which his sentimental conservatism got the better of his reason. His argument for giving the Sixth Form a monitorial jurisdiction was indeed excellent.



DR. ARNOLD.

By such means English masters are enabled the better to dispense with the slavish surveillance and detestable espionage too common in continental schools. But monitorial jurisdiction need not include the right to menial services from younger boys still less need it

include an authorization to thrash them with a stick. Not even Arnold's genius could always preserve such a system from abuse; and had he not found it amongst the old institutions of the country, we are persuaded that any proposal to introduce it would have filled him with horror. His maintenance of corporal punishment, at the hands of the master, for the younger boys, has more ground in nature as well as in Scripture; and this is a point on which his sentimental conservatism was perhaps wiser than the sentimental liberalism of the age.

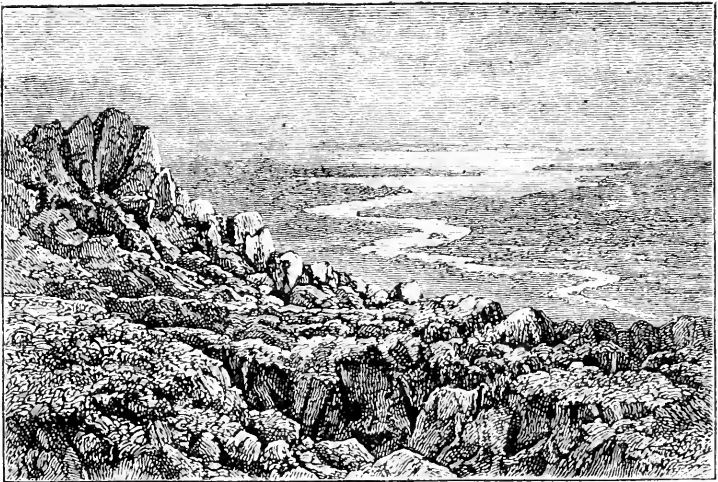
In his treatment of assistant-masters Arnold showed, as might be expected, all the fine feeling, and tact, and consideration characteristic of his nature. He was enabled to do so all the more readily because his strong individuality overmastered all around him, and penetrated every one with his own spirit. But he never assumed dictatorial airs. He was always ready to ask advice of any one who could give it. And it was his habit to meet his assistants in a council held once in three weeks when all the business of school administration was freely discussed.

The reign of this king among schoolmasters was all too short, extending only to fourteen years. On Sunday morning, June 12, 1842, he awoke with a pain too suggestive of heart-disease. Alarmed at his symptoms, Mrs. Arnold sent for their medical attendant. During the interval her husband was in considerable suffering; and when she offered to read to him, he asked for the fifty-first psalm. The words

that seemed specially to touch him were the twelfth verse: "O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free spirit." He soon learned from the physician that the attack would in all probability be fatal; and the strength of his faith was proved by the untroubled calm with which he heard the sentence. He made no affectation of indifference to pain; but while acknowledging that it was acute, he said to his son, "My son, thank God for me." That was his feeling. All was well, and he had only to give thanks. Within two hours from his first seizure he was dead. But he left hundreds of the living who still "thank God for him."

HENRY C. EWART.





EDWARD IRVING.

“The good man suffers but to gain,  
And every virtue springs from pain,  
As aromatic plants bestow  
No spicy fragrance while they grow.  
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,  
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.”

GOLDSMITH.





## EDWARD IRVING.

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SIXTY, or so, years ago, Edward Irving was the popular preacher of London. Crowds of all ranks flocked to his little church in Hatton Garden, and everywhere the wonderful force of his passionate eloquence was greatly admired. But time had almost effaced the memory of his work until Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" once more reawakened interest in the story of his life. Fragmentary and desultory although the Reminiscences necessarily are, they vividly recall one of the warmest and biggest-hearted men the century has seen. As youthful companion and self-denying friend, no one shines more conspicuously in Carlyle's pages.

Strange and sad was the close of his career, but the whole impulse of his earlier years, and the disinterested devotion that marked his life to the end, well deserved

the noble eulogium pronounced upon him, when Carlyle wrote, "His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with."

In some respects he came before his time. Fifty years later his warm-hearted eagerness would have been better appreciated, his eccentricities would have been understood and allowed for, and he would not have been pushed into positions which ultimately involved such painful issues. Much of his work, therefore, may seem to have missed its mark, and the inconsistencies or eccentricities of his career may be easier to perpetuate than the nobler qualities of his head and heart. Nevertheless, he well deserves a place among the leaders of our time.

He was a great individual. His splendid figure at once commanded notice; and beneath it his big heart was ever overflowing with human tenderness and sympathy. Wherever he went men felt the spell of his genius. The radical weavers of the Glasgow Gallowgate, as he moved among their squalid homes, with a solemn "Peace be to this house," and the eminent London statesman, who heard of him casting the orphans on the "great Fatherhood of God," all felt that he was no common man, but one who, for all, had a message to their hearts.

To his own times he spoke with peculiar aptness and power. For just when men's minds were awakening to an impatient distrust of forms and dogmas, and when political changes were filling so large a space in public attention, with great power and persistency he

called them back to the great truth that underlies all human effort and progress. With us the Fatherhood of God has become so ever present a conviction that we are apt to forget or undervalue the vast revolution wrought in religious opinion from the time when church systems and teaching all tended to obscure this great truth:—to keep the divine more remote and terrible; to dwell on God's power and His justice, the fixedness of His decrees, and the majesty of His sovereignty, rather than the tenderness of his Fatherhood. Equally great was the service Irving rendered in unfolding the doctrine of Christ's humanity, and in stripping off it the incrustations of theological system and metaphysical refinement. Remembering how large a place in our later literature is filled by works on the human life of our Lord, we readily see what a notable impulse to progress was thus given by the popular preacher.

When, on the other hand, in his zeal for greater insight into the workings of God's spirit, and his ardent desire for the more immediate displays of its power in the modern church, we find his openness to conviction degenerating into mere credulity, and see him carried away with the frenzied excitement that a special chain of circumstances had gathered around him, we can but deplore his misguided simplicity, and bewail the sad period of suffering and disappointment that clouded the close of his noble career, the integrity of which no one now ventures to question.

It was in the autumn of the ever memorable year, 1792, that Edward Irving was born, in the

quiet little town of Annan in Dumfriesshire. His father was but a humble tanner, his mother the handsome and high-spirited daughter of a small landed proprietor in a neighbouring parish. Like most Scotch children, he was laid in a wooden cradle, thence to make his first survey of the outer world; but, unlike most, he was allowed to concentrate all his baby powers of vision into one eye, while the powers of the other were hopelessly obscured by the side of the cradle. So, said ingenious friends, was our hero forced to bear through life the vulgar obliquity of a squint. Soon he was stammering over his syllables in the humble school of "Peggy Paine." Annan Academy came next, where his friend and companion Carlyle soon afterwards followed him, and then he was ready for his college studies. Love of outdoor exercise was an early passion. Already he was distinguished for feats of walking, swimming, rowing, and climbing. But religious matters were not wholly repugnant to the young athlete; for at this early period of his life, it was his occasional habit to walk five or six miles to the little village of Ecclefechan, in company with a pilgrim band of the religious patriarchs of Annan, to attend a church established there by one of the earlier bodies of seceders from the Church of Scotland.

Entering Edinburgh University at the age of thirteen, his college career was like that of most Scotch students; winters of hard study, homely fare and scanty accommodation, summers back at home with pedestrian tours and desultory reading. After taking his degree,

and one session at the Divinity Hall, he became teacher of the Mathematical School at Haddington. A buoyant and handsome youth, he won the hearts as well as quickened the intellects of his pupils, and moved through the town a welcome guest in its happy homes.

What could form a brighter picture than to see, on a summer evening, the tall and nimble teacher, accompanied by some of his pupils, start off for St. George's, Edinburgh, and after hearing Chalmers, then rising into fame, cheerfully walk back again, a distance in all of thirty-five miles. A favourite pupil of his here was Jane Welsh, afterwards famous as the wife of his friend Thomas Carlyle.

After two years at Haddington, Irving was promoted to teach a newly established Academy in "the lang toon o' Kirkcaldy." Here he taught with a will (sometimes thrashed rather vigorously) and always won the affection of his pupils. While here he completed his studies at the Divinity Hall and was licensed to preach by the presbytery of Kirkcaldy; but his first efforts as a preacher were not very successful. "He had ower muckle granner" (too much grandeur), said the people of the "lang toon," and for three years after his license "he lingered in his schoolmaster's desk silently listening to other preachers, not always with much edification, noting how the people, to whom his own 'unacceptableness' was apparent, relished the platitudes of meaner men."\*

\* "The Life of Edward Irving." By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst & Blackett. p. 37.

In 1818, when he had been seven years in Kirkcaldy, he finally left school and gave up teaching; and, resolving henceforward to devote himself to his own profession, he came to Edinburgh and took lodgings there.

“It is not a brilliant period in the young man’s life. He presents himself to us in the aspect of an unsuccessful probationer, a figure never rare in Scotland; a man upon whom no sunshine of patronage shone, and whom just as little had the popular eye found out or fixed upon, whose services were unsolicited either by friendly ministers or vacant congregations—a man fully licensed and qualified to preach, whom nobody cared to hear. With the conviction strong in his mind that this was his appointed function in the world, and with a consciousness of having pondered the whole matter much more deeply than is usual with young preachers, there rose before Irving the unmovable barrier of unsuccess; not failure; he had never found means to try his powers sufficiently for failure—even that might have been less hard to bear than the blank of indifference and ‘unacceptability’ which he had now to endure. His services were not required in the world; the profession for which by the labours of so many years he had slowly qualified himself hung on his hands, an idle capability of which nothing came.”\*

As if determined to have done with the past he

\* “The Life of Edward Irving.” By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst & Blackett. p. 42

remorselessly burned all his existing sermons. "No doubt," says Mrs. Oliphant, "it was a fit and wise holocaust, sacrificing all his youthful conventionalities and speculations. Irving at twenty-six began to compose what he was to address to such imaginary hearers as he himself had been in Kirkealdy Church." Another session was passed at the University, and he put forth all his powers of mind and lessons of experience upon his sermons, but in vain. He was still the same unemployed probationer that had left Kirkealdy. In his despondency a youthful dream returned to him—he would become a missionary after the Apostolic model, a man without scrip or purse entering into whomsoever would receive him and passing on when he had spoken his message.

It was while in this condition that he received a sudden invitation from Dr. Andrew Thomson to preach in his pulpit, with an intimation that Dr. Chalmers was to be present, and was then in search of an assistant in the splendid labours he was beginning in Glasgow. Irving went to St. George's, Edinburgh, with a new impulse of expectation and preached, there can be no doubt, one of his sermons which he thought most satisfactory; but the important day passed, and the young man returned unsatisfied to his lonely lodgings. This last failure seems to have given the last touch to all his previous discouragements, and at once he proceeds with his preparations for leaving this country. An accidental chain of circumstances carried him into Ireland, when on his way to bid farewell to Annan and

his friends there. On his return, he found an invitation awaiting him from Dr. Chalmers, and in 1819 he began his work as assistant in St. John's, Glasgow, but this he did not do until he found that his services were not distasteful to the people. He would not be thrust upon



A GLASGOW SLUM.

them by the mere will of the incumbent. "I will preach to them if you think fit," he is reported to have said, "but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have borne with it."

For two years the young enthusiast laboured earnestly in his new sphere. Chalmers was now carrying out the great scheme of social reform which made his name so universally famous. But in the scheme Irving took no originating part. He was no



statesman, and seemed to feel the power of no schemes other than his own untiring labours. Diligently did he visit from house to house in those squalid slums, winning his way to the hearts of their occupants and leaving fragrant memories behind. But fame in the pulpit had still failed to find him. Within the great assembly who venerated Chalmers was a little circle that learned to look on Irving with enthusiastic admiration; but to the great mass he was simply the Doctor's assistant.

Just as he was beginning again to despond, and fear that in another land he must seek a sphere for his great capacities, the clouds broke and he received an invitation to the Caledonian Chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, London. Twice in succession did the minister of the little chapel there succumb to the allurements of a country parish and wend his way back to Scotland; and now, in its almost hopeless straits, the congregation rejoiced in the prospect of securing the assistant of Dr. Chalmers. Equally eager was the young man to find for himself an independent sphere, even in this obscure little chapel with its mere handful of people. Ready was he to learn Gaelic in six months, had the need for this not been removed; and determined to come without any presbytery covenant, when the little flock almost failed to secure the small pecuniary engagements of a pastor's settlement.

The future seemed now to glow before him with all the brightness of early youth. In a farewell sermon, he at last seemed to impress his hitherto impassive

Glasgow hearers ; and, with a rashness thoroughly consistent with his whole career, he proclaimed himself the friend of all. "His house, his services, all that he could do were freely pledged to whomsoever of those parishoners might come to London and stand in need of him ;" a pledge that did not fail to bear fruit in the future. To London he came, desiring to make "a demonstration for a higher style of Christianity—something more magnanimous, more heroical than this age affects ; God knows," he added, "with what success." By degrees the little chapel began to fill, when suddenly—it was said to be after a reference in one of Canning's speeches—the tide of fashion and nobility poured into the chapel, to the great agitation of its office-bearers, who a year before bewailed desolate pews.

Judged by the imperfect record that remains of them, one finds no factitious attractions in these early sermons, either of excitement, vulgarity, or amusement. But, seeing that men were drawn by some sudden impulse to listen, one can well understand their effect when uttered with his burning earnestness and solemn power—for they are filled with the burden of the preacher's life ; heart, soul, body, and spirit, the man comes before us as we read. Though fashion thus besieged the young preacher, he was not carried away with lofty social ambitions. He was faithful to Bloomsbury, which his congregation favoured ; and when he set up his first household in London, he went further off instead of nearer to the world of fashion,

and settled in Pentonville. He ever lived in modest economy, prodigal in nothing but charity.

From the old manse at Kirkcaldy he brought up her who was to be the constant companion of his joys and sorrows, and ere two years had passed he was called on to part with his first child—a stroke that filled him with a grief, the intensity of which can only be appreciated by those who peruse the outpourings of his sorrows. More than any event of his life, did this influence the tone and temper of Irving's future career. Before it occurred his wife had returned for a time to her home in Scotland, and during her absence of many weeks Irving continued to send her a simple record of his daily doings in a journal, which forms one of the most perfect *cardiphoniæ* the world has ever received. Published in Mrs. Oliphant's biography, it has never failed to charm and elevate its readers, and, did it stand alone, would be sufficient evidence of what a nobly true and tender soul his was.

His life in London is one long record of prodigious toils. Sermons, that in their mere delivery made uncommon demands on time and strength, were but parts of the routine in his round of constant speaking, writing, visiting, advising. In all he seemed to make a demonstration for a higher style of Christianity, and aimed at an ideal rather than success measurable in tangible results of men's applause or agreement. A sermon for the London Missionary Society becomes a three-and-a-half hours' oration, picturing the ideal missionary without scrip or purse, instead of a telling appeal for the

guineas of his hearers. The criticisms of the press are met with contempt and defiance ; and a holiday, granted from week-day pastoral work to recruit his strength, is used to perfect his special acquirement of Spanish, and to translate for English readers the works of Rabbi Ben Ezra, never resting till his hands and eyes were ready to fail him. In his quiet home the straying Scotchman or drifting foreigner ever found a welcome place, or gained a ready answer to penitent appeal.

To such a man honours and fame could not come unmixed. Critics were enraged, envious ones were embittered, and differences of view or opinion became intensified by the white heat in which he ever moved. Already the premonitions of coming storm were gathering round his head.

The little chapel at Cross Street was still crowded to excess, and early in 1827 the congregation moved to the splendid church erected for their worship in Regent Square. But the crowd that fluctuated in the tiny area of the Caledonian Chapel, and presented the preacher with a wonderful moving panorama of the great world without, which he addressed through these thronged and ever-changing faces, settled into steady identity in Regent Square. The throng ceased in the spacious interior. "Fashion went her idle ways," says Carlyle ; "and now he taught a congregation, not an age."

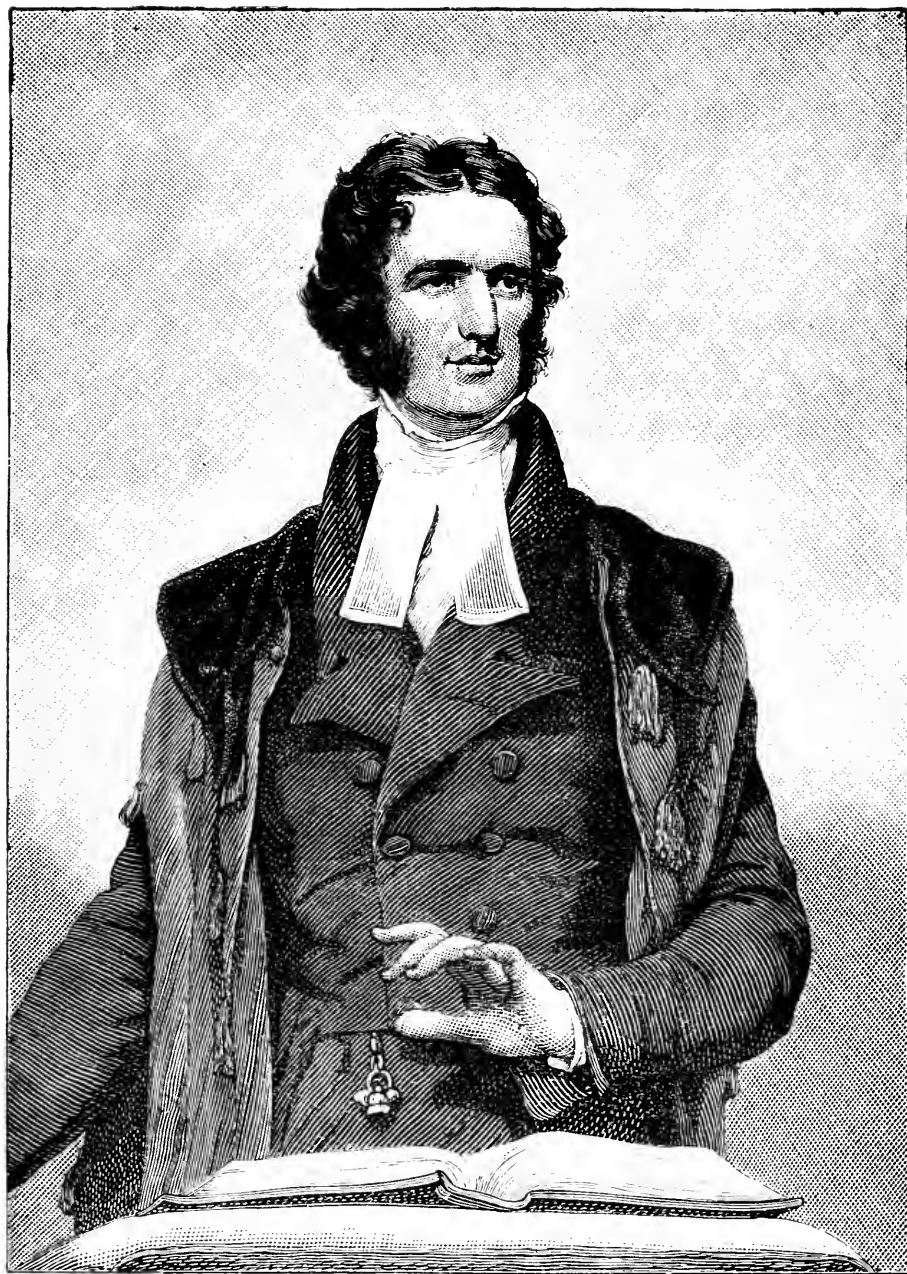
In 1828 he published three volumes of his collected sermons, the first setting forth the very heart and essence of his teaching, his lofty exposition of the Trinity,

and its combined action in the redemption of man; the second, his sermons on the parable of the sower; and the third, his views on national and public subjects. His sermons on the Trinity were uttered to an audience unaware of any error in them, and by special desire of his office-bearers were placed first in the volumes. But there were other eyes watching his lofty career into Divine mysteries. "An idle clergyman," says his biographer, "called Cole—of whom nobody seems to know anything, but that he suddenly appeared out of darkness to do his ignoble office, heard by the wind of rumour of what appeared to him 'a new doctrine'—that the preacher had declared the human nature of our Saviour to be identical with all human nature, truly and in actual verity the seed of Abraham"; and, alarmed thereby, sought to save the ark of truth and spare the Church from the spread of pestilent heresy. Returning rather late on a Sunday evening, he stepped into Regent Square, and had his suspicions confirmed by the morsel of the sermon he was in time to hear. Keen in his pursuit of the new distemper, Mr. Cole sought and obtained immediately after a hurried interview with the wearied preacher and then went away to level at him the serious charge of heresy.

With simple straightforward openness, Irving flinched not, but sought to make more plain and exact his position; not simply to justify himself, but to preserve for the Church and his fellows the sure comfort and strength-giving powers of this doctrine. "At first I

thought it better to sit quiet and bear the reproach. When, however, I perceived that this error was taking form, and that the Church was coming into peril of believing that Christ had no temptations in the flesh to contend with and overcome, I felt it my duty to intercalate in the volume on the Incarnation a sermon (No. III.), showing out the truth in a more exact and argumentative form, directed specially against the error that our Lord took human nature in its creation and not in its fallen state. And another (No. VI.), showing the most grave and weighty conclusions flowing from the true doctrine, that He came under the conditions of our fallen state in order to redeem us from the same. This is the true and faithful account of the first work which I published upon the subject." In all this Irving only expresses what is now the generally accepted belief. Not so thought the presbyters of Irving's time; and after a long and chequered controversy, he withdrew from the authority of the Presbytery of London, and appealed to that of Annan, which had first ordained him a minister. He was finally tried in the last year but one of his life, and in the town of his birth. After a brave and true-hearted defence, one of the greatest ornaments the Scottish Church has ever had was solemnly deposed from her ministry and membership, and driven from her fold. No doubt these men acted according to their light; but that they committed a grievous blunder who will now dispute?

In thus following out to the final issue the doctrinal heresy charged against Irving, we have passed by the



EDWARD IRVING.

*From an Engraving in the Vestry of Regent Square Church.*





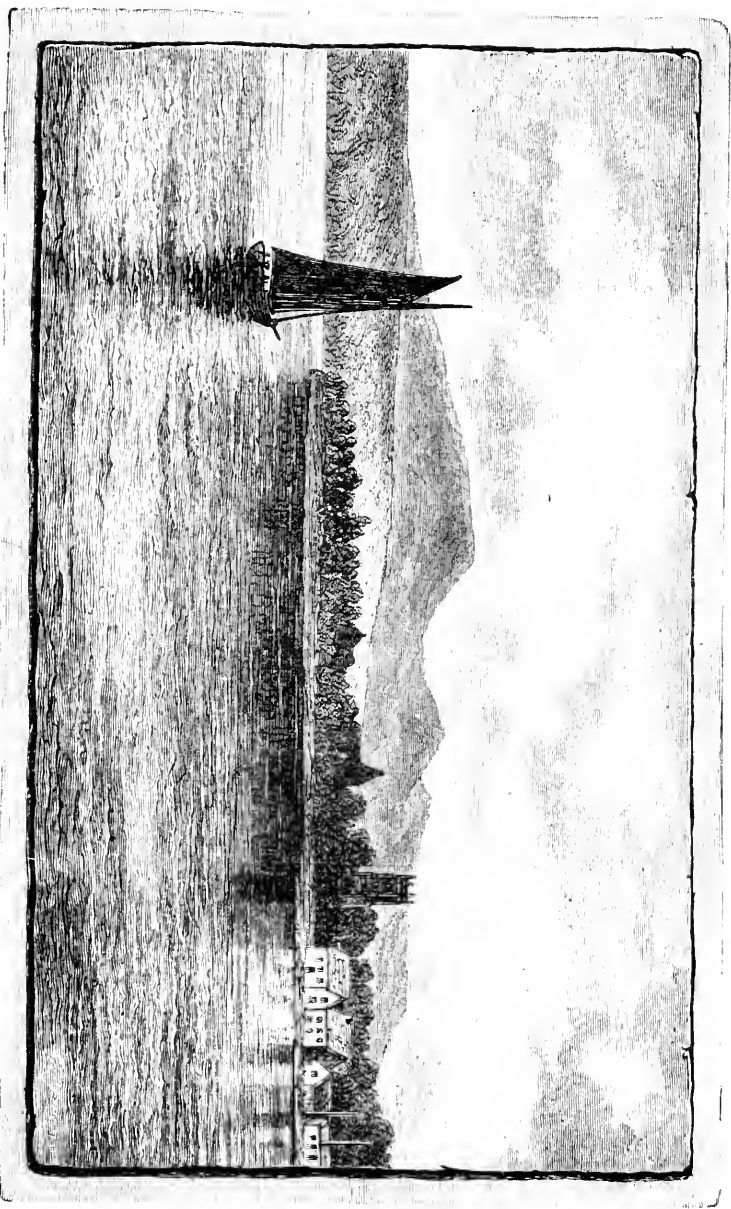
more notorious chain of events that gathered round his closing years. To anxious presbyters the removal of unsound teaching on our Lord's humanity may have seemed of paramount importance. By the multitude it was soon forgotten, when they were startled by the sudden outburst of Pentecostal wonders in the grave assembly of Presbyterian worshippers. This was a more noisy movement—bulked larger in outward show; and even still, when the name of Edward Irving is mentioned, one thinks first of gifts of tongues and their appearance, out of their time as it were, in the nineteenth century.

Somewhere about the year 1825, he met, for the first time, at the house of a friend, one Mr. Hartley Frere. Frere was one of the most diligent of those students of prophecy who were beginning to make themselves known here and there over the country, and some years before had published a new scheme of interpretation, for which he had failed to secure the popular ear. Still, confident in its truth, he felt convinced that if he could only meet some man of open candid mind, of popularity sufficient to gain a hearing, to whom he could expound his system, its success was certain. When he met Irving, like George Eliot's Mordecai meeting Daniel Deronda, he felt at once "Here is the man." The conversion was speedy and complete.

Henceforward Irving became an ardent student in the fascinating fields of prophetic interpretation. The gorgeous and cloudy vistas of the Apocalypse

became to his fervent eyes a legible chart of the future. Volumes from his pen, and splendid orations, wherever he found a place of utterance, were devoted to the exposition of these views. Naturally, this introduced him to a new circle of friends, proud to be honoured by such a name, and aided by such an advocate. The students of prophecy drew closer round him into gatherings that, but for the lustre cast by his presence, might never have emerged from the obscurity they deserved. In 1826 was held the first of those Albury conferences, that were continued in later years, that published their views to the world in the pages of the *Morning Watch*, and afterwards formed the nucleus of the Catholic Apostolic Church. They were held at the residence of Mr. Henry Drummond, once described as the versatile gentleman who in his own person combined the diverse functions of country gentleman at Albury Park, banker at Charing Cross, licensed jester of the House of Commons, and apostle of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

About this time a period of religious excitement and fermentation sprang up on the quiet shores of Clydesdale in Scotland. The earnest preaching of John Macleod Campbell, of Row, had quickened the spiritual life of the district. A little biography of a parishioner from the pen of Dr. Story, of Rosneath, had flashed into popularity, and thereby increased the excitement and focussed observation upon it. At the neighbouring Port Glasgow, Irving's beloved friend, Alex. J. Scott, had been preaching with a like success. Particularly



THE GARE-LOCH.



had he declared his belief that the gifts and spiritual powers of Apostolic times still belonged to the Christian Church, and that only a lack of faith kept them back in modern times. The excitement increased, and soon it was told that the gift of tongues had been heard in Rosneath, and a miraculous cure accomplished at Port Glasgow. Naturally, at the Albany conference interest was at once drawn to these occurrences. Soon we find the gifted one staying with Mr. Drummond, and the gift itself exercised by many in this circle. Irving had been holding early-morning prayer-meetings to supplicate God's aid for his friends, Mr. Scott, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Maclean, whose doctrinal teachings were under trial at the bar of the Scotch Assembly, where Irving's own teaching might soon be challenged.

Failing to gain acquittal for these men, the meetings were continued that they might intercede for such Pentecostal showers as had visited the quiet shores of the Gare-loch. There the movement had been somewhat checked, for on one side of the loch Mr. Campbell was anxiously considering, to quote from his Memoirs, "what *practical* obligation utterances such as we were having, assuming their divine source, brought to me to justify action upon them," and Dr. Story, on the other side of the loch, was scrutinizing with greater calmness the practical outcome of the movement. To the warm impulsive nature of Irving no such calm suspense was possible. In his early years he had found an ideal of work and method in the Apostolic missionaries; in

his recent days he had been intently poring over the predictions of unfulfilled prophecy; and now at once his heart responded to this outburst. He saw in it the revival of Apostolic times and the fulfilment of prophetic predictions. Wait for further evidence he could not. To the sober Scotchmen who formed his session the movement came with a double perplexity. Their pastor they loved with the fulness that such a nature commands, but the sudden inroad on their severe order of service, the turbulence that raged about them, and the strong influx of a new and not congenial element into their congregations, were by this love made only the more difficult of treatment.

Remonstrance or advice was in vain. "Edward," said Mrs. William Hamilton, his sister-in-law, "is so thoroughly convinced in his own mind, that it is impossible to make any impression upon him." "There is nothing," said he himself, "which I would not surrender, even to my life, except to hinder or retard in any way what I most clearly discern to be the work of God's Holy Spirit." At length, in 1832, the case was submitted to Sir Edward Sugden; and by his advice the trustees applied to the Presbytery of London, in the manner pointed out by their trust deed, for the removal of Irving from his pastoral charge. From his co-presbyters he expected no favour, for already he had disputed their authority over his doctrinal teaching, and on Sunday morning, May 6, 1832, he found the gates of Regent Square Church closed against him.

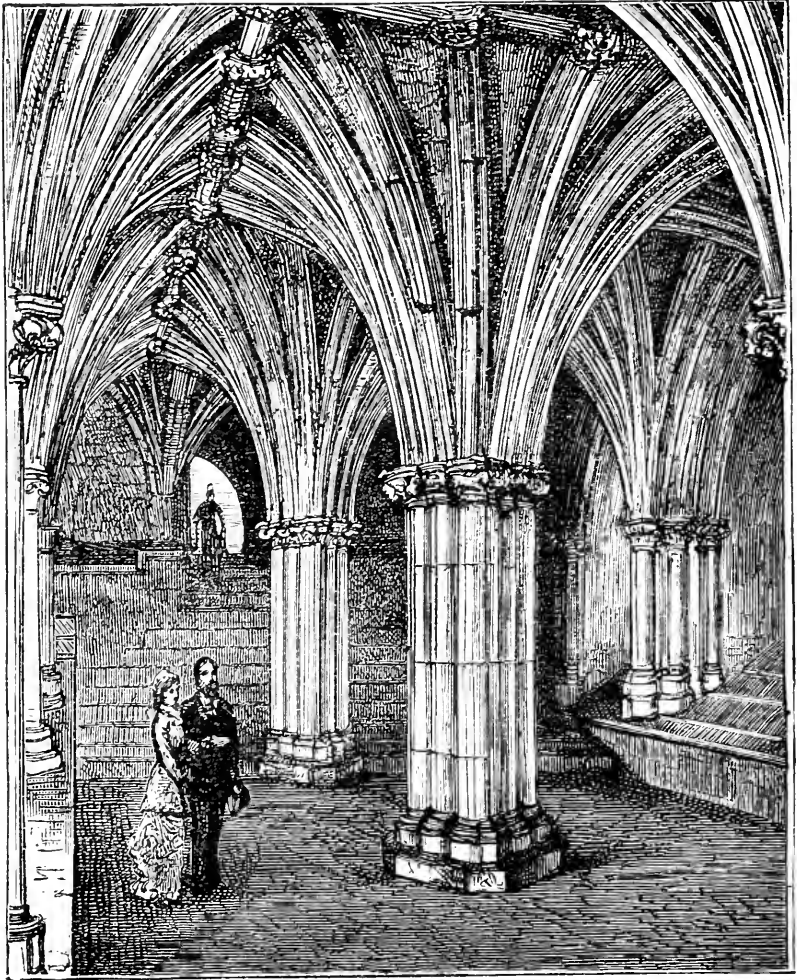
One can scarcely condemn the men who had shut

him out. They had acted with reluctance, they had striven to compromise, and now they felt compelled by duty to proceed; and yet one cannot but regret that it was so. The circumstances were strictly exceptional, and were in no direct contradiction of any special law of the Church. In times of revival, like proceedings have been allowed to proceed, and patiently watched till the influences of time or reflection have made themselves felt. Had it been so now, the end of Irving's life might not have been so dark as it was. But such, alas! was not the case; and no more was his voice heard within those walls, whose building he had watched with such anxious care.

With his followers he at once proceeded to a room in Gray's Inn Road, occupied at other times by the well-known Robert Owen. There he continued to minister for some months, and in the open spaces of Islington and Clerkenwell Greens, and of Charing Cross and elsewhere, he was often to be heard preaching to the crowds, and sometimes with a little child rescued from the press, nestling in his great arms. In Newman Street was the next home for his followers; but the organization and development of the new Church was in other hands. Irving himself had to stand back, while the men who had risen into notice with the tide of his popularity, claimed by the order of the Spirit the right to direct his movements and appoint him his place.

In 1833 he was summoned before the Presbytery of Annan, tried for his teaching on our Lord's humanity,

and, as we have said, condemned and declared no longer a member of the Church of Scotland. Once more



CRYPT OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, WITH IRVING'S GRAVE.

he preached in the villages and on the hillsides of his native Annandale, and then returned to Newman Street. Anon he is rebuked by the apostles of his new-fangled



Church, and yet again, in his broken manhood, he is by their power commissioned as a prophet to Scotland. By easy stages he passes onwards till he reaches the scene of his early labours, the city of Glasgow, and there, a few weeks later, he was laid in the crypt of the cathedral, one of Scotland's noblest sons.

He had had to wait many years ere a fitting field offered for making his desired demonstration for a higher style of Christianity, and in the mid-day of his life, while loyal to the call of conscience, an unsuspected train of circumstances dashed him from his place of honour into a dark night of sadness and gloom. From that darkness rise the lines of a Church, which in its gorgeous ritual and mediæval practices shows little of his spirit whose downfall gave it birth. Yet his was not a life in vain. No man, no child, ever met the warm glance of his eye, or heard the kind accents of his blessing, but treasured the memory ever after, and in the impulse which he gave to larger views of God's love and deeper faith in the present power of his spirit, the century received a benefit it cannot well over-estimate.

NORMAN J. ROSS.





NORMAN MACLEOD.

“Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
    Though thy path be dark as night ;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
    ‘Trust in God and do the right.’  
Though the road be long and dreary,  
    And the end be out of sight ;  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary—  
    ‘Trust in God and do the right.’”

NORMAN MACLEOD.



## NORMAN MACLEOD.

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NORMAN MACLEOD was born in Campbeltown on the 3rd of June, 1812. His father was then parish minister in the pretty little town built by the great Marquis of Argyll as a refuge for the persecuted Whigs of Ayrshire, whose descendants—Colvilles, Beiths, and Greenlees—are now the thriving distillers of a spirit only too well known everywhere. The Macleods were a clerical family, like the Moncrieffs, Bonars, and Burnses, who have all given three or four generations to the Scotch Kirk; and the old stock is still as fruitful as ever it was. His father, too, had come out of a manse away north in Ossian's country of Morven in Argyll, whose hills and lochs and weird mists, and not less its kindly poor folk, with all their Celtic poetry of superstition, are

now well known to the readers of "A Highland Parish."\*

It is a pleasant home the Scottish manse, and a good lot to be born in it. The rectory or vicarage is associated in the English mind with winter flannels and soups and wines for the poor, and with cultivated, well-to-do families whose natural place is among the gentry. In Scotland, the manse seems to belong more to the people; though quite as kindly, it is not so patronising as the rectory. Its sons mingle with the sons of farmers and cottars at the parish school; yet the lessening of social distance does not lessen respect. I suspect that, in an English parish, the rectory is not of so much consequence as the squire's house; but the minister is more to the Scottish people than the laird is, because he has done far more for their liberty and civilization. Those who have lovingly studied our history, too, find that an unusually large proportion of those who have done the nation highest service as judges, statesmen, and soldiers, have come out of the manse.

The following passage from Dr. Donald Macleod's interesting biography of his brother graphically describes the scene of their earliest years:—

"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

\* "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." By Norman Macleod, D.D. London: C. Burnet & Co.

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 whitewashed 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 the 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 Machrahanish, 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."\*

Campbeltown, although English visitors may consider it only a small village, was at the beginning of this century remarkable for the variety of its interests. Hundreds of fishing-smacks made it their port or their harbour of refuge. Pleasure yachts haunted it. Revenue cruisers had their station there, and vessels of considerable size often anchored in the loch. The relation of such characteristics of the place to the early develop-

\* "Memoir of Norman Macleod." By the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D. Vol. i. p. 13 *et seq.* London: C. Burnet & Co.



ment of Norman's character is well pointed out by his brother:—"He seems from childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him through life—being affectionate, bright, humorous, and talkative. His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child 'whose tongue never lay.' 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 acquaintance 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.”\*

But he also cherished the memory of other scenes as not less dear than those surrounding his father's house. When he was a boy of seven, his grandfather was still labouring as the minister of Morven, and the visits paid to this venerable relative made a lasting impression on the mind of the child. “He was, for example, in church on that Communion Sunday when his grandfather, blind with age, was led by the hand up to the communion-table by his servant ‘Rory,’ to address his people for the last time. This grandfather had been minister there for fifty years, and the faithful servant who now took his hand had been with him since he had entered the manse. It was then that touching episode occurred described in the ‘Highland Parish,’ when the old man having in his blindness turned himself the wrong way, ‘Rory,’ perceiving the mistake, went back and gently placed him with his face to the congregation. This picture of the aged pastor, with snowy hair falling on his shoulders, bidding solemn farewell to a flock that, with the loyalty of the Highland race, regarded him as

\* “Memoir,” &c., vol. i. p. 18.

a father, was a scene which deeply touched the imagination of the child in the manse seat. One, who was herself present, remembers another occasion when his grandfather, taking him on his knee, presented him with a half-crown—an enormous sum in the eyes of the child—and then gave him his blessing. Norman dragging himself off, rushed away to the window-curtain, in which he tightly rolled himself, and when disentangled his cheeks were suffused with tears. The goodness of the old man had proved too much for his generous nature.”\*

A few years later the grandfather died, Norman being then nearly twelve. Perhaps the bereavement re-awakened his father’s tenderness for the Highland speech and traditions.

At all events he conceives at this time a strong desire that Norman should be familiar with the language of his forefathers, which was not spoken at Campbeltown. Accordingly, he sent the boy once more to Morven to board for some time,

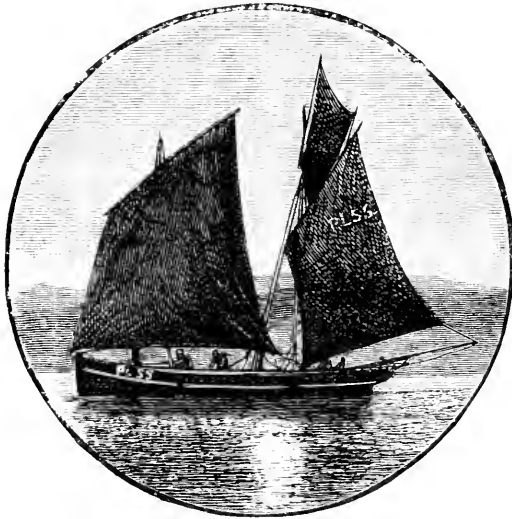


HIGHLAND COTTAGE.

first at the manse with his relatives, and then in the schoolmaster’s house. Previously he had only been a brief visitor. He was now to be a resident; and the

\* “Memoir,” &c., vol. i. p. 28.

change was considerable. "It was, indeed, as the opening of a new life when, leaving the little county town, and the grammar school, and the lowland playmates



HIGHLAND BOAT.

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 hen-wife, 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 shore-land, 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



"A BUT AND A BEN."

was kept ever alive by such wits as Callum, the fool, or bare-footed Lachlan."

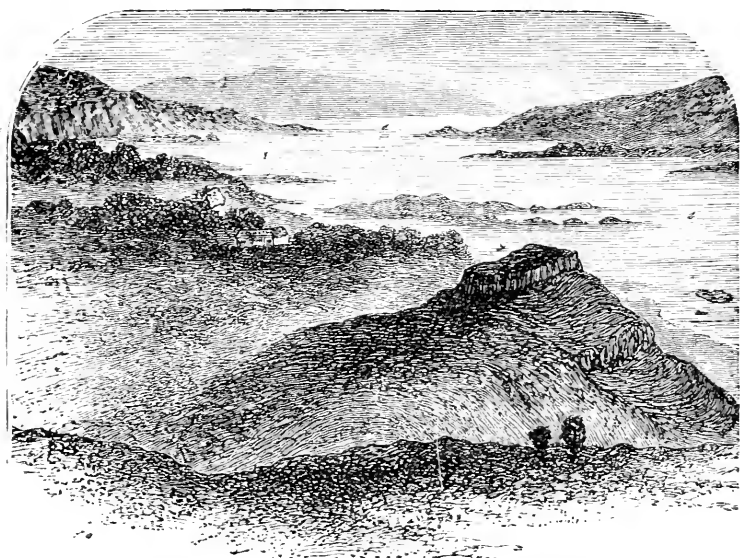
Samuel Cameron, the schoolmaster, could not offer many indoor attractions; but the life with him had some special sources of interest. "The house was not a large one—a thatched cottage with a *but and a ben*, and a little room between, formed the accommodation; but

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, who, 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 as Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate 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 tearing 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-Beul' or 'a Walking Song,' to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round."\*

The minister of Campbeltown—a Norman, like his father and eldest son—the name seems to indicate the Norse origin of the family—was an able man, and a popular preacher, especially dear to the Highlanders as one of the best Gaelic scholars of his time. But in Scotland good preachers are seldom left long in such out-of-the-way nooks as Cantyre. They soon get talked about, and are asked to "help" at communion seasons,

\* "Memoir," &c., vol. i. p. 23, &c.

which happen only twice a year, and are therefore great days, particularly in the Highlands. Ere long, therefore, young Norman had to leave the beautiful little loch, along whose shores the Ayrshire Whigs have planted their distilleries, and builded their churches; and instead of the long roll of the Atlantic on the



LOOKING WESTWARD FROM MORVEN.

beach of Machrahanish Bay, the boy listened to the linn as it tumbled and plunged in Campsie glen. The father had been presented to that parish, where afterwards Dr. Robert Lee spent some of his busy scholarly years. It is in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and, with a growing family of boys needing to be educated, it was of importance to be within reach of good schools, such as were to be had there. The Macleods, too, were always a sociable race, more effusive than the Scottish

Celt generally is, and probably the elder Norman longed for more of the fellowship of cultured minds than was to be had at Campbeltown, where he was likely to find few but the duke's factor and the "relief" minister to exchange thoughts with him. In the end, he migrated to St. Columba's Church, Glasgow, where, for many years, he was a power, especially among the Highlanders.

In Glasgow, Norman Macleod got at least the bookish part of his schooling; but not a little of his actual mental furniture, certainly the most fruitful part of it, was picked up, during summer holidays, among the trailing mists of Morven, from shepherds and fishermen, who all opened their Highland hearts to the minister's bright grandson. In the college class-room he held a respectable place, though I fancy he was better known as a good companion, full of life and fun, than as a thorough scholar, which he never affected to be. It was a class of quite unusual brilliancy; its "Grecians" especially rejoicing the heart of eloquent Sir Daniel Sandford. Archibald Tait contended with James Halley, and the last was more than the first; but the one is now buried among the Primates of all England, and the other in an untimely grave. James Hamilton, afterwards minister of Regent's Square Church, London, then laid the foundations of that ripe and varied learning which, to those who knew him, was even more notable than his quaint fancy and cheerful piety. Among such men it was something for Macleod to hold even a respectable place, especially with a many-sided



nature like his, whose best energies were turned in quite other directions, while theirs were all concentrated on their proper tasks. Exact scholarship, however, was not in his way; still less the exact sciences; and as to metaphysical studies, I doubt if he ever read either Plato or Aristotle, Hume or Spinoza, till he dipped into Jowett's translation of the first of these, some two years before his death, and felt the world broadening about him. He was always, indeed, a great reader; though how he found the time, with all his labours and wanderings, it was hard to see. But his reading was chiefly of the miscellaneous kind, having, however, a deeper purpose than pastime; and it found character and unity from a powerful mind which could order and utilize what, in a weaker brain, would have been a mere gathering of odds and ends.

At the close of the undergraduate course, he spent some time in Germany, not at a university, for that old custom of Scottish students had not then been revived, as it has lately been to the great advantage of theological thought among us; but as travelling tutor to a young Englishman, with whom he lived for a season at Weimar, and saw somewhat of the court not long before brightened by the presence of Goethe and Schiller and Herder. With this gentleman he also visited the northern countries of Europe, and doubtless fostered that taste for travel which clung to him as long as he lived. But his winters were chiefly passed in Edinburgh, where Chalmers was now firing young clerical aspirants with Evangelical fervour rather than

theological zeal. Macleod was a favourite student of his, as we can well suppose, the two big, kindly, cheery human hearts naturally *kything* together.

But if not previously inclined to the study of systematic divinity, certainly he would not be led to it in Chalmers' class-room. That great man—greatest of modern Scotchmen—had a few leading principles which he drove home with monotonously repeated strokes, as of hammer on anvil, explaining and illustrating and enforcing them with infinite brilliancy of imagination and passionate belief. He had no turn for theological subtleties, almost no patience with them. But if he did not produce great divines, he was fruitful of earnest preachers, whose intensity and spirituality provided the very best kind of preparation for the time of sifting that was near at hand. For only an age, made ready by a deep moral earnestness, may safely plunge into questions which, in so shallow and frivolous a period as the last century, could not be faced without infinite hazard. A spiritual revival is necessary to clear the way for a searching inquiry. Now life was a grave and awful thing to Chalmers, and he taught his students to feel the mystery and the earnestness of it.

So much he got in Chalmers' class-room; but that was not all. He also made the acquaintance of the scion of an old Nairnshire family, John Mackintosh, son of Mackintosh of Geddes, who was then also studying for the Church; out of which friendship came in due time yet closer relationships, through her who so long brightened his home and lived to mourn his loss.

Of course young Norman Macleod, with the frank Norse tongue in him, and various Celtic imaginations, had not long to wander the country as a licentiate on the outlook for "probable vacancies." In 1838 he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, then a pleasant rural district, now honeycombed with mines of coal and iron. There he laboured diligently and quietly for some years, with a stormy ecclesiastical atmosphere all round him—having his own thoughts, no doubt, as to the part he himself should play when the crisis came.

The Disruption controversy of 1843 found him a moderate but firm supporter of the then existing relations between Church and State.

Having then taken his place decisively as a Churchman, Macleod had naturally many offers of promotion. He chose the parish of Dalkeith, then supposed to be a place of importance from the neighbourhood of the ducal palace. But it could not be his abiding place. His sphere was in the heart of a great city, where life was full and strong. He needed plenty to do, in order to know how much he could do. In 1851, then, being called to the Barony Church of Glasgow, he finally took up his abode there, and substantially began the real work of his life. In the same year, on the 11th of August, he was married to Catherine Ann Mackintosh, daughter of William Mackintosh, Esq., of Geddes, and sister of Norman's dearest friend, John Mackintosh. In the prime of life, tall, handsome, with a singularly winning expression, the new minister of the Barony Church was about as

splendid a human creature as one could wish to look upon. Latterly, and especially when his health began to fail, he inclined to be too portly; but in those days his robust form showed immense power of work, and the Barony was the very sphere to put it to the proof.

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 "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 upstairs, 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 characterized 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 hour to devotion, he wrote or studied till breakfast-time. The forenoon was chiefly employed receiving



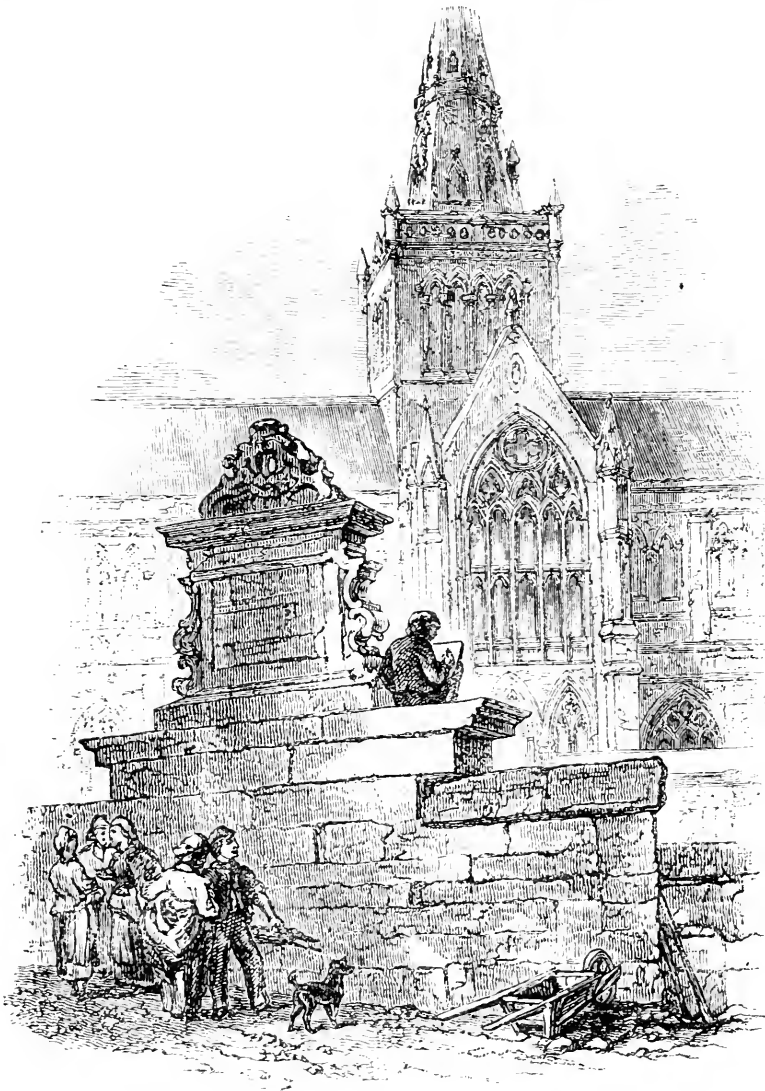
NORMAN MACLEOD.

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 of 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, criticizing 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 hoary 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 clinging to its walls. When he was inducted to the Barony, Norman Macleod at once recognized his position as minister, not only of the congregation which worshipped there but of the enormous parish (embracing at that time 87,000 souls, and rapidly increasing) of which this was the Parish Church. There were of course many other churches in the parish; it contained the usual proportion of dissenting congregations, in addition to some chapels connected with the Church of Scotland. These, nevertheless, were not only inadequate to the requirements of the population, but were unequally distributed, so that many densely in-

habited districts were left unprovided with either church or school. There were also, at a depth reached by no



EXTERIOR OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

agency then existing, those "lapsed classes" which form in all large cities the mighty problem of Christian

philanthropy. The spirit animating him in his work is well illustrated by some passages from his Journal of this period.

“Sunday Morning, Oct. 12th, 6 o'clock.—A lovely, peaceful morning, the atmosphere transparent, the landscape clear and pure, with its white houses, and fields and trees.

“Glorious day! the only day on earth the least like heaven. It is the day of peace which follows the day of battle and victory. ‘And all this mighty heart is lying still,’ the forge silent, the cotton mill asleep, the steamers moored, the carts and waggons gone to the warehouse, the shops closed, man and beast enjoying rest, and all men invited to seek rest in God! How solemn the thought of the millions who will this day think of God, and pray to God, and gaze upon eternal things; on sea and land, in church and chapel, on sick bed and in crowded congregations! How many thousands in Great Britain and Ireland will do this! Clergy praying and preaching to millions. This never was the device of either man or devil. If it was the ‘device of the Church,’ she is indeed of God.

“May the Lord anoint me this day with His Spirit!”

“Sat. 6 A.M.—People talk of early morning in the country with bleating sheep, singing larks, and purling brooks. I prefer that roar which greets my ear when a thousand hammers, thundering on boilers of steam-vessels which are to bridge the Atlantic or Pacific, usher in a new day—the type of a new era. I feel men are





INTERIOR OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.



awake with me, doing their work, and that the world is rushing on to fulfil its mighty destinies, and that I must do my work, and fulfil my grand and glorious end.

“Oh! To see the Church and the world with Christ’s eyes and heart!

“I must cultivate the habit of much personal communion with God during the day; speaking in the spirit to Him as well as (or rather in order to) living in the Spirit.”\*

If Norman Macleod had been the happy, easy-going parson some have described him, he would have settled down in his ugly Barony kirk, satisfied with the routine of congregational work, which would not have been an idle life, either, for the membership numbered generally from eleven to twelve hundred adults. But he could not look without pity on the throng who “were as sheep without a shepherd.” Neither did he regard his congregation merely as a company of people to be preached to, but rather as a body of men whom he had to lead unto every good work.

From his father, and from his mother, whom he fondly loved, and of whom the latter survived him, he had received childhood’s lessons of piety and duty. From a younger brother, James, who died early (and the two now sleep together in Campsie churchyard), he had received very special religious impressions—good seed which had fallen on “an honest and good heart.” From Dr. Chalmers he had caught the fire of missionary zeal, which burnt so brightly in that brave old spirit.

\* Quoted in “Memoir,” vol. ii. pp. 17–18.

Ere long, therefore, the parish began to be pervaded by its earnest and vigorous minister. Commonly he preached thrice every Sabbath, besides conducting a large class of his own; and his preaching was no mere stringing together of theological commonplaces, but the expression of earnest thought about the highest things, full of practical help and counsel for living men. Not what is often called "pulpit eloquence:" not simply the old clothes of the seventeenth century, bedizened with a gold lace of nineteenth-century similes; but plain, manly, often even homely *talk* about those things which make a man's life great and earnest and hopeful; now flaming out into indignant rebuke of our selfishness; and by-and-by soaring, as was meet, into high, rhythmic utterance of the Divine sacrifice and love. Once a week he presided at the meeting of his Sunday-school teachers, carefully going over the appointed lessons with them. Bands of earnest fellow-workers, animated by the spirit he diffused, gathered round him as their natural leader, and devoted their time and their means to mill girls, to foundry boys, to savings-banks, to every likely means for improving the condition of the poor.

Five excellent schools were built in as many needy localities, at a cost of some £8,000 or £9,000. Three mission churches, too, were erected, all free of debt, the congregation expending on these about £11,000. There he delighted to preach to people who came, the men in their fustian jackets, the women in their cotton "mutches;" for all the well-dressed were excluded, and

respectable persons who wanted to go, had to borrow some worn and torn garments, and smuggle themselves in. I am told, and can believe it, that his sermons in the highest quarters were not for a moment comparable to the great-hearted eloquence of some of those working



HIGH STREET, GLASGOW, NEAR THE BARONY CHURCH.

men's discourses. Penny-banks were first introduced to Glasgow by him, and with them, refreshment-rooms for the poor, and Saturday evening social meetings.

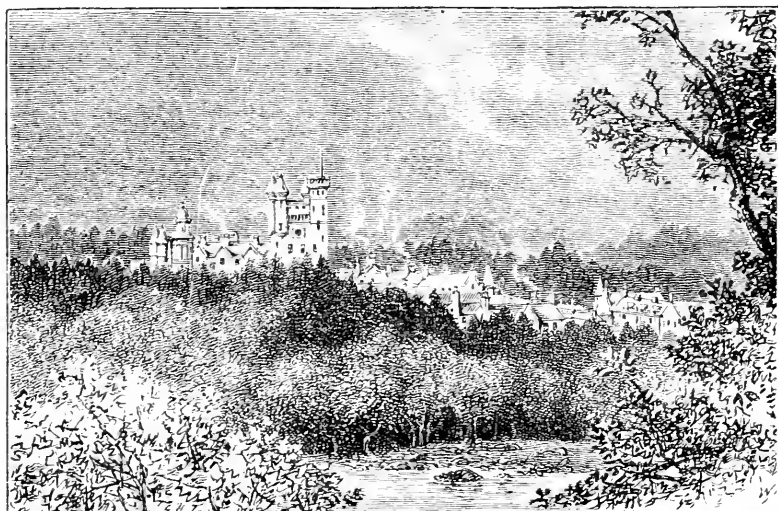
Nor did he only set up the machinery. He was its moving power, keeping it all in vigorous and persistent

activity by his presence, and also making it work smoothly by the oil of his cheery and unfailing good humour. Especially the children of his various schools called forth his warmest interest, and some of his choicest powers. He was always great among children, whether singing his own "Squirrel" or "Curler" songs at the home fireside, or scratching odd and clever caricatures, full of life and spirit, or pouring forth the funniest nonsense to the Foundry boys, but always with a "gold thread" running through it all. To the general world, he was chiefly known as a man of letters, a man of fine gifts and accomplishments: and such men are not thought to be the most efficient pastors. But in Glasgow, he was emphatically the Barony minister, dear to old and young for his good words and good works, ready to take his part, which was naturally the leading part, in every scheme for the social or spiritual amelioration of the people. Certainly, never since Thomas Chalmers, was there such a pervading moral power in that city as Norman Macleod.

His life of toil was not without its well deserved honours. One in particular he enjoyed, which never before fell to the lot of any Scottish minister, except William Carstairs—he was privileged to be equally the friend of his Sovereign and of the people. The Scottish clergy are not to be blamed that only two of them have held such a position. Their patriotism had often to contend with their loyalty: and it is to their credit that they stood by the cause of the people. But

in these two cases it happened fortunately that they had Sovereigns whose friendship could be enjoyed along with the confidence of the country, so that they became the happy medium of good service to both.

About six months after the incidence of her great sorrow the Queen came to Balmoral, the scene of so



BALMORAL CASTLE.

much domestic happiness in the course of her wedded life. Dr. Macleod entertained a warm admiration for the deceased Prince Consort, and his sympathy with the Queen was therefore profound. Under such circumstances a summons to attend upon her was felt as a peculiarly solemn call of duty ; and his deep feeling is clearly manifest in his letters and journals. But the delicacy inspired by true feeling made him always reticent on the subject of his relations with the Court,

except when his reminiscences would obviously do good as well as give pleasure. Though no one more emphatically insisted on the equality of all ranks before God, he could not but recognize a special responsibility towards this world for any influence he might exert on those in great place.

“When I think,” he writes in his journal, “how the character of Princes affects the history of the world, and how that character may possibly be affected by what I say, and by the spirit in which I speak and act, I feel the work laid upon me to be very solemn.”

“Your Royal Highness knows,” he said to a younger member of the family, whom he was endeavouring to comfort after the death of the Prince, “that I am here as a pastor, and that it is only as a pastor I am permitted to address you. But as I wish you to thank me when we meet before God, so would I address you now.”

“I am never tempted,” he writes, “to conceal my conviction from the Queen, for I feel she sympathizes with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it.”

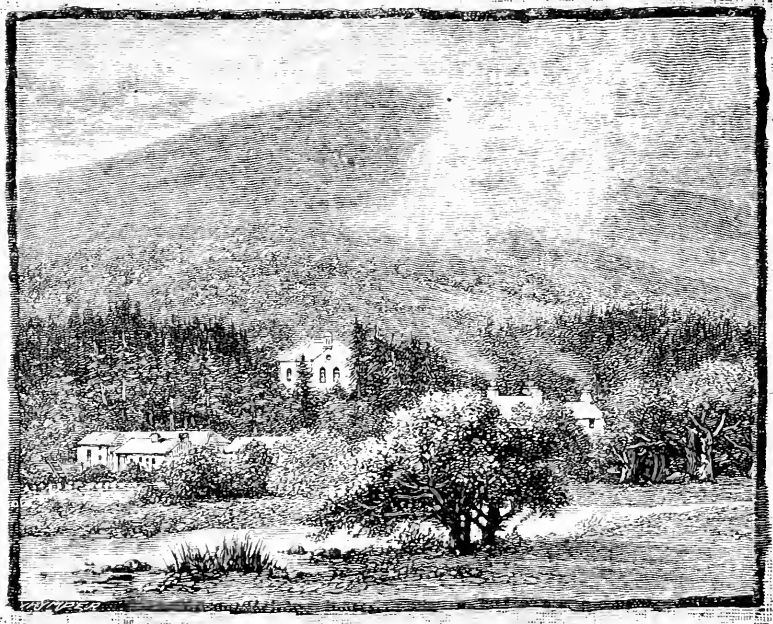
From his Journal :—

May 8, 1862.—I am commanded by the Queen to visit at Balmoral from Saturday till Tuesday.

“Few things could be more trying to me than, in present circumstances, to meet my afflicted Sovereign face to face. But God, who calls me, will aid me. My hope is in Him, and He will not put me to shame. May He guide me to speak to her fitting truth as to an



immortal being, a sister in humanity, a Queen with heavy trials to endure, and such duties to perform! May I be kept in a right spirit, loving, peaceful, truthful, wise, and sympathizing, carrying the burthen of her who is my sister in Christ and my Sovereign! Father! Speak by me!"



CRATHIE CHURCH.

To Mrs. Macleod:—

BALMORAL, *May* 12, 1862.

“You will return thanks with me to our Father in Heaven for His mercy and goodness in having hitherto most surely guided me during this time, which I felt to be a most solemn and important era in my life. All has passed well—that is to say, God enabled me to

speak in private and in public to the Queen in such a way as seemed to me to be truth—the truth in God’s sight: that which I believed she needed, though I felt it would be very trying to her spirit to receive it. And what fills me with deepest thanksgiving is, that she has received it, and written to me such a kind, tender, letter of thanks for it, which shall be treasured in my heart while I live.

“Prince Alfred sent for me last night to see him before going away. Thank God, I spoke fully and frankly to him—we were alone—of his difficulties, temptations, and of his father’s example; what the nation expected of him; how, if he did God’s will, good and able men would rally round him; how, if he became selfish, a selfish set of flatterers would truckle to him and ruin him, while caring only for themselves. He thanked me for all I said, and wished me to travel with him to-day to Aberdeen, but the Queen wishes to see me again. I am so thankful to have the Duke of Argyll and my dear friend Lady Augusta Bruce here. The Duchess of Athole also—a most delightful real woman.”\*

Another extract from his Journal of this period shows how he prized the experiences he gained in that house of mourning:—

“May 14.—Let me if possible recall some of the incidents of these few days at Balmoral, which in after years I may read with interest, when memory grows dim.

“After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the

\* Journal and letter, May 1862, quoted in “Memoir,” &c., vol. ii. p. 122.

Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression, which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all now on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy, and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer."

It might seem that, with all these duties and schemes, he had his hands already full enough; and so, in truth, they were. But the capable man, seeing that a piece of work has to be done, and that it is laid to him, finds, some way or other, the time to do it. A nine hours' day is no desire of his. Not how to shorten, but how to lengthen its working hours, is the question with such an one; and I fear that Norman Macleod, in trying to do good to others, stole too many hours from the night, to be altogether good for himself. New work, however, came to him, and he could not put it away. In the

Disruption times, when everybody was writing pamphlets, he too had written one, which he called "A Crack about the Kirk"—a racy, rattling production of humour and buoyant young life. Then for some ten years he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, a periodical of the old religious type, doing some good, but not paying its own way; heartless work sailing that sort of craft, with half one's time spent in baling out, so as to keep her afloat.

At length, in 1860, he found his sphere in letters. In an article in the *Contemporary Review* we were told how it was desired to realize Arnold's wish for a periodical that should not be a religious one, and yet should have a religious spirit; how, beating about for an editor, the enterprising publisher chanced to read, in the *Scotsman* newspaper, the report of a chat on "Cock-Robin" with some Ayrshire children; and how, finally, Macleod consented to be captain of the new adventure. *Good Words*, "worth much and costing little"—a magazine meant for every day, and for everybody—neither clerical, nor critical, nor scientific, but broadly human, and in spirit Christian—this exactly suited Macleod's character. He had a considerable literary acquaintance, and he could count on willing help from such men as Stanley, Kingsley and Trollope, and with his own ready pen and varied stores of humour and pathos, and solid thought, the success of the undertaking was certain in the long-run. Of course it had a period of up-hill work. It met even with some bitter and ungenerous criticism. But, at length, wherever English

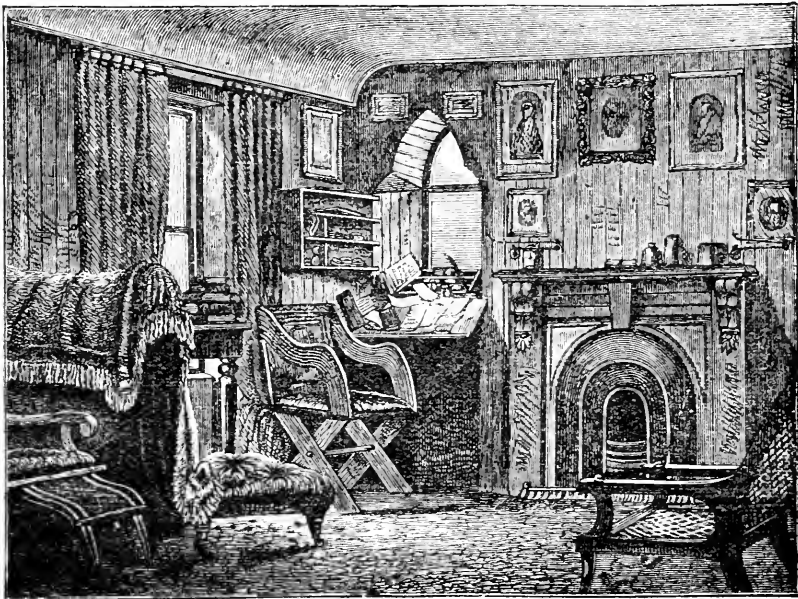
speaking men and women lived, its name became an "open sesame" to the wise and genial editor.

In *Good Words* his chief contributions to literature appeared, all except his life of John Mackintosh, "The Earnest Student," which is perhaps the most artistically finished of them all. Our readers, therefore, must be familiar with those bright sketches of nature and human nature which were among the first things the paper-cutter hurried to on the monthly appearance of the welcome brown cover. "Wee Davie," it has been said, was his own favourite, and its exquisite pathos has, perhaps, made this the general verdict, though the humour of "Billy Buttons" shows a still finer touch, and is a fit rival to Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." But I know that he reckoned "The Starling," of all his books, the one most likely to perpetuate his name, having cost him far more labour of thought than the others. Whether he was right in this estimate the future will tell. None of his other tales are so finished. They seem rather to have been thrown off at a heat—simple, artless, and natural; and, indeed, they were most of them not even the fruits of a busy leisure, but booty snatched from the hours of sleep. They all indeed contain some gleam of rich humour, or some pathetic stroke; or, at the very least, some ray of kindly wisdom to cheer our way of life. On the whole my favourite is the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." It is fragmentary, but fresh, natural, and true; just the kind of work which could be best done under such conditions as were imposed upon him.

But none of his books give anything like a full idea of the man's real greatness. There are men who have written remarkable books, but whose personality, when you come to know them, is extremely commonplace. Their literary power is a knack, but they are quite ordinary men. It was the very reverse with Macleod. What his literary faculty might have been had he devoted himself exclusively to its cultivation, it were hard to say. As it is, no one would have been more ready than he to admit the sketchy, unfinished character of nearly all he has written. Even his preaching, great as it was, hardly gave a sufficient conception of him, though some of his platform speeches came nearer to doing so. It was in the freedom of his private and familiar intercourse with one or two friends that we felt what a power he was. For he was essentially a talker, and, without a Boswell, will be almost as much lost to the world as Johnson would have been. It was when seated with him in the queer little outhouse, which had been a laundry, I think, and which he turned into a study, that one came to know him right, and to comprehend what varied spiritual forces were in him, what insight into things which his pen seldom touched, what scorn of all baseness, what love for all that is noble and pure and true, and what boundless capacity for anything he might have to do. In those hours of unrestraint and confidence, even amid the flow of a humour which he indulged and relished as a lark does its singing, you might hear the deep undertone of a

spirit that knew the burden of the mystery, and along with that, the wonder and the joy and the stirring eloquence of a faith which dwelt in the Father with "the peace that passeth understanding."

He was not a man to "wear his heart on his sleeve." But those who were privileged to spend a few even-



THE BACK STUDY.

ings in that little "sanctum" will not soon forget the impression they left—that this was one of the greatest and truest of men. There was always some good story of Scottish humour, and plenty of hearty laughter; for he was a great laugher, not with the mouth only, but, as it were, all over, every bit of him heaving with honest, genial mirth. But always, too, one came

away with some grave and earnest thought, which rose uppermost and remained long after the good jokes had done their turn and passed away.

The very last time I was there, only a few days before the illness that carried him off, after a pleasant half-hour or so, he dropped into this more serious vein; speaking of the difficulties of a true spiritual life, and the shame and self-contempt he felt at the poverty of his spiritual character; yet it was rich, though he called it "all rubbish." Then, alluding to the changing tone of religious thought, he told me how he had shrunk from it at first—how, even when the light had loosened many of his early opinions, so that they hung like an avalanche, ready to be precipitated by a touch or the sound of a voice, yet he had avoided all utterance of the thought that was in him until he had proven the new light by its moral influence. And then he added, "I can quiet my dear old mother's anxiety, when I show her that it is more agreeable to Scripture, and that it also makes me a humbler and a better man, helps me to hate evil more, and to live nearer God. I never feel safe on mere intellectual ground. I cannot follow logic, unless the life goes with it." That was the substance of our last conversation; and it will be ever a pleasant memory to me. The man had not yet attained, neither was already perfect; but he was reaching forth and pressing on to the mark for the prize of his high calling.

"It was not," writes one who knew him well, "in the fire and animation of his platform addresses, nor



yet in the fervid outpourings of his heart from the pulpit, that one came to know how deeply grounded was his whole life and action on a childlike faith and trust in God: it was when alone with him in his study, when the heart gave utterance as it willed, and free from all restraint. To be with him then was to learn a lesson which no public teaching, whether by voice or pen, could ever have given. How naturally did all his thoughts seem to take tone and colour from that one pervading influence! How he taught me—as he taught many, whose happiest fortune it has been to share now and again in these quiet hours—that all of the bright and beautiful in life, all that could gladden the spirit and cheer the heart, gained yet a brighter tint in the light reflected from a Father's love; that mirth became more deep, and so much more real; that each good gift became more cherished from the recognition of the great Giver of all!

And here truly, it has seemed to me, did he especially prove himself a minister of the Gospel. For was it not a Gospel to many, who might else, not improbably, have turned away from thoughts of any such things, to learn—not from direct teaching, but from their own experience of an actual life—that there was a faith and trust which could imbue every sense of enjoyment with fresh keenness of perception and zest of participation; that only through such a faith and trust could pleasure reach its highest realization, and all that was best, and brightest, and happiest in our nature obtain its true development. Nothing was more strange to me at first—nothing

came to be accepted by me as more natural afterwards —than the constant evidence which each opportunity of private intercourse with this great, large-hearted, noble-minded man afforded me of the deep undercurrent in his thoughts and life. I never knew him, in all my meetings with him, force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved.”

In his varied labours the years flowed happily on; for he enjoyed life greatly, and with a thankful heart. He knew it would have its crosses without his manufacturing them for himself. So he enjoyed his occasional visits to London literary society, and still more, his pleasant retirements to the Highlands—fishing with his boys, and singing away the summer twilights with his girls. Above all, he enjoyed travelling to new countries, and thus, by converse with strange forms of life, broadening his Christian charity, and intensifying his Christian piety.

I remember well with what glee he prepared for his visit to Palestine, from which he hoped much, and, unlike most pilgrims thither, was not disappointed. I met him one day just before he started. “Come along,” he said, “I want to buy a lot of squibs and rockets and Roman candles. They say I must take pistols and a revolver. But that’s nonsense, you know. So, if these beggars of Arabs want to kill me, I mean to

let off my fireworks, and they'll swear I'm the biggest magic-man since Solomon." I forget what came of the fireworks; but he was as gleesome as a boy at the idea of walking in perfect peace with a rocket for a staff, while his companion was miserably fingering a revolver.



THE MASTER OF THE HORSE IN PALESTINE.

(From a Sketch by Norman Macleod.)

His journey to India was a different matter. By that time his health was seriously affected, and many of his friends doubted whether he was fit for the task. He himself was quite aware of the risk he ran. But his heart was in the work. The Indian mission was very dear to him; and the love of travel, too, was still strong within him. He wanted to see the wonderful "tombs and temples, and fakirs, and cross-legged, goggle-eyed

gods at home ; nor would he object to the glimpse of a tiger in the jungle ; only he did not like those ugly-headed cobras—nearly as ugly as the Barony Kirk.” Anyhow, a soldier, he added, “has nothing to do with the danger, but only to think of the duty.” Alas ! the danger proved to be more serious than he imagined. He was never the same man after that Indian journey. He came back, indeed, with a deepened interest in the mission, and a stronger hope of its final success. He came back, to plunge into new and exhausting efforts to revive the mission zeal of the Church, and replenish the streams of its liberality. But it was with a feeling of disappointment and sorrow that he went up to the last Assembly to give in his final report, and to deliver the great speech which was to be his last word of counsel to the Church—a brave and a wise word, whether we heed it or not.

A life so public as his could not well be without its disagreeables, though, to say the truth, they were not many. Dean Stanley seems to think that he had a kind of natural archbishopric in the Kirk of Scotland ; yet the Dean might have known that mitres do not always light on the wisest or noblest heads. He was loyal to the Church of Scotland, but knew that a still deeper loyalty was due to the Church Catholic. He was not very careful about the prim decorums of clerical manners, and this of course displeased those who but for such decorums would have been “found out.” He walked in wisdom toward “them that are without,” and had a good report of them ; but to the

same extent he was distrusted by many of his brethren. He had great influence in the country, but many smaller men had more "say" in the councils of the Church.

Indeed, but for the hold he had on the hearts of the people, I doubt whether he would not have been sharply dealt with in the matter of his famous speech about the Decalogue.\* The business is hardly worth remembering now, but at the time it was a source of keen pain to him. He knew that his view did not accord with that of many of his brethren, or perhaps with general Scottish sentiment at the time. He was prepared for opposition, therefore, and went to the Presbytery with the light of battle in his eyes, constrained by a sense of stern duty. But he hardly imagined that a mere formal abrogation of the Decalogue, with the view of introducing a higher principle of law, would be regarded as an opening of the flood-gates to licensed immorality.

I thought at the time, and think still, that he unwisely narrowed his ground, appearing to select for abolition only the best part of a system which was all disannulled by the Gospel. But there was no calm, thoughtful discussion of the matter possible at the time. He felt keenly the alienation of old friends, and the unfair abuse and misrepresentation to which he was subjected; nor was he greatly comforted by the approval which he won in certain

\* The discussion referred specially to the Fourth Commandment, and the duty of Christians in regard to the Sabbath.

quarters. For the Lord's-day was as dear to him as to any man. He only wanted it to be shifted from a Jewish foundation, and placed on a Christian one, with the light of Christian beneficence shining on all its arrangements. The result was altogether good in the long-run, turning men's minds away from compulsory Sabbatism to the great principle that "the Sabbath was made for man." Happily, too, the storm was soon spent, and ere long the Church, which had been on the point of trying him for heresy, chose him to fill the chair, which is the highest honour it has to bestow.

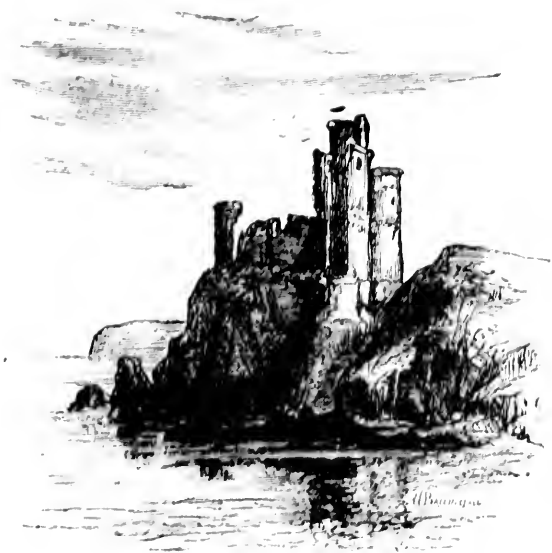
I have tried to describe Norman Macleod as I knew him; but those who knew him as well, will best understand how far I have come short of the reality. Always bright and cheery, even when one knew he had his own burden to bear; always in very earnest, even when he seemed to play and trifle in the wantonness of his gay humour; always ready with a wise or witty saying, even though you only passed him hurriedly on the street in a shower of rain; always interested in some one or other, for I think I hardly ever met him that he had not some "case" in hand—some poor human brother, about whom he had many thoughts and took no end of trouble; always busy in some good work or "Good Word"—death came upon him while he was still in fullest sympathy with the great life that stirred around him, and full of hope for its progress, and doing his full share of its task; and so happily he did not live an hour beyond his use-

fulness. On Sunday, the 16th of June, he fell asleep; "burdened," he said, "with a sense of God's mercy," and leaving to the heavenly Father's care a widow with eight children. He sleeps in Campsie Churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."

WALTER C. SMITH.



NORMAN MACLEOD'S GRAVE AT CAMPSIE,

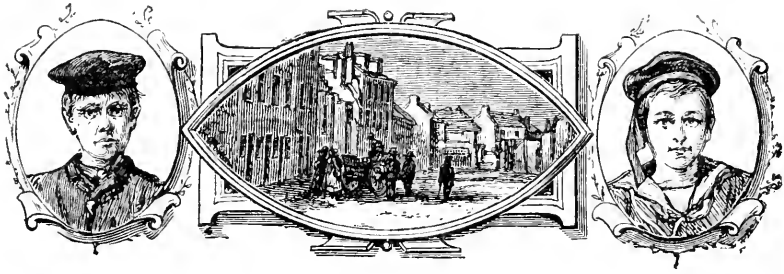




THOMAS GUTHRIE.

“ The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west —  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly !  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.”

E. B. BROWNING.



## THOMAS GUTHRIE.

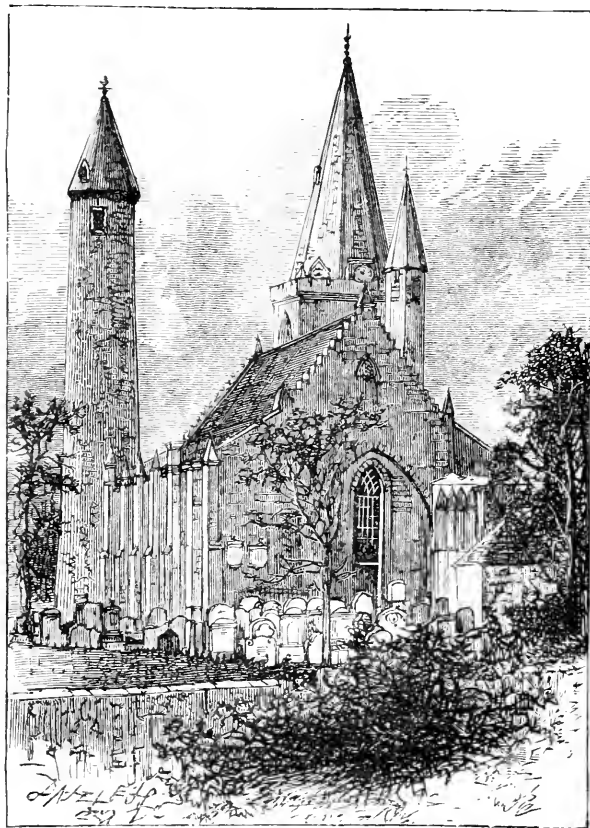
**T**HOMAS GUTHRIE, one of the most distinguished men of his time as a preacher, a philanthropist, a platform orator, a humorist, and a popular writer, was born at Brechin, in the county of Forfar, on the 17th of July, 1803. His father and his family were in the middle rank of life, homely, honest, and industrious, to whom every day brought its share of hard work, and every night its tale of "something attempted, something done." The blood of the martyrs was in his veins, and he was proud of it. His father, a worthy Christian citizen, was provost of the burgh, a man of business in whom all men had confidence. His mother, who was of seceder origin, and who continued to worship in a secession meeting-house, was a woman of great devoutness and decision of character, most careful

in the religious training of her family, and, like many such mothers, respected and honoured by her children, especially as they came to know the world and to estimate the value of her example and influence.

Thomas Guthrie was the youngest but one of thirteen children: a bustling stirring house it was, in which nothing could have been more out of place than sentimental fancies or morbid moods. The family was brought up pre-eminently in the fear of God; the traditions of the old Scottish religion prevailed in the hearts of the parents, and in accordance with them their children were reared. Yet there was a free and healthy air in the house, very favourable to the due development of character. Thomas Guthrie was substantially a product of the old Scottish school of Christian nurture, and, though in after life his views enlarged on many points, and intercourse with men of various sorts was ever teaching him new lessons of charity and toleration, his convictions in religion continued to the last to be essentially those of his parents, and of that great evangelical school to which they so cordially adhered.

It does not appear that Guthrie, at any period of his youth, passed through any such obvious spiritual change as might be termed conversion; rather he was one of those who, under the constant influence of Christian nurture and example, are drawn gently and almost imperceptibly into the way of life. Neither does he seem to have been led to think of the ministry as his

life work through the sheer force of an inward call; his parents appear to have made up their minds that he was to be a minister, and to have brought him up under that impression. But if his first inclination in that



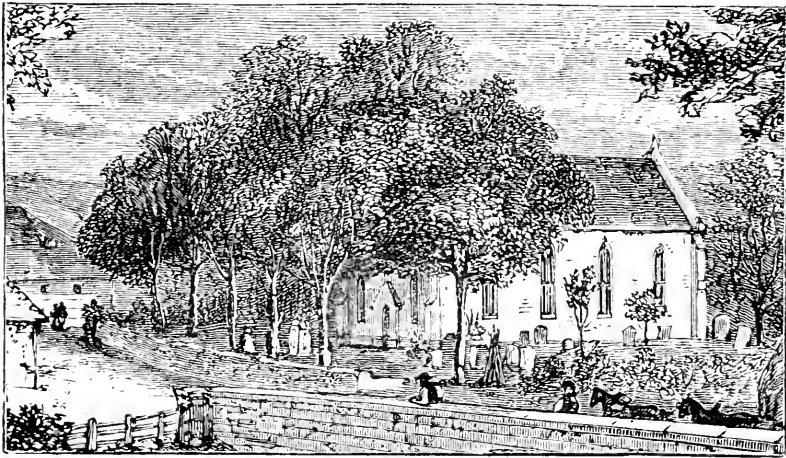
BRECHIN CATHEDRAL.

direction did not spring from the highest considerations, no man ever came, when he undertook the work, to have a deeper sense of responsibility for it; nor did any minister ever labour with deeper sincerity or more unwearied diligence to realize the highest ends of the

ministry—the bringing in and building up of souls in the Kingdom of God.

Not much needs to be said here of Guthrie's school and college life—the latter passed at the University of Edinburgh. He was far too young to profit sufficiently by university training. At the close of his undergraduate course, he passed through the divinity curriculum, and became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. Then he spent some time in the study of medicine, first at Edinburgh and afterwards at Paris. No opening presenting itself into the ministry, he accepted a temporary berth, in room of a brother, in a bank at Brechin. At last, after five years' waiting, came a presentation to the parish of Arbirlot, not far from his native town. The sphere was greatly to his mind. To quote his own description of it in the *Sunday Magazine*: "Arbirlot hung on a slope that gently declined to the sandy shores of the German Ocean. There was wood enough to ornament the landscape, but not to intercept the fresh breezes, that curling and cresting the waves, blew landward from the sea, or swept down seaward from heights loaded with the fragrance of mown hay, or blooming beanfields, or moors golden with the flowers of the gorse." It was a purely agricultural parish, with a population of about a thousand, so well educated that but one grown-up person could not read, so regular in religious duty that but one person did not attend church, and so free from intemperance that the one public-house depended chiefly for its customers on the neighbouring town. "The moral aspects were much

in harmony with the physical, of a scene where the fields yielded abundant harvests, and the air, loaded with the fragrant perfume of flowers, rang to the song of larks and woodland birds, and long lines of breakers gleamed and boomed upon the shore, and ships with white sails flecked the blue ocean, and the Bell Rock tower stood on its rim to shoot cheerful beams athwart the gloom



ARBIRLOT CHURCH.

of night, a type of that church which, our guide to the desired haven, is founded on a rock, and fearless of the rage of storms.”

It was in the early days of the evangelical revival that Guthrie was settled in Arbirlot; in the ardour of his evangelical zeal, he threw his whole soul into his parochial duties, giving the first place to his work in the pulpit, but striving by classes and libraries, and house-to-house visitation, and every other available means, to rouse and edify the people. Hating all formality and

routine, he sought to get into close contact with the minds and souls of his hearers; and finding that the part of his sermons which seemed to impress them most was the illustration, he determined to make that a specialty, and use it abundantly in his sermons. It was a happy thought—the result of a combination of instinct and intellect, of genius and common sense. Illustration became his great weapon, and a right useful one it was. It suited his poetical temperament, and became a ready handmaid to his ever ardent sympathy. Listen to Dr. Hanna, who for many years was his colleague, and, though cast in a very different mould, a most appreciative critic. After dwelling on his intense power of sympathy as one element of his preaching power, he thus writes of his illustrations: “Another element of power lay in the peculiar character of the imagery and illustrations of which he made such copious use. It has been remarked by all who have passed a critical judgment of any value upon his attributes as a preacher, that his chief, if not exclusive, instrument of power was illustration. In listening to him scenes and images passed in almost unbroken succession before the eye, always apposite, often singularly picturesque and graphic, frequently most tenderly pathetic. But it was neither their number nor their variety which explained the fact that they were all and so universally effective. It was the common character they possessed of being perfectly plain and simple, drawn from quarters with which all were familiar; few of them from books, none of them from ‘the depths of the inner conscious-



ness,' supplied by ingenious mental analysis; almost all of them taken from sights of Nature or incidents of human life—the sea, the storm, the shipwreck, the beacon-light, the lifeboat, the family wrapped in sleep, the midnight conflagration, the child at the window above, a parent's arms held up below, and the child told to leap and trust. There was much of true poetry in the series of images so presented; but it was poetry of a kind that needed no interpreter, required no effort either to understand or appreciate, which appealed directly to the eye and heart of our common humanity, of which all kinds and classes of people, and that almost equally, saw the beauty and felt the power. This showed itself unmistakably in the singular—we might even say—the wholly unique character of the afternoon audiences of Free St. John's. Of almost all other popular preachers it has been true, if they have occupied the same pulpit continuously for ten or twenty years, that the crowds which they at first attracted have at last diminished, and that the fixed congregation which remained took its distinct hue and form from that of the ministry which had permanently attached them to itself; the latter indeed a thing realized in the case of every city clergyman of any considerable pulpit power. But neither of the two things was true of Dr. Guthrie; the crowds continued undiminished to the last. A few years after he came to Edinburgh the prediction was a common one, that the fountain of imagery upon which he drew so largely and was so dependent, was sure, ere long, to fail, and his

popularity to fade away. He lived to prove that his own peculiar vein was one too deep to be exhausted, too fertile to become barren—one that could be constantly replenished; and that bountifully repaid the hand of the cultivator. It was as little true that you could stop or dry up the spring of story-telling in Dickens or in Scott as you could that of his own form and kind of illustration in Dr. Guthrie. Not even the icy fingers of death could do it. How touching so near the close to see him hold up the mirror to the features which those fingers were fashioning for the tomb, saying that he was doing as the sailor did who climbed to the masthead to try if he could see land! How touching as sight began to fail, and things look dim, confused around, to hear him compare it to the ‘land birds lighting on the mast presaging to the weary mariner the nearness of his desired haven!’ It was the ruling faculty strong in death. It was to the unfailingness of that faculty that he owed his sustained popularity as a preacher.”

Before the end of his seven years incumbency in Arbirlot, Guthrie had begun to be talked about as an extraordinary man. Edinburgh was then the great field to which brilliant preachers were sought to be transplanted. The history of Guthrie’s removal to Edinburgh was somewhat remarkable. He himself was not very willing to go, and the vacant congregation was by no means very unanimous or very cordial in desiring him; yet go he did, and three Sundays had not passed before the church, passages and all, was crowded to the

door; and up to the very last time when he preached his church continued to present the same remarkable appearance.

It was an excellent friend of the church, Mr. Alexander Dunlop, advocate (afterwards Mr. Murray Dunlop, M.P.), that was the means of his removing to



ARBIRLOT MANSE.

Edinburgh. In 1837 there occurred a vacancy in the Old Greyfriars' Church, the patronage of which, as of the other city churches, then belonged to the Town Council, and Dunlop was bent on getting the appointment for Guthrie. Of course he must first get his consent to stand. And if Mr. Dunlop had now simply asked him to be nominated for Old Greyfriars, he would have simply refused. He was a man of the people,

and his heart was with the people, and he believed that his abilities were more for the masses than the classes; and Old Greyfriars—had it not been the church of Principal Robertson and Dr. Erskine and Dr. Inglis? Had not old Walter Scott sat in its pews, and young Walter listened to the ministrations of which he had given so vivid an account in “Guy Mannering?” It would require a man of no ordinary calibre to stand in such a pulpit and instruct the congregation of ladies and gentlemen who sat before it. Whatever might be true of others, Arbirlot was better for him, and he was better for Arbirlot, than old Greyfriars.

But Mr. Dunlop, a skilful lawyer, knew how to angle. Knowing his preference for a poor parish, he unfolded a scheme, the effect of which on his friend he could calculate full well. The friends of the church were going to get Old Greyfriars uncollegiated and to build a new church in the Cowgate, or near it. There they would plant the second minister of the Greyfriars, and try what the parochial system, thoroughly worked under Evangelical auspices, could do for the most degraded portion of Edinburgh. On June 15, 1837, Mr. Dunlop wrote in these terms to the minister of Arbirlot. Here, as the minister himself would have said was a dainty dish to set before a king. The savour of it pleased him well. He was thinking about it when the bells of Arbroath were ringing in the new queen of England. On June 29 he wrote to his Edinburgh friend, that he had almost made up his mind to accept if elected. Mr. Dunlop pressed the

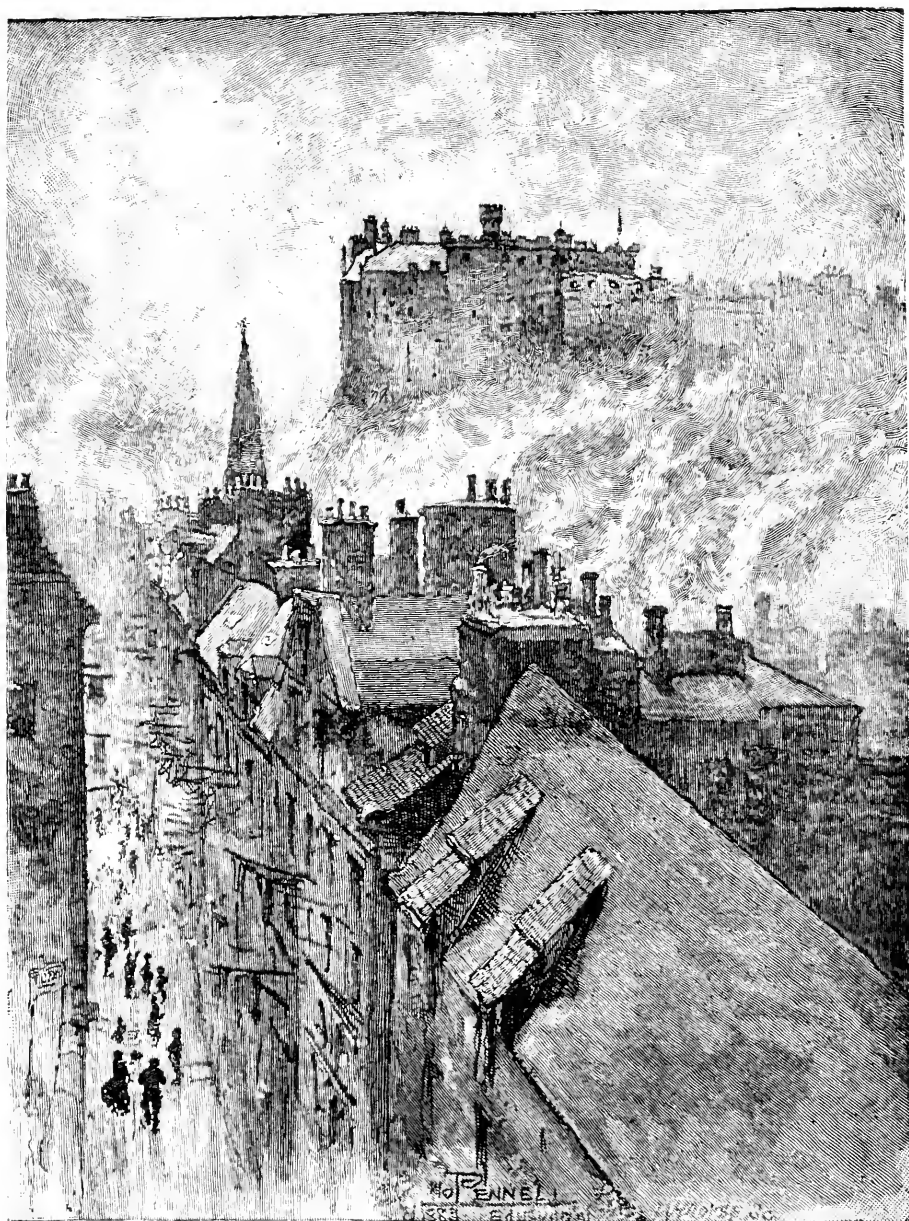
town council. The vote was in favour of Guthrie; and on September 21 following, he was inducted as one of the ministers of the Greyfriars.

Many a man would say that only a hypocrite or a lunatic could have really preferred a charge in the Cowgate to an educated, well-to-do congregation. Guthrie was neither the one nor the other. He had a moderate estimate of his abilities, and he did not know then that the gifts of fancy and feeling, which were his special capital, were equally popular with high and low. But that was not all. He had grown up under the rising tide of the Evangelical revival, and with an unbounded faith in the power of the gospel to raise men from the lowest depths and turn the wilderness into a garden. The enthusiasm of Chalmers had roused a kindred enthusiasm, both as to the power of the gospel over the masses and the incomparable excellence of the aggressive method and the parochial machinery. No chill of disappointment had yet begun to abate the boundless expectations with which ardent minds were filled under the visions of Chalmers. Only let his schemes be carried fully out, and something like the millenium was at hand. Guthrie shared this glowing hope, and looked on the Cowgate as but the dark background that would bring out more clearly the glory of the coming transformation.

It was, no doubt, with feelings of this sort in their minds that Chalmers and Guthrie, one dull autumn day in 1837, had a casual meeting which was thus

described by the latter in one of his papers in the *Sunday Magazine*—"Sketches of the Cowgate." From the bridge which spans the Cowgate (George IV. Bridge) he was looking down on the street where so much of his labour had to be carried on—

"The streets were a puddle; the heavy air, loaded with smoke, was thick and murky; right below lay the narrow street of dingy tenements, whose toppling chimneys and patched and battered roofs were fit emblems of the fortunes of most of their tenants. Of these, some were lying over the sills of windows innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats or dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms or at their feet, stood in groups at the close mouths, here, with empty laughter, chaffing any passing acquaintance, there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks. A brewer's cart, threatening to crush beneath its ponderous wheels the ragged urchins who had no other playground, rumbled over the causeway, drowning the quavering notes of one whose drooping head and scanty dress were ill in harmony with song, but not drowning the shrill pipe of an Irish girl, who thumped the back of an unlucky donkey, and cried her herrings at 'three a penny.' So looked the parish I had come to cultivate; and while contrasting the scene below with the pleasant recollections of the parish I had just left—its singing larks, daisied pastures, decent peasants, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of



THE COWGATE, FROM GEORGE IV. BRIDGE.





snowy breakers on the shore—my rather sad and sombre ruminations were suddenly checked. A hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round to find Dr. Chalmers at my elbow. . . . Contemplating the scene for a little in silence, all at once, with his broad Luther-like face glowing with enthusiasm, he waved his arm to exclaim ‘A beautiful field, sir; a very fine field of operation!’”

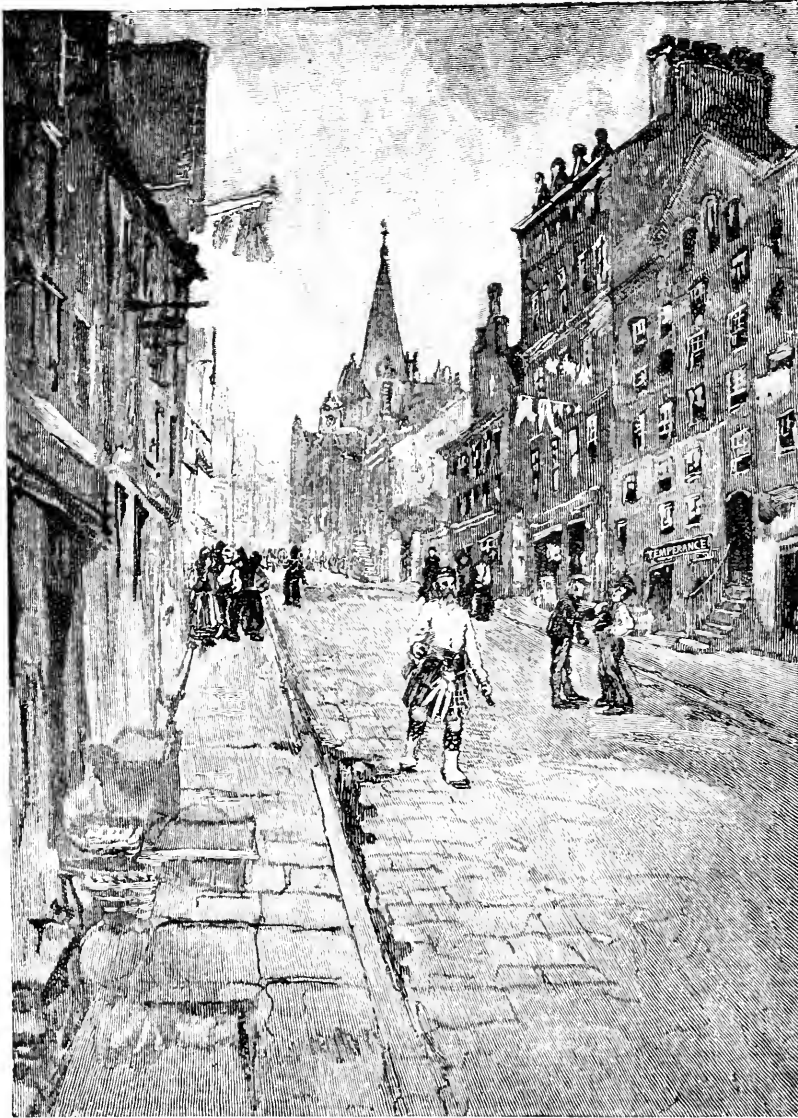
Guthrie went hard to work to reclaim the Cowgate. Rising every morning at five, he devoted the time before breakfast to pulpit preparation; spent several hours each day in visitation, and reserved his evenings for reading and his family. He secured the use of the Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate for parochial services with the people who were reclaimed, a place of historical interest, dedicated of old to St. Mary Magdalene, the chapel of the French Embassy before the Reformation, and thereafter the meeting-place, if not of the very first, certainly of some of the early Assemblies of the Reformed Church of Scotland. The chapel still stands; at the present time it is used in connection with the Livingstone Medical Mission—an institution aiming at the same great result by different machinery. By-and-by St. John’s Church was built for Dr. Guthrie, and the greater part of its sittings were made free to the people of the district. The poor were in the area of the church, the rich in the galleries. But the experiment was not allowed to be worked out to its final results. A great ecclesiastical convulsion befell the Church of Scotland, and for a

time the concentration of effort to avert the disaster, and—after it came—to reconstruct the shattered institution, absorbed the utmost efforts of Dr. Guthrie and his friends.

Besides affording him a field for his great evangelistic missions, the Cowgate and other old streets of Edinburgh had other attractions for Dr. Guthrie. He delighted in all that was quaint and characteristic of the old town, and his active imagination could vividly call up the past life of the city, and people every close and wynd every tenement and “land” with its old inhabitants. For the elegant new town, with its cold regularity of square window and level roof, he cared probably as little as Mr. Ruskin, though he did not like him pour out on it any vial of scorn. But the Cowgate and the Canongate, the High Street and the Grassmarket—his interest in them never flagged. Even as they stood in their decay they were marvellous sights, showing a rare architectural taste in the barons and burgesses that reared them, half savages though we have been wont to think them. It may seem an Irishism, but Edinburgh was then at least fifty years older than it is now. Half a century has made sad havoc of those marvellous old structures which James Drummond sketched, and Daniel Wilson chronicled, in their very different books, each bearing the name “Old Edinburgh.”

But when Dr. Guthrie came to Edinburgh, most of the old historical houses still survived, though not in all their glory. You did not need to go then to the

Exhibition in the Meadows to see the house of Cardinal Beaton, it stood high and mighty, with its strange



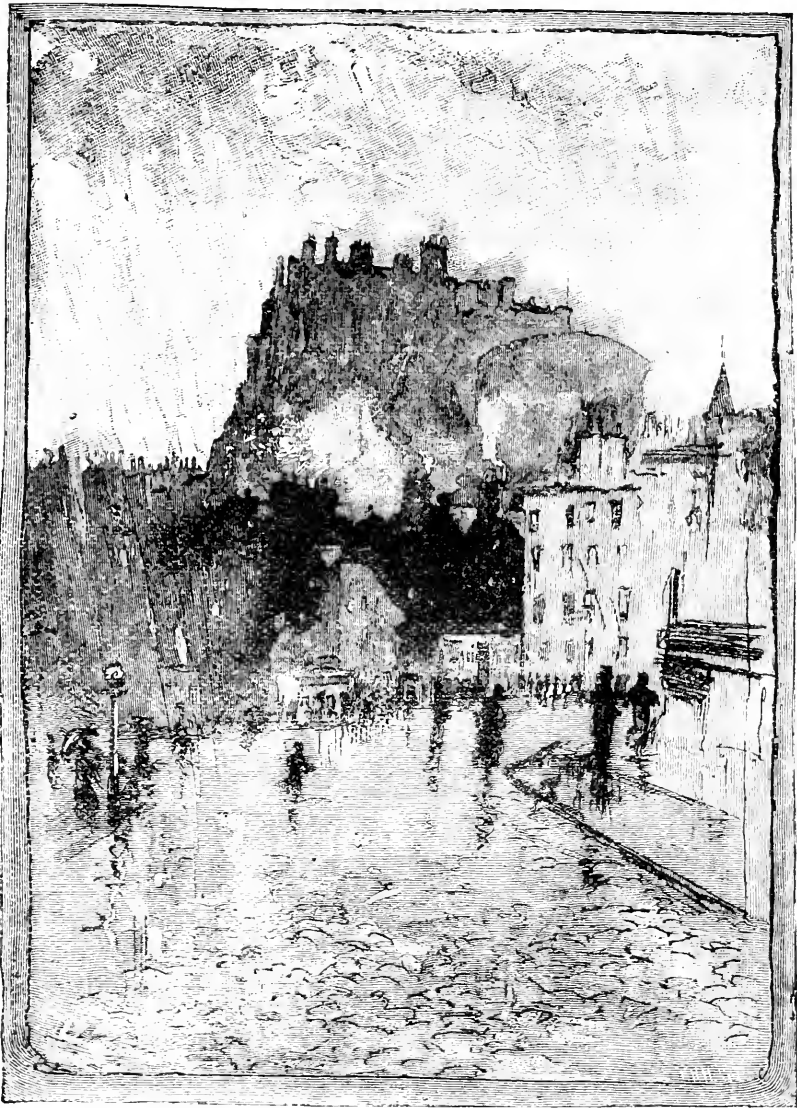
THE CANONGATE.

octagon turret, at the east end of the Cowgate ; and opposite to it the residence of Gawin Douglas, the

poet, who would fain have been Archbishop of St. Andrews, but had to content himself with the bishopric of Dunkeld. Here it was, in the Dunkeld palace, in the early days of the Reformation, that after John Knox had been summoned to appear in the neighbouring Blackfriars' Church, and his enemies had abandoned the prosecution, he preached for ten successive days, morning and afternoon, to greater crowds than had ever listened to him before. From the same Blackfriars' Church, at an earlier period, the Hamiltons had issued to attack the Douglasses in the fight that used to be known as "Cleanse the Causeway," in which good Sir Patrick Hamilton, the father of the reformer and martyr of the same name, was slain.

The other or west end of the Cowgate was not less rich in memories of the past. Near its entrance to the Grassmarket stood a tall house, in the third story of which Mrs. Syme, a sister of Principal Robertson, kept a boarding-house, in the middle of last century. The father of the late Lord Brougham was one of Mrs. Syme's boarders, and marrying her daughter, lived here for some time, removing afterwards to St. Andrew Square, where Lord Brougham was born. But the Grassmarket itself had infinitely more stirring associations than these. Here it was that the stake was erected from which so many reformers and covenanters were borne to heaven in the chariot of fire, leaving those testimonies and memories that thrilled so many hearts, and none more than that of Dr. Guthrie himself, who was all the more susceptible to their

influence that he believed himself to have inherited martyr's blood. The "famous Guthrie" of the Martyr's



THE GRASSMARKET.

Monument in the adjacent Greyfriars' Churchyard, if not a progenitor, was of the same stock of Forfarshire

Guthries as himself. So was William Guthrie, of Fenwick, one of the greatest preachers and most talented men that Scotland ever possessed, who was ejected from his charge after the restoration of Charles II., and died soon afterwards in comparative youth. That Greyfriars' Churchyard was in the highest sense hallowed ground. It was here the National covenant was first signed, signed by some with blood drawn from their veins, by others with the added words, "till death." Here, for a whole winter after the battle of the Pentlands, six hundred Covenanters had been confined, without any protection from the weather. Here was the Covenanter's grave, and the monument that commemorated the eighteen thousand that suffered death during the "killing time." It goes without saying that such scenes, constantly witnessed during his Greyfriars incumbency, moved Dr. Guthrie to his inmost soul. They did more. They roused in him the spirit of consecration; lifted him up above the influences of time; nourished in him the thoughts that travel to eternity, and inspired those vivid and impressive appeals which gave to so many hearers a new sense of things unseen and eternal.

And there was humour, too, in many of these old Edinburgh associations. It was like a grim joke to be told that in former days the inhabitants of the Horse Wynd or the College Wynd kept their carriages, and when they dined at one another's houses drove to them in state, even although the distance should be so small (as it was said of one lady) that the horses' heads were

opposite the door of the one house when the carriage-door was opposite the other. Large apartments had often been divided into four, each the abode of a separate family, and sometimes cries of strife and murder would come through the thin plaster partition while the minister was giving his exhortations. Rush-



OLD HOUSES IN THE CANONGATE.

ing to ascertain the cause, he would find that it was only two low Irishwomen that had quarrelled; but what a change of tenantry from the days when the highest of the land were the occupants, and the Sovereign himself did not deem it beneath him to accept their hospitality!

In its early days the Cowgate was the fashionable suburb of Edinburgh, resembling Grange or Morning-

side at the present aristocratic. It was battle of Flodden enclosed by the city all was green; the ground of the Grey-lay in front, and a the Kirk o' Field, near to which Darnley was murdered, and the

day, only far more not till after the that it was even wall. To the south garden and burial-friars Monastery little to the left



THE TOLBOOTH.

University stands now. The Lawn-market, the High Street, and the Canongate were the real backbone



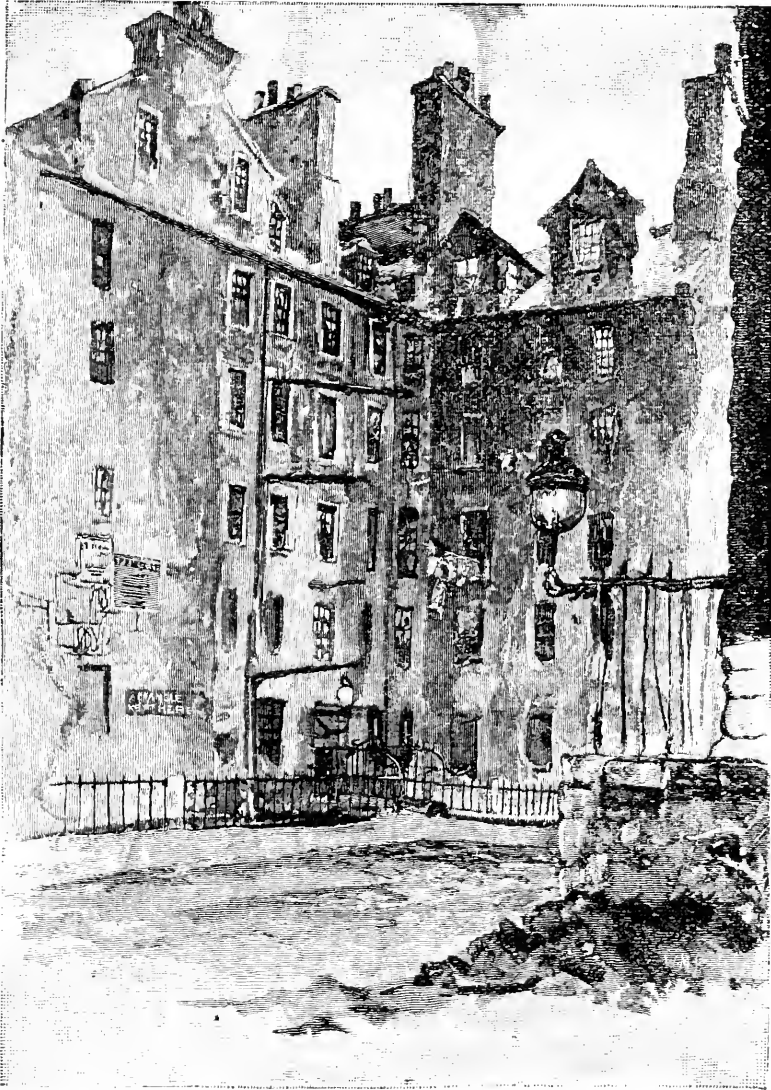
of old Edinburgh. All the space between the Castle and Holyrood swarms with historical associations. True, the old Tolbooth had been removed some time before, and only the site remained to tell where "the Heart of Midlothian" stood. But St. Giles's was there, and Knox's house, and the Regent Moray's, and Hyndford Close, and the White Horse Inn, which last has been quite demolished by the Improvement Commission. It was to it that Dr. Samuel Johnson came, on his visit to the city in 1774, when Boswell found him grumbling, for the place looked slovenly, and the waiter had shocked him by using his fingers to put a piece of sugar in his lemonade. From the White Horse Johnson removed to James's Court in the Castle Hill, where Boswell resided, and where also Lord Kames, David Hume, and Dr. Blair had their abodes. In Guthrie's time, all these were yet standing; looking to Princes Street, the pile, of which they were parts, presented ten or twelve stories; it was consumed by fire in 1857, and the Savings' Bank and Free Church offices now occupy the site. When the new town began to be built, David Hume removed to St. David Street, and some of Dr. Guthrie's friends have heard him tell the current story of the origin of that name. The street had got no authentic name, when some wag wrote in chalk over the great freethinker's door, "St. David's Street." His servant, shocked at the discovery, rushed to tell her master that they had made a saint of him, expecting doubtless to be ordered to remove the name, but the good-natured philosopher only laughed.

“Never mind,” he said; “they have done as bad to many a better man.”

We need not enter in this sketch into the painful controversy between the Ecclesiastical and Civil Courts of Scotland, which in 1843 ended in the disruption of the Church, and the demission of their charges by upwards of 470 ministers, of whom Dr. Guthrie was one. Dr. Guthrie threw his soul into that conflict on the side of the independence of the church and the rights of the people. The cause appeared to him to be identical with that for which the martyrs had suffered in the seventeenth century, and in defence of which the great Covenant had been sworn in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. So strong were his convictions, that when the Court of Session, arrogating to itself the functions of the church, issued an interdict forbidding the ministers appointed by the General Assembly to preach or do any spiritual work in the parishes of the deposed ministers of Strathbogie, Dr. Guthrie not only disregarded the interdict, but exhibited it at a public meeting, and after indignantly denouncing the intrusion of this modern Abaz into the sanctuary, threw it to the ground and trampled it under his heel. That same interdict he bequeathed, along with his copy of the National League and Covenant, to the New College, Edinburgh, where it hangs in the common hall to the present day.

When the separation of the Free Church from the State had taken place, and the building of the new churches had been well advanced, Dr. Guthrie set

himself, at the earnest request of the church, to a



JAMES'S COURT.

gigantic task—to raise over the whole church a “Manse Fund,” which should give such effective aid in the

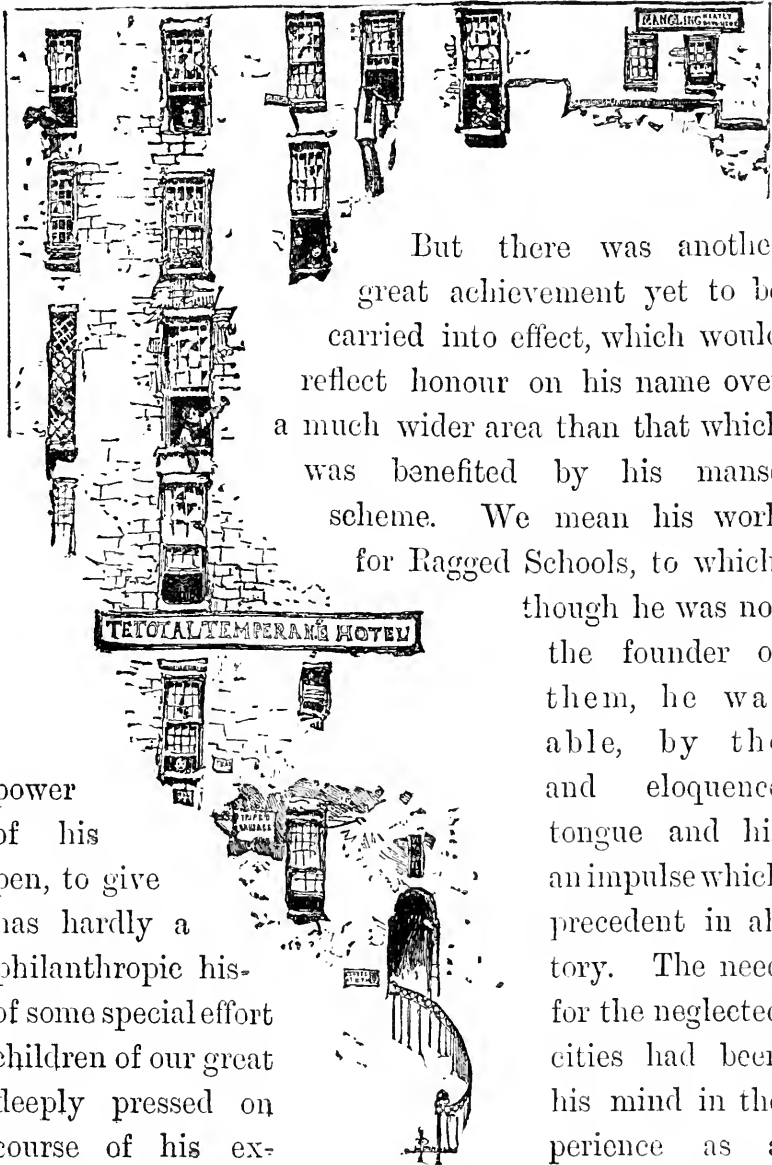
building of manses as to make it possible for each congregation to have a house for its minister. To accomplish this he had to be set free from his charge from June 1845 to 1846, traverse the whole country, hold public meetings in every important centre to explain and urge his scheme, and make innumerable calls in order to get contributions from the friends in each place who were likely to head the list. It was most congenial work; for to help six or seven hundred families to obtain comfortable homes, and thus provide for every congregation a centre of that happy holy influence which has so often gone forth from the manses of Scotland was an object most attractive to his genial, domestic nature. And the terrible revelations of suffering which he found in places not a few, where he came upon ousted ministers living in some corner of a farmhouse, with their families far away in the nearest town, or dying in unwholesome hovels, because the proprietor would not tolerate the least accommodation being given them by their tenants, while it touched his own heart to the quick, and made the cause infinitely dearer to him than ever, gave an eloquence to his tongue and a power to his appeals that contributed marvellously to the success of the undertaking. At the end of the year he was able to announce that in place of £100,000, the sum aimed at, £116,000 had been promised for the scheme. But this magnificent result was not attained without a great drawback. The strain was beyond his strength, and the weak action of the heart which it brought on,

not only exposed him to much feeble health during



THE OLD TOWN, FROM PRINCES STREET.

the remainder of his active life, but compelled his early withdrawal from active labour, and at last shortened his days.



But there was another great achievement yet to be carried into effect, which would reflect honour on his name over a much wider area than that which was benefited by his manse scheme. We mean his work for Ragged Schools, to which,

though he was not the founder of them, he was able, by the and eloquence tongue and his an impulse which precedent in all tory. The need for the neglected cities had been his mind in the perience as a

power of his pen, to give has hardly a philanthropic his- of some special effort children of our great deeply pressed on course of his ex- territorial

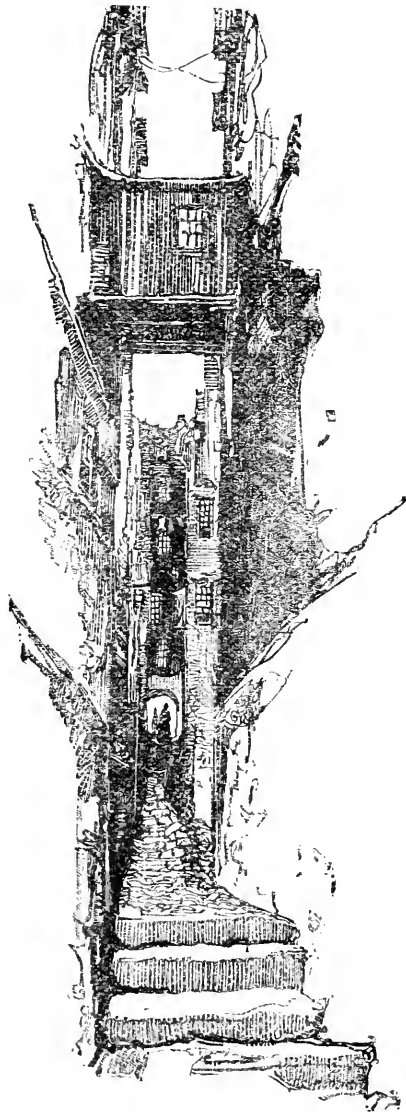
A BIT OF THE HIGH STREET.

worker in

the Cowgate. To quote again from Dr. Hanna.

“It had been long apparent to him that the one great opprobrium which lay upon the Christianity

of our country was the debased and degraded condition of such large masses of our city populations — the ignorance, the drunkenness, the debauchery, the crime, the godlessness — simmering and seething, boiling up and running over within those half-lighted, half-heated, defiled and uncleansed dwellings, in which thousands upon thousands of our fellow-creatures are living and dying within arm's reach, yet comparatively uncared for. Upon this reproachful and revolting spectacle he looked, not so much to condemn, as to pity and to sympathize. He knew and felt how much of the sinning and suffering was due to early training, to the force of example, the power of moulding circumstances, the absence of all encouragement to truth and temperance, thrift and piety, the



A WYND.

presence of all kinds of temptations to all kinds of sin. It was neither in the spirit of the censor that he desired to speak, nor in the spirit of the lictor that he desired to punish, nor in the spirit of the patron that he desired to help. It was comparatively easy to condemn or to punish, or even pecuniarily and otherwise to aid. The one thing wanted was to get, if possible, at the root of the evil, and dry up at the fountain-head the sources from which all this evil flowed. If, as all experience proves, it is the character of a community that determines their condition, to work upon their motives, principles, and habits—upon all in fact by which character is formed, was the thing most needed. No other method of doing so appeared to him half so hopeful as those Territorial Churches by whose multiplied and concentrated agencies the lessons of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are brought home to every heart, and pressed upon every individual conscience and heart. He sought to turn his own parish church, when he got it uncollegiated, into a Mission Church of this character; and when, through no fault of his, that project fell through, he took vigorous and effective part in the establishment of the Mission Church in the Pleasance, which his congregation originated, and by which, for many years, it was sustained. Seeing in the one habit of drunkenness the pregnant spring of far more than half the existing wretchedness and crime, he headed for a time the temperance movement, and to the last was ready to aid every feasible effort for the mitigation of this monster evil. But his long experience taught



him that by far the most hopeful field of labour was the education and Christian training of the young. It must be left to others now to tell how it was that within this field he chose for himself a limited space, and erected an enclosure, and gathered into it the wandering Arabs of our streets, and published his 'Plea for Ragged Schools,' and built his own Ragged School upon the Mound, and wrote for it, and begged for it, delivering those annual orations which thrilled the hearts of thousands, till he raised it into the condition of one of the most important and permanent institutions of the city, and lived to see hundreds of outcast children, who otherwise had been doomed to wretchedness and vice, turned at least into well doing, creditable citizens, many of them, let us hope, into Christian men and women."

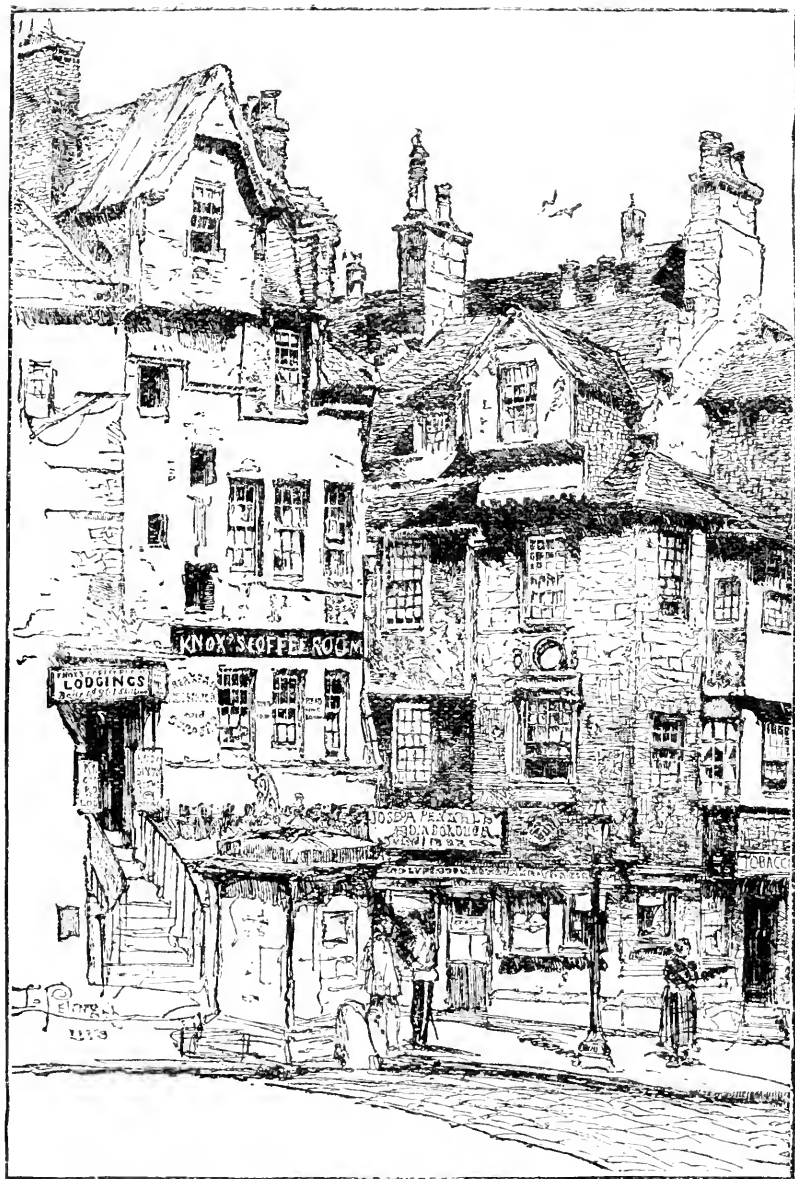
Dr. Guthrie's first "Plea for Ragged Schools," was one of the most eloquent and powerful writings that ever came from his pen. After an interval of fully forty years the present writer can vividly recall the sensation which its publication produced in Edinburgh. Edition followed edition with marvellous rapidity, and the heart of the community was moved as by an irresistible impulse. The institution of a Ragged School followed rapidly in 1847. The commanding place which Dr. Guthrie assigned to the Bible in his school caused the secession of a few friends, who thought that the Roman Catholics should be educated on their own principles. There was a celebrated meeting in the Music Hall in July 1847, at which each party made its appeal, but

it ended in an overwhelming victory for Dr. Guthrie. The other party established a school on their own lines, which received a fair share of support and success.

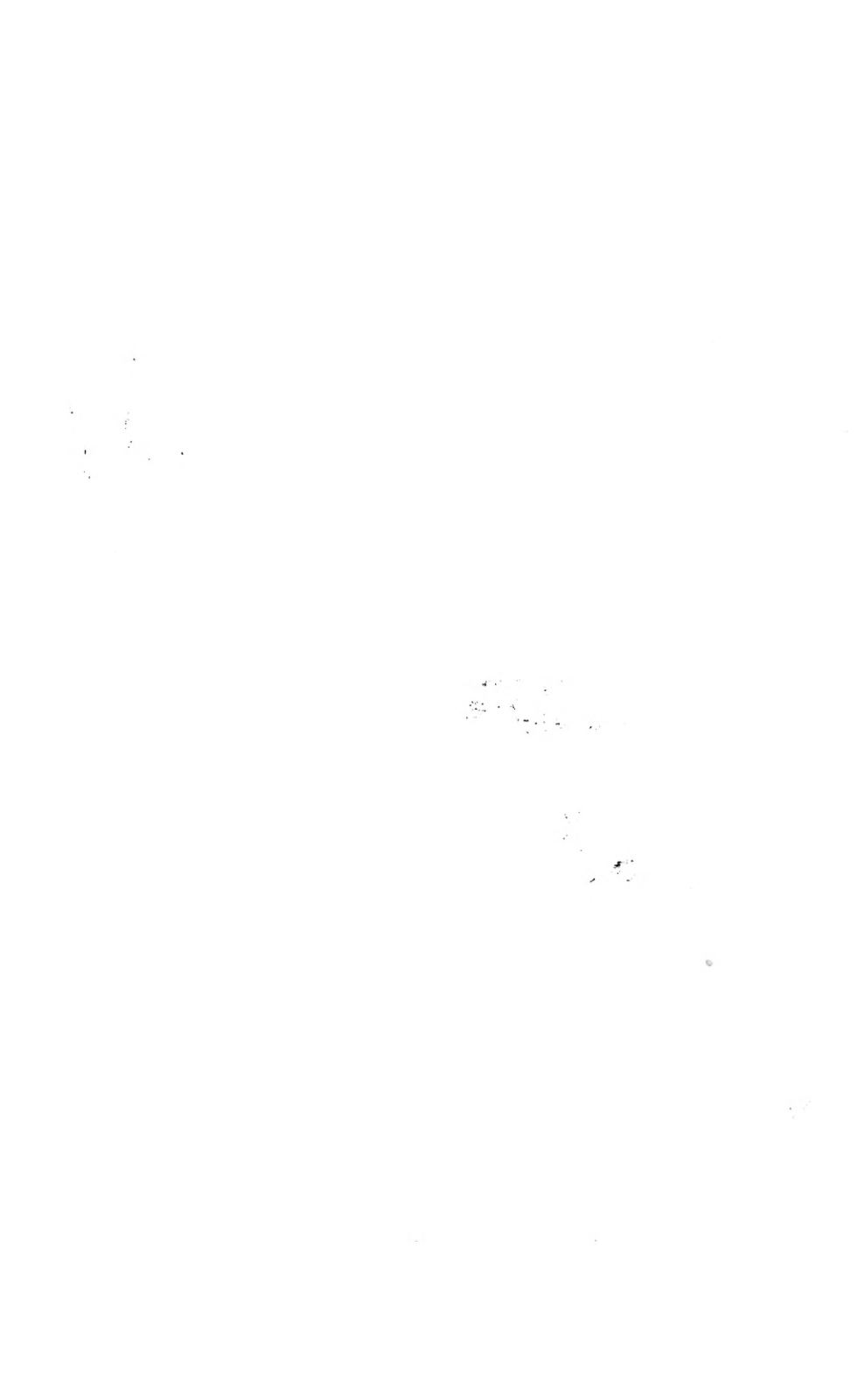
Many a vivid picture did Dr. Guthrie draw in speech and in writing of the miserable class he desired to benefit. Here is the first that occurs in his first Plea.

“ On a summer day, when in the blessed sunshine and warm air, misery itself will sing; dashing in and out of these closes, careering over the open ground, engaged in their rude games, arrayed in flying drapery, here a leg out and there an arm, are crowds of children; their thin faces tell how ill they are fed, their fearful oaths tell how ill they are reared; and yet the merry laugh and hearty shout, and scream of delight, as some unfortunate urchin at leap-frog measures his length along the ground, also tell that God made childhood to be happy, and that in the buoyancy of youth, even misery will forget itself.

“ We get hold of one of these boys. Poor fellow! it is a bitter day, he has neither shoes nor stockings; his naked feet are red, swollen, cracked, ulcerated with the cold; a thin, thread-worn jacket, with its gaping rents, is all that protects his breast; beneath his shaggy head of air he shows a face sharp with want, yet sharp also with intelligence beyond his years. This poor fellow has learned already to be self-supporting. He had studied the arts—he is a master of imposture, lying, begging, stealing; and small blame to him, but much to those who have neglected him, he had other-



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.



wise pined and perished. So soon as you have satisfied him that you are not connected with the police, you ask him, 'Where is your father?' Now hear his story;



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.

and there are hundreds could tell a similar tale. 'Where is your father?' 'He is dead, sir.' 'Where is your mother?' 'Dead too.' 'Where do you stay?' 'Sister and I and my little brother stay with Granny.' 'What is she?' 'She is a widow woman.' 'What does she do?' 'Sells sticks, sir.' 'And can she keep you all?' 'No.' 'Then how do you live?' 'Go about and get bits of bread, sell matches, and sometimes get a trifle from the carriers for running an errand.' 'Do you go to school?' 'No, never was at school; attended sometimes a

Sabbath school, but hadn't been there for a long time.' 'Do you go to church?' 'Never was in a church.'

‘Do you know who made you?’ ‘Yes, God made me.’ ‘Do you say your prayers?’ ‘Yes, mother taught me a prayer before she died; and I say it to Granny afore I lie down.’ ‘Have you a bed?’ ‘Some straw, sir.’”

The first and most visible result of Dr. Guthrie’s movement was the sudden decline in the number of juvenile offenders committed to prison. In the year 1847, before the school was in full operation, the number of juveniles under fourteen committed to prison was 5·6 per cent. of the whole committals. In 1848 it had fallen to 3·7; in 1849 to 2·9; and in 1850 to 1·3. In subsequent years it continued to fall; but though the governor of the gaol always recognized the Ragged School as one great cause of diminution, he pointed out that a change of the law had also something to do with it, other ways being now employed for dealing with young offenders than sending them to prison. In the Annual Reports of the Ragged School the percentage of juvenile committments is always given. The lowest figure to which the percentage fell was in 1881, when it was only 0·3; for the year 1886 it was 1·29. It is hardly fair, however, to dwell on one particular year, for incidental circumstances, such as an Irish importation, may affect the result. When the whole period is surveyed there can be no doubt that there has been a decided improvement, for a great part of which the credit is due to Dr. Guthrie’s great and stirring movement.

But the mere statistics of the Ragged School show

but a very minute part of the effect which Dr. Guthrie's influence had on Edinburgh and the country. He contributed materially to warm the heart of Edinburgh, and inspire it with a compassion beyond any previous measure. In former days "Modern Athens" was not proverbial for warmth of feeling. It can hardly be doubted that the temperature is higher now. The number of our charities is now Legion, and prominent men are at this moment debating how the management may be economized by the reduction of the number. The class of operations which Dr. Guthrie's example and influence chiefly encouraged was that which seeks the rescue and the welfare of the young. And have we not our Industrial Brigade, and our Training Ship, and our Canada Emigration Homes, and our Children's Hospital, and our Children's Convalescent Home, and our Infant Protection Society, and our Children's Cripples' Home, besides other Houses and Refuges under more personal auspices, all directed to the care of the neglected young? True, indeed, Dr. Guthrie was not the first nor the only conspicuous citizen to make appeals on their behalf. We believe that the Rev. William Robertson was doing the same kindly work even before Dr. Guthrie lifted up his voice. But it fell to Guthrie to gather the trickling streamlets of sympathy for the neglected young into a mighty current, and propel it onwards with a momentum previously unknown. What great reformer does more? Whatever other changes may have happened in Edinburgh between 1837 and 1887, there can be little doubt that neglected

children there have ten friends to-day for every one they had when Victoria began her reign.

And if Guthrie and Chalmers alike would have been disappointed to-day to see the Cowgate but little better than it was when they looked down on it from George IV. Bridge in 1837, it must be considered that the peculiarity of the district fully accounts for this. During these fifty years it has been flooded with Irish Catholics, who, now that the vigilance of their priests is aroused, will absolutely have no dealings with the Protestant minister. Moreover, our licensing authorities have kept it studded with public-houses—thirty in one poor street—that are continually acting as the spider to the fly to many an enfeebled creature that would be sober and well-doing if drink were a hundred miles away, but cannot resist the temptation when it is sold at almost every other door. There is no lack of mission-work in the Cowgate, and sometimes it is very successful work. But the universal observation is, that whenever an individual or a family are lifted up out of the old life they try to find a house in some more reputable neighbourhood and cease to be inhabitants of the Cowgate. And their places are filled up by fresh arrivals, usually hailing from the Green Isle.

We would fain believe that on the whole the community of Edinburgh is both more sober and of a higher moral tone than it was. A considerable proportion of its clergy, physicians, lawyers, and traders are teetotallers. Dr. Guthrie was among the first to take up that ground. His "Plea for Drunkards and against

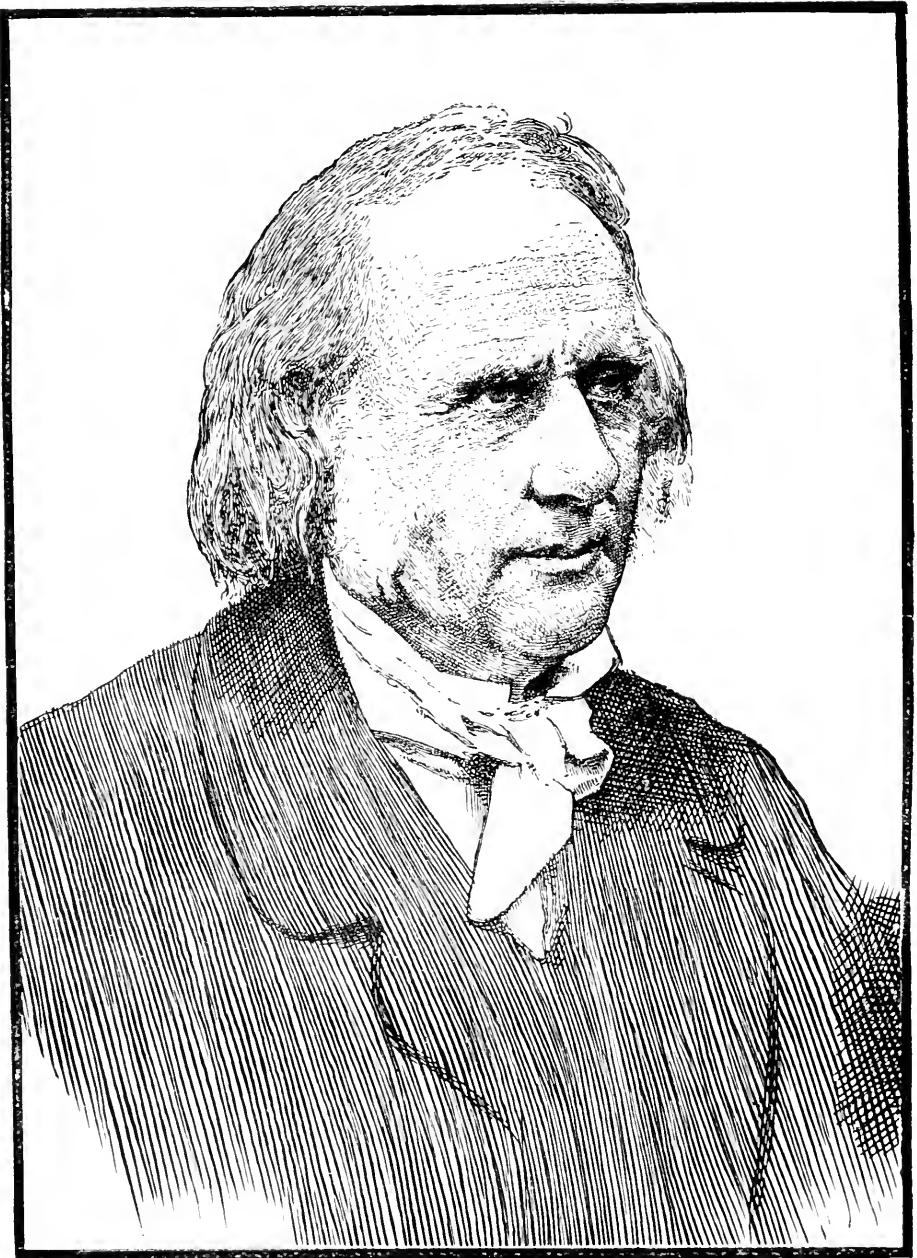


Drunkenness" was a landmark in the battle with intemperance. The moral forces that achieved the Forbes-Mackenzie Act owed not a little to his example as an abstainer, and to his pleas for temperance. Until ill-health and medical prescription compelled him to give in he fought the battle with undaunted courage and energy. Usually, in moral movements, it is only when one looks backward after an interval that one perceives how the tide has risen. We perceive a remarkable improvement; and when we begin to ask how it came to pass, we see how much more effect some one man's exertions must have had than we had any thought of at the time.

When Dr. Guthrie became editor of the *Sunday Magazine* in 1864 he was quite conscious of entering on work that involved much irksome detail, and for which his previous life and habits hardly fitted him. He took care to look out for the help of one more familiar with this kind of work; but, indeed, this proved to be hardly necessary, the publisher himself taking the main share both of originating and carrying out the literary arrangements. A portion of his work being devolved on the present writer, he was thereby brought into much close and confidential intercourse with the editor. And it was intercourse of a most delightful kind. The remembrance of Dr. Guthrie's unfailing kindness and encouragement cannot be forgotten while memory lasts. What delicacy he showed, when he happened to differ, in his care not to offend! What courtesy in availing himself of every occasion

where he could say a kind and complimentary word! Dr. Hanna's experience as his colleague was precisely similar. "Never can I forget," he said, "the kindness and tenderness, the constant and delicate consideration with which Dr. Guthrie ever tried to lessen the difficulties of my position, and to soften its trials. Brother could not have treated brother with more affectionate regard."

It was unfortunate for Dr. Guthrie that it was only the broken and comparatively feeble years of his life that he could give to magazine work. Many of his papers were in his best style, especially those that, like "The Angels' Song," in the early numbers, were revised editions of sermons. Before he entered on his editorial duties a medical sentence had been passed on him, interdicting all work that would cause a strain. It is impossible to say what such a man might not have done at the head of a popular religious magazine had he been able to throw his whole heart into it, and make every number tell with vigour on the great aims of his life. As it was he contributed an eminently bright and sunny element to the journal, always fitted to lift up the reader's heart, to quicken his best aspirations, and urge him to mingle more of the love of God and the love of man with his daily life. Many men have the notion that Scotch religion of the old type is very dreary, and that it refuses all alliance with the brighter and more playful aspects of life. If the reader will recall the leading religious Scotchmen of the last generation he will find little to support that view. Dr.



THOMAS GUTHRIE.

*Drawn by Sir James D. Linton.*



Guthrie was as Scotch as Scotch could be, a Shorter Catechism man to the backbone, yet for five-and-twenty years he was the brightest of all the public men of the metropolis, and all his life went to show what a fund of tenderness and sympathy and sprightly humour might be combined with a firm creed and a faithful ministry.

In 1849, Dr. Guthrie received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh, and in 1862 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church.

Soon after his settlement at Arbirlot, Dr. Guthrie married Anne, daughter of Rev. James Burns, minister of Brechin, and in the course of time a large family—six sons and four daughters—grew up around their table. Mrs. Guthrie was like-minded with her husband, and admirably adapted to him. Seldom has there been a happier or a better household. That rare power of sympathy which made him so powerful as a preacher stood in good stead to him as a parent. Entering into the feelings of his children he became their companion and almost playfellow, and knew well how to sweeten the demands of obedience through the influence of affection. The vivacity of his temperament, and the boundless and endless play of his humour could not fail to make his home attractive. Under the outer garb of fun and frolic, his children could not but see the profound reverence for all that was sacred, the intense shrinking from all vileness and disorder, and the longing wish for the welfare and happiness of

every creature, that were at the bottom of his character. And so, amid all the frivolities and all the corruption of a large city, they grew up, by God's great blessing, much as their father would have wished them, and in manhood and womanhood, have sustained the character of honourable and Christian men and women.

Few religious authors have been more popular than Dr. Guthrie. Of his first work, "The Gospel in Ezekiel," dedicated to Dr. Hanna, which appeared in 1855, the sale in this country has exceeded 40,000 copies. "Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints," appeared in 1858. The list of his publications includes nearly twenty volumes, and of those "Out of Harness," and "The Parables read in the Light of the Present Day," appeared in *Good Words*; and "Our Father's Business," "Studies of Character from the Old Testament" (two series), "The Angels' Song," "Sundays on the Continent," and "Saving Knowledge," were mainly collections of contributions to the *Sunday Magazine*.

Dr. Guthrie's last illness lasted a considerable time. In the winter of 1872-3 he suffered severely, and, in the hope of improvement, went to St. Leonards, at which place, after a sharp renewed attack, he died. It was difficult to say whether his expressions of humble trust in his Saviour, or of affectionate regard for his family and his friends were the more beautiful. Referring to the kindness of a Highland girl who had nursed him in his sickness, he said, "Affection is very

sweet; and it is all one from whatever quarter it comes—whether from this Highland lassie or from a peeress—just as to a thirsty man cold water is equally grateful from a spring on the hillside or from a richly ornamented fountain.” “Death,” he said on another occasion, “is mining away here, slowly but surely, in the dark.” His affection could not be suppressed, even in the lowest stage of exhaustion. To most persons when dying a child in the room would be somewhat of a trouble; but the sight of a little grandchild of four years was to him full of interest. “Put her up,” he said the moment he saw her; and when, having been lifted up to the bed, she crept up to him and kissed him, he nodded to her and whispered, “My bonnie lamb.” During his illness he was often soothed by hymn and psalm-singing, and of none was he more fond than children’s hymns. “Give me a bairns’ hymn,” he would say to his children, and when they sung, “Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,” or “There is a happy land,” his spirit was refreshed. He often thanked God that he had not left his preparation to a dying hour, and spoke of the unutterable folly of those who do so. To those absent he sent loving messages, bidding one of them “Stand up for Jesus in all circumstances.” The peace and confidence of his death-bed completed and crowned that testimony to the saving power of Jesus which in his words and works alike, had been borne during his life. His death occurred early on the morning of the 24th of February 1873.

The funeral in Edinburgh, in the classic ground of the Grange Cemetery, amid a concourse of some thirty thousand spectators, was a marvellous testimony of the affectionate and reverential regard in which he was held by all.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

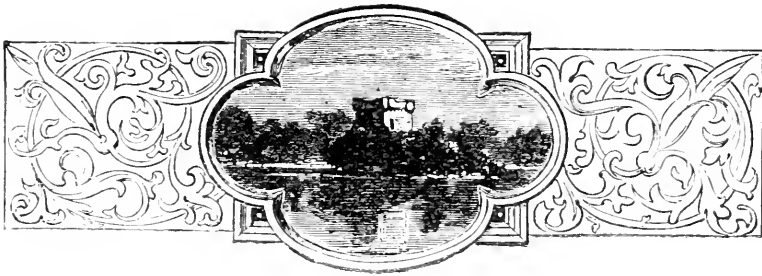




PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

“ Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight ;  
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And heaven thy morn will bless.”

JOHN KEBLE.



## PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.



IN September 1885, John Shairp, the accomplished Principal of St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's was buried near his old, romantic home in Linlithgowshire; and in February of the following year, the remains of the beloved Principal of St. Mary's were followed by a crowd of sorrowing mourners gathered to St. Andrews from far and near; and as the chill snow-showers drove along the wintry sea, he was laid to rest near the precincts of the cathedral, and almost under the shadow of the tower of St. Regulus.

Shairp and Tulloch were typical men, alike in lofty tone and in their intense patriotism, while wholly dissimilar in many other characteristics. Shairp—poetic, contemplative, and pure as a saint—had drunk in the very soul of Wordsworth. He delighted in Nature.

Armed with his long hazel stick, and protected by his plaid, it was his custom to wander far and wide over Highland moors and among Border solitudes, sleeping in any shepherd's cot, and crooning as he walked some old ballad or Gaelic song. Modern "progress" had little attraction for him, and he had less liking still for the so-called "Broad" section of the Church, to which so many of his earliest and dearest friends more or less belonged, such as Arnold, Stanley, Jowett, Norman Macleod. His sympathies seemed to be equally divided between the Evangelicalism of earnest Scotch Presbyterianism and the devotional charm of the Oxford of Newman and Keble.

Tulloch, on the other hand, rejoiced in the intellectual life of the time, and was one of the chief representatives of the liberal thought which has of late years been remoulding the spirit of the Scottish Church. His influence was wholly on the side of "a sweet reasonableness," and of a wide toleration. He had for many a day, in common with others who have passed away and whose memories are now universally revered, to bear the burden of suspicion, and to endure the hard names of "Latitudinarian" and "Rationalist," but these things did not shake his loyalty to conviction. Uniting rich stores of learning with a commanding eloquence, he fulfilled a leading part in enlarging, to the healthy measure of its present freedom, the once narrow limits of Scottish theology. His life was full to the brim with an ardent sympathy, which made him respond with intense keenness to the demands which the age



JOHN TULLOCH.

*From a Photograph by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.*



made on his Christian enthusiasm. His bodily appearance was a true exponent of his inner nature. In any gathering of men at which he was present he at once attracted attention. His manly form carried aloft a head which might have served as a study for an Apollo, his countenance beamed with intelligence, and his splendid eye, when his feelings were roused, literally blazed with fervour. Tender as a child, and moved to tears by the slightest thrill of pathos, he would, when touched by anything he deemed intolerant, ungenerous, or dishonest, rise into bursts of the most passionate oratory.

The term "Broad Churchman" does not always convey a complete representation of the person so designated. There are some who assume the title and display the narrowest bigotry regarding all dogmas but their own. There are others who with a bitter cynicism have nothing to offer but the hard stone of negation to hungry hearts crying for bread. But Tulloch was broad in the best sense, for his large tolerance of spirit was combined with a burning love to God and Christ and to his brother man. There has been no man in Scotland for several years so many-sided. He was widely read in men as well as in books, for he had travelled extensively in Europe and America, and had the power of attracting confidences.

From a biographical notice in the *Scotsman* newspaper on the day following the announcement of his death we glean some interesting facts:—

"John Tulloch was born near the Bridge of Farn, in

Perthshire, in 1823. His early education was obtained in Perth, and at the Madras College, St. Andrews, from which, in 1837, at the early age of 14, he passed into the University of the ancient city with which his lot in life was afterwards to be so intimately associated. In Greek, moral philosophy, mathematics, and natural philosophy he particularly distinguished himself, and in passing out of the Arts classes he won the Grey prize for an essay on the 'Roman Senate.' He was much esteemed by his fellow-students; and in the debating society, in which he took an active interest, he was always sunny and genial. After he had taken a part of his Divinity classes at St. Mary's College he came to Edinburgh, where he finished his course and was licensed by the Perth Presbytery in 1844 at the age of 21. His first appointment was as assistant to Dr. M'Lauchlan, Dundee, and so well did he acquit himself that in a couple of months he was presented to the Parish Church of Arbroath, which, however, he saw fit to decline. In the beginning of 1845 he became minister of St. Paul's, Dundee, where he remained until 1849, when he was transferred to the parish of Kettins, a rural living in the south-western district of Forfarshire. Even at that early period of his career Mr. Tulloch's thoughtful style in the pulpit marked him out as a man likely to rise in the Church. A casual hearer who listened to one of his expositions of the 23rd Psalm, more than forty years ago, was struck by the peculiar grace and dignity of his language, and the elegant tone of thought which pervaded it—a style



unusual in the somewhat dry and metaphysical pulpit utterances too current at that time. While in Dundee the young minister, though possessing a vigorous physique, worked so hard in his parish, and lectured and wrote so much, that his health suffered, and he was compelled to seek rest in Germany. A long summer holiday there he spent in characteristic fashion in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language, and in making himself master of the speculative theology of that country—a knowledge which was of immense importance to him in after life. It was while in Dundee that he married—his wife being Miss Hindmarsh, whose father had been a teacher of English in Perth.

“His residence at Kettins, away from the noise of busy streets and the restless life of a large city, was greatly appreciated by him. A writer thus describes the village or hamlet of Kettins, lying at the foot of the Sidlaw Hills, in the pleasant valley of Strathmore:—‘Few Scottish villages surpass it in simple rustic beauty. The dwellings of the cottagers cluster round the old-fashioned church and manse or peep out among the elms or ash trees which overshadow the roads and surround the village green. Most of them are covered with woodbine and other climbers, and have gardens around them bright with flowers.’ Here he passed six precious years of his life—laying in a renewed stock of health, and spending the time not required in the discharge of the duties of rural dean of this delightful spot with his books, in the congenial society of the master minds of literature, theology, and philosophy.

“In 1854, it was announced that Mr. Tulloch had been presented by the Crown to the Principalship of St. Mary’s College, in succession to Dr. Robert Haldane. The appointment seems to have come upon the Church with something like surprise, and to have caused not a little discontent among older theologians who were at that time better known than this young minister of a country parish.”

He was little more than a youth when he was appointed to the Chair of Theology in St. Andrews. Beyond one or two reviews, notably one on the “*Hippolytus of Bunsen*,” he had done little in literature. But Bunsen had been charmed by his review, and wrote strongly in favour of its author to Lord Palmerston. The credit of Tulloch’s appointment belongs, however, to Lord Palmerston himself, who, it is said, was so struck by what he saw of Tulloch during an evening spent with him in a country-house, that he said to their host, “Why should we not appoint this young minister to the vacant Chair?” It was not long before Tulloch abundantly vindicated his choice. Perhaps the ablest of all his works was published in the following year, and from that date till his death his literary labours were incessant. To the disgrace of Government many of the Chairs in our Universities are kept at starvation allowance. Tulloch’s Chair was miserably endowed, and he was accordingly forced, as much by circumstances as by a laudable ambition, to slave at literature. Books, reviews, magazine articles followed one another in swift succession from his versatile and always bril-

liant pen. From its first outset he was a large contributor to the pages of *Good Words*. Always graceful



WEST FRONT OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

and vigorous in diction, his works displayed extraordinary aptitude. There is a wide distance between the closely reasoned arguments of his work on "Theism"

or on "Rational Religion and Christian Philosophy," and his wise counsels to young men in "Beginning Life;" and when we reckon how that distance was filled up by various excursions into the region of history or of spiritual experience, we can calculate the variety and richness of his accomplishments.

For many years his labours, outside of the duties proper to his Chair, were almost entirely literary, and, more than once, the mental strain caused by ceaseless toil so injured his health that he had to seek rest abroad. His overwrought brain affected his nervous system with a distress which those who have suffered similarly describe as being worse than acute pain. I cannot forget the joy with which the bright-souled and good man greeted my brother, Norman Macleod, and me when we were at Athens on our way home from a tour in Palestine in 1864. He was then recovering from a "break down" which had brought with it the usual accompaniment of nervous weakness and depression. Among other happy incidents during our stay in Greece, we made an excursion together to Marathon, and never did two congenial spirits leap forth in more brilliant talk than did the two friends whose life-work is now over.

It was one of those bright April days which in that climate out-rival our richest summer glory. We drove in the clear, sunny air up past Lycobettus and by the shallow valley of the Ilissus, and on between the ranges of Hymettus and Pentelicus, by a road which was of primitive structure, and escorted by soldiers who repre-

sented law in a State where the traveller ran the danger of meeting banditti within a mile or two of the capital. These conditions gave zest to our enjoyment of the scenery—the copses of chestnut and oak, the picturesque villages, and still more picturesque peasantry, the glimpses of blue mountains, whose very names were a romance, and the slips of bluest sea that looked like bits of sky islanded upon earth. The interchange was ceaseless of humour and pathos, of what was most ludicrous with what was most solemn. We rested for an hour or two on the Tumulus under which the warriors are buried who fell in the immortal struggle. The traditional tomb of Miltiades was but a few yards off, and we were surrounded by the mountains that “look on Marathon” and on the wide bay opening into the sea, beyond which arose the rugged hills of Eubœa. Tulloch and Macleod were at their best that day, and simply revelled in their almost boyish enjoyment of every incident.

In his later years Tulloch entered more than he had previously done into the arena of active public life. He was for about a quarter of a century a prominent figure in the debates of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and his influence was always on the side of reasonable freedom dominated by reverence.

The following passage from an article published in *Sunday Talk*, for April 1886, gives a good idea of the ecclesiastical situation with which he had to deal:—

“The remarkable progress made of late years by the

Church—progress in order and beauty of worship, progress in intellectual independence, progress in depth of religious life—is hard to realize. It is impossible for an Englishman, and it is difficult for a Scotsman, who cannot carry his memory back twenty or twenty-five years, to understand the vast change that has come over the churches and society North of the Tweed. But those who were present in the crowded General Assembly when the fierce debates took place on what were known as the ‘Greyfriars’ innovations, can never forget those scenes, when every nerve was strung, every heart was eager and every party strained over the questions of the use of a liturgy and an organ in worship. One seems still to see the brief, dignified figure of Dr. Robert Lee—the arch innovator—as he stood on the floor, his face so cool, his clear chiselled features so acute, his voice incisive and telling, weaving those speeches unsurpassed for dialectical skill, fertility of resource, and sarcastic point, every sentence as polished and sharp as a knife. One watches the alert Principal Pirie rise on the opposition side, with arms uplifted sawing the air, his voice Aberdonian and raucous, his speech rapid in retort and nimble in argument, his face beaming with benevolent hostility as he detected a fault in his opponents’ law, and concluding without the slightest perception of the importance of a principle when it clashed with a clause in an obscure Act of Assembly. Dr. John Cook would join the debate, bland and genial, the incarnation of shrewd common sense and able persuasiveness, who

discussed the legality of novel music in Presbyterian worship with the good-natured indifference of a man who never had been cursed with a prejudice—or blessed with an ear. One remembers so vividly the tall, stately form of Principal Tulloch in the vigour of youth and consciousness of power, who (with the voice so rich to charm the ear and so true to touch the heart) at once lifted, by his fervid oratory, the debate from the pettiness of the legal quibbles to the serener plane of high principles of freedom and of justice, and inspired the whole Assembly with a loftier spirit. Then after the stormy conflicts, lasting day and evening, the debate is wound up, the clock outside strikes one or two in the morning, and the tramp of many feet startles the quiet of the deserted High Street as members go home warm and wearied. These scenes that occurred yearly each May till the cause was won seem now far off. The great combatants now are dead.

“‘Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;  
Dream-footed like the shadow of a cloud  
They flit across the ear.’

“It was not the freedom to use an organ instead of a pitch pipe that was then disputed and decided, it was the cause of religious and theological freedom, as surely as when Hampden stirred England in the seventeenth century it was not in question whether he should pay 20s. of ship money, but whether or not the country should be free.

“Towards the end of the last century Louis XVI. asked an old courtier, who had seen many changes in

his time, what struck him as the most notable **change** in France. ‘Sire,’ he answered, ‘under Louis XIV. men dared not speak; under Louis XV. men whispered, under your Majesty they speak aloud.’ Such a change has come over Scotland: opinion is open, freedom is wide, where before all was silent and narrow. To whom is due this increase of toleration, this advance at once of theological liberty and spiritual interest? Largely due to Principal Tulloch, who, possessed of high standing to give weight to his words, possessed of deep religious feeling to give earnestness to his opinions, having sympathy with every new light from science and reverence for all cherished belief, helped to lead the Church into broader channels of religious life and thought.”

He was on the Commission on Education during its temporary existence, and his subsequent appointment to the Chief Clerkship of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and his elevation to the Chair of Moderator, brought him into close contact with the business of the Church. For the last few years of his life he was recognized as the chief leader, the most forcible debater, and the wisest counsellor the Church possessed. For, although Presbyterianism avows the principle of ministerial equality, it can never refuse to acknowledge the dominating influence which supreme talent or strength of character must always exercise. It has thus always one or two unnamed bishops, who gain an authority that is at once free and almost unquestioned. The Assembly of the Church is the nearest



thing to a parliament which Scotland now possesses, and he who gains the place of trusted leader must have many rare gifts. Latterly Tulloch was compelled to champion the Church in a warfare that was uncongenial to his nature. He played the most important part among Churchmen in resisting the movement for Disestablishment. He had no taste for controversy of this nature, and in some respects his temperament did not always fit him for its conduct, but there was no man in the country who could have rendered to the Church the service that Tulloch gave. He had always been a keen politician. During the time he was editor of *Frazer's Magazine* he not only wrote many articles of a purely political character, but was brought into close contact with the leading men of the Liberal party of which he was a member. He proved himself an admirable editor, but the labour which fell on him when he had to conduct a magazine published in London, while he himself had so many onerous duties in St. Andrews, was more than his strength admitted, and it is believed that he never recovered the effects of that attempt.

The article above quoted from the *Scotsman* newspaper thus describes his last days:—

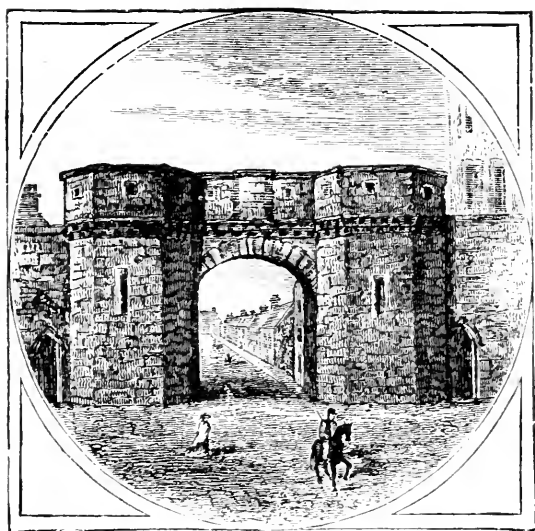
“He broke down last autumn, and was seen by his physician, Dr. George Balfour. It was hoped that his illness was merely the result of exhaustion and overstraining of the nervous energy from over-work, and that with absolute rest from all exertion he might gradually recover. He went then to Harrogate, where

he spent a few weeks, and returned to St. Andrews towards the end of November, with some expectation of being able to resume his College duties. Before Christmas he was again compelled to desist, and he came to Edinburgh, and took up his residence at the Craighlockhart Hydropathic, where he remained until the 2nd of January, when he went to London. When in Edinburgh at that time he took rather a gloomy view of his own condition. He complained a good deal of dimness of vision; but in the company of friends he became more cheerful, and, except when the feeling of weakness overpowered him, his smile was as genial and his laugh as hearty as ever. In London, he consulted Dr. Andrew Clark, and it was suggested that he should winter at Torquay, the genial climate of which had on a previous occasion done him much good. There he went and resided with his friend Dr. Hamilton Ramsay, the purse-bearer to the Lord High Commissioner, who has been assiduous in his attentions to him. Principal Tulloch had a cerebral seizure on Monday last, and was seen by Sir James Crichton Browne, who regarded his case as very critical. He rallied, however, by Wednesday, and a more hopeful view of his condition was taken. On Friday night, however, the same symptoms returned with increased force, and he died on Saturday at twenty minutes before ten o'clock. The cause of death was cerebral effusion, or what in popular phraseology is known as paralysis of the brain."

I have scarcely ever known a more chivalrous soul, and his loss appears irreparable at this moment to many

of us in Scotland. We had no man who in recent years touched the national sentiment at so many points, or who stood forth so prominently in many fields of interest. We have men of culture and men of action; we have ecclesiastics of many types, great preachers and great leaders; we have men of letters and men of administrative capacity; but we have no man who so combined all these gifts, and who so elevated them all by the nobility of his character and his catching enthusiasm. He is mourned by all classes. The news, "Tulloch is dead," came with the shock of a personal loss to thousands who had never even seen him, but who had learned to love him and feel proud of him for their country's sake. Since the death of Norman Macleod no Scottish Churchman enjoyed so much of the confidence of the Queen, who has in many ways, and with characteristic graciousness, expressed her sense of his loss. He was not an old man—only sixty-three years of age—when he was struck down. But to all who knew him—worn in health and wearied in heart and brain—the thought that he is at rest may relieve the grief which in its selfishness would dwell more on the sadness of the bereavement to themselves, to their church and country, than on the peace that is now his.

DONALD MACLEOD.

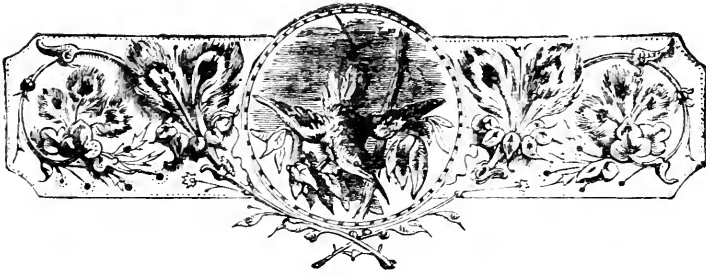


THE PORT, ST. ANDREWS.

JOHN CURWEN.

“ There's music in the sighing of a reed ;  
    There's music in the gushing of a rill ;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears :  
    Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.”

BYRON.



## JOHN CURWEN.

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WHETHER the oft-repeated verdict be true or not, that "the English are not a musical people," there can be no question about the progress they have made during recent years towards a more widespread use and appreciation of the art. Homes, schools, churches, all give evidence of the wonderful expansiveness with which music is throwing its charm over the whole area of common life. In this advancement no one has played so important a part as John Curwen, and his career is one more example of the triumphs that are won by religious devotion and enthusiasm. A man "with no natural advantages of ear or voice," quite outside the circle and influences that might lead to such work, and utterly destitute of advantages or appliances for carrying it on, he yet conceived,

developed, and diffused a reform of musical education which every day more and more shows to be, in its way, one of the greatest reforms ever accomplished, and which opens out to music possibilities of popular usefulness hitherto unthought of.

When we turn to his life and try to trace the course of influence and circumstance by which he was led to undertake and carry out this work, we find the secret of its force in his own intense religious devotion, and the growing scope for its progress in the natural readiness with which practical religious movements accepted and applied the power that he offered them. Tender and child-like in nature, he was always a special favourite with children, and it was his love to them that first drew his attention to musical reform. He desired to make some of them sing, "chiefly with the design of making them love the Sunday-school." Believing that "what God required from young men and maidens, old men and children," from "the people, from all the people, must be simple and easy of attainment if you did but understand the way," he was led to inquire and study. He soon found that the old methods of teaching had deceived him with the shell of knowledge instead of giving him its kernel. Music as he sometimes said, had become a mystery—only to be practised by the select few who were learned in its secret. He believed, and he made it his life-mission to prove, that music was an open secret, the possession of all who cared to use it, and "before his end came he had the rare privilege of knowing that through his



musical notation the praises of God were sung in more lands and in more tongues than were represented in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost."

Like many another useful and fruitful worker, John Curwen came from "the minister's home." His father, of an old Cumberland family, was an Independent minister who laboured usefully in several parts of England. John himself was born at Heckmondwike, in Yorkshire, November 14, 1816. His mother, dying while he and his brother were but boys, desired that the text of her funeral sermon might be, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." In early life the young man devoted himself to be a preacher of the gospel. Educated at Coward College and University College, London, he became assistant minister at Basingstoke in 1838. Here it was that he began to teach the children of his Sunday-school to sing. He learnt a few tunes, and with the assistance of a friend, taught them to the children. "We had 200 children for two hours twice a week. By dint of loud singing we carried the voices of the children with us and taught them many tunes. We endeavoured most strenuously also to give them a knowledge of crotchets and quavers, flats and sharps, and clefs, hoping thereby to give some permanence to the fruits of our labours; but this was in vain."

In 1841 he was appointed co-pastor at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About this time a friend, knowing his anxious interest in the subject, lent him a book

describing the system adopted by Miss Glover, an accomplished and philanthropic lady with a thorough musical education, who had with no little success endeavoured to popularize music in the schools of Norwich. A first casual glance over it led him to exclaim, "If the old notation is puzzling, I am sure this is more puzzling far," and he laid the book aside. He, however, took it up again, and by it was led to a more serious and careful consideration of the subject. He then understood that Miss Glover's plan was to teach first the simple and beautiful thing, Music, and to delay the introduction to the ordinary antiquated mode of writing it until the pupil had obtained a mastery of the thing itself. By giving her method a fair trial on himself, and on a little child who lived in the same house, he became convinced that it was the most simple of all—the most easy to teach, and the most easy to learn. In the course of a fortnight he found himself at the height of his previous ambition—able to "make out" a psalm tune from the notes, and to pitch it himself. "It was the untying of the tongue—the opening of a new world of pleasure."

He lost no time in visiting the schools patronized by Miss Glover, and during the same autumn, at a conference of Sunday-school teachers in Hull, where there was much discussion of the difficulties that prevented good and hearty singing, he described what he had seen. His enthusiasm seems to have roused the meeting, and a resolution was passed charging him as a young man—he was not yet twenty-five—to find out

the simplest way of teaching music, and to get it into use. He seemed very fearful of the way in which such a duty might interfere with his work as a minister and pastor. So jealous was he of himself that he would not even learn to play on an instrument lest he should be tempted to waste time. He accepted, however, the charge solemnly laid upon him by his brethren. He pursued and developed his studies, and then began his work of publishing and lecturing. First came "The Little Tune Book Harmonized" (1841), the profits on which, with a conscientiousness very characteristic of him, he sent to Miss Glover. She returned them, for she never had and "could not take" any pecuniary reward for her work. So the young minister was forced to use them, and, adding some of his own bachelor savings, produced and published what no publisher would venture on, and what several printers refused to print, "Singing for Schools and Congregations," the first text-book of the new method.

Now he was willing to rest content. He had begun the movement, and others with more time and capacity might carry it on. In 1844 he removed to Plaistow, in Essex, where his congregation, his Sunday-schools, his day-schools, and his family—for he was no longer a bachelor—left little leisure for musical study. The little text-book had, however, been quietly doing its work. Among others, the Home and Colonial School Society had adopted the system, and every year were sending forth forty to sixty school teachers qualified to extend its use. Neither had its author forgotten it.

Slowly he had improved his system and expanded his little book into a worthy manual. "By this time," as he himself put it at an overflowing meeting in Exeter Hall, twenty-six years afterwards :—

"My brave wife had seen me lay out all our united savings (and that was a serious thing for a young Benedict with a salary of only £160 a year) in paying for a big book slowly written and slowly stereotyped. It was the now old 'Grammar of Vocal Music.' When it was finished, I asked her whether I should bring it out in an expensive form, so as to be repaid early, or in a cheap form, with the hope of being repaid at some distant period. She comforted me by saying that she did not think it would ever pay, but she would like me to do all the good I could with it by making it cheap. For my part I hoped that my wife and little child would not be allowed to suffer for my love of music, and so made the book 2s. 6d. instead of 5s."

Had he never published anything else, he would have earned the deepest gratitude of the singing world; for this *old* "Grammar" did more to open the world of music and to stimulate the pursuit of its delights among the common people of the country than any work ever published. To the anxious toilers in congregational classes, chapel choirs, night and day-schools, it seemed like the opening of a window in the deep dark of fruitless effort. Hitherto they had been shouting themselves hoarse over the teaching of a few tunes, and sometimes patiently trying what Dr. Stainer so

pointedly ridicules, when he asks his readers to "imagine him walking into an elementary school, and teaching the children the transposition of scales, that E is four sharps, a semitone higher is one flat, and so on." The *new* book reversed all this. It spoke of music in its simplicity—of the few notes that make up Nature's scale in their clear and beautiful relationship. All this it made so clear and simple that the youngest scholar could understand, and with this knowledge soon make his own way through hitherto unintelligible mazes. "The Modulator," the new simple map of Tone-land, was hung up in many a rough class-room; and this half-crown "Grammar," with its small type, its stiff boards and paper cover, is treasured in many a teacher's home as the first bringer of the glad tidings that made choral music easy and enjoyable. It is now out of date, being superseded by improvements upon itself; but it proved the germ of a most extensive and comprehensive literature on musical study (in both notations) which its author was destined to write, and the nucleus of a library providing, for the merest trifle, all the masterpieces of choral music, all the tune-books of the different denominations, and an unrivalled collection of school and part-song music.

Meantime the Plaistow singer was being stirred from the restful contentment with which he had seen his work started. Soon after the publication of the "Grammar" came a letter from the "Home and Colonial," intimating that their training college was passing under Government hands, and that, while they

thought as highly as ever of his method, they were obliged to abandon it in order to adopt the old system, still patronized by the Government. Worse than this, another training school, from which he hoped much, first adopted the system, then set it to be taught by incompetent hands, afterwards mixed it up with another system, and finally cast it out as a thing rejected after fair trial.

“Fairly tried and rejected—weighed and found wanting—was that to go forth to the world after all my labour and study—after my wife’s courage in risking our little all? No. It was surely my duty to prevent that. Minister, as I was, I might and ought to give a little time to lecturing, and to such correspondence as might arise, for the promotion of my music mission. I did, and not a few lectures, conferences, and Finsbury Chapel meetings sprang out of this ‘heavy blow and great discouragement.’ Like Jonah, I needed this sudden plunge into the cold waters of rejection to awake me to a new sense of duty—a new acceptance of my mission. In consequence of that plunge there came ten years of steady work, and marked success.”

It was in a little schoolroom in Jewin Street, London, in September 1850, that the first gathering of Tonic Sol-fa friends was held. A little collection of music just published was welcomed as a wonder of cheapness, and several tunes were sung from it, “one at first sight.” Next year appeared the first number of a new periodical, which could only promise an occasional appearance—the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*. Three

numbers, containing in all thirty-two small pages, were all that could appear before the close of the year. Now the *Reporter* is issued regularly every month, with twenty-four large pages of music and intelligence. It is the cheapest, and, with one exception, has the largest circulation of all the musical periodicals.

In 1852 the first step in one of the most excellent parts of Mr. Curwen's movement was taken in the drawing up of a certificate of proficiency. In a few weeks over 100 pupils—young and old—had taken it; and afterwards the system of certificates taken by individual examination was so organized from the lowest to the most advanced stages of musical knowledge, that its use was invaluable in the testing of progress, the graduating of classes, and attesting of teaching capacities. In Mr. Curwen's estimation, these certificates became the very foundation of his system, and the strictness of their requirements was enforced by him, so far as he could possibly control them, with a severity that often irritated laggard students, but insured the thoroughness of the progress made.

In 1853 a London Association was formed, with possession of the certificate as its condition of membership, for promoting by the new method music in schools and congregations. Large meetings were held, aid and encouragement were given to schools, and concentration and strength to the efforts of the workers. Intense interest was excited by a *Juvenile* Choral Festival in Exeter Hall; and in the autumn of 1857 the just vacated Handel orchestra of the Crystal

Palace was filled by 3000 children, who drew to hear them an audience of 30,000. "So it was left," said one of the newspapers at the time, "for an almost unknown institution to draw a larger concourse of persons than has ever been attracted in this country to listen to a musical performance." Hereby the movement was raised to a national importance. Even the *Times* characterized it as "the only national and popular system of teaching vocal music worthy of the name." Every voluntary religious movement in the country soon learned the value of its aid, and now Exeter Hall is never so crowded as when Mr. Proudman presides over his well-drilled orchestra of "ragged" or "refuge" children, and every institution has for its gala day a festival of song when—thanks to Mr. Curwen's "cheap and easy method"—music of the best character is worthily enjoyed.

Nor were these efforts confined to children and less advanced singers. In 1858 a classical concert by adult pupils at Exeter Hall made a considerable impression; and in 1860, to stimulate the work among them, Mr. Curwen planned, on his own responsibility, a great choral competition at the Crystal Palace (after the manner of those so familiar in France and Germany). Edinburgh, the West Riding of Yorkshire, the Potteries, and Brighton, as well as London, sent their choirs. Sir John Goss and Mr. Turle were among the Judges, and, as might have been expected, the Yorkshire voices carried off the highest honours. For two years more the enterprise



was continued, ending with a combined performance of *Israel in Egypt*, and then abandoned in favour of greater attention to the education of teachers, the promoting of psalmody classes, and work of a similarly useful character. The success of Sol-fa choirs did not, however, cease.

In 1867 the "Paris" choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association—the first to leave our island shores seeking a recognition of English musicality among continental nations—not only surprised the singers of Paris by declining to take part in a united concert on Sunday, but by the purity and delicacy of their singing excited a perfect *furor* of favour. The presence of ladies' voices, breaking one of the competition conditions, permitted them to gain only a specially provided "equality" prize, but it added a liquid delicacy and brightness to their singing that created the utmost enthusiasm wherever they went; and on their return, Mr. (now Sir George) Macfarren was but one of the many who declared that "their singing must have satisfied everybody of English capability." At the English National Music Meetings, held some years later, when the great Welsh choir excited so much interest in London, this "Paris" choir again distinguished itself by the delicacy, precision, and refinement of its singing.

Mr. Macfarren, too, continued to interest himself in the movement. In the autumn of 1867, a short anthem from his pen, "Hear me when I call," specially written and printed, was distributed among the 4500

singers from London evening classes, as they stood on the Crystal Palace orchestra, and, "until then unseen by human eyes save those of the writer and printers," was read off at sight with complete success. Many times has a similar test been submitted to since then, but this was the first on so large a scale, and the composer was not slow to acknowledge himself "proud to have been concerned in so admirable a display of musical skill." This success, moreover, was not confined to the concert-hall. Sol-fa students were at this time led to direct their attention to the Society of Arts Examinations in Musical Theory, and here, hampered by the necessity of presenting all papers in the "old" notation, they, during five years (1867-1872), carried off ten of the thirteen prizes granted, and nearly two-thirds of the certificates.

Some time before, a severe calamity had fallen on Mr. Curwen himself, one which grieved him sorely, but which, in the end, proved another thrusting forth of his life into the mission for music. The work which he already had been almost forced to undertake, when added to his ministerial work, with a simultaneous church-building enterprise, proved too much for his strength. He was forced to accept that, perhaps, sorest trial of all to a busy life, entire cessation from work.

"Bodily and mental forces failed me. For several years I felt this humiliation—I thought myself like Nebuchadnezzar sent out to eat grass with the beasts of the field. I wrote no books and could not preach

without trial to myself and greater trial to others. What was I to do? With the help of my wife's property, and the profits which, after twenty years, the Sol-fa publications were bringing in, I was able to live. But it was a poor life merely to live and do nothing. Well, I could not give lectures—I could not write books—for a long time I could scarcely write a letter—but I could look after machinery, look after the details of printing, stereotyping, and binding, and so in this dark season of my eclipse I took to business. I have sometimes been blamed for this by those who think that 'once a minister always a minister.' . . . But a man must serve as he can. If he is shut out from the higher offices he must be glad to take a humbler post."

The new course was pursued with the same conscientious attention as everything else he undertook. Men of genius are too often superior to mere business precautions and responsibilities. Not so John Curwen. The business was built up with the same care and patience as the musical reform, and by-and-by became one of the greatest levers for its advancement. Many excellent and valuable works were issued from its press, and its staff formed a little band whose daily correspondence stimulated and increased the progressive zeal of the work. Having gradually recovered his strength, he was in 1866 persuaded to accept the office of "Euing Lecturer on Music" at Anderson's College, Glasgow, and once more entered on active work. He soon found that the Scotch students wanted some-

thing to do. They wanted a text-book and exercises on composition; so he was led to adventure on further work. Eminent musicians were not slow to advise, and his own patient, persevering studies were continued. "These grew into large books, and I was obliged to take my time in getting them through the press,



ANDERSON'S COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

because they were costly. They have, however, proved profitable in the sense of being useful." Even those whose early prepossessions are hostile to the method admire his higher text-books, and acknowledge their success.

A still more important advance was now gained. Popular education took its rise with voluntary efforts.

When these had developed it into importance, the Government acknowledged and aided it. So it was with popular music teaching. In 1869 music was accepted as an extra subject by the Committee of Council. A deputation immediately waited on Mr. Forster and explained what Tonic Sol-fa had done in Sunday and Ragged-schools, in Bands of Hope, reformatories, and elsewhere. A few months afterwards the method was officially placed "upon the same terms as shall from time to time be applicable to the ordinary method and notation." Thus was the movement placed on a new vantage-ground. Fourteen thousand schools were under Government inspection, and in the preceding year but *one* had earned the grant for music. School Boards were just taking their rise, and although, for the time, it was difficult to gain a hearing for so trifling a matter as music, the juncture was one of no little importance. Subscriptions were soon raised, whereby a Modulator and Instruction Book were sent to every teacher, and in the year ending March 1871, forty-three schools obtained the grant. English methods are slow to change, and out of 14,000 schools forty-three were not many, but, compared with the *one* of eighteen months before, the advance was wonderful; so now there were hopeful prospects of steady and enduring progress.

On this rising success the news came like a thunder-clap that in the New Code music was withdrawn from the list of "extra subjects." The inspectors were unable to examine in the subject, and so the very

success of the Tonic Sol-fa method became its greatest obstacle. When only one school presented itself inspectors did not complain. Now that the number was being multiplied by forty-three they rebelled. A deputation to the Education Office was soon organized. It was music itself that was threatened, and not a mere notation. Not in vain, therefore, did a friendly M.P. appeal to Mr. Forster, that he might not hand down his name as "the man who would not give the children music." A compromise was arranged, and 1s. per head of the grant to every school was made dependent on the inspector reporting that vocal music formed a part of the ordinary course of instruction. The requirement was one easily met, and did not necessarily imply any great advance in instruction, but still it secured the retaining of music in the schools, and so left the door open for further work. It certainly was not all that Mr. Curwen desired, but undoubtedly, as stated by a leading musical journal at the time, "Had he and his friends been non-existent or inactive the result would have been very different." The new provision soon proved to be rousing the schools in a remarkable way. An advertisement in the *National Society's Paper* brought Mr. Curwen more than five hundred letters from school teachers anxious for advice. They had learned the Hullah system, but "despaired of teaching it to children." Many a country vicar and teacher at this time repeated the experience of Dr. Stainer :—

"As to his first connection with the system, he saw

its effects upon choir boys, and he began to say to himself, 'Why should I teach these boys a whole system of scales when all they want as singers is one scale?' A clergyman came to him soon after, saying, 'How shall I teach my choir?' and he replied, 'Try the Tonic Sol-fa.' His friend laughed at the idea, but nevertheless he tried it, and came back delighted. He had learnt the system, and taught it at the same time to the village boys who formed his choir, and now they were singing hymn tunes at sight."

Soon the School Boards were at work, and with them went the progress of Tonic Sol-fa. Every large town of England has now its School Board, in whose schools, with scarcely an exception, Mr. Curwen's system has been adopted with the most gratifying results. In Scotland School Boards are universal, and there also music in the schools has made corresponding progress. Ten years after that in which only *one* school had earned the music grant, a return on the subject to the Education Department (August 1879) tells a very different tale. To take Scotland first, out of over 3000 schools less than one-half teach music by ear; more than that number teach it on the Tonic Sol-fa method, and of the rest twelve use Mr. Hullah's system, and about 100 other methods. In England, the results are in themselves less satisfactory; yet, remembering the *one* school of 1869, the progress is marvellous. Over 21,000 teach by ear only, 2,300 use Tonic Sol-fa, 600 Mr. Hullah's system, and 600 other methods.

These figures are, perhaps, not very interesting in themselves, and one naturally turns to the inspectors' comments. During the few preceding years more than twenty of them had borne testimony to the value of the Sol-fa system, especially in its moral and social results. One of the best known (the Rev. W. J. Kennedy) "cannot adequately express how great is its success, and what a charming revolution it, and it alone, has brought about;" while from the far North Mr. Jolly writes: "The manner in which very young children can be made to read music in a short time, with all the ease of a common reading-book, I have abundantly witnessed. It deserves the best thanks of the country for the improvement already effected." Yet all this time the Government had been pursuing the most extraordinary policy towards this expansion of popular music. In 1869 Mr. Forster acknowledged the value of Tonic Sol-fa for educational purposes. In 1871, by the zeal of its friends, he was saved from a fatal blunder. Yet immediately, instead of providing means whereby its progress could be fairly encouraged and justly tested, he appointed as Inspector of Music in Training Colleges, the man conspicuous among English musicians for his inveterate hostility to the system. Mr. Hullah was a gentleman of undoubted refinement, and a musician of much ability, but he was best known as the apostle of a system of musical education which had proved a conspicuous failure. His books were first issued nearly forty years before from the Government Stationery Office. During the interval he



had had all the prestige which official sanction and wealthy patronage could give. And now his practical command of all the Training Colleges of the country gives his system an advantage which it seems impossible to exaggerate. Still, seven years afterwards, only twelve schools in Scotland, and 600 in England, are reported as using it.

To this appointment Mr. Curwen objected with all the vigour of which he was capable. At ordinary times he was one of the gentlest of men. When roused he became a veritable Boanerges. Mr. Hullah's appointment was, of course, confirmed. He was, as he himself put it, "a judge of results," not of methods, with all the responsibilities attached to that office. When, however, he made his report in the Education Blue Book of 1872-3, the vehicle for a real attack on the Tonic Sol-fa method, Mr. Curwen came forth with an answer that was unsparing in its opposition, and certainly seemed overwhelming in its details. Fears were entertained by his friends that its warmth might be mistaken for personal animus. That risk, however, he was willing to run, and how untrue the accusation would have been is confirmed by one of the last paragraphs from his pen, when, hearing that Mr. Hullah was ill, he wrote:—

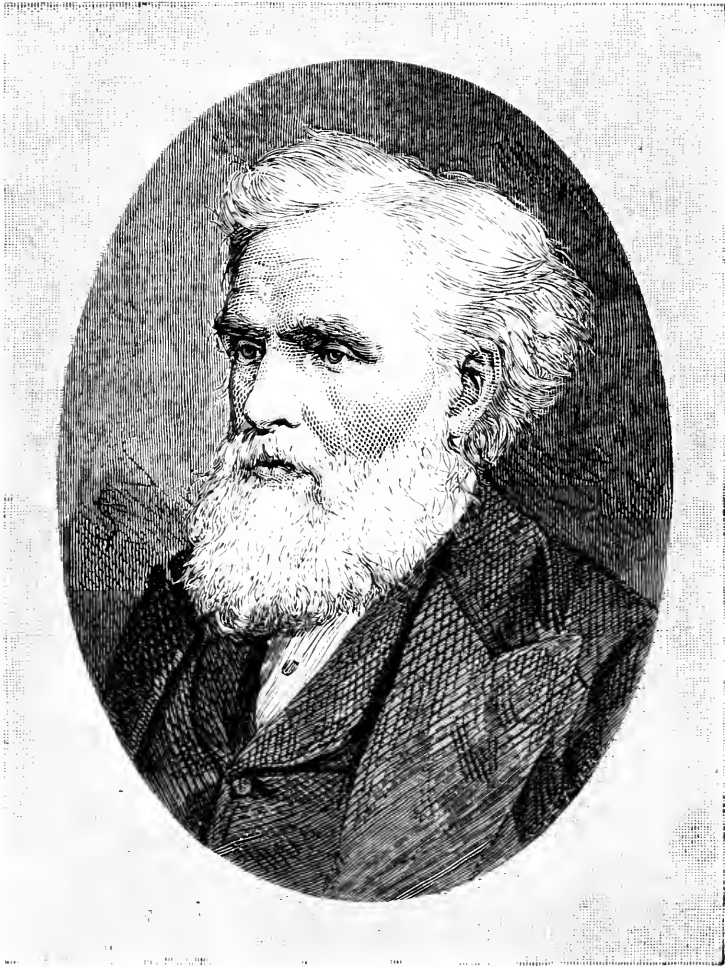
"Although our 'movement' has suffered seriously through his opposition, and we have several times had to reply to him, we have never been moved by any sort of personal animosity, and have never thought him moved by anything worse than a strong and rare pro-

fessional prejudice. We shall gladly hear of his speedy recovery, and welcome him back again to his own proper sphere of usefulness in the promotion of music among the people."

It was zeal for music that moved Curwen to oppose Mr. Hullah, and not merely devotion to his own method—that he would willingly forego for a more efficient instrument.

"Those," said he, "who have known me longest have found me ever ready to adopt improvements, have sometimes been a little annoyed by my doing so—well, I promise you that whenever a better method of teaching the people of England to sing is discovered than that which I got from Miss Glover, I will adopt it. My brother-in-law, who had a cotton factory, long ago taught me that it always answered to use the best machinery. When a better loom was invented, he turned the old ones out and installed the new. I should never have won . . . if the Tonic Sol-fa method merely or the sale of Tonic Sol-fa books had been my object in life. My object is to make the people of this country and their children sing, and to make them sing for noble ends."

His reply failed in its immediate object, for the Training Schools of the country remained for years under the same regulations. Year after year the questions set to the Tonic Sol-fa—if not, indeed, to all—musical students were mere puzzles, tests of how well the students had been crammed, but as aids to teaching efficiency, almost valueless. The struggle



JOHN CURWEN.

*From a Photograph by J. W. Thomas, Hastings.*



however, was a fresh appeal to the people, and letters from all parts of the country showed how great had been its success.

Some years before, Mr. Curwen had organized a Tonic Sol-fa College, in which membership was obtained by a severe examination, and whose council of management was yearly elected by the members—a fixed number being chosen from different walks in life (clerks and other assistants in business, masters in business, school-teachers, professional teachers of music, ministers of religion, other holders of the advanced certificate), that no one set of men might ever get the upper-hand in the institution. Soon after the controversy over the Government Training Colleges, this institution was publicly incorporated, and thereby a great stimulus was given to its work. This had hitherto been confined to the granting of certificates, conducting of instruction by post, and holding occasional short sessions for conference. A six weeks' term of study was now arranged, and the students met for the first time at Plaistow, in the summer of 1876. Scholarships were provided by friends. The art of teaching, precenting, voice-training, and the like were among the subjects of study. Over thirty students came from different parts of the country, most, if not all, of them being practical teachers, who could immediately utilize the results of their labour. These classes have been continued every summer since, with occasionally special winter evening classes for London, and thus the exclusive policy of the Education Department was largely

counteracted. A large number of the summer students have come from Scotland, and to their work no doubt is due much of the progress musical education has made in the common schools there. If, as Mr. Muddella believes, Scotland is educationally to-day what England will be to-morrow, this progress is still more encouraging.

Having provided students, professors, and scholarships, Mr. Curwen next sought for a building. In this enterprise he proceeded with his customary care and wisdom. First and foremost there was to be no debt; money must be got before it could be spent. A central position was desirable, but equally so was the nearness of cheap and comfortable lodgings. A suitable site was found at Forest Gate, within a few minutes' ride of the City. The freehold was purchased, a design for large and attractive buildings was approved, bazaars, concerts, &c., were held, and on July 5, 1879, the east wing of this "School of Music for the People" was opened by the late Earl of Kintore. There, besides commodious class-rooms, are the offices of the college, from which the whole movement is now controlled.

In January 1880, Mr. Curwen was bereaved of the wife who so long had been the beloved counsellor of his life. Thereafter his health gravely declined, and all who saw him remarked that he was sensibly aged and enfeebled. His active work was done, and idleness sometimes made him despond. In April, he remarked to a dear friend, "It is a long time now since I have done any work, and I do not wish to

prolong my life if I cannot work." Still, his bright face and merry laugh cheered his friends. In May he was summoned to Manchester by the illness of a relative. There he was suddenly taken ill, and died on May 26. The day before he was taken ill he had mingled with a gathering of Sunday-school children, looking into their young faces with his peculiarly sweet smile, and encouraging their song by beating time with his book. This was one of his last acts; and it was an appropriate close to a life-work whose key-note had been struck in love to children. Sorrowing friends buried him at Ilford, near London. Dr. Kennedy, of Stepney, in his funeral sermon, truly said, "If the votes of a million children could prevail, they would award him a final resting-place among the most worthy benefactors of mankind in Westminster Abbey."

Yet it was meet that he should rest among his own people. He had not sought public work; he had been thrust into it. The solemn charge laid upon him by Nonconformist brethren had been fulfilled. He had found "the simplest way of teaching music," and he had got it into use. Now that his work transcended denominational bounds, and had taken its place among great public movements, he returned to his own. Nonconformist ministers fittingly conducted the services at his grave, but around them were men of the most diverse ranks and creeds, and to them the carrying on of his public work belonged.

Starting with a Congregational minister's earnest desire to improve the singing of his Sunday-school,

Sol-fa has now attained a more than national importance. Its use is not confined to Nonconformists nor even Protestants. In the large schools of the Jews at Spitalfields and elsewhere, and among the Christian Brothers of Ireland, its value has long been recognized. Beyond our borders emigrant and missionary have carried it far and wide. Dr. W. H. Russell, describing a recent visit to a Zulu mission station, tells how at dinner grace was sung by the native choir.

“ In perfect tune, and with the utmost precision as to time, the four-part harmony, unaccompanied by any kind of instrument, swells through the room. . . . There is a crispness in their singing, and an attention to rests and pauses which might serve as a most useful example to village choirs of far greater pretensions in England. . . . The system upon which they have been taught is the Tonic Sol-fa, and the result might most justifiably be quoted as a triumph.”

In response to an application for some particulars of its progress up to the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, who succeeded his father as President of the Tonic Sol-fa College, wrote thus: “ It is somewhat difficult to give any precise information as to the extent to which the Tonic Sol-fa system is at present used. It should be borne in mind that the fruits of the labours of Tonic Sol-fa teachers are two-fold: they make singers who continue to sing from the letter notation, and to an enormous extent they train singers who pass into the ranks of the old notationists. This last fact is now well understood by



the leading choir-masters of the country. Mr. Ebenezer Prout says that 'Tonic Sol-faists make the safest and surest readers of the old notation.' Mr. Stockley, choir-master of the Birmingham Musical Festival, says: 'I get the best readers for my societies from students of the Tonic Sol-fa system.' Such expressions of opinion might be indefinitely multiplied. As to the direct work done by Tonic Sol-fa teachers the most imposing results are in the elementary schools. The latest Government returns show that between 12,000 and 13,000 schools in England, Wales, and Scotland employ Tonic Sol-fa, as against 2000 which employ the staff notation, and 17,000 which sing by ear. The system is being taught in almost every training college in Great Britain and Ireland. It is spreading rapidly in Canada, two professional teachers having been sent out there during the past year. In New South Wales it has been adopted in the schools for twenty years. Missionaries are employing it in India, China, South Africa, Madagascar. The philanthropic agencies at home use it exclusively; every year the orchestra at Exeter Hall is filled many times over with children from refuges, reformatories, training ships, &c., who sing by its means. Nor is Tonic Sol-fa confined to simple music. Several Sol-faists have been elected to scholarships at the Royal College of Music, have taken music degrees at the Universities, and are winning popular applause as concert singers. The prejudice of the musical profession is rapidly giving way. Among those who have declared themselves in

favour of the system are Mr. Barnby, Dr. Stainer, Sir Robert Stewart, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Carl Rosa, Sir George Elvey, Mr. Randegger, the late Mr. Brinley Richards, and musical scientists like Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, Lord Rayleigh, Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., and Mr. Sedley Taylor. Mr. Curwen asserted no monopoly in the Tonic Sol-fa notation; he invited all persons freely to use it; and although for many years few ventured to do so, the annual issue of Tonic Sol-fa literature by Church publishers, music houses, and various agencies is voluminous. The leading hymn tune and chant books of all bodies from Roman Catholics to Unitarians are issued in letters, and every music printer in the three kingdoms now possesses a fount of Tonic Sol-fa type for striking off copies to meet the demand of Sunday and day school festivals, choral societies and glee clubs. There can be no doubt the national ear for music has vastly improved during the last twenty years, and this must be largely due to the tuning process that has gone on under Tonic Sol-fa teachers."

One promising department of work we must briefly refer to. It is part-singing by men. Can anything more monotonous be conceived than the usual efforts of English *men*, whether at church or holiday gathering, to join in choral singing? Yet there is scarcely a town or village of the Continent that has not its men's choir, who constantly delight themselves and all who hear them with their exquisite renderings of good choral music. Mr. Curwen's attention was long ago turned

in this direction. Several volumes of such music have been issued, and special attention is given in his text-books to the training and classification of men's voices. Of course, until the children now being taught have grown up, progress cannot be very rapid. Still, in London and several other large towns, and notably in Wales, such choirs have been formed, and heard by friendly audiences with much delight. How great a service such a movement might render in large warehouses, manufactories, barrack-rooms, and the like, need only be suggested.

The great merit of Tonic Sol-fa is that it can make of all *readers of music*. Literature only attains its great ends, and affords fair opportunities to that which is good, when all can read with ease. Music, too, can never be expected to exercise its great influences for the refinement and elevation of life until its *characters* can be read with ease by every one. That Sol-fa can accomplish. This has now been placed beyond dispute, and this it is which gives such importance to its progress. Everybody read music at sight! Why, with this every religious and social worker would have a lever placed in his hands, the value of which could scarcely be over-estimated.

As we said at the beginning of this sketch, it was his religious zeal that first impelled Curwen to enter the field of musical reform, and more than anything else it was the claims and co-operations of religious workers that carried forward the growth of his movement. This is indeed what we might expect. Religion

has always been the root and strength of all true artistic work.

Cut off from religious inspiration, art is but a rootless flower. Soon its beauty fades and its sweetness is gone.

“The beauty and the wonder and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colours, light and shades,  
. . . . God made it all!  
—For what?”

That it might minister its consolations to every heart: this conviction was the inspiration of John Curwen's work for music. And when by his labours future generations are able to appropriate the ministry of music in their worship and daily life with an ease and fulness hitherto impossible, his name will not be forgotten. “Poet's Corner,” said Dr. Kennedy in his funeral sermon, “will be incomplete without a tablet that should tell to unborn generations whence that boon has come.”

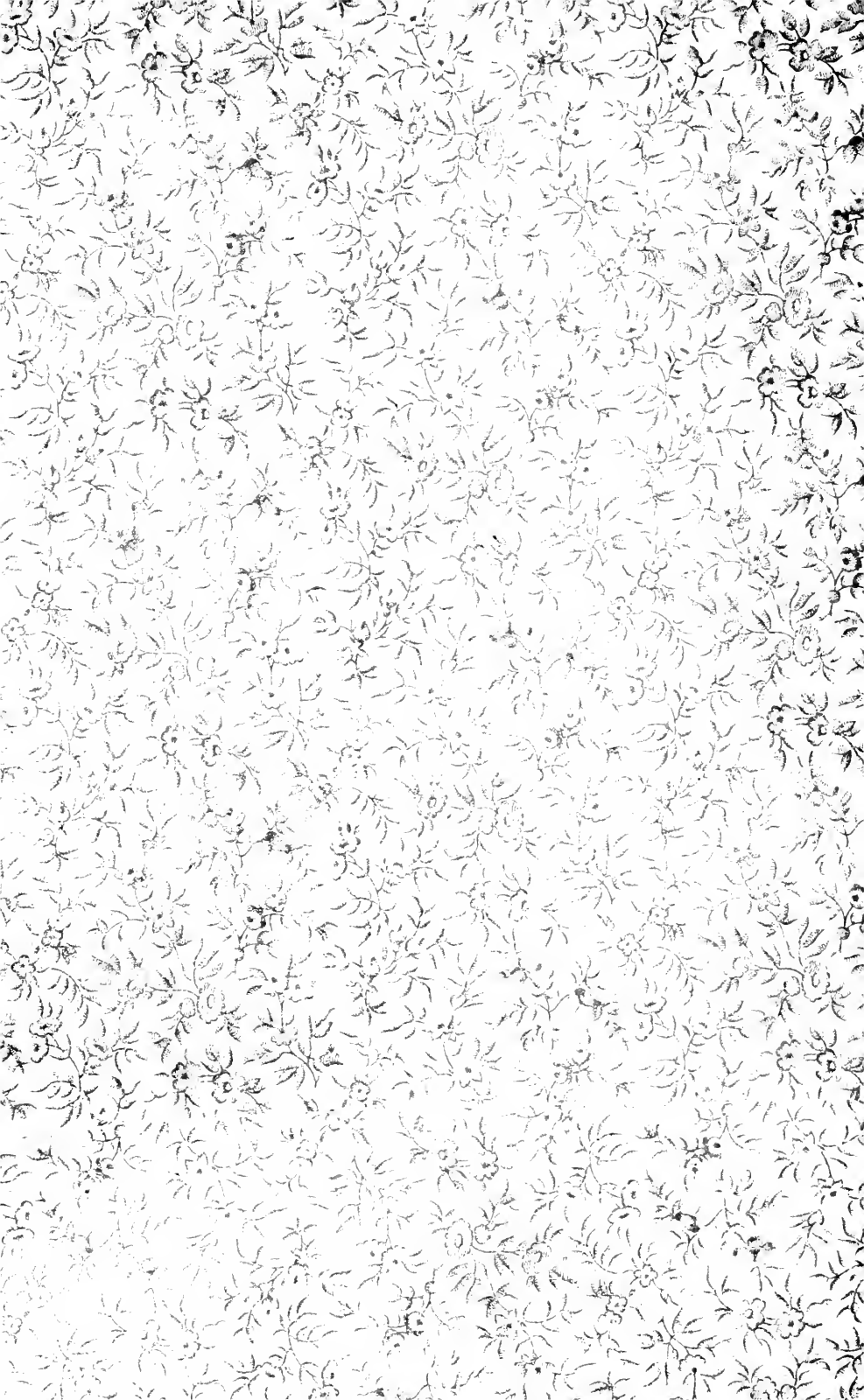
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